

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 66

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: October 1, 2019
Location: Farmasi Arena — Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

Results

On This Harvest Moon

Match

The sixty sixth episode of CWF's flagship show Evolution does not start like most, instead the lights are completely out when suddenly a strobe light flashes white to the beat of Depeche Mode's version of 'Personal Jesus'. From the back slowly walks a large man in an all-white suit, white shoes, white kabuki mask, and a long white cape that drags behind him. The scene is eerie as we only get glimpses between strobe flashes as the man slowly moves toward the ring.

Jim Gunt: Kyuseishu has been a bit distant the last few weeks I'm actually interested in what he has to say here tonight. Although something tells me I'll regret it in a few minutes.

Mike Rolash: Now you're catching the spirit. Have a little faith!!

The masked man gets in the ring as the music suddenly stops and the area goes dark. The lights linger off for an uncomfortable moment where all you see is darkness and hear loud jeering.

Jim Gunt: Come on already.

Mike Rolash: God works slow but works wonders like a grand canyon.

Jim Gunt: Please.

A single spotlight clicks on making the man in all white glow as he is frozen in the ring in the pose of Jesus on the cross with his arms extended out and his legs crossed at the ankle. Suddenly the white gloves of the mystery man start to drip blood staining the white cloth, more blood starts to flow from the ankles, finally the eyes start to cry red tears of blood staining and streaming down the chest of the white suit.

Mike Rolash: What is going on?

Jim Gunt: This is sacrilegious, and I find it personally offensive.

Mike Rolash: Triggered.

Suddenly the blood-stained robbed figure drops to the mat as if whoever was in it vanished. A pile of bloody white rags lay in the center of the ring. The lights go off again and once again 'Personal Jesus' starts to play. This time a spotlight shines from atop the arena as a figure is slowly lowered down. We see that the man is Hoyt Williams and he is wearing a sparking sequenced robe with giant white wings. He smiles brightly as the crowd is now enraged.

Jim Gunt: Why can't he just walk to ring like everybody else.

Mike Rolash: Because he's a social justice samurai savior and our Kyuseishu.

Jim Gunt: Hashtag not my savior.

Hoyt reaches the ring, undoes the pully straps, and kicks the bloody robes out of the ring before waving at an attractive blonde woman. The music stops, the house lights rise. Hoyt proudly pulls a microphone out of his back pocket.

Hoyt Williams: I know how bad you people take words, and how gullible you are, so for the sake of humanity and world

tranquility I have brought my own translator out so that there is no confusion and you people start mass extinguishing groups of people. You know GOD only understands English. Never mind that tower of babble BS. God doesn't allow people who can't speak English into heaven I'm talking slow for the few who do understand the lord's language of English.

The lady translates and the crowd jeers.

Hoyt Williams: My brother was the KING of all JEWS and we all know how you people treated my kin.

The crowd is enraged.

Jim Gunt: I do apologize.

Hoyt Williams: What? It's history. It's history, and history shall not be forgotten. History from the Alpha to the Omega shall be kept, all the sinners shall be exposed, and reminded of their failures as humans. You people allowed a holocaust and you dare boo the second coming. The...IRONY?!?

Jim Gunt: My god.

Mike Rolash: That he is.

The woman translates as the crowd gets louder and louder.

Hoyt Williams: I despise these tours. I despise having to visit these nations that are not from the ONE nation under God. I didn't leave Japan to come back to America to be sent all over the world talking to sinners' like you monsters. Hell, why should I cut promos, when the audience can't understand me. That is why I have a translator and you think you people would thank me.

The woman translates as Hoyt just nods with a smile. The crowd starts a "Fuck Hoyt" chant.

Hoyt Williams: Look at the language you learn? Such a shame. Disgusting. But the devil's month is upon us, and I need to make clear I still intend to win this tournament and be your champion. It's my destiny, and its your nightmare. Next week Ariel Shadows will fade away into forgotten history. Another loss and you're buried shadows a light going out and a shadow becoming irrelevant. I'm glad I'm the one to do it, but you're nothing more than a warm-up.

Jim Gunt: Ariel Shadows is NO warmup that's going to be a hell of a fight.

The woman translates.

Hoyt Williams: You know in two weeks it truly begins and this tournament goes from a fun event to serious competition. My first ever MAIN EVENT in this company is upon us and you all shall praise me for to be a Hoyt's witness is to reach nirvana. It will be a grandiose entrance for a Fuhrer like me that I can guarantee will change the way you see the world. IT will be an AMAZING match, that history will remember just like the atrocities of your people. It will be the HELL you expect it to be. The savior, your Kyuseishu, Hoyt Williams versus a spawn of Satan and a sick twisted bastard in Ataxia! It will make the holocaust seem like a trip to Disney.

Jim Gunt: Wow. Can we cut his mike?

The woman translates and there is tension in the area that a riot could break out any moment.

Hoyt Williams: Hell heath commenced upon thee and the pure shall be saved while the foul perish. Ataxia you've slipped from the top of mount Sinai and tumbled to my feet, on my one loss level. A spiritual battle of Greatness and evil is what the world waits to witness. HELL versus HEAVEN. We've met before and it was violent, but what was at stake? It meant nothing to you nor to me a one-night stand. So now where do we take it you sick puck? When we meet again, it's ALL on the line. I know what I'm willing to bring and what I must do to destroy you. I'll take that potato sack off your head and rip the eyes from your socket just for the sake of the song. It will epic, bloody, and a true war of

right and wrong. Bring your best sicko, because you and I both know what another loss will do to either of our chances at taking this tournament.

Mike Roland: I hope I can get tickets; this match is not worth missing.

Jim Gunt: You'll be next to me with the best seats in the house.

Mike Roland: This is the best job ever.

The woman translates.

Hoyt Williams: I'm coming to hell to get you and bury you deep in the soil, while I'm rising in the ranks closer to heaven. My month ends against JC himself. If he's still at the top, he won't be come Halloween. Trick or Treat JC. Whatcha you going to do when the holy spirt runs wild on you? Alpha & Omega indeed. Your savior is here, and the world is mine to lose. Stay tuned CWF I'm just getting started as OCTOBER is the day of the dead and my family always comes back.

Hoyt points to the sky, drops the mic, and moon walks out of the ring.

Jim Gunt: October is must watch TV!

Mike Rolash: Hell yes!

Silas Artoria & Starlight vs. PJ Blake & Bubba Love

Match

Ray Douglas: The following tag team contest is your opening contest.. It has no time limit and is scheduled for one fall!

"Something Got Me Started" by Simply Red begins to play over the sound system as the lights dim to a midnight hue and fog fills the stage. Silas Artoria emerges from backstage, followed closely by his mentor Hidetaka Ito.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first... being accompanied by Hidetaka Ito.. from Toronto, Ontario, Canada! The Psychotic Aristocrat....SILAS ARTORIA!!

Artoria pauses for a moment halfway down the ramp to drink in the reaction from the crowd. Artoria shrugs off his jacket and hands it to Ito, who folds it over his arms as his young protege slides into the ring beneath the bottom rope.

Jim Gunt: This is an interesting combination to say the least.

Mike Rolash: You're telling me.. Silas was on the verge of destroying Starlight after their match last week.

Jim Gunt: The Passenger almost reared his ugly head but luckily Ito was there to keep things in check.

Mike Rolash: Yeah I'm wondering how they're going to coexist after that encounter.

Two random voices are heard speaking as if in demonic tones over the system, as the lights go out. The camera pans over to the top of the stage area where three red siren lights begin to spin. The voices continue speaking the lights continue to go.

"Yeah, Be prepared.

Yeah-heh... we'll be prepared, heh.

...For what?

For the death of the Queen.

Why? Is she sick?

No, fool-- we're going to kill her.

Great idea! Who needs a Queen?

No Queen! No Queen! la--la-la--la-laa-laa!

Idiots! There will be a Queen!"

Then a loud scream is heard, as she begins cackling over the system. Then the final line is spoken as a tall woman steps out from behind the curtain. A gas mask covers her face as her long raven hair falls to one side. She is holding a microphone looking up at the crowd her red eyes glowing with the sirens.

"I will be Queen!"

Ray Douglas: His partner, weighing in at two hundred and sixty four pounds.. from Aokigahara, Japan.... STARLIGHT!!

She cackles as she drops the microphone lifting her arms up the sirens cut out. Poor Unfortunate Souls by Jonathan Young begins playing over the system as her arms go above her head in an X as her hashtag appears on the screen. #Queenslayer appears as blue spotlights appear on the ramp. She walks down the ramp letting her coat flow behind her as she drapes her arms to her side. Taking off her coat and gas mask, she places them on the announce table and enters the ring.

Jim Gunt: This woman scares me..

Mike Rolash: I'm pretty sure every woman scares you..

Jim Gunt: Hey!

Mike Rolash: I'm just saying Jimbo.. I never heard you compliment any of our female competitors.

Jim Gunt: I'm not a misogynistic slob, unlike you.

Mike Rolash: Hahaaa.. Sure you're not.

"Coming In Hot" by Diamante hits as two women step out and walk to the edge of the stage where it meets the ramp and stand there with their heads bowed. PJ Blake saunters out wearing a pastel blue hooded sweatshirt and stands between her entourage, slowly setting her feet right and bringing her arms straight out.

Ray Douglas: Their opponents, first from Seattle, Washington... weighing in at a one hundred and ten pounds..... PJ BLAKE!!

PJ throws back her head and then proceeds down to the ring. She slides into the ring under the bottom rope, whipping her legs all the way around and winding up in the middle of the ring on one-knee and her arms spread like an Eagle's wings. She slowly lifts her head, revealing a smile to the crowd of fans cheering and raving for her as her entourage simply stands at the bottom of the ramp.

Jim Gunt: Another odd pairing as Blake teams with her Omega Block opponent last week in Bubba Love.

Mike Rolash: Blake was able to earn two more points with her victory over the Love Machine but hopefully there's no ill will between the two.

Jim Gunt: You truly sound concerned Mike.

Mike Rolash: Oh, I am.. when you've got a woman as pretty as PJ teamed with the Love Machine. You can only pray that something beautiful happens.

Richard Dawson's voice comes from the speakers, screaming, "Who loves you? Who do you love?!" The crowd jumps to its feet as "What is Love" by Haddaway booms out of the speakers.

Ray Douglas: And her partner... from Day, Minnesota... weighing in at two hundred and thirty five pounds..... BUBBA

LOVE!!

Bubba comes from the back, and ignores everyone on the way down to the ring. He gets half way down the ramp, then breaks into a jog. Approaching the ring, he slides under the rope and comes face to face with Blake, the two of them staring stoically at each other.

Jim Gunt: Well I guess Bubba Love still has some hard feelings about his defeat to Blake just last week..

Mike Rolash: It's not her fault that he wasn't prepared for their match. I just hope that tonight, he's on top of his game.

Both sides converse on who will start this contest and it is soon decided that it will be Love and Artoria respectively. Senior CWF official, Trent Robbins signals for the bell and he gets it as Love charges right into a KNOCKOUT! Blake watches on in shock as the bicycle knee strike sends the Love Machine flying back into their team's corner where his arm inadvertently tags her as he crashes against the buckles.

Jim Gunt: Well there's one way to send a message to your opponent..

Mike Rolash: Bubba, definitely doesn't know where he's at right now. I guess you could say, he's not feeling the love.

Jim Gunt: How long have you been waiting to use that one?

Mike Rolash: It was bound to happen eventually.

The Psychotic Aristocrat stares intensely at Blake who is still standing on the apron. Charging towards Blake, Artoria receives a shoulder to the gut which causes him to back up a bit. Stepping through the ropes, PJ races towards Silas who goes for a clothesline but she ducks underneath. Rebounding off the other side, Blake is quickly lifted up onto Artoria's shoulders in a fireman's carry position. Silas appears to be primed for his patented Airplane Spin but is instantly distracted by Love who re-enters the ring. The Love Machine begins to plead with Silas for him to release Blake.

Jim Gunt: Well there's something I wouldn't have expected going into this contest. Bubba is trying to convince Silas to put PJ down.

Mike Rolash: I don't understand this game plan.. Why didn't he just tackle the vulnerable Silas to the ground.

Jim Gunt: Maybe he's trying to convince Silas to be a gentlemen.

Mike Rolash: Silas is the perfect gentlemen but this is the Championship Wrestling Federation and none of that matters inside of the ring.

Silas continues to hold a struggling Blake on his shoulders as Bubba continues to plead with him. Silas seems to be considering it for a moment but this prompts Love to pop up to his feet and charge at Artoria! Artoria twists Blake through the air causing her legs to smack the oncoming Love Machine in the face. The fans cheer Silas' actions as Love stumbles backwards. Recovering from the shot, Love races in again but gets the same treatment. Staggering backwards from the hit once more, a determined Love charges again, this time ducking underneath Blake's flailing legs and pointing to his head as if it was smart thinking. However he didn't anticipate a rotating Silas to catch him on the next rotation as Blake's legs smack Love in the back of the head! The impact of the shot, sends him tumbling through the ropes to the admiration of the Munich fans.

Jim Gunt: Love thought he had the move scouted that time but Silas outsmarting him.

Mike Rolash: That was pure luck, Silas had no idea he would catch Love by surprise just then.

Jim Gunt: Either way, Blake has managed to reverse and is hanging off of Silas' back with a Sleeper Hold applied!

Mike Rolash: She's on his ass like a spider monkey right now. Uh ohh.. here comes Starlight!

Entering the ring, Starlight charges right into Silas who's abruptly shoved by Blake. The collision sends Starlight back

through the ropes and crashing to the outside. PJ stumbles into the far ropes as Silas is down on bended knee, slowly recovering. He now focuses in on Blake and runs at her but she springs off the middle rope and rotates through the air, taking him down with a crossbody! She stays on top for the pin as Robbins rushes over to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Silas with the shoulder up and now Blake tags Love back in..

Mike Rolash: Blake had to do something if she wanted to slow down Silas' attack.

They both bring Silas up and whip him into the ropes. He rebounds off and ducks underneath both of their arms as they attempt a double clothesline. He hits the opposite set as they now go for a double back body drop. Silas comes to a halt and smacks Blake across the face with a kick that stands her up. Before she knows it, she's barreled over by an incoming Starlight with a running clothesline. Blake crashes into the canvas as a stunned Love raises up, only to catch a Discus Lariat from the Psychotic Aristocrat that spin twists him through the air. Love crashes front first into the mat with a thud as Silas shoots the half and goes for the pin, hooking the leg for leverage.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The ref signals for the bell.

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners.. via pinfall! SILAS ARTORIA AND STARLIGHT!

Silas doesn't waste time exiting the ring and joining Ito as the two make their way up there aisle, soon followed by the mysterious Starlight.

Mike Rolash: Damn.. is it over?

Jim Gunt: Indeed it is as Artoria was able to pick up a solid victory for his team here tonight.

Mike Rolash: You can almost say that he pulled this one off by himself.

Jim Gunt: Yes, a very convincing performance of you will by one of the front runners in the Omega Block.

Preparation

Match

Backstage in an empty hallway Sean Fuller is shadow-fighting as Celeste stands there watching on with her hands on her hips. The camera closes in on the couple; thinking they're being sneaky and a private moment is being caught on camera. Celeste turns to face the camera with a smile on her face. The camera-person jumps, not expecting Celeste to turn so suddenly.

Celeste Fuller: Relax, you are in no danger from either one of us, but there are a few things I feel need addressing.

Celeste lets out a sigh and Sean continues to ignore and go ahead with his kicks and punches.

Celeste Fuller: As most everyone knows, my husband has not been all that successful and I am sure a good number of those people are wondering what all the hype is about. Neither of us will ever stand around in front of a camera and make excuses. You win some matches and you lose some matches. That is just the lead fact of this business.

Celeste pulls one foot back and waves an arm with an open hand back towards Sean.

Celeste Fuller: He only gets more focused ladies and gentlemen. So management should rest assured there money is not going to waste, because he will deliver and when he delivers you better believe you will not be thinking about those two matches he lost. Guys like Johnny Graves will simply be remembered as just another wrestler who had the chance to wrestle against my client. There is something all of Sean's future opponents should worry about however.

Celeste pulls her foot back up equal with the other and presses her finger tips against one another.

Celeste Fuller: It is not their fault, first and foremost, but it will be their problem. Sean does not like to lose, it agitates him, and when he is agitated he tends to take things too far. The world turns red and the last thing on his mind is being rational or reasonable. The more time he has to think about the losses that have accrued, that is not good either, but that is nobody's problem but his next opponent. If any of you have been through what Sean has in his life, you would either be dead or the exact same way.

Sean turns towards the camera, the camera shifting up at him. Sean takes a moment of silence before finally saying something.

Sean Fuller: Deliverance, my friends. Vindication. So much more... Trust Me.

Sean returns to throwing kicks and punches to the air as Celeste sends the camera person away.

Freddie Styles vs. Konrad Raab

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is an Alpha Block Match set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit!

The lights go down, and all you see is a silhouette of a man, bouncing side to side as the bridge hits.

"Heavy is the crown
Only for the weak..."

As the song moves into the verse, CWF Hall of Famer and as of yet undefeated Alpha star Freddie Styles steps out from behind the curtain as he just stands there in his hooded vest, hood over his head, bouncing from side to side, before making his slow walk towards the ring.

"The knife in my heart couldn't slow me down
'Cause power is power, the fire never goes out
I rise from my scars, nothing hurts me now
'Cause power is power
Now watch me burn it down"

Freddie slowly walks up the ring steps, and steps through the ropes. He then stands on the middle rope, holding one arm above him, before stepping down, and leaning over in a corner.

Ray Douglas: First, from Atlanta, Georgia, he is Mr. Ballgame....FREDDIE STYLES!!

The German fans give a mixed reaction to Styles as he takes the hood from off his head, then takes the vest off completely, tossing it to the floor as he bounces from rope to rope testing them out before the match.

Jim Gunt: Freddie Styles not quite getting the adoration he's been accustomed to the last few weeks, but that should be no surprise when you factor in his opponent here tonight.

Mike Rolash: Absolutely not. The German fans showed their love for Raab in spades last week, unfortunately for the Iceman, it didn't help him get the job done in either of his matches.

Jim Gunt: It was sad to see Konrad Raab lose out in two different big time matches last week in his home city of Cologne, but there is no shame in the game, he gave it his all in both matches. And I'm sure he'll do exactly the same

here tonight, so Styles better not be sleeping on him...so to speak.

Mike Rolash: Haha, I see what you did there Jimmy!

"Cold as Ice" by M.O.P plays over the sound system as Konrad comes out through the curtain just wearing his blue and white mask with white hair along with his wrestling trunks with his nickname The Iceman on the front of them with Pit Bull Energy logos on the side of his trunks with black gloves on both of his hands with a side cross necklace on his neck with the blue and black yin-yang tattoo on his right shoulder, Iceman from X-Men tattoo on his back, Ice wolf on his left chest and ice bear on his right chest.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Cologne, Germany, he is The Iceman....KONRAD RAAB!!

He then high fives the fans as he goes up the stairs before going in-between the ropes and does a holdup on each turnbuckle and everyone cheers him as he gets down from the turnbuckle and does a few boxing punches to the cameras before he looks at his opponent waiting for the match to start.

Jim Gunt: The Iceman is all business here tonight, and it's nice to see that he's able to perform in front of his home country two weeks in a row.

Mike Rolash: Oh yeah, SOOO nice....when are we going back to the US again?

Jim Gunt: Next week, Mike, next week.

Scott Dean goes over to both corners to check on the competitors, satisfied with his check-ups he turns and calls for the bell.

Jim Gunt: Konrad Raab is slow to approach the center of the ring, either methodical in his approach or doing a good job not to show the damage he took last week in two separate matches.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, Raab's ambitiousness didn't exactly work out for him last week in his hometown of Cologne.

Jim Gunt: Regardless, the Iceman showed more heart than I've seen in a long time. He's clearly still the crowd favorite here tonight as well, despite Styles being the undefeated Alpha leader.

The two finally lock up in the center of the ring after sizing each other up, neither man having a distinct height or weight advantage over the other on the onset. Finally Raab is able to transition over to a headlock, cranking on the head of Styles but the veteran easily pushes him off into the ropes. Konrad Raab comes running back to the center of the ring, Mr. Ballgame showing he can pick up some height as he leapfrogs over him. On the bounce back, Styles catches him and rolls through with a snap Belly to Belly Suplex.

Jim Gunt: Fast paced start to this one despite neither man making the first move immediately.

Mike Rolash: I think they were just testing each other out, Jimbo. Unfortunately for Raab, no one has been able to "Ace" the test that is Freddie Styles as of yet. Haha.

Jim Gunt: What are you laughing at, Mike?

Mike Rolash: Damn, you didn't see what I did there? Ace the test, Freddie was in the Smokin' Aces with Duce...ahh nevermind.

Jim just shakes his head as the action continues in the ring, Styles looking to keep the fast pace going as he heads into the ropes himself, landing a leg drop across the neck of Raab on the return. He lifts his opponent back up to his feet, backing him up into the corner with a hard knife edge chop. Raab fights right out of the corner though with several boxing style punches, before finally taking Freddie off his feet with a Clothesline. Going right for the kill, Raab pulls Styles up from behind...bridging German Suplex!

Jim Gunt: The Frozen pin! But will it be enough?

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: No way, Styles ain't going down like that!

Jim Gunt: You're right, it may take a load of cement dumped on top of Freddie Styles to put away the man at this point, he's been so hot in the Alpha and Omega Tournament so far. But Raab is doing his best to stay on him, so I've gotta give him all the credit in the world for that.

Following the kickout, Raab remains behind Styles, his arms pushed down against his neck and shoulders as he tries to get him to submit with a nerve hold. Freddie somehow begins to fight out of it however, getting one leg up as he begins to ascend to his feet. The Iceman quickly rethinks, and transitions over to a Triangle Choke...wrapping his legs around the neck of Styles to yank him back down to the canvas.

Jim Gunt: Great strategy by the German, Freddie Styles has a lot of wrestling...styles, no pun intended, and if you can keep the man off his feet he's unable to hit at least MOST of his moveset!

Mike Rolash: Well not only that, Jim, but Raab is hoping to tap Styles out with the Triangle Choke...

Jim Gunt: Yes, that too!

Turning to his right side, Styles reaches out towards the ropes but is several feet too far away from them. Konrad Raab pulls him back onto his back, choking him with all he can with both legs squeezed tightly together. Scott Dean runs over to check on the action as Styles seems to be fading, the referee raises his arm in the air once and it drops down to the canvas.

Dean lifts the arm of Freddie Styles once again. With Raab watching on intently while still squeezing the Triangle Choke even tighter, Styles arm once again drops down to the canvas.

Jim Gunt: It looks like Styles may be out, Mike...the Triangle Choke may have blocked off his airwaves, and we all know when you can't breathe, you can't fight.

Mike Rolash: Scott's about to raise Styles' arm a third and final time, he better wake up and smell the roses if he doesn't want to see that undefeated streak go up in smoke!

With the sold out Munich crowd all on their feet in anticipation of what may be Freddie Styles first loss of the tournament, Mr. Ballgame's arm goes up in the air a third time with the assist of referee Dean.

AND HIS ARM REMAINS IN THE AIR, SHAKING UNCONTROLLABLY BUT IT REMAINS THERE!

Konrad Raab immediately lets go of the Triangle Choke out of frustration, instead choosing to get to his feet and stomp down on the face and neck area of Styles. A couple young fans from the German crowd actually boo Raab for his display, but his vicious streak remains as he pulls Freddie up by his dreadlocks. EMERALD FLOWSION! The body of Mr. Ballgame crumples against the canvas, and Raab immediately hooks both of his legs to go for the confident cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO! STYLES ROLLS HIS SHOULDER!

Ray Douglas: TEN MINUTES HAVE ELAPSED! TWENTY MINUTES REMAIN!

Jim Gunt: Ohh, Raab almost had it there right at the ten minute mark! It was not meant to be however, and this match continues on.

Mike Rolash: But for home much longer, Jimmy? The Iceman is in firm control, he needs to finish Styles while he can!

Looking to do just that, Konrad Raab latches onto Styles by his throat, pulling him right off the canvas and into the air. Raab is looking for the Iceinator Chokeslam Bomb. But a desperate Styles dropkicks him out of midair! Styles drops down to his knees, choking as he quickly gets back to his feet and smacks Raab with several shots in succession...DAT REMIX! Styles doesn't have much left in him, but he has enough to drop down and hook both legs of the Iceman!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NOO!!

RAAB KICKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: My god, neither one of these man want to give up!

Mike Rolash: Would you, Jimbo? Two big points on the line in this one, as always, but now that the tournament is past the midway point these matches matter more than ever.

Jim Gunt: Exactly, and one more win here tonight and Freddie Styles continues to control his own destiny. A loss and Duce could take that number one spot from him later on!

Styles rolls off his opponent, slapping the canvas then himself in the face a couple of times to get himself psyched up. He leaps up, runs against the ropes and gets Speared out of his boots! Raab is unable to go for the cover though, rolling onto his back barely conscious! The German fans once again come to their feet, cheering for both men and the action that has ensued so far.

Jim Gunt: What a match this has been, ladies and gentlemen, and you gotta think Raab may have had this one won if he was able to capitalize on that Spear. Now both men are climbing back to their feet however!

Raab cracks Styles with a European Uppercut as he gets up. Styles surprisingly comes right back with a Superkick! Not wasting another second, Mr. Ballgame backs into the ropes and strikes. ATL STOMP! Shouting for Raab to get to his feet at this point, the Iceman struggles but eventually begins to do so, coming up right into the Ballgame! The Trouble in Paradise kick knocks him out, and Styles mounts him immediately.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match and picking up two points in the Alpha and Omega Tournament....FREDDIE STYLES!!

Jim Gunt: Wow, he does it again folks, Styles maintains his undefeated streak!

Mike Rolash: Absolutely incredible if you think about it, when you consider the competition on both sides of this tournament. We have a lot more to go here tonight, but for now let's head backstage!

I Do My Talking In The Ring

Match

The cameras cut to the backstage area of the Allianz Arena, focusing on a single door leading to the outside parking lot. Suddenly the door swings open and none other than the Sin City Saint steps into the arena. He wears a black

T-shirt with the words "Legend" printed in white font, loose-fitting blue jeans, and all black baseball cap. In his hand he carries the CWF Impact Title. He moves through the backstage area nodding his acknowledgment to some of the crew hard at work making sure the show runs smoothly. He moves through the corridor, the cameraman skillfully maneuvering before him careful to avoid any obstacles that arise. As Graves reaches an intersection he looks around before deciding his next move. Turning right he maneuvers through another corridor. Suddenly he is confronted by Tara Robinson, carrying a microphone in hand.

Tara Robinson: Johnny, I was hoping to get a word with you quickly. The CWF fans are clamoring to know what stipulation you are going to bring to the Impact Title. Have you made your decision? What match type will you defend the championship in?

Tara aims the microphone towards a visibly annoyed Graves, whose eyes are raised towards the ceiling above them before they close in a brief moment of silence. He opens his eyes placing his gaze on Tara.

Johnny Graves: You know I'm not one for these little backstage chats, Tamra. I am more than capable of producin' soundbytes without being led by some so-called professional journalist. As far as the Impact Title and the stipulation of its defense is concerned... yes. I have made my decision. But I'm certainly not gonna reveal that information here or now. I'm gonna stand in the middle of my ring, in front of the world, and tell them directly what anyone stupid enough to think they want to challenge for my title can look forward too.

Tara returns the mic to herself continuing to plant herself directly in Johnny's path.

Tara Robinson: Four months ago you walked out on CWF. You continued to have some... increasingly disparaging things to say about the company, management, and the fans. Suddenly you return at Evolution and recapture the first championship you ever held in CWF. What brought about the change of heart? How was that bridge mended?

Johnny shakes his head slightly looking almost as if he doesn't know how to answer the question.

Johnny Graves: It's a simple equation, Teresa. Johnny Graves equals cash. If the company makes money, I make money. Let's be honest, none of us would be doin' what we're doin' if we weren't makin' that money. We would find whatever did make us that money. Management came to me with a contract offer I couldn't refuse. And as long as I have this championship belt around my waist... you can be damn sure those dollars are gonna keep pourin' in. Stay tuned, Tracy... all your questions will be answered when I step into my ring.

With that, Johnny Graves steps past Tara and continues moving through the corridor. Tara turns to the camera looking a little confused and insulted. The scene fades.

Duce Jones vs. Jeff Jackson

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is an Alpha Block Match set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit!

The lights go out in the arena. A bell sounds and voices begin a chant like chorus. After 15 seconds, the lyrics begin.

"I can feel the floor shaking, and the glass begin to break. The air is getting thinner with every breath that I take. The calm before the storm, you could hear the drop of a pin. Never been claustrophobic, but now the walls are closing in."

As the song continues, The terrifying figure known as The Judge makes his way to the ring. He is dressed in his purple cloak and hideous demonic skull mask. As he approaches, the chorus begins.

"So strike me down, take me away. Debts are due, it's time to pay. Face what I deserve, here comes Judgment Day! I won't run, the guilt is mine. Too long denying all my crimes. Face what I deserve, here comes Judgment Day!"

Once in the ring, he stands mid ring with his head down. After a long pause, he flings his head back to remove the hood, as purple flames shoot from the posts. As the camera focuses in on the horrific features of the mask, the music

fades.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Halifax, he is the Judge....JEFF JACKSON!!

Jim Gunt: Quite the transformation for Jeff Jackson, as he has taken on a new persona in which he likes to call the Judge.

Mike Rolash: It's not a persona, Jimbo, Jackson IS the judge. And if you don't like it, he'll be sure to take you to court!

The fans are buzzing, 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, instantly inciting cheers from the crowd.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Memphis, Tennessee....DUCE JONES!!

Slowly making his way towards the ring, Jones smiles at claps hands with some of the sold out crowd, 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.

Referee Nick McArthur calls for the bell after checking on both Duce Jones and Jeff Jackson. The two competitors approach the center of the ring, Duce eyeing up Jackson as if he's trying to get his mind around his new persona, or maybe he's hypnotized by the spine-tingling mask. The distraction is enough for Jackson to snap forward, immediately pulling Jones forward and into him as he attempts to shove his fingers down his gullet. Duce shifts his body, spinning through the air in a matrix like move to evade Judgment Day before it's too late.

Jim Gunt: The Judge going for broke right from the beginning there, but Duce was able to escape the mandible claw before he got it locked in.

Mike Rolash: This Judge is one eerie dude. We've had our freaks, just look at Ataxia, but this guy is something else...

Jim Gunt: And Duce picks up the pace with a Snapmare, followed by that quick but deadly knee strike and finally a flip Senton Bomb to finish it off!

Mike Rolash: But it didn't finish off the Judge, Jimbo, not even close. As a matter of fact Jackson caught Jones off the Senton, and now he has him deadlifted into the air!

The strength of the Judge is unbelievable as he lifts Duce high above his head, walking around the ring slowly with him and allowing the blood to rush down Jones' head before dropping him down with a Delayed Vertical Suplex. Jackson goes right back for the nasty offense following the suplex, mounting Duce and placing both his palms around his throat. The Kid That Never Dies looks to breathe his last breath as Jackson chokes the daylights out of him. McArthur quickly comes over to intervene, counting aloud as Jackson continues to choke Jones.

Jim Gunt: Come on Nick, get ahold of this match!

Mike Rolash: Jackson is not listening to the count, Jimmy!

Jim Gunt: Oh my god, McArthur is forced to disqualify him! Once again Jackson defies the referee's orders here in a tournament match, but this time he is not letting go of his choke on Duce!

RING RING RING!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by disqualification....DUCE JONES!!

The Judge continues to give his certain kind of “judgment” to Jones even as other officials and security begin to swarm the ring, attempting to pull him off. Instead the Judge changes his position, shoving his fingers down the throat of the already unconscious Duce Jones. Judgment Day!

Duce is out but that is not stopping the Judge from having his way with him, suffocating him right in the middle of the ring!

Finally Freddie Styles makes his way out from the back, a bat out of hell as he sprints down the entrance ramp. The Judge lets go of Duce in time, hurrying out the opposite direction as Styles slides into the ring to check on his Smokin’ Aces teammate.

Jim Gunt: Another brutal finish, and by this point it’s clear as day that the Judge has no care about wins and losses in the Alpha and Omega Tournament. He only wants to give out his judgments, and hurt people.

Sudden Impact

Match

As the fans throughout the arena sit in anticipation the arena lights suddenly die, leaving the fans devoured in black. Suddenly blue and red lights begin flashing and spiraling throughout the arena as the sound of police sirens squeal from the speakers. After several seconds the sirens die and are immediately replaced with “Bank Account (Remix)” as the arena continues to be assaulted with flashing red and blue lights. Suddenly a roar rips over the crowd as Johnny Graves emerges from the entrance. A chorus of boos ring out, mixed with a healthy portion of cheers. Johnny slowly moves to the edge of the ramp clutching the Impact Title in his right hand. Coming to a stop at the ramp, he drops the title and then proceeds to drop himself to his knees, his head bowed. He slowly lifts his head as his arms rise, hands positioned like guns aiming at the ring. He grabs his title and pushes himself up to his feet as he begins strutting to the ring, an arrogant smirk on his lips.

Jim Gunt: Here comes the Impact Champion, Johnny Graves and maybe we will get some enlightenment as to the stipulation that he will place on the championship?

Mike Rolash: Well you know he’s been thinking about it long and hard. After the beating he took to win the title, he has to be thinking about what’s in the best interest of himself to retain. I mean, it’s only logical.

The mixed reaction continues to pour in as Johnny climbs into the ring and asks for a microphone. Moving to the far side ropes he’s handed one. Now clutching a microphone in his right hand and the Impact Championship in his left he backs up to the center of the ring with all the arrogance in the world. The Sin City Saint ready to go to work as he raises the mic to his lips.

Johnny Graves: I know right? The Sin City Saint standin’ in a CWF ring holdin’ the Impact Championship. It’s as if we’ve fallen into a timewarp, it’s like no time has passed. Johnny Graves once again -your- Impact Champion. But it’s different this time. Cause this time the person that holds the Impact Title gets to determine how they defend the title. And I know. Believe me, I know. Everyone in this arena - and all the people watchin’ at home - want to know how I intend to defend this title. And I promise I will get to that. I will. But first I want to address the real elephant in the room. The real question on everyone’s mind. ‘Why did Johnny Graves return after walkin’ out on ‘CWF?’

Johnny pauses, taking a moment to allow the anticipation to build. He smirks and after a moment begins speaking again.

Johnny Graves: Four months ago I walked out on this company. There are those that say I picked up my ball and I went home. There are those that would argue that Johnny Graves is too young, too immature, too inexperienced to handle the demands of being a champion. To anyone that entertained any one of those thoughts all I have to say to you is... f[beep]ck you! I am the best thing happenin’ in professional wrestlin’ right now! Fact is, I’m probably the best thing happenin’ in wrestlin’ in a long, long time. I mean, as proud as I am bein’ the CWF Impact Champion... I should

be CWF World Champion. But all things in due time. So we'll address why I left. When I signed with CWF it was my belief that management knew what they were signin'. I believed they knew they were signin' a man that could literally cripple any opponent they placed before him and would do it without a second thought. I thought they knew they were signin' a man that was gonna speak his mind at any given situation. But what happened? I was forced into allowin' sub-par lowlifes into my objective. 'Johnny,' they said, 'you talk about destroyin' the status quo let's give you an army.' Except the army they gave me were... useless. I wouldn't even let them lace my boots - let alone carry out my intentions. I got cornered into somethin' I didn't want to do. And I - Johnny Graves, your Impact Champion - will never be cornered. So I did what I felt was right. I left.

Johnny pulls the mic away from his lips allowing a moment for the fans to react. He smirks as he backs himself into the corner and leans against the top turnbuckle.

Johnny Graves: But then CWF reached out to me. They told me I could have the chance to regain the title I made mean somethin'. Not only that but that the title's presence in the company would change. They threw a number at me as far as pay and believe me it was retarded - and promised that I would be treated like the top guy I am. I would get the opportunities I deserved. It all sounded good to me. Obviously. But the truth was I knew in my heart that I belonged in CWF. I was a CWF guy through and through. I regretted leavin'. I didn't regret the why - but the how - I did. This is my home. This is where the Sin City Saint belongs. This is where I make my mark on the wrestlin' world. So of course, when you think about the fact that the company brought in outsiders to compete for -my- title I had to come back and I had to make sure that the Impact Title belonged to someone willin' to bleed for CWF.

Johnny falls silent as the crowd begins chanting 'IM-PACT CHAMP! IM-PACT CHAMP! IM_PACT CHAMP!'

Johnny Graves: I went through hell makin' sure this title didn't belong to an outsider. I took years off of my life so that a title belongin' to the company you all love so much wouldn't be carried by someone who doesn't live for this company. And while I did that you all booed. You booed when I was in control and you cheered when you thought I was out of it. Shout out to Maggie by the way. Everythin' I did, I did for you and you still treat me like the villian. You want a villian, I'll give you a villain.

Johnny pushes himself out of the corner returnin' to the center of the ring. His eyes burn with intensity as he raises the mic back to his lips.

Johnny Graves: Winnin' this championship has got ya boy all hyped up. So f[beep]k it. I'm a fighter. These so-called competitors claim they're fighters. So let's fight. From this day forward the Impact Championship will be defended in a fight. No pin. Nah... the only way this title is being won - but more than likely retained - is by submission or knockout. I am the best wrestler walkin' the Earth and I am an even better fighter. So to anyone sittin' in the back, to anyone around the globe thinkin' of takin' a shot at me and my title? Just know I love nothin' more than knocking people out. Close second is breakin' people and makin' them tap to the FUBAR. Shoot fight. Come at me bro!

With that Johnny tosses the microphone down as "Bank Account (Remix)" hits the speakers once again. Johnny exchanges some words with some fans at ringside before exiting the ring and making his way back to the backstage area.

Phoenix LeStrange vs. Joseph Svenson

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is an Alpha Block Match set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit!

Jim Gunt: Welcome back folks, before the commercial break we saw not only Johnny Graves make his statement on his Impact Championship, but also our first look at the Judge!

Mike Rolash: And now Joseph Svenson and Phoenix LeStrange are already in the ring, so let's get this one underway! "Big" Denny Davidson does his checkups on both competitors, and turns to the timekeeper to call for the bell. As soon as he does, the lights in the Allianz Arena go completely out.

Jim Gunt: Uh oh, here we go...

Lights and cameras flash from ringside as all the fans are trying to get a look at what is going on in the ring. Darkness continues to engulf the scene, but a flash of motion comes into the ring followed by a high pitch scream. Sounds of bones smashing violently against flesh can be heard from what seems to be miles away.

Mike Rolash: Somebody get some help out here!

Cell phone flashlights continue to light the ring at least a little bit, revealing finally that it is the Judge absolutely obliterating Joseph Svenson and Phoenix LeStrange in the ring. Svenson, already down, lays in a pool of blood after only god knows what the Judge did to him. LeStrange has her mouth full of the Judge's fingers.

Jim Gunt: JUDGMENT DAY! The Judge has that sadistic Mandible Claw on LeStrange and he won't let up!

Mike Rolash: Finally security have made their way back into the ring!

Jim Gunt: Indeed. Jaiden Rishel is going to have to do something about this guy and quick, because Jackson is going to destroy the entire tournament field if someone can't get him under control!

Amy Jo Smyth vs. Nathan Paradine

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is scheduled for one fall, with a thirty minute time limit!

The lights lower and the remaining lights turn to a golden color. "Shoot to Thrill" by Halestorm hits. The crowd explodes into cheers. Amy Jo Smyth steps out onto the stage, her back turned to the crowd, head covered by the hood of her jacket. The golden lights change and simulate a cascade of glitter over her. Smyth spins around on her toes and faces the crowd as a single spotlight falls on her. She holds a large silver cannon connected to a tube running backstage.

The Good Doctor lifts the cannon, aims upward...

"I got my gun at the ready gonna fire at will

'Cause I shoot to thrill and I'm ready to kill

I can't get enough and I can't get my fill

Shoot to thrill play to kill

Pull the trigger, pull it

Pull it, pull it

Pull the trigger"

Smyth screams as she presses the trigger on the handheld cannon. Large pieces of golden glitter shoot into the air and rain down over the right side of the crowd. Smyth moves to the left, aims again, and fires off another round of glitter into air.

Smyth hands the cannon off to a production staffer standing in the wings. She then throws her head back and arms upward and outward, letting the remaining glittering light wash over her. She slowly makes her way down the ramp, looking over the crowd, giving the occasional high five to a fan with a perfectly placed hand. She reaches the end of the ramp and throws a fist up in the air. The crowd pops.

Ray Douglas: Hailing from the great state of New Jersey and weighing in tonight at one hundred and sixty pounds... She has her Ph.D. in submissions... she is The Good Doctor....AMY JO SMYTH!!

Jim Gunt: Amy Jo Smyth is coming off a disappointing loss to Freddie Styles last week, but she faces a challenge in Nathan Paradine who is on six points and looking to make it eight in the Alpha and Omega Tournament!

Mike Rolash: We've seen some spunk from Smyth so far in this tournament but I have a feeling her championship aspirations are going to come to a grinding halt this evening.

After a quick moment of listening to the crowd, she rushes forward, slides into the ring, and stands. Smyth throws her hood down, unzips her hoodie, and spins on her toes with her arms raised. She throws both arms down triggering an explosion of glittering light over the ring.

She strips of her hoodie and passes it off to the nearest person on the outside. The lights come back up but remain golden. In the usual show of her abilities, Smyth bounces off the ropes, cartwheels forward, and performs a standing corkscrew twist that carries over into a butterfly twist. That quickly turns into a front handspring that takes her to the center of the ring where she starts a series of backflips. All of that floats into single front handspring where she lands on one hand and performs a single-armed handstand. She comes down and lands in a split.

Jim Gunt: You just can't help but be wowed by the athletic prowess of Amy Jo Smyth!

Mike Rolash: If you wanna play at being a gymnast in a wrestling ring, get the hell out of here and go to Mexico I say!

The opening riff to "Beat The Devil's Tattoo" by Black Rebel Motorcycle Club begins to blast around the arena as Nathan Paradine emerges from behind the curtain, the overhead lights reflecting off of his trademark sunglasses. He smirks as he surveys the crowd for a moment, thumbing the collar of his leather jacket before flicking his hands outwards and approaching the ring.

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

Jim Gunt: You gotta wonder if Paradine isn't still shaking the cobwebs loose after that disqualification victory last week.

Mike Rolash: You don't have to worry about a brain injury when it comes to Paradine, from what I've seen his head is 90 per cent skull anyway.

Paradine climbs the stairs and wipes his boots on the outside of the apron before stepping between the ropes. He observes the crowd once more before shrugging out of his jacket, passing it off to a stagehand and backing off into the corner to perform a few light warm ups before the bell rings.

Trent Robbins is the referee for this bout, and he calls for the bell to get this match underway!

Paradine rolls his shoulder as he steps into the middle of the ring to meet Smyth but she's already on the move, running at the ropes and jumping off the middle rope to connect a backspring elbow to the side of Paradine's head, stunning him momentarily. Smyth follows up by running at Paradine again and hitting a dropkick, sending the former CWF Tag Team Champion tumbling out of the ring to the outside!

Jim Gunt: Amy Jo Smyth has taken control of this match early, but how long can she keep this up when there's a near eighty pound difference between her and her opponent?

Mike Rolash: Remember what Paradine did the last time he stepped into the ring with a woman; Lindsay Troy sure won't be forgetting it any time soon!

Paradine dives back into the ring but Smyth catches him with a jumping high knee that sends his head snapping back. Smyth follows up with a series of kicks to Paradine's legs but he remains on his feet long enough to catch her leg and sweeps her feet out from beneath her. Still clutching her leg he flips her over and applies a single leg Boston crab,

wrenching back on her leg viciously as Smyth struggles against the hold!

Jim Gunt: Paradine has the submission locked in, but Amy Jo is no slouch when it comes to these maneuvers. The Australian Submission Machine might just have met his match!

Mike Rolash: Look at The Good Doctor, you might just have displayed some of your latent psychic powers there Jimbo!

Amy Jo Smyth twists her body and kicks Paradine away before rolling backwards and smoothly rising to her feet, however she stumbles slightly when she puts weight on the leg that had the submission hold applied. Paradine charges her, bull-like, looking for a clothesline but Smyth ducks underneath his outstretched arm and connects with an enziguri as Paradine turns around! Paradine is down, and now it's his turn to feel the pain as Smyth clambers onto his back, locks his arm into place and wraps her arms around his neck to apply a crossface submission! Paradine roars in pain and desperately tries to reach the ropes!

Jim Gunt: The tables have turned and Amy Jo Smyth is administering a dose of pain to the Hostile Exile in the ring!

Mike Rolash: They say an apple a day keeps the doctor away; perhaps Paradine should have invested in a fruit orchard instead of a wrestling school and he could have avoided this beatdown!

Inch by inch, Paradine manages to drag himself towards the ropes before he finally manages to grasp the bottom rope! Trent Robbins orders Smyth to release the hold and she obliges, while a hurting Paradine rolls out of the ring to recuperate on the outside, clutching at his shoulder. He uses the barricade to pull himself to his feet but there's a cry from the crowd as Smyth launches herself through the ropes towards him... and Paradine moves! Smyth collides with the barricade! Paradine seizes Smyth and tosses her back into the ring, covering her for a pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Smyth manages to get her shoulder up, to cheers from the crowd!

Jim Gunt: Smyth took a nasty collision there on the outside but now she's displaying some of the gusto that has kept her as one to watch in this tournament!

Mike Rolash: Paradine is a patient competitor, and it's his style to wait until his opponent makes a mistake and then capitalise, which we're seeing out here tonight.

Paradine drives his forearm into Smyth's head before yanking her to her feet, but she suddenly grabs him by the head and drops to her knees sending his jaw smacking into the top of her head. Paradine reels back, turns and Smyth rolls him up! Schoolboy pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Paradine kicks out!

Ray Douglas: TEN MINUTES HAVE ELAPSED! TWENTY MINUTES REMAIN!

Paradine rolls back to his feet but Smyth is already on the offensive as she runs into the corner, mounts the ropes and spins through the air, twisting her body to his the springboard tornado DDT she calls the Code 28 and driving Paradine's head into the mat! Smyth isn't done yet though as she takes position near Paradine and hits a picture-perfect Squashed Frog! The crowd explodes for her standing corkscrew as she drops down to pin Paradine!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

"Shoot to Thrill" resumes playing as Smyth climbs to her feet, avoiding the touch of Trent Robbins as he tries to raise her arm in victory.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, and collecting two more points in the Alpha and Omega Tournament... AMY JO SMYTH!

The Impact of Judgment...

Match

As the aftermath of The Judge's attack continues unfolding at ringside, static fills the video wall, before cutting to the culprit of said attack. The Judge is standing outside of the arena laughing maniacally for a few seconds before beginning to speak.

The Judge: I told the world that the guilty would be held accountable for their crimes. The first punishments have been handed out. Now it's time to move on to someone much worse. Not simply someone who halted Mr. Jackson's attempts at advancement in this tournament, oh no. This is someone who already holds a prize intended for Mr. Jackson. Johnny Graves, and the CWF Impact Championship. Mr. Graves, you are wearing a title that does not belong to you. That is something that cannot stand. You and I are destined to clash over that fact. You shall see me very soon Mr. Graves, and it will not end well for you. I am he who was chosen by the fates. I am the manifestation of Justice herself. Walk with me, or be one of the judged. So it has been written, so it shall come to pass. Soon, Mr. Graves...very soon indeed.

With that, we cut back to Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash at ringside.

Zolton vs. Danny B

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is another Alpha Block Match set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is tonight's MAAAIINNNN EVENT!

As the opening of "Rise" hits the speakers, the arena goes dark with fog filling the entrance area. Upon the entrance screen a video montage begins to roll of Zolton standing atop a mountain and behind him is highlights of what he has done in a wrestling ring. As the lyrics begin to be heard, Zolton himself steps out onto the stage area among the smoke. The crowd begins to boo loudly. Zolton relishes in the dissatisfaction of the crowd with an arrogant grin. His long leather trench coat gleams off the now bright spot light shining down upon him.

He now begins to make his way down the ramp toward the ring. Refusing to acknowledge the crowd as he passes them. Reaching the ring he steps up the ring steps slowly, his arrogant smile plastered all over his face. He then jumps to the top turnbuckle of the corner of the ring. He calls it his throne as the arena lights return to normal and the song fades to silence. Zolton ignores the crowd as he lets his trench coat slide down off his shoulders to the floor.

Ray Douglas: First, from Amsterdam, Holland, Netherlands, the Man of Chaos....ZOLTON!!

Jim Gunt: The Man of Chaos scorched through the Alpha Block in the first few weeks of competition, his only loss being a week three heartbreaker to Freddie Styles.

Mike Rolash: Those two took each other to the limit then, and despite losing to Styles, Zolton brutalized Joseph Svenson last week at the Supershow to prove that he's not messing around.

Jim Gunt: He may not be "messing around", Mike, but Zolton has proven to have trouble with CWF legends. Yeah he can get through the LeStrange's and Svenson's easily, but how will he fair when he goes against some real

competition?

A large golden spotlight shines over the center of the stage as “Dragon Rider” by Two Steps From Hell begins. A blast of pyro, and “The Ripper” Danny B makes his presence known. The CWF legend pushes his way out of the apron, standing in the center of the golden spotlight as the German fans watch on and give him a mixed reaction.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, hailing from Brighton, England, The Ripper....DANNY B!!

Danny smirks at the announcement, confident in his ways as he makes his way down the ramp, breaking into a sprint halfway down the ramp and diving into the ring. Zolton remains in his corner stretching, paying the Ripper no attention as he climbs up the opposite corner and raises his arms in the air.

Jim Gunt: The Ripper hasn't had quite the Alpha and Omega performance that he would have expected, Mike. He started off the tournament with a time limit draw to Duce Jones, soundly defeated Tom Marrow week two in a defeat so sound some say it caused Tom to tuck his tail between his legs and quit, but it was week three in a match against Nathan Paradine that Ripper had it all fall apart for him.

Mike Rolash: Indeed. After talking a big game going in against the Australian Submission Machine, Danny was made to tap out for the first time in many years. Once again he came off a disappointing week with a brutal rebound however, destroying Phoenix LeStrange last week at the Supershow. Tonight he once again goes up against a tough challenge, with neither Ripper or Zolton being able to afford a loss at this point of the competition.

Clark Summits looks ready as ever to call his first main event of the new Alpha and Omega era, showing off his boyish good looks to the German fans before calling for the bell. Zolton and Danny B approach the center of the ring slowly, neither man taking their eyes off each other as they make it to the middle, both hooking arms simultaneously. Neither is able to get the advantage immediately, Zolton attempting to outmuscle Danny but Ripper putting all his strength into his arms and pushing him right back.

Jim Gunt: Test of strength here and Ripper is not backing down despite Zolton having over six inches on him. He is not able to maintain however, as Zolton has him backed into the corner. Wicked MMA style punches from the Man of Chaos!

Mike Rolash: Danny having the breath knocked right out of him, he could be in trouble early!

Danny B does all he can to block the punches from Zolton but the Man of Chaos is quick and continues to bring in shots to different points of Ripper's body. Finally Danny brings up a big knee to his midsection, a desperate attack to get Zolton off of him but it works as he drops to a knee holding onto his extremities. Summits rushes over to admonish Ripper but he simply smiles and nods, going back to Zolton and dropping an Elbow on him.

Jim Gunt: Seems like Danny's finally figured out a sound game plan against Zolton. Keep the giant off his feet, therefore not allowing him to impose his own physical will on him.

Mike Rolash: And now Ripper has him pulled up for the True Sin double arm DDT, no Zolton has him up in the air....huge Back Body Drop!

The Man of Chaos ignores the boos coming from the German fans, going back to Danny to grabbing him by the shoulders and throwing him right into the corner. Jamming his boot under the chin of Ripper, Zolton has his way with him, nearly strangling Ripper before Clark Summits can rush over and begin his count. At the count of four, Zolton finally releases, leaving Danny B choking for air as he raises his hands in the air confidently.

Jim Gunt: The Man of Chaos seems more full of himself than ever, Mike.

Mike Rolash: He has a lot of reasons to be confident, but like you mentioned earlier Zolton has struggled against CWF veterans before. So he better not get TOO over confident, or this one could end with Ripper sneaking one over him!

Just as Mike says that, Danny seems to be doing just that, going behind Zolton as he argues with a ringside fan and pulling him backwards by his legs. Schoolboy!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Zolton kicks out, and comes right at Danny B, furiously short arm clotheslining him so hard that Ripper doubles over through the air, flipping before landing in a heap on the canvas! Now it is Zolton who goes for the cover, shoving Ripper onto his back with both palms before forcefully climbing atop him with his forearms holding him down.

ONE!

TWO!

T-KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: The short arm clothesline wasn't enough to get the pinfall, but Zolton isn't finished with Danny, as he pulls him up looking for another one...

Mike Rolash: No, Ripper ducks underneath and Zolton turns around right into the Kamehameha Kick!

Jim Gunt: But Danny B seems to have hyperextended his leg superkicking Zolton, being that the Man of Chaos has such a height advantage on him.

Ripper cannot capitalize on the kick, slithering into the corner as he holds onto his right leg. The Man of Chaos is back up to his feet first, a ball of fury as he steamrolls into the corner, spinning around to nail Ripper with a hip attack that sends him back into the ropes. Zolton leans down and deadlifts Danny into the air, holding him high over his head for a Press Slam. Ripper is able to break free and lands on his feet behind him. Before Zolton is able to turn around, Ripper meticulously kicks the back of his knee, clipping Zolton down. He hurries into the ropes...**DRAGON STRIKE!** The V-Trigger blasts Zolton with all the velocity Ripper could obtain, and he's hoping that the knee strike reigns true as he hooks the legs of Zolton.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO! ZOLTON ROLLS A SHOULDER!

Jim Gunt: What a running knee strike from Ripper, but this match continues on, Mike!

Ray Douglas: TEN MINUTES HAVE ELAPSED! TWENTY MINUTES REMAIN!

Mike Rolash: On and on this main event goes, whoever picks up two points only the beautiful Clark Summits knows!

Jim Gunt: Mike...have you been hitting the bubbly again?

Mike Rolash: Bubbly!

Both men slowly begin their way back to their feet, Zolton showing a surprising resiliency as he gets up at the same time as Danny B. This only angers Ripper, who comes at him for another Dragon Strike, but this time Zolton is ready for him and sidesteps, shoving Ripper in hard. Danny's knee blasts the middle turnbuckle!

Jim Gunt: If Ripper's leg wasn't hyperextended earlier, it's definitely damaged goods now!

Mike Rolash: And now Zolton has him up in the air, tossing and turning him like a baby! How rude to the legend...

Jim Gunt: Ripper dumped on his head from that nasty German Suplex!

Following the throwing German Suplex, Zolton makes his way back over to Danny B, pulling him off the canvas by his shoulders, tucking his head underneath him in an awkward position. Ripper screams in pain immediately.

Jim Gunt: The Descension! Zolton has his deadly Peruvian Necktie Submission locked in, and Danny is about to take another submission loss!

Mike Rolash: No! Ripper was lucky enough that he was near the ropes, Jimbo, because he was able to reach them with that right leg. But as we saw earlier, Ripper's leg isn't exactly in the best of shape now and....uh oh...

Jim Gunt: Zolton has snapped, the Man of Chaos using all of his body as he leaps up and goes through the outstretched leg of Danny B back-first!

The Munich fans show their disapproval for Zolton, sending the Man of Chaos a chorus of boos that he simply ignores as he goes right back to Danny. Clark Summits attempts to intervene, trying to check on Ripper, but Zolton shoves him several feet across the ring on his ass. Summits looks embarrassed and angry as he sits on his ass for a moment, watching as Zolton goes to lift Ripper up and gets pulled into a rollup!

ONE!TWO!THR-KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: Hey now...that count seemed awful fast Summits.

Jim Gunt: Well Zolton did just shove official Clark Summits on his ass, Mike, he's lucky he wasn't outright disqualified.

Mike Rolash: The Man of Chaos doesn't care about rules and laws, he only looks to bring his own form of controlled chaos to the Alpha and Omega era.

Jim Gunt: And he looks to do just that as he has Ripper up in the air now...THE PEARLY GATES!

Ripper's spine snaps against the canvas following Zolton's Crucifix Sit Out Powerbomb, the veteran's eyes rolled back as Zolton folds up his legs going for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

...THREE!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by pinfall and picking up two more points in the Alpha and Omega Tournament....ZOLTON!!

"Rise" hits over the speaker system yet again, Summits hesitating but lifting the arm of Zolton at his request. The Man of Chaos quickly pulls it away from him, heading out of the ring and up the ramp as the fans continue to boo him the whole way.

Jim Gunt: Another tremendous main event is in the books, folks, as the Man of Chaos goes to eight points saving himself from falling too far behind the block leader Freddie Styles as the tournament continues to heat up.

Mike Rolash: Next week we're back to Omega, with a show headlined by a match with Autumn Raven and...oh god...Ataxia!

Jim Gunt: Should be another memorable night, and we'll be back in the states to boot. But for now, from Germany...goodnight everybody!

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite