

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 55

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: June 25, 2019
Location: Coliseo de Puerto Rico Jos"e9 Miguel Agrelot — San Juan

Results

The Inner Circle

Match

"Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins hits the arena speakers, and the crowd comes to its feet. Within moments, CWF World Heavyweight Champion Dan Ryan and CWF Paramount Champion Lindsay Troy step out onto the stage. Just after Troy's entrance, Brandon Youngblood comes out as well, a big shit-eating grin on his face as he takes in the scene.

Ryan is still in street clothes, the World Championship over a shoulder and sunglasses in place. Troy is already in her walk-out gear, the Paramount Championship strapped around her waist. Brandon Youngblood is in a hoodie and sweats, his match is up early, and takes up a position just to the left of Troy.

Ryan looks out into the crowd, smirking only briefly before the three of them head down the ramp to the ring. Troy sprints the last leg of the journey and rolls in under the bottom rope as Ryan walks around to the steps and makes his way up and in. Youngblood takes his time climbing up onto the apron and then finally stepping through the ropes.

Mike Rolash: Oh boy, what a treat to start off the first Evolution following Golden Intentions! Our World Champ, Paramount Champ, and the Last Diamond gracing us with their presence. I couldn't have asked for a better start to this show if I begged.

He stands up at the announce desk, clapping enthusiastically.

Jim Gunt: Sit down, Mike, you're embarrassing yourself! Yes, fans, welcome to Evolution 55! We're back after a short break coming off an incredible pay-per-view that saw Dan Ryan retain his World Title, Lindsay Troy capture the Paramount Title, albeit with a little bit of help from Brandon Youngblood, and Mia Rayne outlast 29 other talented combatants to win the Golden Intentions rumble and secure her shot at CWF's top prize at Wrestle Fest V!

Mike Rolash: Which will still be held by Dan Ryan if the man has anything to say about it.

The trio finally settle into the middle of the ring. The new Paramount Champion takes the mic first, looking ever-so-briefly up at her brother-in-law, who makes a "the floor is yours" motion with his hand.

LINDSAY TROY:

San Juan, Puerto Rico, and the world at large...This. Is. SPARTA.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Lindsay chuckles, then continues.

LINDSAY TROY:

This isn't your happy-fun fairy land with nerdy gaming boys and demon kids playing at grown-up games. No, this is the land of the bastards, where men like them...

A thumb to Dan and Brandon.

LINDSAY TROY:

...and women like me will break your neck to take what we want and not make a goddamn apology for any of it.

Ryan nods.

LINDSAY TROY:

And, might I add, I look even better than before with a belt around my waist.

Mike Rolash: I'm not gonna argue with that!

Jim Gunt: Of course you wouldn't.

Mike Rolash: Better than Silas did, anyway.

LINDSAY TROY:

Welcome to your new normal. Golden Intentions was the beginning of a new era of ruthlessness and brutality. Such is the way of the Inner Circle, as it has been ever since Dan and I formed it over 15 years ago. We're cutthroat, unyielding, and unforgiving. And now, CWF, we're your problem to deal with.

Troy no-look tosses the mic over her shoulder, which Ryan catches.

DAN RYAN:

Before I get started....

Ryan looks confused and points at Brandon Youngblood.

DAN RYAN:

Who is this guy?

Troy smirks a bit and looks over at the Hall of Famer. Youngblood's eyebrows go up, but Ryan breaks into a smile.

DAN RYAN:

I'm just kidding. I know who you are. Lindsay sent me an email....

Troy gives Brandon a look. He's only sorta amused.

DAN RYAN:

...and a pamphlet. And since I am simply filled with information about the tremendous career of this man right here... Ladies and gentlemen, in case you weren't copied on the email, didn't get the mailer, or haven't been paying attention for the last decade, please allow me to introduce you to the one and only.... BRANDON YOUNGBLOOD!

The crowd boos. Youngblood soaks it in and Dan Ryan seems suitably impressed.

DAN RYAN:

Not bad! You just got here, too. Okay, with that out of the way, I do have a few things to say about recent goings-on. How many of you saw Golden Intentions? Show of hands...

Some play along. Others boo their heads off.

DAN RYAN:

Now how many of you paid attention BEFORE Golden Intentions?

Same result really.

DAN RYAN:

For those of you who did NOT pay attention to what was happening before Golden Intentions, allow me to educate you. Before Golden Intentions, I was fresh off of putting down the ever-so-boring reign of Duce Jones. I had just given him two 50% off coupons to Six Flags and sent him on his way, when I was accosted by the fly-buzzing-around-my-head stylings of one Mr. Zachary Van Owen.

Some cheers for Zach Van Owen, but not too many. Calm down.

DAN RYAN:

So it was a fun three weeks or so of video game metaphors and proclamations of how ready he was for this moment, how he had worked so hard for this opportunity, and how this was his time, his chance to step into the spotlight and fulfill his destiny. And then...

Ryan does a presentation with a flourish as if presenting a showcase on the Price is Right.

DAN RYAN:

...he crapped himself in the ring at Golden Intentions. Figuratively, not literally... I don't think.

Ryan glances over at his comrades. Troy shrugs. Youngblood scrunches up his nose, mouthing the word "gross."

DAN RYAN:

So NOW..... now, we begin the ever so long journey from Golden Intentions to Wrestle Fest V, perhaps the biggest show on the CWF calendar, as well as my favorite arcade game from the early 90s.... Shout-out Zach Van Owen, never forgotten..

Ryan keeps his head down, as if in mock mourning. He points to Troy, who mock-pours one out.

DAN RYAN:

Now as everyone knows, at Wrestle Fest V, the CWF World Champion... that's me, I assure you... will defend the championship against the Golden Intentions rumble winner, Mia Rayne.

Cheers erupts from the crowd.

DAN RYAN:

Yeah yeah yeah... I'm sure everyone wants to know about what I think about Mia Rayne and Wrestle Fest V, but before we can get to that point, we have Paradise Beach down in old Mexico. And before that... tonight... I am stepping in the ring with...

Ryan points to Troy once more.

LINDSAY TROY:

PERHAPS THE MOST DECORATED WORLD CHAMPION EVER!!

Ryan closes his eyes and takes a deep breath, then says "Namu Myoho Renge Kyo" three times, despite not being Buddhist.

DAN RYAN:

Harley... Hodge. Yes, Harley Hodge, the absolute epitome of 'look at me, I used to be somebody, someone give me a main event match!' Harley Hodge, who tonight, I will tear in half like so many ticket stubs torn in half at your local parking lot carnival, by some three-toothed jack-witted former high school quarterback who thought he would go pro, but washed out before his senior year thanks to a not-so-healthy meth addiction and a definitely not-so-healthy cheez-its habit.

Ryan looks over at Troy, who mouths the word "nice".

DAN RYAN:

That's right. So tonight, being that I am absolutely offended by his very presence, I will make short work of Harley Hodge. You can count on it.

LINDSAY TROY:

It'll be business as usual and more of the same from Brandon and me in our respective matches as well. Of course, would you expect anything less when you're an unstoppable force?

DAN RYAN:

No, no you would not. So to sum up...

Ryan looks over to Brandon Youngblood, who takes the cue and uses “summary hands”.

DAN RYAN:

Lindsay Troy... YOUR Paramount Champion will begin what someday will be called the most dominant run of any Paramount Champion... EVER. I will decimate and embarrass the alliterative but ancient and aging Harley Hodge, and every last one of you here tonight lucky enough to witness it all... will be eternally grateful. Uhhhhh.... GOOD NIGHT.

BRANDON YOUNGBLOOD: (sneering)

...and GOOD LUCK.

Ryan nods his approval then flicks the microphone away like a toothpick dripping with machismo. He turns and drops down before slipping out of the ring. Troy hops over the top rope to the apron and down to the floor. Youngblood glides between the ropes and follows after her.

Jim Gunt: That's one hell of an opening statement by those three, Mike. Putting the entire CWF, and their evening's opponents, on notice.

Mike Rolash: We're in for one wild ride going forward, Jimmy Jam, and I can't wait to strap in. The Inner Circle is here! Get the t-shirts and merch printed and TAKE MY MONEY! TAKE IT NAO!

Despacito [Remix]

Match

Jim Gunt: I understand there is a commotion outside of the arena involving Kyuseishu. Let's go now to Tara Robinson who's live on the scene.

Mike Rolash: I love a good breaking news story.

Tara Robinson is standing just outside the area next to a large industrial sized garage door. A flatbed truck is stopped, as an oversized solid gold cross sits on its flatbed clearly unable to fit through the door. A few of Kyuseishu's masked disciples are arguing with arena staff whom generally look confused.

Tara Robinson: Thanks guys I'm at the rear entrance of the arena where a giant golden cross seems to be unable to fit through the garage door. I understand it was supposed to be used in an elaborate Kyuseishu ring entrance for his 3-way tag match tonight.

A man from just out of the shot is seen entering the situation flailing his arms as he approaches Tara on a Segway. Once he gets nearer, we see it's clearly a Jesus like robe wearing Kyuseishu. He pulls up on the golden Segway right next to Tara before doing three laps around here and then again stopping beside her.

Kyuseishu: TARA TARA TARA!! First off it's nice to finally meet you, please allow me to introduce myself I'm a man of wealth and faith. I've been around for a long, long year stole many a man's soul and faith.

Tara Robinson: Rolling stones?

Kyuseishu: No I am Kyuseishu!! But I'm starting to like you, for a member of the “CWF corporate media” you seem pleasant enough. Now do you see this injustice. Are you here to report on the religious oppression the CWF has against me, and the believers? My cross. A long-held symbol of faith, and Christianity, now being rejected and BANNED FROM THIS AREA. I mean I thought freedom of religion was protected. But Noooooooo they won't let my cross in.

Tara Robinson: Pleasure to meet you as well, but I just got here so I'm not sure what all that is going on. But I do have to say, I'm not sure it's oppression if you can't fit it in the door. Maybe use a smaller cross?

Kyuseishu looks at her completely outraged.

Kyuseishu: Please don't lady-splain the world to me. It's offensive. I will be speaking with the new CEO of CWF and the HR department about this, as we will work to make CWF a safe place for all. A reporter, or backstage journalist's such as yourself has a simple job; obtain information! Not offer up conjecture. This cross is a symbol of how I was unjustly crucified by a sneak attack from behind in the Golden Intentions Rumble. A genuinely outrageous moment that was no doubt done because of my faith and the fact that I'm a foreigner from Japan.

Tara Robinson: I'm not understanding. Are you saying you were targeted in the rumble because of your beliefs??

Kyuseishu rolls away on his Segway in disgust before circling back again joining her.

Kyuseishu: I see how this is.....FAKE NEWS. I get it now. I'm not going to get a fair shake. For all the fans I will be starting up a twitter account that I will announce next week on Evolution 56 so the masses can enjoy me without such spin and agenda from the CWF media. I'll also let you know this; I had a Puerto Rican brass band ready to perform a spectacular entrance involving this cross and a giant fan to simulate a hurricane and now, NONE OF THAT IS HAPPENING. Once I get my impact title these aggressions will come to an immediate halt. This is a terrible country, and I can't wait to get out of it, as it's not worthy of such an entrance. So, if the CWF wants to discriminate, my lawyers will be in touch. Until then I will be holed up in my locker room until my match chilling with my emotional support cat Suzuki, and after the match, we will immediately take a jet out of here. The cultural appropriation in this savaged Godless Island is deplorable. Did you see that McDonalds down the street? That's an American thing, they can't just take our food. Also, all the blue jeans, and American music being played in the "clubs" is crazy. They tried to send us Despacito, and we had to fix it by jazzing it up and adding Justin Bieber. I mean come on. These people act like us, and that's not RIGHT!

Tara Robinson: Well they are an American territory and actually US citizens, so I think you are wrong here.

Kyuseishu is now fuming as he rides away, he shouts.

Kyuseishu: FAKE NEWS THEY CANT VOTE.

The savior is almost out of camera view but spins back around.

Kyuseishu: You don't let me talk, and I find that very rude. The only opinion that matters is mine because I'm on the right side of justice. But enough about that before I leave you, let me just say Ford and Luck better follow my instructions tonight and if they do so they will extinguish little PJ's chance at the Impact Title. If they just open their minds to my commands, we will rub the belly of that cuckold Beji. Then I will do what I must, to finally end the wrestling career of my slacker nemesis Brandon Youngblood. The Ryan theifdom and the queen must falter and it starts with Youngblood. Excuse me while I turn on my gaslight and stay woke until my match coming up shortly for the American audience to enjoy. A good day to you ma'am.

This time the savior of samurai's and saints alike rides off into the distance.

Nathan Paradine vs. The Shadow

Match

The opening riff to "Beat The Devil's Tattoo" by the Black Rebel Motorcycle Club begins to play as Nathan Paradine emerges from behind the curtain, chewing lazily on a toothpick. He pauses on the stage and surveys the crowd before spitting the toothpick out and raising his arms into the air.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first... hailing from Melbourne, Australia and weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds, he is the Australian Submission Machine, NATHAN PARADINE!

Paradine continues down the ramp and climbs the stairs, respectfully wiping his boots before he steps between the ropes. He rolls his shoulders as he paces around in the middle of the ring before whipping off his sunglasses and backing away into the corner to await the arrival of his opponent.

Jim Gunt: Nathan Paradine has to be apprehensive going into this match after what happened the last time he shared a ring with The Shadow.

Mike Rolash: What the hell for? Last time he was distracted by Lindsay Troy, I mean, can you blame him? And besides... only one of these men actually WON a match at Golden Intentions, and it wasn't The Shadow!

"Wield Lightning to Split the Sun" by Primordial begins to play over the sound system as the lights dim, the stage and ramp illuminated by flickering torches. As the main riff kicks in The Shadow emerges from backstage, his appearance masked by a robe and deep hood. He steps into the low fog surrounding the stage, the blue lighting overhead making him appear to be almost spectral.

Ray Douglas: Introducing the opponent... hailing from Calgary, Alberta, Canada and weighing in at two hundred and thirty pounds, he is the Weaver of Dreams... THE SHADOW!

The Shadow raises his head and the arena is suddenly submerged in darkness. As the house lights return, The Shadow is now standing in the middle of the ring in front of Paradine, who raises his eyebrow at the sudden appearance. The Shadow lowers his hood and removes his robe, his attention focused entirely on Paradine.

Jim Gunt: As a reminder, The Shadow hasn't had a proper singles match since Evolution 51, over a month ago!

Mike Rolash: Well with the battles he's been through recently, can you really blame the guy for wanting a bit of R&R?

Referee Clark Summits calls for the bell, and this match is underway! Paradine and The Shadow lock up and struggle for a moment, and it's the heavier Paradine who comes out on top and grapples The Shadow into a headlock. Paradine backs into the ropes and bounces off looking for a bulldog but The Shadow frees himself and pushes Paradine forward, sending him staggering. Paradine spins around and delivers a series of quick strikes to prevent The Shadow from seizing control of the match before ducking underneath an outstretched arm and pulling The Shadow's legs out from beneath him. Paradine looks for a single leg boston crab but The Shadow kicks him away, sending Paradine rebounding off the ropes and into a tilt-a-whirl slam from his waiting opponent!

Jim Gunt: Paradine's early offense has been cut decidedly short by The Shadow who is all business tonight!

Mike Rolash: I call it a lucky break.

The Shadow seizes Paradine by the head and pulls him to his feet, but Paradine rocks him with a solid elbow shot before following up with a few calf kicks, each shot eliciting a boo from the crowd. The Shadow goes down to his knees and Paradine charges, bouncing off the ropes and hitting a dropkick to the back of The Shadow's head! The former CWF Champion is down as Paradine makes an early cover attempt!

ONE!

TWO- No, kickout!

The Shadow throws his arm up after the one count, demonstrating that he still has plenty of stamina left. Paradine attempts to roll away but The Shadow is back on his feet quickly, seizing Paradine around the waist and tossing him back to the mat with a German suplex. The Shadow yanks Paradine into a sitting position and applies a headlock, the Hostile Exile struggling desperately as The Shadow's forearm tightens on his windpipe. Paradine twists and drives his elbow into The Shadow's ribs, once, twice, three times, each strike eliciting a grunt of pain from The Shadow but not relief from the headlock. Finally Paradine reaches over his shoulder and jabs blinding at The Shadow's face with his thumb, finding his eye socket and hitting his eye. The Shadow falls back clutching his face and Paradine scrambles

away into the corner, massaging his throat and sucking down desperate gulps of air. He remains seated in the corner for a moment, recuperating as The Shadows paws at his eye. Clark Summits reprimands Paradine for the illegal jab, but allows the match to continue!

Jim Gunt: What the hell was that!? Paradine should be disqualified for a blatantly illegal move!

Mike Rolash: You're saying you'd rather see him choked out in the middle of that ring? It's a double standard if you ask me.

Jim Gunt: A headlock is a perfectly legal move!

Mike Rolash: So is an eye jab, if it's a life and death situation like that was.

Paradine pulls himself to his feet as The Shadow stands and runs forward, but The Shadow catches him with a superkick! Paradine snaps and falls like a board, and The Shadow goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Paradine throws the shoulder up and rolls underneath the bottom rope, collapsing into a heap at ringside. The Shadow climbs to his feet and immediately locates Paradine peering over the edge of the mat, below the bottom rope, and immediately runs and transitions into a smooth baseball slide that connects solidly with Paradine's head and sends him toppling backwards into the crowd barricade. The Shadow pursues Paradine, grabbing him on the outside and throwing him back into the ring before climbing up onto the mat, sizing Paradine up before jumping onto the ropes and flying forwards... HAMMER OF DOOM! Springboard fist drop! The Shadow covers!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

No, Paradine manages to get his shoulder up!

The Shadow grabs Paradine by his throat and pulls him to his feet to stare into his face, one eye red and irritated from the thumb jab. Paradine clutches weakly at The Shadow's forearm before suddenly driving his knee into The Shadow's midsection, keeling him over! Paradine seizes The Shadow and throws him into the corner causing him to collide with the turnbuckle... and hits a backbreaker as The Shadow staggers back!

Jim Gunt: Paradine is back on the attack, but I wouldn't count The Shadow out just yet!

Mike Rolash: Are you sure? Paradine's going for the pin!

Paradine attempts a rollup pin but The Shadow almost immediately kicks out, not quite down for the count just yet. Paradine attempts to scramble out of the ring but The Shadow grabs him and delivers another German suplex, planting the Australia squarely on his neck and leaving him motionless in the middle of the ring. The Weaver of Dreams takes the time to get his breath back, marching to the corner and climbing to the second rope. He turns and eyes off Paradine who is just beginning to stir, shouting at him to get on his feet. Paradine is up and he turns, staggering on the spot a little before taking a step towards The Shadow... who jumps and connects with the Nightfall! The Shadow drives Nathan Paradine's head into the mat, and he hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

Clark Summits calls for the bell, this one is all over!

Jim Gunt: Despite a solid effort from Nathan Paradine, The Shadow has one again proven that he is, and always will be, one of the greats of the CWF.

Mike Rolash: Huh, we'll see... anyone got a burlap sack mask lying around here?

"Wield Lightning to Split the Sun" resumes playing as The Shadow stands over Nathan Paradine, still motionless in the middle of the ring. The Shadow raises his arms and the lights dim once again to signify his victory as Evolution cuts to a commercial break.

99 Lives

Match

One-Winged Angel' plays and Zach van Owen makes his way down the ramp, a bee-line straight for the ring without any pomp or procession.

Mike Rolash: Let me guess, he's coming down here to have a massive whinge about losing.

Jim Gunt: Geez Mike, ease up, things haven't exactly been easy for young Zach. And after everything he went through, to fall short against Dan Ryan. Would have definitely been a blow.

Mike Rolash: Cry me a bloody river. He lost. End of story.

Jim Gunt: He may have lost, but it wasn't as clear cut a one-sided affair as our 'Champ' would have think.

Amidst the back and forth between the commentators, Zach has climbed into the ring with a microphone in hand, motioning for a moment of quiet to say his piece.

Zach: Just gonna hit the pause button on things for a second. It's time to talk about what's...'interesting'. Sufficed to say things didn't exactly go according to plan at Golden Intentions. I lost. I fell short and now we all have to tend with the Bad Ending. But here's the thing. Dan said he'd deal with me 'For Good' and yet...well I'm still here, still standing and ready to keep playing. This game is has got a lot of replay value, and it's far from over. I got 99 Lives and he only took 1!

Mike Rolash: Now he's stealing rap music?

Jim Gunt: It's quirky!

The crowd agree with Jim Gunt, showing their support for Zach with encouraging cheers.

Zach: There's dialogue going round about hiatuses and people leaving, and I can assure you. that ain't me. This Player is still hanging around!

Jim Gunt: Where has all this talk of hiatuses and leaving come from anyway?

Mike Rolash: The internet, where else?

Zach: Sure there's no quest marker and I'm feeling a little lost with everything that's going on lately, but I saw the worry on Ryan's face. I almost had him beat! It could have just as easily been the Good Ending and now I've discovered a Limit that I have yet to Break, my own. That's more than enough reason to keep playing, and to correctly quote an acting teacher, "That which hinders your task, becomes your task." Obviously Dan and everything he represents, has now become my task.

"Player One! Player One! Player One!"

Jim Gunt: The crowd seems to have forgiven Zach. There's just something about this young man. People get behind him.

Mike Rolash: Yawn. This game is dated.

Zach: And I think, for the first time in a while, I can finally say it is MY task. I'm taking back my Controller and not letting anyone else dictate who I am, or who I should be. I am Zach van Owen, always have been and always will be, not some filthy casual. I'm reconciling my desires to see championship gold around my waist, with my goal to save the CWF. Joining the Light and the Dark. I realise now I strayed from the path, confused by childhood nostalgia, but now I'm stepping back into the fray, hoping to have a hell a lot of fun in the process! I saw it in my match against Dan. I pushed him to the edge, further than he expected. So if I have to climb the ladder from the bottom again, then so be it. But I'm not done. Not by a long shot. I know there's some out there who wanted me to win, thought I deserved the win. And all I can do is assure them that I haven't Rage Quit. There will come a time when the World Title is around my waist. And I promise you...it's gonna be Epic!

Zach drops the mic and makes his exit, opting not to ascend back up the ring ramp, but to travel through the crowd and embrace their unwavering belief in him.

Jim Gunt: If I didn't know any better I'd say that Zach isn't phased by his defeat at all, in fact he seems more fired up and determined than before! I for one, can't wait to see what happens next!

Mike Rolash: I'd much prefer playing Pong.

Bad Business

Match

The scene cuts backstage, notably the boiler room area. The camera pans through the bowels of the room before coming to an area that seems to only be lit by candlelight. We move in closer as a figure can be seen, sitting Indian style, amongst all of the candles. With the fire being the only thing illuminating his face, we notice that it's none other than the former two time CWF World Heavyweight Champion, Duce Jones. When the camera gets near, his voice begins to echo off of the walls.

Duce Jones: Y'kno'.. back in tha day, Pops used t'hang out in places just like dis. Said it gave him a peace'a mind. Heh.. and t'thank.. I thought he was crazy..

The sound of buzzing generators, coming to life invade the area. But Duce pays it no mind as he continues on.

Duce Jones: Y'see back then.. Pops neva' had friends. He showed up, did his job an' went home. An' that few friends he did have.. he stabbed em in tha back.

Duce's head lowers, the flames casting an ominous shadow.

Duce Jones: Tonight.. I step inside'a tha rang wit a man who I held in high regards. A man who I wanted t'take me unda' his wing an' show me thangs bout dis business dat I didn't kno'.. But... we were neva'... cool.. huh Jarvis?

Duce looks into the lens of the camera.. The light from the fire making his eyes brighter than usual.

Duce Jones: Dat's cool.. I recognize real.. An' what ya said was real.. Tha Glass Ceilin' was nothin' mo' than a business deal an' dat deal ended when I shook Mia's hand at Golden Intentions.. HA! Some deal..

But tonight.. tha real Duce is about ta check in an' yo' time.. it's slowly fadin'.. See Jarvis tonight. Not only do I earn back yo' respect. But I put the rest'a tha CWF on notice..

Ya talk down on Duce an' ya gonna get shit smeared in yo' face. Now if ya don't mind, I need ta get my shit togetha' befo' one'a tha biggest matches'a my career..

Jones' eyes close, going into meditation. Only the sounds of the boiler room's lively activity fill the room, the camera slowly pans backwards, soon fading back to ringside.

Bryan Ford, Isaiah Luck & Kyuseishu vs. PJ Blake, Brandon Youngblood & Tom Marrow

Match

Ray Douglas: The following Six-Person Tag Team contest is a Double Jeopardy Match and is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, representing team number one!

"DNA" by Kendrick Lamar blares over the speaker as Bryan Ford strolls out onto the stage. A shit eating grin glued onto his face as he mouths off to the fans.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, from Terrell, Texas.. weighing two hundred nine pounds! The Innovator of Greatness... BRYAN FORD!

He makes his way down the ramp and leaps onto the apron before slingshotting over the top rope, rolling into an Indian style sitting position.

Jim Gunt: Ford looks ready to go and Mike, you'd have to think that he's looking to bounce back after being defeated by Impact Champion, Autumn Raven at Golden Intentions.

Mike Rolash: Yeah he made some bold claims but ultimately came up short. But the Innovator of Greatness is destined to help bring his team out on top.

The crowd is on fire inside of the Jose Miguel Agrelot Coliseum, but their attention is quickly cut to the stage when "Justice" plays from the PA system. The CWF Tron comes to life flashing and Isaiah comes from the backstage area brushing through the curtain and taking a step out onto the stage. The main spotlight jumps down straight on Isaiah as the other lights around the arena flash and move around between the colors of white and blue. The crowd seeing Isaiah just stand there on the stage, cheer him heavily.

Ray Douglas: His partner, from Charlotte, North Carolina! Weighing in at one hundred eighty eight pounds! Mister All Hustle, No Luck... ISIAAH LUCK!

A cocky smirk comes across his face as he begins to take a step and walk off the stage onto the entrance ramp. Coming down he acknowledges all of the fans and gives out a few high fives. He runs at the end sliding under the bottom rope into the ring. The spotlight above the ring shines down on Isaiah as he throws his arms out to the side while holding his head back leaning backwards on the ropes.

Jim Gunt: "Thee Absolute" Isaiah Luck is in the building Mike, looking to make his own impact in this contest after having a decent showing in the rumble match.

Mike Rolash: That's true but what about this pairing? The fans have shifted for this man.

Jim Gunt: He's well known for competing in Carnage Wrestling where he is co-holder of their Tag Team titles.

Mike Rolash: Well two Carnage guys on one side.. It makes sense now but will they be able to get as a team.

He walks over to the far right turnbuckle and climbs up and stands there peering out into the crowd looking back and forth for a few seconds. He jumps down and walks to the center of the ring doing a few stretches warming up waiting. The lights turn back to its normal state and "Justice" dies out from the PA system and you only hear the crowd. The arena lights go off as "Bastard Samurai" starts to play while the rampway fills with purple smoke. The crowd waits before the drums kick in, and out enters Kyuseishu under a single white spotlight. Behind him march 11 red suited kabuki masked wearing disciples. Kyuseishu's jet black hair pulled back in a bun in is in the all too familiar traditional samurai hair style, and wearing a men's blue and black Kimono he raises his arms in a pose of the cross.

Ray Douglas: The final member of team number one. From Nishi-Shinjuku, Tokyo, Japan! Weighing in at two hundred

seventy five pounds! The Holy Samurai... KYUSEISHU!

He soaks in the jeers from the crowd before clapping his hands together and bowing towards the ring. The battle is upon him as he slowly walks to the ring hands out and palms up looking to the skies focused only on his battle. Kyuseishu says a small prayer before entering the ring removing his Kimono and mask showing off his powerful body as he looks with one eye through a triangle formed by his hands.

Mike Rolash: I believe this team is my favorite to win this match. They power, speed and greatness!

Jim Gunt: So you're already counting the other team out.

Mike Rolash: I'm not counting them out but we know what Ford can do. Kyuseishu is been a very violent man since his arrival and with a guy whose last name is Luck on your side.. how could you lose?

Gunt can simply shake his head as "Light'em Up" starts to play and not long after PJ Blake throws herself out from behind the curtain and launches a closed fist up towards the sky.

Ray Douglas: Their opponents, representing team number two.. first from Seattle, Washington! Weighing in at one hundred ten pounds! PJ BLAKE!

PJ makes her way to the ring with a smile on her face and rolls into the ring under the bottom rope. She kicks ups to her feet and proceeds to climb up on the middle rope of all four corners throwing a closed fist to the sky.

Jim Gunt: Here comes PJ Blake.. she also made her debut at Golden Intentions and looks to jump start her CWF career with a team victory here tonight.

Mike Rolash: I didn't really notice at Golden Intentions but this chick is small.. She's gonna have to stay on her toes. Especially if she's gonna have a chance at leading her team to victory.

Red and blue lights started flashing, with sirens sounded. The theme song from COPS begins playing, as the Game Warden, a scantily clad woman in a beige police bedroom costume makes her way to the ramp. She is holding a leash as the song "Who Let The Dogs" out is mixed in, creating an "interesting" remix.

Ray Douglas: Her partner, being accompanied by Amanda the Game Warden! Weighing two hundred six pounds! He is known as Tom Marrow.. But dressed like that we'll go with.. BENJI!

The other end of the leash, comes Benji, a man crawling on his hands and knees, wearing a custom BDSM hood, in the shape of a dog's head and leather pants. As he reaches even with the Game Warden, he stands up and they walk down to the ring.

Brandon Youngblood comes out to Black Static by HEALTH. He smiles at the jeers, strutting down to the ring mouthing off the fans.

Ray Douglas: And their partner, from Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada....BRANDON YOUNGBLOOD!!

"Big" Denny Davidson calls for the bell. Both teams getting settled in their respective corners. PJ Blake steps up for her team, Isaiah Luck wants to get things started for his team. Blake attempts a lock up but Luck boots her in the gut. She doubles over and Luck quickly whips her towards the ropes. She rebounds and ducks under a Luck clothesline attempt. She hits the opposite ropes and leaps up, taking Isaiah down with a hurricanrana. The momentum of the maneuver sends Luck sliding under the bottom rope. The fans cheer Blake's athleticism as she positions herself near the ropes by Luck. PJ looks set to take off. Ford enters ring and comes charging at her but she pulls down the top rope, sending him tumbling over the top rope, joining Luck on the outside!

Jim Gunt: PJ Blake coming out hot, proving that size doesn't always matter.

Mike Rolash: Well she better keep up that fast pace because if she gets caught. I'm almost certain she's gonna be

squashed like a bug.

PJ is hyped up, playing to the crowd as they cheer her on. Benji immediately enters the ring and gets on all fours on the mat, near the ropes. She looks down at him curiously and then to the fans. They tell her to go for it. She shrugs her shoulders and hits the opposite ropes. She comes running towards Marrow and steps off his back, leaping over the top rope and taking out both Luck and Ford! She pops back to her feet, the Puerto Rican fans go nuts for the newcomer.

Jim Gunt: She's making her mark on these fans as they are fully behind Blake.

Mike Rolash: These guys are still recovering from a bad hurricane. I'm pretty sure anything is exciting at this point.

Jim Gunt: That was a bit low Mike..

Using all of her strength, she picks up Luck and rolls him back into the ring. Following suit she goes for the pin but Isaiah kicks out before "Big" Denny can hit the mat to make the count. She's back up, bringing Thee Absolute up along with her. Luck catches Blake by surprise with a barrel roll leg sweep, taking her down to the canvas. Quickly to his feet, Luck drags her by the leg to his team's corner and makes the tag to Ford, who's just making it back to the corner. Ford enters and grabs a handful of hair, bringing Blake up into a front facelock as Luck releases his grip. He goes to leave but Ford tells him to wait a minute. Luck stops in his tracks and watches on as Ford lifts up Blake and spikes her on her head with a Brainbuster! Ford gets to his feet and points towards the ropes. Luck contemplates it and decides to play along. He runs and springs off the middle rope, flipping backwards with a lionsault, landing across Blake's body. Ford hurriedly shoves Luck out of the way and goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Blake with the shoulder up and Ford applies a chin lock as she sits up off the mat. But what about Ford? He asks Luck for assistance and then he tries to take all of the credit.

Mike Rolash: In this business, you win by any means necessary and if that means using your partner to win a shot at the Impact Champion, so be it.

Luck questions the Innovator of Greatness' motives as he steps to the apron but Ford ignores him as he continues to wrench on the hold. Figuring that Blake isn't about to submit, he releases his grip and brings both her and himself upright. He nails her with a forearm that sends her reeling into a neutral corner. He grabs her arm and whips her cross corner where she crashes into the turnbuckles. Ford charges in and she strides him with a boot to the face! He stumbles back and she explodes out of the corner, right into a Spinebuster! Ford is back to his feet and stomps down on Blake's head.

Mike Rolash: That awkward moment when you thought you had a comeback in ya.

Jim Gunt: Give the kid a break, this is her second real taste of action in CWF. I got faith that she can bounce back.

Ford drags her prone body back to his team corner and tags out to Kyuseishu. Continuing to hold her arms to the mat, Bryan keeps her pinned as Kyu enters and begins to violently stomp Blake's body. Ford release and rolls out of the ring, Kyu drops an elbow across Blake's chest. He gets back up and drops one more. Hooking the leg, he goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Blake is able to get her shoulder off the mat. He rises, bringing her upright as well. With a hard back chop, he blisters

the top of PJ's chest, sending her stumbling back into enemy territory. He tags Luck back in. The Legend Tomorrow brings her out of the corner and takes her over to the canvas with a suplex. He floats over into the pin but she quickly kicks out at one. Luck isn't fazed though as he gets to his feet. He looks to bring her back up but she catches him by surprise with a kick across the ear. He stumbles back and she tries to sneak through his legs, towards her team's corner but he drops down, placing all his weight on top of her. He hooks one of her legs as he rises back to his feet. She turns on her back and he grabs hold of her free leg. Pulling her near the neutral corner. He falls backwards to the mat and slingshots her headfirst into the top turnbuckle, she crumbles to the canvas.

Jim Gunt: These men currently have PJ Fighting from behind, keeping her isolated and away from her corner.

Mike Rolash: Did expect anything less? You got one half of the Carnage Tag Champs currently inside of the ring. On the apron is arguably one of the most well known names in this business and on the other side of him is a man who takes greatness to another level.

Luck brings Blake back upright only to drop her back down with a right hand. He brings her up once more and whips her to the ropes. She holds on and catches a charging Luck with a boot to the face. He staggers back and she seizes the moment to spring off of the middle rope. Turning through the air, she brings Luck down to the mat with a dropkick. The fans go wild, cheering for the underdog as they both lie on the canvas. They don't stay down for long as they both begin to crawl towards their respective corners. All four of their teammates have arms outstretched and hands waving, awaiting the tag from their partners as the Puerto Rican crowd grows to a fever pitch. Luck tags Kyu as Blake leaps out and slaps Marrow's hand. Both men enter the ring, charging towards each other like rams. Marrow catches Kyu by surprise with a jumping knee strike. The Holy Samurai stumbles, Benji hits the ropes, ducks underneath a lariat. He rebounds off of the opposite ropes and attempts a running crossbody. Kyu catches him!

Jim Gunt: This isn't gonna be pretty.

Mike Rolash: Euthanize that mut!

Jim Gunt: You're on a roll tonight huh?

Mike Rolash: I somehow manage to eat a balanced breakfast this morning.

With no other choice, Benji begins to knaw at Kyu's arm, forcing him to release his grip. Marrow drops to the canvas and proceeds to bite Kyu's ankle. This infuriates one of the disciples as he jumps up onto the apron, catching Davidson's attention. Kyu grabs at his ankle as Benji begins to crawl away, but the distraction also afford B. Ford the opportunity to catch Marrow offguard with a scissor kick. Benji is out as Ford exits and makes his way back to his designated corner. The disciple drops from the apron, Kyu turning his attention back on Marrow. He picks him up, off of the canvas and cinches in a front facelock, dragging him to his team corner where Ford makes the tag. Kyu holds him in place as Ford connects with a kick to the gut.

Jim Gunt: The antics of Tom Marrow where not enough to get his team back into this match.

Mike Rolash: The guy wrestles in a full dog getup.. do we even take him serious?

Jim Gunt: Marrow has had some victories, you can not discredit his abilities.

Mike Rolash: I can and I will.

Marrow stumbles away from enemy territory, a cocky Ford watches on before clubbing him across the back of the neck with a lariat, dropping him down to the mat. With a smug look on his face, he drags Benji back to his team's corner where he tags in Luck. Ford exits as Luck drops a knee across Marrow's shoulder blades. Thee Absolute brings Benji back up but quickly drives him backfirst across his knee with a Half Nelson Backbreaker! Marrow arches his back in pain, winching as he makes it back to his feet. This proves costly as Luck races past him and leaps to the middle rope and springs off, spiking him headfirst into the mat with a Tornado DDT! The impact flips Marrow over to his backside

but Luck shoves him back down to the mat for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Oh My Lord! How did he kick out of that!?

Mike Rolash: An even better question, why did he kick out?

Isaiah looks at "Big" Denny in disbelief but doesn't argue the count. Instead he drags Marrow back to his team's corner. He tags Ford back in. The Innovator of Greatness rushes in and flips Benji over, locking him in an STF. Benji's eyes go wide, feeling himself in a bad position. Amanda slaps the apron, shouting for Marrow to break free but Ford's grip is tight. Benji claws at Ford's fingers but he refuses to release the hold, grinding and yanking at Marrow's face. The fans seem to get solidly behind Marrow, a "BENJI! BENJI" chant starting to amplify.

Mike Rolash: Are these people really cheering the muppet?

Jim Gunt: He's paid his dues and earned their respect and they want to see him make the tag.

Mike Rolash: At least I can agree with that, I'd much rather watch Youngblood perform. Which by the way, he hasn't seemed to be able to legally enter this match.

Jim Gunt: Well it's kinda hard to tell if he really wants to be apart of this match.

Brandon Youngblood stands on the apron, looking unimpressed with his teammates effort. However, Blake is stomping down on the apron while Amanda slaps it with all of her might. Benji continues to be trapped, Ford showing no signs of letting up. He finally does what he's known for and bites Ford's fingers. He lets out a loud yelp as he releases and hurriedly rolls to his corner to tag in Kyuseishu. Kyu is right on Marrow, not giving him any time to recover, stomping down hard on his back. Kyu brings him to a vertical base and flips him over with a judo hip toss but Benji is agile enough to land on his feet!

Mike Rolash: HEY! I thought only cats, landed on their feet!

Jim Gunt: Well that dog just proved you wrong as he is thankfully facing his corner. He leaps for the tag.... and he gets it!

Benji slaps Youngblood's hand making him the legal man. Kyu notices as the man he once banished from the wrestling world steps through the ropes.

Jim Gunt: These to men have history, Mike. Kyuseishu when he was formerly known as Hoyt Williams beat Brandon Youngblood, bringing his career to an end.

Mike Rolash: It had to be just the company they worked for that he was banned from, because if that was the case he would not be standing in a CWF ring at the current moment.

Jim Gunt: Touche..

Kyu has a smirk on his face, Youngblood itching for another fight with the Holy Samurai. He's not going to get it as Kyu up and slaps Ford's chest. He's confused.. Why him? Luck was right there.. Fuck it. Ford enters the ring and charges for Youngblood but gets dropped to the mat with a knife edge chop that sounds like a shotgun going off inside of the Jose Miguel Agrelot Coliseum! The fans cringe from the impact, Ford is down on the canvas, trying to catch his breath. Staying on the offensive, Youngblood brings Ford back up and dazes him with an elbow strike. Ford stumbles into the ropes and we get a shot of Ford's chest which now bares a deep purple hand imprint.

Jim Gunt: I can imagine that Ford's chest is on fire right now.

Mike Rolash: Is that his hand print?

Jim Gunt: Indeed it is.

Mike Rolash: I think I have a new favorite wrestler.

Youngblood smirks at the sight of his hand print on Ford's chest. So much so, he blisters his chest again with a brutal, stinging chop. Pulling him from the ropes, Youngblood sends him flying overhead with a belly-to-belly suplex. Bryan crashes hard, Brandon slowly rising to his feet. He points over to Kyuseishu and mouths off a few words before going back to a crawling Ford and deadlifts him off of the canvas into a gutwrench suplex! He goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Ford gets his shoulder up, Youngblood tells Denny to count faster next time. He gets to his feet, bringing Ford upright as well. Brandon whips him into the corner where he crashes. Youngblood charges in but catches Ford's boots. Ford charges in but Brandon catches him and beautifully transitions into a Russian Leg Sweep! Youngblood pops back to his feet and his amped. He waits and positions himself for a groggily rising Ford. He gets destroyed by a lariat from an incoming Kyu!

Jim Gunt: Kyuseishu coming to Ford's aid but Blake is in the ring and Kyu haven't noticed yet.

Mike Rolash: TURN AROUND!

It's almost as if Kyu hears Rolash, turning right into a charging Blake who drops him with a Shining Wizard! She pops to her feet with a loud scream but her parade is quickly ended as Luck handsprings off of the ropes in front of her, springing back, he drills her with a cutter! This brings in Marrow who straight up tackles Isaiah Luck through the ropes and to the outside. Both Ford and Youngblood are slow to their feet inside of the ring. The Innovator of Greatness strikes first but The Last Diamond is able to hook him and drill him into the canvas with his patented HALF NELSON SUPLEX! He goes for the cover, hooking the leg in the process. Davidson sliding in to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Davidson signals for the bell.

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners.. and advancing unto next week with an opportunity to become number one contender for the Impact Championship....TOM MARROW, PJ BLAKE AND BRANDON YOUNGBLOOD!!

The fans are mixed in their response but they still feel the fan favorites won. PJ goes to a corner to celebrate with the fans while Marrow is in complete shock with Amanda kneeling by his side. Youngblood for his part, rolls out of the ring and heads straight for the back leaving everyone inside of the ring.

Have a Good Night!

Match

Tara Robinson stands backstage, a microphone in hand, a door reading "New CWF C.E.O" in bold print in front of her. CWF's lead announcer looks at the camera with what is easily seen as a frustrated smile, doing her best to keep it together.

Tara Robinson: Hello ladies and gentlemen, this is Tara Robinson, here where we have expected all night to see someone come out of this office with some kind of information on who our new C.E.O is. We have had cameras here at the office door all night long, but we have yet to see anyone come in or out of this office. Wait a minute...

Tara stops as commotion can be heard in the office, loud talking before the door begins to open. Who steps out of the office may surprise some of the folks watching at home...

Ryan Sunset.

Tara Robinson is taken back immediately, not having seen the owner of Sunset Productions and former C.E.O of CWF in many months. He simply looks back at her with that trademark cheesy smile on his face, placing his right hand over her shoulder.

Ryan Sunset: Tara, buddy! Long time no see.

Giving Sunset a questioning look, Robinson continues on.

Tara Robinson: Yes, it has been a long time since any of us have seen you, Ryan. Which obviously begs the question, what are you doing here tonight, and better yet, what are you doing in the office of the "new C.E.O"? Are you the man to take the place of Jon Stewart? We all..

Ryan Sunset: Tara.

Sunset puts his right hand right in her face, as rude as can be. He always was a dickhead. She simply rolls her eyes, ever the professional.

Ryan Sunset: I'm simply here to see some old friends, and to collect severance pay that was due to me from a time long ago. I have no want to be the boss around here anymore, I have bigger fishes to fry as my network has grown to enormous proportions. But hey buddy, it was great to see you again. Have a good night!

Sunset takes off down the corridor.

Tara Robinson: Well, I guess we're not any closer to finding out who the new boss around here is. I'll be here backstage all night though, a story is sure to break on this! For now, back to Jim and Mike...

Autumn Raven © vs. Lindsay Troy © vs. Ataxia vs. Jimmy Allen

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is a fatal fourway match set for one fall, with a fifteen minute time limit!

The lights flicker as we hear this over the PA System...

"AHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA"

"Dangerous Tonight" by Alice Cooper starts to play as Ataxia enters the arena wearing his cloak of raven feathers, tophat, cane, and raven mask over his usual bag like mask. Ataxia spins the cane around and high fives fans as he walks down the ringside area. He leaps into the ring and whips off the cloak. He takes off the mask, hat and cane. A ring attendant grabs them as Ataxia waits for his opponents, pacing around the ring slowly.

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

Jimmy Allen walks slowly out onto the stage as "Sound of Madness" by shinedown plays. He pauses there as he gets a huge pop from the crowd. Sprinting towards the ring he leaps and dives under the bottom rope sliding to the center of the ring where he pops up to a standing position. Ataxia is mocking Allen in the corner, which he sees and claps for him.

Ray Douglas: His first opponent, from Dallas, Texas....JIMMY ALLEN!!

Jim Gunt: Jimmy Allen enjoying the show from Ataxia, apparently.

Mike Rolash: Who in their right mind enjoys ANYTHING Ataxia does?

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 and her newly won Paramount Championship draped on her shoulder.

Ray Douglas: And their opponent, from Tampa, Florida, she is the Queen of the Ring, the NEW Paramount Champion....LINDSAY TROY!!

Mike Rolash: Now things are getting interesting!

Jim Gunt: LT is certainly riding on a high right now after defeating Silas Artoria, albeit under dubious means some would say, but regardless...Troy will be hoping to cement her legacy as champion by winning this fatal fourway match.

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 face the time keeper and hand him her championship belt.

Purple lights shine around the top of the ramp, fog rolling around it as the beginning lyrics of Sixx A.M's "Somewhere in Hollywood" starts to play, the tron displaying a purple outlined black raven with her name fading in over it.

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

Ray Douglas: And their final opponent, from Los Angeles, California, she is the Impact Champion, 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. Raven looks on at all three of her opponents, nodding confidently as she prepares for war.

Jim Gunt: As Trent Robbins checks all four competitors for any foreign objects and prepares to start this match, let's talk about the logistics of this match, Mike. Not one of these four competitors is a rookie, they've all been around the block and all but Lindsay Troy have spent over six months in CWF. Troy of course is no slouch herself, as she's now the Paramount Champion after defeating Silas Artoria at Golden Intentions.

Mike Rolash: Saying LT's "no slouch" is an understatement, Jim. Troy has been dubbed the Queen of the Ring for a reason. Autumn may be on a roll as well as Impact Champion, and Jimmy may be enjoying the success that lasting until the final three in the Golden Intentions rumble got him, but none of the other three have what it takes to put away the Queen. Not even that wacko Ataxia.

The bell rings, Trent Robbins standing back as all four competitors come towards the center of the ring. Autumn and Lindsay work together right from the beginning, the two women honing in on Jimmy Allen and taking separate shots on the Catalyst. Ataxia stands back and watches momentarily, before cackling aloud and leaping into the air.

Jim Gunt: Massive dropkick to Autumn Raven! And one to LT as well! The Messiah Pariah is going crazy out there!

Mike Rolash: Crazier than usual?

The Messiah Pariah now squares up with Jimmy Allen, pulling his head up by his jaw before turning a one eighty and cracking him in the face with a back elbow. Ataxia quickly turns to the back of Allen, hoisting him up in an attempt to throw him into the corner for the E.R. Stat. Allen holds his footing however, before reversing and going behind Ataxia and German Suplexing him right over the top rope!

Jim Gunt: Oh lord, that was a bad landing!

Mike Rolash: Can it really hurt?

Jim Gunt: Allen is turned around and chopped hard in the chest from the Queen of the Ring, and another chop to the Catalyst.

Mike Rolash: Here comes Autumn, looks like she wants in on the fun!

Before LT can land another knife edge chop to Jimmy Allen's chest, she sidesteps just in time sensing Autumn running in fast. Big Splash to Allen! The Puerto Rican crowd erupts momentarily for the Beautiful Psychopath, before Troy finally turns on her, grabbing her from behind and whipping her violently downward with a russian leg sweep. The Queen of the Ring wipes her hands clean as the fans boo her aloud, but their response changes, bringing upon the attention of Troy who looks around wondering what they've begun cheering about.

Jim Gunt: Lindsay Troy turns around, right into the Peaceful Tolerance!

The Messiah Pariah stands over the downed body of LT after nailing her with the 360 kick from the top rope, the Masked Madman laughing for a few seconds before coming to his senses and dropping down for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: No! That may have been a three there, but we'll never know as Autumn just came in with a Corkscrew Splash that took out both Ataxia and Troy! And she gets up just to get a NASTY Inside-Out Crescent Kick from Jimmy Allen!

Mike Rolash: With all the action going on in this one, it's hard to keep track!

Jim Gunt: You got that right, Mike, but for the moment it looks like the Catalyst is in control. Will Jimmy be able to ride his recent wave of momentum to a big victory here tonight?

Jimmy makes the cover on Autumn, hooking both of the Impact Champion's legs.

ONE!

TWO!

AUTUMN KICKS OUT!

Giving Trent Robbins a dirty look, Jimmy gets back to his feet with Autumn in tow. Setting up for the Texas Heat roaring elbow, Allen's attack is broken up by Ataxia who blasts him with a clothesline from behind. The Messiah Pariah grabs his former friend, lifting him up into the sky just as LT heads for the ropes. Front-Flip Leg Drop knocks both men right out of the air! The Puerto Rican fans show their approval of tonight's action despite their hatred for the Queen of the Ring, clapping loudly as the watch on.

Mike Rolash: What a crowd here in San Juan, Puerto Rico, Jim. For the next four weeks we'll be touring down south, culminating in Cancun, Mexico July 16th with Paradise! Even I'm excited for this tour!

Jim Gunt: I've gotta say, I haven't seen you this happy in a long time, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Might've made a trip or two to the nude beach earlier, but don't tell my wife...

Jim Gunt: Haha, right. Back to the action where LT and Autumn Raven now face off for the actual first time, despite Troy turning on her from behind earlier. As the two women circle each other, Troy goes in for the leg, but Raven sees it coming and BLASTS her with a hard knee to the face!

Looking to keep her momentum going following the knee, Autumn backs into the ropes where Ataxia surprises her, running across the apron and punting her across the side of the head on the way through! Ataxia keeps on moving however, going right to the side of the ring and leaping to the top rope, leaping into a front flip towards Jimmy Allen- who catches him and destroys him with a Sit-Down Powerbomb! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-

Jim Gunt: LT with the baseball slide dropkick to break up the cover! She throws Allen out of the ring, taking things into her own hands as she yells for Ataxia to get to his feet...

Mike Rolash: RAYNES OF CASTAMERE! YES!

The high speed double knee strike hits flush on the masked face of Ataxia, and Troy wastes not a second making the cover on the Messiah Pariah as she eyes her other opponents to see if they're approaching her.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by pinfall....LINDSAY TROY!!

Jim Gunt: What a win there for the new Paramount Champion, although you've got to give it up for the other three competitors in this match as well. This was a battle of the titans, and tonight the Queen walked out ahead of the pack.

It's Settled Then

Match

The fans are buzzing, enjoying the action so far.

Jim Gunt: Mike.. Tonight has been a night hasn't it?

Mike Rolash: I must admit the show tonight has been good and it's about to get that much better as we have three. You heard me right. Three main event caliber matches. And I for one can not wait. We got former stablemates battling, arguably two of the greatest World Champions colliding and how can we forget the Superwoman vs the Psycho Rumble Winner.. Why don't we kick off the next match.

The beginning sounds of "Ain't Nobody" by Chaka Khan blare through the speakers. The fans let out an unusual roar of approval as Byson Kaliban comes dancing through the curtains. Soon followed by Vince Espinoza and Omar Martinez. The Puerto Rican fans erupt in a chant of "BORICUA! BORICUA!

Jim Gunt: I don't think we've ever heard this type of reaction for any of these three men.

Mike Rolash: Well it's a known fact that Espinoza and Martinez are indeed of Puerto Rican descent.

Jim Gunt: Well all I know, is that it's a change of pace from the usual reaction that they receive.

The three men soon make it to the ring, each of them climbing onto the apron and stepping through the ropes. Byson retrieves a microphone from Douglas. He taps it a few times to make sure it's on and once he finds out it does.

Byson Kaliban: VIVA LA PUERTO RICO!

The fans erupt into cheers. Byson is excited about the things on the horizon.

Byson Kaliban: Odelay homes.. Odelay..

The cheers quickly turn to boos as they all break out into a chant.

"NO CHICANO!"

CLAPCLAP

CLAPCLAPCLAP

"NO CHICANO!"

Byson is confused as he looks out to the crowd. He turns towards Martinez and raises his shoulder, Omar moves in closer and whispers into his ear. A shocked expressions befalls his face.

Byson Kaliban: I deeply apologize. I didn't mean to get you all confused with Mexicans.

They fans boo again.

Byson Kaliban: It's okay, we're gonna make this right. Because what you see inside of this ring standing with me. Is the future of the CWF Tag Team division. These two men.. my boricua brothers.

Kaliban takes a moment to slap both Espinoza and Martinez across the chest.

Byson Kaliban: They're coming for what's rightfully there's and that's the CWF Tag Team Championships. These two men have been held down for too long! Now it's time for them to be unleashed. That's where the Winchester boys come in.

Mike Rolash: Winchester boys?

Jim Gunt: I believe it's in reference to The Lost Boys sharing the same name as the brothers from the show Supernatural.

Mike Rolash: Sounds like a geek flick.

Jim Gunt: It's actually a good show.

Mike Rolash: I rest my case.

Byson paces around the ring. Vince and Omar look out to their homeland, Kaliban continuing on.

Byson Kaliban: You see for weeks and weeks.. and weeks, I've had to sit back and listen to the two of you claim how you're the greatest team to ever set foot in CWF. But we all know that statement holds no true weight.

Byson strokes his beard and adjusts his suit tie as he looks directly into the camera.

Byson Kaliban: You say you want a real challenge.. Well I got two beasts that are hungry for blood and gold.. that's why I formally issue a challenge to you.. The Lost Boys for a shot at those CWF Tag Team titles that you think no one can take off of y'all waists. And I couldn't think of a better place to do it than in Cancun, Mexico at Paradise. What do you fellas think?

Byson waits patiently as he and the other two men stare up at the stage area. The Lost Boys appear on stage in a moment, there's not even time for entrance fanfare. Sam seems ready and raring to go. Who knows what would have been if Dean wasn't there to hold him back.

Sam Braxton: You bloody wankers fair dinkum? You wanna fuckin go?

Apparently he didn't take too kindly to being jumped.

Dean Coulter: What Sam really means is if you drongos have got the nuts to step up and actually face us in that ring, then we won't be the blokes to deny you.

Sam Braxton: We ain't here to fuck spiders mates. So when you're ready...

Byson chuckles a bit at Sam's passionate way with language.

Byson Kaliban: Nobody wants you to have sexual intercourse with insects Sammie but it's settled.. hopefully we can get some official paperwork drawn up. However on July 16th.. we'll see you two at Paradise..

"Ain't Nobody" starts back up as Byson begins to dance once again. Espinoza and Martinez stare hateful glares into the tag champs. But they're not one to back down, standing their ground. At that Sam gives their new opponents to be the vaunted aussie salute, letting the middle fingers fly as we cut back to Gunt and Rolash.

Duce Jones vs. Jarvis King

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first..

The fans are buzzing, but soon turn to a mixed reaction as a voice begins to speak through the PA system.

"And the whole world loves it when you sing the blues... Da. Da.. Da. Da. Da.. Da...."

The opening sounds of "Godspeed" by Don Trip begins to play as the lights inside of the arena turn a crimson hue color, soon the stage filling up with smoke. After about a minute of waiting, Duce Jones slowly emerges through the fog.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, weighing in at two hundred fifteen pounds! From Memphis, Tennessee...
DUCE JONES!

Slowly making his way towards the ring, Jones ignores the fans, as he soon makes it to ringside. Climbing onto the apron, Duce goes to the corner to his right, climbing onto the second rope and peering out into the crowd. Finally done, he jumps over the top rope, landing inside of the ring and removes his hooded vest as he prepares for action.

Jim Gunt: Duce makes his official in-ring singles return after having his suspension lifted.

Mike Rolash: ...

Jim Gunt: You okay Mike?

Mike Rolash: ...

Jim Gunt: Moving along..

The lights around the arena cut out, as "Cult of Personality" by Living Colour starts playing.

And during the few moments that we have left,

we want to talk, right down to earth

in a language that everybody here can easily understand

As the song's iconic guitar riff begins to fill the arena, a single spotlight rests on the entranceway, and in an elegant script, words are scrawled across the screen:

Some men are born great

Some achieve greatness

But only one man is Jarvis J. King

With that, Jarvis King steps out into the entranceway, flanked by Elizabeth Bates. Jarvis bounds up and down, smacking himself in the face lightly before he raises his right index finger in the salute of the Glass Ceiling, which brings the lights up.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, from Halifax, Nova Scotia! Accompanied to the ring by Elizabeth Bates, he weighs in at 240lbs. He is The Icon, "East Coast Excellence" JARVIS J. KING!

The capacity crowd jeers The Icon as he makes his way to the ring lazily, sliding under the bottom rope before climbing the middle turnbuckle of his corner and raises his right index finger high above his head with a self-assured grin on his face.

Mike Rolash: Now here's a guy I can stand behind. He has ethics and a code that he sticks by. I know for sure, he wouldn't kick me in my chest.

Jim Gunt: All bets are off with Jarvis here tonight stating that the business relationship known as The Glass Ceiling is officially over.

Mike Rolash: Good riddance.. King didn't need to be lumped with a coward like Duce anyway.

The official for this contest and also former Glass Ceiling member, Freddie Styles does his final check on both men, soon signaling for the bell. Jones and King step towards each other, neither one going for any type of attack. Instead, Duce holds up his right index finger, high into the air, both Jarvis and Freddie watch on. Deciding fuck it, Styles points to the sky with his right index finger. Jarvis points the toe of his boot into Duce's gut. Jones is doubled over, King dropping him to the canvas with a clubbing forearm. Duce is down to a knee but is quickly sent sprawling to the canvas by a metal brace covered knee shot. Face down, Jones slowly tries to recover as Jarvis shouts insults down at him. Styles watches on calmly as his brothers fight, choosing to let them settle things out the right way. King stomps down on the back of Jones' head before sticking his knee into the small of Jones' back and pulling upward with a modified camel clutch.

Jim Gunt: King is showing that vicious streak that he's known for, just fish hooking Duce's face.

Mike Rolash: That's right, rip all of that ugly shit out of his mouth!

Jim Gunt: Okay then...

Duce screams in pain as Jarvis yanks and pulls at the roof of his mouth. Freddie continues to chill in the corner. King releases his grip and blast Jones in the back of the head with a stiff forearm. As Duce lies face down on the mat, Jarvis gets to his feet and grabs a hand full of locks. He brings Jones upright before clamping his hands around Jones' waist and then flips him overhead with a belly-to-belly suplex. Jones bounces off of the canvas as Jarvis rushes over for the pin. Styles makes the count.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jarvis tells Freddie to count faster. Styles doesn't give a shit as he goes back to the corner. Jarvis gains control of Duce's wrist and pulls him to a vertical base. But it's not for long as he drops him with a short-arm clothesline. He follows up with a knee drop before going for another pin attempt. Styles coming over to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

King doesn't complain this time, snaring Jones in a side headlock.

Jim Gunt: Freddie appears to be letting these two work out their differences and can you believe that this is a first time ever meeting between these two.

Mike Rolash: Yeah that prick has never been across the ring from the Icon before but tonight.. He's going to learn a valuable lesson in respect.

A small gathering of fans begin to rally behind Duce. He pounds his leg against the mat, matching the cadence of the fans who are clapping. Jones feeds off of their energy, making his way to a vertical base as King still has a hold of the headlock. In an act of desperation, Jones lifts King off of the mat and plants him with a back suplex. King's grip is broken upon impact, both men lying flat on their backs. Styles watches on, choosing not to count, enjoying the match just as much as the fans. King is the first to stir, he sits up, arching his back a bit to the stinging sensation that shoots down his spine. Jones begins to shift on the mat as well. Jarvis rubs the back of his neck as he rises and soon makes a beeline for Jones. Seated on his backside, Jones spots King's approach and times his reverse perfectly. He grabs Jarvis by his singlet and pulls him towards the ropes, forcing him through the top and middle and crashing to the outside.

Jim Gunt: This might be Duce's chance to swing things in his favor.

Mike Rolash: Ugh... C'mon Jarvis! Get your ass up!

Jones places his hands on the top rope and pulls himself up. He slumps over it and looks down at King who slowly recovers on the floor. He soon gets upright as Jones rebounds off of the opposite rope and comes suicide diving right into a Jarvis King right hand. Jones crashes horribly to the outside floor. King doesn't let up, hurriedly bringing him upright and driving him backfirst into the barricade. Duce cries out, dropping down to his knees but King brings him right back up. Twisting Jones' arm, King whips him across ringside, Jones reverses and King crashes bodily into the barricade. Duce slumps against the barricade nearest to him as a few of the fans take the time to pat him on the back.

Jim Gunt: Jarvis seems to be just a step ahead of Duce but Jones is not that far behind in this fight.

Mike Rolash: He's going to slip up and when he does.. King's gonna really show him why he's called, East Coast Excellence.

Jarvis is seated near the barricade as Jones has recovered. He charges right for the Icon looking to kick him directly in the face.. Jarvis moves and Duce lets up on his momentum at the last second. King scurries away to create some distance as Jones shows him just how close he was to disaster. Jarvis rolls back inside of the ring and gets vertical. He motions for Jones to bring it. Duce looks to bumrush the ring but decides against it, knowing how clever Jarvis is.. So he takes the steps, one by one, wasting as much time as possible. Jarvis is irate, telling him to stop being a pussy. Jones steps through the ropes and King catches him with a knee lift. He pulls Jones the rest of the way into the ring and whips him off into the ropes, Jones rebounds, ducks underneath a clothesline and hits the other side. As Jarvis spins, Duce leaps up with a Bicycle Knee Strike that rocks King! He slumps to the mat, Jones falling on top of him with the backpress. Styles over to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: What a counter by Jones, almost picking up the victory over the Hall of Famer.

Mike Rolash: He's called the Kid that Never Dies because he's lucky. I'm starting to see that now.

Duce sits up near Jarvis' downed body. He slaps the mat in frustration before groggily getting vertical. He doesn't let up, connecting with a flip senton. Jones stays on top with the backpress for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Jarvis crucifixes Duce's arms and now have him pinned to the mat.

ONE!

TWO!

Duce rolls through on the kickout as both men are quick to their feet. Jarvis catches Jones with a SUPERKICK as he rushes in. The Kid that Never Dies is rocked as he stumbles into a corner. Jarvis races to the opposite corner before charging back at Duce, blasting him with a YAKUZA KICK! Jones is out on his feet as Jarvis pulls him out of the corner, hooks him and spikes him on his neck and shoulders with a Backdrop Driver. He goes for the pin as Freddie makes the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Jim Gunt: DUCE ABLE TO KICK OUT AFTER TAKING TWO VICIOUS HEAD SHOTS!

Mike Rolash: Damn.. I thought that was it.

The Icon is on his knees, staring at Freddie who shows him two fingers. King ignores him as he brings Jones upright and hits the ropes. He goes for another Yakuza Kick but Duce catches his foot. He throws King's leg down and nails a kick to the chest, spinning backfist, low kick to the leg has East Coast Excellence down to a knee.. D-TR.. NO! JARVIS MOVES! SUPERKICK! DUCE EATS IT AND LETS OUT A PRIMAL YELL INTO JARVIS' FACE!

Jim Gunt: Where is he getting this energy?

Mike Rolash: He probably did some hard drugs before the match.. You seen him hanging out in the boiler room earlier.

Duce powers up, using the energy of the screaming fans as he goes nose to nose with King. Jarvis hits the ropes, looking for a lariat but Jones ducks and quickly follows Jarvis as he rebounds off of the opposite ropes. D-TRIGGA! Jarvis flops to the mat as Jones pulls him out of the ropes and goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

King gets his shoulder off of the canvas! Duce pops back to his feet, not wasting any time. He races to a corner, climbs to the top and leaps off.. DIVING HEADBUTT! Jones drapes his arm across Jarvis' chest.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Jones curses out loud as he surely thought that was it. He looks to Styles who nonchalantly holds up two fingers. Duce mouths, "C'mon bruh" in his direction. Duce rises and positions himself in a corner, looking set for the Krayzed Knee.

He screams for Jarvis to rise which he does on shaky legs. Jones sees his moment and he takes it, exploding out of the corner! SPINNING BACKFIST! Duce is out on his feet as Jarvis wraps Jones' arms across his own chest. He goes for his patented Straightjacket Suplex. Duce blocks it by wrapping his own leg around Jarvis' and then rears back with a headbutt that stuns King. His grip is loosened, Jones grabs King's arm and ducks behind him. He ripcords the Icon out before pulling him in for a vicious headbutt that sends King down to his knees. Jones still has ahold of King's arms as he finishes him off with a knee strike to the face!

Jim Gunt: DUCE OF CLUBS BY JONES AND THIS MAY BE IT AS HE GOES FOR THE COVER!

The fans count along as Freddie slaps the mat.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Styles signals for the bell.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner via pinfall.. DUCE JONES!

Jones gets to his feet as Styles raises his arm in victory.

Jim Gunt: Hard fought victory by Jones, as he's able to defeat Jarvis King here tonight.

Mike Rolash: Why do the gods hate me so much..

Jim Gunt: I have no idea about that Mike but what I do know is that Duce said he was gonna offer a handshake to Jarvis. Look at now, inside of the ring.

Mike Rolash: Don't do it Jarvis!

Duce stands inside the middle of the ring Jarvis slowly rises to his feet, realizing he just suffered defeat. He notices the outstretched hand of Jones. With his hand on his head, King looks out to the crowd who are cheering him on. He takes a moment to contemplate his next course of action. Which is dropping to the mat and rolling out of the ring, fanning Jones off and making his way to the back. Jones and Styles watch on as he disappears behind the curtain.

Jim Gunt: King refusing to shake Duce Jones' hand and we may have just witnessed the end of The Glass Ceiling.

Mike Rolash: Yes! I love it..

Time For Talk Is Over

Match

We cut backstage to find CWF Interviewer, Tara Robinson, standing by with a microphone in her hand and a smile on her face.

Tara Robinson: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my guest at this time, the winner of the Superwoman of Wrestling Battle Royal, the returning HYBRID Grand Champion... "Unbreakable" Stacy Jones!

The camera pans out to reveal Stacy Jones standing beside the interviewer, dressed ready to compete with her Grand Championship draped over her shoulder.

Tara Robinson: Stacy, tonight you have returned to CWF for a huge Main Event between yourself, the Superwoman of Wrestling Battle Royal winner and your opponent is the Golden Intentions Battle Royal winner, Mia Rayne--

Stacy Jones: Ah yes, Mia Rayne... she certainly likes to flap her gums doesn't she?

Robinson sheepishly nods as Jones chuckles.

Stacy Jones: She's so intent on wanting to BREAK me in our match tonight, except she still hasn't gotten it through her thick fucking skull that it's gonna take more than just beating me to do that. She can run her mouth all she wants, believing she knows the kind of person I am. She likes bringing up the fact that I retired my brother? Yet, she doesn't know that I didn't do it because I wanted to. I did it because I needed to. He was picking up injury after injury after injury, and he has a baby on the way. I along with several people closest to him, including his own wife was asking him to retire, so he could be the father we know he wants to be. We knew if he continued to push his body, he would end up being forced to retire through a serious injury or worse. Then he put his career on the line for my title and thus, as painful for me as it was to do, I beat him.

She re-adjusts her championship over her shoulder.

Stacy Jones: But I'm wasting my breath with that. I know I am. Because Mia doesn't care about anything I have to say. She just pushes everything I say under the rug and starts running her fucking mouth expecting me to pay attention to what she has to say.

The Unbreakable One smirks.

Stacy Jones: She can claim all she wants that I haven't earned a fucking thing in my career, including being called Superwoman. The thing she fails to realise though? Is that I was being called Superwoman BEFORE I even entered that Battle Royal! The amount of people I have met during my career who have told me that I have helped to inspire them, that I've helped feel better, that I've helped accept who they are as a person and not be afraid of being different!

She pauses for a moment.

Stacy Jones: The truth is, Tara? I'm no Superwoman. THEY are the REAL Supermen and Superwomen of this world. And tonight? Win or lose? I'm going to be fighting for them and I am going to SHOW Mia Rayne exactly why I am one of the toughest bitches she has ever faced in her entire career!

And with that, she pats the interviewer on the shoulder before disappearing off camera as we cut elsewhere.

Dan Ryan (c) vs. Harley Hodge

Match

Jim Gunt: Up next is the second of our three "dream matches" as the current World Champion, Dan Ryan, is set to do battle against a former World Champ and a man looking for a career resurgence in Harley Hodge. I gotta tell you, Mike, I'm really excited about this one.

Mike Rolash: Pfft. I'm not.

Jim Gunt: Come again?

Mike Rolash: What dimwitted summer intern did we hire to do the website write-up for this match? Billing Harley Hodge as "arguably the most decorated World Champion of all time" when Dan Ryan is a 23 time world title holder? I think the kid got into Hodge's "stash," if you know what I mean.

Jim Gunt: Jesus, Mike, you can't make those kind of allegations on air.

Mike Rolash: Why not? We've got our own network. And besides, we employ Duce Jones, Mister Blaze 'n Haze himself.

Jim Gunt: (audibly groaning) Please, Ray, start the intros, before we get hit with an FCC fine.

Cut-to: Ray Douglas, that handsome fella, ready to acquiesce Jim's request.

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

The fans yell in unison ONE FALL!

Ray Douglas: ...and is a non-title match! Introducing first!

An ever familiar revving from a motorcycle circulates throughout the arena before "Evenflow" by Pearl Jam fires off through the speakers, and the crowd rises to their feet. Harley Hodge walks out, with his traditional biker vest on and blue jeans. He raises one fist in the air, eyeballs the crowd, and then continues to briskly walk down the aisle before sliding under the ring ropes.

Ray Douglas: From Brooklyn, New York...weighing in at 230 pounds, he is "The Accelerator" HARLEY HODGE!

Harley climbs to the second turnbuckle, raises his fist into the air to another large pop from the crowd, before taking off his vest and jumping backwards from the turnbuckle.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent...

Cue up: "Zero" by the Smashing Pumpkins.

A dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of the song plays. When the riff audio kicks it up a notch, Dan Ryan steps out, World Title belt around his waist, and pauses to look out into the audience. He then heads down the aisle as pyro blasts behind him. The video shows clips from his career: powerbombing Mark Windham, superkicking Craig Miles, taking Impulse's head off with a clothesline, hitting Eli Flair with the Headliner, putting away Duce Jones and Zach van Owen with a Headliner and a Humility Bomb, respectively.

Ray Douglas: From Houston, Texas...weighing in at 305 pounds, he is the CWF World Heavyweight Champion..."The Ego Buster" DAN RYAN!

Ryan walks directly to the ring, rolls in under the bottom rope and climbs the nearest turnbuckle, keeping his arms down and smirking into the crowd as the music plays.

Mike Rolash: Here he is, Jim! The man who disposed of the 8-Bit Dud, Zach van Owen, at Golden Intentions. We owe him a debt of gratitude.

Jim Gunt: Zach van Owen put up a valiant effort two weeks ago and showed a lot of heart and fortitude. He has nothing to be ashamed of.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, doubt his dad feels the same way you do, Jimbo.

Dan's off the turnbuckle now, unstrapping the World Title and handing it to Nick McArthur along with his sunglasses. McArthur hands them off to the timekeeper, who rings the bell, and we're underway.

The two superstars slowly circle the ring, never losing focus of one another. The crowd's buzzing, eager to see some action, and then it all explodes when Ryan and Hodge step toward each other at the same time and swing for the fences.

Jim Gunt: And there they go! Trading punches right out've the gate.

Mike Rolash: I guess the old man's not gonna go down without a fight.

Jim Gunt: That's not Harley's style and you know it.

The Ego Buster connects with a massive right, while at the same time, eating a left from the Accelerator. The two continue to exchange punches, somehow fighting right through damning blows.

YYYYEEEEEEEEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!

Jim Gunt: The crowd is eating this up!

Mike Rolash: Not the way I'd be starting things off if I were Harley. He's giving up 75 pounds to Dan Ryan.

And in fact, Mike's thoughts prove true as Ryan's strength quickly begins to wear down Harley, allowing him to land several haymakers in a row. With the advantage, Ryan whips Hodge into the ropes, and catches him on the rebound with a huge back body drop. From a height of nearly ten feet, Harley is sent crashing to the canvas. Immediately, he's right back up, but he walks into a bearhug that morphs into a side belly to belly slam. The impact is devastating, as the full 305 pounds of The Ego Buster lands on top of the Accelerator.

Jim Gunt: What an explosion from Ryan to start off this match.

Mike Rolash: Harley shoulda been trying to take out a wheel or something. Standing there and trading punches with Ryan was a stupid idea.

Firmly in control of the match and figuring he might as well hit the showers early if he can, Ryan hooks a leg, making the cover. Nick McArthur goes to work for the first time, sliding into place for the count.

ONE...

TWO...

T...

Jim Gunt: A kickout at two by Harley Hodge.

Ryan wastes no time going back to work. Pulling Hodge up by two fistfuls of hair, he slams a knee in the Accelerator's gut, doubling him over. Tucking Hodge away, Ryan hooks under both arms, looking to connect with a underhook piledriver, but as he begins to lift him up, he loses his grip as Hodge starts to pull free. Harley lands on his feet and takes a big swing, looking to behead Ryan, but the Ego Buster ducks under, and slips behind. When Harley turns around, he's greeted by a huge spinebuster that lifts and plants him right back in his tracks.

Jim Gunt: What impact!

Mike Rolash: Felt that all the way over here.

Popping to his feet, Ryan grabs Hodge by the ankles and twists his legs like a pretzel, spinning around and dropping to the mat.

Jim Gunt: Figure four!

Mike Rolash: See, this is what Harley should have been doing. I don't care how big and strong you are. Or how fast and agile. If you're working on one leg, you aren't doing much of anything impressive.

Jim Gunt: A fair point, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Besides, Dan probably decided breaking Harley's legs would be more fun than his hip.

Jim Gunt: Oh geeze...

As Harley grimaces and clenches his teeth, fighting through the pain, he sticks his elbows into the canvas, trying to dig his way out of trouble.

Jim Gunt: Harley's trying to fight to freedom, otherwise, tapping will be the only solution.

Mike Rolash: Do yourself a favor, old man, and slap that canvas!

Slowly but surely, Harley has inched his way back, digging and crawling on his elbows, They'll likely be burned to hell, but if it means breaking the hold...

Jim Gunt: And he's near enough to the ropes that if he lays out and stretches he might be able to reach.

Mike Rolash: Come on Ryan, cinch it in deeper, man!

Harley does just that, laying flat on his back and reaching for the bottom rope, but in doing so, he leaves his shoulders flush against the mat. As his fingers dance just a fraction of an inch from the rope, Nick McArthur begins his count.

ONE...

TWO...

T...

Harley quickly sits up, abandoning his search for freedom, leaving himself to suffer more damage.

Jim Gunt: If he's going to reach, he's going to have to be quick. He can't struggle to find the ropes or he's going to lose by pinfall.

Again, Harley lays flat, stretching for the ropes. And again, Nick McArthur begins to make the count.

ONE...

TWO...

THRE...

Jim Gunt: He got the rope!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, but at what cost?

Nick makes Ryan break the hold, but the damage is likely already done. Dan's up to his feet with a pleased look on his face.

Jim Gunt: Gotta agree with you there, partner. Harley's got to hope he wasn't in the hold too long.

Mike Rolash: If he can't shake that out, he's got little chance of walking out tonight anything but a hobbled loser. Which I kinda already think he was.

Jim Gunt: You're such a charmer.

Mike Rolash: Why, thank you!

The Accelerator slides out under the bottom rope, walking around the ringside area, doing just as Mike had mentioned, shaking his leg, making sure everything is in working order. As he makes his way around the ring, walking out the limp, Ryan decided to follow.

The Ego Buster charges forward and delivers a clubbing blow to the back, causing Harley to stumble into the ringside barricade. Again taking charge, Ryan rushes forward, attempting to crush every bone in his body, but Harley moves out of the way at the last possible second, leaving Ryan to crash gut-first into the barricade.

Jim Gunt: Nobody home!

Mike Rolash: Ugh, and this could be the exact opportunity Harley needs to turn the tides in his favor now.

With Ryan folded over the barricade, Harley grabs an arm and pulls the Ego Buster off, then whips him towards the ring steps. Ryan's entire upper body slunks and collides with the steel stairs, sending the step flying.

Jim Gunt: What impact!

Mike Rolash: They just got moved from one corner to the other!

Harley knows he can't take a moment to rest, having to stay on the attack. Marching over to Ryan, he pulls him off of the ground and twists him ninety degrees. Swooping under an arm, Harley sends Ryan up and over with a snap suplex onto the mats.

That took a bit out of Harley, but the Accelerator crawls to his feet and now takes a moment to roll into the ring for just a few seconds. Long enough to catch a breath and break McArthur's ten count.

Jim Gunt: Harley Hodge just suplexed Dan Ryan onto our ringside mats. There's not a lot of protection between them and the concrete floor, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Desperate times call for desperate measures, but he's probably only angered our World Champ more than anything else.

Harley rolls back to the outside, armed with a fresh ten-count, and walks over to Dan Ryan, who is up to a knee. He grabs him and pulls him the rest of the way up. But, even having dislodged ring steps with his head and meeting the flimsy mats with his back, Ryan bursts to life, shoving Harley away. Hodge staggers back, slamming his spine right against the edge of the ring apron. Ryan wastes no time, and in two quick, powerful steps, he's upon him, clotheslining Hodge. Harley's back bends in ways it wasn't meant to and his head tangles in the ropes.

Mike Rolash: That's a big arm to be on the wrong end of.

Jim Gunt: And an extra bad spot to be in. With the ring blocking him from being knocked over, Harley was just bent in half backwards from the force of the blow.

The fans cheer the back and forth violence, showing their approval for both superstars as Ryan picks Hodge up in a military press, then tosses him into the ring through the middle and top ropes.

Mike Rolash: That's one way to get a guy back inside the squared circle.

Ryan's in the ring again and looks to go straight back to work. A few stomps soften Harley up, then lifting him by an arm, the Ego Buster looks to land the next in a line of devastating, high impact maneuvers. But, Hodge springs to life, and as he's pulled to his feet, he rises with a European uppercut that rocks the CWF World Champion.

A series of rapid fire right hands follow before Harley locks his arms around Ryan's torso and sends him soaring with a release overhead German suplex.

Jim Gunt: Look at that strength!

Mike Rolash: He just threw three bills clean across the ring.

With the momentum in hand, Harley slips out to the apron and makes his way upward, scaling the top turnbuckle.

Jim Gunt: This is familiar territory for Harley Hodge...

Mike Rolash: Come on, Dan, shake the cobwebs out!

The flashbulbs explode around the arena, reliving the nostalgia, as The Accelerator takes flight, leaping across the ring and landing with a picture perfect frog splash... right across the chest of the Ego Buster.

Jim Gunt: Holy Diver! Harley Hodge just flew from one post to the other!

Hodge hooks the leg, looking for the victory.

ONE...

TWO...

THR...

Jim Gunt: The Ego Buster kicked out!

Harley lets a moment of disbelief pass before going back on the attack. A scoop slam comes first, then an elbow right to the sternum. Again, he hooks the leg and makes the cover.

ONE...

TWO...

THRE...

And again, Ryan refuses to quit.

Jim Gunt: Dan Ryan proving once again just how tough it is to keep him down.

Mike Rolash: That's why he's the champ, baby!

Hodge drags Ryan to his feet and whips the Ego Buster toward the corner, giving chase immediately, just two steps behind. But his plan goes awry when Ryan doesn't collide chest-first with the turnbuckles. Leaping up onto the second turnbuckle, Ryan springs back and twists around, spearing Harley clean out of his boots.

Jim Gunt: Oh my God! That was a 300 pound missile that just came flying back at Harley!

Mike Rolash: Pretty sure Dan's done playing around with the Motorcycle Man, Gunty.

Dan springs to his feet, rips Harley off the canvas, and lifts him high into the air. He holds him there for a moment or two before bringing him back down to Earth with a thunderous Humility Bomb. He hooks the leg.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

Nick McArthur signals for the bell.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner...DAN RYAN!

"Zero" by the Smashing Pumpkins cues up again as Ryan gets to his feet. Nick hands him the World Title, which he takes with a satisfied smirk.

Mike Rolash: And once again, Dan Ryan shows us all why he's the absolute best at what he does.

Jim Gunt: Gotta give Harley Hodge credit, he took the fight to him. It just wasn't enough.

Mike Rolash: Do I have to? I'd rather just put him out to pasture.

Jim Gunt: (sighing) You're impossible.

Variety is Spicy!

Match

The crowd settles as cameras come to life and CWF's lead reporter, Tara Robinson's smiling face is shown.

Tara Robinson: A fantastic evening so far, and even though we still haven't found out who the new C.E.O is, we're about to end on what promises to be a very, explosive note. I'm joined now by the winner of the 2019 Golden Intentions Rumble winner, Mia Rayne.

The camera pans out to show Mia, dressed for battle in her usual gear. However, instead of sporting her traditional tank top, she has a Stacy Jones "Unbreakable" tshirt on and conspicuous in their absence, bandages or any other coverings to Mia's litany of scars. The marks left by Ataxia at Golden Intentions are still there, still pink and in the process of healing. Her arm is covered in fresh and not so fresh scars as she bounces around to get psyched up. She smiles at Tara and nods at the camera, bringing her energy level down a notch before starting up again.

Mia Rayne: Thanks for having us Tara!

Tara smiles and presses forward.

Tara Robinson: Mia, I have to ask, what's with the shirt?

Mia looks down at her shirt in confusion and then back up at Tara.

Mia Rayne: Oh! OH! We don't get to be "unbreakable" or "superwoman" because we put this shirt on?! We were trying to follow in Stacy's footsteps, but we suppose it didn't work. Guess one really has to stab their family in the back to make their marks and earn silly little nicknames.

Mia smirks at Tara and falls into a fit of high pitched giggles, which of course is only mildly disturbing to the average viewer.

Tara Robinson: Fair enough Mia. Any other thoughts on your match coming up next?

Mia thinks on things quickly before cutting her giggles short and addressing the camera.

Mia Rayne: Tonight, we made a change. We decided that there is music that can describe every mood, every feeling, and every... Opinion. Tonight, pay close attention as we make our way out to show Stacy her demise. Listen to the words we allow to announce our arrival. Aside from that... We made a promise to you Stacy. We told you we would show up to show you our battle scars. How'd we do Stacy? Not bad for a year in the business hmm? Tonight, we promise that from the time you hear our one time change in entrance music, to the ending bell, you will forever remember our name. Mia Rayne. No silly nicknames. No monikers to hang our proverbial hat upon. It's time for you to learn your lessons. You say we're all talk and no bite? Tonight, we show you just how rabid we can be.

With that Mia storms off to wait for her cue to make her way out to the ring.

Mia Rayne vs. Stacy Jones

Match

No content entered.

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