

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 43

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: February 26, 2019
Location: Sydney Entertainment Centre — Sydney, New South Wales

Results

G'day Mates!

Match

The picture fades in to a panoramic view of the Sydney harbour, complete with the trademark shot of the opera house and the Harbour Bridge before fast forwarding westwards towards the Sydney Superdome, location for Evolution 43, the second stop on CWF's Australian tour. Cut inside and Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash are standing behind their announce table ready to go.

Jim Gunt: Welcome to Evolution 43, ladies and gentlemen, and I have to apologize for my colleague here, who seems to have indulged in the Crocodile Dundee movies just a smidge too much.

Mike is fully decked out in the full Mick Dundee garb up to the characteristic crocodile tooth hat.

Mike Rolash: G'day mate, how are you going?

Jim Gunt: Say what?

Mike Rolash: Good on ya.

Jim Gunt: OK, then... So tonight we have--

Mike Rolash: Let's throw some togs on the barbie!

Jim Gunt: --the second round of the Paramount Grand Prix for you--

Mike Rolash: Put a sheila into the esky and then we go for a roundabout!

The arena is starting to laugh more and more at Mike's desperate (and badly failing) attempts to speak Australian.

Jim Gunt: Plus some interesting tag team action, including--

Mike Rolash: Let's go catch some maccas in the arvo.

Jim Gunt: --OK, enough, Mike, just because you found a website with Aussie lingo does not mean you should use it, especially if you start putting girls into the cooler and barbecuing your swim trunks.

Mike Rolash: Have heaps of-- Say what?

Jim Gunt: Sheila and esky? And if you go for a roundabout, go ahead, just make sure you won't get dizzy.

Mike Rolash: What are you talking about, mate?

Jim Gunt: Ray, please, PLEASE take over before I strangle him!

Mike Rolash: I'm a galah!

Jim Gunt: Finally you got something right... COME ON RAY!!

Mike Rolash: No wucka's!

Jim reaches over to start strangling Mike.

Jim Gunt: Ray, any moment now?

Finally the picture cuts over to Ray Douglas standing in the ring with a smile.

Autumn Raven vs. Moe Davis

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Washington, DC...MOE DAVIS!

"Bustin' Loose" by Chuck Brown blasts over the speakers, getting a couple of cheers. Moe Davis, without delay, slowly walks out from the back and to the ring with a look of disappointment on his face.

Mike Rolash: Moe looks like he's finally all out of fun and games now, all because he has to -fake gasp- do his damn job!

Jim Gunt: Cut him some slack Mike. I'm sure this is the first time he's ever had to have a match with a woman. Not every company is like CWF.

Mike Rolash: No, thankfully not, not anywhere else can an employee assault his colleague on national TV!

Jim Gunt: Oh give it up already, you asked for it!

Mike Rolash: I did no such thing.

Jim Gunt: Wombat...

Ray Douglas: And his opponent...

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. 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. 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.

Jim Gunt: Here we go, you better be ready to fight Moe!

Mike Rolash: No kidding! Autumn Raven is dangerous!

The bell sounds and we are under way! The two circle each other for a few moments before Autumn reaches forward to lock up. Moe not only doesn't lock up, but takes a step back from her. It's quite apparent that Moe's not used to the CWF style yet. Autumn shrugs the first one off, chalking it up to being new. She goes for another lock up and he backs off again. Now she's starting to get offended a bit. She tries one more time with the same result, and now she's furious! He turns his back for a moment to try and figure out what to do, and Autumn decides for him. She spins him around slaps the ever loving shit out of him! He still seems hesitant, so she does it a second time! He's getting more motivated now, but still doesn't retaliate so she connects a third time! With a VERY noticeable welt now forming on his left cheek, Moe finally locks up with her, uses his size advantage to get her head down into a front face lock and sprawls to take it to the mat.

Mike Rolash: Oh look, Moe finally decided to wrestle during this wrestling match!

Jim Gunt: Look Mike, calm down. I understand how CWF is and so do you, but this is the first time Moe's had to have a

match like this. He was trying to be respectful, he just went about it the wrong way for the situation.

Mike Rolash: Whatever.

It's quite apparent even now that Moe is hesitating a bit as he isn't cinching the hold fully, using just enough strength to keep the hold applied. Clearly, Autumn is PISSED about this and it shows as she powers her way out after a few more seconds. Autumn leaps up to meet Moe on their feet and screams in his face!

Autumn Raven: FIGHT ME!

Autumn charges at him and Moe counters with a drop toe hold but does nothing to follow up. Autumn charges again to the same result. A third time, and the same thing happens. Autumn is about to blow a damn gasket at this point! She charges in again and Moe ducks her strike attempt and goes behind her. He grabs a waist lock, but is clearly not going to suplex her. Instead he's trying to trip her legs out from under her. Autumn reaches back and DRILLS him with back elbow to the welt on his face that breaks the hold!

Jim Gunt: Okay I have to agree at this point Mike, this is getting ridiculous. Either fight her or don't, but this is just embarrassing!

Mike Rolash: See? I told you earlier! This chivalry crap is going to ruin what should be a great match!

Autumn takes advantage of Moe backing up dizzy, charging in with a clothesline that takes Moe down. She hits the ropes and spins over for a Muta like corkscrew elbow drop. The Beautiful Psychopath hammers away with right hands to the head and face of Davis. She tries to go for a cover but Moe rolls away and under the bottom rope. Autumn isn't about to give him any more chances to back out of this one. Autumn charges and hits a flying clothesline off the apron! She hops back up on the apron and leaps off again, this time with a splash! She rolls Moe back in the ring, and goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: Moe kicked out! Surprising, I figured he would just lay down and let Autumn pin him at this point.

Jim Gunt: Whether he's starting to get the urge to fight or just instinct we shall see, but at least it's a start!

Autumn goes back on the attack, but Moe counters with a double leg take down. He goes for a cover but she kicks out before one. He quickly reacts with a side headlock. He's putting a bit more into this one than before, but it's obvious he's still using the most basic of moves to defend himself. After holding the headlock for a few more seconds, he rolls over and hooks the waist, rolling back into the bridge portion of a German suplex but again Autumn rolls out immediately. She charges again and Moe ducks, countering with the first full move he's done, a back suplex.

Jim Gunt: Back Suplex by Moe Davis! He's finally getting into this thing, and that was impressive!

Mike Rolash: It's about damn time!

Moe picks her up and hits a vertical suplex to follow up. He then locks in a chin lock, hoping to wear her down without having to do too much major damage. Autumn is able to escape and get to her feet, and connects with a big drop kick. As Moe stumbles to his feet, she connects with a second one, then a third that keeps him down. She climbs to the middle rope and nails a diving fist drop. She heads up again and hits a middle rope leg drop before going for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Autumn has had about enough of this mess. She leaps to the top rope and nails Moe with a Corkscrew Splash! She then heads up one more time, this time calling for the Anti-Hero. She takes flight, executing a picture perfect swanton bomb...that connects with the mat! Moe managed to roll out of the way JUST in time, and quickly rolls Autumn up with a school boy!

ONE!

TWO!

T-KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: Come on Moe! You have the chance to win this damn thing, just pull the trigger you coward!

Jim Gunt: Coward isn't exactly the word I'd use, but you've got a rare point here. Go for the win kid!

Moe looks like he's finally considering doing something big enough to get the win. He heads up to the top rope himself now, ready to go for the 3 Star Frog Splash. The moment seems to have passed though, as he's now second guessing himself about finishing her off. This gives Autumn the chance to run up the ropes and hit a top rope DDT! The impact from the landing plus the missed swanton leaves Autumn unable to capitalize right away, and both combatants are down! Autumn is the first to stir having taken less significant punishment, but she's still a bit slow to get to her feet.

Jim Gunt: He had the chance and he may have blown it Mike!

Mike Rolash: What an idiot!

Autumn is back up and stomping her foot in the corner in angered anticipation. Moe slowly gets to his feet and turns around. Autumn tries for the Claw of the Night, but instinctively Moe ducks under. He hoists her up and spikes her with a WICKED powerbomb! As soon as she hits the mat, Moe staggers back into the corner questioning himself and looking at his hands like they were covered in blood.

Mike Rolash: COVER HER YOU MORON!

Jim Gunt: This is insane! It's a match, win it!

After several seconds, Moe finally seems to snap out of it. He goes up to the top again, and looks out to the people for advice. Everyone's obviously encouraging him to hit his finisher and win the match. Davis finally decides to go for it, but he wasn't paying attention. He leaps off the ropes and right into the Claw of the Night! Autumn goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: Good god, what a kick from out of nowhere!

Mike Rolash: That's what happens when you're fighting to win, Jim!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, AUTUMN RAVEN!!

Autumn allows her arms to be raised in the air, celebrating yet another big victory for the CWF veteran. She celebrates with the fans, turning her head around to look behind her several times anticipating V.E.N.O.M to show up at any moment.

Baby On Board!

Match

The camera pans in to the outside of the beautiful Sydney Superdome, where we are waiting to see the absolute pinnacle of athleticism and competition. Instead, we see a somewhat rusted, beat-up station wagon pulling into the

crowded parking lot, zipping along at speeds that are usually frowned upon by law enforcement. As we get closer, behind, we see that on the back of the car is a sticker:

BABY ON BOARD

The station wagon suddenly streaks, drifting along the lot until the passenger side of it slams, violently, against a row of parked cars, alarms blaring and freaking out. Over on the driver's side the door flips open, and out walks the familiar side of the Crimson Ghost in jeans and a CWF t-shirt, looking at us from behind his mask. He gives the camera a quick wave as he walks to the backseat, opens it, and pulls out an old ratted baby carrier that looks like it's seen better days, and might be held together in places with duct tape. When he puts it on, we see that where a baby should be, instead, is one of the CWF Tag-Team Championships. Ghost makes sure to bounce the title gently, while pointing at his chest where the title is.

GHOST: Poor little guy is all tuckered out! Don't worry, when we get inside, I'll make sure he's awake and ready for action, when Kendo and I show why we're the champs. Get ready for that, people!

With that, Ghost turns his back on us, and heads toward the Superdome to get ready for his match.

A Peek Behind The Curtain

Match

fan. In one corner, the six foot four, three hundred plus pound mountain of a man that is 'The American Thoroughbred' Quentin Scarboro silently runs through a Hindu squat routine, wearing a look of determined intensity which can't be broken even as a harrassed-looking female stagehand hurries past within inches of Scarboro, triumphantly holding an enormous bottle of baby oil above her head. Meanwhile, the clinks of beer bottles being knocked together in an enthusiastic toast can be heard even over the hubbub, as The Lost Boys, Dan Coulter and Sam Braxton each take a swig. The Aussies can't resist shooting a mischievous look towards one of the darker corners of the large room, where the almost otherworldly figure of Scourge sits, silently brooding.

Through the crowd, and in spite of the surrounding madness, another figure is thrown into view; a figure unfamiliar to the watching CWF audience, and a figure conspicuous amongst this crowd of over-the-top characters by his utterly ordinary appearance.

The man, who looked to be in his mid-thirties, was dressed in what could feasibly be called 'office chic'... if the notion of 'office chic' existed in 1979. An archaic grey pinstripe suit jacket sat atop a plain but immaculately ironed white shirt, with matching grey trousers. Similarly grey-framed spectacles perched somewhat precariously on the bridge of his nose, through which dark eyes pierced, seemingly permanently narrowed in a stare of suspicion. In his right arm, the man carries a black plastic clipboard emblazoned on the back with the letters 'W.I.R.E.', whilst an expensive-looking Parker pen is tapped deliberately against his chin by the left hand as the unidentified man continues to survey the scene before him.

Suddenly, the man's attention is caught by a commotion brewing nearby, his head snapping in the direction of the evermore jovial Lost Boys. The Aussies have begun to heckle what appears to be a junior member of the catering staff, who has been overloaded with an almost unfathomable number of plates, dishes, knives and forks, the pile of which teeters and totters with every fearful step. Braxton and Coulter, clearly enjoying themselves, start a steady stream of taunting, with Dean initiating a slow clap as Sam's jeers increase in volume and enthusiasm.

Eventually, the combined pressure of trying to balance the pile of cutlery and crockery and the taunts and shouts from

the Lost Boy overwhelm the poor staff member. One wrong move and the mountain of stuff comes crashing down with an almighty clatter, the volume of which is matched only by The Lost Boys' raucous cheering.

The suited man's eyes open in apparent horror, before settling back into their usual narrowed state as he lets out an audible tut and begins scribbling furiously on his clipboard with a disappointed shake of the head. The scribbling continues for a few moments, as both The Lost Boys and the catering staff member attempt to regain some form of composure, before our mystery man raises his head once more, this time in an attempt to attract the attention of the previously-identified stagehand, who comes scurrying back into view.

Suited Man: Excuse me, ma-

The female stagehand, though, is perpetual motion, and clearly does not notice the man trying to speak to her as she zooms past, shouting to nobody in particular:

Female Stagehand: WE NEED MORE BABY OIL!!!

The man's eyes widen in surprise once more, before his expression falls into a deep scowl as the Parker pen is unsheathed once more to allow another round of intense note-taking, punctuated only with words muttered in perfect Queen's English, despite the frustrated tone:

Suited Man: No... this will not do... this will not do at all...

The man lifts his gaze from the clipboard once more, just in time to catch a glimpse of CWF Commissioner Jon Stewart, wearing a somewhat irked expression as he strides away from both the camera and the suited man. The man glanced down once more at the clipboard, perhaps checking a photograph, before looking up with an almost relieved smile. The pen is popped into the top pocket of his suit jacket, the clipboard tucked under an arm, before the man strides off down the corridor as if to catch up with the CWF Commissioner, and leave the scene of farce and devastation in his wake.

Jim Gunt: Well folks... uhh... quite the peek behind the curtain there and we... uhh... we hope everything gets sorted out backstage as quickly as possible...

Mike Rolash: Never mind that, Gunt – who in the hell was that man? How did he get in here?

Jim Gunt: Well Mike, I have as much information as you here...

Mike Rolash: What the hell is 'W.I.R.E.'? Who is this guy affiliated with?

Jim Gunt: Well at this stage we would only be speculating as to...

Mike Rolash: Did you see any credentials?! SO MANY QUESTIONS!!!

Jim Gunt: Dammit Mike calm down!!!

Mike Rolash: Okay... jeez... no need to yell...

Jim Gunt: Rest assured folks, we'll be doing everything we can to bring you up to speed with any details we can find on our backstage mystery man, and I have no doubt that this is a story that will develop as tonight's show progresses.

Mike Munson vs. Scourge

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is part of the Paramount Grand-Prix. Introducing first, hauling from Parts Unknown and weighing in at 315lbs...Scourge!

The lights in the arena dim as the opening notes of Mourning Ritual's "Bad Moon Rising" ring out in the arena. The

aisle fills with smoke as a giant silhouette appears within it. As the smoke billows away, the monster known as Scourge walks methodically to the ring. Once he reaches the ring, he leaps from the floor to the apron, setting the posts ablaze. He then steps over the top rope and waits for the bell with an eerie calmness about him.

Jim Gunt: Something about Scourge just gives me the creeps. Could be the aura of calm and quiet menace about him.

Mike Rolash: Or more likely cause the guy is a massive fucking beast. I mean 6'10 and 315lbs. He even gives me the heeby-jeebies.

Jim Gunt: Is that a technical term?

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Buffalo, New York, weighing in at 289lbs...Mike Munson!

The arena lights pulse on and off and on and off, and so on and so forth as the stage is set for the next match. Quick to follow, a metal riff starts up and pure, uncensored, unadulterated hard rock floods the arena airwaves. Flashing strobe lights surround the entryway, changing colors with rapid succession. Orange. Blue. Yellow. Red. White. Darkness.

Yellow and blues flares pop off right as Saliva's "Survival of the Sickest" brings the crowd to life. Amidst the neon clusterfuck happening at the entryway, a massive silhouette appears with a fist raised overhead.

The lights break, flashing on as that potty-mouth slogan 'FUCKIN' SURVIVOR' cuts over the PA, giving everyone a good glimpse of the shadow's owner and his BAD ASS MUSTACHE. The Buffalo Brawler steps forward and pumps his fists into the air repeatedly, once again, for bonding purposes with all the itty bitty best friends in attendance. That's his cue to sprint down to the ring, leaping onto the apron and swinging his massive leg over the top rope as the music fades out and things return to normal around the arena.

Jim Gunt: Correct me if I'm wrong-

Mike Rolash: Usually do.

Jim Gunt: But has Munson seemed a little...off lately? Like instead of bringing his dog to the fight, he's left it at home?

Mike Rolash: He doesn't seem to care much, if that's what you mean.

Referee Trent Robbins is forced to signal for the bell prematurely as Scourge wastes no time and the split second Munson sets his foot inside the ring the Darkness Incarnate charges at his opponent.

Mike Rolash: Holy Crap! And we're under way!

Jim Gunt: I guess Scourge really wants this.

The massive running big boot connects right to the face and Munson tumbles backwards, OVER the ring ropes and out exactly the same way he came in.

Jim Gunt: That's how you take someone's head off!

Scourge is quick, considering his size, to follow the Buffalo Brawler outside and denies Munson any opportunity to recover by locking in a tight full nelson. The referee begins to obligatory ring-out count as Mike Munson fights desperately against the hold, trying to find some ways or means to escape. Yet the Alpha and Omega has a vice like grip and refuses to budge. Summoning up his considerable strength, Scourge tires of the submission and throws Munson down back first onto the apron with a variation of the full nelson slam.

Mike Rolash: The fight now returns back inside the ring.

Jim Gunt: Incredible ring presence by Scourge, keeping his mind on that ring-out count. It would have been a terrible result to this match otherwise.

Munson shows some signs of life with some wild swings of closed fists. But each attempted strike is wide and hits nothing but air. Scourge punishes his opponent's feeble attempt at defense with a knee right to the bottom jaw.

Jim Gunt: This beating is absolutely brutal.

Mike Rolash: Isn't it just great!

Hoisting up the Buffalo Brawler, Scourge connects with a Pumphandle Powerslam. The Darkness Incarnate takes a position into the corner, where he watches and waits, motioning for his opponent to rise back to his feet and meet his maker.

Jim Gunt: Darkness is about to Fall for Mike Munson.

Mike Rolash: Scourge pay you to say that?

Scourge applies a powerful Claw Hold, applying pressure to the temples of Mike Munson, but before he can lift up the Buffalo Brawler and bring an end to the match with the patent finisher, Munson lashes out. A gut kick has Scourge doubling over and then an Irish whip has the Alpha and Omega bounding into, and then off of the ring ropes.

Jim Gunt: Jesus Christ! Could Munson be going for the Chump Buster?!

Scourge beats Munson to the punch, taking the Buffalo Brawler completely by surprise knocking him down to the mat with a leaping, somersault clothesline. This time Scourge applies the Claw Hold to Munson while he is still down and out on the mat, then with a powerful exclamation, he deadlifts the Buffalo Brawler. DARKNESS FALLS! Scourge hooks the leg for the pin.

Mike Rolash: That's the real Chump Buster right there! Look what it did to Munson!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner of this match by pinfall....SCOURGE!!

Jim Gunt: Not a good point in Munson's career. That's for sure.

Where in the World is Tobias Devereaux? Part I

Match

The camera cuts backstage, Tara Robinson is shown waiting with a microphone in hand. She glances off-camera to her right, a quizzical expression on her face.

Tara Robinson: Ladies and gentlemen, this is Tara Robinson reporting from backstage at the Sydney Superdome. My guest at this time... the "Australian Submission Machine" Nathan Paradine!

There is a faint cheer from the Sydney audience as Nathan Paradine steps into view, however... he's not dressed ready to compete in the Paramount Grand Prix. Instead, he's wearing a tweed suit with a long overcoat and a deerstalker hat, with a pipe dangling from the corner of his mouth and a cane in his hand. The only part of his usual outfit are his ever-present sunglasses, beneath the brim of his deerstalker. He moves the pipe from one side of his mouth to the other, chewing on the stem.

Nathan Paradine: Hello, Tara.

Tara Robinson: Can I please ask... what's with the outfit?

Nathan Paradine: I'm glad you asked! You see, after we had our little interview earlier this week, you asked me a question that really got me thinking. You asked me where Tobias Devereaux was, and tonight, I'm going to find him no matter what it takes.

Tara Robinson: And you think he's here, in Sydney?

Nathan Paradine: Well, not necessarily... but I intend to find out what happened to him. You see, I have unfinished business with Devereaux, business that I fully intend to resolve before too long. It is imperative that I find him as soon as possible.

Tara Robinson: Dorian Hawkhurst, Jimmy Allen, Silas Artoria... now Tobias Devereaux. For someone who says he doesn't want to be in the CWF, you sure do seem to be having success making enemies.

The Nomad chews furiously on his pipe, before raising his cane and tapping the brim of his deerstalker.

Nathan Paradine: You see Tara... that is precisely why I need to find Tobias. Now if you'll excuse me... the game is afoot!

Paradine strides off-camera, the sound of his cane tapping on the ground rapidly echoing away. Tara watches him leave, a bemused smile on her face.

Tara Robinson: What the hell is that man getting himself into now?

Inspection is Paramount

Match

We return backstage, and to a small, quiet locker room within the bowels of the Sydney Super Dome, occupied only by 'The American Thoroughbred' Quentin Scarboro. The Pennsylvania native is in full ring gear, and sits on one of the types of metal folding chairs that are ten a penny at wrestling events across the globe. Q raises his head slightly to stare into a small, plain mirror adorning the wall opposite, wearing the same intense expression seen earlier in the night.

???: You know, there's something that bothers me about this so-called Paramount Championship...

Scarboro leapt up from his seated position, sending the folding chair flying as he spun round in the direction of the unidentified voice.

Q: Excuse me? What the hell do you want?

There, stood upright and somewhat awkwardly against the fire escape door that he'd apparently entered soundlessly through, is the same mysterious grey-suited man from earlier in the night. Same notably unspectacular appearance. Same perfectly neutral Home Counties English accent. Same official-looking clipboard tucked securely under arm.

The new arrival dismisses Quentin's questions wordlessly, choosing instead to peer thoughtfully up and away at nothing in particular in the distance.

Suited Man: Paramount. By its very definition – that is, more important than anything else, supreme - you would expect the Paramount Championship to be the most sought after trinket in its organisation; challenged only by the most elite within the business.

The man casts a long arm in a sweeping motion, gesturing again at nothing in particular.

Suited Man: And yet here we are. In the midst of a Paramount Title tournament that is such an afterthought, filled with such second-rate talent, that rumours abound management are considering scrapping the whole thing, and just placing all eight of you into a ring and asking you to throw one another out again like drunks at closing time. I don't know, it just... it bothers me...

Quentin, having regained the composure he had previously, briefly lost, resumes his seated position, regarding his unwanted visitor with a look which was the perfect blend of interest and disgust.

Q: I guess I fail to see your point, little man.

For the first time, the suited man turned his head to stare straight into the eyes of 'The American Thoroughbred'.

Suited Man: The point? The point is that we should all, in everything we do, be aiming to be the best we can be, the absolute pinnacle of whatever we choose to throw ourselves into. Paramount, if you will. And I have been watching from afar, Quentin, and I have noted that already, in your short tenure in this federation, you have failed to live up to your billing, failed to even come close to attaining that supreme status that your presence and potential has promised.

Quentin could do nothing but stare silently back, teeth gritted, as the man in front of him bared his own teeth ever so slightly in a somewhat sinister smile.

Suited Man: What is it, Quentin? What's that intangible that is preventing you from reaching up and grabbing the proverbial brass ring? What is that hidden spectre stopping you from showing the world what Quentin Scarboro is all about? What exactly is it that's holding you back?

In a flash, Q is on his feet and in the face of his tormenter, towering above the man who, despite being outmatched physically in every possible department, flinched only momentarily.

Q: What if I left you flat on your back right now? What then? Would that prove anything? I would gladly grab that brass ring and shove it right up your punk ass!

The two stand almost nose to nose for several seconds, Scarboro seething, the other man impassive, until the latter takes a brisk step back and reaches his hand forward, smiling once again at 'The American Thoroughbred'.

Suited Man: Stan Summers. Lead Inspector for the Wrestling Inspection, Review and Examination organization – WIRE for short. Trust me, the pleasure is all yours.

The proffered hand was not accepted, Quentin merely scowling back at 'The Wrestling Inspector', whose smile never wavers even as his hand drops slowly back to his side.

Summers: You'd do well to remember the name, Quentin. I have a feeling yours may be the first of many detailed inspections I will need to undertake here in the CWF. I am practically aquiver at the thought of overseeing your rise... and your fall.

With that, Summers swiftly sidesteps 'The American Thoroughbred' and exits the room, leaving Scarboro still stood, still seething, as the camera cuts back to ringside.

Quentin Scarboro vs. Ryan Dream

Match

Mike Rolash: Practically aquiver? What kind of joke is this guy?

Jim Gunt: I am not quite sure what the deal with him is, I have a feeling, though, that this is still not the last we'll have seen of him...

Mike Rolash: But let's get thing on here, Scourge the man mountain just ploughed through Munson, now Quentin just has to flatten the Dream and the world is good.

Jim Gunt: Well, we will see. But other than this Inspector here, Nathan Paradine also seems to be on a mission of his own, is this something in the Australian water or something that brings these tendencies out?

Mike Rolash: Who drinks water these days?

Jim Gunt: Oh nevermind...

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen this singles match, scheduled for one fall, is another Paramount Grand Prix Match set to one fall with a fifteen minute time limit! Introducing first...

'Hands in the Air' by 8-Ball hits the PA, accompanied by a mixed reaction from Sydney's CWF faithful. The arena is filled by icy blue lighting. Ryan walks down the aisle slowly, sporting a cocky smirk, as the mixed reaction turns steadily to a chorus of boos. He grabs a sign from someone in the crowd and rips it in half and throws in onto the ground.

Ray Douglas: Coming to you from Phoenix, Arizona, and weighing in at two hundred and thirty five pounds... RYAN DREAM!!

The Dream slides into the ring and immediately raises both arms into the air, clearly revelling in the boos that are hurling down upon him.

Jim Gunt: A real chance for The Dream to continue his momentum in the Paramount Grand Prix by beating his opponent here tonight and making it two for two.

Mike Rolash: Momentum means nothing though when you're running into a man mountain like Quentin Scarboro though Jim – he's HUUUUUGE!

On cue, the opening riffs of AC/DC's 'Thunderstruck' boom out around the Sydney Super Dome, accompanied by a good pop as Quentin Scarboro appears at the top of the ramp. He makes his way slowly down to the ring, calmly acknowledging the adulation of a couple of ringside fans, never once taking his eyes off his opponent who stands tall in the ring.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent - hailing from Lancaster, Pennsylvania and weighing in at three hundred and twenty pounds... The American Thoroughbred, QUENTIN SCARBORO!!

Jim Gunt: The American Thoroughbred looking just about as motivated as a man could possibly look here tonight, as he seeks a little bit of retribution and get his Paramount Grand Prix campaign back on track after last week's narrow, narrow defeat against Scourge.

Mike Rolash: As much as it pains me to say it Jim, I think you're right. Our friendly local wrestling inspector Stan Summers paid Mr Scarboro a visit earlier in a blatant attempt to get under his skin, throw him off his game... but I think all it has done is fired him up even more! This could spell trouble for Ryan Dream!

Jim Gunt: Is that... is that some coherent and logical analysis from you there Mike? What on earth have we done to deserve this?

Mike Rolash: The Inspector's in town, Jim, and I need a raise...

Jim Gunt: There it is.

Experienced CWF referee "Big" Denny Davidson goes through a couple of last minute notes with the two participants in the ring, and invites a handshake, which is naturally ignored by both participants even the normally polite Big Q who looks less than happy after the antics of the Wrestling Inspector earlier. The bell sounds, and Ryan Dream immediately dives for the legs of his larger opponent, surprising Scarboro with his speed and agility and taking the big man down to the mat. The Dream rides his opponent, looking for a body-scissors, but quickly realising he can't get his legs around Scarboro's massive frame, he switches up and cinches in a front facelock.

The Dream grinds down on the head and neck of The American Thoroughbred, looking to wear the big man out, but the former offensive lineman is able to use his power and strength to force both men up to their knees and finally to a standing position. With an almighty shove, Scarboro forces Dream to release the hold, the latter staggering backwards for a second. Ryan Dream speed of thought is matched only by fleet of foot, however, as he quickly bounces off the ring ropes and comes flying back with a dropkick to the knees of his opponent. The prone Quentin Scarboro pounds

the mat in frustration as Ryan Dream once again locks in a tight front facelock.

Jim Gunt: Brains seemingly triumphing over brawn in the early going of this one folks.

Mike Rolash: Quentin Scarboro can be as motivated as he likes, but he's being outsmarted right now, plain and simple!

Once again, though, the big man is able to force both he and his opponent into a standing position; this time, he forces Dream back into one of the corners, and follows up with an almighty Avalanche. Q allows Ryan Dream no respite, hitting a succession of roundhouse rights and lefts and then, as the groggy Dream staggers out of the corner, he is hoisted up on the shoulders of The American Thoroughbred, before being deposited brutally onto the mat.

Jim Gunt: DEATH VALLEY DRIVER! What power displayed from the American Thoroughbred!

Quentin slides down for the cover.

ONE!

TWO... KICKOUT!

Scarboro attempts to roughhouse Dream back to his feet immediately after the kickout, but the smaller man is able to wriggle free, sprinting across the ring and gaining momentum from the ring ropes. As predicted by Mike Rolash earlier though, his momentum is brought to an almighty halt by a stoic shoulder tackle by Quentin Scarboro. The Dream pops straight back up and hits the ropes on the opposite side, but is met once again by another mighty shoulder block. Once more, Ryan Dream is on his feet quickly and running towards Quentin Scarboro, the latter this time opting for a big boot. However, Dream manages to slither under the outstretched leg, scrambling up on the back of the disoriented man mountain and locking in a sleeper hold.

Boos and whistles from the crowd rain down as Dream cinches in the rudimentary hold, looking to wrench the consciousness away from The American Thoroughbred's body. Indeed, Quentin is staggering around the ring noticeably, looking for an escape as referee Davidson checks on the unsteady Scarboro. In the end, Scarboro's chosen escape route is simple but effective – he throws his entire three hundred and twenty pound frame backwards, crushing Ryan Dream between it and the canvas and eliciting a loud "OOOH" from the jam packed Sydney Super Dome crowd.

Jim Gunt: What impact!

Mike Rolash: That must be all...?!

ONE!

TWO!

TH... NO! KICKOUT!

A momentary flash of frustration flies across Scarboro's face as Dream barely gets his right shoulder off the canvas, however that look is replaced by one of determination as he seems to recognise the opportunity is there to be grasped. He wrenches the groggy-looking form of Ryan Dream to his feet, forcing him back into the same corner as before with a succession of impactful forearm strikes to the chest, neck and head. Q lets out a primal scream, before unleashing 'Necessary Roughness', a devastating combo of strikes all delivered with the point of the elbow which sends Dream into a crumpled mess on the bottom turnbuckle, and whips the CWF fans into a frenzy.

Ray Douglas: Ten minutes have elapsed. Five minutes remaining!

"Big" Denny Davidson is forced to step in and back Quentin Scarboro into the opposite corner, clearly fearing for the welfare of Scarboro's downed opponent. Dream, looking completely out of it, is on hands and knees, inching out of the corner; Davidson takes one step away from Scarboro to check on Dream and The American Thoroughbred seizes the

moment, exploding forward and into the prone Dream with an almighty knee to the temple – The Moment of Introspection - sending him crumpling to the mat!

Jim Gunt: My God... what utter devastation!

Scarboro drops to his knees and hooks the leg for what looks like an academic pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, picking up two points in the Paramount Grand Prix – “The American Thoroughbred”....QUENTIN SCARBORO!!

Mike Rolash: Well... so much for brains triumphing over brawn – I’m surprised Ryan Dream’s brains aren’t splattered all over the canvas after that!

Jim Gunt: Quite the statement from The American Thoroughbred, who bounces back from last week’s defeat by defeating Ryan Dream in convincing fashion here in Sydney. And I’m still not sure we’ve seen the best of this man yet...

Mike Rolash: A scary thought, Jim, no doubt.

Where in the World is Tobias Devereaux? Part II

Match

Nathan Paradine is standing backstage, still dressed in his Sherlock Holmes outfit, still chewing on his unlit pipe. Around him are several members of the CWF backstage crew; Head of Security TJ Flint, Medical Director Dr. Harmon Leggett, Australian commentator Steve Illawarra and Head of Talent Acquisition, Jack Berardi. Paradine slowly paces back and forth, leaning heavily on his cane each time he pauses to examine one of the men.

Nathan Paradine: For those of you who are unaware... I am hot on the trail of the missing Tobias Devereaux. After some sleuthing backstage, I have decided that the best way to continue my investigation is to get together a few, I guess you could say, People of Interest in this case. Especially you... TJ FLINT!

The Nomad removes his pipe and points the chewed-on stem at the CWF Head of Security, who manages to look surprised.

TJ Flint: Me?

Nathan Paradine: Head of Security mate, nothing gets past your eyes, or does it? After Modern Warfare, Tobias Devereaux disappeared. You must have had eyes on all the entrances and exits. Where did you see him go?

TJ Flint: I don't deal with the minute details, Mr. Paradine. One of the other guys might have seen him leave the arena, but I sure as hell didn't.

Nathan Paradine: And you... Dr. Leggett.

Paradine moves along to the next man, the CWF Medical Director, who stands defiant in the face of The Nomad.

Nathan Paradine: You must have examined Tobias after our match against the Samoan Ghost Connection. It's mandatory that we all get checked out before we leave the arena... what happened to Tobias when he was under your care?

Harmon Leggett: I don't like your tone of voice, Mr. Paradine. Are you insinuating something?

Nathan Paradine: I just want my questions answered, Doctor. Chop chop!

Harmon Leggett: Yes, I examined Tobias Devereaux, and he was fine. I sent him on his way. Whatever happened to him after that, I have no idea.

Nathan Paradine: Hmph. How convenient. I'll be looking at your story a little more closely, rest assured.

He moves along to Steve Illawarra, who shrugs nervously.

Steve Illawarra: Mate... I was at ringside all night, you can see me on the broadcast. I dunno what you've got me here for.

Nathan Paradine: You can find trouble where you least expect it, Steve... as much as I'd like to think a fellow Aussie wouldn't have anything to do with this, I need to rule out everyone who was at Modern Warfare.

The Australian Submission Machine looks at Jack Berardi, who looks bored by the whole interrogation. He is interrupted halfway through a yawn by a sharp jab to the ribs from Paradine's cane.

Jack Berardi: Ow, what the fuck?

Nathan Paradine: Look sharp, mate! After Modern Warfare we had a massive influx of talent. Maybe some deadweight had to be cut away, right? Are you the one responsible for Tobias going missing?

Jack Berardi: Tobias Devereaux hadn't won a match in weeks, Nathan. As much as I'd like to say I fired him... I didn't. He's just gone. And talking about someone who hasn't won a match in weeks... your career isn't looking so hot right now either, is it?

Nathan Paradine: That's neither here nor there.

TJ Flint: Man, why the hell are we putting up with this? Shouldn't you be poking your nose around Hostility, or reporting to Jon Stewart or something?

Nathan Paradine: Stewart's got other things on his mind this week, so I'm taking advantage of the free time to find out just where the hell my tag team partner is. Now is one of you going to tell me what I want to know, or-

Suddenly Clay Smith, a production assistant, walks into view behind the group of men. He looks relieved at the sight of Paradine, who has raised his cane to jab at Berardi again.

Clay Smith: Nathan! Thank Christ. You've gotta come with me, your match is up soon. You've got to get ready.

Paradine looks over at each man carefully, a scowl on his face. Finally he tugs off his deerstalker and sighs.

Nathan Paradine: Alright, fine. All four of you, get out of here. But if I find out you had anything to do with Tobias going missing, I'm going to be pissed. Got it?

All four men walk away, muttering amongst themselves. Paradine himself passes the deerstalker and his cane to Smith before following him to his locker room to prepare for his match against Silas Artoria as the scene cuts back to the ring.

Jimmy Allen vs. KC3

Match

Jim Gunt: This is, uh, interesting, but good to see that at least someone is taking the disappearance of Tobias seriously around here.

Mike looks at Jim with a suspicious look.

Jim Gunt: What?

Mike Rolash: You have always looked suspicious to me, where were you when Tobias was last seen?

Jim Gunt: Next to you wombat, unfortunately.

Mike Rolash: Can anybody confirm that?

Jim Gunt: I would think you could?

Mike Rolash: But could you trust the witness?

Jim Gunt: OK, you have a point there, I can't.

Mike Rolash: Hah! I might report you to Mr. Paradine as a potential suspect!

As Jim begins to bang his head against the desktop, the camera cuts to the stage entrance. The intro to "Run This Town" by Jay-Z ft. Kanye West & Rihanna fills the arena as the lights go off and on, matching the beat to the song. Rihanna's voice fills the arena and KC3 comes out from the back as Jay-Z's verse begins, rocking his head to the beat of the music for a few seconds before making his way down the ramp. After struts his way down to the end of the ramp, he stops again to take in the music a little more.

Ray Douglas: The next match is the first of two Paramount Grand Prix bouts of the Veterans Block. Introducing first , from Loveladies, NJ... "The Next Generation God"... K... C... 3!!

KC3 slides into the ring and runs the ropes a few times, stopping in the middle of the ring to bounce a couple of more times before his music cuts out.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, hailing from Dallas, Texas, he is the Catalyst....JIMMY ALLEN!!

Jimmy Allen walks slowly out onto the stage as "Cut the Cord" by Shinedown plays. He pauses there as he gets a mixed reaction, mostly cheers now as opposed to previous weeks. He smiles a little, seemingly absorbing it all and getting energy from it. Sprinting towards the ring he leaps and dives under the bottom rope sliding to the center of the ring where he pops up to a standing position.

Referee Denny Davidson is awaiting the two competitors in the center of the ring and the bell is rung!

Jim Gunt: And KC3 offering his hand for a lock up, but I am not surprised that he just takes his hand down as Jimmy tries to take it.

Mike Rolash: A man is allowed to change his mind, no?

Jim Gunt: Well, I am neither surprised that KC3 did that nor that you approve it...

KC3 pulls the same thing once more, a cocky grin on his face, which is quickly wiped off his visage, though, as the Catalyst has had enough and blasts him with lightning quick headbutt!

Mike Rolash: That was not fair, he was not ready!

Jim Gunt: When the bell rings, all gloves come off.

Mike Rolash: They were wearing gloves?

As Jim silently facepalms, Jimmy is sending KC3 to the ropes and follows up with a hard kick to the stomach that has the New Jerseyan bent in two.

Jim Gunt: Jimmy is holding a clinic in how to bring down a cocky bastard a notch or two.

Mike Rolash: A clinic? But he's not a doctor!

Jim Gunt: What the--? What is wrong with you? I am used to you not paying attention, but this is getting ridiculous!

Mike Rolash: All I had was some of that Sewer beer--

Jim Gunt: You've got to be kidding me!

After a harsh elbow between the shoulder blades of KC3, Jimmy now has the Next Generation God in a headlock, putting his whole weight behind it. Referee Denny Davidson is on the mat right away to check on KC3, but he just swats him away, visibly offended by the ref thinking he would even think about tapping out.

Jim Gunt: It is way too early in the match to even think about a submission move like that as an ending, but as an instrument to weaken the opponent, this is surely a legitimate tactic.

Mike Rolash: That it may be, but KC3 has not gotten to where he is without knowing a trick or two and see? He is out!

Jim Gunt: Denny did not see him pinching Jimmy's butt hard, holy cow, if anything he is resourceful indeed!

Jimmy is not happy about this and complains to Denny, who only raises his hands for not having seen it, but this is all the opening KC3 needs to turn the tables as he pushes Jimmy forwards against the referee.

Jim Gunt: Oh no, not one of these again! But Jimmy stops himself before he could hit Davidson, grabbing him by the shoulders to steady himself!

Mike Rolash: Oooh, right into the family jewels! And again Denny didn't see a thing, fatso should never have been allowed back into the fed!

Jimmy is down while Denny looks between Allen and KC3 who looks all shocked at his opponent writhing on the ground. But without losing a beat he grabs onto the top rope, jumps off and brings both feet down hard on Jimmy's left knee, which momentarily distracts him from his groin area.

Jim Gunt: This is why one should never think KC3 is down, because he does not care what he has to do to get back into a match.

Mike Rolash: Resourceful, I told you.

Jim Gunt: I said that.

Mike Rolash: You did not.

While Jim takes a stack of paper in front of him and whacks it over Mike's head, KC3 has Jimmy in a somewhat awkward looking half crab lock, bending his knee as much as he can, but Jimmy signals to the referee that he is not done with this match.

Jim Gunt: So far we have bouts of quick action followed by a hold--

Mike Rolash: It's a green light, red light match!

Jim Gunt: OK, that's it. I've had enough!

Mike Rolash: What, are you going to leave?

Jim Gunt: No.

Out of seemingly nowhere Jim produces a pair of scissors and cuts the wire to Mike's headset, leaving him staring at the cut end dumbfounded before he gets up, shoots Jim a death glare and makes his way up the ramp.

Jim Gunt: Good, that feels better. Jimmy is trying to claw his way to the ropes to break the hold!

The Shadow: Does Mike know that there is a spare headset here?

Jim slightly jumps at The Shadow taking a seat next to him.

Jim Gunt: Oh hello, where'd you come from? And he apparently doesn't. What brings you here?

The Shadow: You seemed in a bit of distress.

Jim Gunt: A bit?

The Shadow: He got to the ropes!

Jimmy manages to get one hand onto the ropes and Denny Davidson tells KC3 to break the hold, but he keeps it cinched in until the four count before letting go. Immediately Jimmy rolls himself out of the ring and to the ground while the referee reprimands KC3 for not letting go when told to.

The Shadow: I have been following Jimmy a bit after his attempts to redeem himself and so far he is keeping his word, so I thought some moral support is not a bad thing.

Jim Gunt: I guess not, but he is not out of the weeds.

KC3 is out on the apron and is eyeing up the Catalyst on the ground, just getting to his knees. He crouches down and just as Allen is back on his feet he takes two steps and jumps off!

Jim Gunt: Drop kick straight to the head of Jimmy Allen!

The Shadow: KC3 is not letting up here. He is a very, very difficult man to fight against, because for one he does not care about playing by the rules and for the other he is incredibly adaptable to whatever style the opponent is bringing to the ring.

Jim Gunt: Can I hire you as my new partner?

The Shadow laughs.

The Shadow: In small doses maybe, but I don't think that time has come yet.

The Next Generation God is pulling Jimmy to his feet and whips him forward and right into the ring post, where the Texas collapses once more.

THREE!

FOUR!

Displaying no sense of urgency KC3 walks over to Allen and again brings him to an upright position, going for another whip, but despite the punishment he has seen he has the wherewithal to let himself fall to the ground and use KC3's momentum to reverse the attempt into an arm drag that sends him flying against the apron!

Jim Gunt: Wow, what a reversal, but now both men are down!

FIVE!

SIX!

The Shadow: Jimmy is kind of up, all he has to do now is get back into the ring...

And the crowd picks up on that, starting to chant "JIMMY! JIMMY!" in an attempt to will the Catalyst back up and it seems to be working.

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

Jim Gunt: He is climbing onto the apron, but KC3 is coming to as well!

KC3 is using the apron as well to get back to a vertical position, but as he hears Denny Davidson say "NINE!" he pushes himself up and rolls into the ring at the same time as Jimmy to break the count and avoid the countout!

The Shadow: We're getting to the 12-minute mark, so these gentlemen better get a move on!

Jim Gunt: Indeed, we already had a draw last week for KC3 while Jimmy lost, so both men definitely need two points coming out of this one.

Jimmy is the first one to his feet, aided by the ropes, but KC3 is not far behind, both men looking worse for the wear in this intense match so far. After testing out his injured knee, the Catalyst limps over to the Next Generation God and delivers a hard right to the head, but KC3 does not buckle down, hitting him right back.

The Shadow: I guess right now this is as much action as they can still muster, but from my own experience, these hits might not look like much, but they take more out of you than you would think. And I think that your compadre is coming back.

The camera shows Mike Rolash coming down the aisle with what looks like a brand new headset, briefly looking into the ring where Jimmy and KC3 are still slugging it out. As he spots The Shadow in his seat, his eyes go wide and the skin of his face is turning slightly purple.

Mike Rolash: I see, you two are in cahoots, this was all just a ruse by you!

The Shadow: I enjoy conspiracy theories for their entertainment value, but no, you were just even more atrocious than usual, so you're lucky the scissors only cut the wire... Anyways, I better vacate these premises, it kind of smells like a sewer around here...

He pats Mike on the shoulder as he passes him, who is testing his breath.

Mike Rolash: I don't know what he is talking about...

Meanwhile the punches in the ring are losing their efficiency and finally KC3 pushes Jimmy backwards into the ring. The Texan barely manages to stay upright, but as KC3 charges in, he quickly grabs his opponent and brings him down with a swinging neckbreaker that leaves the Loveladies man down. Jimmy rolls himself over.

ONE!

TWO!

THR--

Jim Gunt: He almost had him!

Mike Rolash: What did I miss?

Jim Gunt: Peace and quiet.

Mike Rolash: I think Jimmy has got something planned!

He is up on the top turnbuckle, wobbling quite a bit due to his knee, but he jumps off!

Jim Gunt: THE LONE STAR!

He hits it with amazing precision, but the landing jolts his knee again, he pulls himself over to the prone KC3, though and goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner by pinfall and two points for the Paramount Grand Prix, The Catalyst - JIMMY ALLEN!!

Nathan Paradine vs. Silas Artoria

Match

Jim Gunt: Exciting times, the first match for Confliction is official and this could be a really interesting one!

Mike Rolash: This one has been brewing for a while, I hope they bring weapons.

Jim Gunt: I think there will be stuff around to use, yes, but now the final PGP match of the evening after Jimmy Allen just scored very important two points over KC3 and this, ladies and gentlemen, is the worst-case scenario for Silas.

Mike Rolash: I rarely agree with you Jim, this is one of those times though. His severely injured ribs and having to face a submission specialist. Bad news for Silas.

Jim Gunt: Looks like Ray Douglas has made his way into the ring for the introductions.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is set for one fall and a fifteen minute time limit. It is a round robin match for the Paramount Grand Prix.

The opening riff to "Beat The Devil's Tattoo" by Black Rebel Motorcycle Club begins to blast around the arena as Nathan Paradine emerges from behind the curtain, the overhead lights reflecting off of his trademark sunglasses. He smirks wider than normal as he surveys his home country crowd for a moment, thumbing the collar of his leather jacket before flicking his hands outwards and approaching the ring. Paradine claps hands with a few of the fans in the front row wearing "Australian Submission Machine" t-shirts. He climbs the stairs and wipes his boots on the outside of the apron before stepping between the ropes. He observes the crowd once more before shrugging out of his jacket, passing it off to a stagehand and backing off into the corner to perform a few light warm-ups before the bell rings.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first from Melbourne, Australia...The Nomad....NATHAN PARADINE!!

Jim Gunt: What an ovation for the countryman, Nathan Paradine.

Mike Rolash: It is somewhat strange seeing Paradine have the fans on his side tonight, but no one ever said these Australians were none too smart.

Jim Gunt: Don't let him or the Lost Boys hear you say that, Mike.

The house lights come down to be replaced by dark blue lighting, a wisp of fog from the smoke machines slowly begins to drift across the stage as Silas makes his way out to polite applause. The crowd warms as "Something got me started" by Simply Red begins to play. He smiles and nods his appreciation to the crowd as he makes his way to the ring. He finally reaches the ring apron and the house lights come back up to normal.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent who hails for Toronto, Canada, the Psychotic Aristocrat....SILAS ARTORIA!!

Jim Gunt: I just get the feeling that Silas is in over his head in this match, Paradine is not the guy you want to draw when you're injured.

Mike Rolash: This is a new side to you, this negative thing...what is that? You're counting Silas out already?

Before Jim can comment further Clark Summits calls for the bell to begin the match. The two men approach the center of the ring, Silas being cautious about his injured ribs darts out of harm's way when Paradine gets close. He strikes at Nathan with a kick to the hamstring and then back out again. The Nomad comes in again this time though Silas doesn't try to dart out but lashes out with a dropkick to the knees of Paradine!

Jim Gunt: Great move by Artoria!

Mike Rolash: That's more like the Jimbo I know, I think I like the other version better.

Jim Gunt: Mike...

Back in the ring, Silas is in obvious pain after dropkicking Paradine's feet out from under him, having taken the impact to his ribs when he landed. He rolls to his hands and knees, but Nathan is already up and lashes out with a soccer style kick to the ribs of Artoria! A collective groan goes through the crowd. Artoria is quick to roll away and under the bottom rope. Silas continues to move away from Paradine and gets his feet under him. The Nomad spots his opening

and dashes across the ring and baseball slides under the bottom rope catching Artoria flush in the face with the sole's of his feet. The impact drives Silas into the security barrier. The Sydney crowd is going wild as Paradine riles them up.

Jim Gunt: Paradine is really going after those ribs as we knew he would.

Mike Rolash: I like mine smoked with sauce on the side.

Nathan drags Artoria back to his feet, he starts to whip him into the ring apron but pulls him back. Silas anticipates the pullback clothesline and ducks under it. Artoria manages to grab just enough of Paradine to hit a falling neck breaker. Clark Summits who had been issuing warnings throughout the shenanigans on the outside finally tires of it and begins his count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Silas is back to his hands and knees, as is Paradine.

FOUR!

Both men are back to their feet and continue to fight.

FIVE!

SIX!

Both men realizing that they are in danger of being counted out rush back into the ring under the bottom rope.

Jim Gunt: Silas took an amazing amount of punishment on the outside.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, but it wasn't enough.

Both men are to their hands and knees and starting to come up when Silas unloads a vicious elbow strike to the temple of Paradine! The Australian is rocked by it and goes down into a seated position. Artoria unloads with a seated dropkick laying the man out. He goes for a pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout by Paradine!

Ray Douglas: Five minutes have elapsed, ten minutes remaining.

Artoria drags Nathan back to his feet, he drapes him over his shoulders and starts to go into an airplane spin but the weight is too much for his injured ribs and he collapses under the load. Both men are down and Summit begins his count.

ONE!

TWO!

Paradine recovers first, still laying on top of Silas who is face down. He rolls him over and tries to apply the gogoplata choke hold he calls, "The Mark of Judas". Fortunate for Artoria, he's too close to the ropes and is able to hook his leg in the bottom rope forcing the break.

Jim Gunt: Great ring awareness by Artoria, he knew where he was in the ring even in his weakened condition.

Mike Rolash: It was luck, he's not that smart.

Nathan releases the hold and waits as the referee is checking on Silas making sure he is able to continue. Silas indicates he is and finishes getting to his feet with the help of the ring ropes. Paradine comes in looking to further damage the ribs of Silas with a knee strike. Silas however again anticipates the move and is able to dive over the right hip of Paradine. Silas hooks the legs with a roll up!

Jim Gunt: Silas again outsmarting the submission specialist!

Mike Rolash: Didn't we already cover this?

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout by Paradine!

Jim Gunt: Silas was just not able to hold him.

Mike Rolash: When your ribs have been tenderized like that I doubt he has any strength left in that part of his body.

Both men are quickly back their feet, Silas charges looking for a clothesline. Paradine ducks the attempt but when he turns around, Artoria turns on a dime and unleashes a powerful Discus Clothesline! The Aristocrat knows he is at a disadvantage here and quickly gets back to his feet. Paradine, shaking his head to try and clear the cobwebs manages to get back to his feet. He quickly goes back down from the superkick that lands flush on his jaw! Instead of going for the cover Silas slowly climbs to the top turnbuckle as Paradine is able to roll out of the ring.

Jim Gunt: What is he thinking? He can't possibly....

Mike Rolash: He's going for Twisted Virtue!

Ray Douglas: Ten minutes have elapsed, five minutes remaining.

Silas leaps from the top turnbuckle to the floor on a waiting Paradine. Artoria realizes his mistake too late as he's caught and put down with a wicked snapping spine buster! The sound of him hitting the padding is sickening as it echoes throughout the arena. A collective gasp from the crowd as Clark Summits exits the ring to check on Silas. Satisfied that he's okay, Paradine rolls Silas back into the ring. Nathan finally rolls in himself as somehow Artoria is starting to stir. Silas slaps the mat as he starts to regain some sense of where he is and stands up! The crowd give off a mixed response seeing the opponent of their home country favorite getting to his feet.

Jim Gunt: What the hell?

Mike Rolash: How?

Paradine is also shocked at this but quickly shakes it off and rushes in. Silas leaps into the air and delivers a Pele kick out of nowhere! Artoria is quickly back to his feet, holding onto his ribs as he goes back to the turnbuckle again and slowly climbs his way up. Then Paradine is there, knocking his feet out from under him, a collective groan echoes through the arena. Silas tilts forward, Nathan hooks his head and drags him out so only his feet are on the turnbuckle pad. He crashes with Silas to the mat executing a picture perfect hanging Cutter! He rolls Silas over and hooks the leg for a pin attempt as the crowd counts along.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Your winner in twelve minutes and thirty-six seconds, The Australian Submission Machine....NATHAN PARADINE!!

"Beat the Devil's Tattoo" once again begins to play as Paradine allows his hand to be raised, an eruption of cheers as he celebrates his first victory of the Paramount Grand Prix.

Final Chances Vs. Second Chances

Match

As Silas leaves the ring dejected, "Yes" by LMFAO rings throughout. The rowdy Aussie crowd is half behind and half calling for the blood of the man that walks out on stage, looks at Silas briefly like a disappointed father; the one and only Christopher \$t. James! The music fades and the man who took over the CWF from the Rish family smiles at the fans who are all still showing what they think of him.

C\$J: I know, I can't get enough of me either.

The fans erupt, either cheering louder or calling for more blood.

C\$J: No worries, I'll make this quick as I don't want to spend too much time out here. I have my own things to attend to, more important things, than to clean up Stewart's messes.

The fans boo. C\$J could care less. But he doesn't as he continues.

C\$J: I came into the CWF and I saw opportunity. I stoked the fires of my brilliance, and I saved Milenko's haphazard plan to bring back a long dead federation into the ReAwakened spirit of Hostility. My show? It's thriving, thank you for asking. Austrailia stay tuned, I'll be back this coming Friday for Hostility's second show. Second...

Ya know, this gets me thinking. Second chances come few and far between and this Paramount Grand Prix was a chance for some stars to take each and every chance given to turn into something bigger, better, greater. Some people have taken this opportunity and soared with it. Others? They have done nothing but drag down MY amazing brain child. Rookies versus Veterans was supposed to be amazing, something never before seen, and look what happened. Poor performances from different people letting yours truly down. So, with this in mind I have come to the rough decision to hereby release Mike Munson and Ryan Dream from both their CWF contracts and any and all duties within the Paramount Grand Prix!

The fans erupt, once again torn either cheering the decision or calling for C\$J's head. Once again C\$J smirks and just shakes his head, taking a moment to clean off the dust on his glasses. He checks his sunglasses carefully before slipping them back on.

C\$J: But... This also leads me to the better part of this spiel. When people drop the ball, often times other people pick up their ball and take it with their own, making something beautiful happen. A couple weeks ago, something such as this happened and it was so good, I'm making it happen again due to the release paperwork I just had to make official. Scourge. Quentin Scarboro. One on one for all the marbles, again. Q, you've proven yourself to be a hard working individual and I can see the passion oozing from your orifices. Scourge, you've been on a streak since getting here, why not reward you both? Should Scourge come out the victor, he moves on in the tournament with a perfect six points. Should Quentin win? Well, we might very well have a triple threat match for the Paramount Title on our hands at Confliction, won't we? I'll be seeing you all real soon.

With one last smirk, C\$J drops the mic, the feedback causing the already raucous crowd to lose all semblance of control at the news as they quickly settle in for the next match.

The Samoan Ghost Connection (Kendo & The Crimson Ghost!) © vs. Mariella Jade Flair & Cheshire vs. The Lost Boys (Dean Coulter & Sam Braxton)

Match

Jim Gunt: Wow, what an announcement and one that puts the whole Paramount Grand Prix on its head, at least the Rookies Block.

Mike Rolash: It is the only right thing to do, we don't need deadweight.

Jim Gunt: Indeed. And in the Veterans Block we have Nathan Paradine sitting at 3 points, Silas and Jimmy tied with 2 and finally KC3 with 1 point at the end, so Paradine is the clear favourite in this block now. But now we come to a match that many would tell you is highly anticipated for so many reasons.

Mike Rolash: Let's see: MJ getting her butt handed to her for calling out Loki, Cheshire and Ghost continue their mind games that I don't personally care for because we have too much of that from Ataxia, and if there is a deity in the heavens above, MJ will be the one to take the pinfall.

It's at this moment "Become The Enemy" by Like A Storm hits and Sam slides out onto the stage. He remains on his knees and waits for Dean to march onto the stage, standing behind him, to a huge cheer by the Australian crowd.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, returning to the CWF after a several month hiatus, they are former tag team champions, Sam Braxton and Dean Coulter....THE LOST BOYS!!

Jim Gunt: I was about to say, despite the negativity from my broadcast partner, The Lost Boys have finally found their way home to the CWF.

Together they look around the arena and to the ring before Sam leaps to his feet, throws back the hood of his jacket and sprints down to ringside. He waits, kneeling on the apron for Dean, who strides down the ramp to join his partner, kneeling on the apron. Together they look once again around the arena then enter the ring and ascend neighboring turnbuckles. They raise their hands in front of their faces, fingers interlocked for a moment then descend back to the ring.

The lights black out, only to be replaced by frantic blood-red strobe lights as the fast-paced frantic riff of that classic Misfits song starts to play.

Ray Douglas: Their opponents, they are the CWF Tag Team Champions, Kendo and The Crimson Ghost!....THE SAMOAN GHOST CONNECTION!!

The Crimson Ghost runs out to about halfway down the ring ramp, looking around wildly at all the people even as his theme slowly dies out, and is replaced with KMFD's very own "Virus". Kendo for his part walks out slowly and calmly, ready for war and accompanied by Super Agent JT Barrett who looks around excitedly.

Jim Gunt: Weird, one would think the champions would come out last for a non-title match.

Mike Rolash: Blatant favoritism Jimbo. CWF's favorite daughter is home in MJ and between her and her partner, they hold more World titles than the other competitors in this match put together! ... Three...

The sarcasm isn't lost on Jim as the two themes start to blend and merge with each other, with Kendo methodically stalking down the center of the ramp while Ghost stands on guardrails, bounces around and in general gets really amped up. This is how it goes until they both reach the ring, the Crimson Ghost already inside and running off the ropes as Kendo says his prayer, climbs and enters the ring, and readies himself for the match ahead.

Cue: Goodnight by The Birthday Massacre

Jim Gunt: As much as I hate to admit it Mike, you're right in calling this young lady CWF's favorite daughter. She lives and bleeds for this company and every time she steps foot through those ropes, she does whatever it takes to prove it!

Mike Rolash: Seriously, and you complain about MY blatant favoritism?!

The lights go off to be replaced by strobe lights beating to the pulse of the music. The two time CWF World Champion comes out with that determined fire in her eyes that cannot be quenched as she sets her sights on the match ahead.

Ray Douglas: Next, she is a former two time CWF champion... EMM... JAY... FLAIR!!

As Ray says her last name Flair takes the hood down and winks at Ray as he exits the ring. Climbing up the closest turnbuckle, MJ raises her arms in her signature pose as the crowd eats it all alive. She doesn't have long to soak it in though as Ray once again gets on the mic and her gaze narrows on the entrance ramp as "They're Coming To Take Me Away (Ha-Ha)" by The Butcher Babies blares.

Ray Douglas: And her partner, former CWF World Champion....CHESHIRE!!

The Enigma of CWF appears at the top of the entrance ramp, her movements jerky and hesitant as she proceeds down the ramp, her gaze seemingly centered in on MJ who only returns the icy stare.

Mike Rolash: Ya know, I'm honestly not sure about this match. The tag champs are upstarts, The Lost Boys should be retired, and the ego of these two to demand to be last in the ring is just...absurd!

Jim Gunt: Maybe it is just a mind game? While they might not be tag team champions, they have... HOLY CRAP! CRIMSON GHOST WITH A SUICIDE DIVE TO CHESHIRE!!

The crowd starts chanting as MJ blinks to comprehend what she just saw. She remembers seeing Crimson Ghost holding up a marker board with, "Plan A" on it, and when Cheshire made it to the base of the ring, he flipped the sign to say "Plan B" before running and leaping through the air... She smiles and looks down to see The Crimson Ghost feeding off of the crowd after hitting a picture perfect dive right on top of Cheshire! Trent Robbins calls for the bell and it resonates, forcing Dean and Kendo to start things off for the match.

Mike Rolash: Not even five seconds into the match, the bell has only just rung, and we already see pandemonium abound as Cheshire and The Crimson Ghost trade blows on the outside...

Jim Gunt: And Dean from The Lost Boys is starting things off against one half of the tag team champions Kendo! The two tie up in the middle of the ring, veteran Dean gaining an advantage and dragging Kendo over to his corner!

Sam tags out and MJ only looks on and golf claps. Half at the action inside the ring and half on the outside as Crimson Ghost has Cheshire by the back of the head and bashing her head into the barrier! Cheshire finally is able to create space with a well placed elbow to the ribs of Ghost, forcing him away. He runs at her and she laughs in his face before picking him up in a giant bear hug, twirling around as if ballroom dancing, and then delivering a ground shaking belly to belly suplex on the outside of the ring! TCG writhes in pain as Cheshire scoffs at his body and dusts off her boots by kicking at his twitchy corpse-like body.

Mike Rolash: Ooof, that could NOT have felt good for Ghost. Meanwhile it looks like Kendo could use his tag partner...

Jim Gunt: MJ COULD tag in, but it seems as she's employing a different strategy, instead focusing more on keeping an eye on the person that put her on the shelf for several months and her partner for the evening, Cheshire.

Mike Rolash: Can you blame her? She has no backup in that match and she would instantly have a target on her back, and no one to tag out to. Especially in a match against a veteran team such as The Lost Boys, who are showing no ring rust whatsoever and giving Kendo little opportunity to gain any kind of footing in this match.

The Lost Boys have taken advantage of the pandemonium caused by Cheshire and Ghost, making frequent tags as MJ hops down to the floor to keep a closer eye on Cheshire. Inside the ring, Sam is legal once again and showing off just how much he has missed the CWF Universe. He runs the ropes, leaps over Kendo who sees him coming and ducks down at the last second, hits the other side and springboards off, hitting Kendo with a massive springboard roundhouse kick! Kendo goes down, and Sam rolls off of him, amping up the crowd and leaping up onto the closest

turnbuckle.

Jim Gunt: I have missed The Boys! Look how the crowd is showing their love for the hometown heroes!!

Mike Rolash: Easy to get the crowd to pop if you're from whatever, "please mention this city's name." Bet I could get a pop in my home...

Sam leaps into the air and lands on Kendo with massive impact with a shooting star leg drop, a move affectionately called...

Jim Gunt: Wow! I forgot how impressive The Fallen Star is to behold...

Mike Rolash: It only counts if Trent says so.

Rolash motions toward the ring as Trent comes in to make the count. At this moment Crimson Ghost springs back to life and pretends to make a face at Cheshire, now currently arguing with MJ at ringside, and hops up onto the table in front of Mike and Jim.

Crimson Ghost: Gentlemen! I might have a mighty need to make use of this piece of furniture, can you tell me its composition firstly though?

ONE!

All eyes turn to the ring as The Crimson Ghost looks up into the ring since his assault on Cheshire began. He curses, realizing what is going on.

TWO!

Screaming at the top of his lungs, TCG roars for his partner to wake up as Trent's hand comes down for the final time.

THR... NO!

Jim Gunt: Unbelievable! Kendo is able to kick out at the last minute and save this match for the champs! Not sure what good it will do without The Crimson Ghost to get him back into this battle.

Mike Rolash: It's funny, I thought this was a triple threat tag team match, not a handicap...

As the words leave his lips, Mike is cut off by TCG using the Spanish announce table as a diving board and leaps for the apron, trying to get to his corner so a desperate Kendo can be tagged out. However, as he is up in the air Cheshire comes in from out of nowhere, catching him on her shoulders! She gets him in position for an Alabama Slam but not before spinning around in multiple circles, Ghost's head coming dangerously close to smacking the table. Cheshire stops and with another banshee like shriek slams Ghost down through the announce table where Jim and Mike are left stunned! The table crumbles under Ghost and Cheshire looks into the soul of Mike Rolash and growls.

Cheshire: DON'T tell me how I should live.

Mike's face goes white and he can only nod as he looks sheepishly down, The Crimson Ghost's battered body looking back up at him as he whispers.

TCG: That's some fine quality table craftsmanship...

Barely able to process what they just saw Jim and Mike are forced to refocus on the match as the Aussie crowd gets ramped up for The Lost Boys, who are behind Kendo, who is trying to get to his feet in the corner.

Jim Gunt: Chaos has reigned supreme and you can barely hear yourself think as this hyped up Sydney crowd cheers for their hometown heroes The Lost Boys!

Rolash tries to clean out his ears with his pinky and responds.

Mike Rolash: Right you are Jim! And just listen to this crowd cheer for their Boys! Maybe I should try retiring and

coming back...

Jim only shakes his head as Dean centers in on his prey, lifting up Kendo as he is turning around for his patented True Blue Thunderbomb as Sam leaps up in the air and grabs Kendo by the neck, hitting him with his variation of a jumping neckbreaker!

Jim Gunt: Lost in Translation! Looks like The Boys got it!

Mike Rolash: This has to be it since I don't see Ghost getting up any time soon.

Trent slides in as the crowd roars the count with him.

ONE!! (ONE!)

TWO!! (TWO!)

THREE!! (THREE!)

Jim Gunt: They did it! The months apart did nothing to tear apart the bond between brothers as The Lost Boys have come back and sent a message to the tag team champs!

Mike Rolash: That's right! And that message kids, is that if you're a veteran of your craft, and you're able to take advantage of situations, you MIGHT just come back and win a non title match after your partner is destroyed.

Jim looks like he is going to retort as Cheshire just looks at the ring, shrugs and turns to walk away, only to get hit by a running boot to the face by MJ! The crowd cheers in glee as MJ poses with a couple fans in the front row and Cheshire is left on the ground.

Just One

Match

We cut backstage suddenly, to see Tara Robinson in front of the CWF Confliction promo banner.

Tara Robinson: Well, that was certainly unexpected, if not altogether unsurprising, as the Lost Boys have made a triumphant return to the ring! I'm currently waiting for--

She's cut off as MJ Flair walks past her, does a double take, and stops.

Tara Robinson: MJ Flair, former CWF World Champion. MJ, I know you've been petitioning for a match with Cheshire since your return, but--

She holds up a hand, cutting Tara off. As they have always shown mutual respect, this is a surprise to the reporter.

MJF: Stop right there. I don't care about Cheshire. I wanted a match with the Jagged Grin, not the Grin without a Cat. And I definitely didn't want to be on the same team as--

MJ stops talking and her gaze moves from Tara... upwards.

Into Cheshire's face.

Cheshire: This is bigger than you, Mariella. I've got the Beast locked up for the benefit of this entire company, and the fact that you keep provoking her is making it more and more difficult to do. You need some closure?

She pauses, and the two lock eyes.

Cheshire: You and me, one on one, next week.

Before MJ can respond, Cheshire pulls the microphone right up to her own face.

Cheshire: It will have to do.

And she walks away, still showing the after effect of the prior match. Tara watches her go, and turns her attention back to MJ.

Tara Robinson: Your response?

MJ stares after Cheshire for a moment, then glares at Tara and walks in the other direction.

Cut.

Ataxia vs. Dan Ryan

Match

Jim Gunt: The announcements are just flying in tonight, what about MJ Flair and Cheshire potentially next week?

Mike Rolash: Pfft.

Jim Gunt: Sometimes I envy your enthusiasm, Mike. And now also The Lost Boys and V.E.N.O.M for the number one contender spot against the Samoan Ghost Connection at Confliction, this is getting more and more exciting!

Mike Rolash: Pffft.

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

The lights flicker as the voice of the madman booms over the PA System.

"AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA"

"Dangerous Tonight" by Alice Cooper starts to play as Ataxia enters the arena wearing a plain black trench coat over his normal attire, walking with a cane with a raven's head carved into the top. Ataxia spins the cane around and attempts to high five a couple of fans who just boo and scream back at him. The Messiah Pariah shakes his head at the response from the fans, eventually turning back and leaping into the ring. He takes off his coat and gives the cane and trenchcoat to a ring attendant as Ataxia awaits his opponent pacing back and forth in the ring.

Ray Douglas: First, from unknown, he is the Messiah Pariah....ATAXIA!!

Jim Gunt: Well Mike, you can come out from under the table now.

Mike Rolash: Are you sure?

The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of Smashing Pumpkins' "Zero" plays. When the riff audio kicks it up a notch, Dan Ryan steps out and pauses, looking into the audience, then heads down the aisle as pyro blasts behind him. The video shows clips from his career: taking Impulse's head off with a clothesline, countering a Castor Strife dive into a vicious powerslam, smirking as he pins Bronson Box, viciously tapping out Zach van Owen in the Modern Warfare Tournament. The confident Ryan struts out from the back, waiting just a second at the top of the ramp to take in the ovation from the jam packed Australian crowd. He makes his way down to the ring, sliding in and brushing right past Ataxia who has his head bent to the side, heading to his own corner and crouching down to wait for the announcement of Douglas.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Houston, Texas, he is the Egobuster....DAN RYAN!!

Jim Gunt: This should be an incredibly interesting matchup, Mike.

Mike Rolash: I don't know. Seems like we've seen this one before.

Jim Gunt: Deja vu? Come on Mike, this is a rematch of their amazing semifinal bout that took place just a few weeks ago at Modern Warfare...

Mike Rolash: Oh yeah, that's right.

Jim Gunt rolls his eyes at ringside as Clark Summits calls for the bell to begin this matchup. Ataxia doesn't even let Dan Ryan get fully up to his feet, running at him at full speed and flipping into the air.

Jim Gunt: CANNONBALL BY THE MADMAN!

Mike Rolash: Dan Ryan has been taken out of his element right out of the gate!

Jim Gunt: And now Ataxia has the Egobuster by the arm, holding onto Ryan's wrist as he walks across the top rope. OH MY GOD- LEAPING SNAP HURRICANRANA OFF THE SPRINGBOARD!

The Sydney, Australian fans are on their feet cheering by default, despite the recent turn of their former hero Ataxia. He springs to his feet, wide-eyed as he turns his head to face all of them and then back to Dan Ryan who is somehow already up and jams his pointer finger right into the eye hole of the Messiah Pariah! Ataxia screams out in anger, but Ryan grabs ahold of him by the bag mask, pulling him in for a headlock.

Jim Gunt: The wily veteran Dan Ryan is playing true to his gameplan, trying just like he did at Modern Warfare to get into the head of the Messiah Pariah.

Mike Rolash: And that's exactly where Ryan is making the mistake, Jim. You can't get into the head of a madman as deranged as Ataxia is, the man just doesn't think like a normal human being!

Jim Gunt: Well he's doing a pretty good job so far, Mike, as the Ego Buster now has his hands all over that bag mask of Ataxia, ripping and tearing at it as he cranks on that Headlock!

An agitated Ataxia blasts Ryan in the gut with an elbow, the Ego Buster holding on until he receives yet another elbow that forces him to let go of the headlock. The ringside fans laugh aloud as the Messiah Pariah staggers around, his mask ripped to the side and his vision obstructed. The Bagman pulls his mask back to its regular position, angrily looking out to the Australian fans and flicking them all off. He turns back around right into the arms of the awaiting Ryan.

Jim Gunt: FULL NELSON SLAM! The Ego Buster covers!

ONE!

TWO!

Mike Rolash: But Ataxia kicks out!

Jim Gunt: You almost seem like you're rooting on Ataxia tonight, Mike.

Mike Rolash: What can I say, something's changed about the bagman...

Jim Gunt: You're such a hypocrite.

Dan Ryan is up to his feet and surprisingly as quick as a fox Ataxia is right up with him, ducking underneath a Clothesline attempt from Ryan before springing into the ropes and connecting HARD with a Bushido Kick! The Messiah Pariah pulls Ryan up off the canvas by his hair, slapping him several times against his cheek with his black gloves. A frustrated Ryan attempts to get up by Ataxia holds his arms back, putting pressure on his back. His attention is diverted as the Australian crowd cheers aloud.

Jim Gunt: Look who is making his way out to ringside, Mike!

Mike Rolash: What the hell is The Shadow doing out here...

Jim Gunt: Well the Weaver of Dreams is our World Heavyweight Champion, and after the way that the Modern Warfare pay per view ended, I can certainly see why the man would have some interest in this match.

As Ataxia watches his former stablemate coming down the ramp with a stern look on his face and the championship title tightly strapped to his waist, Dan Ryan is easily able to break out of the arm lock and get back to his feet. A European Uppercut from the Ego Buster is enough to knock Ataxia into the ropes, and following a shoulder block Ryan shoots him into the far side.

Jim Gunt: OVERHEAD BELLY TO BELLY- but Ataxia lands on his feet!?

Mike Rolash: That was awesome!

The Messiah Pariah catches his balance perfectly after landing right on his feet following the toss, waving his gloved finger at Ryan as he turns around. A steamed Ego Buster charges at him but Ataxia leaps up, catching him in mid-air and blasting him headfirst with a Jumping DDT!

Jim Gunt: What a DDT there from the Messiah Pariah, but the madman is failing to go for the cover, Mike. He instead chooses to turn his attention over to the Shadow, laughing at the man from inside the ring!?

Mike Rolash: Yeah, Ataxia hasn't gotten any less weird, has he?

The Shadow waves his fingers at Ataxia, telling him to focus on the match at hand as he watches on solemnly. Ataxia does a dance for his former best friend before turning back to Ryan and stomping him right in the back of the knee. Ryan squirms away just in time to avoid another stomp, rolling out of the ring to avoid the attack. The Ego Buster raises his finger to his head as if to say he once again outsmarted the Bagman, but he's not prepared for the unorthodox Ataxia.

Jim Gunt: SUICIDE DIVE FROM THE MESSIAH PARIAH! Dan Ryan just felt flying into the barricade!

Mike Rolash: The Shadow now getting a bird's eye view of just what's in store for him when Ataxia finally gets his hands on him again!

The Sydney fans clamor to the barricade to watch as Ataxia pulls himself out of the ball that him and Ryan landed in after the near literal Suicide Dive, going right over to the Shadow and getting right in the face of the World Champion. The Messiah Pariah begs his former friend to hit him in the bagged face, but the Shadow is having none of it as Clark Summits begins counting both Tax and Ryan out of the match.

ONE!

Jim Gunt: Referee Clark Summits was being very lenient letting both Dan and Ataxia outside the ring for a few seconds before just now starting to count the both of them out.

Mike Rolash: He's certainly being lenient in his officiating tonight, if I were in there I would have called for a disqualification as soon as that idiot Shadow put his nose into yet another match.

TWO!

Having enough of the trash talk from his former friend, the Shadow turns around to head back up the ramp, just to be turned back around by Ataxia who slaps him right across the face!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: All bets are off now, Mike! Ataxia just provoked the champion!

Mike Rolash: This is ruining a perfectly good match. Get the Shadow out of here, ref!

FOUR!

Jim Gunt: Clark Summits isn't forcing the Shadow from ringside just yet, but he isn't having any problems counting out Ataxia and Dan Ryan either!

Mike Rolash: Rising dropkick from the Ego Buster! Ataxia didn't even see it coming because he was spending all his time with Shadow.

FIVE!

A doubled over Ataxia is pulled off the barricade, taking a chop across the neck from Dan Ryan as he walks up the ramp with him several feet before hip tossing him over his shoulder right onto the steel!

SIX!

Ryan baseball slides on the ramp as Ataxia rolls over trying to get to his feet, connecting with a kick right to his bagged face! The Messiah Pariah slaps the steel ramp, screaming out in pure anger as he takes all the pain and turns it into fury, pulling both him and Ryan up to their feet and blasting him with a right hand. Ryan with one of his own!

SEVEN!

Jim Gunt: This one is breaking down fast, Mike! The Shadow has done nothing to cause any interference in this match, his sole intent to measure up the competition here tonight and maybe get into the mindset of his former friend after he turned on him following their match at Modern Warfare.

Mike Rolash: The Shadow may not have interfered, but he is going to cause this match to end up in a double countout!

EIGHT!

Jim Gunt: I still don't figure how it is the World Champion's fault as he simply stands at the bottom of the ramp watching as Ataxia and Dan Ryan continue battling up it. Clark Summits is doing his best to give both men leeway in the ring, but it's beginning to look like this one is going to end in a no contest.

NINE!

Neither men paying any attention to the count getting to it's peak, Ataxia and Ryan continue nailing each other with hard punches, back and forth as neither men will let themselves fall off their feet. Finally Ryan lands a Discus Elbow that leaves Ataxia reeling as the final count comes out.

TEN!

Jim Gunt: It's over, Mike!

Ray Douglas: As a result of a double countout...this match has been ruled a NO CONTEST!!

Mike Rolash: God damn it, Shadow!

Jim Gunt:

Ryan yanks Ataxia off his knees by his mask, pulling him by it all the way over to the CWF tron where he blasts him bag mask face first onto the tron. Tax is back with a kick to his gut from behind, before taking his own shot at the tron, pulling Ryan's head back and cracking his face right into the steel frame.

Jim Gunt: We need some security out here, Mike. This match is over now, and these two are still going at it!

Mike Rolash: And The Shadow is making his way up the ramp, I told you the son of a bitch was to blame for all of this!

Ataxia takes the head of Dan Ryan backward again but the Ego Buster is able to slip out from his grasp before taking another knock out shot, the Bagman turning around to face him before taking a Superkick! The Messiah Pariah is down to one knee, but Ryan will not let him rest.

Jim Gunt: The Ego Buster has Ataxia in his hands....DRAGON SUPLEX OFF THE FUCKING RAMP!!!

Mike Rolash: The Messiah Pariah just landed onto the concrete fifteen feet below! He HAD to have been broken in half there, Jim!

Jim Gunt: And The Shadow is indeed at the top of the ramp now, as him and Dan Ryan both watch the unconscious Ataxia lay in an absolute heap on the other side of the ramp.

Mike Rolash: Medical personnel is now making their way out here with a gurney, thank god, placing the Bagman gently on that thing. GENTLY, I say!

Jim Gunt: Oh Jesus, Mike. Wait a minute...Ataxia has sat up....and he's laughing at Ryan and the Shadow!?

The Messiah Pariah looks on at the somewhat frightened looks of both Dan Ryan and the World Champion as he cackles his trademark laugh back at them.

"AHAHAHAHAHAHAAA!"

Dan Ryan and The Shadow look on, a bit perplexed, when suddenly Ataxia slumps back down to the gurney mid-laugh. Ryan looks at The Shadow, who merely stares at the big newcomer. Ryan's eyebrows raise slightly.

"Your friend?"

The Shadow keeps his stare on Ryan, not interested in conversation. Ryan shrugs and turns, walking back through the curtain after a final glance at medical personnel wheeling Ataxia out.

Where in the World is Tobias Devereaux? Part III

Match

The cameras cut backstage again, where Nathan Paradine is shown walking following his match against Silas Artoria. He looks more than a little worse for wear after barely coming out on top of another hellacious Paramount Grand Prix match, walking with a slight limp and rubbing at his shoulder. He pauses as TJ Flint walks past, however the Head of Security simply shakes his head and continues walking, as does Paradine. The Australian Submission Machine continues walking, until he passes Harmon Leggett and Jack Berardi in deep conversation. Both men stop talking as he approaches.

Jack Berardi: You, uh, you looked good out there tonight Nathan.

Nathan Paradine: Yeah, sure...

Paradine continues walking, and both men resume their conversation. Eventually he finds himself in a backstage parking lot, devoid of life and dimly lit.

Nathan Paradine: Dammit, must've taken a wrong turn...

Paradine turns to leave, however something catches his eye; something small and black, rolling along the ground like a tumbleweed. He sticks out his foot and it topples to a stop on the ground in front of him. He kneels down and picks it up, carefully examining it in his hands.

Nathan Paradine: Well I'll be damned.

Paradine laughs as he holds it up to the light; it's a battered black fedora, identical to the one worn by Tobias Devereaux. Still laughing, he tosses the hat aside and turns to walk back inside the Sydney Superdome.

Nathan Paradine: Tobias, you bastard... I know you're out there somewhere, mate. And I'm gonna find you!

The camera cuts back to ringside as the backstage door slams shut behind Paradine.

The Shadow (c) & "Big Rig" Clyde Walker vs. The Smokin' Aces (Duce Jones & Freddie Styles)

Match

Mike Rolash: I don't like this, I don't like this, I don't like this!

Jim Gunt: What? That Nathan finally seems to be hot on the trail of Tobias?

Mike Rolash: Who cares about Tobias? Ataxia! I thought that he finally was coming around, but this is just creeeeeepy! And that Shadow guy is everywhere tonight!

Jim Gunt: Well, he is our current champion, so...

Mike Rolash: Again, who cares? Can't just stay in the shadows for once?

Jim Gunt: OK, calm down, man, you're going to have a heart attack! I want to get rid of you, but not this way.

Mike Rolash: Aaw, that is one of the nicest things you have said all night.

Jim Gunt: It was? Well, I guess it kind of was... Anyways, moving on, it is main event time and this is a hot one right from the get go, especially with Freddie Styles and Clyde Walker about to sign a contract for their match at Confliction, but Ray is chomping at the bits, so over to you, Mr. Douglas!

Ray Douglas: The following tag team contest is YOUR MAIN EVENT and is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

The Sydney Superdome becomes engulfed in darkness, soon the ominous keyboard opening of "Mea Culpa" by After Forever begins to play. With the chorus setting in, fog begins to billow out from behind the curtains, making its way down the aisle and surrounding the ring.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, being accompanied by Myfanwy verch Owain! From Calgary, Alberta, Canada... weighing two hundred thirty pounds! He is YOUR CWF WORLD CHAMPION! THE SHADOW!

Two hooded figures emerge through the smoke as the fans go insane, instantly recognizing them, they both remove their hoods as we can now make them out to be Myfanwy and CWF World Champion, The Shadow. With the choir reaching their crescendo, flickering purple lights guide them on their way towards the ring.

Jim Gunt: The World Champion looks ready for action here tonight. Especially for a man who seems to be on a major roll since winning that belt.

Mike Rolash: At first, I was kind of skeptical of what type of champion he'd be, especially given his track record with titles.

Jim Gunt: Yes and with Modern Warfare finally in the books, we can all say he's a deserving champion.

Mike Rolash: I'm not gonna say all of that, but I will say, I'm a little more than surprised that he still has it in his possession.

Myfanwy moves around ringside, giving Rolash a cold stare as The Shadow can be seen removing his robe and championship belt before handing it to the ringside attendant. Trent Robbins, the official for this match is over to check the champ as the backwater, lo-fi guitar breaks and enters through the speakers as the lights die down. As soon as this happens, the crowd becomes illuminated by cell phone lights.

Ray Douglas: His partner, being accompanied to the ring by the Fifth Wheel Boys! From Broken Arrow, Oklahoma... weighing three hundred ninety five pounds...."Big Rig" CLYDE WALKER!!

Big Rig and his Fifth Wheel boys appear - with the boys carrying the Osage-nation buffalo skin themed flag of Oklahoma proudly. Rig holds onto a can of beer and stops at the end of the stage to gaze out towards the crowd. He nods his head to the music, takes a sip of his beer, and then stretches his arms outward. He looks up toward the ceiling and screams:

Big Rig: GET OUT THE WAY - THE BOYS ARE HERE!

Jim Gunt: Indeed they are and like always, the CWF officials have put together a doozy of a combination with Big Rig teaming with the World Champ.

Mike Rolash: Sometimes Jimbo, I believe that bagged freak is still booking the matches around here, we all saw how MJ and Cheshire turned out earlier.

Clyde slides underneath the bottom rope, lays there for a second with a tongue-exposed grin. The Shadow gives Myfanwy a side eye as Walker gets to his feet and raises his hands in the air as "Chosen One" by Valley of Wolves dies down. Suddenly the upbeat atmosphere in Sydney shifts, as "Broken Dreams" by Shaman's Harvest starts to play. A solitary spotlight illuminates the entranceway as the Smokin' Aces emerge along with Byson Kaliban. Kaliban is upbeat and headed for the ring as the two men meander to the ring, slowly, without a care in the world.

Ray Douglas: Their opponents, at a combined weight of four hundred thirty eight pounds! Accompanied to the ring by Byson Kaliban! Representing The Glass Ceiling, Freddie Styles, Duce Jones... SMOKIN' ACES!!

Byson makes his way towards the Aces' corner, Styles and Jones both enter the ring, illuminated by the sole spotlight and stand center stage. In unison, the two extend their right index fingers to the sky, meeting in the middle, bringing the lights back up.

Jim Gunt: Here are a group of men that have been feuding heavily with Rig and the Fifth Wheel boys and the World Champ is confused to why he's even apart of this contest.

Mike Rolash: Well I know Duce personally takes this on as a challenge to place his name in the hat for the top contenders to the World Heavyweight championship.

Walker steps to the apron for his team, allowing The Shadow to start things off with Duce Jones, who's stepped up for his team, Freddie taking position on the apron. The Sydney fans get riled up as Trent Robbins calls for the bell and both men begin to circle around the ring. They meet in the center with a tie-up, quickly gaining the upper hand, the World Champ ducks behind Jones applying a rear waistlock. Jones however is able to reverse with a standing switch, now with his own rear waistlock applied. Struggling against the hold, The Shadow is able to break the grip of Jones, quickly grabbing his arm and transitioning to an arm wrench.

Jim Gunt: A very technical approach to start things off between the current and former World Champions. Jones able to execute a roll through, using his foot to break The Shadow's grip. Jones takes the champ down with a leg trip and now has a Front Chancery applied to The Shadow.

Mike Rolash: Jones talked a big game towards The Shadow and tonight he gets to prove his point. Though, The Shadow has been able to magically overcome the odds week in and week out.

Able to work his way to his feet, The Shadow manages to push Jones back towards the ropes where Robbins is immediately there to force the break. Respectfully obliging, the Weaver of Dreams back pedals as a furious Jones looks on, however he quickly runs at The Shadow who catches him with a boot to the gut, doubling him over. The Shadow now applies a side headlock, but Jones backs him into the ropes before shooting him across the ring. Rebounding off the opposite set, The Shadow drops Duce to the mat with a shoulder block. Bouncing off the ropes to his right, The Shadow runs over top Jones, who's rolled to his stomach. Getting to his feet, Jones is able to dodge out of the way of Hammer of the Gods attempt as the champ crashes to the canvas. Jones is right on him, bringing The Shadow up to his feet and lifting him onto his shoulders with a fireman's carry. The champ is able to avoid the Final Tic 2.0 as he lands on his feet and backs up a bit, the Sydney fans showing appreciation for the encounter.

Jim Gunt: These two men extremely familiar with each other and it showed there!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, neither man were able to gain any distinct advantage, but now they're both tagging out to their partners. But I don't think that was a good idea, at least on Freddie's behalf, considering what happened the last time

him and Big Rig met in the ring.

Clyde Walker has a smile bigger than Texas plastered on his face as he and Styles circle each other. The larger Walker goes in for a lock up, however Styles quickly rolls out of the way. Turning towards a rising Styles, Big Rig smirks as he offers up his right hand for a test of strength. Now smirking himself, Styles plays along as he reaches up with his left hand. Before they are able to interlock fingers, Styles shoots a hard low kick into the left leg of Walker. With the big man hobbling, Styles hits the ropes, before returning and bringing Rig down with a basement dropkick to his left leg. Choosing to stay on the attack, Styles applies a leglock and proceeds to work the exposed knee over with elbow shots.

Jim Gunt: Looks like Freddie hasn't forgotten about his attack on Walker's leg at Modern Warfare, choosing to go right for it at the early stages of this match.

Mike Rolash: It's a smart strategy, Jimbo. Even though The Shadow may be champ, Walker is a near four hundred pound, hulk of a man. But if you take his legs out, it may pose more of a problem for the team later on.

Searching for an escape, Walker tries his best to get Styles off of his leg. Suddenly, as if Walker gets a bright idea, he viciously wraps his arms around the neck of Styles with a sleeper hold.

Jim Gunt: The Truck Stop Daydream applied by Walker!

Mike Rolash: I'm willing to bet money that he didn't see that one coming...

Caught in a panic, Freddie Styles claws at Walker's arm as Rig can be heard screaming, "Sleep, pig! Sleep!" However Mr. Ballgame is well rested as he flips his legs over his head, shifting all of his body weight onto the shoulders of Big Rig which are now pinned to the mat! Robbins makes the count, but Walker quickly releases the hold and kicks out simultaneously. With haste, both men are back to their feet, eyeing each other down. Styles tries to rub some of the feeling back into his neck as Walker shakes some life into his leg. Trying to take advantage, Styles charges in but receives a knee to the gut. A hard clubbing blow has Styles down on the canvas, but he's able to roll out of the way of an elbow drop. Being the quicker of the two gives him the advantage as he's first to his feet and catches Rig with a dropkick!

Mike Rolash: Styles with a dropkick, that only seems to have pissed Big Rig off...

Seeing red like a bull, Walker charges with a head full of steam towards Freddie. However using great ring awareness, Styles has neared the ropes and pulls them down as Walker goes tumbling over the top and to the outside. Slowly rising to his feet, Walker isn't able to get out of the way of a flying Freddie Styles who takes him back down to the floor with a Suicide Dive! Byson and Duce can be seen encouraging Styles on as he gets to his feet, he moves in on a rising Walker and blasts him in the face with a right hand that has Rig stunned a bit.

ONE!

TWO!

Not letting up, Styles fires off a knife edge chop that blisters the huge chest of Big Rig as the Sydney fans let out a collective, "WOOOO!" Looking to Irish whip Walker across ringside into the guardrail proves to be a bad idea as Big Rig reverses, sending Styles crashing bodily into the barricade!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: The strength of Walker once again proving to be too much for Styles as he's able to reverse that Irish whip!

FOUR!

Mike Rolash: Styles hit that barricade hard, I hope he's able to get back in this thing.

FIVE!

Pulling his jeans up as he heads for Styles, the Fifth Wheel boys cheer him on as he brings Freddie upright and takes him near the apron. Hooking his arm across the chest of Styles, he lifts him up and slams him violently against the ring apron with an uranage slam!

SIX!

Jim Gunt: Come on guys, get back in the ring!

You can hear the fans cringe as Freddie's body connects with the apron and instantly slumps. Styles slowly rolls inside of the ring under the bottom rope, trying to avoid any more damage as Big Rig slides in behind him. Grabbing Freddie by his locks, he drags him to his teams' corner, throwing Styles inside, into a prone seated position as he tags The Shadow back in. Entering the ring, The Shadow brings Styles up and takes him to a neutral corner where he slams his head into the top turnbuckle. With Styles slumped in the corner, The Shadow connects with a few boots to the midsection that drop Styles down in the corner. Bringing him back up, he's surprised by Styles who begins to go on a rampage with forearm shots to the champ's jaw! However the Weaver of Dreams is able to stop the onslaught with a knee to the gut. With a quick arm wrench, The Shadow takes Freddie to the canvas with a Russian Leg Sweep, swiftly floating over into the pin as Trent Robbins is over to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Styles able to get his shoulder off of the canvas! The Shadow has Styles back to a vertical base as he brings him to the corner and tags Big Rig back into the match.

Mike Rolash: It seems so far, that Walker and The Shadow are on the same page here in this match. But the Aces aren't three times Tag Team Champions for no reason.

Big Rig has Freddie pinned in the corner as he unloads with a barrage of elbow strikes that connect wherever they land as Styles tries his best to cover up. The Hammer Derby has him stunned as almost without hesitation, Rig sends Styles flying and crashing hard onto the center of the ring with a Biel Throw. As Styles tries to recover, Walker bounces off of the ropes, jumps up in the air and brings all three hundred and ninety five pounds of Oklahoman down on top of him, holding on for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: How did he kick out of that!? That was almost four hundred pounds that came crashing down on top of him!

Mike Rolash: I don't know, but it's a testament to the resilience of the Hall of Famer.

Walker doesn't waste time complaining as he sits Styles up and applies a shoulder claw, trying his best to cause Styles significant nerve damage. Styles can be seen fading a bit as Kaliban shouts for him to get back in the fight, on the apron Jones is pounding away on the top turnbuckle trying to surge some energy to his partner. A large section of fans yell out for Freddie to tap, but he refuses to go down that easily. Reaching up and grabbing at the back of Walker's head, Styles works his way up but quickly sits back down, driving the top of his skull into Walker's jaw, stunning him! Styles crawls towards Jones as Byson screams for him to get there, but he's stopped as Walker stomps down hard onto his back.

Jim Gunt: Styles really in a bad spot as Walker is trying to keep him neutralized.

Mike Rolash: Styles needs to find a way to not let this get out of hand, like what happened at Modern Warfare.

Now with his enemy back vertical, Walker Irish whips him hard, chest first into a neutral corner and soon sends him flying overhead with his patented Flapjack Blues! Crashing hard on the canvas, Styles tries to collect himself in the opposite corner as Big Rig smiles, looking over at Jones, who's clearly upset. As Styles gets to a vertical base, Rig comes charging in at Styles who catches him with a boot to the jaw! Walker is sent reeling, clutching at his jaw as Styles slowly makes his way towards Jones. Right before he's able to make the tag, Walker is right on the scene, bum rushing Jones and knocking him off the apron! Turning his attention back to Freddie, he connects with a right hand that sends Styles staggering backwards along the ropes. Now with an Irish whip, Walker's lariat attempt is ducked as Styles catches him unsuspectingly when he turns with a Pele Kick! Walker stumbles away, grabbing at his face as Jones can be seen reaching out for the tag and he gets it as Styles leaps out to slap his hand!

Jim Gunt: And here comes Jones, maybe he'll have better luck with the leader of the Snake Nation.

Mike Rolash: Look at him, he's been anxious to get back in the ring.

Jones comes in with a fire lit like none other, firing off a few European uppercuts into the chest of Walker that back him into the ropes, before firing off a headbutt that stuns both men collectively, thanks to the added impact of the protective mask that Jones is wearing. Recovering quickly, a wild swing by Walker is dodged as Jones connects with a stiff kick to Rig's chest! Soon Walker's bell is rung as Duce catches him across the temple with a spinning back fist, a low kick to the left leg, drops Clyde to a knee as he is soon counting birdies, courtesy of a D-Trigga Knee Strike! The big man goes down as a determined Jones uses his strength to shoot the half and goes for the cover, Trent coming over to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Jones looking like he hasn't missed a step during his time away from the ring.

Mike Rolash: Also looks like he put on a few extra pounds while he was gone as well. Maybe that will work to his advantage as he managed to get Rig down for at least a pin attempt.

The Shadow can be heard shouting encouragement to Clyde along with Myfanwy and the boys. Duce looks out towards the Sydney fans who are sending jeers his way, he simply flips them off before going back on the attack. Rig is to a knee as Jones connects with a forearm to the jaw, however Rig is now vertical, causing Jones to jump a bit to connect with his next forearm blow. Shaking it off though, Clyde clobbers Duce across the neck with the inside of his forearm violently, sending Jones crashing to the canvas. Holding the side of his neck, Walker goes back to his corner where he tags The Shadow back into the match.

Jim Gunt: That's one way to stop someone's momentum...

Mike Rolash: Duce might have to go back on the shelf after that one.

Coming into the ring, The Shadow brings Jones to his feet, but quickly takes him down with a neckbreaker. Opting not to go for the pin, The Shadow brings Jones back vertical, but before he can execute anything, Jones rakes him across the face, blinding him momentarily. Tagging back out to Styles, Freddie charges in but catches an enziguri for his troubles from a recovering Shadow. With Styles down, The Shadow connects with a knee drop and goes for the pin, but only gets a one count. Bringing Styles back upright, The Shadow whips him across the ring, upon his return, Styles is able to duck underneath a clothesline attempt, holding onto the ropes. Turning around, The Shadow charges at

Styles but catches a boot for his troubles. Styles reaches out and tags Jones as he focuses back on the World champ. Taking The Shadow over with a snapmare, Jones can be seen rebounding off the ropes in front of the champ and just destroys his face with a knee smash, the sound of the skin to skin contact echoing throughout the arena!

Jim Gunt: I think the message was just sent loud and clear to the World champ as the Aces are able to show why they are one of the most decorated tag teams in CWF.

Mike Rolash: Oh the joy that knee strike just brought to my life.

Duce stalks methodically around the ring as the Sydney fans boo, not paying them any mind, he rushes over and returns the favor, knocking Big Rig off of the apron before turning his attention back to The Shadow. Bringing him to a vertical base, Jones connects with a headbutt that has The Shadow reeling into a neutral corner. Moving in, Jones stings The Shadow with a right hand, followed by a hard chop, another right hand followed by a chop. Duce continues this combination until The Shadow slumps in the corner, where Jones begins to choke him with his foot. Robbins administers the mandatory five count, Jones using every bit of it, releasing at the count of four. Myfanwy begins to pound on the apron as the fans join in with her, trying to rally the World Champion back into the match.

Jim Gunt: We are seeing a more intense Jones as he uses the count to its full extent.

Mike Rolash: He needs to stay on the attack though, instead of pandering to these stupid fans.

Duce bad-mouths a few of the Sydney faithful before heading back to The Shadow and just socks him as he rises with a forearm. With a handful of the Weaver of Dreams' hair, Jones brings him head first into the top turnbuckle of the Aces' corner as he tags Freddie back in. Together, they irish whip The Shadow across the ring, as he rebounds, he's able to dodge a double clothesline attempt. Hitting the ropes on the opposite side, he catches the former tag champs with double clotheslines of his own, all three men hitting the canvas! The Sydney Superdome explodes as all three slowly rise to their feet. The Weaver of Dreams is able to strike first, nailing Jones with a right hand, Styles receiving a left for his efforts. Another right to Jones, left for Freddie, right, left, right, left, right! With both men dazed, The Shadow lets out a guttural roar before swinging at Styles, who ducks behind him. With a rear waistlock applied, Jones fires a kick to the chest of The Shadow as Styles takes him backwards and over, planting him into the canvas with a German Suplex! He holds on for the pin as Robbins is over to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: That could have easily been it.

Jim Gunt: The Shadow with the shoulder up though after having his steam taken out of him following those amazingly quick punches to both Styles and Jones.

Rebounding off the ropes, Styles nails a knee drop of his own to The Shadow, going for the cover once again but only receiving a one this time. Getting to his feet, he brings The Shadow up as well before tossing him through the ropes and to the outside. Freddie grabs the attention of Robbins as Jones drops from the apron.

Jim Gunt: While Freddie has Trent Robbins distracted, Jones is out here nailing knees to the midsection of The Shadow!

Mike Rolash: Duce is bringing him this way! YES! Face first onto our announce table!

Jim Gunt: You were a little too excited just then Mike.

Jones rolls The Shadow back into the ring as Styles comes back over and goes for the lateral press, hooking the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Styles questions the speed of the count of Trent Robbins, quickly turning back around to bring the World Champ back to his feet and make the tag to Jones. Holding The Shadow prone for Jones, Duce connects with another headbutt, he then begins to drive his knees forcefully into the face of The Shadow, who's trying his best to block them. Now with a hand full of shirt and tights, it's Duce who now tosses the Weaver of Dreams out of the ring as Robbins is over to admonish him.

Jim Gunt: This is a side of the Aces, I don't think no one has seen as they are now simply breaking every rule possible.

Mike Rolash: It's Tag Team 1-0-1, isolate an individual and make sure he's not able to make it to his partner.

Walker is standing on the apron, furious as he begins to stomp hard on the steps, the Sydney fans clapping in rhythm with his cadence. While Jones has Robbins distracted, Styles nails a snap suplex to the floor before quickly climbing back to the apron. Having seen enough, Walker enters the ring with haste, but is instantly cut off by Robbins. As this is taking place inside of the ring, Kaliban has snuck over near The Shadow and begins to choke him at the disapproval of the Sydney fans. He quickly releases though as Mule and Rollins have made their way over. Placing his hands in the air, Kaliban feigns innocence as he backs away, allowing The Shadow to roll back inside of the ring, just as Robbins was about to start his count.

Jim Gunt: Just despicable, is this what we can expect with Byson being at ringside?

Mike Rolash: The Aces came here to win tonight and they'll do it by any means necessary.

Grabbing The Shadow by the foot, Jones drags him to the Aces' corner where he tags Styles back in, Styles follows Jones' lead, grabbing The Shadow's other leg and both men make a wish! Grabbing his groin area in pain, The Shadow rolls around on the canvas as Styles takes his time, bringing him up off the mat. Freddie hooks The Shadow for a back suplex and lifts him in the air before bringing The Shadow crashing back first into both of his knees!

Jim Gunt: We haven't seen Styles use that move in ages, I think that might be it!

Styles goes for the cover as Trent makes the count.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Quickly to his feet, Styles brings Jones back in with a tag, together they bring The Shadow vertical and whips him across the ring. As he rebounds they take him over to the canvas with a hip toss! The Shadow sits up as Styles cartwheels in front of him and connects with a basement dropkick to the face as Jones nails a hard kick to his back! Jones shoves him back down and goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jones gets to his feet and makes the tag to Styles as Walker and the crew gets the crowd to rally behind the World Champ!

Jim Gunt: The Aces again with a quick tag.

Mike Rolash: I think the experience factor of Jones and Styles being a team is starting to take effect.

Styles rushes over towards Rig, trying to knock him off of the apron but Walker is able to dodge out of the way, talking trash to Styles as he turns his attention back to The Shadow. But that's all the time the Weaver of Dreams needs as he destroys Styles with the Hammer of the Gods! The patented running dropkick has Styles down as The Shadow slowly crawling towards his corner. Leaping out, he's able to tag the outstretched hand of Walker who's ready to take care of business! Jones enters the ring as well, charging at Walker going for a bicycle knee strike! Big Rig side steps it and latches his arms around the waist of Jones, launching him backwards with a German Suplex, the impact forcing Jones to slide out of the ring! Back to his feet, Walker catches Styles as he rushes in and gives him the same treatment as Jones!

Jim Gunt: Big Rig is tossing these men around the ring like children!

Mike Rolash: The emotion on Byson's face just went from glee to disappointment in the blink of an eye.

With a wink in the direction of Kaliban, Big Rig scoops Styles off of the canvas and drives him head first into canvas with the SNAKE NATION REVIVAL! HE GOES FOR THE PIN!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Jim Gunt: JONES ABLE TO MAKE THE SAVE FOR HIS TEAM!

Mike Rolash: I think my heart stopped beating for a second.

The Shadow enters the ring and grabs an exhausted Jones off of the canvas and throws him out of the ring. Walker slowly rises to his feet, adjusting his jeans, he looks at The Shadow and then points towards the top rope. With a worn down look in his eyes, The Shadow glances at the top and slowly makes his way to the corner. With the Sydney fans behind him, The Shadow climbs to the top turnbuckle as Big Rig has Styles setup for the Snake Nation Revival once again. However before they are able to pull anything off, Jones is up on the apron, tripping The Shadow, causing his leg to get caught up in the ropes as he falls. With The Shadow stuck in a tree of woe, Jones begins to forcefully choke him as Robbins is over to enforce a break. Meanwhile, Styles has broken free of the clutches of Walker and takes Rig down with a chop block to the left leg!

Jim Gunt: Things have just imploded as Duce is trying to choke the life out of The Shadow and.... What is Byson doing?

Mike Rolash: I don't know but this might not be a smart move.

With Robbins distracted and Styles and Walker down on the mat, Kaliban tries to bring Walker to his feet. However the size and strength of Big Rig is too much for Kaliban as he's shoved to the mat. Trent is still arguing with Jones to release The Shadow, which he finally does but not without arguing back with Robbins. Back in the ring, Walker has Kaliban in his grasp, asking the fans if he should knock Byson out. They cheer in the affirmative, but that quickly changes as Byson let's a field goal kick loose! Instantly releasing Byson, Walker falls to the mat grabbing his balls.

Jim Gunt: A low blow by Kaliban!

Mike Rolash: Walker's gonna need extra toilet time after that one.

Jim Gunt: Styles is going for the cover!

Kaliban rolls out of the ring, immediately taking off in a sprint as the Fifth Wheel Boys give chase. Myfanwy comes over

to try and help The Shadow get free as Jones points towards the ring. Robbins slides back inside to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners by pinfall... SMOKIN' ACES!!

"Broken Dreams" kicks back in as the Sydney fans express extreme disapproval. Styles quickly rolls out of the ring and joins Duce as both men raise their hands high in the air. Myfanwy finally frees The Shadow as the Fifth Wheel Boys return to the ring to check on Walker, who still clutches at his groin.

Jim Gunt: The Aces able to gain the victory thanks to the assist from Byson Kaliban.

Mike Rolash: Maybe he's the x-factor they've been missing, however I know next week the contract signing between Styles and Walker is going to be intense.

Jim Gunt: That's right Mike and you'd have to think The Shadow is not going to let Duce slide with that vicious attack at the closing moments of that match.

Myfanwy checks on The Shadow as he sits on the apron, rubbing his throat and stretching his leg out.

Jim Gunt: That's all the time we have folks, join us next week in Canberra for the forty fourth edition of Evolution. From the great fans here in Sydney, New South Wales and Mike Rolash, I'm Jim Gunt. Goodnight everybody!

The Aces join Byson in the aisle, still celebrating their victory to the jeers of the Australian fans. Duce points at The Shadow and motions that he's coming for the title, which causes The Shadow to scoff as the forty third episode of Evolution comes to a close.

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite