

# Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 5

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**Promotion:** Championship Wrestling Federation  
**Date:** November 13, 2017  
**Location:** Florida — Pensacola

## Results

### Precautionary Measures

Match

The fifth episode of Evolution starts out in the parking lot, as a long black limo pulls into the scene. The driver gets out of the car and slams his door shut, the well dressed man quickly walks to the back of the limo and opens up the door for his passenger, it is the new co-CEO of CWF, J. Rish! Rish takes a look around the parking lot momentarily, before taking a glance back into the limo and raising his hand up and down.

J. Rish: Alright, come on, the coast looks clear. You three are staying with me at ALL TIMES tonight, I do not want any more crazy bullshit happening like that car explosion! I still can't believe the police have no lead on that yet, are you fuc-

Amber Rishel walks out of the limo with a sexy black laced dress on, pressing her finger up against the lips of her husband. The two girls of the Rishel family, Cambria and Everia follow her out of the limo.

Amber Rishel: Dear, watch your language around the girls. You know how little Evy repeats every word you say!

Cambria laughs at the words of her mother, pushing her younger sister gently against the shoulder. Everia pushes her back, as hard as she can. J. Rish quickly separates the sisters.

J. Rish: Enough girls! Now, once we get to my office you will see that I have hired two security guards. One will stay in the office with you three at all times, and one will remain outside the door to keep a look out for anyone that may be stupid enough to once again attack MY family.

Everia and Cambria both grab a side of their dad, pulling him for a group hug.

Cambria & Everia Rishel: We love you daddy!

This showing of love brings a warm smile to Amber's face, even after the insanity of last week's car bombing. She quickly pecks J. Rish on the lips, and they begin walking out of the parking lot towards the entrance of the arena.

Amber Rishel: You're such an amazing father, you know that?

J. Rish's lips form a smile, but it quickly vanishes.

J. Rish: I wish some people thought the same way you do.

Rish shakes his head, but Amber quickly consoles him knowing exactly what he means- Jaiden. She puts her arm around her husband and whispers into his ear, before pointing to the door and leading the girls through it. As they enter the building, the camera scans back on someone who was watching them from around the corner all along. A man in a black skee mask, his identity concealed, the time to attack has not yet come.

Man: Soon Rishel family, you will feel the full wrath of the fallen one.

And with that, he dips out of camera view.

Fade.

## **Long Kiss Goodnight**

Match

Aphmau Enders is seen doing jumping jacks in the middle of the backstage corridor. The sound of a walking cane stops her in her tracks, and she turns around to see Silas Artoria nearly on top of her. The Psychotic Intellectual holds his footing, pointing the cane right into the chest of Aphmau.

She sneers.

Aphmau Enders: What do you want?

Silas Artoria: Madame, I wish to tell you your time is over. In a matter of moments you and I will meet in the center of the ring, Silas Artoria makes his debut on the grandest of stages. And you, Aphmau, fall flat on your face. I'll see you out there.

Placing his cane back against the canvas, Silas begins to walk his way back towards the entrance way. Aphmau grabs him by the shoulder, wiping him around.

Aphmau Enders: This is my homeland, Silas, and I will not fail my crowd. Get ready for your long kiss goodnight.

Aphmau giggles, before planting a kiss right on the lips of Silas! Before he knows what hit him, Aphmau pushes him

away and hurries off in the distance.

Fade.

## **Sailing The Seven Seas**

Match

We cut to the back where RM Strong sits confused on a bench, all by himself, looking around the barren white walls of the locker room area. Suddenly, Brandon stumbles into the scene holding a very expensive Pirate halloween costume. RM looks more bewildered than ever now.

Brandon: Suit up, matey! Don't you remember telling me the other day that you're a pirate!?

RM looks at the costume, a small smirk coming across his lips. He puts the pointed hat on, and grabs the fake sword out of Brandon's hands.

RM Strong: Ahoy! To the plank with yee!

Fade.

## **Silas Artoria vs. Aphmau Enders**

Match

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

The opening screech of 'Arousal' fills the arena as the stage is covered with fog. The blue aura fills the room as Silas Artoria enters the arena. He smells the air, observes the crowd, all while keeping the smile seen on the titantron. He starts his walk down the aisle, before climbing onto a CWF stage for the first time. He looks around to see the people who came tonight, before the music dies down and he is given the opportunity to disrobe himself. Just the boots and the trousers, everything else taken out of the ring. He leans against the side opposite the stage entrance, waiting for his opponent to enter.

Ray Douglas: First, from Toronto, Canada....SILAS ARTORIA!!

The pianos started, and the new competitor turned to look at one of the arena entrances as the hometown hero revealed herself. Aphmau Enders emerged from the shadows and descended towards the arena, greeting her kin as she jumped over the barricade. She ascended to the ring, and looked around the entire arena to bask in the people who came to see her. She smiled, looking like she was almost crying, before the announcer called the match. One fall, time to make up for the loss from last week.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Paris, France....APHMAU ENDERS!!

Jim Gunt: Here we go Mike, Silas Artoria making his CWF debut against a woman who has had a bit of a rollercoaster ride here in the early going of her career, Aphmau Enders.

Mike Rolash: And after going up against the Pyschotic Aristocrat, she's going to want to get off this nightmare ride quickly!

Jim Gunt: We'll see, he certainly does look like an interesting individual.

The bell rings, and the two competitors stare at each other, Enders with her arms raised to strike, and Silas' oddly relaxed posture contrasting the two. Silas smiles, and simply rose his hand to...offer to shake? It was rare, almost unorthodox, but wasn't controversial. The offer for a simple and fair match. Ender's hesitated, but did slowly raise her hand to shake it. They let go, stepped back, and went to business.

They stepped forward, and locked on. Back and forth they briefly paced, before Aphmau executed her arm drag. Early into the match, and Silas got straight back up. Two more steps forward and they were back on a lock. This time Silas executed an arm drag, and Aphmau committed the same action Silas did mere seconds before. She got back up, then suddenly...

Slap!

Mike Rolash: OOH! Silas Artoria just slapped a bitch!

Jim Gunt: Michael!

Aphmau stopped, almost stunned as the opponent she shook hands with slapped her face. Nothing forceful, didn't even knock any wind out of her, but the statement was clear. Silas smirked, and raised his arms again. The two made contact, this time a bit more fierce, and again Silas executed his arm drag, but this time didn't let go. Aphmau was stuck on the mat, and Silas started to work on the arm. He painfully stretches the joint as Aphmau tries to reach for the ropes. He tugs it further, and Aphmau tries to reach further, but to no avail.

Instead, she tries to reach for Silas' head. Unfortunately her arm can't reach his head, but a different limb can. She crunches, kicks upward, and strikes the shoulder of her opponent's dominating arm. He jolts, just enough time for her to push her body weight on his chest. He falls back, and when the ref counted one, he was forced to let go of the arm. The two rose, back to facing each other.

Jim Gunt: Here we go, back to the face off!

The two go to grab, but the loud smack of a knife chop to Aphmau's shoulder stops the charge. She staggers back, and Silas grabs her hand. Irish whip forcing her to the turnbuckle, she collides with such force that she bounces back. She falls to the mat, and she crawls herself to the corner as Silas strided towards the opera singer. She sits up, but Silas places his foot and an insurmountable amount of pressure on her shoulder. She reacts to the pain, shaking in clear agony, and the one thing that saved her were the rules. The ref counted to four before Silas finally eased off. He bent down, gave Aphmau a patronising tap on her head, and stepped back to the centre of the ring.

She got back up and looked at her opponent, clutching her shoulder. Silas roamed the ring, before Aphmau took her first few steps away from the corner. Silas took a step forward towards her, before charging. He goes for a simple clothesline, but the more stationary opponent ducked before it made contact. Silas stops, looks back, and sees a heel swinging upwards towards his head. He grabs the limb before it makes contact, but his attempt to land his elbow on the leg's joint was expected. She grabs Silas' head quickly, and applied pressure quickly. He let go of the leg, and pushed her away. He charges and executes the KNOCKOUT-NO- Aphmau sidesteps it. Quickly she clutches his head, twists it back, and lifts him over her. Reverse suplex, and Silas lands on his face as Aphmau rises up.

Jim Gunt: What an opening match so far!

Mike Rolash: It sure has been, these two have shown a surprising amount of resiliency.

She looks at her opponent as he slowly rises, slightly dazed, and she makes for the ropes. Bounce, she charges forward, he falls back down as she runs over him. She bounces off the ropes, charges back, Silas desperately jumps over her and just about succeeds. She again bounces, he turns around, and Aphmau executes a running step up Enziguri. It smacks him square in the jaw, and the man staggers to the side. He's in the corner, she strikes him with a running clothes line, but stammers back as the pain in her shoulder strikes again. Undeterred, her hair whips around, and strikes his chest. He recoils forward in pain, and screams aloud as the pain of being whipped seeps in.

Aphmau acts fast, wraps her leg around his, and a Russian Leg Sweep forces him to the floor. She goes for the pin.

Referee: OONNNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO...No! His shoulder's up!

Jim Gunt: And the match continues! These two rookies are looking really good so far, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Whoever comes out of this match as the victor should have a good career ahead of them here in CWF.

Shoulder up, the match continues. Aphmau is sat up, seething in pain and annoyance as her opponent crawls towards the ropes. She forces him up, grabs her arm, and whips him towards the ropes. He bounces off, runs towards Aphmau, and her heel kick gets another attempt. Silas dives, tackles the only leg supporting her entire body. She falls on her kicking knee awkwardly, and looking back up, she is greeted with a superkick. She falls on her back, and Silas makes towards the ropes. He clutches his chest, now sporting a red mark from his opponent's hair. He breathed heavily,

seething the pain, before pacing back towards Aphmau.

He takes a long look at his opponent, and his foot is placed back on her shoulder. Pressure applied, and basks in the audience as his opponent flails below him. Suddenly a jerk in his leg is felt, and he's forced to fall on his back. Aphmau gets back up, stamps on his stomach, and grabs his legs. She twists him over, and after some resistance when Silas figured out what she was trying to do, he is flipped over and trapped in a Boston Crab.

She locks it in and crunches hard as her opponent flailed his arms in pain. He tried to swing for her, but in response she crunches his legs harder, forcing him to scream wide-eyed. It was hard to keep his hands off the mat, he couldn't let the referee mistake his pain for tapping out. It was tempting, but Silas pulled himself up and started to try and crawl towards the bottom rope. He was getting close, just at the tip of his fingers, but Aphmau stepped back in the middle of the ring, dragging Silas with her with an audible "no, no, no!" coming from the aristocrat.

He endured the pain, but needed to act fast otherwise he'll pass out. He was blinking in a worrying fashion, he the heavy breathing turned into a more sinister smile. He tugged one of his legs, just one, again and again. Aphmau's shoulder began to give in under the pressure, yet she endured. He kept on tugging, until there was just enough flack for him to fiercely swing his foot back up and heel kick her shoulder. Wasn't much force, but the pain was enough for Aphmau to drop both his legs and fall back, landing on Silas' back before he force her off him.

The two laid down on the mat as the pain slowly subsided. Silas crawled up on set of ropes while Aphmau crawled on the opposite side. The two reached the top rope at about the same time, and turned to look at each other, Aphmau with intense fire in her eyes, and Silas with an emerging sinister grin. They faced each other and walked forward, colliding their heads at the center of the ring.

Silas pushed, and gave her a knife chop. Aphmau delivered one back with a louder crack. Silas retaliated with another one, another, even louder crack, and Aphmau delivered a harder one. The smack was loud, and she delivered another one, and another one, and another one to the point that it forced Silas to his knees. She lines him up, her legs get a grip on his head, but before she could twist them to deliver a DDT, Silas grabs her chest and lifts her up. The L shape position looked dangerously unsafe, but a brief adjustment positioned Aphmau into a torture rack. Instead of applying pressure, Silas simply started to spin, and spin, and spin. The feet kept the two stable, and thus he went faster to the point that he nearly lost his footing. After ten seconds, he drops her opponent, and through dizziness he collapsed on top of her.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHH-NO!

Jim Gunt: Near fall there after that very interesting maneuver!

Mike Rolash: You could say that again.

Jim Gunt: Near fall there af-

Mike Rolash: Seriously, Jim?

Shoulder jolted up, and Silas rolled off the woman. The two were still dizzy, though the two got back up more quickly. Silas then lines her up, Discus Clothesline, but a Step-Up Enziguri forces him onto his knees. She goes for the heel kick, but the exhaustion causes Silas to slink back and miss the strike. Aphmau looks towards her slunk opponent, now laid down on the floor. She hesitates for a moment, unsure about pinning him, but alas, a match is a match, and a match has to have a winner.

She drags him up, his head under her shoulder, and positioned him right. Arms hooked, leg swung out, and she swings it forward. She forces him to the ground for an Ender Awakening, but the weight doesn't force her opponent down. Instead, Silas keeps her suspended, twists her around into a fireman's carry position, then, after screaming, executes a Fireman's Carry Drop. The impact was painful, though before Aphmau could take another strike at her opponent, she got up to her feet and--

Smack!

Silas successfully delivered the Knockout to her injured shoulder, and Aphmau slinks to her knees as if the soul had escaped from her body. Silas acted fast, dragging the limp body back onto their feet. Silas positioned himself behind her, placed his head between her legs, and lifted her up with a sadistic grin into the electric chair position. Aphmau tries to strike his head, but the daze had clearly weakened her strikes. He lifts her up further, even higher, before throwing her up further into the air. FALL OF MAN! After being hit with the huge cutter, Enders' limp body lies in the ring, and after turning her on her back, Artoria goes of the pin.

Referee: OONNNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHRRREEEEEE!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by pinfall....SILAS ARTORIA!!

The bell rings. Silas Artoria is the victor in his debut match. He rises to his feet, still smiling with an uncomfortable aura surrounding it, and places his foot on the fallen hometown hero. He raises his arms, and basks in the victory. Demanding a microphone, he was given one and maintained his position over the lifeless body.

"Oh France, you most certainly have your wonderful qualities, and I must say that you all are very welcoming hosts." His foot steps off Aphmau, and instead focuses on pushing her out of the ring and falling onto the outside. "I thank you all for this polite gift, a kind gesture." His smile fades. "But next time, send someone who can actually put up a fight."

He drops the microphone, and leaves the ring as the French fans let him have it with boos galore. Silas shrugs them

off, and heads on through the exit ramp.

## **Heavy Lifters**

Match

RM Strong and Freddie Styles are shown backstage, getting prepared for their match. Strong is dressed to the gills in a pirate outfit, with his agent Brandon chuckling in the background.

RM Strong: It's me and you out there tonight, man! Just like ole times! I remember all those old classic matches of us teaming together!

Freddie Styles: What are you talking about? This is our first match together!

RM Strong: Are you sure?? That's not what my friend Brandon here tells me!

Brandon snickers again. Styles scoffs.

RM Strong: We have the potential to be the best tag team of all time. Strong Styles, catchy name isn't it? We'll be at the top of the tag division in no time! Trust me!

Freddie Styles: I'm supposed to trust you? The guy that waltzed down to the ring in a dress last week?

Freddie's comments seem to light a spark against Strong's amnesia.

RM Strong: No, you're supposed to trust the guy that put Danny Gordy through a table last week! The guy you couldn't put away! Listen to me, man, we got this! Those skallywags, Mace and King, they won't know what hit them out there! We will be the best this company has ever seen!

Freddie Styles: You sound so sure of it.

RM Strong: That's because I AM sure of it.

Freddie Styles: I'm convinced. Count me in.

The camera pans out and we can see Ryan Sunset approaching Strong and Styles.

Freddie Styles: What do you want?

Ryan Sunset: You know, you two... you're two are legitimate superstars aren't you? Two of the most dynamic wrestlers on the CWF roster. But yet, it's so disappointing that you have kind of got swept up in the politics of it all so far. You guys deserve the spotlight! You guys deserve the praise! You guys deserve the attention!

Freddie Styles: So what are you getting at, man?

Ryan Sunset: I have some problems, friend. Some things I have to deal with. I'm looking for some heavy lifters, so to speak. I scratch your back if you scratch mine, so to speak. Then you would get all the respect, ALL the attention you could ever need.

Fade.

**1-800...**

Match

Earlier Tonight

Teddy Rose and his brother Elias sit behind a table made up with several old-fashioned telephone sets and a stack of paperwork. Several associates of God's Right Hand frantically run around the scene making sure his presentation is perfect. Rose looks right at the camera, and smiles brightly.

Teddy Rose: Welcome ladies and gentlemen, to the Word of God. Tonight, I have at my side my trusted brother and friend, Elias Rose. We are here at CWF Evolution to take YOUR phone calls, to get YOUR sentiments on how the word of god has changed you! Donations are accepted and as always suggested for this great cause!

Elias pats his brother on the back, placing the phone up to his ear.

Elias: Great job, Teddy. Caller number twenty seven, you're on the air!

Caller: Yeah, excuse me. Are you guys for real? I know ya'all fools don't have god's message in mind, you're just money hungry bi-

Teddy quickly slams his hand down on the disconnect button.

Teddy Rose: I'm sure that caller meant to say we are doing a fantastic job spreading the word of God so far.

Elias: Yes, I am sure, just like your opponents tonight the Shadow and Autumn Raven will find out, the Word of God is more powerful than any mere mortal. Now, let's take another call.

Teddy places his headset on, but the lights in the room begin to flicker, causing everyone in the room to go even more insane. The Rose brothers turn to each other just as blackness completely envelopes the scene! Flashing across the room a bright light can be seen, but the form never fully coming still.

The Shadow: Man of God, you push your message forward as if it was sent to you from above. But you shall fail tonight in your quest to spread your word. Darkness wins over light every time. Welcome to the Soulsearch.

PPPPSSSHTTT- And with another flash, the lights in the locker room come back on, leaving Elias and Teddy Rose looking very frightened.

Teddy Rose: Wow. I think we better pray, my brother.

Elias nods at his brother with eyes as wide as watermelons.

Fade.

### **Autumn Raven vs. The Shadow vs. Teddy Rose**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is a Triple Threat Match!

The lights go out as "After Forever" by Mea Culpa begins. As the choir sets in, fog starts to waft around the ring, illuminated only with dark, purple light, the ring itself is dark. Depending on how long the intro is allowed to go, once the choir stops, the lights go back on and he stands in the centre of the ring, stoic and unmoving under his hood.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from the place that light goes to die....THE SHADOW!!

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

"The sun is shining

Though everything's dying

Your stars burned out for good

Somewhere in Hollywood"

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

Autumn Raven 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.

Ray Douglas: From Los Angeles, California, the Beautiful Psychopath....AUTUMN RAVEN!!

"How Great Thou Art" by Becoming the Archetype begins to play and Teddy Rose makes his debut appearance on the grand stage of CWF. The preacher himself stands with his robe covering his whole being, before finally turning around to face "his" people. The fans do not yet know what to think of the man, giving him a somewhat mixed response as he makes his way down to the ring. Teddy Rose takes off his robe and hands it to the timekeeper, preparing to show his opponents "God's way".

Ray Douglas: And finally, from Charlotte, North Carolina....TEDDY ROSE!!

The match starts off quickly with Clark Summits staggering out of the way, narrowly escaping a huge flip dropkick to the face of Rose by Autumn Raven! Raven attempts a shoulder block to the cornered Rose, but he sidesteps her, leaving her to smash her own shoulder into the turnbuckle. Teddy Rose turns and the Shadow is on him in a flash, BACKBREAKER! God's Right Hand is on the canvas holding his back in agony but the Shadow is not done with him. He lifts up Rose for a suplex, but Autumn Raven springboards off the ropes, corkscrews through the air and takes out both men with a huge splash!

Jim Gunt: What an incredible showing by all three of these debuting stars so far, Mike!

Mike Rolash: You're damn right, Jimmy, this new crop of talent is looking incredible. CWF is certainly the place to be right now!

Autumn is quickly back to her feet, scanning the scene in front of her as both of her opponents begin to come to at the same time. She plants a kick to the rising Teddy Rose, and then attempts to put the Shadow in a scorpion hold, but he easily fights out and shoves her down to the canvas. The Shadow watches on as Teddy runs at him at full speed, and catches God's Right Hand at the peak of his momentum, flipping him around into a Tilt-A-Whirl slam! With Rose down momentarily, The Shadow dashes towards Autumn, HAMMER OF THE GODS! He wastes no time in covering her after the monstrous running dropkick.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWW-NO!

Jim Gunt: Teddy Rose breaks up the pinfall with a flying elbow drop from the top rope!

Mike Rolash: God's Right Hand came in the nick of time, The Shadow could have been victorious there!

Picking the stunned Shadow back to his feet, Teddy Rose lights him up with a knife edge chop, followed by another, and a third that leaves the dark soul reeling. Teddy grabs him by the arm and whips him hard into the ropes, leaping towards him as the Shadow returns, running forearm! God's Right Hand lifts up the Shadow, GATES OF HEA-NO! Autumn Raven springs off the ropes out of nowhere, her legs intertwining with the head of Rose, FLYING HEADSCISSORS THAT SENDS ROSE AND SHADOW CRASHING! The Beautiful Psychopath now heads up to the high risk district, pulling herself all the way up to her feet on the top rope, ANTI-HERO onto Teddy Rose! Raven with the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO...TTTWW-KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Some incredibly innovative offense there from the debuting Autumn Raven, but it wasn't quite enough to put away Teddy Rose!

Mike Rolash: And now the Shadow is going to have his way with her, Autumn may be in trouble here!

The Shadow pulls Autumn Raven to her feet by her hair, smashing his knee right against her nose. Raven tries to fight out, but he takes her down with a Russian Leg Sweep, following it up with a knee drop. Making his way back over to Teddy Rose, Shadow goes to lift him up but is pulled into a cheap pin, Rose holding the tights of the Shadow beyond the official's eye sight!

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....NO!

Jim Gunt: The Shadow is out at two.

Mike Rolash: And he is pissed, Jimmy!

The Shadow is back up to his feet in an instance, his hand latched around the throat of Teddy Rose! God's Right Hand staggers backwards, trying to pry off the grasp of the Shadow. Autumn Raven bounces off the ropes, and cannonballs right into both men! She has Teddy Rose in the corner now, climbs up to the middle ropes, and begins laying heavy right hands down upon the holy man. Rose catches her off-guard though when he latches onto her sides and runs, SIT-OUT POWERBOMB! Rose holds on for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHRR-NO!

Jim Gunt: The Shadow saves the match for himself, by yanking Teddy Rose off the cover and hurling him all the way out of the ring!

Mike Rolash: Holy shit!

God's Right Hand is sent flying, a full flip over the top rope as he crashes hard outside the ring! With a damaged Autumn Raven now the only competitor left in the ring with him, The Shadow looks to put the death knell to the Beautiful Psychopath. He lifts her into to an upside down position, FORGOTTEN EPITAPH! Raven's head hits the canvas with a sick crunch, and the Shadow raises her arms over her chest to go for the dark cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRREEEEEE!

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

"After Forever" plays once again, and as the official goes to raise the Shadow's hand in victory, the lights once again go back out. Flashing back on a few seconds later, and the victorious Shadow is gone, only his opponent's left lying in and outside the ring.

## **Blind Interview**

### **Match**

The cameras cut backstage where we see three individuals walking through. Well, to be more precise two of them were walking while the other was being pushed in a wheel chair. Who were they? Well none other than the Frost Elite and Annabelle Jackson! As it was, Mizore and Annabelle were the two walking as Mizore was already dressed in her white jacket with black sleeves and plaid skirt with knee high purple striped socks. She was the one pushing Maya who was sitting in the wheel chair. A pair of aviator sunglasses over her eyes as she wore her usual attire of black pants, Black #GreenNoMore T-shirt under a white Jacket.

As the three of them went along they got a few stairs at by the different people. Maya oblivious to them all, Mizore and Annabelle however were not. Soon enough they arrived at their destination which was the food catering with different things spread out on the white folding table for people to collect.

Annabelle already had gone ahead of them as she quickly grabbed a plate and began to pile different things onto it. Mizore chuckled lightly at seeing it.

Maya Jensen: What's so funny?

Maya asked as Mizore glanced down at her love.

Mizore Payne: Annabelle. She's stock piling her plate like she hasn't eaten in weeks.

Maya Jensen: What she gets for skipping dinner. I mean I know she was busy talking with LAW but she really should of gotten something to eat.

Mizore nods as she pushes the wheelchair a little closer to the tables with the food line up on it. She stops as she picks up a plate and hands it to Maya. She then grabs a plate for herself.

Mizore Payne: Let's see... We got the usual stuff. Muffins, Rolls, Pizza. Looks like a salad of some kind. What would you like?

Maya thinks about it a moment before giving a slight shrug.

Maya Jensen: I think I'll take a...

Tara Robinson: Maya? Is that you?

Maya heard the voice as her head instinctively turned towards the source of the sound. It was Tara Robinson as she was coming over with a microphone in her hand but Maya frowned slightly.

Maya Jensen: Who's that?

Tara reached her as she looked to them and frowned slightly as she made a slight attempt to apologies.

Tara Robinson: Oh sorry. But you remember me? Tara... gosh she really can't see anything can she?

That last part was directed at Mizore who gives a slight frown. But it was Maya who spoke up.

Maya Jensen: Yeah, but my hearing is fine. And sorry, I recognized your voice but couldn't place it.

Tara nodded a few times before replying.

Tara Robinson: It's quiet alright. But, I thought you only hurt your eyes? I didn't realize you hurt your legs too.

Maya shakes her head a bit.

Maya Jensen: Oh, no, my legs are fine. Just, I'm still getting used to getting around without any sight... and it scares me a bit trying to move through these unknown locations... So to keep from slowing everyone down, my darling Mizore here is wheeling me around.

Mizore gives a nod as she looks down and smiles at Maya. Tara nods her head a few times.

Tara Robinson: Well, I'll say it's really awful what Elisha did to you.

The look on Mizore's face turned to anger at the mention of Elisha's name. Even Maya got a more stern look.

Maya Jensen: It could of been worse...

Tara Robinson: Indeed. You seen what he did during that one... oh sorry.

Tara apologies again and Maya gives a slight shy.

Maya Jensen: It's fine... I've been hearing what's been going on thanks to the commentary team and Mizore and Annabelle.

Again Tara nods.

Tara Robinson: Right. Speaking of that, Everyone's been wondering about later tonight. I mean you two had some big words to say, but are you really sure you're ready for a match? You've been without your sight for only a week... surely you'll need more time to adjust.

Maya cocks her head slightly as she smiles a bit.

Maya Jensen: Oh is this an interview? I thought we were just having a friendly conversation.

She smiles as Tara chuckles.

Tara Robinson: Well, we were. But hey I got my mic, let's go ahead and make this official.

Maya nods as Mizore does as well.

Tara Robinson: So, as I was saying. Maya are you sure you're ready for this? I would think you'd need a bit more time to adjust.

Maya shakes her head.

Maya Jensen: I've been training nearly every day to make sure I'm ready to step back into the ring. I've already had a good ring awareness so this will be putting that to the test ten fold.

Tara Robinson: That's true. But at least you'll be going in with your partner. That's sure to help a lot.

Maya Jensen: It sure does. Right baby?

Mizore Payne: Of course. Like I said Saturday, we are a team and no each other very well. And I'll be there to help support Maya every step of the way.

Tara Robinson: That's good to hear. Ofcourse, You two sure have been turning some heads. Even more so in this match up. Both men have talked about a possible wanting to date you both.

Maya chuckled.

Maya Jensen: Well, we're happy with each other. Though I wouldn't call what Lance was saying as 'wanting to date us'.

Tara Robinson: I thought it was a bit implied. Though from what we know about him, he is a party animal so 'dating' probably isn't the word he'd use. Though I have to wonder what he'll think once he finally sees the two of you. He has been assuming you are both ugly.

Maya smiles a bit there.

Maya Jensen: Well, thanks for the compliment. But I'm not putting to much thought into it. I mean, when I first heard he would be one of our opponents, I thought he'd spend most of his time trying to flirt with us.

Tara Robinson: Well he DID say he was coming to the ring as a woman to try and get you two to break apart during the match.

Mizore Payne: He's wrong. Maya and I have been dating for over 2 years. We love each other and not going to let some 'attractive woman' get between us.

Mizore even used air quotes when saying Attractive woman as if her sarcastic tone wasn't enough. Though that made Tara speak up on a slightly different subject.

Tara Robinson: Well, that's interesting. There have been a few rumors that...

Annabelle Jackson: Hey, what's keeping you so long...

Annabelle had just come back up to them as it seemed she had been waiting for them to get their food and come to one of the tables set up. But she caught sight of the microphone.

Annabelle Jackson: Oh sorry, didn't realize you were doing an interview.

Tara Robinson: It's fine. I think I have all we need. Didn't mean to hold you two up.

Maya Jensen: It's fine.

Tara nodded.

Tara Robinson: Well, I wish you two luck.

Mizore Payne: Thanks.

So Tara headed off and Maya and Mizore got something to eat. More a light snack compared to the plate full of food that Annabelle got. But the girls just chuckled as they walk away.

Fade.

## **Apology Brownies**

Match

Just like last week, we see Harvey Danger sitting alone in the backstage locker room, a white towel placed in his right hand as he wipes away the perspiration from his face. The CWF Impact Title sits beside him on the bench. Danger looks up, and sees Lance LaRusso and Ashley Hunter coming through the doorway, arguing with each other.

Ashley Hunter: Lance, come on man, this isn't a good idea.

Lance LaRusso: Ah don't worry about it Ash, I seen this on the food network...heeeey Harvey!

Harvey Danger looks up, an eyebrow raised as he sees a steel baking pan in the hands of the Pansexual Playboy. A platter of freshly baked brownies, with fudge oozing out from the top. The Impact champion looks intrigued.

Lance LaRusso: So Harvey, old buddy, I know we agreed to let bygones be bygones last week.

Harvey Danger: So to speak..

Lance interrupts and continues.

Lance LaRusso: But I feel like I haven't given you enough of an apology for ruining your cake to your friend TLS. So I wanted to get you something. The first thing I could think of was to call the man with the face paint, but I couldn't find any circuses that were open this time of year. So...

Lance pushes the brownies onto Harvey Danger, Ash just shakes his head.

Ashley Hunter: Lance...

Lance LaRusso: So what is the only thing better than an apology cake? APOLOGY BROWNIES!

Lance over-enthusiastically hands the brownies over to his new "friend" Harvey Danger. Danger is somewhat weary of them, but smiles back at him anyway.

Harvey Danger: Thanks, I guess. Maybe you and I will make a good pair tonight, after all. And I do have a sweet tooth, how did you know!?

Digging right into the brownies, using his hand like a spoon, Harvey pulls out a chunk of brownie and helps himself to a huge bite. Talking while eating, pieces of brownie disgustingly fly everywhere.

Harvey Danger: I'll...have to save...some of this for 'ma!

Lance LaRusso pats Harvey on the back, more than satisfied that his plan to bring the two of them together worked

perfectly. Ashley Hunter isn't nowhere near as impressed though.

Lance LaRusso: Alright then, I'll see you out there tonight Harvey. Enjoy!

Lance pulls Ash out with him, hurrying to leave the locker room area. Once they are out in the hallway, Ashley immediately smacks him across the back of the head.

Ashley Hunter: You idiot! I can't believe you just gave Harvey Danger POT brownies! He's going to kill you once the buzz kicks in and he realizes what you have done!

Lance shrugs, a small smile coming across his face as he rubs the back of his head.

Fade.

### **Frost Elite (Maya Jensen & Mizore) vs. Harvey Danger & Lance LaRusso**

Match

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

"No Rain" by Blind Melon hits the PA system as the fans gave a nice pop for Harvey Danger as he comes out from the back. He does his usual routine as he heads down to the ramp sigh the Impact Championship over his shoulder.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first. From Long Island, New York, weighing in at 240lbs. The Impact Champion....HARVEY DANGER!!

Mike Rolash: Here he comes, good ol' mamma's boy.

Jim Gunt: Now now, he's good of him to take care of his mother.

Mike Rolash: And you believe that lie?

Harvey soon makes it into the ring as his music is cut and replaced by "Mr. Wonderful" by Smile.DK. Soon, The Pansexual Playboy himself comes out from the behind the curtain wearing the same dress and make-up from earlier in the week. He holds up to paper bags with mirrors attached to them as if to show off to the crowds. They boo him for it of course.

Ray Douglas: And his partner, From Los Angeles, California. Weighing in at 215lbs, The Pansexual Playboy....LANCE LaRUSSO!!

Lance began to make his way down to the ring, strutting his stuff but in a more feminine fashion. Adding an extra umph to his hips with each step.

Mike Rolash: I used to like this guy. But this? This is just TOO much.

Jim Gunt: I agree.

Mike Rolash: Oh come on now Jim, you know he's your dream come true.

The camera's didn't show Jim as he rolled his eyes but instead stayed focused on The Pansexual Playboy as he got on the apron of the ring and leaned forwards going for a cleavage shot, but there was none-to be had. Harvey of course was looking at his partner with both shock and embarrassment. Soon enough, Lance gets in the ring and does aa bit more posing before finally walking over to his corner as Harvey is just staring at Lance with that same expression on his face.

Jim Gunt: His partner sure is surprised by this.

Mike Rolash: Why would he be? He's got a TV, he'd of seen Lance, that should tell everyone what he was going to be doing for his match.

Jim Gunt: Probably didn't think he'd go through with it.

Lance's music was finally cut before being replaced by "Fire & Ice" By Wolfblur. This gets a major pop from the crowds as the curtain's part and out come Mizore and Maya Jensen. Maya's in her ring gear which instead of the shirt and white Jacket, she's wearing a black sports bra. However, she's also no longer wearing the sunglasses as around her eyes was some cloth tied around her head acting as a blind fold. When Maya steps out, she gets a bit taken aback. Almost like she's a bit frightened. It takes a moment for Mizore to talk to Maya a bit soothing what was bothering her before Maya finally nods and holds on to Mizore as the two of them make their way to the ramp, Mizore leading Maya.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents. From Albany New York and Rawlins, Wyoming respectively. They are Maya Jensen and Mizore Payne....THE FROST ELITE!!

Mike Rolash: These two have put fighting blind into a whole new level. That girl shouldn't even be out here.

Jim Gunt: I'm a bit surprised you care Mike.

Mike Rolash: I don't. This is just pathetic. Is CWF supporting a charity? No. It's a wrestling federation.

As the Frost Elite make their way down, Mizore doing a bit of waving with her free hand, Lance was already trying to 'seduce' them with sexual poses. The Frost Elite ignore him though before finally they get inside the ring. They do one last pose before going to their corner. As Ray exits the ring, both teams discuss who will be starting first. As for Harvey and Lance, it was Lance. Mizore tried to go first but Maya shook her head and she started first for her team. Trent Robbins was the ref for this match as he checks on both competitors before calling for the bell.

The match begins and immediately Lance puts his plan into action as he begins to pose for Maya. Shaking his hips and shift his body in sexual ways. Maya however just stands there.

Jim Gunt: I think LaRusso's plans have backfired here. His disturbing postures aren't doing anything if she can't see.

Mike Rolash: He needs to stop with that crap and get to fighting. She's blind for crying out loud.

Lance notices Maya's not paying much attention as he walks over and waves his hands in front of her face. Clearly saying hello is anyone there. Lance just smirks as he takes back his hand turning around to gesture to the crowd and to mock her. That's when Maya dashes in with a missile drop kick, sending Lance to the mat. Maya runs and hits the ropes before jumping off the middle executing a lionsault.

Mike Rolash: Wait a moment, I thought she was blind? How the hell did she pull that off?

Jim Gunt: Maybe she's become Ms Daredevil?

Mike Rolash: Really? A Marvel reference?

The crowds pop a little as Maya goes to work on Lance. Hitting a variety of fast pace moves to keep Lance off his feet. The crowd's only increasing in volume with each hit. Suddenly, there's a slight hesitation from Maya as it seemed the noise from the crowds got to loud and she lost track of LaRusso. At a bad time too as she turned around to hit a side kick only to miss Lance widely.

Jim Gunt: And Maya lost track of where LaRusso was which gives him the opportunity to make the tag.

The crowds were still pretty hyped up and Maya was starting to lose track of everything. Mizore called out for her as Harvey came in with a running Reverse Elbow causing Maya to hit the mat. Maya starts to get up And Harvey looks a little shameful at what he did but he shakes it off as he pulls Maya in and drops her with a DDT. He starts to get to work on Maya, using his grounded high Flying skills to keep Maya off her feet and pretty lost. Soon, He snags her leg and locks in the Single Leg Danger Crab!

Jim Gunt: Single Leg Danger Crab Locked in! Maya with no where to go!

Mike Rolash: If she could even see where to go.

Maya fights through the pain as she starts to crawl. But little does she realize she's crawling right towards the corner LaRusso's in who continues to thrust his stuff but seemed ready to do some damage. Maya is almost there when suddenly a shout from Mizore causes Maya to stop realizing where she was. It took a moment but Maya willed herself into a short of roll allowing her to be on her back now infant of Harvey as she kicks out with her free leg pushing Harvey away from her and into his corner.

Maya quickly gets up and rushes to her corner making the tag to Mizore as Lance does the same with as the two come at each other, Lance attempts a sexual pose but Mizore doesn't let him even start as she hits a running drop kick knocking the Pansexual playboy onto his bum.

Jim Gunt: The tag is made on both sides, and it's Mizore who gets the advantage.

Mike Rolash: Looks like Lance's stupid plan is backfiring on him. He should of stuck to his boyish charms.

Lance was quick to get back to his feet but was quickly leveled as Mizore hit the ropes and came in with a flying Clothesline again knocking the man off his feet. Mizore goes for a cover!

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWW-NO!

Lance shifted his lower hips and pushing them towards Mizore as Mizore quickly let's go in disgust. Lance smirks as he gets up as Mizore glares at Lance only blows a kiss at her. Mizore's disgust only increases as she quickly rushes in for a clothesline only for Lance to leap frog her. Mizore hits the ropes coming in for another go.. .ORGASM BUTTON!

Jim Gunt: And Lance hits Mizore with the Orgasm Button.

Mike Rolash: Kinky.

Mizore's down and Lance couldn't help but show off a bit more before finally reaching in for the cover, but Mizore suddenly pulls him and with a roll up.

Referee: OOONNNEEE...TTTWWWOOO-NO!

Jim Gunt: Eww!

Lance reached forward and kissed Mizore causing her to once again let go of the pin in such disgust. LaRusso only laughs as he gets up and grabs her and plants her with "The Facial". Mizore's down yet again as this time Lance poses to the crowds but this time he's pointing over to where he stated the paper bags. He goes over to them ready for the finish. He goes over and grabs the bag and returns picking Mizore up before dropping her back down with the Spinning Hook Kick he calls the WALK OF SHAME!

Jim Gunt: Walk of Shame! That may be all it took!

Lance places the back on Mizore's head before going for the pins hooking the leg.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHRRRNO!

Maya some how makes the save at the last minute. But she was off in her strike as her fists collides with the very thing that proves the Pansexual Playboy is a man. This gets a collective oomph from the audience as Lance is now on the floor clutching his man hood.

Jim Gunt: Ouch, Seems Maya accidentally hit LaRusso in the family jewels.

Mike Rolash: Accident? That was clearly on purpose.

Didn't seem Maya really understood what was going on as the ref reprimanded her and she only threw up her hands saying it was an accident. On the other side of the ring, Lance slowly rolls over to his corner. Maya gets back to her corner as Mizore makes it to her feet going over and tagging in Maya. Maya gets in the ring as Harvey, a look of ouch on his face, tags himself back in as Lance rolls to the floor. Harvey looks over to Lance before back to Maya as he comes in running at full speed. Maya does the same as she dashed towards him. The Crowds giving a pop as they meet in the middle Harvey goes for a clothesline but Maya jumps up hitting FRIGID ICE WALL!

Jim Gunt: The Impact Champion is down! This could be it!

Maya goes for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHRRREE? NO!

Harvey rolls the shoulder at the last possible second. Maya gets up, swaying back and forth, now she's feeling it. She turns around motioning for Harvey to get up as the crowds begin to get even louder knowing what's to come. Harvey begins to rise as the crowd cheers even more. Maya suddenly gets that same look on her face as Harvey shuffles a little on his dazed feet. Maya's face screws up a little as to concentrate as she goes in for the GREEN NO MORE!

NO! Maya misses the move entirely as she places her foot out to do the step up she gets nothing but air causing her to fall to the mat. Embarrassed she gets back up but Harvey has shaken the cobwebs as he runs at Maya hitting the EXPLODING LARIAT! He drops on the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRREEEEEE!

Ray Douglas: And your winners by pinfall....LANCE LARUSSO AND HARVEY DANGER!!

"No Rain" by Blind Melon hits the PA system as Harvey Danger gets back up and raises his hand in victory. The ref collects Harvey's Impact Championship belt and gives it to Harvey as he raises his hand in victory.

Mike Rolash: And this is CWF is no place for the blind. Seriously, just retire already and save yourself the embarrassment.

Jim Gunt: That's a little harsh Mike.

Mizore goes into the ring as she checks on Maya as Lance, having recovered finally from his blow to the land down under, gets into the ring and celebrates with his partner. Mizore helps Maya out as they two head to the back and The team of Lance and Harvey continue to celebrate in the ring as the cameras fade to the next part of the show.

## **That Night in London**

### **Match**

Duce Jones is seen sitting on a bench in the locker rooms taping his hands and wrist. He seems prepared and focused for just the second match of his career tonight. Suddenly there is a knock on the door. Duce gets up from the bench and walks towards the door and opens it.. On the other side is none other than CWF Interviewer, Tara Robinson, smiling.

Tara Robinson: Hey Duce, I wanted to talk about the night in London.

Duce Jones: Can we do this some other time, I really gotta big match to prepare for.

Tara Robinson: I just wanted to get a few things clear..

Duce Jones: Okay check this out, meet me at the show and we can talk all you want.

Tara Robinson: Are you sure?

Duce Jones: Yes, I'm sure but right now I have a match to get to.

And with that Duce brushes past her, leaving Tara standing there upset but optimistic at the same time. She then proceeds to go her separate way.

Fade.

### **Duce Jones vs. Pandalike vs. Dean Moxley**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is a triple threat set for one fall!

The lights in the arena dim, as orange strobe lights move all across the venue.. "Smiling Faces" by Kevin Gates is blasting throughout the PA system as Duce Jones out onto the stage. The fans show their support, good or bad as he stands there and surveys the crowd.. He then strolls down to the ring slapping an occasional fan's hand if they reached out. Duce makes it down to the ring where hops onto the apron and climbs inside the ring.. He sprints to the nearest corner and climbs to the second rope and begins looking into the crowd once again.. Duce climbs down from the corner, turns around, and wait for the bell to ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Jonesboro, Arkansas....DUCE JONES!!

"Monster" by Skillet hits, and Dean walks down the ramp as he doesn't even slap hands with the fans. He gets in the ring, and poses for them as he ignores the boos as he has an evil smirk on his face.

Ray Douglas: From Cincinatti, Ohio....DEAN MOXLEY!!

Music hits Clozee-Koto and lights dims and Pandalike comes out wearing a Panda hoodie and a black and white face paint. He walks down the ramp and enters the ring. He climbs up the turnbuckle and scream at top of his lungs "SAVE THE PANDAS!" and repeats it at all four turnbuckles and stands in the middle of the ring looking at his opponent.

Ray Douglas: And finally, from China....PANDALIKE!!

Head official Trent Robbins rings the bell and all three competitors look more than ready for the match ahead. Debuting Dean Moxley is the first to strike out, attacking Pandalike with a front kick. Jones grabs ahold of him and half & half suplexes him to the canvas. Duce and Pandalike now lock up, neither man looking to let the other take the advantage.

Panda has him cornered, but the second generation star fights out with a knee to the gut. Jones places his arm across his chest, Sambo Suplex!

Jim Gunt: Rock Bottom there by the second generation superstar!

Mike Rolash: We don't call it that here in CWF, Jimmy, it's just a sambo suplex.

Jim Gunt: Oh, pish posh.

Dean Moxley lashes out at Duce Jones, wildly punching and kicking the man until he has no choice but fall to his knees and put his hands up to try to block some of the blows. Moxley uses this to his advantage, Snap DDT! Pandalike is back in action however, striking hard against the chest of Moxley. The Paw Print open palm strikes leave him crashing into the corner! Panda runs at the crazed lunatic, CANNONBALL! Wasting no time, Pandalike goes up to the top rope, leaping off as Dean Moxley tries to crawl away, PANDA SPLASH ONTO HIS BACK! Panda rolls him over, going for the pin attempt.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWW-No!

Jim Gunt: Duce Jones breaks up the pin with a low dropkick to the side of Pandalike's head!

Mike Rolash: This match is far from over, Jimmy.

With Pandalike rolling over holding the side of his head, Jones attempts to go for the pin on the downed Moxley.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWW-No!

Jim Gunt: Crafty move there from the second generation superstar, but Pandalike is back in the game and breaks up the pinfall!

Mike Rolash: And now Panda and Jones are going at it! Here we go!

Pandalike is to his feet, catching the right hand of Duce Jones and delivering an elbow to his jaw. Duce comes back with an attack of his own, chopping and punching fast and hard, knocking Panda into the corner. He takes a few steps back, never taking his attention off Panda, RUNNING YAKUZA KICK! The crowd is now on the side of Jones, as he attempts to pull Pandalike away from the corner, but instead is rolled up by Dean Moxley, who holds onto his tights for extra leverage!

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOO-KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Dean Moxley showing that he's not afraid to get his hands dirty here tonight in his debut match up.

Mike Rolash: Are you afraid to get your hands dirty, Jim?

Jim Gunt: No....why?

Mike Rolash: That's good to know. \*winks\*

All three competitors are back up to their feet at the same time, showing a little bit of wear but still ready to go. Duce Jones runs at Moxley and strikes him down with a high rise knee, but Pandalike quickly grabs him- spinebuster! Jones is back up, RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX WITH AUTHORITY! Panda goes for the cover on Jones.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO..NO!

Jim Gunt: Moxley breaks up the cover! One of these three men is going to have to incapacitate both of his opponents if he looks to win this triple threat!

Mike Rolash: Looks like the evil one of the Moxleys may be doing just that!

Dean Moxley grabs Pandalike by his arms, pulling him up and throwing him shoulder first into the corner! Panda lands hard, holding onto his right shoulder in agony. Dean turns around and Duce Jones is back up to his feet, hitting him with a flurry of rapid fire knees. With Moxley dazed, Duce Jones throws him up, FINAL TIC 2.0! The crowd is going crazy as Jones hurries for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHRRREEEEEE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner by pinfall....DUCE JONES!!

Jim Gunt: Pandalike was THIS close to breaking up the pinfall there, but it is Duce Jones who celebrates another victory in his early CWF career. Undefeated so far!

Mike Rolash: Indeed, as much of a fan loving, strange son of a gun as this Jones is, he is looking good thus far. Pandalike and Dean Moxley looks great themselves though, this match could have went any way, but it's Jones who once again comes out on top!

## Post Match Interview with Frost Elite

Match

The camera's shift backstage to where Maya and Mizore heading back to the locker room. Maya was back in her wheel chair with a very sorrowful look on her face. Even Mizore was looking down but there was also worry for Maya and how she was feeling from it. As they continued on Tara Robinson came up to them microphone in hand.

Tara Robinson: Wait up you guys.

Tara catches up as Mizore stop halting Maya's wheelchair while she does. The Mizore looked to Tara as Maya was still just staring forward, her blindfold still across her face.

Mizore Payne: Yes Tara?

Mizore clearly said her name for Maya's benefit, just incase she couldn't place her voice again. Tara gives a slight frown but still determined to do her job.

Tara Robinson: I just wanted to say that was a tough loss out there tonight. But, what the fans are wanting to know is after this match, where you're loss of sight costed you the match, will you be continuing on with your wrestling career, or will you be retiring?

It was a good question and even Mizore looked to Maya. She knew of Maya's love for the sport but she couldn't blame her if she finally decided to call it quits. They both waited for a moment before slowly Maya shook her head.

Maya Jensen: ... No.

Tara Robinson: No? I mean, you saw what happened out there... oh sorry...

Tara said realizing she used a bad choice of words but Maya only shakes her head again.

Maya Jensen: I know what happened out there... But no, I will not let this setback keep me from living my dream. I will continue to fight. I will just train harder, until I can 'see' that ring and everything that goes on in it.

Maya's fire was beginning to grow as she said this And Mizore gave her a smile before looking up at Tara.

Mizore Payne: You see, Tara. Maya's a fighter. She won't give up. And I'll be sticking by her side all the way through this.

Tara nodded.

Tara Robinson: I understand. Well, Maya I do wish you well in your continued career.

Maya Jensen: Thank you.

Mizore nods as she pushes Maya's wheel chair on leaving Tara there to watch them go before the scene cuts to the next part of the show.

## **Missing**

Match

J. Rish is absolutely ape shit as he storms around his office, screaming.

J. Rish: How in the hell could you let this happen!

The two short, chubby Mexican security guards shrug, neither of them knowing English. The co-CEO of CWF is tossing over every inch of his office, his very worst nightmare coming true right under his nose, his oldest daughter Cambria is missing.

Amber Rishel: Maybe you should have hired better security? I don't know Justin, she told me she had to go to the bathroom and I thought Manuel there would follow her. I didn't realize he would be such an idiot and let her go on her own!

Rish is infuriated, dumping a small glass end table and spilling the vase of flowers that sat on top of it.

J. Rish: God damn it! This is exactly why I brought you guys to the arena with me tonight, so that this type of shit WOULDN'T happen!

Everia is frightened as she sees her dad so frantic, but even more scared of losing her older sister. She is still very confused after seeing her family's Eclipse blow up right in front of her eyes last week. Amber does her best to try to calm Rish down, putting a hand on his shoulder, but he pushes her away.

J. Rish: Amber, please don't touch me. I am not in the mood to be consoled right now. Listen, I am going to go \*BANG!\*... Oh my god...

Without even taking a second to think about it, J. Rish sprints out of the locker room. At first the hallway seems empty,

but all the way at the end he can barely see the form of a man in black-with Cambria Rishel swinging through the air in his grasp! Screams from the teenage girl reverberate through the arena, and J. Rish is off like a light down the hallway. But as he reaches the door and opens it, they are gone. Taking several deep breaths, Rish shakes his head and looks at the ground.

J. Rish: Jesus christ. When is this going to end?

Pulling in one last deep breath, the co-CEO goes to search for his oldest daughter further, knowing deep down that it may be too late.

Fade.

## **Ataxia vs. Danny Gordy**

Match

"Die Die Die My Darling" by Metallica hits over the PA system as Ataxia made his way way out to the ring.

Ray Douglas: This match is set for one fall! On the way to the ring, from parts unknown. Weighing in at 215 lbs....ATAXIA!!

Ataxia continued to make his way down to the ring as he had a bit of that craziness to him.

Jim Gunt: Here we are, at the start of this contest. But before this, Ataxia has made claims that he will be going after Trinity and The Eternals.

Mike Rolash: A very stupid decision if you ask me. The man is clearly Coo coo.

Ataxia gets in the ring and does a bit of chuckling to himself as he paces waiting for his opponent to begin his entrance. Soon enough, "Muscle Gun" by Fist as Danny Gordy steps out from the back. He walked to center of the stage before behind him another man walks out. This was Joseph Stein.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent. Accompanied by Joseph Stein, From Chicago IL, weighing in at 300IBS....DANNY GORDY!!

Gordy and Stein make their way to the ring as the camera follows them.

Jim Gunt: Not really sure who this Stein character is. But he seems to be the reason Gordy is still with the company.

Mike Rolash: Must of been paid a HELL of a lot of money to do that Evening Gown Match. And I mean a Hell of a lot of money.

Danny Gordy keeps his eyes on Ataxia who seems to be more energetic as he's motioning for Gordy to 'bring it' in his own crazed way. Gordy glares at him but doesn't do anything but get into the ring. As he does, Clark Summits, the ref for the match checks before calls for the bell!

Jim Gunt: Here we go, Gordy Vs Ataxia! What an interesting match this will be.

Mike Rolash: If you can call it that.

Ataxia and Gordy square off as Ataxia just laughs at Gordy and motions him in to bring it. Which Gordy obliges as he comes in with a spear. Ataxia continues to chuckle at him gets dropped. Gordy getting more annoyed by the second. So Gordy picks him up and sends him into the ropes. Only for Ataxia to hit the ropes and spring board off them hitting a cross body. Danny Gordy is taken down and Ataxia goes for a pin but it shoved off before the ref even had a chance to drop down.

Jim Gunt: Going to take more than that to get a pinball on Gordy.

Mike Rolash: Please, don't you think he knows that? Ataxia's just toying with him. Makes me sick.

Ataxia is back up as Danny Gordy slowly makes it to his own feet, clearly annoyed by this. Ataxia then goes up and slaps Gordy right across the face more to humiliate him than anything. Gordy does not take it kindly as this time he grabs him and plants him with a swift DDT. Gordy follows this up with a tiger Suplex all while the masked man just chuckles from the pain. Gordy gets more annoyed as he whips Ataxia into the corner but again Ataxia quickly climbs up the turnbuckle and hoping off with a flying drop kick! No! Gordy grabs his legs mid air and hurls Ataxia right across the ring using both his power and Ataxia's momentum!

Jim Gunt: Wow, what a counter by Danny Gordy!

Mike Rolash: And they put this man in a Dress? That was stupid of them.

Ataxia skid across the canvas hitting his shoulder into the corner post. But Danny Gordy comes over picking him up and slamming Ataxia's head right into the corner turn buckle before picking him up and power slamming him right back down to the mat. He goes for the pin.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO-Kickout!

Jim Gunt: What resilience by the man known as Ataxia.

Mike Rolash: Oh no one really cares. He's just some freak in a mask.

Gordy looks to the ref to confirm the two count before getting back to work on Ataxia. Kicking him in the side a few times. He picks him up when Ataxia suddenly grabs Gordy and whips him into the corner before executing LEARN YOUR LESSON! Gordy tries to cover up but Ataxia quickly pulls him in and hits E.R. STAT! Getting a pop from the crowds. Ataxia goes for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTT-KICKOUT!

Gordy powers out as he now sits up breathing heavily. Ataxia laughs at him a moment before again slapping him across the face.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia's really wanting to humiliate Gordy here.

Mike Rolash: A bad mistake on his part.

Ataxia runs to the ropes when he spots that Stein standing down at ring-side. He stops as he hears Stein's phone going off. Stein takes it out of his pocket and checks to see who it was. As Ataxia watches this, even mocks Stein a little, who ignores him, Danny Gordy is back to his feet and comes up behind Ataxia. He turns him around before hitting the GORDBUSTER! Danny drops down and hooks the leg...

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHH-NOO! KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: He almost had him there, all from a distraction from ringside.

Mike Rolash: Don't be an idiot, Jim. The man got a phone call, if Ataxia is stupid enough to try and listen in to other people's conversations...

Danny was again annoyed at the kickoff but this time he goes and grabs Ataxia locking him into the STF! As Ataxia laughs from the pain, the camera's look at ringside where Stein hangs up the phone and begins to head to the back.

Mike Rolash: And where's he going? STF is locked in and his client's about to win.

Jim Gunt: I'm still not sure what their relationship is Mike, but perhaps he believes Gordy has it in the bag.

Gordy has the STF locked in as Ataxia continues to laugh. He slowly starts to go for the ropes before Gordy lets up just enough to pull Ataxia back to the center of the ring and locks it right back in. Ataxia just continues to laugh as he does. Causing Gordy to tighten up the hold even harder. Ataxia slowly reaches his hand out, like he was about to tap, He begins to lower it... Nope! He reals it back and punches Gordy right in the face. Gordy keeps the hold locked in but more punches soon causing Gordy to let go of the hold clutching his face a little. Ataxia gets out of the hold and scurries to his feet before leaping up and kicking Gordy right in the face!

Jim Gunt: Yeowch that's gotta hurt.

Mike Rolash: Nah, it feels like kittens and Rainbows... Of course it hurts.

Gordy reals back as Ataxia jumps right over Gordy and hits him with a Backstabber! Gordy is down as Ataxia runs to the ropes jumping up and posing to the crowds. Then Ataxia jumps off, FALL OF ANGELS! Ataxia goes for the pin!

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRREEEEEE!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner....ATAXIA!!

"Die Die Die My Darling" by Metallica Hits the PA system as Ataxia raises his hands in victory laughing outloud.

Jim Gunt: And Ataxia continues to be impressive by adding Danny Gordy to his victories column.

Mike Rolash: Oh I wouldn't go that far just yet.

Jim Gunt: What do you mean? He did just get a victory over him.

Mike Rolash: See for yourself!

What was Rolash talking about? Well, as Ataxia begins to jump up and down before going over to Gordy and beginning to mock him... he didn't notice two individuals come out from the back... and both men getting into the ring before hitting him with a Clothesline and Spear combination!

Jim Gunt: Oh my! Dean and Seth, the Moxley Brothers have JUST attacked Ataxia from behind! What could this all mean?

Mike Rolash: I bet Stein knows.

As Mike said that, we catch that Joseph Stein wasn't too far behind the Moxley brothers as he was now waiting down at ring side. The Moxley brothers pick up Ataxia before dropping him back down with a double suplex. As they did Gordy began to get to his feet before Stein gets his attention. He holds out to Gordy a baseball bat and Gordy only smirks as he collects the bat. Dean and Seth both pick up Ataxia one more time as they both hold Ataxia on each side.

Jim Gunt: Evil intentions in mind with that baseball bat.

Mike Rolash: Hit him!

Danny Gordy smirks at Ataxia getting in his face and bad mouthing him before finally taking the baseball bat and swinging it upwards hitting Ataxia right up side the head. Ataxia fell back knocked out cold as Gordy yells out at him. At this time, Stein gets into the ring with a microphone in his hands. He looks over to Gordy and the Moxley brothers as they both glance at him. Stein then looks out over the crowds.

Joseph Stein: You're all probably wondering what the hell is going on right now right?

The crowds pop out a yes as Gordy was looking to one Moxley then the other before back to Stein. Seemed even he was wondering a little bit himself.

Joseph Stein: Let me inform you. You see, my employer, who's name will remain unknown, had a vision. A vision to collect the toughest competitors in a wrestling federation and create a group. A group so great that every man and woman on that roster will fear them as one by one they will all fall victims, Just like Ataxia has today.

Stein looks briefly over to the out cold Ataxia before indicating with his hands the three other men in the ring.

Joseph Stein: These three, they are but the start of this group. As my employer has his eyes set on 2 more. Two more individuals who will join in conquest to dominate this Company. And there is nothing that Trinity, the Eternals, or even The Academy can do about it. As they ARE the Titans of Supremacy!

The crowds gave a mixed pop what he said but it was something. Gordy looked over to the Moxley brothers and gives a nod as the Moxley brothers return it.

Jim Gunt: My my, it seems we have the start of a new faction. How will this shift the balance of things?

The camera shows a good look between all four men in the ring before everything starts to go even crazier.

## **Time Runs Out**

### **Match**

After the match, Freddie Styles and RM Strong appear on the ramp and make a bee-line for the ring where Danny Gordy, The Moxleys and Ataxia are still down in the middle of the ring. Dean Moxley tries to fight them off furiously but Strong and Styles eventually take out him and his brother. Styles nails a BALLGAME! on Stein! The two of them lift Gordy up, landing a few stiff punches to Gordy's gut and hip before hoisting him up and out of the ring with a hard crash.

Mike Rolash: I love it! The CWF Roster is coming together to show Danny Gordy he doesn't belong here!

Jim Gunt: But is that really what Strong and Styles are doing out here? This seems uncalled for!

Content with the short work it took to eliminate Gordy and his new friends, RM and Freddie turn their backs on Ataxia momentarily... before they each turn around and blast the Messiah Pariah with twin clotheslines!

Freddie picks the arms of Ataxia, holding him back from defending himself as RM Strong lays waste to him with heavy-handed punches. Styles finally lets go, and Ataxia crumples to the mat below only to be met with a vicious leg drop from RM Strong!

Jim Gunt: What the hell are these two doing out here!? They have had their issues with Gordy, but what does Ataxia have to do with any of this!?

The two of them rain down boots on Ataxia with no remorse. They pick him up only to slam him back down with a thunderous double chokeslam. Ataxia is out cold in the middle of the ring.

RM taps Freddie on the chest.

RM Strong: That should do...

The two of them exit the ring in retreat, giving each other high fives as they make their way back up the ramp.

Jim Gunt: I don't get it!

Mike Rolash: You think this has anything to do with their talk with Sunset backstage earlier!?

Jim Gunt: Oh, damn it! Not these guys too! Don't tell me that Sahn, Sunset and those damned Trinity freaks are recruiting Strong and Styles into the Eternals!

Mike Rolash: I guess time ran out for Ataxia!

Fade.

### **Colton Mace & Jarvis King vs. RM Strong & Freddie Styles**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following tag team match is set for one fall! Introducing first..

"Crawling in the Dark" by Hoobstank begins to play and the fans boo the hell out of Colton Mace as he makes his way down the ramp. He takes his trademark sunglasses off and eyes up the crowd, sneering before entering the ring up the steel steps.

Ray Douglas: From Hollywood, California....COLTON MACE!!

"Cult of Personality" hits over the speakers and Jarvis King comes out to his usual fanfare. The crowd is on their feet as he stands at the top of the ramp with pyros shooting all around him. Finally King turns around, taking it all in with a grin on his face. The Internet Icon struts down the ramp, slapping a couple of kid's hands on the way down.

Ray Douglas: His partner, from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada and weighing in at 225 pounds. The Internet Icon....JARVIS KING!!

Jim Gunt: Opponents last week, former teammates - quite the storied history between these two!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, and most of it's been... what was it Valentine said? Mace trying to do blow off Jarvis' dick?

Most unfortunately, Mace hears him.

Mace: What was that?!

The lights in the arena begin to flash as Mama Said Knock You Out by Five Finger Death Punch starts to blare. The lights die down as a single red spotlight hits the entrance ramp.

"Don't call it a comeback, I've been here for years!"

An explosion erupts from the entrance ramp. The smoke clears to show R.M. Strong standing on the ramp, bearing a cardboard sword and grinning. Fully morphed into his new pirate persona, and the crowd is loving it!

Ray Douglas: Their opponents – introducing first, from Chicago, Illinois, weighing 267 pounds....RM STRONG!!

The frustrations that have been building in Mace for some time finally reach a crescendo as Strong is about halfway down to the ring. Mace snaps and clocks his tag team partner across the face!

Jim Gunt: Holy shit!

Jarvis King is caught completely off guard as Colton Mace continues raining down blows.

Colton Mace: Who's sucking whose dick now, you motherfucker?!

RM Strong looks confused but hardly upset, and pauses at ringside. He reaches under the ring and, with some hesitation, pulls out two steel chairs. He slides one into the ring and sits on the other outside the ring. Mace doesn't look a gift chair in the mouth and proceeds to grab the chair and whack Jarvis with it. Strong nods with tremendous satisfaction and lights up a blunt.

Jim Gunt: Can he do that?!

Mike Rolash: It's France, who cares what he smokes?

Jim Gunt: I'm talking about Mace! He's raining down devastation on Jarvis King, this has to be a disqualification!

Mike Rolash: ... it's his own partner, I'm not sure how the rules apply here.

Mace places Jarvis' head between the seat and the back of the steel chair, wedging his neck between the two. He signals for a microphone.

Colton Mace: I have been this son of a bitch's butt monkey for too goddamn long! I am COLTON MACE, the greatest wrestler to ever set foot in a ring – but what am I known for? Being this asshole's bodyguard with a loser British vampire! Well no more!

He ascends the turnbuckle. RM Strong takes a drag of his joint and looks forward with interest.

Colton Mace: Tonight, you will see! I will NOT be in Jarvis King's shadow anymore!

He jumps... and lands on the chair, snapping it across Jarvis' neck!!!

Crowd: HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Mike Rolash: Holy shit!

RM Strong: Holy shit!

Mace stands up.

Colton Mace: You saw it, people. Mace out.

He drops the mic and leaves the ring, the fecal chant still roaring through the crowd. As he heads backstage, Jumpman by Drake hits the PA and a very-confused Freddie Styles emerges.

Ray Douglas: Um... and their second opponent, from Atlanta, Georgia... Freddie Styles?

Styles looks at Strong, who shrugs. The two of them enter the ring and the bell sounds. Jarvis is completely prone in the middle of the ring, and Styles and Strong each pound their fists onto their palms three times. On the third, Styles keeps his fist closed while Strong opens his palm.

RM Strong: Ha! Paper covers rock!

He sidles over and pins Jarvis, looking like he can't believe his luck.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRREEEEEE!

Ray Douglas: Um... here are your winners... RM STRONG AND FREDDIE STYLES!!

Jim Gunt: I... I'm speechless! That was about the most savage display we've ever seen from Colton Mace!

Mike Rolash: Right?! Who knows what's next for the Hollywood Icon?!

Jim Gunt: I don't know, but I sure wouldn't want to be one of his opponents!

## **Control**

Match

Jace Valentine is shown backstage with a dapper white suit and a darling smile. He walks up to the locker room door of Jaiden Rishel's office, knocking on the metal door. The door cracks open, and the "Tormented Soul" Chaolin Sahn is there towering over the Academy champion.

Chaolin Sahn: What do you need, what do you hunt? Tell me now, nuisance, what do you want?

Jace Valentine: Well I wanted to have a word with Twiddle-Dee and Twiddle-Dumb about how I am about to make an example of their muscle-headed golden boy, Kendo. I knock on Jaiden Rishel's door, and I get you. Funny isn't it?

Chaolin Sahn: I don't see the humour, no it's not there. Know your place, Jace, before I bleed your body bare.

Jace Valentine: Spare me the horror flick references, there, Vlad. Jaiden and Ryan are making all the moves, but you're the one calling all the shots, isn't it? You're the one that has that everlasting hard-on for control? How does it feel to know you can't control me?"

Chaolin Sahn: I can't control you, but I can shake you. I can maim and break you.

Jace Valentine: You and what army? The one I took out already? I've been one step ahead of you this whole time and it lights you up side.

Chaolin Sahn: You have done nothing, fool, your actions do not alarm me. I am the Tormented Soul, what I do is raise armies. There will soon be another, at your very step. Another fall from grace, another car wreck.

Sahn turns his back on Jace momentarily, attempting to shut the door behind him when the "Host with the Most" connects with a slap right on the chin of the towering Firefly. Sahn throws back another right hook and tackles Jace back into the concrete wall, leaving a brutal dent behind them. The two former CWF World Heavyweight champions roll around on the ground, each struggling between throwing right hands and trying to get to their feet. Sunset and Jaiden Rishel rush out of the office, calling security to separate the two of them.

Sahn is enraged. Jace is smiling.

Chaolin Sahn: You're cursed! You're hexed! Damn you, Jace Valentine, get out there...your match is next!

Fade.

## **Jace Valentine vs. Kendo**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one fall and is for the Academy championship!

“Virus (Pestilence Mix)” by KMFDM begins to play and JT Blackman leads his massive Samoan Tap Out Machine for his biggest challenge yet. Kendo looks determined and ready, and roars aloud as he leaps out onto the middle of the stage and looks on at the booing crowd wide-eyed. The beast shows no emotion, walking straight towards the ring in front of him, ready for the biggest match of his CWF career.

Ray Douglas: First, the challenger, from the Samoan Islands....KENDO!!

“We’ve had Enough” by Alkaline Trio takes over, and the crowd absolutely erupts for the CWF Academy champion. Jace Valentine struts out in the most extravagant of robes, flashing himself across the screen as he spins. The Host with the Most raises both his arms in the air, taunting the cheering fans to grow even louder. Finally, he takes the Academy title belt off his waist and raises it in the air, holding it up high as he walks down the ramp. Valentine rolls into the squared circle and once again raises the gold in the air, right in the face of Kendo!

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, the champion, from Montreal, Quebec, Canada....JACE VALENTINE!!

“Big” Denny Davidson is on the call, and the atmosphere is electric as the New Face hands over his Academy championship belt to him, and goes face to face with Kendo as the bell sounds. The Samoan Tap Out Machine towers over him by a few inches and ten pounds of girth that make him look like more than a hundred pounds heavier than the champion. Valentine does not show a hint of fear though, instead calling for the Samoan to meet him for a test of strength. As Kendo quickly does so, Valentine moves in, knee to the stomach!

Jim Gunt: Valentine already using his dirty tricks of old to come ahead in this match!

Mike Rolash: What is the saying, Jimmy, old habits die young?

Jim Gunt: I guess so!

Having taken the breathe away from the large Samoan, Valentine quickly capitalizes and swings him to the canvas with a spinning neckbreaker! He moves behind Kendo as he tries to get to his feet, placing one arm under his jaw and the other around his forehead, sinking in a deep sleeper hold. Kendo continues up to his feet however, swooping the Host with the Most up onto his shoulders. The Samoan attempts to throw Valentine off of the sleeper, but instead he uses all his strength to pull him down, ZIG ZAG! Jace hurries for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNNEEE....TTTWWWOO-NO!

Jim Gunt: Kendo just threw Valentine halfway across the ring!

Mike Rolash: And right into the turnbuckle, which Jace is mounting quickly, are you kidding me!?

Valentine like a cat springing to action, lands perfectly on his feet after being hurled several feet through the air by the massive Kendo. The Host with the Most holds onto the top rope to keep ahold of his footing, before leaping off towards the rising Samoan, CROSS BODY BL-NO! The body of Jace Valentine is caught in mid-air by Kendo, who sends him flying backwards with a Fallaway Slam! Kendo has the champion up now, RELEASE LEGHOOK BELLY TO BACK SUPLEX! Valentine is out, boos and jeers all around, and Kendo covers.

Referee: OOONNNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRRR-NO!

Jim Gunt: What a kickout! I thought we had a new champion there!

Mike Rolash: So did I Jimmy, and I think all the fans here tonight did too as they were starting to boo their lungs off!

Suddenly the jam packed audience changes their tune to cheer Jace Valentine back to his feet, but he walks right into another suplex, this time a spinning belly to belly. Kendo looks to the outside of the ring where JT Blackman screams to end the match, and the Samoan Tap Out Machine nods emotionlessly, turning back towards Valentine to put him in the Rear Naked Choke. When he goes to pick Valentine up from behind though, he flips back, PELE! The kick knocks Kendo senseless, and crashing into the corner!

Jim Gunt: This is Jace Valentine's chance! Maybe the champion has a shot afterall.

Mike Rolash: Valentine needs to go for one of his trademark submission holds. Kendo may be a "samoan tap out machine" but Jace is the "overnight submission specialist", anything Kendo can do, Jace has probably already done better!

Kendo leans back against the turnbuckle, stunned, as he holds onto his forehead trying to regain his balance. Valentine runs towards him at full speed, big splash into the corner! Kendo staggers towards the center of the ring but the Host with the Most pulls him right back and tucks his head between his legs, flipping forward over his massive frame and taking him with him, FROM MONTREAL WITH LOVE! The flip powerbomb leaves Kendo crashing hard head-first, and Valentine crawls over towards him to push his mangled body over for the pinfall.

Referee: OOONNNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRRR-NO!

Jim Gunt: Kendo kicks out at the last second! The Samoan badass is showing a lot of heart and determination tonight, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Kendo is really coming into his own tonight, but he has still been dominated most of the match by the champion. If he wants to snatch the title from Valentine, JT Blackman is going to have to get him in the game quickly!

Jace Valentine rolls off of his challenger, looking for the next way to put away the Samoan. He drops a hard elbow drop down across his jaw, before attempting to place him into a Canadian Crossface. Kendo pushes out of his however, and is quickly back to his feet. Valentine runs at him and tries for a dropkick, but the big man catches him with a Capture Suplex! With the Host with the Most struggling to get to his feet, Kendo dashes forward, SHINING WIZARD! The kick nearly leaves Valentine's head in the second row, but his body is pinned to the canvas by Kendo.

Referee: OONNNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRRE-KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Holy crap! Did you see the speed and velocity that Kendo flew into the air with before he nearly demolished Jace Valentine with that Shining Wizard? This Samoan is one special athlete.

Mike Rolash: It was STILL not enough, Jimmy! But this may be, Kendo is calling for the Rear Naked Choke!

JT Blackman is in elation on the outside of the ring as his Samoan Tap Out Machine snaps his hands through the air, calling for the end. Kendo hovers over the Academy champion ready to put him away, but when he moves in for the kill, Jace dodges and spins around to sweep his legs out from under him. Valentine leaps up onto Kendo before he can regain his footing, CUPID'S CHOKEHOLD!

The sold out crowd inside the AccorsHotel Arena start chanting "VAL-EN-TINE!" as the Host with the Most squeezes Kendo with all his might. The mammoth Samoan does all he can to fight through the pain, stretching for the ropes. He does all he can but the Gogoplata Leg Choke has the Samoan Tap Out Machine nearing unconsciousness. The fans are screaming for their heroic Academy champion as Kendo finally taps out, signifying that Valentine retains his title!

Ray Douglas: Your winner by submission and STILL Academy champion....JACE VALENTINE!!

## **The Grinder**

Match

Jaiden Rishel, Ryan Sunset and Chaolin Sahn -- the three members of CWF's Trinity -- are all shown sitting around an office table backstage. Sahn is still fuming due to the recent attacks from Jace Valentine, while Sunset and Rishel are irate that Kendo was not able to get the job done against the Academy champion.

Jaiden Rishel: Next course of action? Kendo failed us.

Ryan Sunset: We have such a deep, diverse roster. Why choose just one of them? Why put Jace up against one Kendo, when we can put Jace up against ALL of the Kendo's? He said it himself, he can take on our entire roster at once, why not give him a chance?

Jaiden Rishel: Are you serious?

Ryan Sunset: Jace says he never lost Golden Intentions, let's give him an opportunity to redeem himself. Next week, right here on CWF Evolution we have an Academy Championship Battle Royale. The championship belt on the line, each and every superstar that enters that ring before the bell sounds gets an opportunity to walk out as champion. Aphmau Enders to the Shadow. Duce Jones to Silas Artoria. As many Moxley's as we can fit in the ring! Open invitation, open competition. It will give us a chance to see if Jace Valentine is a man of his word! Next week we put Jace Valentine through the gauntlet, we put him through the grinder and we see what comes out.

Jaiden Rishel: Dead meat.

Ryan Sunset: Exactly.

Jaiden nods. Sahn nods.

Fade.

## **A Word With The Champ**

Match

A dark blue door is shown with a sign reading "World Heavyweight Champion: Harley Hodge" at the top. With a woosh, the door swings open and there is the Accelerator himself! As soon as Harley leaves his personal locker room, new CWF backstage hand Marcus Maximus immediately has a microphone zapped onto his face. Harley kindly pushes him a way a little bit.

Harley Hodge: Chill, man. I take it you want an interview?

Marcus Maximus: Yes, sir! Congratulations on successfully defending your belt last week against Pandalike. Now, I would just like to get a quick word with the champ, what is next for the Accelerator?

Harley Hodge: That is a good question, Marcus. One that I will answer in front of you and the world momentarily.

Harley smiles at the over excited Maximus, patting him on the back before making his way past him and down the corridor.

Marcus Maximus: But wait...what about The Ripper!?

But Harley was already gone.

Fade.

### **Danger Boiz vs. Bright Young Things vs. Silas Kincaid & Kaylan El**

Match

All six competitors argue for their chance to start the match in the ring, but eventually it is decided that Crazy Chris and Silas Kincaid would begin the bout. Silas Kincaid attempts a big boot right out of the gate, but Chris ducks underneath, and spins him around, TWIST OF FATE! The high impact maneuver hit so early in the match surprises Kincaid, who rolls away from the Danger Boy to his corner and tags in Kaylan El. Crazy Chris shrugs, making the tag out to Eris.

The Sexy Seductress calls them over, and Eris is glad to oblige, running at full speed at Kaylan El, but at the last second changing it up and springing on and off the ropes, side kick to the side of Kaylan's face! Eris pulls Kaylan up to her feet, snap suplex. They pull Kaylan over to their corner, making the tag out to Caledonia. Cali bounces off the ropes and comes back with an elbow drop to Kaylan's heart. She heads for the ropes yet again as Kaylan El gets to her feet, catches Cali in mid-air-No-TILT-A-WHIRL HEADSCISSORS TAKEDOWN!

Jim Gunt: Caledonia showing off some amazing high-speed action in the earlier going of this major tag team match!

Mike Rolash: You're damn right it's major, Jimmy, the tag team title belts are on the line! The Danger Boiz may have been victorious at Hellbound in the Monster Mash match, but can they hold onto the titles in their first defense?

Jim Gunt: I wouldn't be surprised that they do just that, Dangerous Dan and Crazy Chris never did lose those titles the last time around!

Caledonia goes to lift Kaylan El to her feet, but instead she is swept off hers. The leg sweep leaves Cali down long enough for Kaylan El to make the quick cover to the nearest competitor, who ends up being Dangerous Dan. The tag champion enters the ring with a smile on his face, nodding respectfully at Caledonia before putting a right hand out for her to shake. Cali looks like she's going to shake the Danger Boy's hand, but instead pulls him in and takes him over with a fireman's carry! Caledonia then twists the fate of Dan against him, REVERSE THE POLARITY! Cali leaps on for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTT-No!

Crazy Chris is in the ring quickly, pulling Caledonia off his brother and DDTing her to the canvas!

Jim Gunt: Great save there by Crazy Chris, the teamwork between him and Dangerous Dan is impeccable.

Mike Rolash: Well they are brothers, you idiot. I would think they know each other quite well.

Jim Gunt: No shit, sherlock. But Cali had Dangerous Dan dead to rights, thankfully for the tag team champions Chris was able to get into the ring in time!

Eris is now in the ring themselves, the official trying to hold the Apple of Discordia back, leaving Crazy Chris and Dangerous Dan time to double team their partner. Chris lifts Cali up for a suplex, driving her down directly across the outstretched knee of Dangerous Dan! The official finally frees the ring, leaving just the Dangerous One and a rising Caledonia inside. She turns around, THE ENDD IS NEAR! The Superkick blasts her right in the face! Dangerous Dan hooks her legs.

Referee: OOONNNEEEE....TTTWWWOOO..NO!

Eris climbs onto the top rope from the outside, SPRINGBOARD MOONSAULT breaks up the cover!

Jim Gunt: This time it is Eris with the save!

Mike Rolash: And this is once again getting out of hand!

Crazy Chris is once again back in the ring to confront Eris, and now Kaylan El and Silas Kincaid are also in to put in their two cents. Silas grabs onto Crazy Chris and begins to lay in heavy right hands, but Chris comes right back with a lariat that knocks both men over the top rope! Kaylan El sneaks out to the apron, seeing that Caledonia is near the ropes, and tags her on the back. Cali turns around, but it's late as Kaylan takes her down with a Spear!

Jim Gunt: The official really needs to do something here, this is bedlam!

Mike Rolash: What can you do, Jimmy, it's an uncontrollable situation.

Clark Summits tries his best to bark orders and have everyone but the two legal competitors leave the ring, and eventually his warnings of throwing out the match are finally heard and Kaylan El and Dangerous Dan remain in the ring. Kaylan El attempts to whip the Tag champion into the ropes, but he holds fast, and instead sends her flying. The Dangerous One catches her on her return and turns her over, MICHINOKU DRIVER! Dan holds on for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEEE....TTTWWWOOO....KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Great maneuver there by one half of the tag team champions, but still not enough to put away the Sexy Seductress.

Mike Rolash: Kaylan El is a veteran here in CWF herself, Jimmy. If Eris and Caledonia want to have a chance against either one of these two teams, they're going to have to find a way to get back into the ring.

Jim Gunt: That is true, you can't win this match by not being in the ring, but you sure can lose it!

Dangerous Dan rolls off of Kaylan El, clearly spent after being in the matchup for so long now. He climbs to his feet and reaches out towards Crazy Chris, but Kaylan pulls him back by his feet. He kicks her off, blasts her with an elbow, and shoots her into the ropes. Dan leans back onto his own set of ropes and leaps forward, but both competitors think of the same idea as they both land DOUBLE CLOTHESLINES!

Jim Gunt: Clotheslines all around, Mike, as both Kaylan El and Dangerous Dan were thinking similiar offenses there!

Mike Rolash: And now both competitors really need to make a tag here, the end of this match could be nearing, who is walking out with the tag team titles!?

Struggling, crawling, Dangerous Dan goes for his brother, but it is instead Eris who reaches out and tags him first! Eris comes into the ring quickly, but Kaylan is still able to make the tag out to Silas Kincaid. He enters the ring swinging, hitting Eris with a discus lariat. They are right back up though, chopping the chest of Kincaid. Kincaid with a right hand, Eris with one of their own. Kincaid hurls Eris towards the ropes, but he springs up onto them and back, hurricanrana! Silas Kincaid is up onto the shoulders of Eris moments later, APPLE OF DISCORD! The huge Crucifix Powerbomb leaves him breathless, and as the rest of the competitors battle it out fiercely outside of the ring, Eris goes for the cover on Kincaid.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHRRREEEE!

## **Aftermath**

Match

Eris and Caledonia make their way up the entrance ramp, out of breath, Eris limping slightly. They raise their newly won Tag Team Titles to the crowd, who cheer. Suddenly the cheers turn to boos as a familiar figure makes his way down the ramp.

Jim Gunt: Elisha! God damnit!

Elisha charges forward, catching both Eris and Caledonia unaware with an enormous double clothesline. He stomps Caledonia in the stomach before turning his attention to Eris, pulling them to their feet.

Elisha smacks Eris in the face, once, twice, three times. He holds Eris by the back of the head, their eyes growing wide, almost hypnotised. Elisha grabs Eris and hurls them at the guard rail with an enormous Irish whip, ribs colliding painfully with steel!

Elisha goes to charge at Eris, to smash them into the rail with his enormous body. At the last moment, he stops, reels back as a figure in the audience nails him with a huge left hook.

Jim Gunt: What in the hell? Fans, whatever you do, leave this to the professionals. We need security out here now!

The person in the audience hops the guard rail. They are wearing a black "Lady Unstable" hoodie and jeans, the hood up, a bandana obscuring their face. The person in black steps over Eris as they lie clutching their ribs and wincing.

The person in black charges Elisha, tackling him to the ground and nailing him with a series of rights and lefts. Elisha manages to power out, sending them tumbling to one side. Elisha rushes to his feet and nails his assailant with a boot to the skull, then another. He goes for a third but they roll out of the way, twisting, rising to their feet and hitting Elisha with a superkick to the face.

As Elisha stumbles back, his assailant throws back the hood. They give Elisha the finger before pulling down the bandana to reveal...

Jim Gunt: Amber!!! Oh my God!

Mike Rolash: She's back!

Jim Gunt: Mike, is that aftershave you're putting on?

The crowd erupts into a deafening "AMBER RYAN" chant. Elisha glares at Amber, the two old enemies meeting eye to eye with open hatred. He snarls and suddenly moves, catching her with a huge spear that takes her off her feet and sends her crashing to the floor. He goes to smash her in the face with his fist but she dodges, maneuvering to flip him onto his back, punching and slapping him across the face.

Suddenly the crowd starts to boo as a mass of security guards clad in riot gear make their way out from the back. They drag Amber away from Elisha, even as she struggles, getting in a few last kicks against both him and security. Another group goes to drag him away but he shoves them aside and launches himself bodily at Amber and the rest, sending bodies flying right and left. The security guards quickly leap to their feet and force themselves between Elisha and Amber, forming a human wall.

Jim Gunt: Amber Ryan is here!

Mike Rolash: And it's pretty clear she and Elisha despise each other as much as ever!

## **Open Challenge**

Match

The lights flash across the arena as "Under a Glass Moon" by Dream Theater begins to play.

Jim Gunt: What is going on here, Mike? Harley Hodge wasn't expected out here at this time.

Mike Rolash: Looks like the champion has something to say.

The living legend, the three time and current CWF World Heavyweight champion himself, makes his way out from behind the curtain to a huge ovation. The Accelerator surprisingly looks dressed to compete, with the biggest prize in all of wrestling draped across his shoulder. Holding a microphone in his left hand, Hodge saunters down the ramp and into the ring, letting a few fans slap him on the back on the way down. As Harley Hodge holds the microphone to his lips, the scar across his eye from the Ripper's blade is clearly evident. The audience cuts him off cheering aloud and screaming "HAR-LEY!" at the top of their lungs. He pauses for a moment, smiling, before waving them off.

Harley Hodge: Thank you all, really man, thanks for that amazing ovation. You guys really have no idea how much it means to me to once again be standing here as your CWF World champion, and not only that but to have a successful defense under my belt after last week!

"YOU DESERVE IT!" \*clap clap clap\* "YOU DESERVE IT!"

Harley Hodge: Thanks, I appreciate you saying that too. But this is only the beginning of my reign, and I want you all to know that I take being your champion with the utmost of seriousness. I vow to take on all challengers, and prove that age is only a number, and this old man can still put up twice as much of a fight as those younger, more naive men and women in the back. So what I am out here to do tonight, is to put out an open challenge! Any one in the back that thinks they can hang with the champ, bring it on out here.

Jim Gunt: What!?

Mike Rolash: Did you not hear the man, Jimmy, put your hearing aids back in!

Suddenly, the lights inside the arena begin to flicker, and the Tron that was once showing a shiny "CWF" symbol before now goes completely black. The lights back on, and The Ripper appears deep within the annals of the AccorsHotels Arena, a sadistic grin on his face as he stands right in the middle of the Boiler Room. Ripper, with a steel pipe in hand, wrenches his head to the side to crack his neck, and then back, a slight chuckle as he speaks.

The Ripper: Harley, Harley, Harley. You didn't think you and I were finished quite yet, did you?

Pulling the camera in quickly, Ripper talks directly into it as if he can see Harley's wide eyes through the screen.

The Ripper: DID YOU!? Harley, you and I are not finished until I say we are fucking finished. You decided to put your hands on me at Hellbound, to bring this war right here where I am at tonight. The Boiler Room. What you did to me, old man, you cost me the chance to get back what is rightfully mine. Now if you have the balls, you will meet me here in the depths of this hot abyss yet again, and I will get my ultimate revenge on you.

Without even taking a chance to think about it, the Accelerator drops the microphone down, and escapes the ring to head towards the back. The fight is on!

### **Harley Hodge (c) vs. The Ripper**

Match

Jim Gunt: Here we go Mike, the first ever Boiler Room Brawl in CWF's history!

Mike Rolash: One of the most sickest and demented matches in wrestling, I can't believe Harley is agreeing to meet Ripper in the Boiler Room!

The Accelerator pushes the door open, steam immediately greeting him as he enters the Boiler Room. His eye sight is fogged up, but he does his best to clear his path with his swirling right arm. Harley does not see The Ripper coming from his side until the last second though, and he can do nothing but back up slightly and take a shot to the chest with the steel pipe! Hodge stumbles to a seated position, and Ripper swings the pipe again, but Harley is able to roll out of the way in the nick of time!

In a fit of anger, The Ripper bashes the metallic pipe against the concrete floor, again and again swinging it towards Harley Hodge but unable to hit him. Hodge is up behind him, and before Ripper can turn around to meet the champion, he is taken up and over- BACKDROP ONTO A PILE OF TOOL BOXES! Hodge opens up the nearest toolbox, pulling a hammer out as his eyes glimmer at the sight of it. Ripper gets up to his feet slowly, ducks under an attempted shot with the hammer, and sweeps the legs out from Harley, the hammer falling down out of his hands as he tumbles down. Ripper places the Accelerator's head against the wall, and picks up the hammer, ready to turn his lights out!

Jim Gunt: Oh god Mike, this can't be good!

Mike Rolash: The hell it isn't, The Ripper is about to destroy the Accelerator and leave his brains splattered all over the Boiler Room. I love it!

The Ripper swings the hammer at the head of Harley, but he rolls slightly, allowing the hammer to take a chunk of

concrete out of the wall! Screaming out in pain after the impact jolts through his fingers, Ripper throws the hammer and connects with the chest of the Accelerator! Harley Hodge yelps out, crawling away from his opponent as he tries to find the exit of the Boiler Room. Danny B angrily follows him through with what little sight he has, grabbing the leg of Hodge and smashing his knee up and down against the hard floor.

The Ripper waits for Hodge to get to his feet this time, a smile on his face as he watches him struggle to get up, SPEAR THROUGH A RICKETY OLD UPRIGHT TABLE! Dust flies everywhere, along with pieces of broken table as the Ripper sits on his ass looking at the smashed up champion beside him. Danny grabs Harley by the hair, punching him across the jaw with his free hand. He pulls them both to their feet and attempts a suplex, but the Accelerator blocks it, and reverses the suplex- RIGHT INTO THE BOILER SYSTEM! Steam shoots through the air at a more rapid pace than ever, as things are really heating up now!

Jim Gunt: I don't think I have ever seen a match quite like this Mike, Harley Hodge and Danny B are "burning through" each other tonight!

Mike Rolash: That was pretty corny, Jimbo.

Jim Gunt: Hey, I've been taking lessons from the Mike Rolash playbook.

Harley Hodge coughs repeatedly as he gets to his feet, the fumes beginning to exhaust his breathing. He attempts to pull the Ripper to his feet but receives a shoulder block to the abdomen, and then another, a line of saliva shooting from his mouth as Danny B nearly takes away his last breath. The Ripper gets up and rakes the eyes of the Accelerator just for the fun of it, and then leaps up- DREAMBREAKER!

Hodge's body smashes onto the concrete floor hard, but the Ripper is still not done yet. He looks all around him, wiping away the fog as he finds the nearest weapon. A fire extinguisher. Instead of making the path in front of him even harder to see, the Ripper uses the extinguisher in a much more vicious fashion, smashing it against the skull of the Accelerator! The fans inside the arena scream out in anger as they see their heroic champion laid to waste, as Ripper blasts him with another sick shot, this time against his right shoulder. Danny B throws the extinguisher several feet away, looking to escape.

Jim Gunt: The Ripper must be content on the damage he's done to the champion, Mike, as he is now looking for the door to win the Boiler Room Brawl!

Mike Rolash: The Accelerator is unconscious, if Danny can just see his way through all that damn steam then he has a clear path to victory!

The Ripper stumbles and staggers, walking over several fallen pieces of equipment. He nears the door of the Boiler Room, coughing vibrantly, as his breathing becomes more shallow. Ripper's freedom into fresh air is but a hand length

away, but as he reaches out-HARLEY HODGE GRABS HIS BOOT AND PULLS HIM TO THE CONCRETE FLOOR!

The Accelerator crawls on top of his enemy, pounding down on him with right after left, left after vicious, thunderous right. Danny throws Hodge off and gets to his feet, but the Accelerator pulls him in, BORDERLINE! The crunch of Ripper hitting the floor seems to reverberate through the AccorsHotels Arena, and now it looks like the champion has the entrance door in sight!

Jim Gunt: Harley Hodge is going to win the Boiler Room Brawl! This match may be a non-title affair, but if the Accelerator puts out the Ripper yet again, you have to think he's going to have to full to the bottom of the line.

Mike Rolash: Not so fast, the Ripper is back on his feet!

Grabbing at the torso of Harley, the Ripper uses whatever leverage he can get to pull Accelerator away from the door of the Boiler Room. Hodge shoots back an elbow aimed at his face, misses, and the Ripper yanks him backward for what normally would be a rollup pin attempt, but instead drives the back of his skull against the concrete! The Ripper coughs again, before looking around the fogged up area for another weapon. He finds a similar wiring that Hodge choked him out with at Hellbound!

Jim Gunt: Business is about to pick up, Mike!

The Ripper spools out the wiring to outstretch it in his palms, but Harley Hodge rolls away from him before he can place it around his neck. Getting up to his feet, Hodge quickly grabs a shovel, and swings it at the Ripper, knocking the cable out of his hands! Danny B swears aloud as he flails his hand up and down. The Accelerator swings the shovel down on his head-NO-RIPPER LEAPS INTO THE AIR AND RKS' ACCELERATOR TO HELL! Danny B spits on the fallen body of the World Heavyweight champion, before walking on top of his chest and over, and escaping the Boiler Room!

Ray Douglas: Your winner of this match by escaping the Boiler Room....THE RIPPER!!

Receiving fresh air for the first time in nearly a half hour, The Ripper stops momentarily to take a deep breath. AND THE ACCELERATOR LEAPS ONTO HIS BACK! Harley Hodge bites savagely at the side of the Ripper's face, taking both men off their feet as Danny yells out in anger and pain. The Ripper comes to a seated position but Harley is on top of him in an instant, tackling him over and hitting him repeated right hands!

Jim Gunt: Holy shit Mike, we're going to have to get security to the back. These two men are going to kill each other tonight!

Mike Rolash: The Boiler Room Brawl may have ended, but the war is clearly far from over between the Ripper and the

Accelerator!

Harley Hodge is a madman, pounding down on the Ripper with so many shots that he looks like he has lost all fight. Three men from the backstage staff run into the scene, all of them wearing black CWF dress shirts. They attempt to hold back the Accelerator from his rival, pushing him back against the wall and telling him to calm down. This leaves the Ripper free to get up to his feet though, and somehow leaps through the men **SPEARING HARLEY TO THE FLOOR!**

The two men battle back to their feet, fighting all the way through the backstage corridor and out through the entrance way. The jam packed crowd is going absolutely nuts as they watch these two warriors fight it out. Harley Hodge hip tosses the Ripper onto the steel entrance ramp, before stomping down on his chest. The Ripper rolls off the entrance ramp, falling ten feet to the floor below! The Accelerator does not let him get to his feet or even rest however, as he runs towards the edge of the ramp and annihilates the Ripper with a **CROSS BODY!** The two men go rolling toward a makeshift setup of what seems to be...a gravesight?

Jim Gunt: What the hell is this!?

Mike Rolash: It looks like someone is getting buried tonight, Jimmy!

The Accelerator pushes himself with all his might to his feet, taking Ripper up with him. A stiff shoulder sends Ripper tumbling towards the open grave. A weary eye from the World champion looks on at the scene in front of him, this could be his moment to finally put away the Ripper for good. He attempts a scoop slam to put him in the hole, but Ripper falls out from behind, **BACKSTABBER!** Danny drags the lifeless body of Hodge over to the open grave, grinding his face in the dirt as he prepares to toss him into the dark abyss!

Mike Rolash: It's all over for the champion, Jimmy! Ripper finally got his win over Hodge in the Boiler Room Brawl, and now he's looking to bury him alive!

Jim Gunt: Come on Harley, get up!

The Ripper pulls on the tights of Harley, attempting to vault him over into the open grave. Somehow, somehow the Accelerator digs his nails into the clay and avoids the massive fall. He rolls over, blasting Danny B with a boot to the face! And another! The stunned Ripper holds his face, not realizing that Hodge is back up to his feet until he pulls him in. With Ripper's feet towards the gravesite, **THE ACCELERATOR DDT! AND RIPPER FALLS SIX FEET BELOW!**

Jim Gunt: Oh my god! Ripper is being buried alive, Mike!

A pissed off, exhausted Harley Hodge grabs a shovel, and begins to heave giant piles of dirt onto the

unconscious body of Danny B! The crowd is solidly behind the Accelerator as he fills the grave to a halfway point, before collapsing to his knees, breathing heavily. Hodge looks down at his handy work as the credits begin to roll.

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite