

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 53

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: May 28, 2019
Location: Mississippi Coliseum — Jackson, Mississippi

Results

Flagellum Dei [The Scourge of God]

Match

Jim Gunt: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome from Jackson, Mississippi where we present to you the fifty third episode of CWF's flagship show EVOLUTION! We have another wild night for you folks, but before we get to all that I understand we have a Golden Intentions entrant who is a first timer here in the CWF, and he wants to publicly announce his entry.

Mike Rolash: Lots of new faces around here, hopefully his name is easy to pronounce.

Standing in a single white spotlight near the top of the entrance way with white fog hovering around his feet is an old Asian man with a Fu Manchu style facial hair. He has a grayed 1960's pompadour haircut, chrome black wayfarer Ray Ban sunglasses, and is wearing a crisp white suit with a long red tie. He stands holding a white poster board above his head, and written in red is...

"Revelation 6:3-4"

He drops the first board revealing a second one, also with red writing. The confused crowd watches on.

"When the Lamb opened the second seal, I heard the second living creature say, "Come!" Then another horse came out, a fiery red one. Its rider was given power to take peace from the earth and to make people kill each other. To him was given a large sword."

Mike Rolash: I think Bob Dylan might be joining us.

Jim Gunt: Nobody gets the reference, Mike.

The elderly man drops the second poster board onto the smoky ground. With his right hand covered by a red glove he reaches into his inner left breast coat pocket pulling something out. The camera zooms in to reveal the mystery man holding a red letter, sealed in golden wax, with a "2" written on it. He again reaches into his inner coat pocket, this time quickly pulling out a samurai sword shaped letter opener. For some reason the crowd pops.

Mike Rolash: I respect fancy desk top items.

Jim Gunt: That's not surprising.

The old man cuts open the seal on the letter, a single bolt of lightning flashes to the ground near him, the arena goes dark as cell phone light starts to fill the stands with a white glow. The arena lights slowly fade up in dim red, the rampway to the ring fills with more fog. The old man is gone, and crowd is still confused but engaged cheering loudly as a single white spotlight snaps on at the entranceway with a loud click.

"Bastard Samurai" by High on Fire rocks the arena's speakers. Six men dressed in all red suits, red gloves, and red shoes march single handily to the ring. It's a spine-chilling sight, as all of them have on white Kabuki masks with a Fu Manchu painted in red, and evil eyebrows painted black. The man in the front of the line leading the way is holding a golden bible high above his head.

Jim Gunt: This is kind of creepy.

Mike Rolash: It's like a Halloween parade in May. Wait, is that a horse?

The song kicks it up a notch, as from the back enters a red horse, upon it is a well-built man holding a sword straight up, tip to the skies. He is in an all red kimono, and an all red skull mask with black eyes glowing blue. The man is only focused on the ring, walking behind him in a single file line are five more red suited masked men of decent stature.

Mike Rolash: What a nightmare. Why does it have to be more creepy mask people?

Jim Gunt: An eerie sight to behold.

The man on the horse stops at the ring, places the sword in a holster attached to the horse's saddle, the old man from before reappears from the back to lead the horse away. The mystery rider and his masked warriors enter the ring. The masked rider bows to all four sides of the ring as the suited men form a line behind him. He connects his thumb and pointer fingers together, open palmed, forming a triangle high above his head as he aims a single eye toward it looking up to the heavens. It's imposing with his massive 6'5" frame, a moment later he takes off his mask, revealing the face of once one of the biggest stars in wrestling, Hoyt Williams. His blue eyes stand out due to black warpaint smeared around them, his beard is Jesus like, and brown hair is in classic samurai style.

Mike Rolash: Hoyt Williams, I remember him, he was a big deal outside of CWF before a scandal brought him down, and he was publicly shamed for some terrible tweets. Perhaps this is a redemption of sorts? Who doesn't like a good redemption story?

Jim Gunt: I don't know if he deserves a redemption story, he was a con man then, and always will be. A real flimflam man. Like those late-night preachers trying to bulk old ladies out of their money.

Mike Rolash: What do old people need with all that money anyway?

The crowd chants, possibly ironically, "holy-shit" as for a moment the samurai smirks breaking his stoned face persona before quickly finding it again.

The Samurai: I want to make my, "Golden Intentions", biblically clear. Habemus papam, your Kyuseishu has arrived!

Mike Rolash: That's Latin for a new pope is chosen!

Jim Gunt: How do you know Latin?

Mike Rolash: One of those suited guys gave me a sheet of paper with some information on it!

Jim Gunt: You are already falling for Kyuseishu's propaganda.

A chant of "Hoyt" breaks out as Kyuseishu looks at them in disgust.

Kyuseishu: You remember my old name? Isn't that cute. I MEAN Really??? Because this slobbering assembly before me absolutely disgusts me.

The crowd pops loudly for the retro crowd taunt, which Hoyt was known for. This only seems to further agitate Ky.

Kyuseishu: The concession stands are now selling those cheap hotel room round soap disks that I have personally blessed for \$100's a bar....AND SINNERS....I suggest you buy one, and use it, because if you think your God wants you in his heaven smelling like a 3am New York City uber ride you got another thing coming. It's as foul smelling in this area as your phony convictions and technology worship.

Jim Gunt: What is his point, this is uncalled for.

Mike Rolash: Proper hygiene is always worth a moment of time.

The big man walks right in front of the camera to get into the faces of the viewers at home, he has a serious demeanor on his face.

Kyuseishu: You shunned me, shammed me, and excommunicated me. Your social justice, public shamming, and lynch mob mentality took my career from me. You destroyed my business, my church with your slanderous judgments. Only MY FATHER is capable of such vengeance, and judgement. You don't deserve me, and my brother Jesus died in vane because there is no kind of cure for human sin.

The crowd now begins to jeer loudly.

Kyuseishu: I learned a lot from the East. I found myself in the East. I was reborn.....KYUSEISHU!!! Risen from the depths of darkness, returned beyond what I was, and now fully made whole. I used to try to save, now I simply slay because saving the enemy of the heavens is as wrong as ranch dressing on Shinjuku sushi. You have made your decisions by your social judgements, your mob mentality as your new FALSE GOD glows in your hand with Its twitter propaganda feeding you. Hell, you pay for it, you need it, you BEG to be connected to your hand masters to keep on the latest vapid activities of celebrities, and so-called friends. Regurgitate your devices into the trash, and you will find redemption, or possibly if you beg me enough salvation.

Jim Gunt: I wish somebody would save us from this rant.

Kyuseishu: This federation is full of faux "God's gifts", malignant messiahs, sexual deviants, and Hungarian saviors. Is Hungry even still a nation anymore, or just the typical state of mind for fat, lazy, Americans?? Hell, your champion is named after an expressway in Chicago. A sinister one at that, with weekly shootings. You sinners shamed and shunned me in the past for speaking the LORDS WORDS?!? You, the all-knowing nitwit's worship at the feet of false prophets, and phony Gods, like Johnny Olympus the greedy Greek of gold.

The crowd is now fully against Kyuseishu chanting, "go away".

Kyuseishu: Judgment day is upon us. I left your country a crusader of the faithful and have returned a Samurai of the sect of religiosity on a mission from a rancorous God. Standing behind me are the 11 apostles of the Akui no Sho. Why 11? Simple, we've already destroyed the traitor, Judas is dead, now we are pure of heart and sacrament. Cross us, is to impose your own crucifixion.

Mike Rolash: According to this sheet "Akui no Sho" is Japanese for Ministry of Malice. Oh, and Kyuseishu means savior. So much for an easy name.

Jim Gunt: The "no Sho" part worries me, will he flee back to Japan once he gets paid.

Kyuseishu: Let me make this very clear I decry...the unjust; and I wage upon thee a holy war that will be bloody and violent. Any warrior who steps into this ring opposed to the Akui no Sho will be destroyed. God personally told me this as truth, so my word is gospel. No man...or woman...hell its 2019...who steps into this squared circle, my battlefield, my warzone, my canvas of dismay will ever be the same. Some may win, most will lose, but they all will feel the wrath of God. Anyone in this ring is a threat to my success and will be handled as sadistically as GOD HIMSELF deems appropriate.

Ky with a stone-cold stare just past the camera makes the cameraman realize Ky's eyes are locked on him like a lion spotting weak prey. The camera shot bounces off the mat, as the cameraman drops the camera to escape the ring. The director switches to the wide shot showing Ky catching and beating the cameraman's head into the bottom turnbuckle ferociously. He instructs one of his disciples to pick up the camera and take over filming. The shot switches back to the camera in the ring just in time catching Ky delivering a vicious lariat almost removing the poor cameraman's head. Security is trying to enter the ring but the Akui no Sho are fighting them off successfully with fists and red batons. The crowd is not happy.

Jim Gunt: What a stand-up guy beating down a cameraman. He might have broken his neck, this is disgusting.

Mike Rolash: I hope the camera man doesn't take legal action!

Ky kneels next to the downed cameraman and picks him up by his hair. Ky has a sick look on his face. He suddenly pulls a golden fork from his thighs under his now open kimono. Ky holds the man's head to the camera with the fork hovering above the man's head as Ky talks manically to the camera.

Kyuseishu: This is the last golden fork, from my last supper, before you the people shamed me and destroyed my religion. I lost everything! Started over in Japan, but I still have this fork as a reminder, and I still owe you people this; a visit to the butcher for a lambs slaughtering.

Suddenly Ky slams the fork into the forehead of the cameraman about eight times busting him open good. A crimson mask covers the civilians face as more security enters from the back and the bell rings over and over.

Jim Gunt: I express regret to our viewers with young kids, this has gone way to far. Security needs to handle this NOW.

Mike Rolash: He's insane.

Realizing the carnage and seeing the swarm of security moving in Ky places his hand into the man's face smearing his hand in blood. He takes his bloody hand and uses it to smear a cross on his own face. He drops to all fours looking like a crazed animal crawling right into the face of the camera.

Kyuseishu: Next week I want a battle with any member of the roster who thinks he has the conviction to face the wrath of God. Be afraid; fear of your master is advised, for your God is vengeful, and your Kyuseishu is reborn. Senso wa koko ni ari, anata wa akudesu! [War is here, you are the evil]

He licks the remaining blood from his hand slowly and smiles before nonchalantly getting up and allowing security to remove him with his disciples to the back, and presumably out of the arena.

The Lost Boys (c) (Dean Coulter & Sam Braxton) vs. Scourge & Thomas Roll

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is a tag-team match, scheduled for one fall and with no time limit. Introducing first, from Queensland, Australia, at a combined weight of 417lbs. They are the current CWF Tag-Team Champions...Sam Braxton and Dean Coulter....THE LOST BOYS!!

The arena erupts into cheers as Become the Enemy by Like a Storm hits the speakers.

Jim Gunt: The CWF faithful have clearly missed these two blokes. And if I'm honest, so have I.

Mike Rolash: Well I haven't!

Jim Gunt: That makes you in the minority, Mike.

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

Jim Gunt: The looks on their faces, they are beyond pleased to be once again stepping into the ring.

Mike Rolash: They shouldn't be happy! This isn't about fun, it's about kicking arse and taking names!

Jim Gunt: Why can't they do both?

Ray Douglas: And their opponents. Introducing first, from parts unknown, and weighing in at 315lbs....SCOURGE!!

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

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

Mike Rolash: That's more like it, this guy always means business!

Ray Douglas: And his partner, from Osaka, Japan and weighing in at 200lbs....THOMAS ROLL!!

Thomas Roll's personal DJ, DJ Gurtooth comes out and begins to spins the decks. Moves like Jagger plays and the Disco King dances his way down the ramp with his pet monkey on his shoulder . He gets into the ring and strikes a disco pose.

Jim Gunt: Quite an odd pairing, one of the oddest we've seen in a long time, but these two unlikely partners, Scourge and Thomas Roll, are the ones who answered the Lost Boy's open challenge, to breathe life back into the tag-team division.

Mike Rolash: Scourge could handle this all by himself.

Trent Robbins goes to signal for the starting bell, but there seems to be some contention in the Scourge and Thomas Roll corner, as they argue who is taking point to start the match in the ring. Sam Braxton makes the decision for them, eager to get the match started and get to the fighting he charges forward. Both the Darkness Incarnate and Disco King are blindsided by a leaping forarm from the Larrikin. Caught off guard, Thomas Roll is sent sprawling to the outside, while Scourge stumbles into the corner.

Jim Gunt: Trust Sam to not wait for the bell.

Braxton attempts to irish whip Scourge to the Lost Boys' corner, but the Darkness Incarnate has a clear size and weight advantage, easily holding himself in place. With a firm hold of the back of the head, Scourge throws Sam bodily into the turnpost. As the Larrikin staggers backwards, stunned from the impact with the post, Scourge connects with a pumphandle powerslam. He hooks the leg.

Mike Rolash: Told you.

ONE!

TWO!

Dean intervenes, breaking up the pin.

Jim Gunt: Timely save!

Mike Rolash: How ashamed you reckon the Lost Boys would have been if Sam went out like a bitch like that?

The Darkness Incarnate rises menacingly back to his feet and staring grim death into the eyes of the Battler, Dean Coulter. Slowly Scourge advances but Sam comes in from behind with a stiff low running roundhouse kick to the leg of the Alpha's leg, dropping the big man to a knee. Together the Lost Boys lay into Scourge with a series of high-impact shoot kicks to the chest, finishing off with a combination of a roundhouse kick to the head from Dean and a Wizard of Aus from Sam. They dog pile atop Scourge for the pin.

Jim Gunt: Funny way to handle things by himself...

ONE!

TWO!

Scourge kicks out!

Mike Rolash: Well it ain't over yet!

Scourge lunges at the two Lost Boys, who duck underneath his clutches then are quick to turn around and retaliate with a double standing dropkick. The Darkness Incarnate stumbles backward into his corner, where Thomas Roll awaits, making a quick tag.

Jim Gunt: Disco is back in town!

Trent Robbins brings the match to order, forcing Dean Coulter back to his corner as Thomas charges at Sam Braxton. The Larrikin leaps up, catching Thomas with a Cyclo-Rana. Thomas is quickly back to his feet, but is dropped by a dropkick. Sam charges at Scourge once again, none too pleased to have been tagged out, and sends the Alpha of the Omega to the outside with another dropkick. Sam doesn't miss a beat, charging off of the opposite set of ring ropes, Dean leaning in for the quick blind tag on the way, and without hesitation Sam leaps over the ropes, crashing into Scourge with a suicide dive.

Jim Gunt: The action's picking up! Sam rightly realises that the only way to win is to keep Scourge out of the equation.

Mike Rolash: I'm sure he'll come to regret tangling with the big man.

Confused Thomas Roll doesn't realise Dean Coulter is the legal man and the Disco King is surprised by the True Blue Thunder bomb, holding on for the pin.

One

Two

Thomas kicks out!

Mike Rolash: Disco isn't dead yet.

Dean intends to maintain his advantage but Thomas isn't without his own tricks up his sleeve, catching the Aussie Battler off-guard with a uranage sidelay. The Disco King opts not to attempt a pin, but instead sets up for a Dragon Sleeper Hold. Outside Scourge grabs onto the ring ropes to get back involved in the action, but Sam Braxton throws him head first into the outside of a turnpost with a flying headscissor.

Jim Gunt: Thomas Roll pressing his advantage as he moves to apply an impressive submission move.

Dean Coulter denies proper application of the submission, twisting himself around and countering into the Dangerous Association Law series of suplexes.

Jim Gunt: What Thomas didn't realise is that Dean Coulter is well versed in submission techniques.

The second Thomas roll is to his feet, Dean connects with the Sunshine Drive neckbreaker and hooks the leg for the pin.

One

Two

Scourge moves to slow to make the save

Three!

Mike Rolash: If I was Scourge and Thomas Roll, I'd be so embarrassed by a loss against those two drunk, vile, braggarts!

Jim Gunt: I think that's a sign of the Lost Boys' return to form. Any future challengers, better take note

What's Past is Prologue

Match

The scene cuts to the backstage area, where Tara Robinson is shown standing outside the office of Jon Stewart. She

turns as she notices the camera and flashes a dazzling smile as she raises her microphone to her face.

Tara Robinson: Tara Robinson here, backstage at Evolution #53, where just moments ago I witnessed "The Australian Submission Machine" Nathan Paradine enter the office of Jon Stewart following his encounter with Xander Daniels last week! Both men found themselves arrested by local law authorities, however I have been informed that both men were released without charge. Following this, oh- here he is now!"

The door to the office swings open and Nathan Paradine emerges into view, his face still beaten and bruised following his battle against Daniels the previous week. He looks startled to find Tara waiting for him and he quickly fishes his sunglasses out of his jacket and slides them onto his face.

Tara Robinson: Nathan, can I get a quick word regarding your meeting with Jon Stewart? Can you tell us what just happened behind that closed door?

Paradine holds up a sealed envelope and waves it in front of Tara's face.

Nathan Paradine: Ever since he returned to the CWF Xander Daniels has been a thorn in my side. Attacking me in the ring, attacking me backstage... reminding me that I should have put him down years ago in Hostility. Blame it on the innocence of youth, I guess. But after the assault last week... I went to Jon Stewart and I made my feelings known; it's Xander Daniels, or it's me. I have in my hand a contract for a Loser Leaves the CWF match, and if Xander Daniels is any kind of man at all he'll show up at Evolution next week to sign it and make things official. Now if you'll excuse me... I've got the rest of the night of to celebrate.

Paradine grins and walks past Robinson, who raises her eyebrows as turns back to the camera.

Tara Robinson: Nathan Paradine has laid down a challenge to Xander Daniels... show up next week and agree to put his career on the line in what can only be an explosive encounter!

Welcome To The Bryan Ford Show

Match

"DNA" by Kendrick Lamar blasts through the speakers as Bryan Ford struts down the ramp towards the ring. He nods his head taking in the boos as if they were cheers. Snatching a mic he slides into the ring.

Bryan Ford: Ladies and gentlemen boys and girls children of all ages! I introduce you to the most highest rating moment of the night and that is the Bryan Ford show! I take your booing me as a sign of ignorance and that is OK because I too was ignorant at one point in my life.

But I soon realized that by not listening to you parasites... That I could indeed one day become the greatest thing alive in the wrestling world. And lo and behold here I am. Now the Bryan Ford show is all about entertainment... It is all about introducing you to what will be the future of this business... And it is because of this montre and this belief that I should be the one to introduce you to the future of this business I bring to you my first guest...

ME!

Another wave of boos hits as Ford is all smiles pacing back and forth.

Bryan Ford: Wait... Did you honestly think that there was anybody on his entire roster that was worth being on the 1st episode of the Bryan Ford show here in CWF?!

That there is another sign of your ignorance because the only one worthy enough of the spotlight is me, a 3rd generation superstar who has come to stake his claim and rise to the top of the mountain of this company.

I made it very clear a couple weeks ago that I indeed have golden intentions to win that rumble... But I have also made it very clear that I am here to make an impact and what better way to make an impact than to insert myself into the Impact championship title scene.

Because how great would it be to make a statement of not only winning the rumble but winning the rumble as Impact champion! Autumn, trust me when I say, it is not personal but personally I want what you have. I can tell you don't see me as a imminent threat, and that's perfectly fine because in my opinion that gives me all the advantage I need to knock you on your ass.

Ford takes a breath as he looks around the jeering crowd.

Bryan Ford: Autumn, I'm not here to make friends. I'm not here for your respect and I really don't care how you feel about this... regardless I'm coming for your Impact championship simply because I want it. And what Bryan Ford wants Bryan Ford gets. But I do understand the hierarchy here and I do understand that there is a bit of a procedure.

I mean after all I haven't had a single match here I'm already making big claims for a championship opportunity. I'm not an idiot so I went and I found myself a top tier talent.

I found a guy who can rise to the occasion. A guy who is a bonafide future hall-of-famer here in CWF. A threat to any body who opposes him ladies and gentlemen please welcome my opponent!

Ford takes off his jacket as he is all laughs once his opponent's music hits.

Bryan Ford vs. Wanderin' Will Beckenhall

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is an interpromotional match scheduled for one fall under a fifteen minute time limit!

As "Reno" by Red Vox hits, the lights shine a dim maroon. Wanderin' Will Beckenhall walks down the ramp, cigarette in one hand, match in the other. Lifting up his boot, he strikes the match against it before placing the lit match to the end of the cig. Shaking the match to extinguish the fire, Will tosses it to the side, pressing the cigarette to his lips and taking deep inhale. Pausing for just a moment, he blows the smoke from his lungs, flicking the cigarette away before carefully pulling himself into the ring from under the bottom rope.

Ray Douglas: First, from Renovo, Nevada....WANDERIN' WILL BECKENHALL!!

Jim Gunt: Will somebody tell the Marlboro Man that there's a distinct no smoking law for anyone coming into the Mississippi Coliseum?

Mike Rolash: Wanderin' Will is a manly man, Jim. He's not concerned with petty rules and regulations.

Jim Gunt: He's a manly man just because he smokes cigarettes? In what day and age?

Ray gestures to Bryan Ford, already in the ring and ready to go.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Terrell, Texas, he is the Innovator of Greatness....BRYAN FORD!!

Jim Gunt: Number one contender to Autumn Raven's Impact Champion, as well, is Carnage Wrestling's own Bryan Ford.

Mike Rolash: Which brings up the golden question, what happens if Ford is able to defeat Autumn Raven next week at Evolution? Not only will he be representing multiple wrestling companies going into Golden Intentions...

Jim Gunt: He would be holding our championship hostage if he wins next week, Mike. That's exactly what Ford wants and what he's looking to do come next week. Autumn needs to win at all costs. But that is next week, here tonight we get a special preview of the skillset of Bryan Ford as he goes up against fellow Golden Intentions entrant Wanderin' Will Beckenhall.

Scott Dean calls for the bell after checking on both Beckenhall and Ford, and the two athletes meet in the middle of the ring. Beckenhall raises a right hand for a test of strength and Ford shakes his head at him. Shrugging, Will lowers his right and raises his left hand instead, but gets a boot to the gut for his troubles!

Jim Gunt: Looks like Bryan Ford isn't exactly a test of strength type of guy, Mike.

Mike Rolash: And now he's taken control of the Wanderin' One, tossing Will easily into the corner and lighting him up with heavy knife edge chops.

Jim Gunt: But Will isn't going to sit around and take a beating, as he reverses things bringing Ford back into the corner. Short-arm Lariat! Impressive.

Calling for his opponent, Wanderin' Will waits for Bryan Ford to stagger out of the corner before grabbing onto him with one arm and attempting a big Spinebuster. Ford with the High Impact DDT on the way down though! Both competitors lay on their backs recovering for just a moment as the camera cuts to Impact Champion Autumn Raven walking down the ramp with a thoughtful look on her face. She slaps the ring apron, as if cheering both competitors back to their feet.

Mike Rolash: What the hell is Autumn doing out here, Jimmy?

Jim Gunt: Maybe she wants to see what she's getting herself into next week? Get the psychological edge on Ford?

Ford and Beckenhall pull themselves to their feet, Bryan's attention quickly diverted over to Autumn who is still slapping the apron from outside the ring. He ducks under a flying clothesline from Beckenhall and immediately rolls out of the ring, getting right in the face of the Impact Champion. Autumn looks back at the cheering crowd, smiling, before turning back and getting a slap right across the face from Ford!

Jim Gunt: Oh god, pretty sure this one's about to break down, Mike...

A now furious Autumn Raven pulls back, and swings a heavy right hand right across the jaw of Ford! Scott Dean has no other choice but to ring the bell, calling for the disqualification as Wanderin' Will exits the rings with his hands in the air. Beckenhall shouts at Raven for costing him the match; and receives a Claw of the Night Superkick! The distraction is enough for Ford to recover, hitting Autumn with a kick of his own as she turns around, a spinning heel kick that leaves her reeling against the barricade.

Ray Douglas: And the winner by disqualification....BRYAN FORD!!

Jim Gunt: There's the official announcement from Ray, folks, but this one is far from over. Ford has now dumped Raven over the barricade, and these two are battling it out into the crowd!

Mike Rolash: Scary moment there as Autumn nearly landed on a fan sitting at ringside. Now these two trade right hands as they make their way up the steps!

Jim Gunt: And finally security has made their way down to break up what has turned into a wild brawl.

Mike Rolash: I can't wait until next week where all bets are off and these two are allowed to fight it out legally!

Jim Gunt: Indeed. But for now let's send things backstage.

Open Challenge

Match

Tara Robinson: I am here with the current WWH World Champion and one of the newest entrants in the....

Before she can finish Noah puts a single finger on her ruby colored lips causing them to stop speaking.

Noah Hanson: Why are you introducing me like that?

Tara Robinson: Because you are the current...

Noah does it again and then uses two fingers to hold her lips shut.

Noah Hanson: Ok dollface ground rule number one, do not address me as that. Here that doesn't matter. Doesn't matter what I am anywhere. All I am is a man that has entered a very prestigious battle royal, one that is handing out a very valuable prize to the person that walks out as the winner. And just by sheer happenstance...

Noah catches Tara looking a bit perplexed at the last word and releases her lips.

Noah Hanson: Something throw ya off doll?

Tara Robinson: Happenstance?

Noah Hanson: (smirks) Really?

Tara Robinson: Never heard that word before....

Noah Hanson: Did you take any sorta journalism class or maybe some sort of writing class in college? Did you even go to college? Or maybe the people around just like pretty faces that can hold a mic and not much else.

Tara looks a little pissed at the assumption and Noah again smirks confidently.

Noah Hanson: I'll save ya the trouble of looking it later basically means by luck some would say in your case dumb luck but luck all the same...

Tara Robinson: Ok can we move on?

Noah Hanson: It's really simple, I just wanna drop an open challenge for the next show, looking to get warmed up before the battle royal and what better way than to just come and face someone that is already here. Not about winning or losing it's about getting my feet wet here plain and simple.

Tara Robinson: Anyone?

Noah Hanson: Are you having trouble hearing as well? I said anyone from the new World champion, to someone that

just signed to start in CWF, to someone that is as green as a leaf. I just want to face someone and see how things play out. So there ya go dollface. Now if you'll excuse me I have seats for the show, not first row or anything like that but I do have a private luxury box all to myself and maybe some young ladies will join me. Now if you'll excuse me....

Noah again confidently smirks and then heads off to find his luxury box.

The Old Ones and Old Friends

Match

The cameras cut back to the announce table where Jim and Mike look ready to take back over.

Jim Gunt: Up next fans we've got newcomer Johnny Olympus in his debut match taking on Lindsay Troy. If you remember, Johnny had quite a lot to say last week about his fellow CWF competitors, his chances in the Golden Intentions Rumble on June 11, and even our World Champion, Dan Ryan.

Mike Rolash: Lookit, you know I'm all Rah Rah All About the Heelz, baby, but this guy legit let his gold fever go to his head. Calling out Dan Ryan like he did? Does he wants his gold teeth knocked down his throat?

Jim Gunt: His sister-in-law might be the one to do it instead. Lindsay Troy answered Silas Artoria's challenge for the Paramount Championship last week and she'll be looking to make a statement of her own against Johnny tonight.

Mike Rolash: Nothing like a little momentum building for our dear Queen!

Jim Gunt: Let's send it over to Ray Douglas in the ring.

Cut-to: Ray Douglas, looking dapper as always.

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

The fans yell in unison "ONE FALL!"

Ray Douglas: Introducing first....

The opening clap-stomp beats of "Watch Me" by The Phantoms hit the speakers as the fans jump to their feet. There's a decidedly negative reaction as they wait for Lindsay Troy to step through the curtain. The Queen of the Ring doesn't keep them in suspense for too long; as soon as the lyrics kick in, she strides out onto the stage with a smirk on her face.

Ray Douglas: Hailing from Tampa, Florida and weighing in at 195 pounds, she is the Queen of the Ring, LINDSAY TROY!

Troy basks in the ovation and the pyro before marching down the ramp. At the bottom, she jumps flat-footed onto the apron, then catapults herself up and over the top rope with a flip. She scales a corner to pose a bit before hopping down and turning in mid air to walk over to Ray Douglas. After a brief conversation, Ray hands over his microphone and exits the ring.

Jim Gunt: Looks like we're going to hear a few words from Lindsay Troy before her match gets underway.

Mike Rolash: Correction, we're going to be treated to a few words.

Jim Gunt: Whatever you say, Mike.

"Watch Me" cuts out and Lindsay Troy lifts the mic to her mouth.

Lindsay Troy: Y'know, you people can boo me all you want, but that's not going to change my allegiances, or what I aim to do to this interloper Johnny Olympus tonight, or even what I am to do to Silas Artoria at Golden Intentions,

provided the Canucklehead formally accepts my challenge, that is.

Fact is, the reason you all boo me is because of family. You all don't like the fact that Dan and I are thick as thieves. I'm sure you'd rather me stand against him to fight the good fight and put him down once and for all.

The crowd cheers at this suggestion. Troy merely smirks.

Lindsay Troy: Not this time around.

Mike Rolash: Good. Not that we already didn't know it but this means one less goody goody around this place!

Lindsay Troy: That ship has sailed. You're two years too late. This is a new horizon, and the time has come for this golden Greek to be tossed into the sea and devoured by Charybdis. So send Dear Johnny out here and let him get what's coming to him.

She goes to toss the mic back to Ray Douglas but a cacophony of static gives her pause.

Then, a muffled voice.

"We do away with your kind..."

Jim Gunt: There's...there's no way.

Mike Rolash: Maybe it's a malfunction?

"Countdown to exterminate the human race..."

The crowd is buzzing. Some rise, peering at the curtain while nostalgia washes over them.

4...3...2...1...

The bass hits, lights spin, fog spills onstage. And with that, the curtains part, and the devil emerges in CWF. Donned in ceremonial gear and casting a wry smile, Bruce 'Violence Jack' Shanahan stands before a wrestling audience for the first time in over seven years.

Lindsay Troy can't hide her surprise.

Mike Rolash: Hahaha! I told you we were in for a treat. First we're addressed by the Queen and now one of the great veterans of the sport is bringing some added class to this place. All our money's worth in under five minutes.

Jim Gunt: Bruce Shanahan?! I didn't even know that lunatic was still alive!

Shanahan marches to the ring, stoic, eyes locked on Lindsay Troy. He's world-weary, wrinkled, his gait noticeably hobbled. This isn't the evil crusader of old, at least not in body. The presence, however, is ageless. A contingent of fans sings along, still recalling the lyrics of Dimmu Borgir's "Puritania".

"I am war, I am pain.

I am all you've ever slain.

I am tears in your eyes

I am grief, I am lies."

Jim Gunt: This is...well, it's pretty unexpected. I've been in production meetings and not once has it come across my notes that we signed this madman. That's the kind of a thing you should tell your guys out front, right?

Mike Rolash: Shanahan was always kind of a wild card though, Jim. You couldn't keep his alliances straight week-by-week, let alone when he'd raise his evil head. But this is a hell of a pleasant surprise in my book.

Jim Gunt: I didn't take you to be one for cheerleading apocalypse-bringing psychotics but I guess we learn something new every day, huh?

Shanahan climbs onto the apron and through the ropes, never looking away from Troy. There is a visible wince on his face as his knee nearly buckles for a moment, a flicker in time that escapes many but not one as savvy as the Queen of the Ring. As he pulls himself upright, mere inches from Lindsay, the ringside crew is scrambling to dig up a microphone to slip into his hands.

The music dies and the man long known as Violence Jack grips a microphone for the first time in years. There's a brief pattering of applause from the long-time fans as the duo in-ring share silence and an intense gaze. A moment later, Shanahan grins again, his intent seemingly as wicked as ever.

Bruce Shanahan: Lindsay. It's been a long time.

Lindsay Troy: Jackie. You're a sight. I'd say for sore eyes, but I look great. You...look like shit.

The other only nods, casting his eyes down for a moment. Behind the wickedness and malevolence that accompanies him, something else seeps out through his expression. One could almost see shame reflected on his scarred face.

Bruce Shanahan: They have granted me many gifts in my time, Lindsay. Immortality, alas, is not among their boons. Decades of struggle in the ring have taken a toll. I don't dispute that and it's not a thing that can be reversed. In fact you could say I've even embraced it.

Lindsay Troy: Ah. Still with the Lovecraft thing. So nice to see that some things will never change. We had Hoyt Williams come out earlier on some ronin kick instead of doing his old Son of God bit. All the old PRIMEates are crawling out of the woodwork. Some more...fearsome than others.

Bruce Shanahan: My 'kick' remains the pursuit of truth. Change, however, is inevitable. It arrives whether we search for or deny it and is a simple constant beyond man's dominion to control. And that's why I've left my work within Wyatt Manor and decided CWF was the place to surface. My dear, I haven't come here to compete. I believed someone as astute as you would recognize that.

He flexes his arms and legs, leans against the ropes. Again the grimace on his face becomes noticeable.

Bruce Shanahan: I'm fifty years old, circled this globe more times than I can recount, fought under the bleakest and roughest conditions a man can suffer in professional wrestling. I've fallen from ladders, been hurled from atop cages, found my body encased in barbed-wire, worn bloody, broken glass shards like a cheap suit. For me, little lady, it's clearly come to an end. The King of the Independents is dead, the King of Kings rests in his crypt. There comes a time for every king to abdicate his throne.

Regardless of his claim to embracing his fate, a semblance of pain is still etched across the face of the man long christened The Bringer of the Black Gospel.

Jim Gunt: Then why is he here? Haven't we heard enough doom and gloom from this lunatic to last a lifetime?

Lindsay Troy: Look, as great as it's been to wax nostalgic with you, Jack, I'm actually still of able body to maim and break bones, and I'm about overdue to take care of a pompous Mediterranean mushmouth. So, if it's all the same to you, I'd really rather get on with my night, which means you need to get out of my ring.

Shanahan bites his lip a moment before lifting the microphone.

Bruce Shanahan: Bear with a broken old man, lass. I'm not denying your chance to break the back of some smart-mouthed old rat. I had simply hoped that for old time's sake, from one PRIMEate to another, a spark of respect still lingered.

Troy looks incredulous for a moment and openly chuckles.

Bruce Shanahan: My background proclaims wrestling royalty as much as anyone. My royal family, the most worthy of the Sect of Black Wisdom, have battled for favor in my years of absence. A successor has been decreed. Golden

Intentions is nearly upon the world and the edict has been passed down from on high to the mortal vassals of the Old Ones. What once was will reign again.

He looks back to the entrance, nodding with a jubilant smile rarely seen on the face of the mad cult leader even in his prime years.

Bruce Shanahan: I give you the new face of what I created. The herald of a coming dark age and patriarch of the legions I once presided over. I present to you all, lowly worms, the New World Savior, Julian Bathory!

The lights dim, strobing green and white in loops around the arena. The big screen begins to run the old entrance video for Shanahan and his past minions, a variation long known to fans of the superstar's past exploits. Silence settles for a moment as Shanahan and Troy watch the entrance, the former with crazed joy and latter with barely muted disdain and impatience.

Nox Arcana's "Immortal Fire" debuts over the PA system. With its onset a new face strides into view. Unlike his grizzled and broken-down mentor, the handsome youth is lean, muscled, east European in aspect. Whereas Shanahan is garbed in the robes long associated with his hermetic order, the newcomer dons an impeccable gray suit and expensive shoes, less the isolated cult mastermind and more Ric Flair in aspect.

Mike Rolash: The prodigal son is here, Jim. Violence Jack picked his man and he's come to the CWF!

Jim Gunt: Ugh. God help us all.

Julian Bathory, every self confident, strides to the ring and slips through the ropes in a fashion almost considered regal in bearing. Shanahan claps wildly as his disciple presents himself to the world with a smile and an elegant pose. Throughout the presentation, Troy rolls her eyes and looks ready to vomit.

Shanahan flashes his eyes to the Queen, smirks, and passes the microphone off to his promoted apostle. Bathory, noble and assured, offers a bow.

Julian Bathory: Lindsay Troy, I've heard so much about you.

Lindsay Troy: If it was coming from Jack, I'm sure none of it was good.

Julian Bathory: I fear you don't give Father Shanahan due credit, Lindsay. He can be a bit...abrasive, shall we say? But I've heard the tales and read the accomplishments. I've seen the videos. He was right. You're strong and fiery, you inhabit all the factors that credit women in wrestling. You do well to represent the fairer sex in this violent realm we inhabit, even if, in the end, you are still only a woman.

Mike Rolash: Uh oh...

Jim Gunt: I'm not sure if Julian Bathory wants to be going down this particular road with Lindsay Troy, if he's heard the tales like he says he has.

Mike Rolash: No kidding. Does he like his arms attached to his body?

Lindsay Troy, for her part, gives the young man a coy smile.

Lindsay Troy: My child, if you're looking to rile me up with your sideswipes shrouded in misogyny, I have better things to do tonight than entertain you. But know this: I didn't get to where I am in this business by being "only" anything and I'll be more than happy to show you why that is whenever and wherever you want.

Bathory raises one outstretched arm, palm facing a fervid Queen of the Ring. Expecting conflict, Shanahan rises up to flank his protege, baleful and aggressive as ever despite his beaten form, before being calmed by a simple gesture from Bathory.

Julian Bathory: Just the answer I wanted to hear. Lindsay Troy, you are a paragon of everything pure in pro wrestling. I

apologize if I seemed to, well, defile your achievements. The truth is that this is a remarkable moment for me. Not simply my unveiling as the new patron of the Sect of Black Wisdom, but sharing a ring with an idol of mine. And believe it or not, I'm not referring to Father Shanahan. At the expense of sounding like a fanboy, Lindsay, I mean you.

Troy blinks, a little surprised. She casts a gaze over at Shanahan - a look that says "Is he for real?" - but before she can question the youngster herself, Bathory continues.

Julian Bathory: I watched your matches with rapt attention as a younger man back in my home country. I was mesmerized with what you could do, how you carved out your place among a world dominated by men. I admire your poise and passion. I know you and Father Shanahan had your...differences.

Jim Gunt: That's putting it mildly.

Julian Bathory: However, this is a new era. As the newly crowned patriarch of our organization, I'm here to forge bonds, not to burn bridges or beat dead horses.

He pauses, sighing and looking over at Shanahan. His patron nods and looks away, waiting on his successor.

Julian Bathory: Good luck, Lindsay. May the Old Ones offer you glory tonight. Father, if you will?

The duo exit the ring, Bathory leading with Shanahan in tow. Lindsay looks after them, eyes narrowed, thinking. With a shake of her head, she tosses Ray Douglas her microphone and walks over to a corner to stretch and get her muscles quickly warmed up again.

Jim Gunt: This was one bizarre twist of events Mike. Bruce Shanahan's Sect of Black Wisdom has resurfaced again with Julian Bathory as the heir apparent. This absolutely is not a good thing for anyone here in CWF.

Mike Rolash: Well, except for Lindsay Troy. Bathory likes her.

Jim Gunt: Again. Bizzare. We're going to take a quick break and then come back with Lindsay Troy vs. Johnny Olympus. Don't go anywhere!

Johnny Olympus vs. Lindsay Troy

Match

"The Pot" by Tool begins to sound and Lindsay Troy can't help but smirk as Johnny Olympus makes his way out onto the stage.

Ray Douglas: Introducing next, topping off at a towering six feet, four inches, and weighing in at two hundred and eighty four pounds. He is The Greek Physique.....JOHNNY OLYMPUS!!

Johnny earns some mild jeering from the crowd as he saunters his way down the ramp.

Jim Gunt: Relatively new Johnny Olympus, no shortness of arrogance from him, what do you think Mike?

Mike Rolash: "Relatively?" Jimmy, this guy is the stuff of legend. He's won championships in every place he's been in and have you SEEN him? He looks like he was chisled from stone by Zeus himself. He's like... The real life version of Gaston from Beauty and the Bea...

He stops as he realizes he almost let known his secret passion of collecting old Disney movies. Rolash had them all, but he wouldn't tell them. He has his own vault.

Jim Gunt: Anyways... Olympus is climbing into the ring and to her credit, Troy is NOT backing down or away from Olympus!

Mike Rolash: She'll regret it Jimbo. They don't call this man, "The Mediterranean Massacre" for nothing. The dude looks like what I would envision a lion to look like. Ferocious. Majestic. Dangerous and bloodthirsty.

Jim Gunt: I didn't realize Olympus brought the Muses with him as well. That was honestly somewhat poetic Mike... I might be a little impressed. But weren't you just a couple minutes ago saying that Olympus doesn't hold a candle to The Queen?

Mike Rolash: Shhhh! Freddie is moving!

Freddie stands up from the corner where he is casually leaning, realizing that it's time to earn that paycheck. He goes to the middle of the ring where Lindsay and Olympus are face to face, grateful that he doesn't have to beckon the two out from corners, just to send them back, and then out again at the bell. Such a waste. Styles tries to explain that he expects a clean fight between the two, tries to check for foreign weapons, but the two haven't disengaged from their staring contest. Freddie shrugs, considering that they were both veterans of the business, he calls for the bell!

Mike Rolash: Freddie starting his career as a ref in an unorthodox way, but can't say I blame him considering... What? He stops as Jim looks at him.

Jim Gunt: We have a match to call, Lindsay Troy versus Johnny Olympus, why are you calling it like Freddie is in the match?

Mike Rolash: I... I just miss calling Freddie's matches is all.

Jim sighs and pats Mike on the shoulder as Lindsay is the first to make a move, lashing out at the side of the knee of Johnny Olympus with a lightning fast kick! She smirks as Johnny stumbles and wags his finger at her. She pumps a fake at him and he deftly dodges to the side and catches a left handed jab to his chisled jaw for his troubles. Freddie tries to admonish Troy for the closed fist, which she swears she smacked the man. Freddie backs up as an enraged Olympus backs Troy up in a corner with sudden speed!

Jim Gunt: Yikes! All it took was a couple warm up shots and Olympus is now on fire!

Mike Rolash: Being as experienced in the ring as I am... I do have to say that kicks and punches hurt. A lot.

Jim Gunt: Stunning assesment Mike. Now back to the ring!

The Queen of the Ring struggles and Freddie is there quickly to call for a break. Olympus doesn't relent and peppers Troy with some rights and lefts! Lindsay covers up as best she can and Freddie begins to count. Olympus backs off, saying that he's cool now, and goes to deliver a cheap elbow right to Troy, only to come up with empty air!

Jim Gunt: That's some speed shown by a dextorious Lindsay Troy!

Mike Rolash: Why would you even want to slide through a man's legs like that?

Troy stands up quick on the other side of Olympus, this time Troy peppering the bigger man with whip kicks to whichever leg she can land them on. Freddie calls for a clean break and Lindsay backs off, only to leap at Johnny and deliver a quick elbow to the side of his jaw!

Lindsay Troy: NOW THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE!

Olympus crumples to the ground and Troy pulls him away from the corner before mounting her prey's back and delivering vicious elbows to the back of Johnny's neck!

Jim Gunt: Might not look pretty, but those elbows have to be having some serious impact!

Mike Rolash: Come on Johnny! Prove to everyone why you're the Lion of Athens!

Mike's words of encouragement are soon turned to groans of disappointment as a devious smile flickers across the face of Lindsay Troy. She stands and delivers a quick kick to the ribs of Olympus before wrapping his leg around hers.

Jim Gunt: We've seen this before! Mike! This has to be some sort of record for quickest submission victory! Don't we

have someone to look this stuff up?!

Mike Rolash: I'll show HER a key to a kingdom!

Mike sits back in his chair in a huff as LT is busy bridging backward and wrapping her forearm around the throat of Johnny Olympus who barely knows where he is, her other arm traps one of Johnny's free arms behind his back as she begins to cinch in the pressure, coiling around Johnny's limbs like a constrictor.

Jim Gunt: Key to the Kingdom, locked in, Olympus has no chance.

Mike has no chance to respond as when he looks up, the bell is already being rung and Lindsay's arm is raised in victory.

Ray Douglas: And the winner of this match by submission....LINDSAY TROY!!

My House

Match

We cut backstage to Tara Robinson, standing with a game MJ Flair in front of a CWF Evolution banner. In typical MJ fashion, she is eschewing all extraneous pomp and introduction.

MJF: Hi there, you're Tara Robinson and you're here tonight with MJ Flair, getting ready to team with Mia Rayne to kick in the teeth of Jarvis King and Ataxia, and MJ, what do you see in store for yourself coming out of Evolution 53 and leading into Golden Intentions?

She looks at Tara, who looks confused.

Tara Robinson: Well... yeah?

MJ smiles.

MJF: Tonight's easy, Jarvis King says that even if Mia and I win, I lose because it wouldn't be a clean win over him. He forgets the most significant part'a that whole thing, Tara.

She holds up two fingers.

MJF: Twice. Two times, Jarvis King and I have stepped into the ring against each other, and he's been unable to make it to the final bell. If ya ask him, he's the greatest of all time, which means he should have no problem puttin' me down for a three.

Shrug.

MJF: And yet, here we are.

And there's the smirk.

MJF: What it comes down to, Jarvis... is that, by your own hand, you're supposed'ta be knockin' me out with no sweat. Because you're a Hall'a Famer and I'm a kid with no legacy t'speak of.

MJ looks at Tara, then back into the camera, as her face turns deadly serious.

MJF: But I'll still be winnin' World Titles and changin' the course'a history in front'a sellout crowds on Pay Per View, years from now when you're tryin' to coax your arthritic knee back into its' socket in front of twenty people in Frog Balls, Alabama in a vain attempt ta' remind people that you used ta' be someone.

Pause.

MJF: Because this, Jarvis? This is my house.

She briefly raises her eyebrow and leaves the scene, with Tara watching her go for just a moment before returning to the camera.

Tara Robinson: I can't think of anything else we could add to that... Jim, Mike - back to you.

...: OH! WE CAN!!!!

Tara's head snaps from where she is watching MJ trail away and turns to come face to face with the one and only... Mia Rayne.

Tara Robinson: Right, so Mia, your thoughts going into this match? Ataxia has definitely has had some... Choice words when it comes to talking about you as of late.

Mia chews on her words thoughtfully for a moment and shrugs.

Mia Rayne: Let him talk. Actions speak louder than words Tara and that's exactly what we're looking to prove out there. MJ has had her war with JarJar, we're heading to war against Ataxia. The two of them have nothing in common but a seemingly mutual hatred toward MJ and us... The catch here is that when it comes down to it? They're all talk with no bite. JarJar probably forgot his dentures anyways, primarily focused on making sure anything phallic about him would be the biggest in the room, and Ataxia? Ooooo, we've come to the conclusion long ago that words between him and us are just a formality at this point. There will be violence, madness, a sprinkle of chaos, and at the end of the day? Mia Rayne will walk out with what she wants. Win, lose, or draw. So let Ataxia yell out about how much of a bitch we are. Let him play with his clay pots and smash things when he feels the need to express that anger. Honey? You haven't seen ANYTHING compared to what we have in store for you.

The smirk comes back as she turns to leave. Tara can only smile and shake her head as she hears Mia scream back to her...

Mia Rayne: OH Yeah!

Mia stalks back to Tara and addresses the camera directly.

Mia Rayne: This goes out to all the new blood here that thinks that they can come in, say what they want to people they don't know, make bold claims about being in the CWF to stake their quote, unquote, "Golden Intentions." Make all the claims you want, you say ANYTHING we find offensive be disrespectful to ANYONE that calls this place home? You will have US to answer to, and we promise that we will make sure to fit your beating in. Goes double for you Noah whatever the crap. We heard you loud and clear and if you want to start trying to talk down to anyone here? You'll have us to answer to. See you soon Cupcake.

She winks at the camera before bolting offscreen, her voice trailing in the distance.

Mia Rayne: MJ! WAIT UP!!!!

Autumn Raven (c) vs. Silas Artoria (c)

Match

Autumn Raven (c) vs. Silas Artoria (c)

Jim Gunt: These two have probably one of the longest standing relationships in CWF history, and now once again they meet.

Mike Rolash: A lot has changed since then, though, with both finally enjoying some much deserved success. My money is on Silas, though.

Jim Gunt: How come?

Mike Rolash: I don't know, Jim. It looks like he has finally found his groove.

Jim Gunt: That is true, but with Autumn you never know when she might pull a rabbit out of her hat.

Mike Rolash: She's wearing a hat?

Jim Gunt: No, no, figure of speech.

Mike Rolash: I mean, she has a nice figure, but of her speech...?

Jim Gunt: Good Lord... Ray, rescue me!

With a pleading look into the ring, where Ray can't help but chuckle, the ring announcer brings up the mic.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the next match is a non-title match for one fall.

Sixx A.M.'s "Somewhere In Hollywood" hits the PA and purple lights shine around the top of the ramp, fog rolling around it as the beginning lyrics of the song start to play, the tron displaying a purple outlined black raven with her name fading in over it. As the guitar riff starts up, the purple lights start to flicker like a strobe light as Autumn slowly walks out from the back, coming to a stop at the top of the ramp. She glances out at the crowd with a smirk on her face, the Impact Championship draped over her shoulder as she starts down the ramp slowly.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, the current Impact Champion, from Los Angeles, California, weighing 120 pounds, she is the Beautiful Psychopath....AUTUMN RAVEN!!

She walks around the ring, glaring at the fans sitting at ringside before sliding under the bottom rope and leaping to her feet, giving the crowd a smug smile. She runs to the corner turnbuckle, climbing to the second one, taunting the crowd, as she flings her arms out to the sides once again before climbing down and handing the stagehand her title.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent, the current reigning Paramount champion. From Toronto, Ontario, Canada, accompanied by Hidetaka Ito, the Psychotic Aristocrat....SILAS ARTORIA!!

The lights go down and "Something Got Me Started" by Simply Red starts to sound. Red lights illuminate the entrance and Silas Artoria strolls out, the Paramount belt around his waste, a smug smile on his face. He bestows the fans with some benign nods on his way to the ring, but otherwise ignores the outstretched hands.

Jim Gunt: Word has it after the brawl between Autumn and Carnage Wrestling's Bryan Ford earlier, Ford has been banned from the arena for the rest of the night by Jon Stewart.

Mike Rolash: As much as I hate to say it, Jim, that's probably a good idea if we want to keep the integrity of this match...

Both Autumn and Silas hand over their belts to a ring attendant and come together in the centre of the ring, Silas still smiling, while Autumn shows that despite being in a fierce brawl earlier she is ready to go as soon as referee Nicky McArthur signals for the bell to be rung, Autumn runs at Silas at full steam, trying to catch him by surprise. The attempt was successful as her shoulder block sends him right into and through the ropes and to the floor.

Jim Gunt: Whoa, that's what I call a fast start here!

Mike Rolash: That was unfair, he did not even have a chance to prepare himself!

Jim Gunt: Mike, once the bell rings anything goes. You should know that. You've been "in the ring" before, remember?

Mike does not seem to see the air quotes.

Mike Rolash: You bet I was!

Silas does not look very happy upon suddenly finding himself outside of the ring, but Autumn does not give him much time to stew on it as she goes for the ropes right away and aims for Silas with a suicide dive.

Jim Gunt: Ouch, that impact was brutal, those barriers might be padded, but if you hit them directly after flying through

the ropes, they can have a devastating effect!

Mike Rolash: All it takes is one step to the side...

ONE!

TWO!

Autumn is barely moving after going into the barricades arms and head first as Silas looks down at her, shaking his head. He grabs her and pulls her up in order to roll her into the ring, but she is pretty much dead weight, so he struggles a bit getting her onto the apron, which gives her just enough time to recover.

THREE!

FOUR!

As the Canadian attempts to heave her up the last bit, she manages to bring one leg between her and Silas and pushes, sending the aristocrat into the barrier back first. But he does not waste any time and bullrushes her without hesitation.

Jim Gunt: Ooh, what an impact of Autumn's back on the ring post!

FIVE!

SIX!

With a determined look on his face, Silas pulls Autumn back up once more and straight into the ring before rolling himself in as well. After two kicks to the injured back, he rolls her to her belly and stands over her.

Mike Rolash: I think that is going to hurt!

Jim Gunt: Yes, Boston Crab!

Autumn is screaming out in pain as Silas has the move locked in well, trying to reach for the ropes.

Jim Gunt: Little tactical error there by Silas, too close to the rope! He has to let go!

Mike Rolash: No, he doesn't have to.

The referee starts to count on Silas and he finally lets go, but it looks like the damage is done, as Autumn is writhing in pain, holding her back. Silas' mercy seems to be in short supply, though, as he pulls Autumn right back to her feet, lifting her up onto his shoulders.

Jim Gunt: TORTURE RACK! He is pulling out every move in the book tonight to work on Autumn's back!

Mike Rolash: Told ya that my money is on him! I don't put my money on losers!

As Jim just shakes his head, Silas jumps up and down to increase the strain on his opponent's back until he just lets go and she unceremoniously crashes to the mat. The crowd is not sure who to cheer for and alternating chants for Silas and Autumn are springing up, bringing a smile to Silas, who not that long ago was still the subject to heavy jeering. He drops to his knees and turn Autumn onto her back for the cover.

ONE!

TW- KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: There is still life in Autumn, so it seems.

Mike Rolash: Meh, more of a reflex.

Silas does not look too worried about Autumn kicking out, instead bringing her to her feet once more and whipping her

hard into the ring corner. He follows right up with a clothesline, but unfortunately for him he had not accounted for Autumn collapsing in the corner and he hits the turn buckle hard himself, bouncing back and into the middle of the ring, temporarily dazed. He slowly gets to his feet while Autumn uses the ring ropes to get back into a vertical position.

Jim Gunt: Autumn might have a chance here while Silas is a bit knocked—CLAW OF THE NIGHT OUT OF NOWHERE!

Mike Rolash: And the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE- KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Wow, that was as close to an upset as we've seen here! A few months ago I don't think Autumn would have had the wherewithal to pull this off.

Mike Rolash: Yes, it is amazing how much some success can change your confidence and decision making.

Silas is not a happy camper, having been taken by surprise like this and he starts to trash talk Autumn, drowned out by the crowd starting to cheer louder and louder. She replies with a hard push that incenses the Canadian even more. As he runs at her, she sidesteps, grabs his arm to whip him into the ropes.

Jim Gunt: Reversal by Silas – knee to the gut and I think he is going for a—

Mike Rolash: SNAP SUPLEX!

ONE!

TWO

THR—KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: This was a really close one again. And this one seems to have hurt Autumn's back again.

As Silas gets to his feet, Autumn is still down, holding her already injured back and immediately the Canadian goes in again, grabbing her by the hair and dragging her to her feet.

Mike Rolash: He is setting up the Fall of Man!

Jim Gunt: If he manages to get this one executed, it will be lights out for Autumn.

And just as Jim had predicted, Silas does not meet a lot of resistance by the injured Autumn and the Fall of Man hits the canvas with a satisfying thud and he holds on for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner by pinfall – SILAS ARTORIA!

Hidetaka steps through the ropes and takes Silas' hand to raise it in victory with the fans paying him the deserved tribute.

Jim Gunt: So—

Mike Rolash: I was right! I was right! I told you! Didn't I? Hm? Hm? Hm?

Jim Gunt: Ok, ok, Mikey, get down, boy, calm. Geez...

Cut Scene

Match

"Hey you!"

The current CWF World Champion, Dan Ryan, is striding through the backstage area of the Mississippi Colliseum with a confident and proud saunter to his step, before he stops in his tracks to grab a stagehand unfortunately passing by the collar.

Dan Ryan: Where's Van Owen.

Stagehand: Umm...

The stagehand stammers, flustered by the sudden accosting from the Ego Buster.

Dan Ryan: It's a simple question. Have you seen him or haven't you?

Stagehand: I-I think he went that way.

Dan scrutinises the sincerity of the stagehand who gestures in the general direction of a stairwell. The fear seems genuine, so Dan decides to take them at their word. Mercifully he releases the staffer and makes his way to the stairway landing. He looks up, then down, but no sign of the Game-Changer, Zach Van Owen.

BANG!

The door is slammed shut and standing behind it, is the Number One Contender, Zach.

Zach Van Owen: You rang?

Ryan: Yes, Lurch. I rang.

Van Owen shrugs.

Zach Van Owen: And.... you wanted....?

Dan Ryan: Well, right about now to be honest.... (Ryan looks the stairs up and down again) ...I'm kinda picturing what you'd look like either flying up or down these steps.

Zach Van Owen: Sarcasm score off the charts I see.

Dan Ryan: I wasn't being sarcastic.

Van Owen frowns and backs away, turning to leave.

Zach Van Owen: I don't have time for this right now.

Dan Ryan: Oh, am I interrupting your brooding time? Well, this whole nonsense between you and Shadow is really fascinating. God knows the fans would much rather see you two work out a therapy session in the ring instead of having an actual match. Don't worry though. This won't take long. I just want to make it clear that at Golden Intentions, there's not gonna be any talking....

Zach Van Owen: (interrupting) ...I'll believe that when I see it.

Dan Ryan: (ignoring Van Owen's comment) ...so believe me, this is gonna be a repeat of the first time we faced each other. I have no time for your theatrics, so make sure not to make any plans after the show, because you won't be in any condition to enjoy them.

Zach Van Owen: And a critical miss. You may just find yourself all the worse for trying you know.

Dan Ryan: Come on kid. We've already been down this road. I beat you quite conclusively at Modern Warfare if I remember it correctly. Fact is I've got your number, the number of your mother, grandmother -- the whole damn family!

Zach Van Owen: You want to make this personal? Cause I play games that aren't family friendly.

Ryan simply smirks back at the Game-Changer.

Dan Ryan: Real clever, power ranger...But I don't play games, I'm deadly serious when it comes to my title. And this...farce....is a waste of my time. You couldn't even step up to take on your old pal. What hope have you got against me?

Zach Van Owen: Cause amongst all the bullshit, the chaos and ruin, a hero will emerge, a dark knight will rise...This is about more than just the title, it's about vengeance. You beat me once, but this game has a different ending!

Ryan chuckles.

Dan Ryan: Okay hero.

Ryan watches as Zach Van Owen walks away, then rolls his eyes.

Dan Ryan: (to himself) Wow.

We Going To Dance?

Match

Arm over shoulder, Silas is carried by Hidetaka Ito backstage, with the Paramount Championship draped over the other shoulder. He's exhausted and sweating, with no time to put his grandiose jacket back on.

He looks up, and signals Ito to let go of him, just as Tara Robinson enters the frame.

Silas Artoria: Tara, lovely to see you again.

Tara Robinson: You seem shattered.

He glances to Ito, then back at Tara.

Silas Artoria: Tough match.

Tara clears her throat.

Tara Robinson: You've just come out of a match with the Impact Champion, Autumn Raven, a former friend and frequent rival since the moments you've arrived at the CWF eighteen months ago. Following your match, is there a possibility that the two of you might put out the fire that exists between you.

Silas takes a deep breath and vaguely stretches his back.

Silas Artoria: Well Tara, the issue between Autumn and I has be--

CRASH!

Hidetaka goes flying into some staging trunks as a blur comes barreling into the scene! Tara shrieks and hits the bricks. Silas stares at his fallen mentor with shock, dropping the Paramount Championship on the floor in quick disbelief. He turns around to meet the attacker--

SMACK!

Right on the nose! This time a weapon is a culprit; a chair, wielded by Lindsay Troy! Silas staggers but Lindsay moves first, as she sweeps the back of the surprised Canadian's knees to send him down, and another smack to the dome sends him to the floor. Silas' nose is bleeding profusely, while Hidetaka stays down in a complete daze. The surprise

ambush worked.

The CHAIRwoman looks down on the two fallen men in smug satisfaction, before she unfolds her steel hardware. She rests it on Silas' body, the front legs pressing against his legs and the back support pinning his neck to the ground, with the support bar nearly an inch off his windpipe. Lindsay sits down, rests her front against the chair's back, and looks down at Silas.

Lindsay Troy: Let's chat.

Silas Artoria: You've got some nerve.

He spits out some blood that dribbled into his mouth.

Lindsay Troy: Don't flatter yourself. You talk a pretty game from far away but I'm not one to sit around and wait for my challenge to be accepted when it's convenient for you. Way I see it...

She lifts her chin toward a woozy Hidetaka Ito.

Lindsay Troy: ...I just gave myself some skin in the game and got you all sorts of riled up.

She finally stands up and takes a quick look at the Paramount Championship, resting against the hideous and filthy concrete floor of the Mississippi Coliseum.

Lindsay Troy: So, we gonna dance at Golden Intentions, Si? Or do I have to do something worse than sneak attacks and chair shots?

She dauntlessly walks away as Silas throws the chair off him and fixates a glare towards the audacious woman. His attention soon turns to the still dazed Ito, and he quickly crawls to their side. Troy hit them good, and with no time to resist her impact proving to be devastating. Silas looks at his injured mentor in sheer horror, before he closes his eyes in pure sadness.

His head slowly turns towards the direction of the departing attacker.

He opens his glaring red eyes, whilst spitting out a small amount of still flowing blood.

Another Familiar Face Looking For Gold

Match

As the live feed cuts back inside the arena, CWF Hall of Famer and multiple time Tag Team Champion Colton Mace stands in the middle of the ring, soaking in the somewhat mixed response from the crowd.

Jim Gunt: Well, at this time of year we can always expect familiar faces to show themselves.

Mike Rolash: Thanks for pointing that out Jim, the crowd would have never figured that out on their own.

Colton finally raises his microphone to his lips, flashing those pearly whites as he does so.

Colton Mace: Thank you all for that warm reception. You all know why I am here, the chance to do something I have never managed to do before, and that is win the Golden Intentions rumble match!

The crowd cheer at the mention of the Rumble, showing signs of excitement for what the unpredictable match can bring.

Colton Mace: I know, it should be one amazing match, but it lacks a certain Hollywood flare. So I think it's time I officially declare...

Out of nowhere a hood figure flies through the air knocking Colton off his feet mid sentence with flying forearm. The strange attacker kips right up to his feet, his face still covered with the hood. He sways, waiting for Colton to make it back to his feet. As soon as Mace is vertical, he turns to face his attacker, and is immediately dropped with a leaping

cutter.

Jim Gunt: Wait... Mike... we know that move, the way that was dropped, could it be? Mike? Mike?

Mike Rolash has seemingly vanished from the commentary booth as the hooded figure rises once again, this time with Colton's microphone in hand.

Hooded Man: The problem with you, Colton? Thinking has never been your strong suit.

A small section of the crowd erupt as they recognise the strong British drawl coming from the speaker. Finally he looks out towards the crowd, pulling the hood from his head.

Jim Gunt: He's back! The Ripper is here in CWF!

A mane of golden hair is released as those piercing green eyes survey the crowd, taking in every cheer, every boo, and pausing in particular on those not reacting at all.

Danny B: For those of you who are obviously a little behind the times, my name is "The Ripper" Danny B, two-time CWF World Heavyweight Champion, CWF Hall of famer, and two years ago, I won that damn rumble match. For those in the know, you remember how that went don't you? Two years ago I proved that even in retirement, the beast was back, the single best professional wrestler in the world would rise again.

That was then, and this is now. I have a question I need answering. Am I still the best? Am I still the Golden Warrior, the true demon of death? Two years is a long time in this business.

So I ask, every single man and woman, and everything in between sitting in the back, sitting at home watching. Do you want the challenge, can you be the one to throw me over the top rope and cement your legacy? Well, now you have the chance, as I am officially entering the Golden Intentions rumble!

The building bursts into cheers again. Danny, seems nonplussed however as he watches Mace pulling himself up by the ropes. Danny drops the mic, charges Mace, clocks him under the chin with a D-Trigger and watches him topple out onto the floor. With a smile on his face, Danny poses in the ring, before tumbling through the ropes and walking out of the arena via the crowd.

Jim Gunt: Seems like Danny B has not lost any of that trademark... confidence in his time away, but can he do what he says he is going to do and win the Golden Intentions for a second time? There's only way to find out folks, live on Pay-Per-View June 11th.

Mike pokes his head out from underneath the commentary table, checking his surroundings before slowly coming back up to his seat.

Mike Rolash: Yeah Ripper looks pretty uh...confident to me, Jim! But now it's time to send it back to Ray Douglas as we prepare ourselves for another matchup.

Jim Gunt: Right...

Ataxia & Jarvis King vs. Mia Rayne & Mariella Jade Flair

Match

Ray Douglas: This next contest is a tag team match scheduled for one fall with a sixty minute time limit.

Jim Gunt: What a night, Mike!

Mike Rolash: You always say that, Jim. You are aware, we don't put on these shows in the morning, right?

Jim Gunt: ...I was referring to the action, Mike. To say nothing of Lindsay Troy and Silas Artoria continuing their journey to their inevitable collision!? And how about all these people showing up yet again to stake their claim in the Golden Intentions rumble?

Ray Douglas: Introducing first...

CUE UP: "Cult of Personality" - Living Colour

The fans immediately boo as a montage of Jarvis King's greatest hits play on the video wall and The ICON himself steps out with his arms out, drawing the boos towards him like the greatest of welcomes.

Mike Rolash: These hicks don't deserve a man like Jarvis.

Jim Gunt: To be fair, Jarvis has not done much to endear himself to the fans over the course of his career, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Because they don't deserve him!

In fact, the few fans who actively reach out to grab Jarvis on his way to the ring, he pulls away and draws his hand back as if to smack them.

Jim Gunt: That's uncalled for!

Mike Rolash: Never rub another man's rhubarb.

Jim Gunt: And... that doesn't even make sense.

Finally, Jarvis reaches ringside, where he slides under the bottom rope and strolls the inside patiently, finally picking a corner and climbing to the middle, his right hand in the air in defiance of the fans' rejection of his greatness.

And the lights go out.

Jim Gunt: Let go of my hand!

Mike Rolash: I don't like what comes after this.

CUE UP: "Dangerous Tonight" - Alice Cooper

"Hello... frand."

Both Gunt and Rolash jump at the words; a single spotlight shines at the space behind them, where the Messiah Pariah stands, stoically, hands folded behind his back.

Ataxia looks at Mike Rolash.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia? Are you--

And he swings his head, mere inches from Gunt's face. He puts a finger to where we assume his lips are.

Ataxia: Shhhhhh.

He steps onto the announce table and over, and enters the ring from the floor, sliding under the bottom and, completely ignoring the fans, climbs to the top turnbuckle diagonally opposite the ring from Jarvis King, and he sits on the top turnbuckle, his head angled to where he is likely looking at the entranceway.

But we can't say for sure.

Mike Rolash: I think I prefer the jokey, doesn't-respect-personal-space Ataxia to this guy.

Jim Gunt: Seriously?

Mike Rolash: ...Yeah, I think I need to think about that.

Ray Douglas: AND THEIR OPPONENTS...

The lights go down again, as the video wall sparks with a twisted looking smiley-face that could almost be a semicolon and a right parenthesis. Static hits it, and it switches to a Pagan Crucifix.

More static, and the images superimpose on each other.

CUE UP: "Kill or Be Killed" - New Year's Day

Red and purple spotlights swarm the entrance, and as the song intro reaches its climax, bright white lights center on Mia Rayne and MJ Flair, standing together at the top of the ramp.

Jim Gunt: Listen to these fans, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Do I have to?

Jim Gunt: They're telling us - and these athletes - who they support!

Mike Rolash: Like I said. Hicks.

Jim Gunt: Be that - *ahem* - as it may, this match was promoted as featuring MJ and Mia as 'frenemies,' you can bet they're making a statement with this joint entrance!

Mike Rolash: The only statement I'm hearing is that the power of friendship puts a chubby in these idiots' pants, but the fans don't decide matches. Talent decides matches.

Jim Gunt: Everyone in this match is a former CWF World Champion; the talent is not the question.

Mike Rolash: You're gonna make me say it, aren't you?

Jim Gunt: Say what?

Mike Rolash: I don't like Flair, so she has to lose.

The music dies down as the women enter the ring, and, instead of taking their usual poses as the lights come up, they keep their focus on their opponents.

Jim Gunt: Referee Freddie Styles giving all four athletes his instructions - one at a time, of course. Mia and MJ may be able to coexist but Jarvis King and Ataxia are like oil and water; I think their only real unifying force is mutual enemies.

Mike Rolash: Me, I'd be more offended by Freddie Styles not getting his own entrance. I bet it was Flair's fault.

Jim Gunt: Wow. Conspiracy theories?

The bell rings, and, with Ataxia making no attempt at leaving the ring, Jarvis steps through the ropes, unconcerned. MJ and Mia talk animatedly for a few moments before Mia makes what we assume to be an impassioned speech to her competitive partner, and MJ leaves the ring.

Ataxia and Mia circle each other for several seconds, until the fans boo like crazy at Ataxia slapping his partner on the chest and stepping through the ropes.

Jim Gunt: Mind games on Ataxia's part, though I don't think Jarvis much cares, Mike! As much as I shake my head at the Icon's attitudes, he is a fierce competitor and does not much care who stands across the ring from him.

Mike Rolash: He's The Man, Gunt. The Icon. He doesn't care who you are, he'll face anyone with the same attitude.

Jim Gunt: I'm pretty sure he currently cares, very much, about facing off with MJ Flair. But, to his credit, Jarvis isn't a man to take a step back; he'll lock up with Mia Rayne just as readily.

In truth, Jarvis may be giving MJ the evil eye, but he locks up with Mia Rayne and drops to his knees, taking her over with a samoan drop and locking her in an armbar. Mia hits the mat on her tailbone but also had the foresight to put a hand down to cushion the blow, and just as Jarvis locks in his hold, she manages to get her feet underneath herself and muscle the Icon over into a modified samoan drop of her own! While she attempts an armbar of her own at that point, Jarvis is close enough to the edge of the ring to hook the ropes between his ankles, and Freddie gets right in there to call for a break!

Mia let's go on the four, but she also gives Jarvis a parting shot of a boot to the back of the head, earning her both a rousing pop from the fans and a warning from Styles!

Mike Rolash: Styles is totally playing favorites - which is annoying because he's picking the wrong ones.

Jim Gunt: He's being a fair and even - tempered referee, Mike!

As Mia steps back at the referee's instruction, she waits with her knuckles constantly pressed into her hands - and Mia holds up a forearm to block but Jarvis flies in under her shield with an uppercut, staggering the One Woman Party Favor backwards! Another right hand drives Mia back another step, and Jarvis scoops her, driving her to the mat with a spinebuster! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Freddie both pushes back Ataxia and MJ, as they've both stepped into the ring to affect the attempt.

Mike Rolash: Don't show that kind of favoritism, Freddie!

Jim Gunt: He's being fair, Mike.

Mike Rolash: That's what I said!

Jarvis scoops Mia, but she loops an arm around his thigh and drives him face first to the mat! She rolls over on him, and as she pulls his leg backwards, Ataxia enters the ring and kicks her in the head! The Mississippi fans show their disapproval, but the Messiah Pariah simply turns around and blows them a kiss...turning around just in time to receive a Missile Dropkick from MJF that sends both competitors toppling out of the ring!

Jim Gunt: Things are truly getting out of control here, but luckily Hall of Famer Freddie Styles has done as good a job as any of keeping things as calm as they truly could be with four powder kegs like we have here.

Mike Rolash: A lot of egos...

Jim Gunt: When you're as successful as the four competitors in this match have been in their CWF careers, I'm sure you would pick up a healthy ego as well, Mike. And please...please...don't even go there about your Golden Intentions tenure.

Mike Rolash: Why not? 'Tis the season, Jim.

Jim Gunt: It's far from Christmas time. Back in the ring Jarvis has taken control of Mia following the attack from Ataxia, taking the former World Champion over with not one but two consecutive German Suplexes!

Jarvis drags Mia by her arm over to his corner where Ataxia has recovered just in time to get back on the apron and make the tag, re-entering the ring and dropkicking Mia Rayne out of the air just as King press slams her. A clearly flustered MJF makes an attempt at entering the ring but Referee Styles cuts her off at the pass, his hands in the air as he warns Flair to stay on the apron. He turns around to give King the same warning but the Icon has already made his escape following a quick kick to the side of Mia's head. Ataxia takes his former lover up by her head, whispering sweet nothings into her ear as he holds her close.

Mike Rolash: The Messiah Pariah is getting uncomfortably close to Mia here, as he's now gone behind her and...

Jim Gunt: E.R STAT! German Suplex from the Knight in Burlap as he shoots Mia right into the corner! Unfortunately for Ataxia though, it was Mia's own corner, and MJF has tug herself into the match!

Finally able to come into the match legally, Flair leaps over the top rope like track star, dropkicking Ataxia in the face on

the way down. The former two time CWF World Champion meets him as soon as he leaps back to his feet with a European Uppercut, dazing him enough to grab him by the mask, pausing momentarily as if the smell is too much for MJF, before placing his head between her arms and leaping up and through the ropes.

Jim Gunt: Tornado DDT from Flair! Will it be enough though as MJF goes for the cover on Ataxia?

ONE!

TWO!

Mike Rolash: Nope! Stupid Flair thinking she could get things done with a DDT. A freaking DDT!

Jim Gunt: Uhh...there are many wrestlers out there with a variation of a DDT as their trademark maneuver, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Yeah but they all suck and they're not the CWF World Heavyweight Champion!

Jim Gunt: No, our champion's finisher is a powerbomb. SO much better...

MJF rolls over to her side, and quickly back to her feet where she's surprised that Ataxia has as well. The Messiah Pariah ducks under a clothesline, once again going for an ER Stat this time on MJ as he grabs her from behind. Flair holds steadfast however, planting her feet down hard and shaking her head as Tax tries to pull back. She smacks him with a back elbow to the masked face, bounces off the ropes...

Jim Gunt: SPEAR! Flair didn't see that one coming whatsoever as Ataxia nails her with a spear!

Mike Rolash: But now he's making his way over to Jarvis King, actually ALLOWING him to get into the match and possibly the finish. What a showing of solidarity here tonight, Jim.

Jim Gunt: I've got to admit, I didn't think the team of Jarvis and Ataxia would work nearly as well as it has so far. But despite these two's differences with each other in the past, they're getting it done here tonight.

Mike Rolash: And that's exactly what the Icon has done his entire career, Jim. Watch him as he dominates MJF here and "gets it done" just like he always does.

Jarvis enters the ring pulling Flair up immediately up into a headlock, taking control of the much smaller competitor and loving every second of his dominance over her. It quickly fades however, as Flair pushes him off and shoots the Icon into the ropes. She shows her allusiveness by ducking right under a running big boot, matrixing her body backwards and then backflipping to kick Jarvis in the jaw on the way back up! The Mississippi crowd clap for the athletic Flair, who calls for the Morning Star on her newest rival.

Jim Gunt: It's over, Mike, Flair's going for the Morning Star! No Ataxia is on the top rope- PEACEFUL TOLERANCE!

Mike Rolash: The three sixty kick takes out both MJF and Jarvis! And now Mia has made her way into the ring as well...

Jim Gunt: Shining Wizard! Ataxia turns around just in time to take a nasty kick from Mia, and now the two them have battled their way to the outside!

Mike Rolash: Come on Freddie, get control of this thing!

His first night on the job being a rough one, Freddie Styles simply looks on from the ropes as Mia and Ataxia control to trade rights and lefts on the outside. Jarvis pries the body of MJF off the canvas, smiling as he watches her barely able to stand in front of him. King slaps her hard across the face. Flair instantly wakes up and nails him with a spin kick. The Icon is unphased, grabbing the Second Coming in chest to chest and tossing her high overhead.

Jim Gunt: Overhead Belly to Belly Suplex AND MJF LANDS ON HER FEET!

Mike Rolash: Turn around Jarvis!

Jim Gunt: MOR-NING-STAR!

Mike Rolash: Oh my god, two weeks before their match at Golden Intentions MJF has just planted King with her patented Morning Star! The world is about to end!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Your winner of this match by pinfall....THE TEAM OF MIA RAYNE AND MJF!!

Jim Gunt: As Mia continues fighting off Ataxia on the outside of the ring, MJF picks up a HUGE win here tonight for their team!

Mike Rolash: Now she'll never shut up!

Mia sends Ataxia flying hard into the steel steps before meeting Flair in the ring, the two former rivals smiling and hugging each other before celebrating with the Mississippi crowd.

Jim Gunt: Another big night in the books ladies and gentleman, we'll see you next week from Mobile, Alabama for Evolution fifty four which will be the final one before the famous Golden Intentions rumble pay per view! Goodnight everybody!

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite