

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 57

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
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Results

Silas Artoria vs. Tom Marrow

Match

The 57th episode of CWF Evolution starts out with a massive widepan shot of the National Stadium in Kingston, Jamaica. The open air stadium holds a jam packed audience ready to go, as we see as the cameras zoom closer and we see hundreds and hundreds of fans screaming and leaping in the air to show off their signs. Finally the shot comes to a close at the announce table of Mike Rolash and Jim Gunt, who sit as ready as ever to call tonight's action.

Jim Gunt: Welcome ladies and gentlemen, to another big Evolution broadcast!

Mike Rolash: With only one week to go until the Paradise pay per view, everyone will be doing their best to pick up as much momentum as possible heading into Cancun!

Jim Gunt: That's right, and tonight's main event should be a great one, as Golden Intentions winner Mia Rayne takes on Paramount Champion Lindsay Troy for the first time ever in one on one competition.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, I can't wait to see LT destroy Mia tonight. But for now, let's send these to the ring where Ray is ready to get things started....

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

Red and Blue lights begin flashing, with sirens sounded. The theme song from COPS begins playing, as Amanda the Game Warden struts out in a beige police bedroom costume, covering up herself a little more than usual this week. She is holding a leash as the song "Who Let The Dogs Out" is mixed in, creating an "interesting" remix. 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.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Florida, Ohio....TOM MARROW!!

"Something Got Me Started" by Simple Red begins to play as the stage fills with fog, illuminated by deep blue lighting. Silas Artoria emerges from behind the curtain, with Hidetaka Ito flanking behind him as he makes no attempt at theatrics, just walks straight to the ring.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada....SILAS ARTORIA!!

Jim Gunt: This should be a very interesting matchup, Mike, and one that is a bit of return match as Tom Marrow was the second opponent that Silas went through in a Gauntlet Match many weeks ago when he successfully retained his Paramount Championship.

Mike Rolash: A championship, that may I add, is no longer his.

Jim Gunt: Very well, but Silas proved that night that he was an incredible, fighting champion, so we'll have to see what Benji can bring to the table to change his fortunes here tonight.

With Amanda the Game Warden and Hidetaka Ito on separate side of the ring both cheering on their clients, Trent

Robbins calls for the bell to get this one started. Tom Marrow takes a look back at Amanda who points at Artoria and screams "ATTACK!"

Jim Gunt: Amanda is all business here tonight, hopefully Tom can match her determination and make a better showing than he has the last few weeks.

Mike Rolash: What are you talking about Jim, at least he made it to the second week of Double Jeopardy. Better than three other men can say!

Jim Gunt: I guess you're right...woah! Marrow going on the attack now following direction from Amanda the Game Warden, as he meets Silas in the center of the ring with a front flip cannon ball!

Catching Silas off-guard with the cannonball, a hyped up Marrow looks to keep his momentum running as he drags Artoria over to the corner, calling for the Tail Wagging stinkface. As Benji gets on all fours and begins to parade around, the former Paramount Champion is already back to his feet with an almost forced smile on his face.

Jim Gunt: DOUBLE FOOT STOMP TO THE BACK OF MARROW'S HEAD AS HE TURNS AROUND! THIS MAY BE OVER ALREADY!

The smile already dissipating from Silas Artoria's face, he whips Tom onto his back and quickly crawls atop of him for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Tom Marrow rolls his shoulder at two, eliciting Amanda to slap the canvas in glee as she simultaneously screams for him to get back to his feet. Hidetaka Ito chooses to silently cheer on Artoria from the opposite side, as he raises Tom back to his feet and slaps his chest with a hefty knife edge chop. Benji backs up, yelping, before taking another chop that sends him into the corner.

Jim Gunt: Silas Artoria is making a clear statement here, Mike. He is not letting the loss at Golden Intentions get him down, as he looks more focused than ever tonight!

Mike Rolash: Maybe he should have been a little more focused at Golden Intentions?

Jim Gunt: Oh stop.

Silas comes in for yet another chop, this time Marrow using both of his arms to cover up his chest so Artoria changes it up, pulling himself to the back of Tom quickly as he raises his arms up in defense.

Jim Gunt: Snap Dragon Suplex! Artoria is back out to the apron and oh my god through the ropes like lightning. TWISTED VIRTUE TORNADO DDT!

Mike Rolash: Where did that come from!?

Jim Gunt: Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Marrow kicks out at two! I've got to give the dog his bone, this Tom Marrow is one tough son of a bitch that doesn't have an ounce of give-up in him!

Staying on his opponent, Artoria pulls Marrow up by his head, cranking down on him with both arms locked over him into a headlock. Benji fights back with an elbow, and yet another, sending Artoria into the ropes and awaiting him with a

wild smile on his face. Slingblade! Marrow grabs ahold of the rising Artoria, flinging his legs up over the ropes and back to the center of the ring.

Jim Gunt: Whatta Springboard Bulldog from the DAWG! Benji is now in control, could he pull off the upset here tonight?

Mike Rolash: I wouldn't bet on it, Jim, but ya never know. Every dog has its day.

Trying to get the Kingston crowd on his side, Tom Marrow waves his fist valiantly in the air before turning back around to Artoria and planting a surprisingly picture-perfect standing elbow drop to his heart. Grabbing him from around the head with his underarm wrapped over his neck, Tom lifts his opponent up looking for a Crossroads spinning reverse ddt. The Psychotic Aristocrat pushes out however, and then SPIKES Marrow with a Superkick to the side of the face! Both men lay flat on their backs, the Jamaican crowd cheering on both of them as they struggle to get back up.

Jim Gunt: Incredible opening bout for this week's Evolution, once again proving to the entire wrestling world why CWF is where it's at every Tuesday Night.

ONE!

Mike Rolash: Every freaking night, Jim. There's no other company out there that even comes close to doing what we do. They say imitation is the greatest form of flattery, but I'll be honest with you Jimbo...I'm far from flattered.

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: Nevertheless, we've got just two of dozens of the best professional wrestlers on the planet on our roster. And tonight THESE two, are putting on one hell of a show for not only our Jamaican fans watching here live in the jam-packed, open-air National Stadium, but everyone watching at home in the over fifty countries that CWF broadcasts to!

FOUR!

FIVE!

Rolling over to his side, Artoria is the first to grab onto the bottom rope and begin to pull himself up to his feet. Trent Robbins slows down his count as the Psychotic Aristocrat gets back to a base, Marrow beginning to get back to his feet as well. Artoria storms over to his opponent who is playing possum- or puppy- or something, with him, and tackles the Canadian Reaper with a Spear. Knowing this could be his opportunity to finally put away the former Paramount Champion, Benji pulls Artoria up and onto his shoulders.

Jim Gunt: BULL DOG! The massive running powerslam that Tom Marrow calls the Bull Dog is successful, and this could spell the end for Silas as he goes for the cover on him.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

ARTORIA ROLLS A SHOULDER AT TWO AND A HALF!

Mike Rolash: Nope! Hell of a move there from Tom, but Artoria is fighting on another level here tonight.

Jim Gunt: Perhaps there's still a trace of the Passenger showing up?

Tom Marrow attempts to lift Artoria back to his feet but receives another knife edge chop for his trouble. Marrow comes back with a European Uppercut that rocks the Canadian Reaper, grabbing ahold of him by the arm and whipping back into the other set of ropes. Silas ducks under a leaping clothesline attempt from Benji, stopping in his tracks to grab

Marrow from behind and throw him high into the air for a massive Backbreaker! Silas makes a cut throat motion to the cheering Kingston crowd before hoisting Marrow up onto his shoulders.

Jim Gunt: FALL OF MAN!

Mike Rolash: Goodnight Irene! I mean Tom!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

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

"Something Got Me Started" once again plays as Artoria rolls off of Tom Marrow, taking in the adulation from the Kingston crowd that cheers him on. Silas signals to the timekeeper to pass him a microphone, which arrives promptly. Not another second passes as he starts to pace around the ring, tapping the microphone until the deep bumps emanate through the speakers.

He's tense, lips hardened, yet full of energy.

Silas Artoria: Oh how I miss talking to everyone directly.

His breathing quickened, a little bit more erratic.

Silas Artoria: Miss Troy...come on, really?

Quick giggle.

Silas Artoria: It wasn't enough for you to trot into the ring and try to brutalise my mentor.

Cough.

Silas Artoria: Now you insist on running away from a fight when the challenge comes back to you!

He looks at the audience.

Silas Artoria: We gave you the biggest paycheques! We gave you the television time. I made you a STAR! You rose because of ME!

Spitting.

Silas Artoria: And you stole something from me, before taking the ball and running for the hills! Yet you forgot the clause that comes with the contract you inked! Section five point one!

Speech getting quicker and more crazed, as his teeth grit and his breathing got more seethed.

Silas Artoria: Should the champion lose their awarded title in a sanctioned match, theyareentitledtoarematchatanagreedupontime!

Deep breath.

Silas Artoria: DID YOU HEAR THAT MISS TROY!??

Finally, his tone slows and calms lightly. His breathing is still heavy, although the mania flowing within his veins was evident.

Silas Artoria: The Paramount Championship....I'm coming after it. Sooner or later...

He looks into the hard camera, wide eyed, crazed.

Silas Artoria: ...because reality eventually catches up in the end.

Beat.

Silas Artoria: Until then, I need a warm up opponent. Someone fresh and new, someone I am unfamiliar with.

A manic grin appears.

Silas Artoria: So....Kyuseishu...

Pause.

Silas Artoria: Why don't you and I open the gates to Paradise, together?

Finally, his tone reaches his normal self, even if it is layered with manic fever.

Silas Artoria: [[Bring everything, and I'll bring more.]]

He slams the microphone to the ring mat, and finally makes his way to the exit.

Jim Gunt: Looks like we have ourselves another challenge for Paradise!

Every Dog Has His Day

Match

The cameras cut to a backstage corridor in the National Stadium, empty except for several stagehands wheeling a large black trunk towards the parking lot. Tom Marrow limps down the hallway following his match with Silas Artoria, his hand massaging the back of his neck as the Game Warden scowls behind him. Suddenly she lashes out, slapping him viciously over the head and eliciting a yowl of pain from the masked wrestler.

Amanda The Game Warden: You had it! How could you lose!?

Marrow- or Benji, in this case- gives a low whine in response.

The Game Warden: No matter. I'm sure I can still organise a trick or two for Paradise.

Benji: Arf, woof!

The Game Warden: That's right, my sweet pet. Forget about Silas Artoria. We need to set our sights higher.

As they walk down the corridor, there's a sudden burst of muffled laughter. The Game Warden and Benji pause and turn to find themselves face-to-face with Nathan Paradine, leaning against the wall in a small alcove with his arms crossed over his chest. Benji cocks his head, while the Game Warden appears to be unimpressed.

The Game Warden: Nathan Paradine... more of the riff-raff that inhabits the CWF. What are you doing skulking around back there? You're not even supposed to be competing tonight.

Paradine shrugs.

Nathan Paradine: You never know what might happen. We're one week out from Paradise, and I'm not booked in a match. I figured I'd show up, ruffle a few feathers and see what I could manage to do.

Paradine kicks off the wall and approaches the Game Warden. Benji gives a low growl and Paradine pauses, his hand rubbing his chin thoughtfully.

Nathan Paradine: All bark and no bite, judging by the woeful performance I saw out there tonight. Did she take your balls at the same time she took your dignity, mate?

The growling from Benji intensifies and he narrows his eyes at the Australian Submission Machine. The Game Warden places a reassuring hand on his chest and flashes a smirk at Paradine, who appears to be unperturbed.

The Game Warden: My Benji has had a... bad run of luck, lately. Much like yourself, Paradine. How long has it been since you won a match? Three weeks, or four? It would seem that the only person around here lately who can't seem

to get the job done one way or another would be you, don't you think?

The Game Warden rubs the slight bulge in her stomach, and Benji lets out another whine. Paradine drops all pretenses, allowing his disgust to show plainly on his face.

Nathan Paradine: Listen here. You're both sick, you understand that? In a business full of freaks and weirdos, you two might just be the wackiest loonies I've ever met. I mean, you parade yourself around like a dog for Chrissakes! That child is going to be twisted, and deranged, and you'd be better off doing the world a favor and aborting it before-

THWACK. Paradine is sent staggering backwards from a vicious right hand blow from Benji, who stares down the former tag team champion. Paradine clutches at his jaw in shock at the punch.

Benji: Grrr... ARF ARF!

Paradine spits on the ground at Benji's feet, regarding both Benji and the Game Warden with hatred.

Nathan Paradine: That was a real bitch-shot, Benji. Wanna try it again sometime? Only... let's make things official. You and me, one on one at Paradise.

Benji: Arf!

Nathan Paradine: And I'll even do you one better. Since you enjoy being in the dog house so much, how about the two of us put man-sized collars around our necks, have a large dog chain attached to both of us, and whichever one of us can get to all four corners first wins. We'll call it a Dog Chain Match, what do you say?

Benji: Grrr....Arf! Arf!

Nathan Paradine: I'll take that as a yes. See you there, freak.

Paradine backs away from Benji and the Game Warden, both of them standing him down defiantly as the cameras cut back to the ring.

Autumn Raven (c) vs. PJ Blake

Match

Jim Gunt: Looks like Paradine has found himself a new enemy, Mike!

Mike Rolash: I don't think he'll have much trouble dealing with that pooch.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, with thirty minute time limit.

Purple lights shine around the top of the ramp, fog rolling around it as the beginning lyrics of the song start to play, the tron displaying a purple outlined black raven with her name fading in over it. As the guitar riff starts up, the purple lights start to flicker like a strobe light as Autumn slowly walks out from the back, coming to a stop at the top of the ramp. She glances out at the crowd with a smirk on her face as she starts down the ramp slowly.

Ray Douglas: From Los Angeles, California, she is the current 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.

"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. 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.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent, from Seattle, Washington....PJ Blake!!

Jim Gunt: A win over Autumn Raven would be a great step towards challenging for that title that A-Ray carries around her waist.

Mike Rolash: And a victory for Autumn Raven would put an end to such aspirations, and prove her case as a strong fighting Champion.

Jim Gunt: Either way this match means a lot for both competitors.

Referee Scott Dean signals for the bell and Autumn wastes no time in getting thing started. The current Impact Champion charges forward and catches PJ off-guard with a running dropkick, sending PJ Blake careening back against the ropes. Bouncing back off of the ring ropes, PJ is unable to recover in time and muster a defence against A-Ray's follow up, standing hurricanrana.

She holds on for a quick first pin.

Jim Gunt: The Impact Champion living up to her name, hoping to overcome her opponent with a quick and hard hitting offense right from the word go.

ONE!

TWO-PJ breaks out!

Mike Rolash: Could be worse, could have nearly lost to a series of hop-tosses.

Both competitors are straight back to their feet, Autumn lunging forward first, but PJ Blake ducks underneath her eager grasp and swings around to take the Beautiful Psychopath down with a back drop. She positions herself to apply a crossface submission, but Autumn Raven rolls through, releasing herself from PJ's clutches and escaping to a nearby corner.

Mike Rolash: Autumn seems taken aback. She intended to hit PJ hard and fast, yet PJ is matching her.

As they advance, PJ strikes first, doubling over the Impact Champion with a gut kick, following up with a DDT, spiking A-Ray's head on the mat. With a hook of the leg, PJ makes a cover on the champion.

ONE!

TWO!

Autumn kicks out!

Without missing a beat PJ Blake is up to her feet, coming off of the ropes and coming back at A-Ray with a shining wizard. Again a well-placed dropkick puts an end to that, knocking PJ clean off her feet. Autumn Raven capitalises with a running leg drop then quickly steps up to the top of the turnbuckle.

Jim Gunt: This is where Autumn can be at her most dangerous!

The Beautiful Psychopath is up top, set to fly, when suddenly the familiar entrance music of Brandon Youngblood begins to play. Autumn Raven turns in preparation for an ambush, but Brandon himself isn't actually anywhere to be found.

Mike Rolash: What is this all about? Where is Brandon?

A-Ray's delay proves costly, as PJ Blake takes the legs of Autumn out from under her. The Impact Champion falls from the top of the turnpost, crash landing unceremoniously back to the mat. As she struggles to regain her composure, PJ connects with the Rise on the kneeling Champion.

Jim Gunt: Brandon is making even more of an enemy of Autumn, causing a distraction when Autumn looked ready to take full control of this match.

Blake ascends the turnbuckle herself and does not hesitate, leaping into the air and coming back down onto her opponent with the patented Legacy. The impact of the landing rocks PJ momentarily, but she recovers to quickly make the cover.

Jim Gunt: How can it end like this?!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by pinfall....PJ BLAKE!!

"Light Em' Up" once again plays and PJ Blake hops up to celebrate her big victory over the Impact Champion.

Mike Rolash: Brandon has certainly got some explaining to do.

There you go, spreading the lies.

Match

Jim Gunt: Oh no. I'm getting word Kyuseishu is backstage stirring up a commotion. What is it with this guy?

Mike Rolash: I find him very informative, while you keep speaking of him with a fake news bias.

Jim Gunt: The only thing fake is "Hoyt Williams'" entire savior act.

Mike Rolash: There you go, spreading the lies.

The camera cuts to a conference room in the back of the arena. The local press is present as they flash pictures of the podium as Karen dressed in sweatshirt and sweatpants walks out, followed by Kyuseishu who's forehead is bandaged up from last week's fork attack he's wearing a black warm up suit. Behind him walks Kyu's head of security who is the massive 6'11" Japanese monster Daisuke Daiki. His face is covered by a Kabuki mask while his solid chest is bare. Walking on a leash with Daiki is Meowru Suzuki, the snow-white emotional support cat with the mean eyes.

Kyuseishu: A new era has begone again in CWF with the rising of a Rishel. Nepotism is alive and well in the wrestling world as, yet another straight white male has taken the CEO role. How long do we have to see the same faces, with the same colors, and the same vision that has poisoned our culture for too long? Looking to the past to revive the future is silly. Unless you're talking about the bible and MY family's history.

The cat makes an impressive leap to sit on the podium, and right on top of Kyuseishu's notes.

Kyuseishu: I stand with the people of color whom are being shunned. I will do what I could do to make sure the President, CEO, Owner whatever the hell his title is remains in line. We will not be bullied my POC friends I speak your voice. I myself have been mistreated. Abused. Silenced. My religion has been oppressed here in CWF. Jim Gunt has spoken LIES and PROPAGANDA against me, my cat, and our mission of decency in a time of turbulence.

The cat yawns.

Jim Gunt: Please.

Mike Rolash: Be quiet it's a press conference.

Kyuseishu: Even with the universe against me, and as cruelty as I've been victimized, I still THRIVE. I'm God's champion for a reason, and despite my persecution I soldier on. To may shadowy characters lurk the hall of the CWF.

Last week I was stabbed by a golden fork in a vicious attack of hate and political assassination. A few weeks ago, I fought a bum or a hobo...not sure which. EVEN tonight, I'm in a hard-core match with a pervert! FOUL. LEWD. LASCIVIOUS!! That is the only way to describe him.

The social justice samurai puts his hands to his face and shakes his head.

Kyuseishu: He threatened to LICK MY PUSSY on national television and that sums up what a horrible human wearing a stupid mask is.

The cat blinks heavily.

Kyuseishu: Where has the decency gone? The lack of morality in this federation STOPS today. I am on a mission to clean up the CWF, and it starts next week at Paradise Beach in Zona Hotelera, where I accept the challenge of Silas Artoria, and challenge him to a strong style match, where the loser leaves Mexico OR loser gives Stevie Wonder a kidney. I don't know which, management can set it up anyway they want. But they MUST book this match, or the lawsuits will begin flying. I will not fight another Hobo. Old timer. Freak.

Karen gets on her phone to send a strong worded e-mail to Rishel.

Kyuseishu: For too long these white people have crossed the borders of Canada to seek work in my native land of America. They come for the opportunity while bitch about our ways of life. I may be an expatriated American, but once an American always an American. He's a Canadian selling a phony style that spits in the face of American saviors like myself. If I were president I would immediately build a wall on the northern border. Plus, I need to stomp out these other Japanese fetishists, culturally appropriating from my adoptive people. I'm the true round-eyed king of Puroresu I'm a God loving Samurai for my brother Christ's sake!!! The way Silas dresses...offends me. The way he talks...offends me. The way the sheep like crowd cheers for him...offends me. He is a very offensive man and I will show the world why I AM THEIR KYUSEISHU!!!!

The savior grabs his cats' leash and walks out of the room with his crew.

Jim Gunt: I hope we get that match and Silas destroys him.

Mike Rolash: CWF better book it or Karen will talk to management also again with that bias fake media.

Special Guest

Match

As "The Broken" by Coheed and Cambria blasts over the speaker system, the newest boss in town strolls quickly out from the back with a light grey suit on, and a microphone in hand. Jaiden Rishel waits momentarily at the top of the ramp, taking in the mixed response from the Jamaican crowd before heading the rest of the way down towards the ring. Jaiden looks on at the massive arena full of people after entering the ring, a smile on his face as he soaks it all in.

Mike Rolash: A couple weeks into the job, our new C.E.O Jaiden Rishel has made quite the splash so far.

Jim Gunt: I would agree for the most part, Mike. But there are those that accuse Jaiden of just being a scapegoat, someone who was easy to fit into the C.E.O position following the firing of Jon Stewart.

Mike Rolash: Oh please. The First Family is back in control and Jaiden is the ONLY man for the job.

Standing up as he lets those last words bleed out, Mike Rolash claps valiantly so that Jaiden can clearly see him from the ring. The new boss smirks at the color commentator, giving a mild wave before turning his attention back to the crowd. The Prodigal Son looks up and down the crowd, quietly eyeing up the audience who begins to boo him. Jaiden seems to be offended by the response, raising his hand in an attempt to quiet the crowd so he can begin.

Jaiden Rishel: Alright, alright, that's enough of that. Listen, I am not like some of the other people who have done this job before me. I am not out here to take the time from the phenomenal wrestlers we have in the back. I'm not here to gloat about how great of a job I've done so far, although the ratings have been at an all time high the last two weeks but hey that could just be a coincidence, right?

Jaiden stops talking for just a second, allowing the Jamaican crowd to begin to boo him before he places the microphone right back up to his mouth and continues.

Jaiden Rishel: I didn't think so. So anyway, without further ado how about we bring out my special guest for this evening!? What do you guys say?

"New Orleans Heavy Swamp Blues" by Justin Johnson begins to play and the Jamaican crowd are unsure what to think at first until the Cajun Sensation pops out from behind the curtain. Tobias Devereaux stands at the top of a CWF ramp for the first time in many months, a sly smile on his face as he looks out into the crowd. Tobias makes his way to both sides of the ramp, taking his time as he looks out to the sold out crowd taunting them to get louder.

Jim Gunt: Tobias Devereaux is back, ladies and gentlemen!

Mike Rolash: And he sure is taking his sweet old time getting down to the ring, as well.

Jaiden can be seen with a surprised look on his face as Tobias continues slowly making his way down. The Prodigal Son waves his hands as he makes eye contact with Devereaux, telling him to hurry it along, and Tobias does just that and makes his way the rest of the way down the ramp. He slides under the bottom rope, springing up and taking in the response from the crowd yet again.

Tobias Devereaux: Shew, de people, dey still like ol' Tobias.

Tobias shoots his trademark smirk towards the people.

Tobias Devereaux: Have no fear Ole' Tobias, at yews service mon amie.

Jaiden Rishel: Excuse me?

Jaiden doesn't know what to make of Tobias, and some of the fans at ringside laugh at his response.

Tobias Devereaux: I's here.

Jaiden Rishel: Yes, Tobias, I understand that. But my question to you, is WHY the hell are you here!? You are NOT my special guest for this evening. No one invited you to be out here. You have no reason to be out here...so what the hell are you doing out here!?

Tobias Devereaux: Oh calm down now, Mon amie. Yews gonna go and blow one of dem dere gaskets and have some sort of embolism. I's just how dey say messin wit yew.

Jaiden's face reddens but before he can speak Tobias turns back to the crowd.

Tobias Devereaux: Yew see, de ting is yew say yew got a big important surprise and well we all know dere no betta Ace to have up yews sleeve den de Cajun Sensation..no?

Tobias stops for a moment letting the crowd to get in some cheers. Jaiden goes to speak but is cut off again by Devereaux.

Tobias Devereaux: Now I know de big question is where ya been Tobias to which I say minding my business yew should try it sometime. No no I'm just givin ya a hard time, I's been away healing up and preparing. Don't tink I forgot about dis place or dese here people!

Tobias twirls the mic in his hand for a moment as Jaiden goes to speak again Tobias holds up a hand.

Tobias Devereaux: Shh shh shh grown folk talking now, I don't want de likes of Loki....or is it Mia again to think I've forgotten de score. I don't want people tinkin dat deme shiny gold belts are safe. I most certainly don't want ole Paradine...my dawg as it were to be worried about when ole Tobias will return to help right de wrongs dat have befallen him here. Oh because it will be soon Mon Amie. I guarantee.

Jaiden Rishel: Enough!

Tobias nearly jumps out of his boots as an angry Rishel raises his arms in the air.

Jaiden Rishel: Enough of whatever the hell you're saying, enough of these god damned games. I still don't have a clue what you're even doing out here, but GET! Get the hell out of my arena, and as long as I am the boss around here, I declare that you will NEVER be allowed back in a CWF arena. Now please, security, take out the trash...

Dozens of security come walking quickly down the rampway with handcuffs, batons, and other weaponry in hand. Tobias raises his hands in the air, as if he doesn't realize what all the hostility is all about. Finally he pokes Jaiden in the eye and dives under the ropes, making an attempt to leap over the security guards but getting caught and drug up the ramp.

Mike Rolash: Thank god, get that idiot the hell outta here.

Jim Gunt: Oh come on Mike, I kinda miss Tobias!

Mike Rolash: I don't, our poor C.E.O had a special guest and now we'll never get to see who it was. Tobias Devereaux ruins everything!

Ataxia vs. Kyuseishu

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is a Hardcore Match set for one fall, with no time limit! All weapons are legal, with only pinfalls, submissions, and count outs counting!

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. 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.

Ray Douglas: First to the ring, hailing from Nishi-Shinjuku, Tokyo, Japan. He is the Holy Samurai - KYUSEISHU!

Jim Gunt: I must say that his entrance is quite impressive.

Mike Rolash: Meh, it's just Azrael in Japanese.

Jim Gunt: Really, Mike?

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

"AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA"

"Dangerous Tonight" by Alice Cooper hits and for a moment nothing happens. A murmur goes through the crowd until the curtain moves and a black object is being pushed through.

Jim Gunt: What on earth...

Mike Rolash: I don't like the look of this!

The black object is Ataxia's trademark coffin, but he is straining to push it through the curtain as if it is filled with rocks. As he nears the ramp he quickly switches to the other side to avoid it racing down, at times barely managing.

Jim Gunt: Alright, I guess we should have expected something like this with a hardcore match.

Mike Rolash: No shit.

Wiping the sweat off his burlap covered brow he climbs through the ring, giving Kyuseishu a wave before blowing him a gloved hand kiss, causing the Savior to shoot him a haughty look disdain. Referee Clark Summits brings the two competitors together in the centre of the ring to give them the final rundown before he pauses, just makes a dismissive hand motion and signals for the bell to be rung.

Mike Rolash: What was that about?

Jim Gunt: It's a hardcore match, so pretty much anything goes. Not much to go through really.

Mike Rolash: Good point.

And without so much as a warning Kyuseishu immediately attacks Ataxia with stiff kicks to the sides of the knees and before the Knight in Shining Burlap knows what is happening he is down to his knees. As the Chicagoan goes for the next kick to the side of the head, though, Ataxia lets himself fall to the mat, avoiding the impact and using Kyuseishu's momentum brings the big man down to the mat with a leg sweep of his own. Not wasting any time he jumps to his feet and jumps off for a hard knee to the head that briefly stuns his opponent.

Jim Gunt: An energetic opening to this match, I wonder if they will be able to keep this up, though.

Mike Rolash: It'll slow down once they get the weapons.

Right away Ataxia goes for the top rope and leaps off with what appears to be a frog splash, but at the last moment he pulls in his knees to plant them into Kyuseishu's gut. The Holy Samurai, though, has enough wherewithal to roll himself out of the way and Ataxia lands harshly on the unforgiving canvas, yelling out in pain. As he writhes in pain, Kyuseishu rolls out of the ring and lifts the ring apron.

Mike Rolash: There we go, now the fun begins!

After a bit of rummaging around, the big man comes back out with a kendo stick, a chair and an aluminium garbage can, but before he can get his tools of the trade into the ring, his face is met with the boots of Ataxia as he baseball slides straight into his opponent with a sickening crunch. Immediately a thin line of blood is trickling from Kyuseishu's nose as he pulls himself off the mat on the outside.

Jim Gunt: That most not have felt good on the nose.

Mike Rolash: I know! I see blood, this is going to get good!

Seeing the kendo stick on the ground, Ataxia quickly walks over and begins to pelt Kyuseishu with hard strikes to the chest and head. The stick begins to fray from the hard impact and finally snaps right across Kyuseishu's chest, leaving him out of breath. A low cackle can be heard over the crowd's noise, slowly and steadily growing louder as he walks over to his coffin and lifts the skirt underneath. A gasp goes through the crowd.

Jim Gunt: Holy shit, he has a whole arsenal of weapons stored under there!

Mike Rolash: No wonder he had such a hard time pushing this thing!

The first two things he pulls out of the oblong box are a baseball bat and an actual brick, which he carelessly throws into the ring, followed by a sledgehammer.

Jim Gunt: Whoa, this could get really ugly really quick!

While Ataxia had gone through his coffin, Kyuseishu has also brought his toys into the ring and now the two are standing across from each other, one holding the steel chair, the other the baseball bat and brick. Without hesitation Ataxia launches the brick at Kyuseishu, who swats it aside with the chair, narrowly avoiding Clark Summits. Trying to cash in on the swing, Ataxia goes in right away with his baseball bat, swinging for the fences and hitting Kyuseishu in the shoulder, but the big man does still not let go of his chair. More out of instinct than anything else he wheels around, bringing the chair with him and nailing Ataxia into the side of the neck with it before both men go down.

Mike Rolash: Yes, this is how it should be. Hard, brutal and I am safely out here!

Jim Gunt: Don't jinx it, especially with matches like this stuff is bound to go flying where it shouldn't!

Mike Rolash: Oh crap, yes...

Kyuseishu is the first to try to get back to a vertical position and with the help of the ropes pulls himself up, his left arm hanging and wincing when trying to move it. At the same time Ataxia is on his hands and knees, retching from the impact to his neck, but slowly getting to his feet as well.

Mike Rolash: See? Told you it'd get slower.

With all weapons out of reach for now, Kyuseishu charges in with a spear that catches Ataxia before he can get his defenses up and pins him hard into the ring corner. Quickly Kyuseishu backs into the opposite corner and with speed belying his size he runs on, jumps off and nails Ataxia with a hard knee right to the chin that makes his head violently snap backwards.

Jim Gunt: Ouch, that could have broken his neck!

Mike Rolash: It could have, but knowing Ataxia, he must have some rubber bands or something in there, because he just won't stay down, no matter what!

For now, though, Ataxia is on the ground while Kyuseishu briefly catches his breath. Looking around he sees the brick that he had deflected earlier and goes to pick it up. Towering over the falling Ataxia he lifts it high over his head and then brings it down between Ataxia's shoulders with enough force to cleanly break it in half, drawing a pained grunt from the Messiah Pariah. Carelessly tossing aside the broken brick, Kyuseishu drags Ataxia up by the mask and then into the centre of the ring. Still holding on to it, he delivers a swinging neckbreaker and Ataxia is motionless for now.

Jim Gunt: He definitely knows how to brawl and use his size and weight to his advantage.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, I'm not quite sure if I like him or not, but seeing him throw Ataxia around like a rag doll is already worth the money.

Jim Gunt: You get paid to be here.

Mike Rolash: It is worth the money they pay me, what did you think? That I would pay to see this?

Jim Gunt: Just be honest, you would pay to see Ataxia getting torn apart.

Mike Rolash: Touche.

Instead of going for a pin attempt, Kyuseishu does not seem to be content to end things as they are, but is back under the ring, producing a table and a roll of barbed wire.

Jim Gunt: And there is the barbed wire. I think now is the time, where stuff is going to get downright nasty.

After checking on Ataxia and one stiff kick to the side to make sure he is staying down, he sets up the table and begins to wrap the barbed wire around it.

Mike Rolash: Yes, I think this one is going to positively hurt!

Jim Gunt: There's a very distinct chance, especially as he picks him up like a rag doll.

In a demonstration of strength he lifts Ataxia over his head and walks over to the table before dropping him right through it, parts of the mask and tuxedo staying stuck in the barbed wire as it collapses. For the moment, Ataxia is still not moving.

Jim Gunt: Hm, he is still not moving, this is not usual.

Mike Rolash: Meh, he might just play possum again.

Not all that familiar with Ataxia's antics, Kyuseishu bows his head in prayer for a few moments before advancing on the Messiah Pariah again, but these few moments are enough for Ataxia to roll out of the debris, leaving some pieces of fabric behind on some of the barbs, going for the ropes and nailing Kyuseishu with a running dropkick that sends him into the ropes. As he rebounds, Ataxia already is back on his feet and with a step up enzuigiri fells the big man. As he stands over him, panting, his trademark cackle begins again, growing louder and louder.

Mike Rolash: Called it.

After a brief, but intense look at Mike, who visibly pales, Ataxia exits the ring again next to his coffin and pulls out a large sheet of glass from underneath and slides it into the ring.

Jim Gunt: Oh good Lord...

He props it up across the wreckage of the table and moves to help Kyuseishu back to his feet. He positions the wobbly opponent in the centre of the ring before climbing to the top turnbuckle.

Mike Rolash: I smell a big crash coming!

Jim Gunt: It is amazing how quick the tables, no pun intended, can turn in a match like that, especially with Ataxia involved.

With reckless abandon Ataxia leaps off and with a missile dropkick catapults Kyuseishu backwards, through the glass pane and into the barbed wire around the broken table, making him cry out in pain, trying to grasp the glass shards sticking out of his shoulder, drawing more blood. Ataxia's cackle has grown to maniacal proportions now and he scurries over to the side of the ring again, where his coffin is and slides through the ropes. As soon as he touches the ground, though, the lid of the coffin flies open.

Jim Gunt: WHOA!

Mike Rolash: What the--?

Ataxia is still stunned as a fist emerges, hitting him square in the jaw. The crowd lets out a gasp and cheer as The Shadow sits up in the coffin.

Crowd: HOLY CRAP! HOLY CRAP!

Jim Gunt: No shit!

Mike Rolash: Oh my God!

Jim Gunt: Few things can shake Ataxia, but I think this did it!

Ataxia just stares at his coffin as The Shadow stands up inside. In an attempt to get away from his nemesis, Ataxia rolls into the ring, trying to get to his baseball, but he does not dare take his eyes off The Shadow as he jumps to the apron. Amidst all the commotion Kyuseishu has managed to get himself back upright and all glass shards removed by the referee, but neither Ataxia nor The Shadow pay any heed to him. The Shadow steps through the ropes and the two former friends come face to mask in the middle of the ring.

Jim Gunt: These two are not done yet, that is for sure!

Mike Rolash: I wish they were. And that they would both lose...

Clark Summits is trying to get The Shadow to leave the ring, but neither of the men makes any moves. Kyuseishu, though, attempts to take advantage of the situation by running at both men with a flying body press, but a super kick by The Shadow halts his momentum and he goes down hard again before using the distraction to bring Ataxia down with a stunner himself.

Mike Rolash: Disqualify Ataxia, The Shadow kicked down Kyuseishu!

Jim Gunt: I don't think there are any disqualifications in a hardcore match, Mike.

At that moment the eleven disciples of Kyuseishu emerge from backstage, headed for the ring in defense of their leader, but just as suddenly a couple of The Shadow's Druids appear, intercepting the kabuki wearing disciples before they can leave the stage, resulting in a brawl that we have not seen since Ouroboros and The Shadow had clashed many months ago.

Jim Gunt: Wow, this got out of hand quick here!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, are we going to get our match finished, though?

Jim Gunt: Well, The Shadow seems to be done in the ring and Kyuseishu is arguing with Clark in there.

The Holy Samurai keeps gesturing towards The Shadow, but Clark Summits has none of it.

Mike Rolash: He is distracted again, you don't leave Ataxia unattended!

And the punishment follows right after, because while Kyuseishu has been arguing, Ataxia managed to get some nunchucks from his coffin and the moment Clark steps back from the still arguing Kyuseishu he launches them at his unsuspecting opponent, wrapping the chain around his neck before pouncing on him and bringing him to the mat, still holding on to both of the handles. As Kyuseishu begins to turn purple, Clark Summits drops down to the mat to check on him and while Kyuseishu refuses to tap out, he passes out from the lack of oxygen.

Mike Rolash: See? See? What did I say? You can't leave that psycho unattended or things go bad, geez...

Ray Douglas: And the winner by incapacitation - ATAXIA!

A warm invitation

Match

Evolution resumes after a short break to a shot of the backstage area, decked out in beach-themed props and what not. There's a couple of chairs sitting on either side of a nice little table, and in one of these chairs is sitting Autumn Raven with her title belt sitting in her lap. She has an angry look on her face, still upset about the outcome of her own match but she lets out a sigh and glances at the camera.

Autumn Raven: Hey, over here! Come closer, yes closer...

The camera guy steps closer until he's just a few feet away.

Autumn Raven: Perfect. You know I've been sitting here thinking, watching the show go on, and I've been trying to come up with a suitable solution...for my upcoming title match at Paradise now that we know...or rather... I...know who will be standing on the other side of that ring from me.

She pauses for a second.

Autumn Raven: Since I am champ, and plan on doing my best to walk out of Cancun with this shiny thing still around

my waist, I have the luxury of deciding what kind of stipulation to tag onto the match. Management has given me full permission to decide whatever I want...within reason of course. I have so much to choose from Brandon, you have no idea. There's so many different ways I want to bring you into my world and destroy you for the world to see.

Autumn taps her finger on her chin, thinking for a few moments before her eyes get wide and she holds up a finger.

Autumn Raven: I've got it. I think this would suit everyone rather nicely, and I do admit it has a certain flair about it. This is my challenge to you, Brandon, cause I know you're listening out there in la la land. Our match at Paradise, in that beautiful city, in front of all those fans in that arena and the ones secretly watching at home...I have decided...will be inside of a steel cage. Or as those in the know call it...Hell in a cell. I think that's good enough to hold the two of us yeah? So what do you say, hmm? Do you accept or not. Either way, you and I are gonna meet and we're gonna see who walks out at the end of the night with this.

Autumn glances down at her Impact Championship, patting it with a look of determination as the cameras cut back to ringside.

Sam Braxton vs. Vince Espinoza

Match

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

"Become The Enemy" by Like a Storm hits and Sam slides out onto the stage. He remains on his knees and waits for Dean to march onto the stage, standing behind him. Together they look around The National Stadium and to the ring before Sam leaps to his feet.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, being accompanied by Dean Coulter! He is one half of the CWF Tag Team Champions! Representing The Lost Boys! SAM BRAXTON!

Sam throws back the hood of his jacket and sprints down to ringside. Just as he nears the ring, Braxton is blindsided by Vince Espinoza who barrels into him, sending him flying and crashing near the steel steps.

Jim Gunt: Oh My Lord! Where did he come from!?

Mike Rolash: I bet Sam will stop running ahead of Dean now..

After witnessing what just happened, Coulter looks to come to his partners aid but is blindsided himself from behind by Martinez. Coulter crashes to the ramp and goes rolling down to ringside. Meanwhile, Espinoza stalks Braxton who tries to recover. Vince violently clubs him across the back, sending him sprawling back to the floor. He snatches Braxton up off of the floor before slamming his head hard into the ring steps. Braxton stumbles back and crashes to the floor mat.

Jim Gunt: Ladies and gentlemen, we had a singles match scheduled but right now this is just an all out assault!

Mike Rolash: You gotta keep your head on the swivel or you're definitely going to drop the ball.

Martinez uses his foot to choke Coulter as he's down near the barricade. The Kingston fans shower the two with jeers but they get even louder when Byron steps from behind the curtain with a big smile plastered on his face. He mockingly claps his hands together as he admires his clients' work. Espinoza has Braxton high in the air with a military press and just ragdolls Sam between the top and middle rope sending him crashing inside of the ring. Espinoza calmly grabs the middle rope and pulls himself to the apron before stepping through the ropes where a recovered Braxton nails him with a dropkick. Vince doesn't go down! Sam curses and races across the ring and hits the ropes. He rebounds and Vince swings for a lariat. Sam ducks and springs off the ropes. Flipping backwards for a springboard moonsault but Vince catches him on his shoulder.

Jim Gunt: Braxton thought he could manage some type of comeback but Vince looks to put a quick end to that.

Mike Rolash: Went to the well early and now he's going to pay for it.

Vince stalks around the ring with a Braxton on his shoulder and looks to plant him with a running powerslam but Sam wiggles free, landing behind Espinoza. He jumps up and brings Vince crashing the mat with a Jumping Neckbreaker. For what it's worth, Freddie has no clue what to do because just as he's about to ring the bell to start the contest, Martinez slides inside of the ring and tackles Braxton down to the canvas. Freddie says screw it and leaves the ring.

Jim Gunt: Where's Freddie going?

Mike Rolash: The match that he was supposed to officiate is already gone to shit. Might as well call it a night.

Vince is back to his feet and joining Martinez in the stompfest on Braxton. Byron joins them inside of the ring and watches on from the corner. The Jamaican fans explode though as Coulter returns back to the ring with a steel chair and clocks Martinez across the back. Omar goes down and Dean swings for the fences at Espinoza's masked head. A loud crack rings through The National Stadium as Dean stands there in awe at the fact that Vince is still standing. He swings again but Vince punches the chair, knocking it free from Coulter's clutches. SUPERKICK by Braxton to the side of Vince's head sends him staggering through the ropes and to the floor.

Jim Gunt: This is pandemonium!

Mike Rolash: Huh? Pandalike's making a return?

Jim Gunt: Wha... you know what, nevermind.. Anyway right now, the tag champs are clearing house and.. uh ohh.. Look who's left inside of the ring..

Mike Rolash: Run Byron!

Byson has nowhere to go as he's cornered by the champs. Out the corner of his eye, Dean spots Vince trying to re-enter the ring and launches the chair at his skull. Vince is out! He turns their attention back to Byron, who pleads with the champs.

Mike Rolash: Why are they going after him? He's simply the voice behind MKU..

Jim Gunt: And that's exactly the reason why they're targeting him.

Byson tries to duck through the ropes but Braxton quickly grabs him by the back of his suit jacket. His hat goes flying outside of the ring as Braxton pulls him into a big right hand. Byron crashes to the mat as Dean slides out of the ring and begins to search under the ring. He soon pulls out a table. The crowd goes nuts. He sets the table up near a corner as Sam scales the top. Dean with a handful of hair brings a dazed Byron to his feet and hoists him up into the air for a powerbomb. Dean has Byron positioned near the table as Sam comes flying off the top, grabbing Byron's head in the process.

Jim Gunt: FINAL DESTINATION 2 THROUGH THE TABLE!

Mike Rolash: He's not contracted to compete.. this was totally uncalled for!

Byson lies unconscious within the splinters of the shattered table. "Become The Enemy" starts back up as the champs mount separate turnbuckles to play to the cheering fans.

Jim Gunt: Things continue to heat up between these two teams as they head for a collision course at Paradise.

Mike Rolash: That match is indeed going to be explosive and I'm sure the Most Known Unknowns will be looking to gain some measure of revenge.

The Gum Flappin' and the Talky Thing

Match

Following the brawl between Ataxia and Kyuseishu, intrepid CWF interviewer Tara Robinson stands outside the Inner

Circle's locker room about to get the hottest of the hot hot scoopz. Or maybe she's just gonna get an interview.

Regardless of this searing narration, Tara knocks on the door and waits for it to open. Once it does, she's greeted by the current Number One Contender to the Impact Title, Brandon Youngblood.

Youngblood's not scheduled to compete tonight, so the Last Diamond's dressed casually in a pair of athletic shorts and a black tank top. In his hand is an apple, which he takes a large bite from, deadpanning Tara as he chews before flashing a dumb smile.

Brandon Youngblood: Sup?

His arms are folded across his massive chest, and his nonchalance is surely grating.

Tara Robinson: Brandon, yes, hi. I was wondering if I could get a few moments with you and Lindsay and Dan.

Brandon Youngblood: What...like...here? Now? Like, to do the gum flappin' and the talky thing? We don't do that here. You want that, you go down the hall, and you interview The Heinz Ketchup Man and his gigantort anti-asian stereotype man who pancakes doors with massive ferocity yet gets hospitalized by someone not even two hundred pounds. No no...this here, this is the Mint...we don't talk, we print statements and follow through on 'em unlike these soft jay-brones whose asses can't cash 'em.

Another bite of his apple. Did he make sense? Probably not. But it didn't seem like he was one to care all too much, nor did it seem like he was making an effort to move. Tara stomached her exasperation and maintained her professionalism.

Tara Robinson: Well given how this interview is going, perhaps you would like to make some more pointed comments towards Silas Artoria, or talk about your upcoming bout at Paradise Beach with Autumn Raven?

The mere mention of the former Paramount Champion turns Youngblood's face sour. His back against the door, he gives it a few knocks with his knuckles, almost as if to signal that the coast was clear. When it opens a second time, Lindsay Troy partially emerges.

Lindsay Troy: Good job gatekeeping, Brandy. Tara. (A nod to the interviewer) What brings you 'round our parts?

Tara Robinson: Well, I was hoping to talk to you and Dan about your matches tonight...

She tries to peer into the locker room to see if the Ego Buster was inside. Both Troy and Youngblood tilt their bodies to obscure her view. Tara frowns at the apparent blockade; Lindsay and Brandon smile in response.

Tara Robinson: ...but after talking to Brandon here, it appears as if my presence isn't welcome.

Lindsay Troy: Nonsense. I like you quite a bit, Tara. And I'd love to talk to you about my match tonight against Mia Rayne. In fact, I'm very much looking forward to it.

Tara Robinson: You are?

Lindsay Troy: Of course I am. Why wouldn't I? Why wouldn't I, Lindsay Troy, the CWF Paramount Champion, want to talk to you about my main event bout against Mia, especially since I was relegated to nothing more than "Dan Ryan's sister-in-law" in the website write-up promoting this match?

No goddamn respect on her name, fuckin' interns...

Lindsay Troy: Why wouldn't I, the woman whom Mia full-on quoted in her scathing promo a few weeks back against that Twitter crybaby Stacy Jones, want to tell you how excited I am to stand toe-to-toe with the woman who got in the ring last week, hijacked the opening match, bitched and complained about her in-ring being taken away from her, and suffered absolutely no consequences for it?

The Queen of the Ring's snarkiness is now turned up to 11.

Lindsay Troy: Y'see Tara, Mia Rayne does a lot of talking. And talking. And ... talking. She doesn't ever shut the fuck up, nobody's ever heard of cuttin' her mic, and it's past time someone does somethin' about it. Jarvis King liked to talk a big game, but he got his knee all fucked up and wound up a failure, but rest assured tonight won't have the same outcome.

Brandon Youngblood: She's right, you know? And I'm going to have the best seat in the house...front row center...to take it all in. And not because Lindz here needs it...oh no...she don't need muscle. Woman's the walkin' talkin' Hall of Fame. Someone like Mia Rayne...she barks because this is her one shot at mattering. She dumped some folk over the top rope and is slotted for a title match against the ironically named Ego Buster. Whoop-dee-do. In the end? She's dust in the wind. Nobody's gonna remember her. Nobody's gonna care. Tonight, Lindsay Goddamn Troy is putting her foot in your ass Mia, and she's doing it to humble you. To make you question yourself. Have you shakin' and questioning whether you actually got it. To hold the big gold. And then Dan Ryan's gonna break you in half. This ain't people softening you up; this is you, face to face, pissin' yourself because you got to climb two Towers of Babel...and even if you could...knowing full well...you still won't matter in the end.

The once jovial Last Diamond, over the course of his spiel, has lost the pisstake joking tone, replacing with cold graveled pointed ferocity. He knowingly nods at the Paramount Champion, more than happy to continue ceding the floor to her majesty.

Just then the door opens a bit more, the hulking frame of Dan Ryan taking up the doorway. Tara's eyes light up. Dan Ryan looks at her, though, confused.

Dan Ryan: What's all this?

Tara Robinson: Actually since you're here...

Lindsay Troy: Tara wants to talk to us about our matches tonight.

Ryan turns his gaze to Youngblood.

Brandon Youngblood: Promos. Pffft.

Dan Ryan: (looking from Youngblood, to Tara Robinson, to Lindsay Troy, then back to Tara Robinson) Wait a second.

Pause.

Dan Ryan: Your name is TARA?

Tara Robinson: Uh, yes. Tara Robinson.

Dan Ryan: Really?? I could have sworn it was like... Tammy or something.

Tara Robinson: (stammering) N...n...no....No, it's Tara Robinson. We HAVE met before.

Ryan's brows furrow as he takes this in, then he looks at Lindsay Troy.

Lindsay Troy: Yeah, it's Tara.

Dan Ryan: I'll be damned.

Tara Robinson shrugs off the embarrassing little slight and straightens up, chest out, posture good, professional journalist stance engaged.

Tara Robinson: Well, since you're here, would you like to say something about your match later on with The Shadow? He never got his rematch after losing the gold and many have been waiting for this match. What are your thoughts?

Dan Ryan: (waving her off) Look Tammy, my match is in just a few minutes and while I'd normally love to help out, I need to get my game face on. Brandon here doesn't have a match tonight. Maybe he can help.

With that, Ryan smiles a very insincere smile and disappears back into the locker room.

Tara Robinson: I think Brandon's helped enough, thanks.

With a huff, your (and my!) favorite CWF questioner shakes her head and walks off rather than be subjected to more irascibility from Youngblood and Troy. The pair watch her go and Youngblood throws his shoulders up in a shrug.

Brandon Youngblood: (amused) Was it something I said?

Lindsay Troy: You? Nooooooooo...

And now, let's take it to Jimmy and Mikey at ringside!

Dan Ryan (c) vs. The Shadow

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is a non-title one on one match, set for one fall under a thirty minute time limit.

The lights go out and the intro to "Wield Lightning to Split the Sun" by Primordial begins to play. Close up images of flickering torches appear on the tron and the ramp down to the ring. As the main riff kicks in, The Shadow and several of his druids step through the curtains, cold, blue light illuminating wafting fog. Clad in their hooded robes, the druids surrounding him on either side until the lights go off again for a moment. When they come back on, The Shadow is in the ring, as stoic and unmoving as before as the half dozen druids that followed him out from the back disappeared into the light.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Calgary, Alberta, Canada, he is the Weaver of Dreams....THE SHADOW!!

Jim Gunt: What a highly anticipated main event we have for you folks this evening, and one that most would say should have happened several months ago, with the CWF World Heavyweight Title on the line.

Mike Rolash: I don't have time for "most", Jim. Those that are in the know KNOW that The Shadow has been running scared of our two time World Champ, and that is why it's taken so long to get this match put on paper!

Jim Gunt: I don't believe that one for a second, Mike...

The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of "Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins plays. When the riff audio kicks it up a notch, Dan Ryan steps out and pauses, looking into the audience through his trademark black shades, then heads down the aisle as pyro blasts behind him. The Ego Buster slaps the CWF World Championship on his shoulder with pride, placing it on the announce booth with his sunglasses next to it, winking at Rolash before sliding into the ring and immediately strolling past the Shadow to test out the opposite set of ropes.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Houston, Texas, he is the Ego Buster, and the current CWF WORRRRLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION....DAAAAAN....RYAN!!

Jim Gunt: Ray's announcement seemed a little exaggerated there to you, Mike?

Mike Rolash: When you're the champion, you deserve accent being put on your name.

Jim Gunt: Be that as it may, the Ego Buster might do best to not underestimate the Shadow in this fight. While the CWF Championship may not be on the line, Ryan alongside Inner Circle member Lindsay Troy just lost to Duce Jones and Silas Artoria last week, albeit a disqualification loss. Another loss here tonight, against a man that many critics say should STILL be the CWF champion? That would severely damage the ego of Ryan!

Mike Rolash: Pish posh, let's send things to the ring where "Big" Denny is ready to get things started, and Dan Ryan is ready to wipe the floor with the former paper champion The Shadow...

Calling for the bell, the former and current CWF World Heavyweight Champions slowly approach the center of the ring, neither man making a wary move towards each other. Both men veterans of the sport, they contemplate every move before making one.

Jim Gunt: Paper champion? Oh come on Mike, The Shadow successfully went through the entire Modern Warfare tournament as our World Champion. Give the man the credit he deserves.

Mike Rolash: I'd give him some credit if he didn't just get caught by the wiley Ryan with that poke to his left eye. The Shadow should have seen that coming, but now he won't be able to see a thing!

"Big" Denny immediately admonishes Dan Ryan for the blatant eye poke, but the champion simply smiles back at him and goes back to The Shadow, grabbing him from around the head and running him right into the corner. Ryan blasts him face-first into the top turnbuckle pad several more times before the Shadow fights back with an elbow to his sternum. Still half blinded, the Weaver of Dreams leaps up onto the ropes and springs back towards Ryan.

Jim Gunt: The Hammer of Doom! The Shadow hits with the Springboard Fist Drop, and that should certainly buy him some time to recover!

Mike Rolash: I don't know, Jimmy, Dan Ryan is a freaking machine. Look at him, he's getting right back up!

Indeed, the CWF World Heavyweight Champion climbs right back up to his feet following the Hammer of Doom, astonishing the sold out crowd that half watch on in shock, half boo him. The Shadow himself is back to his feet, holding onto his eye with one hand and calling in Ryan with the other. The Ego Buster comes charging in but Shadow sidesteps, pushing him hard up over the ropes. Ryan blasts the Shadow in the face with the back of his boots on the way over the ropes however, using his hands to right his footing and land perfectly on the apron. Full of himself, the Ego Buster walks across the apron smiling and mouthing off to the booing audience.

Jim Gunt: SUICIDE DIVE! THE SHADOW JUST DIVED THROUGH THE ROPES AND TOOK OUT RYAN WITH A MASSIVE SPEAR THROUGH THE ROPES, SENDING BOTH MEN FLYING SEVERAL FEET ALL THE WAY UP THE RAMP!

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Mike Rolash: Is Dan okay!? What the hell was the Shadow thinking there?

Jim Gunt: He was thinking it's time to make a statement and show the current World Champion that he's not the joke that Ryan makes him out to be. And I for one applaud him, that was a hell of a Suicide Dive Spear, but now both men are laying helpless on the outside. Denny is going to have to start counting them out...

The largest official on the CWF roster barrels over to the ropes to do just that.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: Neither Dan Ryan or The Shadow have moved at all, both men still laying in a heap on the bottom of the steel entrance ramp.

FOUR!

FIVE!

Mike Rolash: There, someone's moving an arm I think!

SIX!

Jim Gunt: No...I believe that was an oversized rat, Mike. Jesus, what kind of pest control do they have around these parts?

SEVEN!

Mike Rolash: No, look! Dan Ryan is somehow getting back to his feet, before the Shadow!

EIGHT!

Jim Gunt: Oh my god you're right, Ryan has pulled himself to his feet and re-entering the ring, but will the Shadow be able to make it into the ring in time?

NINE!

The Shadow leaps to his feet at the last split second, diving in under the bottom rope as a sigh of relief is heard from many of the fans sitting at ringside.

Jim Gunt: YES!

Mike Rolash: NO!

As soon as the Shadow makes it back into the ring, however, he is stomped down right into the canvas by an opportunist Dan Ryan. The Ego Buster drags him over to the nearest corner, pulling The Shadow up and clotheslining him right into it. The Weaver of Dreams is out on his feet, falling right into the arms of Ryan who hurls him like a paperweight overhead.

Jim Gunt: NASTY Overhead Belly to Belly Suplex from Ryan there. The Shadow is six foot, one inches tall, but the Champion's making him look like a ragdoll out there.

Mike Rolash: The Ego Buster's a big, bad man. The Shadow should've stayed at home, or maybe he'd be better off trying to find that girlfriend of his?

Jim Gunt: I wouldn't have gone there.

Mike Rolash: If you haven't noticed by now, Jim, I don't filter a god damned thing I say. Deal with it.

Pulling The Shadow up to his feet, Ryan looks to have his way with him with a knife edge chop to the chest. Instead the Weaver of Dreams catches the champion by his right arm, a serious look of determination on his face as he shakes his head no and pulls him in hard for a shoulder block. The Jamacian fans pop as The Shadow cracks Ryan with another shoulder block, this time following it up by grabbing him high and twisting him around for a Neckbreaker. With momentum now on his side, the Weaver of Dreams backs up measuring up the champion as he pulls himself up to his feet.

Jim Gunt: HAMMER OF THE GODS! Ryan goes down like a set of bowling pins, as Shadow goes right for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Mike Rolash: Ryan kicks out at the last second, proving yet again that you damn near have to kill the CHAMP to put him down!

Jim Gunt: I'm sure The Shadow would be glad to do so here tonight, but I think one Nightfall and this one may be over. And that looks to be exactly what the Shadow is setting up for!

With the fans solidly on his side, the Weaver of Dreams picks Ryan off the canvas and places an arm over his head,

leaping up onto the ropes. But the Ego Buster is ready for him, and pushes him HARD into the corner. The Shadow's body goes up and over in somewhat of a back-flip before landing awkwardly in a heap. Ryan immediately takes advantage of the mishap, ignoring the warnings of Denny as he attempts to check on the Shadow and picking him right off the canvas to lift him overhead.

Jim Gunt: No...what are you doing, Dan!?

Mike Rolash: HUMILITY BOMB!

An angry "Big" Denny attempts to admonish Ryan but he screams at him to make the count as he hooks just one leg of the Shadow.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner by pinfall....DAN RYAN!!

"Zero" once again hits over the speaker system and Ryan makes his exit, grabbing the CWF World Heavyweight Title off the table as well as his sunglasses, placing him right back on his face as he takes his leave. Official Davidson watches on with a scowl on his face, his hands in the air as Ryan makes his quick exit up the ramp.

That Gorilla Position Had a Family!

Match

It's almost main event time, kids!

Mia Rayne is skip-skip-skiping her way to Gorilla, because that's what One Woman Party Favors do, you see. But don't mistake her skipping for non-chalantness. Oh no. Lesser folks have done that and have suffered dire consequences, believe you me! Mia is more than ready to get down to business with the very cunning, slightly nefarious, and all-around badass Queen of the Ring, Lindsay Troy. She just has an ... unorthodox way of going about it, but that is why CWF fans like her, ya know.

Unfortunately for Mia, that business of the rasslefites is about to come to her. And it's gonna be much less of a rattle and way more of a fite.

Standing in an adjoining hallway is Lindsay Troy. She can be very stealthy, that one. Been known to sneak up on unsuspecting folks without making much of a sound. Also known for strategic concealment of weapons, but that's another story for another time. So when Mia skips over to stand and wait for her music to hit by the backstage curtain, Lindsay takes a deep breath, breaks out into a run, and tackles her from behind.

The crew in the area didn't see Troy coming until it was too late, so any way of warning Mia went out the window. The two women fall to the ground, limbs all a-tangle, and it's Lindsay who comes out of the ball of bodies first with the upper hand.

Lindsay Troy: (smiling) Hiya.

She grabs one of Mia's pigtails and fires off stiff right hands to her temple, dazing her for the moment, then drags the two of them to their feet. Mia elbows Lindsay in the stomach, hoping to get some separation, but the Queen keeps ahold of her hair, transitioning into a Muay-Thai clinch, and delivers a hard knee right to Mia's face! She goes right back down to the ground again and Troy kicks her hard in the gut for good measure.

Mia rolls away, sucking wind, stumbling up to her feet.

Mia Rayne: Ooooh, (coughing) that wasn't very nice.

Lindsay Troy: Never said I was nice, chicky.

She darts forward again, looking for the Raynes of Castamere, but Mia dives out of the way. Troy hits two-feet on the ground, somersaults forward, and Mia charges, tackling Lindsay into - and over - the Gorilla position table and wiping out Ben Heslop, Tristan Nancarrow, and others that were sitting there!

A crowd gathers in the area to watch the scene unfold: more crew, staff, and CWF talent all mill around to get a closer look at Mia and Lindsay beat the hell out of each other. On the ground again, surrounded by equipment, random paraphernalia, and other bodies now, the ladies get their bearings. Troy hucks a full water bottle at Mia, which bounces off her arm; if it were open, it would have soaked her. Mia swings a TV monitor at Lindsay, who ducks that attempt but doesn't see a microphone in Mia's other hand and is brained with that instead. Troy goes to a knee, dazed, shakes the stars from her eyes, and fumbles around on the floor for something.

Mia Rayne: We might like to talk, oh Queen, but we think you would do well to listen to what we say.

The One Woman Party Favor rears back, looking for a death blow with her size 11 boot, but Lindsay avoids the strike with a front roll. She pops to her feet behind Mia and wraps a television cord around her throat, choking her as she drags her backwards. Mia flails and tries to get Lindsay to break her grip, but Troy has had enough of this nonsense.

The Queen uses this advantage to yank Mia up the steps before dropping the cord from around her neck. Mia connects with a right and Troy responds with one of her own and before they know it, they're through the curtain.

No entrances. No fanfare.

It's time to really get the party started.

Mia Rayne vs. Lindsay Troy

Match

Mike Rolash: Leave it to the women to show the men how its done! Who needs the formalities of entrances when all they want to do is fight?

Mia and Lindsay explode out onto the entrance ramp, trading blows back and forth, neither one backing down from the other. Lindsay gets an advantage and dodges a haymaker from Mia, countering with another swift Muay-Thai knee to the midsection! Mia doubles over, trying to regain her breath but is only greeted with a double axe handle to the back! She tries to get away but Lindsay is quick and gives Mia a boot, shoving her face forward down the ramp!

Jim Gunt: Lindsay looks to have the current advantage, and Mike with Mia's shot not until Wrestle Fest, you have to...

Mike Rolash: Listen, when it comes to Mia, I don't have to do anything.

Jim Gunt: Fair point. But with Paradise next week, one has to imagine what's on the horizon for The Inner Circle and Mia Rayne.

Mike only grunts in response as Lindsay makes it to where Mia is rolling to her feet to meet Troy. Lindsay goes for a clothesline but Mia ducks, grabs Lindsay by the arm, and uses her momentum to swing Troy around in a circle, carelessly spinning the two of them in a whirlwind of Mia's giggles and Lindsay's urging to make it stop. After several massive swings, Mia lets her prey go, letting Lindsay fall to the barricade to try and regain her bearings as Mia falls on her butt, laughing the entire time.

Mike Rolash: Guess that's one way to take care of things, but that's incredibly reckless.

Jim Gunt: How so?

Mike Rolash: Well, look at how much crew is around. Mia could have very easily thrown LT into one of them and caused an injury. Not only that, but I got a little sick watching them go in circles!

Lindsay scowls at Mia, which stops the laughter abruptly. Mia rolls back up to her feet and meets Troy on the ramp, once again a tension-filled stare down is imminent. The crowd, of course, is eager for the fight but...

Jim Gunt: Here's what I'm trying to figure out. With the brawl starting before the match officially could begin and neither one of these ladies looking to back down, are we having a match or has this turned unsanctioned?

Mike Rolash: Don't you put that bad juju on me, James Gunt! We have gone through TOO many tables so far this year, ESPECIALLY when it comes to anything Mia related.

Lindsay rocks Mia with a forearm, who responds in kind. Lindsay goes for another but it's blocked and she receives a headbutt for her troubles, which sends her stumbling against the apron! Mia smiles and takes a couple steps forward before charging, leaping into the air and looking for her patented superman punch!

Jim Gunt: Mia is up in the air, looking to put Troy down!

Mike Rolash: HA! And Mia is back down again! THAT'S what you get for messing with The Inner Circle!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Dan Ryan stands over Mia Rayne, having just clobbered her out of the air with a massive clothesline. Mia seems to be seeing stars but manages to roll backward, away from The Inner Circle. She gets to her knees and makes sure her jaw is still in working order before beckoning for a mic.

Mia Rayne: Call us surprised, King Kong himself has come from whatever jungle he's inhabiting to save his damsel in distress. Fine, whatever, that's cool. It's not like we weren't expecting a war...

With that, she pulls a kendo stick out from under the ring. The crowd pops and she drops the mic, charging forward and swinging for the fences, only for Ryan to catch the stick on the downswing and grab it from Mia's hands. He tosses it to the side and Mia grabs the imaginary stick in front of her, unclear as to what happened. At this point, Lindsay has recovered and has motioned for a mic of her own. She joins Dan by his side, the two of them quickly advancing on Mia, who has made it back to her mic.

Mia Rayne: Alright, THAT... That was kind of surprising, but when Plan B fails, there's always another plan waiting, have you guys met our boyfriend yet?

The Inner Circle gaze lazily up the ramp. Mia looks up there expectantly as well.

Nothing. Silence. Mia sighs.

Lindsay Troy: Bag Man ain't comin'.

Mia Rayne: That's not what your mother said!

Ryan and Troy take a couple steps forward, confidence once again on their side, Mia steps back to match.

Lindsay Troy: You know who is, though?

The Queen points a finger over Mia's shoulder. The One Woman Party Favor throws a quick glance in that direction, only to be blasted with a battering-ram forearm courtesy of Brandon Youngblood!

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Jim Gunt: Brandon Youngblood in from the crowd, reminiscent of his sneak attack against Silas Artoria at Golden Intentions! Mia is down! Dan Ryan is smiling!

Mike Rolash: And Lindsay Troy is skipping over to join in on the fun!

In true mocking fashion, the Lady of the Hour takes a couple skipping steps over, jumps into the air, and double-stomps her size tens down onto Mia's chest. She and Youngblood roll her into the ring and climb in after her.

Dan Ryan follows.

Jim Gunt: Oh this cannot be good. The numbers game is about to catch up to Mia Rayne.

Mike Rolash: On the contrary, I think this is great!

Youngblood yanks a struggling Mia to her feet and manages to get her into a full-nelson. Troy throws a blistering chop to her chest, then to her throat. Brandon tosses her over to Dan Ryan, who sets her up for a Humility Bomb.

Mike Rolash: Mia's about to go for a ride!

Jim Gunt: Not so fast, look!

The crowd roars as Duce Jones races down the ramp, chair in hand, and slides into the ring behind The Inner Circle. Troy sees him first, slaps Dan on the back in warning, and the trio bail before Duce can connect with any damaging chair shots.

Mike Rolash: What the hell is Duce doing here? He's nothing but a free agent! He shouldn't be getting involved in matters of the CWF Championship when he isn't completely loyal to us!

Jim Gunt: Wait... What?

Mike doesn't get a chance to reply as a voice rings out from above.

"STOP! STOP THIS SHIT NOW!"

An angry Jaiden Rishel appears on the screen as Duce helps Mia to her feet.

Jaiden Rishel: You know what, Mia? You don't get it. In fact, after injuring Jarvis last week, you are on VERY thin ice. The thinnest. So from here on out, until you get to Wrestle Fest, any more... Backstage brawls that aren't part of an officiated match, if I get even a peep that you're involved, your shot at Wrestle Fest will be GONE, null, void, donezo. I will make sure that the only way you make it there will be as a fan. Am I understood?

Mia's face grows red but she stands down.

Jaiden Rishel: Duce Jones! What the fuck are you doing here? Just because you are a "free agent" doesn't mean you get to come in and interfere in my main events. But... That gives me an idea for the Paradise pay per view, since Mia was so keen on making sure Jarvis never walked without a limp again. Next week at the pay-per-view it will be the CWF World Champion Dan Ryan and the CWF Paramount Champion Lindsay Troy, representing The Inner Circle versus the team of Mia Rayne and.... Duce Jones!

Another massive episode of Evolution goes blank as the crowd pops at the announcement.

Show Credits

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