

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 39

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
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Location: KeyBank Center — Buffalo, New York

Results

Aces High!

Match

We are back in Seattle's KeyArena and when Wardog's "A Sound Beating" starts to blast over the PA, the fans know that it is time for war again. Blake Church is stepping through the curtains onto the stage, still in his full camouflage outfit, taking in the fans' reaction, apparently enjoying every moment of it.

Blake Church: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to night two of our first round to Modern Warfare!

More cheers.

Blake Church: You may be wondering, where my loyal cohort, Mr. State is, he seems to have gone AWOL last night, I don't think that the whole war theme is sitting well with him, so while we are still fairly sure he is in this arena, or close by at least, I shall man the CWF tank on my own and keep you all up to date with the current happenings.

A murmur goes through the crowd.

Blake Church: I know, he may have gone off the deep end a bit, but I am sure we will be able to lure him back out sooner or later, we still believe he is harmless, so if you encounter him, try to refrain from making sudden movements or anything else to spook him, he responds well to hot dogs, though, so if you want to be safe, maybe carry an emergency hot dog in your pocket or something.

Laughter erupts throughout the KeyArena.

Blake Church: For those that have not been able to follow part one last night - shame on you, by the way - our first four matches of the second round are: Silas Artoria vs. Jack Michaels, Dorian Hawkhurst vs. Ataxia, Austin Bishop vs. Dan Ryan and Zach van Owen vs. Eli Goode. Tonight we will be seeing a couple more heavy hitters, culminating in our main event between our current Heavyweight champion The Shadow and the Raging Cajun, Tobias Devereaux. Until then I will place you into the trusted hands of Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash, while I try to recover Charles somewhere.

The camera cuts to the announce table, which now also has been decorated with some camouflage netting.

Jim Gunt: Thank you Blake, I hope that you will find Charles soon, it's not the same without him.

Mike Rolash: It indeed is not, I am still on the fence, though, if that is a good or bad thing.

Jim Gunt: Anyways, we are ready to rock here and in case you had a question, we have The Answer, also known as JC from Carnage Wrestling, who will be facing off with Jimmy Allen here, so let's get right into the action of Modern Warfare, Alpha Block!

Wish You Luck

Match

The camera comes up in the back where we see "The Answer" JC stretching against a wall before his match. As he limbers up, his gaze suddenly comes up as a small frown comes over his mouth.

JC: What do you want?

The camera pulls back to reveal his fellow Carnage competitor, first round winner and World Champion "The Blast" Jack Michaels flanked by fellow Paragon member and first round winner Eli Goode and his girlfriend Kyra Johnson. Jack stands in a beige suit and tie with the Carnage World title over his shoulder. He holds up his hand and shakes his head.

Jack Michaels: Nothing bad, JC. Nothing bad at all. I just wanted to let you know that Paragon is still in town for tonight and whatever problems you and I have had in the past... It's not about what's going on right now. What's going on right now is that we are fighting for the same reason and that is for the honor of Carnage Wrestling here in CWF. I... We... Just want to wish you luck and hope you share the same outcome as we did.

Jack extends his hand to JC who looks at it warily. He takes it and shakes it but tilts his head.

JC: Don't think this is going to stop me from beating you or you, Eli, if we get to that point in the tournament.

Jack smiles lightly as he raises an eyebrow.

Jack Michaels: If you get that far than what will be shall be. Good luck JC.

Jack pats him on the shoulder as Eli nods his head and Kyra smiles before they walk away. JC sighs and brushes off his shoulder where Jack pat him before we cut the scene.

"The Answer" JC vs. Jimmy Allen

Match

JC makes his way out to the ring, getting cheers from the fans that recognizes him from other companies that he's worked for. Jimmy Allen is out next getting met with cheers from the crowd having seen his transition back to the light side of the force. The two start with a collar and elbow tie up. Allen backs JC into the ropes. Allen tries to apply a wrist lock, but JC reverses the hold into a wrist lock takedown. Allen pops up and rocks JC with a forearm smash. JC tells Allen to bring it. The two men engage in a test of strength which sees Allen position himself so he can apply some of the joint manipulation he learned while studying martial arts in Japan. JC eventually gets to his feet, and Allen whips him into the ropes. Allen goes for a leapfrog, but JC counters with a double leg takedown. Allen winces in pain as his already injured midsection hits the canvas. JC applies an STF. Allen fights for about forty seconds before working his way out of the hold. The two men stop and pause in the middle of the ring, sharing quick handshake in the middle of the ring. After a clean break, JC drives his knee into the midsection of Allen. JC applies a side headlock. JC with a pair of uppercuts. JC is applying pressure to the neck of Allen. Allen reaches the ropes, and JC whips him across the ring. Allen leapfrogs over JC. Allen superkicks JC on the return trip. Allen locks in a Texas Cloverleaf. JC crawls to the bottom rope to create separation.

Allen kicks the left wrist of JC, almost like punishing him for grabbing the rope. Allen applies a double wrist lock, but JC forces his way out and lifts Allen up for a delayed vertical suplex, but Allen counters with four knee strikes to the dome. JC drops him to his feet, then powers Allen over with a float over suplex.

ONE!

KICKOUT!

JC picks Allen up and dumps him out of the ring. JC heads outside and barely avoids a Moonsault from Allen. Allen lands on his feet and catches JC with a step up enzuigiri. Allen kicks JC in the face, staggering the big man. Allen rushes at him, but JC powerslams Allen on the ramp! JC rolls Allen back into the ring, then rolls in himself, stopping the referee's count at eight. JC with a backbreaker. JC follows that with a Side Walk Slam, continuing to target Allen's midsection.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

JC pulls Allen up and whips him into the ropes. Allen sidesteps and JC crashes into the turnbuckles. Allen with a nasty forearm smash. Allen rocks JC with another step up enzuigiri. JC after a standing switch goes for a German Suplex, but Allen lands back on his feet. Allen with a roundhouse kick to the head. Allen quickly cinches on a double underhook and brings JC down with a DDT. Another cover.

ONE!

TW-KICKOUT!

Allen stands back and catches JC with a crossbody block. Allen wastes no time and delivers his leg sweep followed by a moonsault combination. Allen gets JC up for a modified brainbuster.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

JC picks the leg and gets Allen trapped in a Boston Crab. Allen refuses to quit. JC stomps on the back of Allen's head trying to get him to quit. JC lets Allen go in frustration and pulls Jimmy up by the hair. The two men exchange headbutts. Allen finally pushes JC back in frustration and JC comes back with the Big Boot of Death! Jimmy rolls away, but JC grabs him for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Foot on the ropes.

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Your winner by pinfall and moving onto the next round of the Modern Warfare tournament....JC!!!

Jimmy Allen gets up and pleads his case to the referee, who tells him he didn't see anything. JC celebrates in the ring while an angry Jimmy walks up the ramp.

CHESHIRE! You Have Some 'Splainin to Do!!!

Match

An eerie stillness comes over the arena as a silent fog rolls onto the entrance ramp. Much to Mike Rolash's relief though, the lights remain on for the most part. The arena lights dim so that the fog only grows murkier and the silence only turns into confusion as no music hits. No strobe lights activate. The fans don't know what is going on, and everyone is close to hysteria. That is until a figure appears in the fog, hard to make out due to being covered from head to toe in a white bodysuit. The facemask covers her features and the Cheshire cat eyes are airbrushed where eyes would normally be. On her back there is a semicolon and a right parenthesis.

Cheshire.

Once this realization is known, a mixed reaction swoops through the crowd and echoes throughout. The figure nods at the confused masses, soaking in the cheers and jeers, almost enjoying the sensation. Once she reaches ringside, she grabs a mic from one of the stagehands and proceeds into the ring. The lights return to normal and the fans are treated to the sight of the newly coined Cheshire as the fog still swirls around her.

Cheshire: I see everyone is still unsure of where I stand after the events of Frozen Over. Lost in the fog? Confused?

Rest easy little ones, Cheshire is here to clear some things up.

With a snap of her fingers the former CWF World Champion clears the fog in the ring and throughout the arena.

Cheshire: Just. Like. That. Now then let's talk about Frozen Over shall we? All week long I've read the dirt sheets, the reports, the articles, and the opinions about how everything went down. How I "robbed" Shadow of his triumphant moment when I put his barely conscious arm over a dispatched Jarvis. I did the right thing and gave up Loki's championship to a man I feel deserves it more than her. Yet I'm heralded as a bad person because of my actions. Because I "robbed" Shadow.

Here's what this camp seems to not understand and needs to realize. At that point in the match, Shadow was barely able to stand on his own power. The amount of blood he lost, it was amazing he hadn't already been carted out of the arena on a stretcher. In dispatching Loki, her belt needed to be given to someone deserving of the accolade. Shadow was in no fighting condition and like I would do Jarvis any favors. My next course of action was clear in my mind and it went down in the history books as a black smudge on Shadow's illustrious career.

Oh. Well.

Shadow, I will tell you that Loki had one thing correct. You need an anti-hero to play against, an antithesis. I'm here to tell you that I AM that antithesis to you. You have always been the one with the right words to say and the actions to back them up. You know how to play the mind games and have been deemed as one of the best at it. It's been said that in order to be the best at something, you have to BEAT the best and Shadow, I'm already up on the scoreboard while you're still left scratching your head to my motives. The game is afoot and here I am Shadow, your finish line. I left you at Frozen Over as the champion, a champion on MY terms. I left you feeling like you have something to prove and Shadow? I'm right here if you want to prove it to me at any point in the near future. Make sure you keep that title nice and warm for me.

But...

Before I get too much ahead of myself, bring out SEE's latest to try and take me down a peg. I'm looking forward to starting SEE's destruction with whatever meat stick they're throwing at me first.

With that Cheshire tosses the mic out of the ring and waits for the start of her first round match.

Aiden Dempsey vs. Loki Synn

Match

After the entrances of Aiden Dempsey and the former Loki Synn, the SEE competitor looks on wearily at the unorthodox Cheshire as she simply stares a hole through him, her expression unreadable due to her mask. Aiden makes the first move in trying to come at Cheshire with a high rise knee, but she sidesteps letting him crash hard into the corner. Cheshire quickly has her way with Dempsey, taking his knee and jamming it into the turnbuckle pads repeatedly before taking his leg and Dragon Screwing him to the canvas.

With Dempsey prone on the canvas, Cheshire giggles before driving an elbow down hard onto his outstretched leg. Dempsey is obviously hurt at this point, shouting as he wiggles around the ring holding onto his strained left knee. Cheshire waits for him to get him, measuring him up as he struggles to do so before leaping down low with a Missile Dropkick that hits the mark perfectly. The official looks like he may stop this one early, with Aiden Dempsey suffering more and more damage to that knee. But Cheshire backs up "Big" Denny Davidson, almost laughing as she tells him it's not over until she says it's over.

SHINING WIZARD!

Aiden takes the first head shot of the night, as Cheshire looks like has finally grown tired of playing with the "mouse" that is Aiden Dempsey's now possibly destroyed left knee. She takes the unconscious Dempsey up off the canvas,

slapping him across the face several times to wake him up. Discus Elbow from Dempsey out of nowhere! Cheshire backs up, not showing damaged but surprised, before she calls him in to deliver another. When Aiden tries to do just that Cheshire is ready for him, tripping out his leg and going right to the canvas with him to wrap it into a grapevine. The pain is excruciating at this point for Dempsey, and he is forced to tap out as Cheshire continues to hold the submission until Davidson has to pull her off.

Ray Douglas: And your winner by submission....CHESHIRE!!

Cheshire gets to her feet, bowing to the shocked audience before giggling and turning back to stomp Dempsey's knee a few times.

Should this be a red flag?

Match

We cut backstage, where Impulse and Calico Rose are walking down a hallway, bags in hand. Impulse leads them one way, but Cally stops him and tugs on his hand.

Cally: Not that way, RK. Tara told me some of the more thin - skinned with full frontal contracts don't want us adopted children getting ready with them, so we're ghetto'd into the smaller locker rooms.

Having been in the Key Arena multiple times before, Impulse knows where the 'smaller' locker rooms are, and he takes a deep, frustrated inhale.

Impulse: Well, that's annoying. Whether we're on the team or pinch hitting, we're all here to give the fans a show. We should all have equal standing.

As they turn a corner, however, they see a number of the guest stars for the Modern Warfare tournament finishing off their ring outfits in the hallway.

Cally: I kinda feel like I should have a handful of singles out.

Impulse: Weird. Really weird.

Neither of them interact with their peers - experience has made them insular, their confrontation with Dan Ryan last night notwithstanding. Besides, Impulse and Dan Ryan have clashed before, both for World Championships, and they've split the series at one win apiece. They're hardly strangers.

The potential for complication, weighed against the possibility of friendship, is more than either wants to risk. So, they avoid the rest of the Modern Warfare guest stars, until they reach the 'short term contract dressing room' and open the door.

Cally turns on the light, and they both stand there, frozen in shock.

Smiles.

The floor, the ceiling, the walls... they are covered in spray painted smiley - faces. In various shades of pink, purple, and lavender, the unsettling grins follow the duo around the room.

Cally: Well.

Impulse looks at her.

Cally: This is less than inspiring.

And we leave the scene.

Nathan Paradine vs. Pandalike

Match

Pandalike & Nathan Paradine circle one other in the moments following the bell, absorbing the unique atmosphere their entrances had created. PandaKing is the crowd favourite tonight as the chants are echoing around the KayArena. Right from Panda, right from Paradine, rinse and repeat. The two get into a never ending frenzy of punches, kicks, chops that lifts every man, woman and child in attendance from their seats. The sequence finally comes to an end as The Nomad ducks a swinging right and hooks Pandalike up and over with a Snap German Suplex. He doesn't let go as they rise to their feet together; release German Suplex!

The Australian wastes no time leaping upon the downed Pandalike. PandaKing's arm is held tight in a very creative, modified Hammerlock, freeing up the opportunity for Paradine to drive some stiff knees into his opponents unguarded kidneys. Paradine lifts Pandalike from the mat up onto his feet whilst maintaining his Hammerlock hold, before transitioning front to back and hooking Pandalike again. In a mirror image to moments ago, the Englishman comes crashing down hard from a German Suplex. Paradine once again holds on and as the two get to their feet, the Australian Submission Machine once again flings Pandalike across the ring with a release German Suplex.

Or so he had thought. Amazingly, Pandalike found the strength to tuck himself in mid-flight and back flip onto his feet. Paradine turns to what he'd of expected to be a downed and likely out opponent, but is met by a step up Enziguri. PandaKing darts for the ropes somersaulting forward, spring-boarding back and hitting Paradine with a Springboard Standing Moonsault! The crowd roar as the cover is made.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Pandalike, with a burst of energy, leaps up and by the time Paradine has sat up PandaKing has hit the ropes for running momentum and flown four yards to connect with a jaw-breaking Dropkick. Paradine is straight back down and in prime position for Pandalike to take to the skies from the top rope. He doesn't waste the opportunity and with the crowd's backing takes an enormous leap, crashing down onto Nathan Paradine with a Frog Splash. The impact is big enough for PandaKing to bounce up to his feet with minimal fuss. He hastily drags Paradine to his feet as he sets up his Aussie opponent for Pandamonium.

Not today. Back Body Drop! Paradine groggily circles his opponent and the split second PandaKing is on all fours, he's all tied up in the Mark of Judas. Five seconds pass, no tap, ten seconds, no tap... but it's too much. At fifteen seconds it was tap out or pass out. Pandalike taps out. Nathan Paradine advances.

Ray Douglas: And the winner of this match by submission and moving onto Round Two of Modern Warfare....NATHAN PARADINE!!

The Nomad basks in his moment, the referee holding his arm up high to showcase to the world he's won a tough first round match. Unexpectedly, a steel chair wraps around the Aussie's spine. It's PandaKing! He's beating Paradine over and over again with the chair. This isn't the Pandalike that Seattle had grown fond of and they show their disapproval with jeers around the arena.

The Scandal?

Match

The house lights drop down to almost darkness as the opening deep and resonating sound of the bells in the intro for "For Whom The Bell Tolls" begins to play.

Voice over done by a child: I prayed and I prayed for someone to save us from them, from the bad people that prey upon our heroes. He finally came....A man appeared, he sat upon a white horse....

The voice of the little girl trails off and fades into nothing. The striking thing about him is that he is in direct contrast of our beloved Ataxia with his white mask as opposed to the brown burlap of Ataxia. He stands at the top of the stage as if waiting for someone and finally a person does appear.

Jim Gunt: I can't say that he's the strangest guy on the roster, but when he speaks, people do take notice.

Mike Rolash: It's official, there is no God, he wouldn't allow two of them....

Much to the dismay of the crowd, CWF Official "Big" Denny Davidson steps out onto the stage. Denny is not looking around but simply staring at his shoes as he stands in front of The Confession. The last echo's of the music die down and the crowd is buzzing with anticipation.

Jim Gunt: You don't seem very comfortable with this new arrival Mike, are you going to be okay?

Mike Rolash: I feel about as okay as "Big" Denny looks....

The Confession stands there looking at Davidson, the look is one of judgement, weighing and measuring the man. Assessing his worth, he then raises the microphone up and begins to speak.

The Confession: As an official of the company, referee's are considered to have integrity above reproach.

He pauses there to allow the crowd to absorb what he may or may not be getting at.

Jim Gunt: Is he trying to make some kind of accusation here? Denny has been with us a long time....

Mike Rolash: I may change my mind about him, I love where this is going!

The Confession: Now Denny, he has been an official with this company for a very long time. He is valued by everyone he comes in contact with. Denny though, he has a secret, something no one knows. Something he did back before everyone started putting their stupid on social media.

Again The Confession pauses, if you could actually see his face there is a smile there for the buzz he has created in the crowd.

The Confession: Roll the footage you've been provided.

The Tron lights up and very old and grainy video footage is shown of a very young Denny Davidson, wearing a mask and nothing else he streaks during a college football game. The footage shows him eluding campus security while the crowd cheers him on. Each time a security guard gets ahold of him he is able to slip away. A split screen shows the footage on one side and Denny on the other. Still staring at his shoes, a slight smile tugs at the corners of Denny's mouth until it becomes a grin as the crowd begins chanting "DENNY! DENNY! DENNY!"

The Confession: Stop the video.

The Tron goes blank and the crowd groans.

The Confession: Now now, let's not be rude.

Strangely the crowd settles down and waits for him to speak again.

The Confession: Thank you. Now then, where were we....ah yes Integrity....The thing that none of you know about that clip and that Denny has likely forgotten is that he wasn't drunk. He didn't do that on a dare.

The Confession looks at Denny who's eyes are starting to well up, he smiles and pats the man on the shoulder.

The Confession: No, you see Denny did that for the sake of satisfying the last wish of his friend. A friend who had died just days earlier from cancer. Denny was always a very reserved young man, it was his friends wish that Denny break out of his shell. That is part of what paved the way for his career, and if you ask him, it also made him the man he is today. I don't have to ask him though, he wouldn't be telling me anything I didn't already know.

The house lights suddenly shut off and when they come back on Denny Davidson is standing by himself but holding an old tattered red leather mask. The same mask that was worn by him during the video segment.

Jace LeRose vs. Impulse

Match

Impulse and Jace LeRose circle each other center ring and lock up. Impulse gets the leverage and is able to use it to back LeRose into a corner, raising his hands into a clean break. LeRose snarls at Impulse and goes immediately into another lockup. Impulse, ever the technician, manages to leverage the situation into the ropes this time and the referee jumps in to ensure another clean break. He gets one, but this time, LeRose fires a right hand into the right temple of Impulse just as he backs away.

Impulse backs off, stunned and LeRose is on him in a flash. LeRose drives right hands repeatedly to the jaw of Impulse, then lays in a kick to the midsection that doubles Impulse over. LeRose goes for a standing dropkick, but Impulse throws his arms up and blocks it. LeRose scrambles to his feet and Impulse hits him with a dropkick of his own. Impulse stands over LeRose waiting for him to get up, but LeRose wisely slides out of the ring under the bottom rope to regroup.

The crowd cheers while LeRose pounds his fist on the apron. Meanwhile, in the ring, Impulse claps, getting the crowd even more into it. LeRose slowly climbs back onto the apron and slides under the bottom rope, then gets to his feet. He goes directly into a lock up, then slips around behind Impulse and throws him backward for a German Suplex, but Impulse flips through the move and lands on his feet. Before LeRose can get his bearings, Impulse locks in a front facelock and swings him over for a neckbreaker. Impulse follows by jumping onto the second rope and springboarding into a legdrop. He hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Impulse is up quickly and pulls LeRose to his feet, but LeRose slaps his hands away and cinches Impulse around the waist. A belly to belly suplex later and Impulse is reeling. LeRose follows in with a hard clothesline that takes Impulse back down after getting up, and LeRose drives his knee into Impulse's head on the mat.

LeRose mounts Impulse and showers right hands down on him, but Impulse gets his legs up and brings LeRose down into a pinning predicament.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Impulse is up quickly and hits the ropes. LeRose ducks and Impulse hits the other side. Impulse leaps up and hits a hurricanrana, sending LeRose into the ropes. Impulse follows him in and as he comes back, a dragon screw legwhip slings LeRose to the mat. LeRose staggers to his feet and Impulse charges once more, but this time LeRose hits a big powerslam into a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR..KICKOUT!

LeRose yells at the referee, complaining about the count, then pulls Impulse up by the hair. He shoves Impulse hard into the corner then runs in and hits a hard clothesline against the turnbuckle. LeRose backs up and goes for another but this time Impulse ducks and slips through behind him. As LeRose turns around, Impulse drills him right in the jaw.

SUDDEN IMPACT!

Impulse covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner by pinfall and moving onto the Second Round of the Modern Warfare Tournament....IMPULSE!!

Breadcrumbs

Match

Tara Robinson is standing backstage next to the impeccably dressed KC3. He is wearing a midnight blue suit, perfectly tailored. In addition to the sunglasses hiding his eyes, he has his favorite accessory, the WCWA Lightweight Championship, draped over his shoulder.

Tara Robinson: I am here with KC3. The entire CWF universe wants to know, why did you come out during the match between Nina and Si--

Tara is cut off as KC3 grabs the microphone from her hands.

KC3: Listen, sweetheart. Today is your lucky day. You get paid to stand here and look cute. Today, you get to earn your paycheck doing exactly that. Better yet, why don't you go get me a cup of coffee or something?

Tara Robinson: That's not my—

KC3: Just go away then.

KC3 slaps Tara on the ass as she turns around. He turns around to someone off screen as Tara storms off.

KC3: Makes sure to contact my lawyer and have that settled before it gets to court. Would you? Thanks.

KC3 turns back to the camera, taking a moment to adjust the WCWA Lightweight Championship on his shoulder.

KC3: Thank you, thank you, thank you. It is time for a proper introduction. It is I, the WCWA Lightweight Champion, "The Next Generation God", "The Commodity", "The Role Model" and now, "The Giant Killer"... KC3! Now, I would like

to give you all five seconds to bask in my glory. Take it in, plebians.

KC3 lifts his head skyward and extends his arms. He hold the pose for about three seconds before turning back to the camera.

KC3: I decided that you window lickers don't deserve five seconds of my time. So go back, pause the video, and do what you all need to do. Speaking of which, did you all see my match at Frozen Over? I did exactly what I said I needed to, and furthermore, said I was going to do. "Fenrir" has been defanged, declawed and put on the shelf at the hands of KC3. Oh, well. Off to Valhalla with you.

KC3 takes off his sunglasses and places them carefully in his pockets.

KC3: Now, I know what dear Tara was going to ask me. "Why would you, "The Next Generation God", lower yourself to watch the likes of Nina and Silas Atorias wrestle?" That is, in and of itself, a good question for those who can't follow the trail of breadcrumbs through the woods. Here's the problem for all of the shit stains trying to connect the dots at home. I'm the one who put the breadcrumbs there. I am the only one who knows where they lead. You will not know where the trail ends until you, yourself, are lost in the middle of the woods. Then, and only then, will I show you the light, for I am your God and I am the Light. If you just follow me, all will be revealed... when I am damned good and ready to show you. And it will be on my terms because when you're God you don't have to break the rules. YOU MAKE THEM!!!

KC3 walks off camera and the scene fades out.

Max Becker vs. Jarvis King

Match

In this special Becker Brigade Brings The Weapons Match, Jarvis looks at the much taller and heavier Max with a mix of arrogant confidence and unease, but he accepts the traditional lockup, which quickly leads to the German overpowering him into a ring corner. The veteran that he is, Jarvis puts his upper body through the ropes, forcing the referee to break up the lock up. Max lets go, but backs up carefully, aware of the ring intelligence of his opponent. They begin to circle each other, but it is Max, who makes the first move, trying to rush in, but Jarvis avoids the big man's attack, instead going for a quick sweeping kick to the knee of Becker.

Infuriated, Max runs at Jarvis again, but once more the King evades the lumbering charge and heading for the ropes he delivers another hard drop kick to the left knee of the German, bringing him down to one knee. Immediately he takes the initiative to run the ropes once again and another drop kick to the back of Max Becker finally brings the large man to the mat. Not wasting any time, Jarvis goes for sharpshooter right away, but while he manages to lock it in, he is too close to the edge of the ring and Max is able to grab the rope, thus forcing King to break the hold.

Max rolls himself out of the ring to avoid another attack by the East Coast Excellence, but the Canadian does not take no for an answer and comes flying with a suicide dive that takes Becker by surprise, but he is able to avoid it halfway, causing Jarvis to send him into the barricades, but himself to careen off the big man and hit the barricade as well. The referee is beginning to count while Max is using the apron to get himself into a standing position, still favouring his knee and Jarvis is shaking the cobwebs after his awkward landing. As Max grabs a Kendo Stick from one of his Brigade, Jarvis tries to use the moment for another quick attack, but Becker has scouted him, letting go of the stick to grab King's arm and using his momentum to propel him right into the steel ring post.

Hearing that the referee has already reached seven in his count-out, Max grabs Jarvis and rolls him into the ring, following as quick as he can after grabbing a German flag from a fan, pulling King to his feet. He picks him up and gives King a taste of his own medicine! Shot in the face with the flag! Max lifts King up.

A beautifully executed Delayed Vertical Suplex!

ONE!

TW-KICKOUT!

Undeterred Max grabs Jarvis again and German suplex! Not giving King any time to recuperate, Becker drags the former Paramount champion back to his feet and BECKER CHECK THAT! The reverse suplex transitioning into a brainbuster is a devastating move that has Jarvis in clear trouble. Max signals the end as he positions himself behind King.

KÖLNER KUPPLUNG!!

The clutch is locked in and while Jarvis struggles, the sheer strength of the German proves too much and he is forced to tap out!

Ray Douglas: And the winner by submission and moving onto Round Two of Modern Warfare....MAX BECKER!!

Ho\$tility 24/7

Match

As crews clear up the ringside area and the crowd settles from the action, the screen above the entrance ramp flickers to life. Fans both at home and live are treated to the sight of a lavish office interior, mahogany desk, and sitting behind it looking sleek as always, the one and only owner of CWF... Christopher St. James, smiling his forever cocky smile and flashing his baby blues at the camera before covering them once again with his designer shades.

C\$J: I hope you're all enjoying Modern Warfare so far...

He takes a moment to appreciate the roar of approval.

C\$J: Good. Now, before we get back to the action, I promised last week that Hostility would be reopening its doors as a show to directly compete for your, the fans, approval, ratings, and to start doing things that haven't been seen in recent times. We love controversy. We love violence and why not have those feelings embellished all day every day? So... Without further ado, I am here to announce to any and all listening, one more little tidbit that I will be bringing to Hostility when the time comes. We will be having a Hardcore Title that will need a champion at some point down the line. Now, this isn't going to be just ANY Hardcore Title. Oh no, this title will be defended using 24/7 rules, meaning, quite literally, this belt will be defended anytime. Anywhere. With this belt you fans will be awarded with the knowledge that there is at least ONE Hostile Champion working for you round the clock to bring you everything that we are about.

Violence.

So... I leave you all with this knowledge and I hope you all will be watching in the next several weeks. More changes are coming by my hand and if you want to continue to follow my innovations, my genius, and my visions, you'll be able to find me in Hostility. "Evolving" past the point of where the CWF is apparently now. Until next time...

Another smile before the screen goes black leaving the fans in attendance and everyone who just heard the announcement, what else Hostility will be bringing to the table and how Evolution will be able to compete?

Mystery Entrant vs. Kaden Vossk

Match

CWF Referee Trent Robbins and Kaden Vossk wait in the ring for the arrival of Xander Haze, after several moments Trent says something to Ray Douglas. Ray steps to the center of the ring and raises his microphone.

Ray Douglas: Your winner via....

Ray is cut off by "Yes" by LMFAO blares over the arena sound system as C\$J steps out onto the stage. St. James has a microphone in hand and raises it up to speak.

C\$J: Not so fast.

The crowd cheers the interruption, why wouldn't they? They paid hard earned cash to attend the show.

C\$J: That simply will not do. The CWF faithful wanted a match and they shall have their match. You see, I'm not a fan of second chances and trust me I don't give them often. There is a man on this roster though, and whether you agree or not, he deserves another chance in this tournament. Kaden, your new opponent for this match is this man.

Much to the delight of the crowd, "The Catalyst" Jimmy Allen steps out onto the stage. He steps up next to C\$J who nods at him and Jimmy begins making his way to the ring. He high fives some of the fans around ringside and then finally slides under the bottom rope. Ray Douglas exits the ring as Trent Robbins calls for the bell to start the match.

DING DING DING!

Kaden Vossk wastes no time, as soon as the bell rings he charges Jimmy looking for a clothesline. Allen ducks under the charging Vossk and allows him to rebound off the ropes. Kaden rebounding off the ropes never sees the jumping inside out crescent kick coming....

GOODNIGHT PRINCESS!

The kick causes his body reverse direction and he stumbles back into the ropes. He rebounds again and Jimmy sends him crashing to the mat with a spine buster that looks more like a snap suplex due to the speed and velocity.

HELLISH REBUKE!

Allen floats over and hooks the inside leg as Trent Robbins slides into position to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Allen stands up and Robbins raises his arm in victory, Jimmy Allen receives an ovation for pulling double duty. Even C\$J standing at the top of the stage gives him applause.

Ray Douglas: Your winner via pinfall and moving onto Round Two of Modern Warfare...."The Catalyst"....JIMMY ALLEN!

Amber Ryan vs. Red Dragon

Match

The match starts off with Red Dragon and Amber Ryan trading blows back and forth in an action packed exchange that got the crowd to it's feet. "The Distorted Angel" took Red Dragon down with a beautiful dropkick to the sternum to finish the exchange. Red Dragon then took a beating for a few moments of the match, and then was tossed into the ropes. Grabbing onto the ropes instead of bouncing back, Red Dragon wisely exited the ring for a three count to put the brakes on Amber's rhythm. This only lasted a few seconds before Amber dove over the top ropes taking out Red Dragon with a flying shoulder tackle.

With the crowd evermore on their feet for the returning superstar, Amber decided to add to their enjoyment by beating down Red Dragon for a ten count of punches out by the barricade, before sliding back into the ring to get counted out.

Sliding back out she went to pickup Red Dragon, who took her down with an Ace Crusher. Quickly seizing the opportunity Red Dragon decided to show off his own flare for the dramatic and climbed up to the top turnbuckle. Red Dragon attempted to hit a 450 splash upon Miss Ryan, but she rolled out of the way leaving Red Dragon hitting only the ring steps much to the crowd's horror and cheerful results.

Both wrestlers stayed down for a few moments as Clark Summits started his ten count. By the time he counted to eight it was a mad dash to get back into the ring with both superstars almost being counted out. They both slide in on nine with moments to spare. As soon as they slide into the ring and the count was stopped both superstars returned to trading blows. Amber punched! Red Dragon punched! The fans divided on who to cheer for as both keep going blow for blow until the whole arena decided to just cheer on each punch! It finally ended with Red Dragon ducking a punch and kicking Amber in the gut.

DOUBLE ARM DDT!

Amber lay on the mat as Red Dragon stood in the corner awaiting for her to stand up so he could take her down with a superkick. She ducked it at the last second, and as he turned around she set him up for her trademark move Sawdust in the Blood! The Vertebreaker hitting it's mark she decided to call an end to this by calling for her finisher.

THE ORIGINAL SIN!

The devastating double underhook kickout DDT hit it's mark taking down Red Dragon square in the center of the ring. She covers the SEE competitor.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner of this match by pinfall and moving onto Round Two of Modern Warfare....AMBER RYAN!!

After a hard fought battle the winner was Amber "The Distorted Angel" Ryan much to the joy of her fans that she has returned to CWF. One step closer to finally getting her hands on the World Championship!

Venomous Interruption

Match

Amber Jaye Ryan stands in the ring, resting against the ropes and breathing heavily, exhausted after her match with Red Dragon. The roar of the crowd is deafening, cheering on the CWF legend.

Jim Gunt: What a match! This year's Modern Warfare tournament is shaping up to be incredible, as Amber Ryan now advances to the quarter finals, where she will face -

Suddenly, the cheers of the crowd turn to boos as V.E.N.O.M step out onto the entrance ramp. Their eyes are fixed on the ring, ignoring the abuse of the crowd, advancing on the squared circle with hatred in their eyes.

Jim Gunt: V.E.N.O.M? What in the hell are they doing here?

Amber pulls herself upright, staring down the trio as they make their way to the ring. Vince, Nina and Omar step onto the apron as one, climbing through the ropes, glaring at Amber with open hostility. V.E.N.O.M fan out, Nina standing in front of Amber, Vince and Omar to the left and right.

Suddenly, moving as one, V.E.N.O.M lunge at Amber. Nina nails her with a vicious bicycle kick that sends her tumbling to the mat, following it up with a series of boots to the torso. Vince and Omar pull Amber to her feet, holding her steady as Nina lays into her, beating her with boots and fists.

The crowd rains down abuse on V.E.N.O.M as Nina takes a few steps back, withdrawing an extendable baton from her tights. She flicks her wrist, extending it to full length, and charges at Amber, swinging directly for her head. At the last moment, Amber ducks, sending Nina stumbling forward into the ropes.

The crowd cheers wildly as Amber rolls onto her back, swinging a foot out and sweeping Vince's legs out from under him. Omar goes to nail Amber with an elbow drop but she rolls out of the way, sending him crashing to the canvas.

Jim Gunt: Amber holding her own against V.E.N.O.M here but - what in the hell do they want?

Mike Rolash: Same as anyone else in CWF, Jimbo - they want the gold!

Jim Gunt: I don't know Mike, this seems like more than just career advancement for these three.

Amber pulls herself to her feet, getting in a few boots to Omar as he lays prone. Amber turns to Vince, getting ready to nail him with a roundhouse kick to the skull. Before she can connect she screams and falls to the canvas as Nina strikes her with a blow to the ribs from the baton. As Amber falls, Nina strikes her again, once, twice, three times, before all three start to lay into her with a string of brutal kicks.

Jim Gunt: Amber fighting heroically here but it looks like the numbers game might be too much even for her!

Suddenly, the crowd begin to cheer as Elijah and Omega come charging down the entrance ramp. Omega hits the ring first, bouncing to the top rope and bringing down Nina with a springboard dropkick to the back of the head. Elijah follows soon after, grabbing Vince, spinning him around and battering him with a vicious lariat. Before he can follow up, Omar tackles Elijah to the ground with the a massive spear. Omar straddles Elijah, hitting him with a string of fists to the face before being dragged off by Amber.

The ring erupts into a whirlwind of violence and blood, the crowd going ballistic with cheers for Elijah, Omega and Amber.

Jim Gunt: Good god! These three first made their name in 2009 as part of the Insurgency alongside CWF legend Cain. Earlier this year they became mortal enemies as Omega went head to head with Amber and Caledonia over the CWF championship and so much more. Are we seeing a reconciliation here tonight!?

Mike Rolash: Looks that way, Jimbo! Nothing like a common enemy to bring people together!

Jim Gunt: Is that why you make sure everyone hates you?

Mike Rolash: It's my service to the people. What can I say - I'm a humanitarian at heart.

Elijah and Vince face off, trading punches and kicks, Elijah streaming blood from a cut on his forehead. Amber now has control of the baton, standing behind Nina and choking her out with it. Omega and Omar are in the corner, Omar smashing Omega face first into the exposed metal of the turnbuckle.

Suddenly, the lights in the arena go out. The building is plunged into pitch blackness, as over the loudspeakers we can hear the sound of chanting, dozens of voices calling out in ancient and forgotten languages.

And through the changing we can hear a single voice, laughing, a sinister cackling that echoes through the arena. The big screen lights up, illuminating a single word in gothic script, crimson against the darkness.

“SOON”

When the lights come back, Elijah, Omega and Amber stand alone in the centre of the ring, glancing at one another in confusion. V.E.N.O.M are nowhere to be seen.

Tobias Devereaux vs. The Shadow

Match

The Modern Warfare tournament has already had several upset victories heading into the final match of the night, how will Tobias Devereaux fare when he goes one on one with brand new CWF World Heavyweight Champion The Shadow? Trent Robbins is the official for this one, and as soon as he calls for the bell Devereaux is immediately in the face of the Shadow, talking down the champion in his Cajun tone even though both men are but an inch apart in height. The Shadow simply shakes his head up and down, taking in everything Devereaux has to say before suddenly launching a huge European Uppercut that leaves him rocked immediately!

Holding onto his jaw, the Cajun Sensation backpedals just enough to come up with another gameplan. The Shadow isn't going to let him escape though, following him right over to the corner and throwing another right hand that this time Tobias is able to raise his arms up to block, sidestepping simultaneously to hit Shadow face-first on the middle turnbuckle with a Drop Toe Hold. He stomps the neck and face of the World Champ several times before backing up.

BAYOU BAS-NO!

The Shadow rolls out of the ring just in time, narrowly escaping the Yakuza Kick. Pacing back and forth on the outside of the ring, the reigning champion is clearly frazzled, knowing that if that kick would have hit flush his title reign could have ended just like that. He shakes his head and rolls back into the ring, just to be scooped by Tobias who hits him with the rolling Gutwrench Suplexes, each successful and taking more and more out of the Shadow.

After the Gator Roll, Devereaux looks like he is ready to put a finish to this thing. The grizzled Cajun makes a cut-throat sign to the booing crowd, turning back to the Shadow who suddenly rolls him up into a quick schoolboy pin attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

No, Tobias is out of it and immediately shoves the Shadow in the chest out of anger. A steamed Weaver of Dream shoves him right back. Tobias with a right hand. The Shadow with one of his own. Tobias Devereaux with a clothesline attempt that the champion ducks under, leaving him bouncing against the ropes and coming back where both men leap up at the same time.

DOUBLE CROSS BODY BLOCK!

Both men's bodies connect with a savage snap, the Tag and World/Paramount champions falling to the canvas as the capacity crowd is on their feet screaming 'This Is Awesome'. Neither Tobias or The Shadow is quick to get back up to their feet, but after several seconds they both are up almost simultaneously. The intensity is palpable as Shadow and Tobias once again come to the center of the ring, coming to blows yet again. A right hand from Tobias has the Shadow down to a knee. He lifts the champion up over his shoulder.

CAJUN BACKCRACKER!

The Shadow's spine nearly shatters as Devereaux's upright knees connect! The crowd wait with baited breath as the Cajun Sensation shoots the half.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! The Shadow rolls his shoulder at the last second! Tobias is furious! He brings The Shadow up and hoists him onto the top turnbuckle, connecting with another right hand. But Shadow cracks him in the face with a huge boot and leaps off.

NIGHTFALL DIVING DDT!

The crowd erupts as an exhausted The Shadow pulls Tobias away from the ropes and hooks both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by pinfall and moving onto round two of Modern Warfare STILL the CWF World Heavyweight Champion....THE SHADOW!!

And Then There Was Silence

Match

The camera cuts to the camouflaged trench that Blake Church and Charles State had been in last night and Blake is still on his own, standing in front of it, looking left and right.

Blake Church: Ah, good evening again, what a night this was, so far Modern Warfare is definitely keeping all the promises it had made and is on its way to even top last year's spectacle. So tonight the final four matches have been decided, in case you missed any part of the show. "The Answer" JC snuck by Jimmy Allen, Loki Synn defeated Aiden Dempsey, Nathan Paradine advanced over Pandalike, Impulse over Jace LeRose, Max Becker with an upset victory over Jarvis King, Jimmy Allen defeated Kaden Vossk in a surprise twist after Xander Haze seems to have taken Charles as example and went deep undercover, Amber Ryan triumphs over Red Dragon and finally in the main event The Shadow successfully defended his Heavyweight champion against Tobias Devereaux.

He pulls out a tattered and stained list that looks like it went through a swamp.

Blake Church: So this makes for the following second round match ups. In the Beta Block we have:

Silas Artoria vs. Jack Michaels

Dorian Hawkhurst vs. Ataxia

Austin Bishop vs. Dan Ryan and

Zach van Owen vs. Eli Goode.

And the Alpha Block will have these matches:

"The Answer" JC vs. Loki Synn

Nathan Paradine vs. Impulse

The Shadow vs. Max Becker and finally

Jimmy Allen vs. Amber Ryan.

That's all from Seattle, I hope to see you next week from Tacoma for the second round of Modern Warfare!

With that he walks off, the camera following him when suddenly from behind a curtain a frenzied looking Charles State jumps out, grabbing Blake, looking left and right before starting in a harsh whisper.

Charles State: He is coming back, Blake, he is coming back! All I can say is 2-1-2, they said that the rest is classified! But he is coming back!

Blake Church: OK, ok, calm down, Charles, who is coming back?

Charles State: I already said it - HE!

The picture fades to black as Blake is still trying to calm down Charles.

Show Credits

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