

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 29

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: August 30, 2018
Location: KeyBank Center — Buffalo, New York

Results

Down to Two

Match

IN FIVE... FOUR... THREE... TWO...

CUE UP: "Street Fighting Man" - Rage Against the Machine

Fade in on the sold out KeyBank Center and thousands of screaming fans. We don't stay on anyone for very long, but enough signs can be easily read:

"JACEHOLE GOT CLOCKED IN THE FACEHOLE"

"BUFFALO IS MIA COUNTRY"

"BAI, FRAND!"

"NEVER TRUST A DRUID"

And so forth.

Finally, we land on Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash, standing in front of the commentary table. Gunt looks pleased as punch to be there, while Mike seems annoyed and bothered by the crowd noise.

Jim Gunt: Welcome everyone, to ground zero! We are in the final stop of the CWF year before everything comes to a head at WrestleFest Four! And we've got two matches at the top of the show that could change everything you know about the biggest show of the year!

Mike Rolash: I don't know about that, it makes perfect sense to me that you take the Paramount Title and the World Title, put the champions against each other and the challengers against each other. Let 'em kill each other and sort out the wreckage at Wrestlefest.

Jim Gunt: You make a good point, Mike - except for the fact that Colton Mace is not, in fact, the CWF World Champion.

Mike Rolash: Not yet, anyway. Not. Yet.

Jim Gunt: Regardless, those two matches should be epic this evening, as World Championship contender Colton Mace faces off against Paramount Champion Jarvis King - and the other World Championship contender, MJ Flair, faces off against King's own top contender, The Ringmaster! Kicking things off tonight, however--

CUE UP: "Smash the Control Machine" - OTEP

Mike Rolash: Kicking things off tonight, however, is no justice for Mike!

Cut to the arena entrance, not shrouded in darkness like a usual MJ Flair entrance - and she does not come out with her 'game face' on. Quite the contrary, MJ - while already in her wrestling gear (sans elbow or knee pads) - has a smile on her face as she soaks in the crowd.

Mike Rolash: Get on with it already!

On her way to ringside, MJ slaps as many hands as she can, stopping at one point to pose for a photo with a group of fans holding a “MJF = 2 TIME CHAMP” sign to try to get her attention.

Jim Gunt: It's been an up and down year for that young lady, Mike... she's openly, constantly spoken about having one goal this year: headline Wrestlefest at Madison Square Garden.

Mike Rolash: And we almost got to see a dream die. Ol' Rolash never gets what he wants.

Flair reaches ringside, and instead of her typical climb, she walks to the far end of the ring, retrieves a microphone from Ray Douglas, and uses the stairs. The music dies down but the cheers do not, and MJ waits several seconds before she starts to speak.

MJF: Color me surprised.

She starts to speak again, but stops as the fans continue to cheer.

MJF: Give me a chance! Wow!

Mike Rolash: No, nobody should give you a chance.

Jim Gunt: She can hear you!

MJ waits, again, for the fans to quiet a bit.

MJF: This is it, guys. This is the dream. From the beginning, I said my entire goal was to headline Wrestlefest in front of my hometown crowd. It wasn't an easy road t'get there...

Mike Rolash: We tried so hard, but here we are.

MJF: ...but we're there. Losing the title to Caledonia. Losing Golden Intentions to Murray. Losing End Games to Dane. Roadblock after roadblock. Disappointment piled onto disappointment. But I never gave up.

She stops, and she looks out into the crowd.

MJF: More importantly, you never gave up on me. And now the dream is achieved. Win or lose, I'll be attaining my goal in just a few short weeks. But that leads to an important point: now what?

Mike Rolash: Go away, that's what!

Jim Gunt: She's gonna backhand you someday, and it'll be glorious.

MJF: Being there is achieved. All that's left is to become a two-time CWF World Champion.

The fans explode into a cheer, that is abruptly cut off when “Yeah” by Usher starts to play over the sound system.

Mike Rolash: YES. Thank you, Colton!

While MJ remains in the ring, leaning on the top rope, her fellow number one contender walks out, clapping his hands in a slow and sarcastic manner before bringing a microphone to bare.

Colton Mace: And the award for most boring, naive diatribe goes to...

He motions to MJ in the ring.

Colton Mace: Didn't you get the memo MJ, this isn't the Tragedy of Mariella-Jade Flair, or your Coming-Of-Age Story. It's an action packed thriller with ME as the lead.

Colton pauses.

Colton Mace: The ONLY lead!

The fans boo again as Colton paces and MJ smirks, but she does not make any move to interrupt him.

Colton Mace: Once again the spotlight is firmly set on me. Where it should be. No one cares about your struggles, about your disappointment. In fact...tell me why we should even care about YOU!? Just because people, for some reason, think your father was a big deal, you think you're entitled to share a ring with me?

Jim Gunt: How dare he!

Mike Rolash: Has he said anything wrong?

Colton Mace: You don't know the first thing about fame or celebrity, making you a poor choice for the title. It's not something you're just given: you have to earn it, and nobody in this company deserves this title and position more than Colton Mace. I'm what the CWF needs at this climatic moment... A REAL star. To give the title, and the company, prestige.

Pause.

Colton Mace: Importance.

Another pause. He smiles.

Colton Mace: With me as the Champion and face of the company the CWF will actually mean something again!

The fans boo, including a number of less - than polite chants towards the CWF Hall of Famer, while he holds his arms out, soaking them in like the greatest of cheers. MJ takes this in and takes a step back away from the ropes and puts the microphone back to her face.

MJF: Oh, Colton... you sad, deluded little man.

Mike Rolash: How dare she!

Jim Gunt: But it's okay for Colton to insult her?

Mike Rolash: ...

MJF: So you say that the CWF World Title should go to someone who's 'earned' it... but that you're the only one who 'deserves' it. Forgetting that these ideas are completely opposed to each other, let's take a look. Who's earned it?

Colton Mace: I earned it!

MJF: By getting one of the Rishel bitches t'screw Ripper, right?

Colton Mace: You couldn't even pin Ataxia!

MJ shrugs.

MJF: You took a handout, I took a countout. We're both here. Check one. Who deserves the CWF World Title?

Colton Mace: I do!

MJF: You shut your whore mouth!

Mike Rolash: Nobody talks to a Hall of Famer like that!

In fact, Colton looks like he's barely holding himself back from rushing the ring. He shouts - without the aid of the microphone - "The doctor said it was cleared up!" - and the fans rise in volume once again.

MJF: One of us has been here all year, Colton... the other showed up for the first time in months t'complain about how he wasn't in consideration for the Championship opportunity. Bitch, we don't need you, we've got Mikey Unlikely.

Jim Gunt: OH NO! Those are fighting words!

MJF: I don't like the word 'deserve,' Colton. People earn things, they don't deserve 'em. But if we're lookin' at things on

an even keel? The only thing you 'deserve' is t'sell MJ Flair T-shirts in the parking lot.

Mic drop.

Mike Rolash: Oh, now she done did it.

Jim Gunt: Colton Mace on his way to the ring, but he's stopped by security! We're going to see both of these athletes in action later tonight, but the World Championship match at Wrestle Fest just went nuclear! We'll be back in a moment!

Almost there

Match

The picture cuts to the WrestleFest logo.

Voiceover: On the greatest stage of CWF there is more on the line than just the victory.

The four belts of the federation are flashing across the screen.

Voiceover: When the best of the best will meet, they are going for the gold!

Images of MJ Flair, Colton Mace, Dorian Hawkhurst, Jarvis King, the Smokin' Aces, The Ringmaster and The Forsaken fade in and out in rapid succession.

Voiceover: WrestleFest - coming to the CWF Network!

The picture slowly fades.

Azrael vs. Linus Stark

Match

Jim Gunt: Only two weeks away, WrestleFest 4, the biggest event of the summer, no, the year!

Mike Rolash: Every belt is on the line and it looks like MJ Flair and Colton Mace are already ready to get at each other's throats, I can't wait for Mace to wipe the floor with MJ in front of her home fans!

Jim Gunt: And there we go again...

"Unstoppable" by Foxy Shazaam hits the loudspeakers, signaling it's time for the opening contest of the evening.

Jim Gunt: Alright, here we go ladies and gentlemen! Our first matchup tonight!

Ray Douglas: The next match is scheduled for one fall! First to the ring, LINUS STARK!

Linus walks to the ring in a Black Dickies Coveralls with the arms torn off. He hears the response of the crowd and doesn't quite know how to respond. His eyes squint as the spotlight hits him and he walks to the ring. Rolls in and uses the top rope to pull himself up. He looks around, soaking everything in, and backs up into the corner. His eyes dart from left to right as the adrenaline starts to pump through his body.

Mike Rolash: This is going to be a massacre Jim. Linus has never even had a match here...

Jim Gunt: I think this is the first time he's had a match ANYWHERE!

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

Jim Gunt: Azrael on the other hand has been around since Evolution 21!

Mike Rolash: Years of experience compared to that of Linus! Hey wasn't that the kid from Charlie Brown?

Ray Douglas: Coming to the ring, hailing from Parts Unknown! AZRAEL!

Inside the ring Linus looks a little intimidated, but doesn't back down. The two come together as the referee calls for the bell and we are underway! The two eye each other up, Linus moving around a little, Azrael standing very still. Finally they come together in the center of the ring, and Azrael surprises Linus with a kick to the gut, followed by a quick Irish whip off the ropes. On the return Azrael hits a back elbow that drops Stark to the mat. He checks his lip for blood but finds none.

Mike Rolash: Azrael is just getting started partner!

A elbow drop to the mat lands across the chest of Linus, refuting the effort for him to recover. Azrael moves slowly but confidently. Helping Stark to his feet by the head, Azrael then pushes him through the ropes, where he falls to the outside. The referee tries to get Azrael to back off and let him count, but to no avail.

Jim Gunt: Azrael following to the outside, It's almost as if he's stalking Linus here. Azrael lifts him up for a body sl... No! He dropped him throat first on the barricade! That's just brutal!

The referee hops outside the ring and puts his body in between the two combatants, loudly admonishing Azrael for the "illegal" move. The two get back into the ring slowly, as the referee makes sure nothing else occurs outside.

Once inside Azrael looks to continue with the one sided assault, and once more sends Linus off the ropes. This time Azrael ducks the head for the big back body drop. Linus stops in his tracks and lifts a boot to the face of Azrael that finally has him reeling.

Mike Rolash: Desperation play there! He got him with that boot though! Now here's the mistake, Linus doesn't know how to follow up. He's excited about the reversal but not taking advantage! What a loser.

Sure enough Linus got excited about the kick, and didn't follow up immediately causing the opening Azrael needed with a knee to the midsection. Followed by a big back drop onto the canvas.

Jim Gunt: Azrael with a couple of boots to the back of the head on Stark as he gets to his feet, trying to fend off the experienced wrestler.

Azrael now tosses Stark into the turnbuckle with the whip. Linus lands with a thud. Azrael follows in with a run, but Linus catches with the big forearm, stumbling Az. Linus comes running out of the corner towards his suddenly stunned opponent before landing a very awkward cross body block that takes Azrael down for the first time! The fans pop for the terrible move.

Mike Rolash: Ha! What was that? I could do better than that!

Jim Gunt: Irregardless Stark is on the offensive and clearly not trying to make the same mistake as last time! He's pummeling Azrael! Lefts and rights being peppered on with a mix of some boots to match. He's giving it all he's got!

Azrael fights through the barrage and gets to his feet, but it's not over yet. A huge uppercut by Linus Stark has Azrael reaching for the ropes for balance. Azrael has had enough, he dodges a hook and goes in for Linus, but he's lifted up, and then brought right back down on the knee.

Jim Gunt: INVERTED ATOMIC DROP! Linus is actually doing it!

Mike Rolash: Ouch!

Big clothesline by Linus knocking Azrael down, he goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO...

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Almost three that time! Linus almost had Azrael there!

Linus pounds on the mat in frustration, Azrael is trying to clear the cobwebs. Linus picks up his opponent and rocks him with a couple of heavy forearms. The man in the coveralls hits the ropes and misses a clothesline!

Jim Gunt: On the return now! Azrael lifts up Linus and goes for a back drop NO! Linus holds on, WHAT A DDT! He's in the middle of the ring! This one could be over!

Mike Rolash: NO way!

Again Linus rolls up Azrael, this time Linus hooks both legs, closes his eyes, and lies back.

ONE...

TWO....

KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: Whew! That was close!

Jim Gunt: Linus Stark almost had Azrael there. This is a pretty good matchup, folks, considering we didn't expect much from Linus! Just a little more, and he may very well win this thing!

Linus gets up and stands in the corner. He yells for Azrael to get up. Slowly Azrael stirs on the mat and gets to a knee. Linus is pumping the crowd up and staring down his opponent. As Azrael makes it to his feet and turns around, Linus takes off at him with a running start.

Mike Rolash: Watch Out! Here he comes!

Azrael sees him at the last second, Linus goes for the diving shoulder block but Az ducks it and catches Stark on his shoulders.

Mike Rolash : Oh boy! He's got him in position now!

Jim Gunt: FALLING APART! Azrael's finishing move! You gotta believe that's it!

Azrael hooks the leg. The referee slides into position.

ONE....

TWO.....

THREE!

The bell rings as Azrael releases the pin.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, your winner of this match, as a result of pinfall.... AZRAEL!

Halestorm's "I am the Fire" hits the loudspeakers once more as Azrael hardly reacts to his win with his cold demeanor.

Jim Gunt: What a match between these two, Linus Stark proving he's just a little bit more than your average technician. I'm excited for him.

Mike Rolash: Excited for him? He just lost! What are you talking about! Azrael is the real deal, and continues to make his mark here! I for one, couldn't be more excited for AZ!

Charade

Match

We cut backstage and see Mikey Unlikely, dressed for action tonight, is looking in the mirror checking on his hair.

Making sure everything is in place, he smiles at himself. Mikey looks himself up and down, even looking down his tights.

"Looking good, good lookin!"

Mikey gives himself the finger guns before turning away from the mirror. His very happy demeanor sinks quickly. As the camera zooms out, we can see Bobby Dean is now standing in the doorway, eating a corndog covered in mustard and ketchup. He chews loudly with an open mouth. He nods along.

Bobby Dean: That's right! YOU DO LOOK GOOD! Good enough to eat...

Bobby gives Mikey his own finger guns but one hand includes the corndog, which flings a yellow condiment towards Mikey who dodges quickly. Mikey facepalms.

Bobby Dean (Through half chewed food): Hey Mikey! Just wanted to talk to you about our match coming up tonight! How did tha....

Mikey cocks a half smile before cutting off his "unofficial" buddy.

Mikey Unlikely: I know, I know! You must not be too happy about it...

Bobo looks confused.

Bobby Dean: No actual...

He's cut off again.

Mikey Unlikely: Now after last weeks....shenanigans.... I decided it was time to end this charade. It's time to quit faking it...

Bobby Dean: What do you mean?

Mikey Unlikely: Last week after the show, I went to CWF management and I requested a match with you! To finally teach you a lesson... And they accepted! Told me I was good to go!

Bobby Dean: But Mikey, I don't think you under....

Mikey Unlikely: ENOUGH! It's you who doesn't understand... I don't want to be your tag team partner, I don't want to be your friend, I don't want to be your co uber rider, I don't want to even LOOK at you! So when we get out there tonight. Expect me to beat YOU up!

Bobby reaches into his tights. His tongue sticks to one side of his mouth, as he searches around in there. He finally finds what he's looking for and brings out a folded up paper.

Bobby Dean: Mikey! Wait! They gave us a match together...

Mikey Unlikely: Just like I said...

Dean hands the slightly damp sheet of paper to Mikey who holds it like it's covered in gasoline.

Mikey Unlikely: Wait... what is this...

Bobby Dean: It's tonight's card.... We're in a tag team match! TOGETHER! AND IF WE WIN WE GET A TITLE SHOT!

Mikey's face grows red as Bobby squeals with glee. He crumples up the paper in his hands, and tosses it on the floor, yelling loudly, stomping on it repeatedly.

Mikey Unlikely: THOSE IDIOTS! They thought I meant WITH YOU? I meant AGAINST YOU! DAMMIT TO HELL!

Mikey storms past Bobby, shoulder bumping the big man roughly. He's a man on a mission (Not that one...) as he heads for the CWF officials. Bobby Dean takes another bite of the corndog, looks down at the paper. Stomps on it one

time, real hard. Then looks after Mikey...

Bobby Dean: WAIT! Mikey! Who are the Smokin' Aces!?

Jimmy Allen & Pandalike vs. The Forsaken (Ataxia & Dorian Hawkhurst)

Match

Jim Gunt: Ooh, trouble in paradise, this does not bode well for their match later tonight.

Mike Rolash: They shouldn't be in that match to begin with!

Jim Gunt: They have every right to be in there, but we will see how that will play out, right now we've got an interesting dynamic coming up. We've got Pandalike and Jimmy Allen, who as far as I know have never even spoken to each other, let alone tagged with each other, taking on a couple of old "frands" in Ataxia and Dorian Hawkhurst.

Mike Rolash: At least if Ataxia is in the ring, he won't be able to sneak up on me.

Jim Gunt: It's never stopped him before.

Mike Rolash: That's a bit... unsettling.

Shinedown's "Cut the Cord" sets off and almost immediately Jimmy sprints out on stage and soaks up the applause. He acknowledges the fans as he makes his way down the ramp before breaking into another sprint and diving head first under the bottom rope and sliding to the center of the ring. He pops to his feet and is ready.

Ray Douglas: The next match is scheduled for one fall! First to the ring, from Dallas, Texas, The Catalyst - JIMMY ALLEN!

Allen looks around the arena with a smile across his face. "Cut the Cord is cut off by the opening tunes of "Koto" by CloZee echoing throughout the arena. Pandalike makes his way out from behind the curtains to the cheers of the crowd.

Ray Douglas: His opponent, making his way to the ring, residing in London, England! Weighing two hundred fifty pounds! PANDALIKE!

Pandalike looks around at the fans before making his way the rest of the way down the aisle, He slides under the bottom rope and his hood pops off his head as he gets to his feet and ascends up a turnbuckle as the fans cheer him on.

Pandalike removes his hoodie as the referee comes over to check him. "Koto" goes silent and the lights flicker as we hear this over the PA system...

"AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA"

"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: And their opponents... first from Parts Unknown... the Commissioner of CWF... 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 his opponent.

Jim Gunt: See, he didn't even bother you this time.

Mike Rolash: Keep your guard up, there's still time.

Ray Douglas: And finally... Accompanied to the ring by Chloe Hawkhurst, hailing from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Weighing in at 287 pounds and standing at six feet, four inches tall! He... is.... YOUR... IMPACT CHAMPION! THE FORSAKEN DEMON, DORIAN HAWKHURST!!!

"From The Pinnacle to the Pit" by Ghost blares over the sound system and The Forsaken Demon Dorian Hawkhurst comes out to the center of the stage, feet apart and arms stretched out, and the Impact Championship strapped proudly around his waist for all to see. His trademark trench coat billows out from behind him and as the lead guitar comes in over the bass guitar, young Chloe Hawkhurst comes out from behind her father, wearing her hair in ponytails, dipped in the prettiest of sapphire blues. She is wearing one of Mia Rayne's newest CWF t-shirts and half of her face is painted to resemble that of Amelia. The other is done with traditional Mia simplicity, a winged tip for the eyes and a purple and teal lipstick to tie it all together. She yells to the crowd who only respond in kind. Even though she's trying, you can tell that Chloe isn't her usual bubbly self. Dorian trailing behind, his eyes focused on the men already in the ring.

Jim Gunt: With the news of Mia's disappearance, you have to know that this is hitting Chloe pretty hard.

Mike Rolash: That's what she gets for such a poor choice in role models. Mia is flighty at best and a downright lunatic at worst. I'll bet they asked her to leave whatever facility they were in because of how she was acting.

As he gets to the ring steps, Dorian motions for Chloe to stay at ring side before walking up the steps and into the ring. All four men walk to the middle of the ring, with Dorian pointing at Pandalike and jawing with him.

Jim Gunt: Dorian seems to have quite the history with of the other three men in the ring. Dorian's first match here was against Pandalike, and then when he made his return from injury, he fought against Pandalike while he was The Revenant.

Mike Rolash: You can't hold that against Pandy. As much as I hate to say it, Dorian has held his own against everyone he's faced. But what's the deal with Hawkhurst and Allen?

Jim Gunt: Neither man has said much, but it would seem that Jimmy and Dorian know each other going back a few years.

DING DING DING

The bell sounds and both teams separate. Dorian remains in the center of the ring until Pandalike steps out of the ring. Dorian takes a few steps back, extending his hand and tagging in Ataxia.

Mike Rolash: Look at that! Dorian's afraid of Jimmy Allen.

Jim Gunt: I think he just doesn't want to fight his friend.

Mike Rolash: He had no problem facing his "frand" Ataxia.

Jim Gunt: I don't know.

Allen and Ataxia lock up, with grabbing Ataxia by the neck and twisting. Before he can complete the neckbreaker, Ataxia drops down on his ass, slipping out of Allen's grip. Allen spins, trying to catch Ataxia with a kick, but the masked man rolls backwards and out of the way, bringing himself to his feet safely out of Jimmy Allen's reach. Allen can't do anything except nod his head in a show of respect as Ataxia takes a bow.

Jim Gunt: Well, if it's one thing you can expect out of Ataxia, it's the unexpected.

Mike Rolash: He really is a slippery bastard, isn't he?

Jimmy turns his back towards his corner, and sees Pandalike looking for the tag. Keeping an eye on Ataxia, Jimmy walks over and makes the tag. Dorian yells to Ataxia, who walks back to his corner and does the same. The two men walk to the center of the ring, standing chest to chest as Dorian is running his mouth, talking down to Pandalike. Tired

of listening to the “Demon of Sobriety”, Pandalike unloads with a Rocky Balboa like body shot that rocks Dorian. Pandalike delivers a left, followed by another right to the body, sending Dorian stumbling backwards.

Jim Gunt: Pandalike showing his intelligence and goes for the body instead of trying to reach the taller man's face.

Mike Rolash: Budweiser started destroying Dorian's liver. Pandalike is going to finish the job.

Dorian shakes his head to try and get his bearings. As he looks up, Pandalike is already in the air, hitting Dorian with a dropkick. Dorian once again staggers back. Pandalike gets up and sees Dorian leaning against the ropes. A smile crosses his face and he bull rushes Dorian, leaping into him with a flying cross body that sends both men to the outside in front of Chloe Hawkhurst. Chloe starts to run at Pandalike, but Dorian throws his hand up from the ground, calling off his daughter.

Jim Gunt: Pandalike is taking the fight right to our Impact Champion.

Mike Rolash: But we all know the commissioner could change the rules of the match on a moment's notice. It's the biggest abuse of power in the history of the sport. JESUS FU--!

Ataxia pops up behind Rolash, clasping his hand around his shoulder.

Ataxia: I wouldn't do that, frand.

Mike Rolash: I SWEAR, I'M GOING TO GET A RESTRAINING ORDER ON YOUR ASS!!!

Ataxia: For talking to you? My, my. Aren't we soft skinned?

Pandalike is on his feet, putting the boots to Dorian.

Mike Rolash: Get out of here. Dorian needs you.

Ataxia hops over the announce table and starts walking over towards Pandalike who picks up Dorian and rolls him into the ring. Dorian struggles to get up to his hands and knees. Pandalike jumps back first onto Dorian, forcing him back down to the mat with a senton. Pandalike goes for a quick cover.

ONE!!!

Jim Gunt: Hawkhurst gets the shoulder up.

Mike Rolash: You have to wear the guy down more. Even that little rug rat Chloe could have kicked out of that one.

Pandalike grabs Dorian by the shirt, dragging him towards his corner. Pandalike tags in Jimmy Allen, and Dorian crawls backwards so quickly that Pandalike is left standing there, holding nothing but Dorian's shirt. Dorian reaches back to Ataxia for the tag, but Ataxia waits and whistles at Dorian before tagging himself into the match.

Jim Gunt: For whatever reason, Dorian doesn't want any part of Jimmy Allen.

Mike Rolash: I told you, he's scared of Jimmy Allen for some reason. Maybe it's those Yakuza looking assholes Jimmy calls his “uncles”.

Jim Gunt: Be that as it may, We're right back where we started.

Ataxia rushes at Jimmy Allen, who barely sidesteps a running kick from Ataxia. Ataxia hits the breaks, and Allen sweeps his plant leg out from under him, following that up with a Moonsault. He goes for a cover, but doesn't even get a one count before the Commissioner escapes. Both men get to their feet, with Ataxia running at Allen again. Jimmy seems ready, grabbing Ataxia under the armpits and going for a power bomb, but Ataxia twists his body in midair and sends Allen rolling away with a huracanrana. Allen rolls with the move, landing on his feet. Both men launch themselves into the air, connecting foot to foot as they both go for dropkicks.

Jim Gunt: Both of these men are evenly matched. I think that Jimmy is finally figuring things out here in CWF.

Mike Rolash: He's won one match, Gunt. ONE MATCH!

Pandalike is on the apron clapping for his partner while on the other side of the ring, we see Dorian watching like a hawk. Dorian calls Ataxia for a tag, even though he is still a little bit run down. Ataxia points to the "Forsaken Demon" and the crowd cheers as he slaps his partner on the hand. Jimmy points at himself then at Dorian.

Jimmy Allen: "You and me? You want this?"

Dorian shakes his head and Allen just steps away and tags in Pandalike again.

Mike Rolash: That was a dick move by Jimmy Allen. I approve.

Pandalike comes through the ropes and Dorian squashes him with a splash in the corner. Dorian pulls him away from the corner so Jimmy can't tag in and then delivers a vicious knee to the midsection of Pandalike. Dorian then hurls Pandalike across the ring with an impressive Biel Throw.

Jim Gunt: There's the "Forsaken Demon" we've come to expect.

Mike Rolash: Can't they all lose?

Jim Gunt: It's possible, but not likely.

Dorian grabs Pandalike, pulling him up by the hair, and drags him over to a neutral corner. He turns his back and pushes himself up so he is sitting on the top rope.

Jim Gunt: It looks like Dorian is looking for the Fall From Grace Superbomb.

Mike Rolash: Pandalike isn't exactly a small man. I don't know if Dorian can do it.

Dorian grabs Pandalike around the waist and gets him up in the powerbomb position. Pandalike out of desperation hits Dorian with his patented Paw Print palm strike, catching Dorian in the nose and causing blood to come pouring out. Dorian drops Pandy, who falls to his corner to tag Jimmy Allen in. Dorian jumps down in a fit of rage and grabs Pandalike by the wrist, throwing him into the ropes for an Irish Whip. Pandalike reverses it, forcing Dorian into Ataxia who goes flying off the ring apron. Dorian, perhaps out of instinct, clutches his hands together and hits Pandalike in the face with a Polish Hammer.

Jim Gunt: SQUARE HAMMER!!! But Dorian doesn't realize...

Jimmy Allen catches Dorian in the face with an inside out crescent kick to the face as he is still rotating from the Square Hammer.

Mike Rolash: GOODNIGHT PRINCESS!! Allen covers!!

ONE!

TWO!!

Ataxia slides into the ring and lunges at Jimmy Allen.

THREE!!!

The referee's hand hits the mat just before Ataxia can break up the pin.

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners... Pandalike and "The Catalyst" Jimmy Allen!!!

A Gift For A Friend

Match

Shinedown's "Cut the Cord" begins to play again as Dorian slams his hand on the mat in frustration.

Jim Gunt: Jimmy Allen has pinned the Impact Champion!! What a win for this young man!!

Mike Rolash: We know he got lucky and it's that simple. Pandalike did all the work.

Dorian gets up to one knee, staring at Jimmy Allen who looks back at him. Dorian calls for a microphone as Ataxia also motions for a microphone, using his position to try and move the process along. Chloe runs past Ray Douglas and steals his microphone, sliding in and handing it to her father.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Thanks, baby girl.

Dorian turns his attention back to Jimmy and Pandalike.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Pandy, this doesn't concern you. You can either stay out here and listen, or you can head to the back and enjoy the win. You busted your ass and you deserve your moment. I'm sorry, but this can't wait, man.

Dorian extends his hand to Pandalike who shakes it and leaves the ring.

Dorian: So, Jimmy, here's the deal. I've been thinking about things. Now, there's a lot of bad mojo around here, and I gotta say. I don't like it, man. The Good Book preaches an eye for an eye. Now, I don't think that has to be just with the negative. So, here's what I want to do. If it's okay with the commissioner, I wanted to give you a gift, since you delivered one to us last week.

Jimmy Allen: No need D, you and I have been friends for a while. You don't owe me anything.

Dorian Hawkhurst: You know I do. Quick question for you. I've got this here Impact Championship...

Chloe holds the Impact Championship up in the air.

Dorian Hawkhurst: And I ain't got no one to defend it against at WrestleFest. So, what are you doing next week?

Jimmy Allen: Looks like you have a dance partner for WrestleFest. I'd be honored to throw down with you for that title.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Commish. What d'ya say, man?

Ataxia looks at Jimmy and then back at Dorian. He walks over to Dorian who holds up the microphone.

Ataxia: Though I wander...weak and wary...still this match is something scary...Since you two wanna fight so true...IMPACT TITLE MATCH!!! IMPACT TITLE MATCH!!! I give to you!!!! AHHAHAHAHHAHAHAH...

Dorian Hawkhurst: Done.

Dorian Hawkhurst extends his hand.

Chloe Hawkhurst: What are you doing, Daddy?

Dorian Hawkhurst: Showing the man respect.

Chloe Hawkhurst: Hug him.

Dorian looks at Jimmy who extends his hand and they bro hug in the middle of the ring.

Jim Gunt: There you have. Dorian Hawkhurst against Jimmy Allen for the Impact Championship.

Mike Rolash: Someone needs to show Allen that last match Ataxia had with Dorian so he can see how Dorian treats his friends.

The Shadow vs. Mystery Opponent

Match

Jim Gunt: Looks like there is more to this than what meets the eye, Jimmy and Dorian are very Philly tonight.

Mike Rolash: What the--

Jim Gunt: The city of brotherly love, dude!

Mike Rolash: Tsk, you're as soft and mushy as those guys.

Jim Gunt: Really? I'll have to--

The bickering gets interrupted by the lights going out and "Mea Culpa" by After Forever starting with its ominous keyboard sounds. As the choir sets in, fog starts to waft around the ring, the only light is eerie blue, highlighting the ramp which is now covered in a thin veil of fog. All eyes turn to the ramp as the lights start to flicker fast with the crescendo of the chorus, only for the music to fall silent and the arena to plunge into total and complete darkness. Inside the ring stands The Shadow, poised and staring intently at the entrance ramp, unwavering and steadfast.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first! Hailing from Calgary, Alberta, Canada and weighing in at 230 pounds! He is a leader of The Forsaken... THE SHADOW!!!

The fans pop for Shadow but he doesn't seem to notice as his icy glare remains fixated on the entrance ramp, eager to see who his opponent will end up being.

Jim Gunt: It certainly looks like Shadow is ready to find out who he is facing off against tonight!

Mike Rolash: With any luck it will be someone that can knock some fashion sense into The Shadow while they're at it. Too much black is just... Depressing!

Jim Gunt looks like he's going to respond but doesn't have a chance to do so as the lights dim. Ray Douglas stands at a loss, unsure as to who to introduce next. Everyone waits with bated breath as tension mounts. The Shadow, to his credit, stays still in the center of the ring, immune to whatever pressure tactics this might be.

Seconds turn to a minute, which turns into several and still, no response from anyone out back to come out to face The Shadow. The Forsaken member motions for a mic and is about to call out when the lights dim all the way down and the tron flickers to life. "Committed" by One Eyed Doll begins to play over the loudspeakers...

Jim Gunt: Isn't that Mia Rayne's music?!

Mike Rolash: Don't tell me that the vegetable woke up again! Just when I thought I was... Dafuq?!

This time it is Mike Rolash who is cut off by the sudden appearance by a figure at the top of the ramp. The fans pop for Mia Rayne, who...

Jim Gunt: Why is she just standing there?

Mike shrugs his shoulders as The Shadow stares with wide eyed amazement at the figure standing at the top of the ramp, shrouded in a royal purple robe with a deep hood covering her head. She begins swaying to the music and as it crescendos, the music suddenly stops and the arena is once again plunged into darkness. It doesn't take long however, before the tron flickers to life and is replaced by one single, solitary image. That of a full jester's mask, evil and sinister looking with pitted with an evil smirk. The mask is different shades of blue and purple, some glitter, and on top is of course the full jester headpiece. Purple spotlights pop up and illuminate the figure in the robe, still staring straight into The Shadow's soul. The Shadow returns the gaze but is unsure how to proceed as "Committed" fades into nothing. The figure in the robe still stands, but if one were to look close enough, she starts to gyrate her hips and then the music starts, "Start Wearing Purple" by Gogol Bordello

"Start wearing purple, wearing purple.

Start wearing purple for me now!

All your sanity and wits they will all vanish, I promise!

It's just... A matter... OF TIME!"

At the mention of the word time the figure throws off the robe and skips in an oh so familiar circle before making her way down to the ring. Her hair is completely covered by the jester's mask she has donned, concealing her identity. Her

outfit forcibly reminds The Shadow of a court jester from yesteryear, if that court jester serviced a demon hellspawn. She twitches her head every which way, her eyes fixated on The Shadow, lifeless and dull, but full of insane rage.

She holds her hand out and a petrified worker hands her a mic.

???: Cut the music.

The voice is high pitched, shrill, like a demon hellspawn baby sucked up a bunch of helium and decided that it wants to make threats. The music stops and The Shadow steps back to allow the newcomer into the ring. She laughs at his face.

???: Oh Shadow, you don't know me, but we know you. Meet your demise. Meet Loki Synn.

With that the figure known as Loki Synn slides into the ring quickly and gets right up into The Shadow's face! The Shadow doesn't back down to the new anomaly and Loki gives everything that he's trying to give her right back to him. For every cool and collected gaze that The Shadow gives, Loki only laughs in his face more and more, finally doubling over and laughing at his complete confusion even more.

The Shadow: I don't know who you are or what you want, but you have made your intentions clear to cross m....

Loki Synn: PLEASE SHUSH! We've all heard you babble for months on end about whatever current escapade you and your Goth Club are out and after. Tell me Shadow, how's your so called "strongest" member of The Forsaken doing? I heard she couldn't take the pressure and had to...

Loki pauses as she glances around at the crowd, Ray Douglas, and even Rolash and Gunt who are staring awestruck; enjoying the pregnant pause, the growing urge for a punch line.

Loki Synn: Take a seat because she couldn't handle the pressure. Get it?!

The Shadow drops the mic and gets into Loki's face. For her part Loki only laughs in his face.

Loki Synn: You may want to take a step back there Shadow because I have a proposition for you. You seem to enjoy a good mystery, who the fuck doesn't? Tell you what, I'll make this easy for you. Beat me tonight and I'll tell you a super awesome secret! Are you excited yet?

The fans start rooting for The Shadow but before anything else can be done Loki gives The Shadow a cheap shot with the mic, showering the crowd with static feedback, The Shadow stumbling back, and Loki shrugging her shoulders, tossing the mic out of the ring, and hops on top of The Shadow raining down heavy duty rights and lefts!

Mike Rolash: I have no idea who that crackpot is, but she doesn't seem to like the Forsaken and that's good enough for me!

Jim Gunt: Loki Synn, definitely a new name out there and looks like she is going for the total mind games against The Shadow, who normally is a master at them himself.

Mike Rolash: Oh yeah, maybe we finally got someone that can outgame him!

Meanwhile in the ring The Shadow manages to extract himself from the barrage of hits that Loki was raining down on him and takes on a low crouch, ready for whatever Loki would spring at him next but instead she just remains on her knees, laughing. She rolls herself out of the ring while laughing, beginning to rummage around under the ring, pulling out a steel chair.

Jim Gunt: Whoa, I do not think this is sanctioned!

Mike Rolash: Well, she might just want to rest a little, it's legit, no?

But it does not look as if Loki has any inclinations to have a seat, as she pulls two more chairs out from under the ring and then proceeds to toss them into the ring, carefully aiming at wherever The Shadow is moving to, keeping him at

bay. Referee Scott Dean, who has not had a chance to do anything in this yet-unstarted match, is trying to hold The Shadow back, avoid the flying chairs and figure out how to proceed overall, unfortunately rather unsuccessfully. Finally he signals for the bell to be rung.

Jim Gunt: OK, referee Scott Dean just called for the bell, not sure why, because so far this hasn't really had any semblance of a match, or rather the missed his chance when Loki was giving him the beatdown...

Loki has another chair in hand as she slides back into the ring and takes a quick step towards The Shadow, faking a swing. Predictably the Weaver of Dreams takes a step back and Loki throws the chair, trying to catch him off guard. He manages to catch the flying object when a murmur goes through the crowd, followed by "ATAXIA!" chants as the CWF commissioner steps out onto the stage.

Mike Rolash: Oh no, not him!

Loki does not seem phased by his appearance, picks up a chair and drives it top first into The Shadow's stomach, who doubles over and gets another smack of the chair right into the back, bringing him down to the mat. Scott Dean signals for the bell right away.

Ray Douglas: And the winner by disqualification - The Sh--

But before he has a chance to finish, the lights go out.

Mike Rolash: He is coming, I can feel him! GET THE LIGHTS BACK ON!

Suddenly a purple spotlight pops up outside of the ring, Loki Synn in its centre.

Loki Synn: Ah, loverboy has decided to show up! Listen closely, boys, because I have a secret to tell, I lost the match after all, didn't I?

The whole KeyBank Center silences to the point one could hear a pin drop. Even though it is not visible underneath the mask, one can hear in her voice that she is smiling contently.

Loki Synn: I know what REALLY happened to Mia...

A collective gasp from the audience and the sound of running feet from the stage can be heard. Immediately the spotlight goes out, followed by a crash. It does not take long for the regular to come back on, but Loki is nowhere to be seen, only Ataxia on the steel of the ramp, obviously having tried to tackle her in the darkness. The Shadow is still on the mat, hanging to the bottom rope looking into the direction where Loki had last been seen. Only thing that can be heard over the arena's PA is Loki's laugh.

Jim Gunt: And I thought I had seen it all...

Mike Rolash: Another creep, great.

Jim Gunt: Anyways, our WrestleFest line-up is steadily growing and Silas, Autumn and The Shadow are not done with each other yet, this is going to be one explosive match-up.

Mike Rolash: And I can't shake the feeling that this Loki--thing is going to haunt us, too...

Dis Has T'Be a Joke, Right?

Match

The lights go out inside of the KeyBank Center, the Buffalo fans curious as to what's about to take place. Soon the familiar sounds of "Ali Bomaye" blast through the sound system, inciting the raucous fans to start jeering the current holders of the CWF Tag Team Champions.

Jim Gunt: Just listen to these people Mike, there is no love for the champs.

Mike Rolash: These people are morons Jimmy, their emotions change like the weather, if you ask me.

The lights blare back on brightly, Styles and Jones are at the center of the stage, posing like they normally do. Styles, squatting down, head bent, title around his waist. Jones, behind him, standing with his back to the crowd, his title hanging from his back shoulder facing the crowd. As the song progress, Duce spins around towards the crowd, positioning himself beside a rising Styles, who throws his hood off to a chorus of boos from the KeyBank Arena!

Jim Gunt: It's safe to say that these two are the biggest villains within the group, that we now know them as The Glass Ceiling.

Mike Rolash: How can you not like the group? You have the Paramount Champ, Jarvis King. The tag champs in the Aces, and to top it all off, the Jace That Runs The Place, Mr. Valentine! How can you not see the greatness in the foreseeable future.

Jim Gunt: These men are despicable thugs, and what they did to Mia Rayne was downright horrible.

Mike Rolash: You mean awesome..

Gunt can't do nothing but shake his head as the tag champs are finally inside of the ring. They are dressed to compete, as Ray Douglas makes the introduction.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one....

Duce walks over and snatches the microphone out of Douglas' hand.

Duce Jones: Fuck all dat.

The crowd erupts in boos, as Duce looks around at the crowd, his platinum plated teeth shining in the lights. Freddie moves over towards Douglas, intimidating him and forcing him to leave the ring. Jones waits for the crowd to quiet down, but there is no sign of easing up.

Duce Jones: I mean if you folks would shut tha fuck up fo' a moment...

He's cut off, as the jeers grow louder. Soon the crowd begins to show their appreciation.

"SMOKIN' ASSESS!"

CLAP-CLAP

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

"SMOKIN' ASSESS!"

Smiles form across the faces of the Aces, as Freddie is handed another mic from a ringside attendant.

Freddie Styles: Sounds like these people have a problem with the Aces.

More boos.

Duce Jones: Maybe because we did a thing...

Freddie Styles: We've done a few things though Duce.

Duce Jones: Y'right, but I don't think it was nothin' mo' serious than...

Duce points to the big screen as a still shot of Mia lying in a pool of her own blood from Evolution two weeks ago.

Duce Jones: Y'know Freddie. It's funny t'me how. All tha evidence can be in everybody's face. Yet they're still blind to what really happened.

Freddie Styles: Do tell.

Duce Jones: Y'see just like these fuckin' idiots in dis bumfuck town. Tha Forsaken missed tha point.

Insults and jeers are once more thrown at the champs as they simply smile embracing the hatred.

Freddie Styles: But that's common for them though, they sit on their pedestals, on their high horses, screaming they are the "antidote". But don't even know from what direction the virus is even coming from.

Duce Jones: They sho in tha fuck don't. But maybe dis'll clear tha pic up a bit. Dat was a nice lil display with Jace and all, I mean it's kinda funny that he seems t'take tha blame fo' everythang.

Freddie Styles: Yeah having little Chloe come out and do her thing with the skillet was rich.

Duce Jones: Too bad he wasn't tha one responsible. Hell t'be honest, he didn't have shit t'do wit shit.

The crowd begin to stir from the revelation.

Freddie Styles: Ohhhh.... What, are you dipshits surprised? But I guess, guilty by association right.

Duce Jones: Don't get me wrong... As much as we would like t'take full responsibility.. We can't. Y'see as much as we personally dislike Tha Forsaken. What happened to Mia was merely business.

Freddie Styles: I mean sure, it's been us attacking those righteous freaks for the past few weeks. But someone hated her just a little bit more than us.

Duce Jones: Which is why, we're here t'let everyone in tha back know, fo' just a few bands, tha same thang can happen to anyone in dat locka room.

Freddie Styles: I guess you can call us your friendly, neighborhood "Hitmen 4 Hire". Guaranteed to get the job done.

Duce Jones: Ya fuckin' right, but first we have a matta of handlin' what Taxi deems as competition here tonight.

Freddie Styles: Yes, a fat fuck and a Colton Mace ripoff think they have what it takes to beat us and earn a shot.....

"Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!"

Everyone turns to the entrance stage as none other than Mikey Unlikely, Mikey gets a mixed reaction, but when Bobby Dean saunters out behind him, the roof blows off the place.

Mikey Unlikely: Ripoff? A RIPOFF? Did I just hear Bone Thugs and Harmony out here right?

The reference brings a few chuckles from the crowd.

Mikey Unlikely: First off, Mikey Unlikely copies no one! I'm an original, a classic, an innovator! Entertainment Tonight calls me "A Delight on camera" ...Hollywood Reporter called me "The Best Crossover appeal since Hasselhoff!" C'mon guys....

The crowd laughs at Mikey but he thinks they are laughing WITH HIM.

Mikey Unlikely: AND SECONDLY! If anyone in this god forsaken arena is going to tease, poke fun, or play tricks on Bobby Dean.... IT'S GOING TO BE ME!

A huge pop from the crowd for that comment, Bobby smiles wide at Mikey's backhanded attempt to protect him. Duce and Freddie stand inside of the ring, first glaring at each other, then down at their opponents for the evening.

Duce Jones: Right.... Hasselhoff... Reason being why it's fuckin' ridiculous dat hasbeens like you two schmucks are even considered fo' a shot at these here. (pats title) tag straps... Freddie and me have been beggin' these folks fo' betta competition. And dis... (pointing at Unlikely and Dean) dis is tha shit they give us. Mermaid Man and Barnacle Boy... Sittin' there lookin' like tha numba ten.

Mikey smirks at the comment.

Mikey Unlikely: That's cute. And be that as it may, we never wanted a shot at those precious little belts you have there. I mean let's face it, if you two can win them, I'm pretty sure any Harold and Kumar can win them.

Bobby begins to laugh hysterically, as the crowd responds with a collective "OH!" The tag team champions stand inside of the ring fuming from the insult.

Freddie Styles: Oh yeah, well how about you and Fat Bastard right there, come make good on those words.

The crowd breaks out in cheers as Mikey and Bobby contemplate things. Unlikely dropping the mic as he and Dean head for the ring. The Aces in return, dropping their mics, climbing out of the ring, meeting Dean and Unlikely in the aisle as a brawl breaks out!

The Glass Ceiling (Freddie Styles & Duce Jones) vs. TBD ("Beautiful" Bobby Dean & Mikey Unlikely)

Match

Jim Gunt: These two teams have come to blows Mike!

Mike Rolash: The way they were just firing shots at each other, it was bound to happen.

Mikey Unlikely viciously throws Jones back first into the aisle way guardrail, temporarily incapacitating him, he then makes his way over to help Dean who's brawling with Styles. Stunning the future Hall of Famer with a double axe handle blow to the back, he and Dean begin to work him over. Each man takes turn firing off right hands that have him almost swaying like a pendulum between the two of them.

Jim Gunt: Freddie's in a bad spot at the moment Mike! With Duce down, he needs to find a way to escape the barrage of right bombs that TBD are dropping on him!

Having enough of the double team, Styles rocks Unlikely with a back elbow strike to the jaw! Right hand to the chin of Dean sends him reeling back. He pushes both men out of his way, searching for an escape from the onslaught. It's short lived as a recovering Mikey Unlikely nails Mr. Ballgame between the shoulder blades, with a forearm shot, making Styles stumble forward. Looking to advance on Styles, Unlikely is blindsided by a charging Jones, who sends him falling to the floor with a flying forearm shot!

Jim Gunt: Duce with the save!

Mike Rolash: It's a good thing he showed up when he did, because things were almost becoming ugly for Freddie.

Checking on his partner for a brief moment, Duce makes his way towards Bobby Dean, who's just now shaking off the cobwebs. With a fistful of blonde hair, Jones sends Dean down with a headbutt! The Buffalo crowd booing relentlessly as the champs pay them no mind, their attention solely on Unlikely. Making his way towards his opponent, Styles brings Unlikely upright, before he along with Duce irish whips Mikey into a guardrail at ringside, sending him tumbling head over heels.

Jim Gunt: The way these men are brawling out here, there may not be a match. The bell has not been officially signaled.

Mike Rolash: That's fine with me, these guys can fight forever for all I care.

With control in their favor, the Aces make their way towards the Name that Entertains, both men struggling to bring him up to his feet. With all the strength within them collectively, they are finally able to get Dean upright, guiding him towards the ring. Working together, the spin him around, placing their shoulders into his mid section, then drive him back first into the ring apron! Dean screams out in pain, the Aces quick to take advantage, as both men roll the Dong From Hong Kong under the bottom rope, inside of the ring. Duce slides inside the ring behind him as referee Clark Summits finally calls for the bell officially getting this match underway!

Jim Gunt: This contest is finally started, and Duce is going for the quick win, hooking the leg!

ONE!

The One Pump Chump is able to quickly get the shoulder off the canvas! Jones curses at Summits as he slowly makes it to his feet, taking time out to trash talk a few fans in the front row. Outside of the ring, Styles approaches a recovering Unlikely, helping him to a vertical base. However that doesn't last long as Mr. Ballgame whips him hard into the ring steps, knocking them apart! Back inside of the ring, Jones bounces off the ropes and caves in the rotund belly of Dean with a flip senton! The Kid that Never Dies stays on top, going for the win again!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Jones trying not to waste any time, looking to end this match immediately.

Mike Rolash: Can you blame him, if the Aces pull off the victory here tonight. They might have the night off come WrestleFest.

Jim Gunt: Who would want the biggest night in CWF history off Mike? On a grand stage such as WrestleFest the tag titles should be defended.

Mike Rolash: Yea, but when there's no other team in the same league as you, why even bother?

With his opponent upright, Duce whips Dean towards the Aces corner, where he crashes hard! Jones suddenly feigns an injury to his lower back, grabbing the attention of Clark Summits who comes over to check on him.

Mike Rolash: Oh no, Duce is injured!

Jim Gunt: Pay attention to Styles, he's up to no good.

This proves to be true as Styles decks Bobby in the back of the head, sending him stumbling towards both Duce and Summits. Almost as if he's magically recovered, Duce leaps up with a dropkick that sends the Beautiful One stumbling back into dangerous territory, inciting boos from the Buffalo fans! With a dazed Dean in the Aces corner, Duce advances, tagging in Styles, as he wrenches the arm of Dean, pulling him out of the corner. Climbing to the second rope as he enters, Styles leaps off with a double axe handle to the exposed arm of the Name that Entertains! Bobby shakes his right arm furiously in pain, but doesn't have time to nurse it, as he wrenches the same arm, holding it in places, bringing Jones back in with a tag. Climbing to the top rope, he leaps off, double stomping the arm, causing Dean to yell again!

Jim Gunt: With Unlikely incapacitated, the Aces are working over the arm of Bobby Dean..It's almost as if these two are a totally different team here tonight.

Mike Rolash: They're not two time Tag Team Champions for nothing, the more these two young men team together. The more cohesive they become, and we all know that when they're on the same page, they can be quite dangerous.

With a smile on his face, Jones wrenches the tender right arm of Dean, transitioning to a hammerlock bringing the Beautiful One to his knees. Finally, the World's Greatest Sports Entertainer is to his feet and slowly climbing to his team's corner as Jones continues to wrench up on the hold, as Summits checks to see if Dean wants to submit! Unlikely screams for Dean to escape, slapping the top turnbuckle as the KeyBank Center gets behind him, clapping in unison with him. With Dean face down on the mat, he begins to find energy from the crowd, hitting his leg off the canvas, matching the beat of the crowd! With a look of annoyance on his face, Jones releases the hold and stomps down hard on the back of the Dong From Hong Kong, bringing boos from the crowd. Now taunting the fans with a wicked smile plastered on his face, Jones suddenly rushes towards Unlikely knocking him off the apron, which brings

more boos!

Jim Gunt: Jones with a cheap shot!

Now furious, Unlikely slides under the bottom rope, looking to throw blows with Jones, but Summits is right there to intervene. This encourages Styles to enter the ring while the referee is distracted, as the Aces rain down stomps on Dean. Styles stays on the attack, Jones slapping his hands together, insinuating a tag, which Summit acknowledges with his back turned.

Jim Gunt: C'mon Summits, these two are blatantly breaking the rules!

Mike Rolash: And you call me biased.

Jim Gunt: Mike, you can't condone these types of actions that the champs are displaying.

Mike Rolash: The name of the game is win by any means necessary, and that's exactly what they're doing.

Bringing his hefty foe to a vertical base, Styles grabs the head of Dean slowly spins him around, drops to the mat, snapping the back of Dean's neck off his shoulder with a Hangman's Neckbreaker! Dean grabs at his neck in pain as Summits is now in position to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Unlikely with the save!

Freddie complains to the referee, as Summits admonishes Unlikely, forcing him out of the ring again, as the Aces take advantage once more. Jones enters the ring unbeknownst to Summits, which makes Mikey want to get back involved in the action immediately. This causes Summits to keep his attention on Mikey, Jones slapping his hands together again, Styles and him going for the double team. Bringing Dean to his feet, they Irish whip him into the ropes, upon returning they attempt a double hip toss! No! Dean is too heavy to take over, as both men are struggling!

Mike Rolash: I guess being a fat slob, can work in your favor.

The crowd begins to cheer Dean as the Aces attempt the hip toss again to no avail. Finding strength from the Buffalo fans, Dean looks to take advantage, but Aces quickly double him over with back elbows to the mid section! With him leaned over, they take him down with a collective snapmare, Styles cartwheels in front of Dean, driving his feet into Dean's face while Jones shoots a stiff kick to his back! Styles steps to the apron as Bobby is crawling on the mat towards his team's corner. Jones as cocky as ever, sensing his team has the advantage, watches on as Dean slowly tries to get to Unlikely. As if toying with his opponent, Duce cockily brushes his boot across the head of Dean, while trash talking Unlikely. He even mockingly lies on the mat and crawls towards Mikey reaching out to him for a tag!

Jim Gunt: It was at this moment, the nickname Ducebag seems warranted.

Mike Rolash: I'm loving every moment of it!

Now back to his feet, laughing at the booing crowd, Jones pulls Dean up to his feet by his hair. He fires off a forearm before whipping him towards the corner of the Aces! Styles grabs a handful of Dean's hair, holding him in place as Jones flips Unlikely off, before taking off towards Bobby going for Yakuza Kick! With a burst of energy, Dean elbows Styles off of him and ducks out of the way, causing Jones' foot to connect with the face of his partner! As quick as he can, Dean is able to make it across the ring and tag the outstretched hand of Unlikely bringing a roar of cheers from the crowd!

Jim Gunt: Dean with the tag!

Just able to get his leg off the top rope, Jones charges at an incoming Unlikely who takes him to the canvas with a

running forearm! Back to his feet quickly, Jones turns right into a leg lariat that drops him to the mat yet again. Refusing to stay down Duce is back up swinging wildly at Unlikely, who ducks under the fist, hooking Jones and spiking him to the canvas with a T-Bone Suplex! Styles is now sliding back inside of the ring, trying to catch Mikey off guard! But he ducks a lariat attempt and plants Styles into the canvas with a Reverse T-Bone Suplex! The crowd are to their feet, as Jones slowly rises only to be turned inside out with a Roaring Clothesline! With a primal yell, Mikey Unlikely turns his attention back to Styles, he clobbers Styles with a brutal forearm, before spinning around and dropping him to the mat with a vicious back elbow!

Jim Gunt: Unlikely is on fire!

The sold out arena is at a fever pitch, as Unlikely is setting his sights on his next target. Which happens to be a rising Jones, Unlikely moves in, grabbing a wobbly Duce, planting him into the mat with a Belly to Belly Suplex! Unlikely is fast to his feet, standing with his back turned to the downed body of Jones before back flipping onto his foe with a Standing Moonsault! He stays on top for the pin, hooking the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

Styles breaks up the pin! BIG BOOT BY DEAN ON STYLES! Well more like a kick to the shin, drops Mr. Ballgame to a knee, Bobby doesn't stop there connecting with a BRAIN BUSTAAAAA! The overhand chop sends Styles rolling under the bottom rope, Dean turning his attention to join his partner. Bringing Jones to his feet, they irish whip him into the ropes, when he returns they drop him to the mat with a collective shoulder tackle! They're not done as they pounce on the downed Jones with a Body Splash/Fist Drop combination! Dean makes his way to the corner as Unlikely goes for the cover, Summits sliding in for the count!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Unlikely curses as he rises to his feet, bringing Duce along with him, Unlikely twist the arm of Jones, leading him towards the TBD corner as he tags Dean back in! Now having Jones' arms wrapped around his throat in a straight jacket, he leaps up driving his knees in the back of the Kid that Never Dies, connecting with the RODEO DRIVE DROP! Unlikely drags the body of Duce towards the corner as Bobby Dean unsteadily climbs to the bottom ropes!

Mike Rolash: Move out the way Duce!

He doesn't, as Dean comes awkwardly off the bottom ropes, planting all his weight onto Duce, crushing his sternum with a Banzai Drop! Staying seated on top of Duce's chest, Summits slides in for the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

FREDDIE MAKES THE SAVE AT THE LAST MILLISECOND!

Mike Rolash: Whew! My heart stopped for a minute.

Jim Gunt: Figures.

Summits admonishes Styles forcing him out of the ring, as Dean uses the ropes for leverage to get to his feet. Now bringing Duce up he irish whips Jones into the corner, where he crashes hard! Following up slowly, Dean crashes into

the corner himself as Jones is able to fall out of the way! Leaping halfway across the ring, Jones is able to tag the hand of an anxious Styles, who comes in on fire! He quickly rushes towards the TBD corner, knocking Unlikely off the apron. Turning his attention to Dean, he charges, but the Dong From Hong Kong goes for a clothesline that is ducked by Styles! Pivoting as fast as he can proves costly, Dean receiving the foot of Styles to his face as he connects with a Pele Kick!

Jim Gunt: Freddie as quick as a cat on his feet! That Pele Kick has Dean rearing back!

Mike Rolash: He's going for the kill! He has Dean hooked, ADDICTION!

Styles has the submission hold locked on tight, but Dean has the wherewithal to quickly get to the ropes, placing his foot on the bottom one. Clark calls for Freddie to break the hold, but he doesn't, holding on tightly!

Jim Gunt: He's refusing to release the hold! Styles has lost it, Mike!

Indeed he has, as Summits yells for him to release the hold. Freddie refuses as Clark Summits begins the mandatory five count! Freddie has a different look in his eyes as he continues to yank violently on the hold. The bell is soon heard ringing, as Clark Summits has no other choice but to disqualify the tag champs!

Jim Gunt: These two have no regard for the safety for anyone in the locker room!

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners, as a result of disqualification! TEE BEE DEE!

Unlikely is quick to reenter the ring, coming to the aid of his partner, stomping Styles forcing him to release the hold! Which he does rolling out of the ring, meeting his partner, who's making his way around ringside. Unlikely checks on Dean, who's now shaking off the effects of the submission hold.

Jim Gunt: So do TBD get a shot at the tag titles after securing a DQ victory here over the champs?

Mike Rolash: No way, no how! They won by a technicality, that can't be considered as a true victory.

Jim Gunt: Mike it seems that cooler heads are not prevailing, look at these two teams still talking trash to each other.

The Aces slowly back up the aisle, an intense confrontation underway yet again between the two teams. Unlikely and a now upright Dean show no signs of backing down! The tension is too high to contain as both members of TBD climb out of the ring and come to blows once again with the champs!

Jim Gunt: We need to get someone out here, this is getting out of hand!

The two teams brawl violently, the crowd enjoying every moment of it, as the chaos soon spills out into the CWF faithful!

Jim Gunt: Neither one of these teams showing any sign of backing down from the other!

Mike Rolash: Like I stated earlier, these guys can fight forever.

The two brawling teams disappear into the crowd, as we cut back to the announce table as our commentators are ready to continue their job.

Not Gonna Happen

Match

Jim Gunt: Well Mike, that took a turn for the worse quickly, but hopefully order will be restored between those four individuals as the show must go on!

Mike Rolash: Damn, I really wanted to see those guys tear each others heads off! It's not every week we get heated action like that!

Jim Gunt: Do you not watch the action that's on display every week in front of us?

Mike Rolash: Eh, give or take a match here or a match there usually sticks out in my mind.

Jim Gunt: Anyway, ladies and gentlemen we still got some exciting in ring action to come. In our main event former Entourage cohorts, Paramount Champion and new member of the group, The Glass Ceiling, Jarvis King takes on the returning Colton Mace! Who to his own credit will be competing in his first singles World title shot at WrestleFest!

A graphic for the Main Event comes across the screen.

Mike Rolash: We know what these men are capable of, and I'm willing to very my bottom dollar that King walks out on top. But that whore of a woman that Mace is set to face off with is also in action later on tonight.

A new graphic showcasing both M.J. Flair and The Ringmaster is now on the screen.

Jim Gunt: You got that right Mike, it's always a spectacle when the Original Nobody 2.0 steps inside of the squared circle! But she might have her hands full with the number one contender for the Paramount Championship, The Ringmaster! Is going to be intense! But up next we have a rivalry that's been boiling over for months. As former allies now turned enemies compete in...

Gunt pauses for a moment as a message comes through the headset.

Jim Gunt: I'm sorry ladies and gentlemen, but I'm being told that something is transpiring in the back. Let's cut backstage and see what's going on!

The scene soon switches to the backstage area where the teams of TBD and Smokin' Aces are still going at it! The two teams brawl viciously backstage as the T.J. Flint led security team are now on the scene coming between the four rabid athletes, ending the scuffle! With one half of the security team holding back the Aces, while the other half hold back Dean and Unlikely! Mikey spewing venom as he shouts from behind the guards!

Mikey Unlikely: Since you two think you're hot shit! Me and Dean want another shot at you two fuckwads at WrestleFest!

The Aces trying their best to break free of the security's grips, Duce responds back.

Duce Jones: Fuck dat! Y'all didn't get a clean win tonight!

Mikey Unlikely: That's because you fuckers weren't men enough to take a loss! WrestleFest! Us versus you two shits in a New York City Street Fight! That way there's no cheap cop outs!

Duce Jones: Y'know what, me and Freddie run dis tag team shit! And ain't no way in hell would we waste our time on scrubs like the two of ya! Not gonna happen!

Mikey Unlikely: Don't worry, one way or the other, we're getting our hands on you two!

The trash talking continues as the security team struggle to hold both teams back, the scene soon switching back to ringside.

Jim Gunt: The gauntlet was thrown down, but the Aces refusing the match!

Mike Rolash: The Aces would be just throwing these guys a bone if they'd accept, no way do they truly deserve a shot at the titles.

Jim Gunt: Either way, we have to keep an eye on how this will develop. But if that match is made for WrestleFest, it's going to be a good one, but up next we have a First Blood Match between Silas Artoria and Autumn Raven. So the brutality level is about to get turned up a notch!

Mike Rolash: Yea, yea, it's only Autumn and Silas, nothing to wet your underwear about.

Jim Gunt: Ugh, let's just send it over to Ray for the introductions.

The Doll

Match

It had been a busy night and as Ataxia makes his way to his office, he can only feel it begin to get worse. He unlocks the door leading into the office where he conducts all of the commissioner-y type stuff and stops dead in his tracks. The doll that he once gifted to Mia, who in turn gifted it to Chloe Hawkhurst sits in his chair, its face pointed directly at the door so he would have to see it as soon as he walks in. Everything about her is as he remembers. Everything that is, except her face. It is painted to resemble that of Loki Synn and as Ataxia shuts the door to muffle the noise of his curses of rage, a haunting giggle can be heard throughout the halls of The Key Bank Center.

Autumn Raven vs. Silas Artoria

Match

Jim Gunt: OK, this is getting creepier and creepier...

Mike Rolash: I think we're finally in the Twilight Zone...

Jim Gunt: But back to reality and two from our psychotic department--

Mike Rolash: That's three quarters of this federation these days...

Jim Gunt: --Silas Artoria and Autumn Raven are next!

Ray Douglas: The following match is a First Blood contest.

Purple lights shine around the top of the ramp, fog rolling around it as the beginning lyrics of the song start to play, the tron displaying a purple outlined black raven with her name fading in over it.

"The sun is shining
Though everything's dying
Your stars burned out for good
Somewhere in Hollywood"

As the guitar riff starts up, the purple lights start to flicker like a strobe light as Autumn slowly walks out from the back, coming to a stop at the top of the ramp. She glances out at the crowd with a smirk on her face as she starts down the ramp slowly.

Ray Douglas: From Los Angeles, California, weighing 120 pounds, she is the Beautiful Psychopath, Autumn Raven!

She walks around the ring, glaring at the fans sitting at ringside before sliding under the bottom rope and leaping to her feet, giving the crowd a smug smile.

"The sun is shining
But everything's dying
Your stars burned out for good
Somewhere in Hollywood
I swear it's only
Cos you be my lies
Guess I'm misunderstood
You were my deadlihood"

She runs to the corner turnbuckle, climbing to the second one, taunting the crowd, as she flings her arms out to the sides once again before climbing down.

Ray Douglas: Her opponent, from Toronto, Canada and weighing in at 220lbs..."The Psychotic Aristocrat" SILAS ARTORIA!

Jim Gunt: Should we be concerned by the growing endemic of supposed Psychopaths in the CWF?

Mike Rolash: That's what I just said! Are you listening to anything I say?

Jim Gunt: I try to avoid it.

The arena is veiled in fog as dark-blue lighting strobes marking the arrival and entrance of Silas Artoria himself, striding down to the ring.

Mike Rolash: This should certainly prove a grudge match for the ages!

Jim Gunt: You're not half wrong.

The bell rings to signal the start of the match. With an almost feral-shriek the Beautiful Psychopath, living up to her name, charges forward at Silas Artoria with the most reckless of abandon. The Canadian Reaper sidesteps and gives his former stablemate and companion a forceful shove on her way, adding onto her already considerable momentum. Autumn goes tumbling over the ring ropes, managing to grab a hold of the top most rope on her way down and out. She finds her footing on the apron.

Jim Gunt: Quick and nimble. Autumn Raven is finally finding it in herself to stand on her own esteem and fighting for her own causes. No longer is she second fiddle to the likes of the deplorable Silas Artoria.

Mike Rolash: She could play my fid-

Jim Gunt: DON'T! Don't finish that sentence.

The Psychotic Aristocrat lunges forward with a lariat to knock Autumn from the apron. A-Ray proves quicker than her opponent, lunging through the middle of the ropes and catching Silas in the gut with a stiff shoulder. She then leaps up, using the rope for added leverage and catches her opponent in the side of the head with a quick and stiff kick. She springboards off of the ropes, coming down upon Artoria with a cross body block.

Jim Gunt: Early moments of the match and Autumn's quickness and agility may be too much for the so-called Canadian Reaper. It seems he's no good when not taking on backstage staff.

Autumn Raven awaits her opponent in a nearby corner of the ring. Silas recovers to his feet, turns to face the Beautiful Psychopath stalking her prey and...DUCKS underneath the Superkick.

Mike Rolash: Hitting the big moves early may not necessarily help with a First Blood match. Especially if you miss the mark like that.

Autumn doesn't have time to recover from her near-miss, spinning in place as not to leave her back exposed to Silas and receives a stiff bicycle knee strike to the jaw. Silas looks down at his fallen former comrade in disdain. He also opts not to attempt a pinfall. He shakes his head in contempt and disappointment.

Mike Rolash: Silas is duly punishing Autumn for her abandonment of him and the Coalition. A punishment long overdue.

The moment A-Ray climbs to her feet she falls victim to a hellishly stiff discus lariat from the Canadian Reaper. He gazes around the arena, at the attending crowd with a sly and smug smirk on his face.

Jim Gunt: Normally people with that kind of expression on their face end up arrested...Or on a registry. I don't like the look of this at all!

Mike Rolash: It's the look of a man in charge Jim! Geez!

Autumn catches him by surprise with a dropkick, leaping high into the air from her fallen position and planting both feet firmly on Silas' chest. The Psychotic Aristocrat stumbles backward, shocked and surprised by the suddenness of Autumn's offence. She charges forward yet again, connecting with a running calf kick, then without losing a single step she scales to the top of the nearby turnbuckle.

Jim Gunt: The Raven is spreading her wings!

Flying through the air, Autumn comes down with a diving leg drop. Silas Artoria is able to roll out of harms away, leaving A-Ray to come crashing down, landing painfully and unceremoniously on the ring mat.

Mike Rolash: And Artoria is clipping them.

Wrapping his arms around the waist of his opponent, Silas Artoria lifts up A-Ray and connects with a text-book german suplex, throwing his opponent bodily INTO the nearby corner. She collides painfully with the unforgiving steel post.

Mike Rolash: Even the steel post gets more action than I do!

Autumn is stunned and left defenceless in the corner, at the mercy of Silas who unleashes a series of stiff knife edge chops. Satisfied with his efforts in tenderizing his opponent, Silas backs up to the corner at the opposite end of the ring, putting distance between himself and The Beautiful Psychopath.

Jim Gunt: Silas Artoria seems to be battling a completely different battle inside his own head at the moment. I keep seeing hints of the Passenger wanting to come out and really ruin our day.

Silas barrels forward, coming directly at the cornered Raven. At the last possible second Autumn springs sideways. This time it is Silas' turn to have an intimate meeting with the cold hard steel of the turn post. The Canadian Reaper is left reeling, dazed and stumbling from the collision with the steel, unable to react and defend as Autumn pounces, connecting with her patented Nevermore! The stipulation of the match however makes a submission victory impossible so she eventually concedes and releases Silas from the reverse chin lock.

Jim Gunt: Under normal match conditions Autumn may have had this match in the bag. But unfortunately, this isn't normal circumstances.

Mike Rolash: A submission move isn't the best way to make an opponent bleed. And that's not even mentioning Silas' fortitude with submission moves.

The Beautiful Psychopath makes her way to the outside of the ring, where she excitedly rifles under the ring. She reappears having procured a jet-black coloured steel chair, which she brandishes with unbridled anticipation. Her intentions are clearly ill.

Jim Gunt: This could be the decider!

She is climbing her way through the ring ropes, returning to the action inside the ring when Silas takes her by surprise with a second bicycle knee. Autumn releases her grip on the steel chair. Then, with A-Ray sprawling on the apron, Artoria follows up. He connects with a spike DDT, with Autumn draped on the middle ring ropes, spiking her head INTO the fallen steel chair! The sound of the impact reverberates throughout the arena.

Mike Rolash: I wish I could get that as a sound bite. Music to my ears!

Jim Gunt: I fear I may have been right...it could be the decider, but not the way I envisioned.

With weapon in hand, Silas is like a shark with the scent of blood in the water, swinging the steel chair down upon poor Autumn's frame...again...and again...again. Moving his way from head to toes, and back again. Her cries and the indignation of the crowd seemingly only encouraging him more and more.

Jim Gunt: Silas Artoria is nothing but a low-life thug! There is nothing graceful or stylish about that beating!

Mike Rolash: Isn't it great?!

The Psychotic Aristocrat sets up the chair, as if being used for its original intended purpose, placing it firmly in the centre of the ring. The completely stunned Autumn offers no resistance as Silas hoists her up onto his shoulders and executes the impressive Fall of Man finisher, throwing Autumn from the electric chair position, into a falling cutter. A-Ray comes down falling ONTO the exposed flat bottom of the steel chair as Silas connects with the cutter! He moves away from the fallen opponent favouring his arm, not unscathed by his innovative variant to the move. Referee Clark Summits, officiating this grudge match, quickly turns Autumn over to check on her, revealing a bright crimson mask covering her mouth and better part of the bottom half of her face. The bell rings. Silas is the victor.

Ray Douglas: And the winner of this match by first blood....SILAS ARTORIA!!

Jim Gunt: I hope there was no permanent damage!

Mike Rolash: Well, if there wasn't, Silas might be working on that now!

Looking To The Future

Match

BANG!

Autumn strikes Silas in a frenzy, and is completely wailing on him!

Jim Gunt: Stiff right hands!

Mike Rolash: Giggi--

Jim Gunt: Don't!

More right hands, then Silas shoves her back hard! She falls on the canvas and sits up against the ropes, anticipating another strike. But it doesn't come. Instead, Silas is facing down with his hands in his hair, gripping the scalp tightly.

A dark laugh escapes him.

Silas Artoria: Oh...did you think this was over? Did you think spilled blood would put out the fire? Oh....oh no.

He slowly starts to look back up and towards Autumn, who is looking at her rival copiously, before her look changes to pure fear.

Silas' eyes and the surrounding skin are covered in a dark texture; writing protrudes from them like last week, only growing. His eyes are red, and the sinister smile he wears shines brighter than pearls.

Silas Artoria: That was starters, you stupid, stupid gir--

SILAS CRASHES DOWN, THE SHADOW IS ON TOP OF HIM.

Jim Gunt: And a **SPRINGBOARD FOREARM FROM SHADOW, AND HE'S ALSO GOING AFTER SILAS' HEAD!**

The Shadow delivers some stiff elbows to the downed Silas, before he grabs his hair and slams it into the canvas.

The Shadow: That's what you are good at, beating people while they are already down, aren't you? Thought you could get one up?

Autumn crashes The Shadow out, and grabs Silas' hair and slams it on the canvas, harder!

Autumn Raven: See what happens when you try to leave me in a trash can!? **HUH!? SEE WHAT HAPPENS!??**

The Shadow rushes to grab Autumn, clearly wanting to calmly get her off Si--**AUTUMN CHOPS THE SHADOW HARD AND RETURNS TO SI--SILAS SPRINGS BACK UP AND AUTUMN'S IN THE TORTURE RACK POSITION!** The Shadow charges toward the two and **SILAS THROWS AUTUMN AT THE SHADOW!** The two crash to the canvas but

The Shadow pushes Autumn aside to get back up.

The two men stare at each other, face to face, man on man. They stand there.

Jim Gunt: And finally! The Shadow and Silas, face to face, one on one!

Mike Rolash: Someone grab my popcorn!

The two start to slowly approach each other, Silas with eager bloodlust and The Shadow with a stern look of anticipation. Slowly, the maniac raises his hand to level The Shadow's head, still maintaining the smile whilst breathing gets increasingly more erratic. Suddenly, the lowest three fingers curl up; the hand mimics a gun.

Silas Artoria: BANG!

The Shadow smacks the arm to the side and chops Silas hard! A series of strikes follows, followed by a superkick! Silas' head tilts in response to the kick, but suddenly twists it back around to face The Shadow, and screams! The Shadow jolts back in reflex, but gives the psychotic Canadian an Enzuigiri! He runs without checking the damage. Bounce. A HAMMER OF THE GODS TO SILAS AND HE GOES DOWN! The Shadow jumps back to his feet, and observes the crowd reaction, getting louder and louder with each passing second!

Jim Gunt: THE UNHOLY SAVIOUR THAT IS THE SHADOW! STRIKING DOWN THE GODDAMN DEMON HIMSELF!

The Shadow points at Silas, standing over him--

MISSILE DROPKICK TO THE SHADOW AND HE COMES CRASHING DOWN HARD. Autumn stands back up immediately.

Autumn Raven: HE'S MINE! THIS IS MY SLAUGHTER! I AM COLLECTING THE DEBT HE OWES, YOU HEAR!?

The Shadow grips his head, but hears the message and sees the source. He stands back up and signals Autumn to bring the pain, something she is happy to deliver as she immediately charges towards him.

A grapple! Back and forth before Autumn grips The Shadow's head to deliver a headbutt. The Shadow replies in kind with a stiff chop. Autumn returns the favour! The two look at each other for a few seconds, and start to deliver stuff right arms! The Shadow and Autumn exchange more blows, again and again until the two start to run out of energy. Autumn lets out a scream before kicking him in the stomach! A quick one to the head that twists him around. NEVERMORE, AND THE SHADOW SLUMPS BACKWARDS INTO A TURNBUCKLE!

Autumn jumps to her feet, stamps them on the canvas and lets out a primal scream! Pure adrenaline-- KNOCKOUT BY SILAS, and Autumn staggers towards a corner turnbuckle as an exhausted and battered Silas staggers to the one opposite.

Jim Gunt: And this is what the past few weeks has lead to this, ladies and gentlemen. Clockwise. The Shadow, Autumn, Silas, just completely clawing at each other's throats!

Mike Rolash: To what end, though?

The three competitors stare at each other in bitter hatred. The Shadow's stoic face glances Silas. Still smiling through gritted teeth, he turns to look at the heavily-breathing Autumn. She stares him down in pure, uncomfortable defiance. She then looks at The Shadow with seething resentment, one that hated that the fact that he was involved in someone she wanted to dismantle by herself.

???: ENOUGH!

The arena goes quiet, and all heads turn to a figure on the stage.

Ataxia, CWF Commissioner is on the stage, holding a microphone to his lips.

Ataxia: I love chaos as much as the next guy, but we have a schedule to keep!

He points to a watch he isn't wearing.

Ataxia: I have to run a tight ship here....but....

He delves in quick thought.

Ataxia: We do have to look beyond WrestleFest....like an afterparty!

Deep breath.

Ataxia: LADIES AND GENTS! I HAVE AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

He smiles deviously.

Ataxia: OPENING WRESTLEFEST WILL BE A NUMBER ONE CONTENDERS MATCH, FOR THE CWF CHAMPIONSHIP AT THE NEXT PAY-PER-VIEW. IT WILL BE MY BEST FRAND THE SHADOW...

Cheers erupted for the fan favourite.

Ataxia: VERSUS SILAS ARTORIA!

Boos rain down as the namesake noticeably chuckles.

Ataxia: VERSUS AUTUMN RAVEN!

The audience react in surprise! A three way dance!?? Autumn herself looks shocked! The audience get louder. Ataxia nods his head in approval before he stretches his arms out and takes a bow. He waves goodbye as the three athletes look at each other in anticipation.

Ataxia: So I hope you three are all ready for carnage, because I expect no less than complete armageddon!

Ataxia clears his throat.

Ataxia: Now....GET OUT OF MY RING SO WE CAN GET ON WITH THE SHOW! BYEEEE!

Before anyone else can move the lights turn out! Everyone is plunged into darkness, except for the entrance ramp, lined with purple spotlights. A familiar, disturbing, and shrill giggle echoes throughout the arena as Mia Rayne's signature "semi colon and right parenthesis" appear on the ramp and begin to rotate, seemingly mocking The Shadow and Ataxia.

For the second time this evening "Start Wearing Purple" by Gogol Bordello blares over the loudspeakers leaving everyone in the arena confused and now, in the case of The Shadow and Ataxia, angrier than before.

Mariella Jade Flair vs. The Ringmaster

Match

Right as the combatants have made their way backstage, the spotlight falls on CWF's ring announcer Ray Douglas, standing in the ring, ready to roll.

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

"ONE FALL!"

The lights black out inside of the KeyBank Center, which causes the Buffalo fans to stir. Soon the soundwaves are invaded by "Smash The Control Machine" by OTEP, as the crowd goes nuts! Stepping out onto the stage area, in her patented zippered hooded sweatshirt, with her hood covering her face. She stands there soaking up the admiration from the fans.

Ray Douglas: Introduction first, making her way to the ring, weighing in at one hundred thirty three pounds! Hailing from

Warwick, New York! EMM JAY FLAIR!

With the crowd roaring in approval, she makes her down the aisle, slapping the hands of some of the fans standing at ringside. Finally making it to the ring, she climbs into the apron, and perches herself on the second rope, she pushes her hood back and throws her hands into the air, bringing more cheers from the audience!

Jim Gunt: M.J. looks focused for this match here tonight, and with the CWF being in the state of New York, you'd have to say she gets the home field advantage.

Mike Rolash: The sight of her sickens me to a degree like no other.

The lights around the ACC go down as "The Greatest Show" by Hugh Jackman and Zac Efron begins to play. The CWF tron mimics a big top, and through the curtain comes The Carnival King himself, The Ringmaster.

Ray Douglas: Her opponent, hailing from Twentynine Palms, California! Weighing in at two hundred five pounds! Fitzgerald Everett Bentley, THE RINGMASTER!

With a focused determination, The Ringmaster makes his way down to the ring ignoring any acknowledgment the fans give him. Sliding under the bottom, he takes position in his designated corner as the official for this match, "Big" Denny Davidson comes over to check him for foreign objects.

Jim Gunt: The Ringmaster has been having sort of a roller coaster like career so far, since making his debut here in the CWF.

Mike Rolash: Well hopefully, he gets back on the right track against this disgrace for a competitor, standing across from him.

Jim Gunt: You have issues that you really need worked out.

Finally done with his check, Davidson calls for the bell, as both competitors begin to circle around the ring. They are suddenly interrupted as the sounds of "Ali Bomaye" blares through the speakers! The excitement that was once in the arena, now switches to anger as the tag champs, albeit without the tag titles, are making their way down the aisle.

Jim Gunt: Why are they out here?

Mike Rolash: I don't know Jimbo, but I'm glad some life is being brought to what was sure to be a bore fest.

Both Flair and Bentley watch on as the Aces make their way around ringside, totally oblivious to the two inside of the ring.

Jim Gunt: Are they coming over here?

Indeed they are, both Styles and Jones making a beeline towards the commentators desk. The muffled sounds of a headset being snatched off Jim Gunt's head as Duce places it on his own.

Duce Jones: Hey Mike, y'seem like a decent guy, y'mind removin' y'self fo' a moment?

Mike Rolash: Umm, I guess so. Here you go Freddie.

Removing his headset, Rolash hands it to Freddie, soon joining Gunt in having a seat near Ray Douglas. Now comfortable at their new post for at least the match, Aces begin to come through live on your television screens.

Duce Jones: Don't mind us, me and Freddie wanted to get a bird's eye view of what is consida' TOP talent round here.

Freddie Styles: That's right don't worry, we'll more than likely do a better job than those fossils over there.

An look of annoyance is evident on both the faces of Flair and the Ringmaster, turning their attention back on each other, ready to get this bout underway. Both going for a collar-and-elbow lock up. Bentley having the size advantage quickly backs Flair to the ropes where Davidson calls for The Ringmaster to break the lock up. Which he surprisingly

obliges, right before firing a slap to the face of M.J. with a smirk on his face, The Ringmaster backs up with his hands up in the air. However this proves costly as M.J. capitalizes on the opening, charging at Bentley, taking him down to the mat with a hard clothesline! He's back to his feet and gunning for Flair, but she quickly scoops him up off of his feet, before body slamming him back down to the canvas. Quickly dropping a knee to his face, she applies an arm bar, forcing The Ringmaster to search for an escape.

Duce Jones: Check M.J. out, she got dis clown ass dude's arm locked up good.

Freddie Styles: Isn't that the same guy who got both of our knees to his face last week?

Duce Jones: I dunno... Might be...

Having height on his side, The Ringmaster is able to work his way to his feet, causing Flair to transition the arm bar into an arm wrench. Pulling her in, he decks her with a right hand forcing her to release the hold. Moving in swiftly, The Ringmaster stuns Flair with an European Uppercut! With his opponent on her heels, backing towards the ropes, Bentley whips M.J. towards the opposite set of ropes, when she returns he drops her to the mat with a flying forearm smash! He drops down across her body, hooking her leg for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Not letting up, Bentley brings her back to her feet, looking to irish whip her into the corner, but she reverses! Crashing hard, Bentley is unprepared for the incoming clothesline courtesy of Flair! The crowd explodes in approval as she pulls The Ringmaster out of the corner, before lifting him up and dropping him throat first across the top rope with a Stun Gun! Pulling him away from the ropes, she drops down on top of him going for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

No! The Ringmaster able to get his shoulder off the mat!

Duce Jones: A lot of folks in tha back underestimate dis chick all tha time. But bein' a forma' World Champ herself, she's able to hold her on.

Freddie Styles: Did you just give M.J. props?

Duce Jones: Yea I did... But Freddie these folks need t'realize dat no matta what I think bout M.J. we are tha Glass Ceiling! We are dat standard dat sets tha bar...

Freddie Styles: You damn right we are!

Now to her feet, the former World champ contemplates her next form of action. Hastily, scaling to the top turnbuckle, she waits for Bentley to get to a vertical base. Once satisfied with his positioning, Flair leaps off, sending The Ringmaster crashing down to the canvas with a Missile Dropkick! Back to her feet quickly, she measures her slowly rising opponent up, speeding past him and off the ropes, she takes him back down with a Flying Headscissors! The crowd are on their feet, cheering emphatically for Flair as she let's a primal scream escape her body!

Freddie Styles: I guess this is where we're supposed to say that she's on fire...

Duce Jones: What's wrong man, still salty about her beating you?

Freddie Styles: Have you beat her?

Duce Jones: I mean I probably would've, if you and Jace didn't get involved.

Freddie Styles: Hahaha. Riiiiighhtt.

The friendly banter between the two tag champs, is soon interrupted as the big screen comes to life, catching the attention of everyone in the KeyBank Center. With everyone watching, a door is shown with the Aces name on it.

Duce Jones: Dafuq is dis shit?

The door swings open as Bobby Dean is seen sneaking out with the Tag Team titles in his possession. Looking both ways to make sure the coast is clear, before tipping towards a Mikey Unlikely driven golf cart. With a smirk on his face, he pats a proud Dean on the back.

Mikey Unlikely: Betcha they fight us at WrestleFest now.

Honking the horn, Unlikely speeds off on the cart, as we switch back to the commentators desk, where the Aces are fuming with anger.

Duce Jones: Did they just... Who tha fuck they think they are, the Lost Boys?

Freddie Styles: Oh they're gonna be lost alright. Let's go get our shit!

Removing the headsets, Smokin' Aces sprint around ringside and up the aisle. Flair stands in the ring befuddled at what just transpired. Turning around she is met by the feet of Bentley, who sends her crashing into the corner turnbuckles hard with a Double Legged Dropkick! With Flair slumped in the corner, he yanks her up to her feet by her hair, and swiftly positions her head between his legs. Lifting her up in a Powerbomb position, he carries the lighter Flair near the ropes where he pushes her up and over him, forcing her to land neck first across the top rope! With the MJF stumbling backwards, he locks on a rear waist lock looking to complete the Descent of the Kites! She has other plans though, catching Bentley by surprise with an back elbow strike, forcing him to release his grip. With a quick spin, she drops Bentley with a clothesline that sends him crashing hard to the canvas!

Jim Gunt: Flair with the reversal! She's looking to capitalize!

Mike Rolash: So are we just going to ignore the fact that the Aces, just totally took over a few minutes ago?

Jim Gunt: Regardless of what happened, we have a job to do Mike!

The crowd are cheering like crazy, MJF feeding off their energy! She moves in on a groggy Bentley, yanking back on his hair, locking him in a reverse facelock, before spiking his head into the mat with the MORNING STAR! SHE HOOKS THE LEG GOING FOR THE COVER! THE CROWD COUNTING ALONG WITH DAVIDSON!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Davidson calls for the bell as MJF rolls off the body of The Ringmaster.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner by pinfall! EMMMM JAAAAAYY FLLAAAAIIIRRR!

The ecstatic crowd are cheering their home state hero, as she climbs the nearest turnbuckle soaking up the admiration from the crowd.

Jim Gunt: MJF able to pull off the huge victory here tonight!

Mike Rolash: Being able to just watch her fight and not call the action, gave me a new found disrespect for her.

Jim Gunt: But what about the shenanigans of Unlikely and Dean! They want a fight with Smokin' Aces, and stealing the tag titles will surely grant them the fight they're looking for.

Coming Back From The Dead

With Mariella Jade Flair already having made her way up the ramp, the Ringmaster slowly comes to his feet looking around in a daze. As he shakes the cobwebs, he can see Duce Jones and Freddie Styles very quickly coming down the ramp.

Jim Gunt: Uh oh, Jarvis and Ringmaster have a date in two weeks at Wrestle Fest IV, but it looks like Mr. East Coast Excellence has sicked his stooges on the Circus King early.

Mike Rolash: Excuse me, his stooges? Freddie and Duce are the TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS for god's sakes!

The Ringmaster gets up to his feet just as Duce Jones slides into the ring, but he is unable to block the big time D-TRIGGA KNEE! Ringmaster is rocked immediately, falling backward right into the arms of Freddie Styles, who wraps one arm around his head and crushes him with a Half Nelson Suplex! The Tag Team champions stand over the broken body of the Circus King as the Buffalo fans continue to let them have it. Finally Duce calls for his fellow champion to lift the body of Ringmaster up as he backs up and heads for the top rope, awaiting Freddie to place him on top of his shoulders. Ringmaster attempts a couple of quick punches in his weakened state but Freddie is immediately on him with shots to his gut from behind. Styles assists Jones in holding Ringmaster in place...DOUBLE SUPERBOMB OFF THE TOP ROPE SENDS RINGMASTER HALFWAY ACROSS THE RING!

Jim Gunt: Oh boy, Mike. This doesn't look good. Ringmaster's flopping around like a fish in there.

Mike Rolash: Yep, definitely looks like he hurt something.

The Ringmaster rolls around in the ring, in the fetal position, clutching his abdomen and screaming in agony while the Smokin' Aces stare down at him, initially at a loss of what to do next. That is, until they look back at each other with replica sinister grins.

Jim Gunt: Oh no.

Duce and Freddie begin to stomp mudholes into Ringmaster - kicking blasting his legs, his back, and then soccer-kicking the abdomen that he's obviously favoring. Duce pushes Freddie away and yanks Ringmaster to his feet by his hair and brings him back to his knees with a european uppercut. Freddie nods his head in approval and then pushes Duce out of the way to do the same thing - european uppercut to the abdomen!

The Ringmaster falls back down to his knees, nearly in tears, while the two henchmen slap fives in celebration. Then, suddenly..

Mike Rolash: And look who's coming to the ring!

The crowd loses their minds as Jarvis King begins to dart down the ramp, expressionless, seemingly making a B-line toward the two men viciously disassembling The Ringmaster.

Jim Gunt: Finally, some freaking order.

Mike Rolash: Don't be so sure, Jimmy.

Before he slides under the ring, Jarvis lifts up the ring apron and reaches for a -- CHAIR. The crowd pops again once Jarvis slides that chair into the ring and then enters the ring himself. Duce and Freddie back away from Ringmaster and immediately huddle together in anticipation for a war of the ages. Jarvis grabs the chair, gets to his feet, and begins to stare down Freddie and Duce, and then glances down at Ringmaster - who's trying to balance himself on his knees in order to try and escape.

And then, Jarvis begins to smile. Not just any smile though. A sinister smile.

Jim Gunt: Wait a God damn second..

Mike Rolash: I knew it.

Jarvis raises the chair above his head and CRASH! It splashes against RINGMASTER'S back with a sickening thud, sending the circus king to his belly. The crowd lets out a massive groan as Jarvis smashes the chair against Ringmaster's back not once more, not twice more, but three more times. Duce and Freddie are beside themselves at first, but then move in toward Jarvis. As expected at this point, they all join in for a hug that only an evil alliance could muster. The boos from the crowd are absolutely fucking deafening.

Jim Gunt: I have no words. Someone needs to get in there and stop this madness. Now!

Mike Rolash: Oh yeah? Do you see who's in there? Who the hell in their right mind would enter that lion's den? Ringmaster is just going to have to take this beating like a champ.

Jim Gunt: Are you kidding me? And we're just going to sit here and watch?

Mike Rolash: Listen, Jim. I interrupted a 3 on 1 once in high school and you know what I got for that? A steel-toe boot straight to the ass. Has that ever happened to YOU before? I couldn't shit for a week. A WEEK. Just... close your eyes or something. There's no one in this arena that's going to get in there and stop this---

Suddenly, a motorcycle revs loudly throughout the arena speakers. That's followed by the opening crash of "Evenflow" by Pearl Jam. The lights blink on and off for a minute and then two words come across the video screen at the top of the stage.

THE ACCELERATOR.

Jim Gunt: Wait... what?

Oh yes. And there he is - clad in black boots, wrangler jeans, a white wifebeater that's partially covered by a patch-heavy leather jacket, a pair of wrap-around shades covering his eyes, and those unforgettable dirty-blond locks. And let's not forget about the tarnished, aluminum bat resting against his shoulder.

Mike Rolash: Is that who I think it is?

The noise from the crowd could have easily splintered the space-time continuum at this point.

Jim Gunt: IT'S HARLEY HODGE! HARLEY HODGE IS HERE!

Mike Rolash: ...Am I... Am I having a stroke?

Freddie, Duce, and Jarvis look like they've seen a ghost - seemingly unwilling to believe their very eyes. Harley yanks his shades off and throws them into the crowd, pointing toward the three men as he begins his aggressive walk down the ramp and toward the ring. Jarvis takes a stand in front of the other two, leaning against the ropes and begins to egg Harley on.

Mike Rolash: Oh... I don't know if that's a good idea.

Jim Gunt: This feels so right! Jesus Christ!

Mike Rolash: I actually feel like I'm going to vomit.

Jim Gunt: I know! Me too!

And then the moment comes. Harley storms the gates, sliding under the ring, and immediately gets stomped down by the three men. That's not going to stop him though. He yanks at Freddie's foot, pulling him down and then shoulder tackles both Jarvis and Duce to the ground before taking things into his own hands literally - landing massive bombs to both of their faces.

Here comes Freddie though, pulling Harley off of Jarvis and Duce to give them the leverage they need to pick him. Freddie wraps Harley's arms behind his back while Duce and Jarvis take off across the ring, springboard off of the ropes to execute a double-clothesline. This fails miserably, as Harley manages to come unglued from Freddie, drops to

his knees, and forces Jarvis and Duce to run straight into Freddie - sending all three of them toppling over the top ring and to the outside.

Jim Gunt: Harley is on fire! Where in the HELL did he come from?

Mike Rolash: If history means anything? The dead.

Duce gets back to his feet and he's reeling, revving himself back up to get back into the ring, but Jarvis pulls him and Freddie away - ultimately deciding to take a rain check for now. Harley stalks them from inside of the ring, breathing heavily and leaning against the ropes. He mouths to them, "When you're ready, I'll be ready", and then winks at them. Jarvis nods and winks back, as all three of them continue to back peddle up the ramp. "Evenflow" by Pearl Jam hits the speakers again and Harley turns around to raise his arms toward the crowd - the cheers are an emotionally charged tidal wave that forces Harley to simply smile. He tucks all of that away for the moment though to check back on Ringmaster, at the same time that the EMTs begin to run down the ramp as well.

Fade.

Interpol

Match

The cameras cut backstage as they get word of a commotion near the lockerroom. There are three men in black suits questioning Jimmy Allen.

Man#1: We understand that you have been in contact with a man known to you as Tenchai, is that correct?

Jimmy Allen: I spoke with him on the phone not long ago, that's true, of course you would already have known this. I'm sure you had my phone monitored at some point.

The man that we can only assume is an agent of some sort continues to press for information.

Man#1: So, you haven't seen him in person, had no interaction with him?

Jimmy looks at the man and sneers.

Jimmy Allen: I'm assuming, agent, or whatever you are, that you have a badge or credentials of some kind?

The man displays a badge, an Interpol badge. The recognition is in Jimmy's eyes, not what he expected clearly.

Jimmy Allen: Very well Agent Crispy, why are you questioning me if you are after them again?

Agent Crispy: Mr. Allen, we're going to need you to come with us, all will be explained in time.

The picture fades as the agent leads Jimmy towards the exit.

Jarvis King (c) vs. Colton Mace

Match

Mike Rolash: I knew it, I knew it, I knew it! That guy is a foul apple! He's in cahoots with this Tridents!

Jim Gunt: I think you mean Triads?

Mike Rolash: Yeah, those guys! Thankfully the police finally intervened! They should have taken a whole bunch of people! Yeah! That would have done this federation good! Get rid of them!

Jim Gunt: OK, calm down now, Mikey...

Suddenly a voice from behind the announce desk can be heard, coming from a gentlemen in a perfectly pressed, very

expensive looking suit.

Man: Mr. Gunt, I would like to ask you to cease utilizing the term "Mikey" in regards to Mr. Rolash here.

Mike Rolash: Who is this clown?

Man: My name is Quentin Quick from Ditcher, Quick & Hyde, attorneys at law. I am here on behalf of Mr. Morrison in regards to his pending law suit against Mr. Mace, but good I am here to avoid you from getting into any legal trouble.

Jim Gunt: But how--

Quentin Quick: I am trying to solve this right here, right now and avoid you getting in trouble with the law.

He hands over a business card.

Quentin Quick: Just as a reminder. I would hate to have to bring you to court. Now if you would excuse me, please?

With that he gets up and strolls away.

Jim Gunt: I'll be damned...

The match starts off at a fast pace, because as soon as Trent Robbins calls the bell for the main event to begin the Paramount champion immediately comes charging in with a V-Trigger knee attempt, but Colton Mace sidesteps just out of the way, pie-facing King on the top turnbuckle pad for good measure.

Jim Gunt: It looks like the student is teaching the teacher a thing or two tonight, Mike?

Mike Rolash: Don't talk to me.

Jim Gunt: I really shouldn't even ask but...why?

Mike Rolash: Because these two wonderful athletes are two of my favorites. I just can't call this match, I just can't!

Jim Gunt: Maybe try being unbiased for once in your life?

The angry King comes out of the corner, wiping at his face while running his mouth at his once stablemate. His former Entourage brother slaps the taste right out of his mouth, further incensing East Coast Excellence.

Jim Gunt: Boy, Colton is using every underhanded tactic in the book to get a psychological advantage in the early going of this match. You gotta wonder if it'll work out for him or just make Jarvis absolutely snap.

Mike Rolash: I'm leaning on him snapping, look at the shade of red the Glass Ceiling's champ has become. His face looks like a cherry!

Jim Gunt: I don't see it.

The full of himself Colton Mace saunters around the ring with a giddy smile on his face, conversating with Jaiden for a few seconds paying Jarvis not a second of his time until King turns him back around and pulls him up for a sudden Atomic Drop. As soon as the Hollywood Hot Shot lands Jarvis King uses a little bit of dirty tricks of his own, digging his fingers right into the left eye of Mace and gouging down hard!

Jim Gunt: Ouch! Colton may need to take a trip to the powder room after this match.

Mike Rolash: Excuse me?

Jim Gunt: You know, the powder room...where actors have makeup put on? Since Mace is an major big time actor and all...?

Mike Rolash: You're weird, man.

Jarvis King takes advantage of the blinded World Title co-number one contender, going behind him and vaulting him to

the canvas with a German Suplex. Never letting go of his grip on his former “student”, King pops his hips and is right back up to his feet.

Jim Gunt: Looks like Jarvis is looking for another German!

Mike Rolash: What would have given you that idea, Jim?

Right before Jarvis can pull his opponent backward for another suplex, Mace attempts a back elbow that just misses, allowing King to pull off said German. With half the crowd actually cheering at this point, the Paramount champion brings Mace back up for a third one, flipping off the now jeering audience before he plants him right on the back of his head. Jarvis King wipes his hands back and forth, laughing as if to silently say he's already done enough to finish Mace. Dropping down to the canvas, Jarvis goes for the cover without hooking either leg.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Mace kicks out at two.

Jim Gunt: Jarvis King showing just why he's known in the locker room as one of the most elite suplex masters in the game, but you have to think this newfound attitude of his may be detrimental instead of to his advantage here.

Mike Rolash: And why would you say that, Jimbo? It looks like Jarvis has been kind of wiping the floor with Colton so far from where I'm sitting.

Jim Gunt: Well ever since he found his “true self” and aligned himself with Jace, Duce, and Freddie to form the Glass Ceiling, I just feel like he's back to his old smug, “I think I'm better than you” ways. I mean look, the guy didn't even hook the legs of Colton.

Mike Rolash: Well both men are now back on their feet, let's see if Jaiden can get his boy Mace back on track.

With Jaiden Rishel on the outside of the ring attempting to do just that by cheering Colton Mace to his feet, it is Jarvis who is already there and meets him with a meaty knife edge chop to the chest. The Hollywood Hot Shot winces, but cannot but up his hands quick enough as he takes another. Finally Jaiden intervenes, jumping up on the apron to get both Trent Robbins and Jarvis' attention just as his number one contender shoots his knee forward- right into the breadbasket of Jarvis King!

Jim Gunt: Well old Jarvis's baby making days may be over, Mike! That looked painful.

Mike Rolash: That's too bad, I think a mini Jarvis King would be kinda cute.

Jaiden drops off the apron just as Mace looks away innocently, but the official clearly can see Jarvis King rolling around the ring grasping at his midsection in pain. The Premiere shrugs when Robbins asks him what happened, instead kicking the hands of Jarvis away and planting a leg drop right across his neck. Colton rolls over and back to his feet, looking for another leg drop but this time the Paramount champ moves out of the way just in time. Jarvis kips up and immediately goes for the leg Mace missed the leg drop with. SHARPSHOOTER!

Jim Gunt: Colton Mace is locked in the sharpshooter, one of Jarvis' trademark maneuvers, right in the middle of the ring! The Premiere could really be in trouble now.

Mike Rolash: Come on Jaiden, do something! You can't let Mace tap out two weeks before his big World Title match at Wrestle Fest!

Jarvis King has the dangerous leg hold to near full execution, but Mace is unwilling to let him have the hold so easily, kicking up at his former ally. King is relentless, and kicks him right back, right in the groin!

Mike Rolash: That was illegal, ref!

Jim Gunt: Colton Mace literally just did the same thing a couple of minutes ago.

Mike Rolash: That doesn't make it any more okay, Jim!

Trent Robbins is about to call for the bell after seeing the blatant low blow from Jarvis King, but Jaiden is once again up on the apron with his hands in the air asking him to not throw the match just yet. This brings a confused Jarvis back to his feet, leaving Mace behind who slithers into a crouched position right behind him...rolling the Paramount champion up from behind! Jaiden leaps up and down pointing his finger back at the competitors, telling Robbins to turn around.

...ONE!

TWO!

JARVIS KICKS OUT HARD AT TWO!

Jim Gunt: Colton Mace and his newfound friend Jaiden have made it pretty loud and clear that they're willing to lie, cheat and steal their way into winning this match tonight against Jarvis King. But with Mace's upcoming match with MJ Flair at Wrestle Fest, I guess who could really blame them?

Mike Rolash: About time you come to the dark side, Jimmy! The only thing is- Jarvis has also been around the block a dozen times or two.

Jim Gunt: Jarvis and Colton are laying it all on the line tonight, and this one is bound to get even messier! Jarvis' attention is clearly split between his opponent and Jaiden Rishel on the outside of the ring!

Mike Rolash: Maybe if this place would hire some better security shit like this wouldn't happen, you know? That stupid idiot Ataxia is too worried about scaring me every week instead of righting all the wrongs that go on every week around here in CWF!

Mike looks around nervously to see if the commissioner is going to pop out behind him, taking a sigh of relief when he realizes he's nowhere to be found. Colton and Jarvis lock up once again, but Jarvis shifts and takes him down with a hip toss, and he's right on top of the Premiere, locking in an ankle lock submission! Mace, panicking, does a front flip roll over and shoves King right off!

Jim Gunt: What resiliency shown by the co-number one contender, he is going to need to show all of this wrestling prowess and more if he wants to have any chance at defeating MJF at Wrestle Fest four!

Mike Rolash: Piff, a drunken cow could beat Flair at Wrestle Fest. How many freaking chances has that woman had at grabbing ahold of the brass ring in her hometown? A dozen? For god's sakes.

Jim Gunt: Oh stop.

Both men are back to their feet, Jarvis ducking under a wild clothesline attempt from Colton Mace before running at top speed towards the ropes, ducking once again under a dropkick attempt before hitting the other set. DIRECTOR'S CUT! Mace stands up, breathing heavy, and he looks towards Jaiden for a quick bit of advice - JARVIS IS UP! Jarvis places his hands high and low. T-BONE SUPLEX! King looking very tired goes for the cover as quickly as he can.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO! MACE ROLLS THE SHOULDER!

Jim Gunt: What a near fall there, one more suplex and Mace could be saying night night.

Mike Rolash: I think the Hollywood Hot Shot may need some tougher back up.

Neither Jarvis nor Mace is fast to their feet, both men taking several seconds to take in deep breaths as the fans begin

to once again come alive in the Keybank Center. The two men slowly get to their feet, Mace throwing a wild punch that hits Jarvis' jaw before he's fully to his feet. Jarvis connects with an even more painful looking blow! Jaiden finally makes a move towards the ring which catches Jarvis' eye, allowing Mace to once again roll him up from behind, holding onto the Paramount champion's tights for good measure.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Could it finally be over here!?

THREE!

Mike Rolash: Yes! Mace with the tights and it worked!

Ray Douglas: And you're winner of this match by pinfall....COLTON M..

Jarvis interrupts the announcement with an immediate attack on Colton Mace, double axe handling him and dropping down to wail him with an array of right hands.

Jim Gunt: Jarvis King now, like a rabid dog attacking Mace!

Mike Rolash: I don't think Jarvis has ever heard of the phrase "turnabout is fairplay".

Jaiden slides into the ring to stop the attack on his partner Mace, but instead, he's met by a kick to the side of the head! King now all over Rishel, landing fists and forearms into the back of his head and between his shoulder blades!

That is...until that familiar theme hits over the speaker system. "Smash the Control Machine" by OTEP. The crowd absolutely erupts as MJF steps through, and stops at the top of the entranceway. Jarvis King stops his assault and stares through her, neither of them making a move towards the other!

Jim Gunt: Well folks that is all the ti...

Colton Mace suddenly grabs ahold of King from behind, THE GREAT AMERICAN DREAM! Mace takes King's place as he and Flair find themselves in opposite positions from the start of the show: he is in the ring while she stands at the entranceway, each daring the other to approach!

And the credits to Evolution twenty nine begin to roll.

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite