

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 48

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: April 16, 2019
Location: Hutchinson Sports Arena — Hutchinson, Kansas

Results

Ivory Tower

Match

Music plays over the speakers starting out the 48th episode of CWF's flagship show Evolution, and soon the hook for "Something's Got Me Started" starts to belt throughout the arena. The audience send their positive reception down upon Silas Artoria, who emerges from the fog with a noticeable addition around his waistline. The pearl-white Paramount Championship stands out in his usual attire, even when the lights turn up to clearly reveal Silas.

He looks upon the crowd with a sense of pride and accomplishment. Finally. Accepted, and succeeding. He closes his eyes and opens his arms to absorb the atmosphere, soaking it all in like a dry sponge placed gently in water. He slowly opens his eyes, shoots out a grin, and points one hand towards the figure coming out behind him. The two exchange a look, then start to walk towards the ring.

Jim Gunt: Last week we saw Silas fight through an arduous battle against Jimmy Allen. Broken bones, shattered teeth, and everything in between; the Vertigo ladder match had it. It seemed like a near guaranteed victory for Allen, but the sight of that gentleman behind Silas gave him the energy to rally against the pain.

Mike Rolash: Are we going to forget about the Burning Hammer?

Jim Gunt: Not likely. It was that move that finally put Jimmy Allen away and allowed Silas to climb the ladder. Silas Artoria is your Paramount Champion, and two questions remain. What is next for Silas Artoria? And who is the man with him--

Mike Rolash: Hidetaka Ito.

Mia Rayne: Bless you.

Jim Gunt: --I mean what is he doing here--

Mike Rolash: He's standing by Silas Artoria.

Jim Gunt: No! I mean--I--I--Christ, I give up!

Silas stands in the middle of the ring as his music dies down, with the only noise remaining being the adulation of the crowd. Chants of "you deserve it" echo throughout the building, and Silas can't help but soak it in further. Alas, he only has a limited amount of time, and he has to address the audience.

Silas Artoria: Thank you! Thank you! You're far too kind.

The crowd erupt for themselves.

Silas Artoria: I'm not going to lie. When the year started and I suffered my broken ribs, I wasn't sure I was going to last long here. I thought about walking out the door indefinitely because I didn't think there was a possibility I would be able to come back from something as devastating as that.

The jeers rain down. They all know who was responsible, and they nearly lost the man addressing them today.

Silas Artoria: The Paramount Grand Prix both helped and didn't help. I was finally beginning to feel much more comfortable despite breathing difficulties, but when I was nearing success, I was brought back down to the foot of the mountain. I knew the circumstances were less than desirable, but it's hard not to feel like a complete and utter failure after a journey like that.

Deep breath.

Silas Artoria: I started to doubt myself, and I thought I was missing something, because when you look at my history, you see a pattern consisting of me falling at the last hurdle.

Hand out to count.

Silas Artoria: Tag title matches. Lost at Modern Warfare, twice, lost at Unhinged, lost at Summer Games. Impact title match, Golden Intentions, lost. The title match against MJ Flair, fell at the last hurdle. Throughout 2018, I've only had one victory at a PPV, and while I loved every one of those matches, it's hard to be passionate when it wasn't paying off at the most vital points in your career.

Silas pauses for a moment, before he closes his eyes in a somber, almost mournful tone. His face falls empty, and it looks like it is going paler by the second.

Silas Artoria: Almost a year after my last PPV victory, I get another chance at a title, and I wanted something that would prove to be the ultimate test for myself and what I learned, and be symbolic for the victory.

He slowly points towards the other man in the ring. Dressed smart casual and lowly crossing their arms, the Japanese fifty-something man smiles back towards Silas.

Silas Artoria: Two years ago, I had the opportunity to wrestle this man in a ladder match, and after several years of being some D- athlete in a world where only you can only be A+, my experience proved to be the turning point that allowed me to come to this company. This man taught me everything I needed to know in one match, and for that, I am eternally grateful!

Back to the audience.

Silas Artoria: But it's clear that I haven't learned enough, and the relentless attacks from Jimmy Allen ended up being unbeatable...

He turns back to Hidetaka.

Silas Artoria: ...but I didn't want to disappoint you.

Hidetaka indicates to Silas that he wants the microphone, which Silas quickly does so. The worried-like expression of Silas contrasts against the proud expression Hidetaka gives.

Hidetaka Ito: Silas...I've watched you every show and every PPV. You have not disappointed me one bit.

The crowd applaud the compliment as Hidetaka gives an unchanged Silas back the microphone. He takes off the ivory title, and looks lovingly at it.

Silas Artoria: I couldn't have won this without you at ringside. Your arsenal that I was once on the receiving end of was the golden bullet.

He looks back to the audience.

Silas Artoria: This title that I have in my hand was the culmination of numerous battles and several hardships. Hell and back, this journey was forged with sweat and blood, and finally my war has ended!

He holds the title high above, as the crowd again shower their applause upon him.

Silas Artoria: But just because you're a champion doesn't mean that you stop. If anything, it should encourage you to evolve further and further...and so I ask...

He turns to Hidetaka.

Silas Artoria: Hidetaka Ito...I still have much more to learn and this company has threats, old and new, that will stop at nothing to pillage the euphoria of achievement...so...

Pause.

Silas Artoria: [[Will you stand by me and part more of your knowledge]]?

Jim Gunt: What did you think he said?

Mike Rolash: He said "shut up, Jim!"

Hidetaka smiles and nods, and Silas for the first time since the Japanese star spoke, smiles. No sense of wickedness or politeness, but in a sense of inspiration and pride.

Silas Artoria: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, MAY I INTRODUCE TO YOU MY MENTOR AND MANAGER! THE KING OF THE RISING SUN....HIDETAKA ITO!

Breath.

Silas Artoria: This time next week, I will enter the ring. When Evolution ends, I expect my first title defence to be strongly hinted.

He looks to the camera.

Silas Artoria: Athletes of the Championship Wrestling Federation. This is the Paramount Champion speaking to you all. I am Silas Artoria. Battered, bruised, and reinvigorated.

Wicked smile.

Silas Artoria: Come try to take this title off my hands!

He drops the microphone and the two men roughly embrace each other. The crowd shower their approval, as "Somethings Got Me Started" starts to play again.

Jim Gunt: And there you have it! A message to the CWF world! He told us the journey of his hardship, he's acquired a new manager, and sent a message to the entire lockerroom!

Mike Rolash: But what will this mean? Practically.

Mia Rayne: I expect Silas to change his dynamic, and having someone you know personally root for you could be beneficial. Having a friend helps, or in your case, a fra--

Mike Rolash: --finish that sentence and I'll skin you alive!

Autumn Raven vs. Tom Marrow

Match

Jim Gunt: Well, with all that said, let's give it over to Ray as we start this episode of Evolution off with Tom Marrow versus Autumn Raven!

Mike Rolash: You don't have anything to say about Silas and his mentor, Jim?

Ray Douglas: The following is tonight's opening bout scheduled for one fall under a fifteen minute time limit!

The sound of a whip can be heard over the speaker phone as an unknown song begins to play before Tom Marrow "walks" out from behind the curtain, with a brown leather BDSM style mask on with long, floppy ears. Tom gets on all

fours, his neck pulled up in the air by his collar that his master Amanda the Game Warden holds. Amanda walks Tom Marrow out to the ring as the fans at ringside just watch on in amazement.

Ray Douglas: First, from Florida, Ohio, here is “Benji”....TOM MARROW!!

Jim Gunt: Well, that was certainly an interesting ring entrance.

Mia Rayne: I thought I’ve seen and done everything...

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 Raven 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.

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

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Los Angeles, California, weighing 120 pounds, she is the Beautiful Psychopath....AUTUMN RAVEN!!

Jim Gunt: A-Ray is looking more than ready to go after being “drafted” back to the Evolution brand.

Mia Rayne: Autumn has been shifted around more than MJ Flair any time Silas Artoria tries to sit next to her at the catering table, I feel kinda bad for the girl.

Mike Rolash: Oh boo-hoo, Autumn Raven is just lucky that she still has a job.

Jim Gunt: A lot of people say the same thing about you, Mike...

Trent Robbins allows Tom Marrow to disrobe of his outfit, looking at him with a raised eyebrow as he goes over the rules of the match and then does the same for Raven before calling for the bell. Autumn Raven is initially unsure on how to approach Tom Marrow as he simply drops to all fours, crawling over to the Beautiful Psychopath and starting to sniff at her. Her bewilderment turns to amusement and eventually turns to anger as Tom continues to sniff, eventually turning a full three sixty as if he’s done a wonderful trick.

Mike Rolash: What in the HELL is this?

Mia Rayne: What’s a matter Mike, cat got your tongue?

Jim Gunt: Ha ha, I’m pretty sure Tom Marrow or “Benji” is portraying a nice little puppy, not a cat, Mia, but funny reference nonetheless.

Mike Rolash: Seriously though...

Benji looks to his master on the outside of the ring, leaving a now extremely frustrated Autumn Raven with a clear shot as she brings her boot back and then fastly forward- punting Tom Marrow in the face! The crowd cheer wildly as the Beautiful Psychopath goes for a quick cover on the interesting competitor.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO- MARROW REVERES THE COVER, TURNING RAVEN OVER ON HER SHOULDERS!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO! RAVEN KICKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: Close call there as Autumn Raven nearly suffered what many would call a huge upset.

Mia Rayne: A win like this would certainly take Tom out of the dog house, amiright?

Mike Rolash: *rolls eyes*

Both Autumn Raven and surprisingly Tom Marrow are back to their feet, Tom showing agility that no one including himself knew he had as he ducks under a roundhouse kick attempt from Autumn and instead hits her with a double paw smash. Raven tumbles right into the ropes, leaving her prone as Marrow begins to pace in his corner getting a few fans on their feet. He runs at the Beautiful Psychopath and leaps into the air, landing right on the poor girl's face.

Jim Gunt: Tail Wagger! I hear Tom Marrow calls that one the Tail Wagger.

Mike Rolash: My lord, Autumn's poor face!

Bright red in the face, Autumn Raven shoves Tom off of her in the corner, leaving her opponent landing hard on his hip. She quickly goes into attack mode, leaping up and hitting a big Fist Drop that drops Tom Marrow as he tries to get back to his feet. The Beautiful Psychopath pulls him in hard, tugging at the head of Marrow with a headlock, punching him in the face as she does so. He is able to break out and send her into the ropes, but Raven comes back with a leaping Corkscrew Body Splash! Holding on, Autumn goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: As much as I hate to say it, Mike and Mia, this Tom Marrow has more tenacity than I thought he would.

Mike Rolash: Why would you "hate to say it", Jim? I thought you were supposed to be the non-partial one out here.

Mia Rayne: I'm pretty sure we're all being paid to be impartial commentators, Rolash.

Autumn is shocked that she wasn't able to keep Marrow down, heading back for the ropes and dropping a legdrop across his neck. She gets right back up for another, but this time the Game Warden trips the legs out from under her right out of the view of Trent Robbins! Several fans boo as Autumn lands right on her face, but Tom looks to quickly take advantage, grabbing the ankle of Raven and pulling like crazy! ANKLE BITE SUBMISSION!

Jim Gunt: Tom Marrow has Autumn in the Ankle Bite and she has nowhere to go, oh my god she's tapping out!

Mike Rolash: Are you freaking kidding me...

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by submission....TOM MARROW!!

Tom rolls out of the ring with a a goofy smile on his face, being patted immediately by the Warden before he drops back down to all fours and allows his chain to be put back on him. Autumn looks on in shock and anger inside the ring, holding onto her left ankle as she curls up in the middle of the ring watching Tom and Amanda head up the ramp.

Thomas Roll arrives

Match

Mike Rolash: I can't believe what we just witnessed. What is this world coming to?

Mia Rayne: In all honesty? What's wrong with it? It's fresh and something that hasn't been seen before. Welcome to CWF Tom, looking forward to seeing what else you have in store.

Mike Rolash: You would, you... You... Fr...

Jim Gunt: Looks like something is happening backstage! Let's watch!

The scene cuts to outside the arena where we find a strange looking man with a ginger afro wearing full disco gear arguing with a bouncer by the superstars' entrance to the arena.

???: What do you mean I can't come in? Do you even know who I am?

Security: Well you look like you got lost on the way here from some halloween convention if you ask me.

???: How dare you! I am the wrestling legend! To turn me away would be like turning away the president from the white house!

Security: Well I am sorry kid but you are not coming in.

???: Well I am going to have to consult my lawyer on this!

All of a sudden a small monkey in a suit climbs out of the mans top and clambers up onto his shoulder. The man then begins to converse with the monkey.

???: He said I can't go into the arena despite the fact I have signed a contract!

The monkey gibbers and screeches back as the bouncer stands there with a puzzled expression on his face.

???: No I don't have the contract with me I dropped it when I was rollerblading in the back garden earlier.

Screeching.

???: Nevermind "you careless idiot" that isn't the problem at hand right now. The problem is how do I get into the arena.

The monkey climbs up to the man's ear as if whispering.

???: Am I sure thats really a bouncer? Whatever do you mean?

He studies the bouncer in detail.

???: Wait a cotton picking minute! That's no bouncer!

The man walks over to the doorman and rips off his mask revealing a guy wearing 80's attired with sunglasses.

???: It's my personal DJ! DJ Gurtooth!!!

The DJ slides some decks out from behind the stage door and starts spinning the tune "Moves like jagger". The man with the monkey begins to boogie with the monkey seemingly also dancing on his shoulder.

" YEAHHHH THOMAS ROLL IS HERE BABAAAYYYY"

disOrder (Bishop Kingston & Ophelia McVeigh) vs. The Hostile Elite (Nathan Paradine & Trent Steel)

Match

The camera switches back to ringside where Jim, Mia and Mike are all seemingly dumbfounded by what just occurred backstage.

Mike Rolash: I'm wondering, do our talent scouts go to circus events and randomly pick people to sign to contacts?

Mia Rayne: I resent that statement.

Mike Rolash: Just hear me out...

Mia Rayne: I'd rather not... Jim.

Jim Gunt: Indeed a new signing to the ranks of CWF and it's only a matter of time before we are able to see what type of impact he'll be able to make.

Mia Rayne: Now that's professional journalism.

Mike Rolash: If you say so..

Jim Gunt: Well let me intervene before this debate becomes too intense as we are set for tag team action.. The newly formed stable known as disOrder, led by Johnny Graves will see two of their members making their in-ring debut here tonight as they take on Steel and Paradine of Hostile Elite.. Let's send it to Ray.

The scene switches to Ray as the lights throughout the Sprint Center cut out, leaving the fans sitting in complete darkness. Suddenly red and blue lights begin flashing throughout the arena as the sound of police sirens pierce the silence. Suddenly the melody of "Bank Account Remix" blasts from the various speakers.

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

"ONE FALL!"

Ray Douglas: Introducing first..

The fans rise to their feet in a thunderous chorus of boos. There are a few cheers sprinkled in, but they're nothing compared to the intense hatred being shown. After several moments of anticipation, the curtain pulls back and Ophelia McVeigh and Bishop Kingston of disOrder step out onto stage.

Ray Douglas: At a combined weight of five hundred forty pounds.. Bishop Kingston.. Ophelia McVeigh... disOrder!

Both men slowly stalk their way towards the ring as the fans shower them with hatred. Soon making it to ringside, Kingston climbs onto the apron and looks out to the crowd, meanwhile McVeigh slowly, methodically walks up the steel steps to the apron. Both men climb into the ring as McVeigh sprints towards the furthest corner and leaps to the top turnbuckle and stretches his arms out like a crucifix. Bishop, meanwhile marches around, showing little emotion as both men meet in their corner to discuss strategy.

Jim Gunt: Well the talk was talked at Vertigo by Johnny Graves when he introduced these men along with Ciara Kennedy as the faction known as disOrder. But can they walk the walk as they face Nathan and Trent of Hostile Elite?

Mia Rayne: Let's hope that their performance is a thousand times better than Ciara's showing at Vertigo. How dominate can a group be if one of your members is getting beaten senseless inside of the ring?

Mike Rolash: She was facing a near seven foot monster, which is a travesty. A woman as beautiful as her shouldn't be fed to the wolves like that.

The opening riff of "Beat The Devil's Tattoo" by Black Rebel Motorcycle Club begins to blast around the Sprint Center as Nathan Paradine and Trent Steel emerge from behind the curtain, the overhead lights reflecting off both of their trademark glasses.

Ray Douglas: Their opponents, at a combined weight of four hundred forty pounds! They are the team of "The Son of a Bitch" Trent Steel... "The Australian Submission Machine" Nathan Paradine... HOSTILE ELITE!

They both smirk as they survey the crowd for a moment, Paradine thumbs the collar of his leather jacket before flicking his hands outwards and approaches the ring. However his partner Trent takes off in a full sprint down the aisle and slides under the bottom rope once he reaches ringside. Getting to his feet, Steel paces from left to right as he eyes both McVeigh and Kingston... Paradine soon makes it to ringside and walks up the steps, joining his tag partner inside of the ring.

Jim Gunt: This is first time we will see these two team up on Evolution as they both were recently contracted exclusively to Hostility. Embedded in a war with The Reason.

Mike Rolash: Maybe "The Reason".. the brand didn't make it past three episodes...

Mia Rayne: That's where you're wrong Rollie.. Hostility housed a plethora of talented individuals. The brand was simply ran by a schmuck who thought his deep pockets were going to produce a better product.. Boy was he wrong..

Clark Summits is done with his final check on the Elites as he signals for both teams to designate someone to start the contest off. Paradine steps up for his team as Bishop is the man to get things going for disOrder. The two men stand across the ring from each other, the hulking man that is Kingston seems intently focused as Paradine observes his situation. Finally deciding his first form of action, Paradine hits the ropes and barrels right into Kingston but the brute doesn't budge. Sharing a momentary staredown, Nathan rebounds off the ropes again and attempts another shoulder block but gets much of the same result. The fans are trying to encourage Paradine a bit but before he's able to do anything, Kingston lets out a huge roar before sending Paradine down to the canvas with a hard lariat, instantly inciting boos from the crowd.

Jim Gunt: Huge lariat by Kingston, who now brings Paradine back up and plants him back into the mat with a scoop slam.

Mia Rayne: That's a big boy right there..

Mike Rolash: I wonder where Graves recruited this amazing specimen from..

Mia Rayne: I recall earlier, that you said our competitors are found at the circus..

Rolash scowls at Mia as Kingston brings Paradine back to his feet and hooks his head in a cravate hold. He cranks on the submission as Paradine stumbles around the ring a bit, trying to claw at Bishop's fingers. However he doesn't get a chance to release himself as Kingston quickly flips him with a cravate suplex, sending the Australian Submission Machine crashing towards disOrder's team corner. With a handful of hair, Kingston brings Nathan up and tosses him into his team's corner, keeping Nathan trapped, Bishop tags in Ophelia who quickly enters the ring and races towards the opposite corner, where he slides across the mat and then comes charging back in at Paradine. Kingston moves out of the way as McVeigh leaps through the air and connects with a clothesline to Paradine as his legs go through the ropes and sits there smiling at the fans as Paradine stumbles to the canvas. Climbing out of the ropes, a cocky McVeigh goes for the pin but only receives a one count.

Jim Gunt: In the early going of this contest, the team of Kingston and McVeigh are looking quite impressive.

Mia Rayne: That is true, but the question mark is still up in the air about these guys and what type of impact they will have on the CWF.

Mike Rolash: Did either of you not pay attention to Vertigo, these guys work extremely well together. Hell even put Styles in a coma.

Mia Rayne: My emotions are conflicted when it comes to that..

McVeigh complains to Summits about his count but nonetheless goes back to work on Nathan, bringing him up and taking him back down with a Side Russian Leg Sweep. Getting back to his feet, he tags Kingston back into the match as he steps out to the apron. Towering over his downed foe, Kingston brings him up and connects with a Northern Lights Suplex, holding on with the bridge for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Kingston gives Summits a death glare as he slowly rises back to his feet, stomping down on Paradine, before bringing him again to a vertical base. Tagging McVeigh back in, Kingston plants Nathan with a belly to back suplex as McVeigh is over and dropping all of his body weight onto his opponent with a standing senton. He goes for the pin as Summits

makes the count.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Trent in to stop the count and so far these two are looking like a cohesive unit and may have to be included in the conversation as contenders for the CWF Tag Team Titles.

Mia Rayne: It's really too early to tell how things will fan out with these two but their teamwork is quite impressive.

Mike Rolash: These two are going to make waves just as Graves has and I'm willing to bet my last dollar on that.

Summits forces Steel towards his team's corner as McVeigh claps his hands together to signify a tag. Infuriated that Summits acknowledged it, Steel tries to force his way back into the ring, but it's only to the detriment of his partner who's being stomped down in enemy territory. Finally getting Steel under control, Clark turns to just see Ophelia going to the apron as Kingston as Paradine hooked for an Exploder Suplex. But Nathan has the wherewithal to fire elbows into his temple, forcing him to release his grasps. Taking a step back Paradine fires a big boot into the side of Kingston's head, sending him staggering a bit. But he shakes it off and fires a huge forearm into the jaw of Paradine that has stumbling backwards and through the middle ropes.

Jim Gunt: Paradine takes a nasty spill through the ropes... No! Nathan rebounds with some Spare Change for Bishop!

Mia Rayne: That just about took everything he had in him. But who will be the first to make a tag as both men are down?

Mike Rolash: I'm torn because I really like both of these teams..

Jim & Mia: Really?

Mike Rolash: I don't hate the entire roster you guys.

Mia Rayne: Could've fooled me..

Both men lie on the mat as the fans are giving a mixed reaction to the action that's going down. Nathan seems to be in a far more worse condition than Kingston as he's furthest away from his partner. Reaching out, Kingston makes the tag to McVeigh who quickly enters the rings and hits the ropes facing Nathan. Whatever he had planned though is thwarted as Paradine catches him and places e him with his patented Exploder Suplex!

Jim Gunt: PARAPLEX BY PARADINE! Now he just needs to get to Trent and make the tag.

Choosing too dislike disOrder more than Hostile Elite, the fans begin to get behind The Nomad as he crawls towards the outstretched hand of Steel. As he continues to press towards Trent, Ophelia slowly recovers and notices Nathan's positioning. With angst, McVeigh is on him just as he's about to tag Trent, grabbing Paradine's leg. Rolling to his back as McVeigh still holds onto his foot, Nathan gains some leverage and his able to shove the lighter McVeigh backwards and crashing to the mat as he rolls over and stretches out for the tag to Trent. Clark makes it official as Trent comes in like he's been shot out of a cannon. He drops a rising McVeigh with a clothesline as he continues on to knock Bishop from the apron with a running dropkick! Turning his attention back to The Devil's Advocate, dropping him as he gets vertical with a running shoulder tackle. Continuing though and rebounding off the opposite ropes, the Son of a Bitch drops The Truth as he rises again with another shoulder tackle. McVeigh is back upright again and swinging wildly at Steel, who catches his hand and twist it behind him own back before destroying Ophelia's heart with a punch!

Jim Gunt: Heart Punch by Steel drops McVeigh as he hooks the leg going for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kingston is there to stop the count, but it's Paradine who makes his presence known as he throws his body into Kingston and both men go tumbling over the top rope, crashing to the outside! The fans go crazy for the heroic display as a incensed Steel gets back to his feet. McVeigh is able to get to his feet as well and makes a beeline for Steel who catches the overzealous man and swiftly lifts him into his shoulders. Without hesitation, Trent takes off running towards a corner and sends Ophelia crashing violently into it with a Death Valley Driver!

Jim Gunt: PITTSBURG NIGHTMARE FROM STEEL AND THIS ONE IS ALL OVER GUYS!

Steel yanks McVeigh out of the corner as he drops on top of him with confidence going for the pin as Summits is over to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THRRR-

Jim Gunt: What the hell?

Mia Rayne: Another match ruined..

The body of Summits is pulled from the ring by an appearing Ciara Kennedy who now smiles in his face as he begins to admonish her. Hearing none of it, she nails Clark with a right hand that leaves the official flat on his back!

Jim Gunt: Why is she out here ruining a perfectly good match?

Mia Rayne: This chica is really starting to give me bad mojo..

Mike Rolash: In hindsight the match was pointless..

Trent is confused to what is going on as he still lies on top of McVeigh for the pin. However the jeers from the crowd catch his attention as he he gets to his feet as he hears a loud crash. Looking outside of the ring, Trent becomes infuriated as his partner is sent violently crashing into the barricade, destroying it. Trent slides out of the ring, coming to Paradine's aid.

SMACK!

The sound of steel meeting flesh echoes through the Sprint Center as a chair comes flying from the front row! Steel is out like a light as a person climbs over the barricade, removing a ball cap to reveal himself as the Impact Champion himself, Johnny Graves!

Mia Rayne: This is not the way that you get ahead in the CWF!

Mike Rolash: Says you.. these guys are headed straight for the top.

Graves smiles as the fans boo him furiously as he cockily struts around ringside and picks up the previously thrown chair. He surveys the carnage that his crew is inflicting as McVeigh and Kennedy have now joined Kingston in the beatdown of Paradine. Graves trash talk a few fans as Trent rises to a kneeling position, blood beginning to leak from his forehead thanks to the chair. Smiling as Trent tries to get up again, Graves takes a batter's swing, crowning Steel across the skull as he slumps back down to the floor. Taking his time to admire his handiwork, Graves begins to direct traffic as he places the chair around Steel's leg. He points to Ophelia, telling him to climb to the apron which he obliges. Graves holds the chair in place as McVeigh jumps off the apron and down onto the chair with a double stomp, clamping Trent's leg as he screams in pain.

Jim Gunt: Oh My Lord! They may have injured Trent just then!

Mia Rayne: Do they call this cleaning up a Federation? In my opinion, if they carry on down this road, there won't be any opponents to compete against.

Mike Rolash: I'm perfectly fine with that.

Trent continues to scream out and clutch his leg as he rolls on the canvas. Meanwhile, Kennedy grabs two chairs from under the ring and slides them inside as Kingston does the same with the unconscious body of Paradine. Graves continues to direct traffic with a shit eating grin plastered on his face as the rest of his crew enter the ring. Both McVeigh and Kennedy position the chairs back to back in a seated position as Bishop clutches on to Nathan. Looking menacingly out to the jeering crowd then to Graves, Johnny nonchalantly gives him the thumbs down signal and Kingston sends Paradine crashing spine first onto the chairs with his patented finisher known as The Debt!

Jim Gunt: Where's security when you need them?

Mia Rayne: Nathan landed awkwardly on those chairs guys, his spine could be totally jacked up right now..

Mike Rolash: That was incredible..

Graves smiles out at the booing fans as "Bank Account Remix" kicks in again and all four members of disOrder go to separate turnbuckles to pander to the jeering fans. They all hop down and make their way towards the back as medical personnel come rushing towards ringside. A wheelchair is wheeled out by one of the personnel as they carefully place an agonizing Steel into the chair and gently push him up the aisle. Meanwhile a few more medical staff members are checking on Paradine, who clutches at his back.

Jim Gunt: Hopefully we're able to get some help out here for both Steel and Paradine..

Mia Rayne: Not so fast Jimbo.. Looks like they have medical crews checking on Trent in the crowd and we have a crew checking on Paradine as well.

Shadows of the Past

Match

As Nathan Paradine is helped to his feet and starts to make his way to the locker room, an ice pack and a refreshing beverage of some sort calling his name. Something to take the edge off, something...

His head whips up as the screen above the entrance ramp cuts to static and feedback rings out through the arena before "Princes of the Universe" by Queen rings out. Paradine's eyes grow wide in sudden recognition, his curses ring out as a tall and lanky figure makes his way out onto the entrance ramp to stand toe to toe with Nathan Paradine.

Jim Gunt: Who in the world is that?

Mike Rolash: It's Xander something or other. He showed up and cost Milenko his match against Stewart months ago, but what's he doing back out here, coming out to a song by Queen of all bands?

Mia is only briefly silent before replying.

Mia Rayne: Xander Daniels. He and Paradine have history in Hostility. They are either the best of friends or the most bitter of rivals and the Hostility history books have been scored with the remnants of the matches these two have put on.

Mike and Jim only stare at her as she shrugs and holds up her cell phone.

Mia Rayne: It's called Google guys and it's almost the 22nd century. Get with the program. Holy shit ---

Her eyes widen as she goes back to reading the article that she found on Xander Daniels.

Mia Rayne: According to this... He... Xander... During one of the many times these two fought each other, gave Paradine's ex a DDT right on top of the steel ramp! He didn't deliver the move right and it resulted in her paralysis from the neck down. It was always suspected but never confirmed that Xander injured her on purpose to get to Paradine...

Her voice grows softer as her gaze shifts back to Xander and Nathan, who has finally reached the stage. Xander's

smile only widens, a sinister sight, at Paradine's disbelief and confusion. With little to no warning Xander delivers a sharp kick directly to Nathan's gut, doubling over an unsuspecting Paradine. Trying to stand up straight proves to be a mistake as Xander leaps up and delivers a cutter straight to Paradine, bouncing the Aussie's face off the steel stage!

Mike Rolash: Yeesh. That could not have felt good.

Jim Gunt: Yeah, but we've seen Paradine take worse bumps before. It takes a lot more than that to keep him down.

Mia Rayne: Case in point.

She gestures back to the stage where Paradine manages to make it to all fours, but Xander is waiting for him, coming in from the side and delivering a brutal punt kick to the side of Paradine's head! The Australian goes down hard and doesn't move as Xander stand above him triumphantly, soaking in the jeers from the crowd.

Mia Rayne: Guess something can be said for familiarity with your opponent.

Jim Gunt: There's familiarity and then there's savagry. What we just witnessed dances on that line like the entire Riverdance festival.

Mia Rayne: Right, well... I have to get going to my interview, otherwise I'm going to be late!

The three commentators glance at one particular section of the stands, where the sounds of an ongoing party can be heard over Queen's "Princes of the Universe" as we fade to black.

An Interview with The Boys

Match

The atmosphere is electric as cameras follow the one and only Mia Rayne as she heads to a particularly rowdy portion of the crowd. Everyone of legal age are drinking, laughing, and enjoying the show. They all notice Mia's appearance and cheer for the Queen of the Rabbit Holes. She pays homage to her clan and courtsies to them before wading through the crowd of people, suffering through the groping, though she did have to growl at quite a few people, and finally making her way to the center of the rowdy party. Sam Braxton is of course having his fair share of whatever liquid beverage happens to be calling his name at that moment while Dean Coulter is enjoying himself in his own way, talking to several of the fans, signing autographs, and when able to hold his partner's attention, take pictures. The Lost Boys notice Mia's approach, the camera crew managing to catch up to her and offer her a seat between them.

Mia Rayne: Thanks for the time and the uhm... Hospitality? Anyways...

Before she can respond Sam thrusts a beer into her hand, already opened. He holds it up and yells out.

Sam Braxton: If you reckon you're gonna get a word outta me without a toast with the Tag Champs, then you're dreamin!

The crowd around him cheers and Mia can't help but smile. She accepts the beer and toasts with Sam, eliciting another cheer from the crowd, and the two start to chug. Expecting Mia to take a sip and put it down, Sam's eyes only widen as Mia accepts his challenge and the two race to finish their respective drink first. Barely a second between, Mia slams her bottle down on the ground in front of her and lets out a loud belch. She giggles and excuses herself while Sam now shows some new found respect to his former rival.

Mia Rayne: Now that THAT'S out of the way... How's it feel to come back after however long of a hiatus that you've been gone, stronger than when you left like you haven't missed a beat and went through hell on your way out, AND win the tag team titles your first try back?

Sam Braxton: It's a bloody ripper!

Dean Coulter: Ah...what Sam is trying to say is that its proof and affirmation that we really are the best worldwide and

even after a brief moment of respite we haven't missed a beat. Furthermore it's great to see that the CWF Universe still has such faith in us, despite the mess we left behind.

Mia Rayne: We, for one missed the crap out of you guys. You were always great to be in the ring against and always brought the best out in anyone you came across. That said, do you have eyes on any specific competition at the moment? There seems to be an influx of teams that are starting to come out of the woodwork, it's only a matter of time before they come a knockin'.

Dean Coulter: It's what we came back for. Sam and I, we thrive on competition and just want a chance to leave our mark and have a bloody good time in the ring. If any of these other blokes and sheilas learn a thing or two from us...well then, that's aces!

Sam Braxton: Pfft they are bloody Drongos, the lot of them. The Lost Boys are the only pair of true blue bloody legends the CWF has ever seen. If they reckon they got the meat and two veg to step up and take us on. Well then they know where to find us. I'm always happy for a stoush.

Mia Rayne: What about the newly formed disOrder stable that has come up out of no where? Johnny Graves has already found gold with the Impact Title, not that he really cares; are you guys concerned that they'll try to make it a clean sweep and come after tag team gold as well? Any game plan or message for them?

Dean Coulter: Graves is a talented competitor, he didn't need to win the Impact title to prove that. But that doesn't make up for what he lacks in other aspects. And he may find that if he tries to pull the same stunt and force his way into our business, then we'll really have a blue. And as a whole swathe of teams that came before him can say, it won't end well for him. The fact is disOrder seem nothing more than a bunch of thugs, with have nothing expect a surprise attack against far better competitors to speak to their name. So, we're not within coee of being worried. But are we prepared?

Sam Braxton: Bloody Oath! Bloody galahs, the lot of them!

Dean Coulter: We're Aussie, the dinky-di epitome of fighting champions. And we ain't backing down, no matter who it is that wants to stand against us.

Mia looks to respond, but before she can she is interrupted by a non-descript person tapping on her shoulder. She turns and is only given a slip of paper before the figure disappears into the crowd. Puzzled she opens it up and reads, her expression changing from one of mirth, to confusion, and now...

Mia Rayne: WHAT THE FUCK?!

Her roar silences the party and everyone fears the worse as the crowd part ways and she stomps off into the night leaving everyone to wonder what in the world just happened?

Cyrus Black vs. Christopher \$aint James

Match

Jim Gunt: Wow! Mia just got word about something that set her off quicker than a fourth of July fireworks display. Mike, what do you think she just heard?

Mike Rolash: I'm... I'm not sure, but where do you think she's headed in such a huff?

Jim Gunt: No idea Mike, she's scheduled to be out here with us.

Mike Rolash: Exactly.

He gulps as the cameras go to Ray Douglas, mic in hand as he makes the first introduction of the next matchup.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, introducing first, already standing in the ring. Representing "The Reason," he

is.... CYRUS BLACK!

The crowd splits, half booing and half cheering the relative newcomer to the CWF. For his part Black doesn't acknowledge any of it as his eyes narrow and center in on the entrance ramp as "Yes" by LMFAO rings out loud and proud. Flamboyant as ever, out comes C\$J, once again dressed to compete, his velour tights and matching designer duster radiant against the camera flashes. He twirls around, allowing the duster to flow out behind him as his initials light up the stage with high powered halogen lights, blinding all the unfortunate souls who happened to be looking in his direction, which of course, was everyone.

Mike Rolash: The light! It burns!

Jim Gunt: Says here in the notes that anyone who wants to protect their eyesight, save for Cyrus, is to have a pair of complementary glasses on hand for this. Guess that explains it!

Mike Rolash: What? Where does it say that? I don't see that at all!

Jim can only stifle a laugh as Mike holds a piece of paper at nose length, trying to decipher the words on it. The lights dim and C\$J's radiant smile is almost just as blinding as he heads to the ring, the arrogance oozing out of every step he takes. He struts down, ignoring any and all fans, before carefully shouldering out of his coat, and carefully taking off his glasses, folding them up and carefully giving them to the ring attendant. His gaze turns back into the ring as he hops lightly up the steps and through the second and third rope.

Jim Gunt: C\$J meaning business tonight as he gets in the ring and goes nose to nose with Cyrus Black!

Before Mike can respond though a very flustered Mia shows up behind him and lays a hand on his shoulder. Rolash, being the person that he is shrieks and draws all eyes in the general vicinity toward him. He blinks up in confusion at Mia whose look of rage has now turned to one of gentle prodding, quickly muddled by anger once again. She takes her seat and puts her headset on.

Mia Rayne: Sorry I'm late. Had to make a detour from my interview with The Lost Boys.

Jim Gunt: Anything to do with...

Mia Rayne: Everything will be explained in due time. We are not happy about this development. People will pAy!

Her eyes are wide and neither of the commentary guys want to provoke her further. Instead they turn their attentions to the ring where Nick McArthur is giving the rundown of the match rules, explaining that he is looking for a clean fight. C\$J scoffs and Cyrus only glares at his opponent with murderous intent. Nick calls for the bell and C\$J's first in ring test officially begins! The two start with a tie up in the middle of the ring, Black quickly gaining the upper hand and uses his size advantage to easily bulldoze C\$J into a corner. C\$J backs up and holds his hands up yelling for McArthur to get Black off of him. Nick gets between the two men, but the faster C\$J scurries around Nick, down underneath the legs of Black, spins him around and delivers a stunning knife edge chop! A crack akin to a gunshot rings out throughout the arena as the crowd lets out a collective, "Ooohhhhh!"

Mike Rolash: So Mia, who is sending you love notes? Is it Lok...

Mia whips around to face off against Rolash. All jovial pretenses gone, her face contorted with controlled rage. Her voice is a low snarl.

Mia Rayne: Don't talk about matters you know nothing about boy. Last. Warning.

Mike falls silent and Mia turns her attentions back to the ring as C\$J continues to dance around Cyrus peppering the bigger man with chops and low kicks, never striking from the same spot twice. Cyrus staggers to a knee and C\$J takes a running leap and hits Cyrus with a bicycle knee right to the jaw! Black crumples to the ground and C\$J takes the time to soak in the mixed response from the crowd. He reaches into his tights and turns to Nick, gesturing him over.

Mike Rolash: Why isn't C\$J capitalizing?

Jim Gunt: Based on what happened in Hostility, Black is part of Jaiden's Reason for C\$J to fail. Maybe C\$J just wants some revenge?

Mia Rayne: ... By bribing the official...

Sure enough the cameras are able to zoom in on C\$J handing Nick a wad of bills before turning around and slipping a pair of brass knuckles on his fist as Black begins to stir. Yelling for Nick to look behind him, which the young ref does lazily, C\$J gets another running start and with vigor leaps up into the air and delivers a straight jab to the jaw of Cyrus Black! Black crumples to the ground as C\$J tosses the knuckles to the side of the ring. He casually lays on top of Cyrus and at that moment, Nick McArthur turns to make the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: Was it just me or was that count a bit fast?

Mia Rayne: C\$J just paid off the ref to hit Black with brass knuckles... And you want to be worried about the count being fast?

Mike Rolash: Yeah, you get used to Jimbo being a bit nonsensical when it comes to these things Mia. If you're ever confused about anything, let ME know. I'm the more rational one.

Jim and Mia can only laugh at Mike who sulks down in his chair while "Yes" by LMFAO rings out and C\$J celebrates his victory in the ring.

The Long Game

Match

Backstage, just inside the curtain, we see the former CWF World Champion Dan Ryan standing, hopping from one foot to the other, waiting to go to the ring.

Dan Ryan: Everyone wants to know my reaction to what took place at Vertigo. Everyone wants to see what I'll do next. You all expect me to come unhinged over my loss of the championship. But no, everything is just fine. I handed Duce Jones the World Championship. He knows it and I know it. I looked him in the eye and handed him a gift. He's the CWF World Champion today because it's what I wanted to happen. Tonight, he's layed up at home licking his wounds while I go out here and make an example of Scourge.

Ryan's head leans forward, causing him to appear to be scowling.

Dan Ryan: Everyone is so single-minded. You win, you lose and you move on with your boring insignificant lives as if your linear machinations can proceed without interruption. But I'm so much bigger than that. I look at the lot of you and I see small minds - boring amateurs with boring lives and boring ideas. I see people like Zach Van Owen, who wants so badly to be champion but flits around like an annoying fly buzzing in my ears and nothing more. He begs and begs for his due - a child begging for scraps from the adult table. He's a man I've already dispatched with little difficulty, and yet he thinks he deserves what is rightfully mine. Embarrassing.

In the background, we hear "Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins kick in.

Dan Ryan: I will have my rematch for the World Championship, and this time I'll be the one calling the shots. Duce Jones wanted an I Quit match. Well, I have a challenge of my own to make. Tonight, I'm going out to the ring and

taking out this seven foot tall goof. In two weeks, I'll make my challenge, and at Twilight of the Gods, I'm taking my championship back.

Dan Ryan vs. Scourge

Match

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

"Zero" by the Smashing Pumpkins continues as Dan Ryan steps out and pauses, looking into the Kansas City 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, smirking as he covers Bronson Box. His ascent through the Modern Warfare tournament, culminating in tapping Zach van Owen. Defeating three men at Confliction to win the CWF World Heavyweight Title, raising the title while placing his boot on Duce Jones' chest.

Jim Gunt: Strong words from the former World Champion and I'm curious as to what kinda match Dan has in mind.

Mike Rolash: He stated nothing but facts Jimbo and I can't wait till he puts Duce out of action permanently.

Mia Rayne: I see you still got that hard-on for Duce..

Ryan stands below the CWF Tron that carries on displaying his career highlights, a never-ending smirk planted on his face as he looks down at the gold strap around his waist. Sauntering down the ramp, Dan Ryan makes it to ringside and rolls under the bottom rope. Getting to his feet, he walks over to the nearest corner, climbs to the second turnbuckle and peers out into the crowd, the cocky smirk is still on his face as his music dies down. The lights in the arena dim as the opening notes of Mourning Ritual's "Bad Moon Rising" ring out in the Sprint Center. 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.

Ray Douglas: His opponent, from Parts Unknown! Weighing three hundred fifteen pounds... The Alpha of The Omega.. SCOURGE!

Once he reaches the ring, he leaps from the floor to the apron, setting the post ablaze. He then steps over the top rope and waits for the bell with a eerie calmness about him.

Jim Gunt: If Scourge is able to pull off the victory here tonight.. His name could be brought up as a contender.

Mia Rayne: Well only time will tell as we're set to get this one underway.

Mike Rolash: Scourge is only good for beating up lower level talent. He's not ready for the big leagues.

Scott Dean calls for the bell as the two behemoths collide in the middle of the ring with a lock up. Neither is able to budge the other as they struggle against each other's strength. Having enough of trying to match power for power, Ryan shoots a knee to Scourge's gut, forcing a break. A quick right has the near seven footer reeling as he's backed into the ropes. Ryan goes to whip him across the ring but The Alpha of The Omega is able to reverse dropping the former World Champion the mat with a big boot. Not allowing Scourge to press his advantage, The Ego Buster quickly rolls out of the ring to regroup.

Jim Gunt: Ryan definitely did not see that one coming, taking a moment to gather his thoughts.

Mia Rayne: As cocky as he is, I'm pretty sure he did.

Mike Rolash: It's a minor setback that the champ is more than capable of handling.

Mia Rayne: Former champ Mike.

Mike Rolash: Duce is only keeping it warm for the time being.

Dean is up to five on his count as Ryan clutches onto his chin. With a confident grin, Ryan climbs onto the apron as Scourge charges in, but Dan is able to get a boot over the top rope, catching Scourge across the jaw. He stumbles backwards as the Ego Buster climbs through the ropes and charges in with a lariat. The sound of flesh meeting flesh echoes through the Sprint Center but Scourge remains on his feet. Annoyed, Ryan hits the ropes again and connects once again but the result is much of the same. Scourge growls in the former World Champion's face encouraging him to try again. Shrugging his shoulders, Ryan feigns an attempt to the ropes, quickly turning back and thumbing his opponent's eyes as the fans boo him furiously.

Jim Gunt: Scourge finding out first hand, why you never underestimate a veteran such as Dan Ryan.

Mike Rolash: That's all I've been saying.. He's the true champion, Duce didn't beat him at Vertigo.. He handed Duce the championship, kinda how you handed The Shadow the belt a few months ago Mia..

Mia Rayne: The Shadow was more than worthy to be World Champion and he proved that night in and out.

Rubbing his eyes, Scourge is clocked by a back elbow strike, a hard forearm to the jaw has him stumbling towards a corner as Ryan keeps with strikes until Scourge is backed into a corner. Whipping him cross corner, Scourge crashes hard as Ryan comes barreling in but a throat thrust sends Dan stumbling back grabbing at his neck as an angered Scourge moves in. He scoops Dan off his feet and plants him backfirst across his knee with a backbreaker. As Ryan drops to the mat, Scourge quickly hooks the leg for the cover

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout by Ryan.. getting to a vertical base, the Alpha of the Omega rebounds off the ropes and drops a huge leg across the throat of Ryan, following it up with another pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Ryan able to roll the shoulder again. Scourge is really looking to put the entire roster on notice if he's able to pull up an upset victory here tonight.

Mia Rayne: Scourge is a highly skilled competitor, especially for someone his size. At Vertigo he was a spectacle to see.

Mike Rolash: When you guys are ready to talk about a real athlete like Dan Ryan we can talk.

Bringing Ryan back to his feet, Scourge goes belly to belly as he flips Ryan overhead with the Suplex. Staying on the attack, Scourge is back to his feet and leaping in the air, bringing his knee crashing into Ryan's chest. Slowly getting to his feet, Scourge brings Dan upright as well, connecting with another throat thrust. Ryan retaliates with a big right hand that staggers the big man. Scourge shakes it off and returns fire with another throat thrust... right hand from Ryan.. another right hand... boot to the midsection doubles Scourge over and Ryan jumps up and grabs his head on the way down, spiking it into the canvas!

Jim Gunt: Jumping DDT by Ryan and he may have bought him some space.

Mia Rayne: Scourge is really taking the fight to Ryan and I for one don't blame. He may very well skyrocket to the top if he's able to get the upset here tonight.

Mike Rolash: C'mon champ! Beat his ass!

Mia Rayne: We really need to talk to Jon about his bias commentating.

Both men are down on the mat, trying to shake the cobwebs from their heads. Ryan is the first to his feet as kicks at

the downed body of Scourge. As he sits up on the canvas, Ryan hooks his head and wrenches back with a dragon sleeper! Scourge tries to fight against the hold, but Ryan has it locked on tight.

Jim Gunt: We may see Scourge submit right here.

Mike Rolash: Squeeze that piggy Dan.

Mia Rayne: Scourge is trying to fight to his feet!

Indeed he is as Scourge swings wildly at Dan's head and connects. Ryan powers through though, refusing to let go as Scourge continues to struggle. Planting his feet firmly on the mat and begins to bridge up as Ryan continues to hold onto the sleeper. Both men are now upright as Ryan continues to squeeze, however Scourge is able to twist his position in Ryan's clutches and flips him over to the mat with a back body drop as they both crash to the mat. The crowd explodes in admiration from the feat, both men slowly get to their feet and Scourge attempts a lariat but Ryan ducks underneath and rocks him with a SUPERKICK! Scourge drops to mat and Ryan falls on top of him going for the cover as Dean is over to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Scourge kicks out with authority as both men are too their feet. Going for another lariat proves costly once again and Ryan is able to duck underneath. This time though, he locks on a full nelson and with a mighty heave brings Scourge crashing into the mat with a Dragon Suplex! The impact doesn't gaze Scourge as he rolls through to his feet and leaps through the air and connects finally with a lariat! The crowd explodes as both men are once again down on the mat, chest heaving as they gasp for air.

Jim Gunt: Scourge refusing to stay down and these fans are really showing their appreciation.

Mia Rayne: Color me impressed.

Mike Rolash: I guess the guy is okay.

Scourge sits up on the canvas as Ryan rolls to his stomach, the two massive men are slow to their feet. Another pinpoint throat thrust has Ryan staggering back after he charges in. Moving Scourge signals for the end as he grabs ahold to Ryan's arm and pulls him towards the corner. He climbs to the top turnbuckle and walks along the ropes soon performing a moonsault off of them!

Jim Gunt: DARKNESS FALLS BY SCOURGE!

Mia Rayne: NO, RYAN CAUGHT HIM!

Mike Rolash: HUMILITY BOMB! YESSSSS!

Ryan drills Scourge into the canvas with his finishing maneuver and quickly rolls his legs up, going for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner via pinfall.. DAN RYAAANNNNN!

Ryan smirks at the downed Scourge as he rises to his feet, demanding that Dean raise his hand in victory.

Jim Gunt: In my years of calling professional wrestling, I've never seen anything quite like that before..

Mia Rayne: Gotta give credit where credits due.. He's not a multi-time World Champion for no reason and I think Duce may have to worry about the target that's now on his back.

Mike Rolash: Dan is going to freaking destroy Jones when they step inside the ring again and take back HIS World title. Just like he laid waste to Scourge here tonight.

Jim Gunt: You can not sit here and down talk the performance of Scourge after what we just witnessed tonight?

Mia Rayne: Don't worry about it Jim, just allow him to have his moment. It's the only thing he has to bring excitement into his life..

Mike Rolash: Hey!

An Offer You Can't Refuse

Match

'RU Mine' by the Arctic Monkeys explodes through the PA system announcing the arrival of Mad Dog Murphy. After a few seconds the man himself makes his way out to the stage, brimming with energy and intensity.

Jim Gunt: Here comes a young man making his return to the CWF in Mad Dog Murphy and what an opportunity he has in front of him! First night back and he challenges the red hot Johnny Graves for the CWF Impact Championship!

Mike Rolash: I don't know whose lap Murphy's been sitting on to get a shot at a champion his first night back but I hope he shuts Graves up once and for all.

Mia Rayne: Graves doesn't seem the type to shut up very easily...

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, from Glasgow, Scotland, MAD DOG MURRRRPHYYYYY!

He glares out across the arena before purposely making his way down the ramp. He rolls into the ring, stands in the middle and raises his right fist to the sky and lets out a howl. He runs the ropes a couple of times before resting against the ropes at the far side of the ring.

Jim Gunt: Murphy is the picture of intensity tonight! He looks raring to go against a man that has been nothing short of impressive since debuting!

Mike Rolash: Well he better be because as we saw at Vertigo, Graves now has goons watching his back!

The lights throughout the Sprint Center cut out, leaving the fans sitting in complete darkness. Suddenly red and blue lights begin flashing throughout the arena as the sound of police sirens pierce the silence. Suddenly the melody of "Bank Account Remix" blasts from the various speakers. The fans rise to their feet in a thunderous chorus of venomous boos. There are a few cheers sprinkled in, but they're nothing compared to intense hatred being shown. After several moments of anticipation the curtain pulls back and Johnny Graves steps out onto the stage dragging the CWF Impact Championship behind him, his nose and mouth covered with a black face mask with what can only be described as the mouth of a beast printed in white. Moments later Johnny is backed up by Ciara Kennedy, Bishop Kingston, and Ophelia McVeigh. Johnny carelessly tosses the Impact Title on the ground in front of him and drops to his knees with his head bowed.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent. From Sin City, Nevada, he is the CWF Impact Champion, The Sin City Saint... JOOOHNNYYYYY GRRRAAAAAAAAAAIVES!!!

Mike Rolash: Here we go with the world's longest entrance...

Mia Rayne: There he is, the newly crowned Impact Champion being flanked his what he's referred to as his army, disOrder.

With his name being announced Johnny slowly raises his head to look at the ring as his hands slowly rise before him, his fingers fashioned as twin pistols aiming directly at Mad Dog Murphy in the ring. Johnny pushes himself to his feet and snatches the Impact Title and begins making his way to the ring once again dragging the championship behind him. Ignoring the jeers and hostility from the fans on either side of him, Johnny reaches ringside and throws the Impact Title over the top rope letting it fall to the canvas. He slides into the ring feet first, sliding all the way to the center of the ring where he again sits on his knees. He slowly rises his hands in front of him aiming twin pistols as the ringside fans. He springs up to his feet and moves to the corner where he ascends to the middle rope and begins yelling towards the fans at ringside, the cameramen, whoever happens to look in his direction. He climbs down from the ropes and kneels in the corner resting his head against the middle turnbuckle and says a quick prayer. Back on his feet again he begins pacing back and forth in the corner like a caged animal longing for the moment he's freed and can pounce on its prey.

Jim Gunt: Mad Dog Murphy and Johnny Graves for the CWF Impact Championship. Here we go!

Mike Rolash: Hold on, Jim, what the hell is this!?

On three sides of the ring Kingston, McVeigh, and Kennedy all climb onto the apron of the ring surrounding Mad Dog Murphy. One by one the members of disOrder enter the ring, closing in on the highly alert Murphy. Johnny steps towards the center of the ring coming within mere feet of Murphy who has been forced forward by disOrder. Johnny raises the microphone he plucked from Ray Douglas to his lips and waits for the music to die.

Johnny Graves: I'm confident I don't have to tell you who I am. I'm also confident I don't have to tell you who they are. And I'm one hundred percent sure I don't have to tell you what we do!

Johnny and the rest of disOrder smirk, laugh, and nod proudly as a chorus of boos rise up from the Kansas City crowd.

Johnny Graves: What I need to know tonight is who are you? What do you do?

Murphy attempts to reach out to take the microphone from Graves who simply turns his back on the man preventing him from taking the mic. Johnny moves towards the corner and rests his forearms on the top rope.

Johnny Graves: You're a puppet. You're a sheep. You are just a cog in the machine, grinding away to line the pockets of those that would deem you beneath them. You are a slave to the old way of thinking. You are a slave to the status quo. But you could be so much more!

Mia Rayne: Give me a break!

Jim Gunt: Is Johnny Graves trying to... recruit Mad Dog?

Mike Rolash: He's terrified of losing to Murphy and losing his championship! Haha!

Johnny pushes himself off the ropes and returns to the center of the ring, getting right in Murphy's face.

Johnny Graves: I can see it in your eyes Murphy! The desire for more. The longin' to be free. You don't have to live on your knees as slave to the wills of CWF management! You don't have to toil around in mediocrity to appease the feeble admirations of the CWF fans! You can be free of all of it! Free to create your own path, to do what you want to do, to change the very face of this company!

Johnny takes a step to the side leaning in so the microphone is nearly pressed against Murphy's ear.

Johnny Graves: Tonight, Scottish Stray, I offer you a choice. You can be a cog in the machine. You can be a slave to the status quo. You can fight us tonight. But you will lose. You will be beaten worse than you've ever imagined possible. Or. Or you can reject the disease that runs rampant through this business, renounce the CWF, and pledge yourself to the movement. All you have to do is lay down and disOrder will welcome you with open arms. We will accept you as our brother. And alongside us, you will be free to create your own path. Now choose!

Mike Rolash: Don't do it!

Johnny drops the microphone and again turns his back on Mad Dog and bows his head. Murphy watches Graves in confusion before turning his head moving his gaze between each member of disOrder that stand behind him. The fans throughout the Sprint Center boo loudly, call out for Murphy to attack Graves, to fight against disOrder. Several tense moments pass as Murphy weighs his options internally. Keeping his gaze moving between the members of disOrder, Murphy slowly lowers himself to one knee. As his knee touches down the boos from the crowd grow louder. Still unsure of Graves' intentions, Murphy slowly lowers himself to the canvas and lays down sending the Kansas City crowd in a frenzy.

Jim Gunt: He's going to do it! Mad Dog Murphy is pledging himself to Johnny Graves and disOrder!

Mike Rolash: What the hell is wrong with this guy? He makes his return to CWF and he's going to hand Graves a victory?

Graves drops to his knees again and retrieves the mic from the mat. He raises it to his lips and laughs sadistically into the microphone.

Johnny Graves: You people don't deserve to see your Impact Champion in action! And I refuse to accept victory over a brother. Stand Murphy and join your brothers and sisters in disOrder and know that as long as you stand with us you will never lie on your back again!

Murphy - slightly confused - rises back to his feet where he is patted on the back and welcomed by the members of disOrder.

Johnny Graves: Knock, knock. The war is upon you. The wolves are at your door. Chaos will unfold. Every day the movement grows stronger. Every day the very foundation of the CWF threatens to crumble. We will burn this company to the ground and from it's ashes a new era will rise.

Again Graves drops the microphone and rises to his feet. He turns around and wraps hand around the back of Murphy's head bringing him forehead to forehead. Graves speaks to Murphy though the words cannot be made out. Suddenly "Bank Account Remix" begins playing once again. Graves turns and snatches his Impact Title from the mat and with that the members of disOrder climb through the ropes exiting the ring. The fans hurl venomous words and boos at the group as they simply walk up the ramp making their way to the back, ignoring the putrid hatred being directed at them.

An Update On The Champ

Match

Jim Gunt: We're going to have to see how things pan out as it seems that Mad Dog Murphy has joined disOrder. But now we're about to send it to Memphis, Tennessee from the home of our NEW CWF World Heavyweight Champion, Duce Jones.. where Marcus Maximus is there to get an update on his condition.

Mike Rolash: Boring...

Mia Rayne: Hush, Michael..

The scene shifts to the living room of Duce Jones as he sits beside Marcus Maximus. His protective mask is missing as freshly healed scars are visibly across his face. Marcus tries his best to not focus too much attention on Duce as he receives his cue to go.

Marcus Maximus: Thanks guys. Marcus Maximus here and I'm with brand new CWF World Heavyweight Champion, Duce Jones! First off.. congrats on your huge victory at Vertigo.

Duce Jones: Preciate it..

Marcus Maximus: I think the first question on everyone's mind is, how does it feel to be a two time champion.

Duce nonchalantly shrugs his shoulder.

Duce Jones: Hollow..

Marcus Maximus: Hollow?

Duce Jones: Yeah.. hollow..

Marcus Maximus: Why is that?

Duce Jones: How can I put it? It's like bein' in a foot race, right.. an' you're right behind tha leader an' right when y'get t'tha finish line. He lets up an' let's ya win. Then ya have dat feelin' of did I really win dis thang or was it givin' t'me.

Jones stares at the belt, then back at Marcus.

Duce Jones: Who cares? I'm tha champ now an' what Dan Ryan calls tha long game.. really don't mean shit t'me.

Marcus Maximus: Why is that?

Duce Jones: Cuz he fucked up.. Ya neva' give a man ya most prized possession wit intentions on reclaimin' it again in tha future. Y'kno' why? Cuz ya might come up short yet again..

Marcus Maximus: Very insightful.. I guess... but what about the comments made earlier by Ryan as he challenged you to a rematch also wanting to add a stipulation of his choosing.

Duce Jones: It's funny... cuz tha CWF doesn't honor rematch clauses.. heh. but.. there's always a but. Ain't no bitch in my blood, so whateva that ole man can thank of, I'm wit it.

Marcus Maximus: What about your condition are you able to compete?

Duce Jones: Have they asked me to give dis belt back?

Marcus Maximus: Well.. no..

Duce Jones: Nuff said then...

Duce nods his head in approval as he raises the title for everyone to see.

Marcus Maximus: Well we would like to thank you for allowing us into your home.

Duce Jones: No problem.. C'ya next week Mike..

Mike Rolash: What?

The scene switches back to ringside where Mike seems a bit flustered by Duce's words.

Mike Rolash: What does he mean by that?

Mia Rayne: I don't know...

Jim Gunt: Well we will have to wait till next week to find out..

Mike Rolash: That is unacceptable!

Phoenix Rising

Match

For the second time this evening "Princes of the Universe" rings out and the fans aren't shy in jeering the second appearance of Xander Daniels, "The Phoenix" as he was known in Hostility. He sneers at everyone and threatens to backhand anyone who tries to yell at him, his reputation preceeding him to the CWF ring.

Jim Gunt: Absolutely no love shown to newcomer Xander Daniels.

Mike Rolash: I'm sure he means well, it's just his reputation from his past. I'm sure he feels bad about what happened way back when.

Mia Rayne: Welp Mike, I read through what I could find between the action so far tonight and there has always been one constant thread when XanDan was around. The fans ALWAYS hated him, and not only did he feed off that, he took the necessary steps to ensure his name was always associated with the worst of the worst. In short? He's bad news, period.

Xander smiles as he looks around the ring, rotating his wrist, and twirling the mic in his hand at the same time. The fans don't really care, if anything the jeers get louder and XanDan only matches with the help of his mic.

Xander Daniels: This isn't like any other comeback story that you people have been subjected to.

Mike Rolash: "You people?" If this guy has anything to do with Hostility, it isn't like we have much to worry about. Hostility comes to CWF, Hostility leaves from CWF. Look what happened to... To... Uh....

He stops talking as he realizes that Xander's eyes have centered in on him. Despite whatever picture a name like "The Phoenix" paints in the mind's eye, his glare is icy and shoots Rolash right through the heart, piercing his very soul. Mike's face turns red before he falls silent and all eyes return to Xander. No one else being dumb enough to interrupt.

Xander Daniels: All that before with Paradine? That's just how the two of us say, "hi." How you doing Nate, you miss me? How's that looker of an ex doing, what was her name again... It's ok if you don't remember, I doubt she does either...

He snickers as he draws, if possible, even more jeers from the crowd.

Xander Daniels: Believe it or not Nate, I'm not here for you. For once, I can honestly say that I could give two shits that you exist in the same plane of existence as me. You see, there's something else that has been wearing away at the very fiber of my being all these years. Milenko screwed me over and now that he's out of the picture after having a resurrection of its own, I'm out here to reclaim what is rightfully mine. What I NEVER LOST.

The fans' jeers pause, almost hesitate. The CWF-verse is not dumb. They know the implications of what Xander is saying.

Jim Gunt: Google have anything to say about what he might be talking about Mia?

Mike Rolash: Yeah! Any ideas what he's talking about?

Mia Rayne: Something tells me that we won't need the Google box to tell us the answer, and you guys might want to hush if you want to avoid any more death stares.

As she says this Xander is staring pointedly at the commentators who keep interrupting him. Mia does her best to nonchalantly point the blame to either side of her. Jim starts to take a vested interest in the rafters above him and Mike starts to ensure his tie is sitting straight.

Xander Daniels: History lesson: That Aversion Championship that Milenko was so proud to bring back? It wasn't his to bring back. I won that title and then he let his federation die and crumble. He stole that title for me and then put it up for grabs while he told me that Hostility wasn't ever coming back. So no. Whomever is the current champ? Your reign has come to an end. It is a mockery of that title belt and until I get back what is rightfully mine, there will be a price to pay. If you think what I did to Paradine is stunning, well, you need to do some research. Ask Mr. Submission himself when he wakes up and let him tell you all about me and how you don't FUCK with a phoenix.

Word by word Xander's pitch grows feverish, words beginning to fly from his mouth, and an almost fanatical state washes over him. The last word he says is high pitched, like a tea kettle blowing off steam and finally bursting, and to accentuate his point, he drops the mic allowing the feedback to ring out through the arena. Without caring too much for

anything else around him, XanDan leaves the ring and makes his way to the locker rooms.

Mariella Jade Flair vs. ???

Match

Mia Rayne: Well we have a new member of disOrder, XanDan claiming himself as the rightful owner of the Aversion champion, and now it's time for the main event!

CUE UP: "Goodnight" by The Birthday Massacre

Jim Gunt: Speculation is over, so let's get some hard guesses in! Who is MJ Flair's mystery opponent, Mia?

Mia Rayne: Mia? No, I'm pretty sure it's not me.

Jim Gunt: No, I mean--

Mike Rolash: Glutton for punishment, Jim.

The fans erupt in cheers as two-time former CWF World Champion MJ Flair walks through the curtain, arms outstretched. She spins once, giving the crowd and the television cameras a good look at her new T-shirt, with her capitalized initials 'MJF' on the front and the phrase 'PEERLESS and FEARLESS' on the back.

Jim Gunt: Well, let's take another approach. Is MJ's opponent going to be the challenge she asked for, or will this be a power play on Jon Stewart's end?

Mia Rayne: He's a smart cookie; if he was pulling the ol' switcheroo, I don't think he'd put it in the main event.

Jim Gunt: Mike?

Mike Rolash: Either it's someone that will end her career and therefore Stewart likes me, or it's someone she can beat, which means the world is against me.

Mia Rayne: You know what they say, Mike .

Mike Rolash: What?

Mia Rayne: What?

Mike Rolash: You said 'you know what they say.' What do they say?

Mia Rayne: I dunno, that's why I was asking you.

Mike Rolash: But--but--

Jim Gunt: Let it go, Mike.

As Flair approaches the ring she pauses again, then sprints to the corner and climbs from the floor to the top turnbuckle, and holds one fist in the air. She hops down to the ring and holds her arms wide for Trent Robbins to check her for weapons.

Mike Rolash: Frisk her good, Trent, she's a known troublemaker!

Jim Gunt: You have issues.

The music dies down and MJ leans against the ropes farthest from the ring, stretching her shoulders and upper back against them while the fans cheer her initials. A huge pop - some cheers and some boos - rise from the crowd as Jon Stewart walks out, holding a microphone.

Jim Gunt: And now, the moment of truth.

Mia Rayne: Or consequences!

Jon Stewart: Ms. Flair... you wanted the best, you've got the best!

Mia Rayne: IT'S KISS!!

Mike Rolash: Huh?

Mia Rayne: Never mind, I thought we were doing a thing.

On the entrance ramp, Stewart grins as he lowers the microphone from his face.

CUE UP: "Cult of Personality" - Living Colour

Jim Gunt: I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

The camera cuts to the ring, where MJ's eyes go wide, but the corners of her mouth curve in a smile. Cut back to the entrance, where the fan pop turns into a standing ovation as THE ICON steps through, past Jon Stewart without acknowledgement, and makes his way up the aisle to the ring.

Jim Gunt: Ladies and gentlemen, MJ Flair requested a challenge, and I think Commissioner Stewart has come through in spades! CWF Hall of Famer, Grand Slam winner Jarvis King has made his return to the ring!

Mike Rolash: Easy for you to say now, you've never given him his due.

Jim Gunt: Now, that's not fair Mike. I may disagree with most of Jarvis King's actions but I've never taken away from his ability.

Mia Rayne: You've both got some 'splainin' to do on that. Jeeves might be one of the best, but so is MJ!

Mike Rolash: I liked you better when you were breaking Flair's bones.

The sound of a struggle fills the audio for a quick moment.

Mike Rolash: OW!

Mia Rayne: Two for flinching!

In the ring, MJ Flair applauds Jarvis King, but he disregards her, playing up the awesomeness of his presence to the fans. To their credit and his own, they eat it up. The bell rings, and MJ steps forward to lock up, and King backs off!

Jim Gunt: I see his ego is as healthy as ever.

Mike Rolash: He's holding up his hands in victory already, Gunt... when you're a Grand Slam hall of famer, you're allowed to have a big ego.

Mia Rayne: What's your excuse?

Mike Rolash: ...That was mean.

Again, MJ gestures to Jarvis to come at her, but he turns around again and poses for the crowd, to which their chants of 'Welcome Back' quickly turn to boos.

Mia Rayne: It's been a while... has he forgotten how this works?

MJ spins Jarvis around, but he sidesteps and shoves her into the ropes!

Jim Gunt: It's a dangerous game, making Flair angry!

Mike Rolash: Is it? Or is it genius? Is it Jarvis, knowing that if Flair gets angry she loses focus?

Mia Rayne: Who says she loses focus? Seriously?

In the ring, the two athletes stare at each other again, MJ with anger in her eyes and Jarvis with definite confidence. Trent Robbins calls for the two to lock up once again, but just as Jarvis steps in with seeming disinterest, MJ fires a

right hand to his face! Another! Irish whip across the ring, and MJ with a hooking clothesline! Jarvis hits the mat hard and rolls to the ropes!

Jim Gunt: MJ FROM BEHIND WITH A ROLL UP!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Before Jarvis can recover, MJ kips up and hits the ropes again, she leaps Jarvis as he starts to rise but on the rebound, as she sends a forearm towards his head, Jarvis catches her!

Mike Rolash: Overhead suplex! THAT's why Jarvis is the King!

Mia Rayne: He keeps messing about with EmmmmmmJay and she's liable to crown him.

MJ hits the mat hard and rolls to her knees, quickly rising to her feet to defend herself, but before she can turn and attack, Jarvis scoops her and slams her with a uranage, and another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Jarvis yelling at her to stop fighting the inevitable!

Mike Rolash: That's good advice.

Mia Rayne: But who's to say what's inevitabiltable?

Mike Rolash: What?

Mia Rayne: You heard me. MJ's taken harder hits than that for longer. Sure, Jarvis might have the upper hand right now but the upper hand will be on the other foot in no time.

Jarvis with another scoop; he hooks MJ's head and pulls her to her feet in the middle of the ring. Tossing her arm over his shoulder, he lifts her for a vertical suplex - but she's fighting it! Jarvis steps back and clubs a forearm between her shoulder blades, and tries again!

Jim Gunt: She's fighting it!

Mia Rayne: She's good at that.

Mike Rolash: Pull her hair and thumb her eyes!

Jarvis steps back again to try and pull MJ off balance, and he drives the point of his elbow into the back of her neck!

Jim Gunt: Suplex! He finally gets her up - MJ'S ANKLES BOUNCE OFF THE OPPOSITE ROPES!

Whether she realized it or not, MJ's constant struggles had repositioned both athletes close enough to the opposite ropes that, instead of being dropped on her back, her ankles hit the top rope and she used the momentum to land on top of Jarvis, driving the air out of him! He reaches for the ropes before she can cover, and MJ rolls away with a chance to regain her breath!

Mike Rolash: Too little too late, Gunt! Jarvis with a running clothesline!

Jim Gunt: MJ Flair to the outside, and Jarvis King showing little to no ring rust here tonight!

Mia Rayne: With all that oil dripping off his hair, I'd hope he's got no rust!

Mike Rolash: Y'all just hate.

On impact, MJ is fortunately able to turn her body completely, and lands hard on the outside, though on her feet. She crumbles at the knees to absorb the impact, and Jarvis baseball slides a kick to her head, sending her stumbling into the announce table!

Mia Rayne: HI EMM JAY!

Mia holds up a hand, and, despite herself, MJ smiles and high fives her.

Mike Rolash: Seriously, can we stop kissing her ass and enjoy her ass getting kicked?

Both Mia and MJ give Mike the evil eye, but MJ backs up and turns towards the ring - where Jarvis grabs her by the hair over the top rope and pulls her up onto the ring apron! Trent Robbins is cautioning him to let her go!

Jim Gunt: Robbins starts the count, Jarvis needs to let go of her hair!

Mike Rolash: Why? It's her fault for having long hair.

Mia Rayne: HEY!

Jim Gunt: MJ WITH A THUMB TO THE EYES!

Mike Rolash: Disqualify her!

Mia Rayne: I think you're biased.

Jim Gunt: MJ Flair drops down and stun guns Jarvis King's neck over the top rope! He staggers back a few steps while MJ catches herself again with a hand on top of her head!

Mike Rolash: I bet it's a weave.

As both athletes recover, MJ steps away from the ring while Trent's count hits three and Jarvis King turns towards her.

Jim Gunt: JARVIS KING WITH A DIVE THROUGH THE ROPES! MJ DODGES HIM! OH MY--

Gunt's line cuts off as the sound of a crash fills the audio, and Jarvis King suddenly appears on top of the commentary table. MJ is off to the side as the commentators scatter, and the screen shows a slow motion replay. Jarvis superman dives between the top and middle ropes, but MJ turns just in time to see him flying and she sidesteps, and Jarvis lands half on the table and half off.

The table audibly cracks and sags as his knees and thighs make contact, but it doesn't collapse.

ONE!

MJ, still feeling the effects of the previous attack, watches Jarvis slide off the table to the floor and, instead of pushing her luck with another volley, slides under the bottom rope for a breather. Jarvis holds his knee in obvious pain, his eyes closed and his face flushed.

TWO!

He rolls to his knees, but falls back to his side.

THREE!

Jim Gunt: Ladies and gentlemen, I apologize for the interruption in the commentary, but we clearly needed to get out of the way of that impact. Jarvis King looks like he might have hurt himself, possibly severely, and Trent Robbins' count is to four already! I'm afraid this one might be over before it even got started!

FIVE!

Mia Rayne: Any time you take to the air like that, you take a risk, Jimmy. Even worse than when you let Mikey cook you dinner.

Jim Gunt: ...

Mike Rolash: If you two are done making fun of me--

SIX!

Jim Gunt: I didn't say a word!

Mike Rolash: --what matters is that Jarvis King just got robbed of a terrific impact!

SEVEN!

One hand plants on the commentary table, followed by another. Jarvis pulls himself up with pain still etched on his face, but he's gutting it out as best he can.

EIGHT!

Mia Rayne: Two to go, he's gotta hustlehobble!

Jim Gunt: Jarvis trying to make his way back to the ring, but I think he's hurt, Mia! He can barely put any weight on that leg at all!

Mike Rolash: What a gyp!

NINE!

Jim Gunt: He's hopping on one leg! Say what you will, there's no quit in the Icon!

TEN--JARVIS SLIDES IN!

Mike Rolash: I never accused him. Flair, on the other hand...

Trent Robbins checks on Jarvis, who pulls himself up in obvious pain all the while, but he insists on continuing. Jarvis moves forward and locks up with MJ, and Flair with a sweep of the leg and an over the shoulder takedown! Jarvis hits the mat and rolls to the ropes, holding on tightly!

Mia Rayne: That's a tricky one. If Jarvis says he can go, he should go. But there's a hugely huge target on his leg that MJ can exploit if given the opportunity.

MJ follows up, pulling Jarvis to his feet - JARVIS WITH AN ELBOW TO THE FACE FROM BEHIND! He shoves her into the corner and whips her across the ring, dropping down to his knees in the momentum! Jarvis pushes up and hobbles towards her - YAKUZA KICK IN THE CORNER!

Jim Gunt: And that hurt Jarvis, perhaps even more than MJ!

Instinct being what it is, Jarvis had kicked MJ with that same injured leg, and while her head snaps back on impact, he immediately falls to the mat again, holding his leg in searing pain. Trent Robbins checks on MJ who is dazed, but fully in control of her faculties. He then moves to Jarvis, with whom he appears to have an animated conversation.

...that quickly turns into an argument.

Jarvis pulls himself back up and takes a step, immediately falling over, and Trent Robbins calls for the bell!

Jim Gunt: I'm not sure exactly what's the call here, Jarvis King is in pain but he's pulling himself back to his feet. MJ Flair appears to be confused as well!

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, your attention please. There has been no submission or surrender from Jarvis King, but referee Trent Robbins has elected to end this match--

Boos rain down on the ring, not the least of which come from MJ Flair, who talks animatedly and angrily with the referee, all while pointing at Jarvis, holding himself up on the ropes.

Mike Rolash: Oh, that's bull!

Mia Rayne: It's the striped man's prerogative to take care of the wrestlers, Michelin!

Ray Douglas: Therefore, the winner of this match as a result of referee decision--

Mike Rolash:SHE WAS NOT WINNING!

Jim Gunt: I think you've got an ally there this week, Mike - MJ is arguing with Trent Robbins as well! She refuses to let her hand be raised, and Trent explains himself to Jarvis---JARVIS KING JUST DROPPED TRENT ROBBINS WITH A RIGHT HAND!

Mia Rayne: He's a stubborn little salamander, leaving the ring without anyone's help. My girl might be checking on Trent Robbins but you can bet she sort of agrees with Jarvis' actions.

Mike Rolash: Too little, too late. And the fans are with me!

The fans' chant of 'Bullshit!' fills the air, and MJ Flair, even as she's helping Trent Robbins to his feet, encourages their anger. She calls for them to get louder and louder even while Jarvis King ignores their support.

Jim Gunt: We're just about out of time, we'll most definitely hear from both MJ and Jarvis at Evolution 49 about what happened here tonight! For Mia Rayne and Mike Rolash, my name is Jim Gunt! Goodnight everyone!

Mike Rolash: Why did you say her name first? I've been here longer--

CUT.

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