

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 70

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Results

Penultimate Tables

Match

Jim Gunt: LIVE FROM LAS VEGAS, NEVADA! IT'S OUR ONE-HUNDREDTH SHOW! THIS IS CWF EVOLUTION!

Mike Rolash: Calm down, you'll blow your lungs out!

Jim Gunt: Welcome to CWF Evolution, live in Sin City itself. I'm your commentator for tonight, Jim Gunt, and joining me is my esteemed colleague, Mike Rolash!

Mike Rolash: Esteemed!?

Jim Gunt: It's what the script management gave me to say. Tonight, we're are in the penultimate show for our Alpha and Omega tournament, as the ten athletes in two tables conduct their second-to-last match tonight! We're in the endgame now, and a mistake now can have huge ramifications on the tournament. Talking with us about the tournament before we start, is our very own Alpha and Omega. It's Blake Church and Charles State!

Blake Church: Good afternoon!

Charles State: Evening!

Jim Gunt: Guys, let's talk about Alpha Block first. We saw some shocking results last week which has completely changed the dynamic and the potential championship contender for the Genesis PPV. What can you tell us?

Blake Church: Well, with the upset defeat of both Freddie Styles and Duce Jones last week, the net to become the true Alpha of the block is still wide open, but it also means that the thread to elimination is also thinner.

Charles State: With Zolton and Danny B being victorious last week, we've got the opposite situation to Omega, which we'll get to in a bit, with a more diverse score pool. There's only four more points these guys can gain, and considering the card today, the match to watch from this block will be Amy Jo Smyth and Zolton!

Jim Gunt: And what makes you say that?

Charles State: Because that's the match which could completely change the dynamic. If Zolton wins, it'll completely narrow down the top of the table to just three people, but if Amy were to win, then that net for title contention could still be the same.

Blake Church: But only if both Smokin' Aces were to lose their matches.

Mike Rolash: Do you see this happening?

Blake Church: I see Styles going for the top title. He's going up against Phoenix LeStrange whom, you have to admit, has been having a dreadful time on the Alpha block. This match is essentially a lion going up against a rabbit. It's unfair.

Charles State: But Nathan Paradine has a good opportunity to gain an upset victory. There may be a three point difference between them, and Paradine may already be eliminated thanks to Styles and Zolton, but a win could have

implications beyond the tournament!

Blake Church: Danny B had a five point deficit under Freddie Styles, and he still succeeded in gaining a win over him. If Styles won the CWF or Paramount title, Danny B could just walk through the door and say “hang on. I beat Styles on his road to the title. He cannot call himself an undisputed champion if I forced him to look at the lights.”

Jim Gunt: Well, while the net for a championship is certainly wide for Alpha, the same cannot be said for Omega, can it?

Charles State: Correct, Jim. At this point, it's a three man race to the top with a noticeable gap between them.

Blake Church: I'm actually surprised at Ataxia's performance in the tournament. He's been around the CWF for a long time, played a vital part of the company's revitalisation, held several championships, and yet he's only gotten three victories and four losses. If you take a look at this table, and tell me that newcomer PJ Blake would be the “best of the rest” out of the tournament, I would've called you mad!

Charles State: Although that can change. Autumn Raven is going up against Bubba Love tonight and Jay Mora in two weeks, whilst Blake has to contend with equal-points Ariel Shadows, and current front runner JC in the coming weeks!

Jim Gunt: To be fair on Ataxia, there is an opportunity for him to disrupt the table complete.

Blake Church: True, but we'll get to that conversation when we come to Guadalajara on the 19th. Tonight, however, we have a colossal match between two surprise frontrunners of the tournament, Kyuseishu vs JC.

Mike Rolash: And what are the stakes?

Blake Church: Well, whomever loses is out of top title contention come the final week!

Charles State: To be eliminated when you've come this far will be a bitter pill to swallow, especially since both these athletes poured their heart and soul week in and week out to demonstrate that, lack of CWF aside, you will pay attention to them.

Blake Church: Silas is confident tonight against Jay Mora, so confident that his address to the audience was very, very brief. If he wins, then one of these two will be out of top title contention thanks to the tiebreakers! It's the reason why it's the main event for tonight, because as exciting as Smyth vs Zolton and Paradine vs Jones is, Kyuseishu vs JC will be the one that could completely shake the card for Genesis!

Jim Gunt: Thank you very much for your time Church and State, and we'll see you again in Mexico City for the Alpha block final, but before we get there, we still have our 100th show to put on! Live from Las Vegas, Nevada, this is CWF Evolution, and we start with Alpha block action!

The camera switches over to Ray Douglas, who stands in the center of the ring, decked out in a burgundy suit with black shirt and tie. He smiles happily at the raucous crowd who are ready for some CWF action!

Jeff Jackson vs. Joseph Svenson

Match

Ray Douglas: The following opening contest is scheduled for one fall, and it is an Alpha block match in the Alpha and Omega tournament! Introducing first, Joseph Svenson!

The arena lights begin flashing as the stage lights up. The CWF fans stand up and watch the stage as Joseph Svenson makes his way out and walks directly towards the ring. Reaching ringside, Joseph Svenson makes his way up the staircase then climbs through the ropes. Moments after entering the ring, he makes his way over to the near corner and begins to stretch for his match.

Jim Gunt: I don't like Svenson's chances here, Mike.

Mike Rolash: I have to agree. In any incarnation, Jackson has been on a tear recently. As The Judge, he's been wreaking havoc win or lose. As himself, he's finally starting to pick up some much needed wins.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent...from Halifax, Nova Scotia, weighing two hundred thirty-five pounds..."The Killer" Jeff Jackson!

As the opening riff of Lynyrd Skynyrd's 'Still Unbroken' begins, the lights dim. When the main riff takes over, the lights power back on in time with the change. They reveal 'The Killer' Jeff Jackson standing at the top of the entrance way, arms outstretched in a T shape. As this happens, he lets out a guttural scream and the crowd goes wild. As he scans the crowd for a few seconds and begins to walk with a purpose to the ring, the lyrics kick in.

"Broken bones, broken hearts, stripped down and torn apart. A little bit of rust, I'm still running. Counting miles, counting tears, twisting roads, shifting gears. Year after year, it's all or nothing!"

As the chorus begins, Jeff hits his pose and screams again mid ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Halifax, Nova Scotia, he is the Killer....JEFF JACKSON!!

"But I'm not home, I'm not lost, still holding on to what I got. Ain't much left, Lord there's so much that's been stolen! I guess I've lost everything I've had, but I'm not dead, at least not yet. Still alone, still alive, still unbroken. I'm still alone, still alive, I'm still unbroken!"

During the rest of the chorus, Jeff stands facing the hard camera and rocks out to the music, mouthing the words of the last line in particular. The music fades as Jeff warms up in one of the nearby corners.

Jim Gunt: Look at the look on Jackson's face, Mike. Judge or no Judge, that is the look of a man who is going to do some damage.

Mike Rolash: It's going to be a long night for Joseph Svenson, that's for sure.

The bell sounds and we are under way! Jeff immediately charges Svenson in the corner with a vicious flying knee to the face! Not allowing Svenson to fall, he instead backs him into the corner and drills him in the gut with seven or eight rapid fire knees. After that, he drops Svenson with The Instant Death! He goes for the cover, but pulls Svenson up before the count of one.

Mike Rolash: We thought something like this was coming Jim, but clearly Jackson is NOT ready to let the massacre end just yet.

Jim Gunt: You got that right, Mike!

Jeff climbs up to the top rope and hits The Overdose! Without even pretending to go for the cover, he drags Svenson to his feet. Svenson is too stunned to stand normally so Jeff shoves him face first into the nearest ropes, and hits a modified Halifax Explosion! Finally, with Svenson face down on the mat, Jeff locks in The Garotte until the referee stops the match due to Svenson being unresponsive.

Jim Gunt: Jackson's not letting go!

Mike Rolash: He's going to get disqualified again!

The referee begins the mandatory five count, but Jeff lets go at four with an unnerving grin on his face. 'Still Unbroken' begins playing as Jeff stands over the fallen Svenson.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner by referee stoppage, JEFF JACKSON!

Out of nowhere, Jeff makes a thumbs up, thumbs down motion and the lights drop. When they come back up, The Judge has replaced Jeff's own visage as the crowd goes wild. The Judge looks down at the fallen Joseph Svenson. He raises his gloved hands to his head, deciding the fate of Svenson. Unsurprisingly, the "Guilty" hand wins.

Jim Gunt: This is bad news for Joseph Svenson!

Mike Rolash: No kidding!

The Judge drags the limp body of Joseph Svenson to his feet, hooking him in a headlock position. After looking out to the roaring crowd for a moment, he drills Svenson with Martial Law! He then uses his foot to roll Svenson over, before giving a thumbs up, thumbs down motion. He then pounces on Svenson, locking in Judgment Day as referees and security try desperately to pull him off. He eventually lets go, doing an open handed crucifix like pose from his knees as the lights drop again. When the return, all forms of Jeff have vanished entirely as staff checks on the decimated Svenson.

Tick Tock I

Match

Just after commercial break, the lights go out in the arena immediately. No warning.

A second later, a golden hued light bursts from beneath the entrance stage. Hovering above the stage in a hologram is the same lion we've seen the last few weeks. The lion is dressed in his chainmail and now wears a battle helmet as well. The lion paces the stage, always looking toward the ring.

Above the lion is a countdown clock ticking backwards:

1.03:42

...

1.03:41

...

1.03:40

The arena lights burst on and the countdown clock and the lion disappear.

Jim Gunt: Well that was odd.

Mike Rolash: The shit has been weird week in and out, but we might our questions answered later on as it appears to be a timer counting down.

Jim Gunt: Well hopefully we have a resolution to what's going on but let's send it back to Ray for some Omega Block action!

We switch over to Ray who's ready to do his job.

Autumn Raven vs. Bubba Love

Match

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

Richard Dawson's voice comes from the speakers, screaming, "Who loves you? Who do you love?!" The crowd jumps to its feet, some of them cheering but most booing as "What is Love" by Haddaway booms out of the speakers. Bubba comes from the back, rubbing the back of his head as he makes his 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 waits with no emotion for his opponent to enter.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Day, Minnesota....BUBBA LOVE!

Jim Gunt: Nice to see that Bubba has recovered after him and Starlight were mysteriously attacked backstage, leaving

both competitors unable to compete last week.

Mike Rolash: If Bubba had half a brain, he would have went out and got a doctor's excuse and just called it quits on the rest of the tournament.

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

"The sun is shining
Though everything's dying
Your stars burned out for good
Somewhere in Hollywood"

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

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Los Angeles, California, weighing 120 pounds, she is the Beautiful Psychopath....AUTUMN RAVEN!

"What the hell,
This ain't no way to treat the living dead
Is this something from a novel that you read
It's time to cut the cord and say goodbye
Cause it's the only thing that hasn't happened yet
And when it does I wished we'd never met
I did the best I could."

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.

Jim Gunt: Autumn Raven suffered a heartbreaking defeat to Kyuseishu last week on the Evolution, technically eliminating her from placing in the Alpha and Omega Tournament.

Mike Rolash: And at six points, Autumn did put up a good fight. She's had her ups and downs like many, but she came close to putting away the frontrunners in the tournament several times.

Jim Gunt: Since when did you become such an Autumn fan, Mike?

Mike Rolash: I don't know, I just feel kinda bad for her...that and that Bubba guy is really fucking annoying.

Scott Dean walks back and forth checking on both competitors, calling out to Sal to ring the bell afterward. Bubba Love girates immediately, moving and grinding his body around while using his hands to call Autumn in for some "love". She appears nonplussed, simply shaking her head and walking towards him to meet him in the center of the ring for a test of strength. Instead Autumn goes low, blasting Love right in the groin with a kick!

Bubba Love drops to the canvas holding his jewels, and Scott Dean is forced to call for the disqualification. That is until Love immediately pops right back to his feet, right hand gleefully up in the air before digging in his wrestling trunks? The Love Removal Machine pulls out a massively sized pink cup, showing it off to the official and Autumn while shouting "LOOK, I have a cup! I'm okay!".

Jim Gunt: Well...that's weird.

Mike Rolash: Bubba just cost himself the match is what it comes down to, Jimmy. The guy's a numbskull.

Autumn Raven watches on with her eyebrows up in the air as Bubba Love continues to prance around with his cup high in the air. He finally tosses it out of the ring at the request of Dean, going back to his corner to once again “prepare himself”. Love stretches out both sides of the ropes before once again gyrating in the corner, but Autumn is not letting him mess around anymore. She comes running into the corner, leaping up and crushing the Love Removal Machine with a Cross Body Block! Autumn picks him up and throws him back to the ground with a Scoop Slam, following it up by quickly climbing up the ropes and leaping off with a Diving Fist Drop! Raven hooks the legs of Bubba, going for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Autumn Raven may be an avid gamer, but she's not in the mood for fun and games tonight!

Mike Rolash: Maybe she's just creeped out from Bubba's “dance moves”?

Staying right on the offense, Autumn brings Bubba up by his right arm, turning it up and over his head to place him in a standing arm lock. Bubba is able to use his size to fight off the submission, shoving Autumn off of him and into the ropes. He comes back with a High Clothesline attempt that Autumn steamrolls through underneath, bouncing off the opposite ropes and surprising Love as he turns around with a flying Headscissors Takedown. Raven kips up to her feet, looking down at Bubba with anger in her eyes as he pulls himself up.

Jim Gunt: CLAW OF THE NIGHT!

Mike Rolash: It's a Superkick Party and Bubba's not invited!

Jim Gunt: Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

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

Pregame

Match

The beautiful and intrepid Tara Robinson tracks down Freddie before he's to head through the curtain to face tonight's opponent, Phoenix LeStrange.

Tara Robinson: Freddie! Can I get a couple questions in before you head out?

Freddie Styles: Sure Tara...fire away.

Tara Robinson: After losing in a hardfought match against Danny B and losing a shot at possibly locking in the world title match with a win tonight, how do you plan on bouncing back after what you termed, "one of the toughest weeks of your life?"

Freddie Styles: It has been a tough week personally Tara. I just buried one of my oldest and dearest non-wrestling friends. I'm living out of a suitcase and a storage room because of some bullshit that's out of my control, but thanks to my mentor, Aurora and I do have a roof over our heads until shit is back in control. I lost to Danny. Easy come, easy go. I never said the old man couldn't go, and he went just 3 seconds harder than I did. We learn, we reset, and we come back harder.

Tara Robinson: So tonight, you beat Phoenix. Next up is your friend and former partner, Duce Jones. What are your thoughts on that?

Freddie Styles: Duce has a big night in front of him facing Nathan Paradine. I have Phoenix. Next week, we'll both speak on next week. Right now, I got two points to get, and a title shot to lock up. That's all that matters. I don't handle business, next week doesn't mean shit. So I'm about to go handle this business, and go show Phoenix what the Ballgame is all about.

Freddie's music starts to cue up, and he disappears through the curtain, headed for the ring.

Jim Gunt: Big words from Mr. Ballgame who looks focused on rebounding from that lost to Danny B, last week.

Mike Rolash: He's been turning heads since this thing has started and still sitting at first place, but a victory tonight would keep him in that top spot.

Jim Gunt: Well let's send it over to Ray as we get this Alpha Block contest underway!

Freddie Styles vs. Phoenix LeStrange

Match

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

The lights in the arena go out as a mysterious voice is heard over a slowed down "Mia Khalifa" beat.

"L-L-L-LeStrange!"

The real beat to "Mia Khalifa" kicks in.

The fans boo as Phoenix LeStrange appears on the stage. The song made famous all over the internet hits with the most known lines. Phoenix skips down the ramp and slides into the ring, dry humping it a couple times for good measure as she sticks her tongue out and crawls, stripper like, to the corner, awaiting her opponent.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, the Deviant....PHOENIX LESTRANGE!!

Jim Gunt: We've got Phoenix LeStrange versus Freddie Styles on the docket next. Any thoughts, Mike?

Mike Rolash: This should be a fucking slaughter.

Jim Gunt: *trying not to laugh* Why don't you tell us what you really think, Mike? Haha, but really though, despite coming out week after week and putting on a "show", Phoenix has yet to pick up a single point in the Alpha and Omega tournament thus far. On the other side of the ring, the man about to enter was undefeated up until what many would call the biggest upset of the tournament just last week when Styles lost to "Ripper" Danny B.

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, Freddie 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.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent, from Atlanta, Georgia, he is Mr. Ballgame....FREDDIE STYLES!!

"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. He takes the hood from off his head, then takes the vest off completely, tossing it to the floor, awaiting the beginning of the match.

Mike Rolash: I don't know if you can call Styles' lost to Ripper a true upset though Jimmy, I mean Danny is a bonafide Hall of Famer and multiple time former World Heavyweight Champion.

Jim Gunt: That's all true, however, Freddie Styles was seen as this unbeatable, unstoppable machine and was the clear vegas odd favorite going into that match. Speaking of Vegas, it's nice to finally be back here tonight for this special "CWF 100" 70th episode of Evolution!

Mike Rolash: Sure is, home of the Sin City Saint Johnny Graves, baybay! But let's go to the ring because Clark Summits has already checked both Styles and LeStrange for any outside weapons, and just ran the bell to get this thing started!

Phoenix LeStrange slowly comes to the center of the ring, eyeing Freddie up and down as he just stands in place. Approaching him, she brings her arms in the air and places them on his pectorals, rubbing sensually all the way down his chest. Styles backs up, his hands in the air saying "that's enough." Shaking his head, Freddie pulls on both sides of the rope in his corner, clearly letting the games of LeStrange get to him as she purrs like a cat in her corner.

Jim Gunt: Could this LeStrange be any more...well...strange?

Mike Rolash: I guess the name fits the face, eh?

Jim Gunt: Something like that, yes.

Having enough of the headgames from LeStrange already, Freddie snaps into action. He goes from one corner of the ring to the other and smashes into the LeStrange One with a massive Styles Splash! But one is not enough, as Mr. Ballgame pulls Phoenix right back up with a handful of hair, forcefully shoving her into the turnbuckles as he backs up yet again.

Jim Gunt: Here comes Freddie...with ANOTHER Styles Splash! Wow!

Mike Rolash: Phoenix would have been best to keep her kinkiness at home this week, Styles is obviously in quite the mood following his first loss of the tournament last week.

Crawling on her hands and knees away from her opponent, Styles grabs ahold of the left boot of LeStrange, shaking his head that he's not going to let her get away. LeStrange leaps up in the air looking for an Enziguri, but the Alpha Block favorite catches her out of mid-air, doubling her over and dumping her on her neck. Capture Suplex! The look of disdain is evident as ever on the face of Styles, and it's clear he just wants to put this one away as he leaps up in the air and drives his boot into the back of LeStrange's head with full force.

Jim Gunt: ATL STOMP! LeStrange is out cold, and Summits is calling this one off!

Mike Rolash: For good reason, Jimmy!

Ringling the bell, Clark Summits hurries over stopping Freddie Styles from delivering any more damage to the unmoving Phoenix LeStrange.

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by referee stoppage....FREDDIE STYLES!!

Jim Gunt: Referee stoppage, knockout, whatever way you wanna put it Ray...but LeStrange is out!

Mike Rolash: And Styles is back...with a vengeance!

Tick Tock II

Match

Just after commercial break, again, the lights go out in the arena immediately without warning.

A second later, a golden hued light bursts from beneath the entrance stage. Hovering above the stage in a hologram is the same lion we've seen the last few weeks. The lion is dressed in his chainmail and now wears a battle helmet as well. The lion paces the stage, always looking toward the ring.

Above the lion is a countdown clock ticking backwards:

53:01

...

53:00

...

52:59

The arena lights burst on and the countdown clock and the lion disappear.

Ataxia vs. Starlight

Match

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

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.

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!"

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.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Aokigahara, Japan....STARLIGHT!!

#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. She looks at the fans as she reaches the bottom of the ramp, She turns then raises her hands and the lights come on, she goes over to the steps slamming her hands down on them hard as she looks into the ring. She growls as she climbs up the stairs standing on the outside of the ring, she climbs through, taking the gas mask off looking at her opponent laughing as she climbs the turnbuckle, placing her hands above her head in an X once more as she drops down waiting on her opponent.

Jim Gunt: Starlight came into this tournament with quite a bit of steam, but a lot like her opponent her tonight, she seems to have faded out over the last few weeks.

Mike Rolash: Technically both Starlight and Ataxia are already eliminated from placing in the Omega Block, but that doesn't mean I don't want to see both of these idiots destroy each other here tonight!

Jim Gunt: Oh you're too kind, Mike.

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

"AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA"

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

Trent Robbins goes over to Ataxia, getting chills as the Messiah Pariah rubs him up and down instead, going for the check up on Robbins. He simply shakes his head, looking down at the canvas and making his way over to Starlight to check on her. She points her finger out, telling him to not even think about it. Robbins sighs, calling for the bell. Starlight and Ataxia come to the center of the ring for a test of strength. But Ataxia pulls her in, turning to her backside and yanking Starlight right into the Hungarian Reacharound!

Jim Gunt: Oh no, Starlight's fallen victim to the Hungarian Reacharound!

Mike Rolash: And try as she may, the amazon is unable to fight out of the grasp of Ataxia. She taps out immediately!

Jim Gunt: Wow, that one was quick!

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

"Dangerous Tonight" once again plays, but Ataxia quickly waves it off pushing CWF's head official right on his ass. The Messiah Pariah is not happy as his theme cuts quickly off, the masked maniac walking to the edge of the ring screaming for a microphone. The Vegas crowd falls silent, not quite knowing what to think as Sal hands Ataxia off a microphone. He makes his way back to the center of the ring, holding the microphone up to his mouth breathing heavily.

Ataxia: Jaiden Rishel....see you later.

And with those ominous words, the Messiah Pariah spikes the CWF microphone down to the canvas and slides out of the ring, angrily making his way up the ramp as quickly as possible.

The Evolution Is Coming

Match

The lights throughout the venue cut leaving the fans sitting in complete darkness. Suddenly red and blue lights begin flashing throughout the arena as the sound of police sirens pierce the silence. Suddenly the heavy beat of "Terrorstorm" blasts from the various speakers throughout the venue. The fans rise to their feet in a thunderous response: cheering wildly for their hometown hero. After several moments of anticipation the curtain pulls back and Johnny Graves steps out onto the stage wearing the CWF Impact Championship around his neck. He is closely followed by the Amazonian bodyguard known as Aeryka Aries. Graves slowly moves his gaze over the sea of fans, a confident smirk on his lips. He drops down onto his knees and bows his head as if in reverence. Slowly he raises his head once more while at the same time he raises both arms in front of him, hands fashioned as if holding twin pistols, his index fingers curled around the invisible triggers. The music fades to silence and Johnny slowly rises to his feet.

Mike Rolash: Looks like we're being joined by the Impact Champion, Johnny Graves. And listen to these Vegas fans and their monumental support for the Sin City Saint.

Jim Gunt: These fans excited to see their hometown hero. But my question is why isn't Johnny making his way to the ring?

The deep, heartbeat bass of Taylor Swift's "Look What You Made Me Do" drops over the arena's public announce speakers as the artist Magdalena Lockheart emerges from behind the curtain. Magdalena steps out into the center of a

light blue spotlight wearing street clothes and the necklace that Johnny got her instead of her usual ring attire and the CW UltraViolent Championship. For a moment she stands at the top of the stage and applies a dark cherry lipstick to her lips with the aid of a pocket mirror. The ramp in front of her lights up like a model's runway. Lockheart struts down the ramp - Johnny Graves and Aryka Aries in tow - as if she's modeling the dress, pausing briefly at the bottom to pose while flashbulbs go off all around her.

Mike Rolash: I think that answers your question, Jim.

Jim Gunt: It seems as if Johnny Graves is going to be accompanied by the woman who challenged him for that Impact Championship in Magdalena Lockheart... and she's not empty around her waist now, either, by the looks of things.

Johnny jumps up onto the ring apron and sits on the middle rope holding them open for Maggie and then Aryka to enter the ring. Johnny follows them inside and the three move around the ring savoring the cheers they receive from the Las Vegas crowd. Johnny moves to the far side of the ring calling out to Ray Douglas demanding he hand him the microphone. Once the microphone is in his palm, Johnny backs his way towards the center of the ring. He leans in and whispers something to Maggie before turning back towards the crowd and begins pacing back and forth across the ring..

Johnny Graves: It's weird bein' out here, standin' in this ring, in my own hometown. You all know me - hell - some of you probably pulled a job with me back in the day. Ya'll know I like to have a good time. But tonight... tonight's a lil' different. See, tonight I'm a lil' bit pissed off. I'm lookin' around this ring and it's damndest thing. I only see two championship belts. I got my CWF Impact Championship. Mags, you got your CW UltraViolent Championship. But by my calculations...

Johnny pulls the microphone from his lips and looks up offering a very thoughtful expression. He begins counting on his fingers, before pointing his index finger in the air and doing some calculations in his head.

Johnny Graves: There should be four championship belts. Because Mags and I were one count away from becoming the new CWF Tag Team Champions! I'm gettin' tired... I'm gettin' real sick and tired of all the bullshit games bein' played around this fuckin' company. First it was Scourge draggin' himself outta whatever sandpit he buried his head when he gimped away comin' back tryinna make a statement off me? Me!? Then last week... just as Mags and I were about to bring some legitimacy to the tag team division some more spineless, nutless, bitch-in-their-hearts cowards decide they wanna play with the lights and cost us our opportunity at achieving what we rightfully deserve! I am the Impact Champion. I am the only champion that matters in this company. I am the King of CWF. ...But I get it. I do. When you're sittin' there and you're lookin' at people like us... I get the fear. I get the uncertainty. I get the nervousness. But see people like me and Mags... we don't hide behind theatrics. We don't hide because tricks and surprise attacks. People like me and Mags go head to head, face to face, and we fight. Scourge... Jeff Jackson... the two limp pricks that decided to stick their nose in our business last week... hell, anyone else in the back; you wanna fight? Then come fight! Because from this moment forward... Maggie Lockheart. Johnny Graves. United. She's got my back and I've got her's. And fair warnin' to the entire CWF locker room... we're comin' for all the gold. Talk to 'em, Mags.

Johnny holds the mic out towards Maggie. Maggie accepts it with grace and pauses for a moment as she receives a few cheers of her own.

Maggie Lockheart: You're absolutely right, Johnny... but if I could elaborate on that. Yeah, it might not seem like it at this moment, but we are very proud of what we have been able to accomplish for you fans. I mean, Johnny Graves and I are both very young in terms of what the typical age of talent is back in that locker room. And yeah, Johnny might be a lot of talk... and at times... I am, too. But talk is nothing if you don't come out and back it up each and every week inside this or any ring, cage, parking lot, backstage... wherever the fight may be. Nothing makes us happier than to not just walk out here with gold but to have the opportunity to represent what being a champion means in this business. So

if you think that we're being selfish, rude, or hell... just a tad bit egotistical... fine. But who we are and what we're capable of is how Johnny and I define who we are. And if you think that we're just going to stand around and accept what happened to us last week, then you're sadly mistaken.

Maggie points towards the camera.

Maggie Lockheart: Now we're not gonna stand out here and bitch about the opportunities that we let slip away. Johnny understands what I mean now when I say that twice... twice I've had the chance to make my impact on the CWF... and both times really didn't go my way. But that's alright. We're fighters. We don't take success for granted but we both make sure that we work damn harder than anyone else to achieve it. We know what we have to do. Sure we could focus on the championships that we have now, and when the time comes that's exactly what we'll do. But that doesn't change what we strive for. That doesn't change the fact that we want to be the CWF Tag Team Champions, just like we both wanted to be the CWF Impact Champion at one time. That doesn't change the future when one of us will strive toward, and become, the CWF World Champion, too. And lets throw all of Carnage's championships in there, too... Because our goals, they don't change, and nor should they. We walk through that curtain up there with our heads held high because we give a champions effort every single time, no matter what's at stake. But as far as the tag team champions themselves go, hey... you lucked out this time. Just don't think for one second that it's going to stop us or even deter us from kicking your asses and taking your gold the next time. No, if anything, we're even more determined than before. We're pissed off for greatness, because anything less would be accepting mediocrity. And that's just something we don't do.

Maggie turns towards Johnny.

Maggie Lockheart: Because Johnny and I, we're survivors. We might be young but in our short time we've already seen half of the bullshit y'all can throw at us... and studied the other half. We know what lies in our futures because we have the foresight to learn from other people's mistakes. So please, don't take this as us declaring ourselves as a new team "better than the rest" just 'cause we say so. It's going to take time. There's going to be some growing pains. But we've already proven that we can challenge anyone for any championship on any roster you throw at us. So by all means, keep thinking that you have an edge. Keep telling yourself that the men in masks will save you. Keep adding more bullshit to the pile, because eventually, it's not going to work anymore. You can only hide behind a mask for so long and yet, Johnny and I are standing out here once again putting it all out there for all to see. So please, why don't we settle the differences out in the ring and let our actions do all of the talking? ...if you have the balls, I mean.

Johnny Graves clearly has an 'oh shit' reaction as Maggie grins.

Maggie Lockheart: What it all comes back to is making an impact in the CWF... and that's what we're all about. Jaden Rishel himself laid out the challenge. He wants to see professional wrestling grow... hell... he said he wants to see it evolve. That's why the show's called Evolution, right? So my response to that is this: that evolution is standing right here. The future of professional wrestling, and of all combat sports, is not going to come from the next mega-group hell bent on destruction. It's not going to come from some aging ring vet with followers and ideals... and it sure as hell isn't going to come from Scourge or Jeff Jackson. No. If there's one thing I've learned is that there is no fixing the bullshit, and there's no fight in trying to change the system or the industry to get rid of all of the problems that people like Johnny and I face. What's going to be the future, what's going to evolve is going to be the young, the tough, the driven, the smart, the spectacular... it's not going to be those seeking change, just those willing to, and capable of thriving in all of the chaos. Right Johnny?

Graves nods his head in agreeance.

Maggie Lockheart: Because that's what it boils down to, is chaos. So if Jaden Rishel wants to see what an evolution looks like, he needs to look no further than what's standing in this ring. We've had all of the bullshit thrown at us. We have masked men attacking us almost every week. But here we stand. Survivors? Yeah... but judging by the gold that

we've brought down to the ring with us tonight... I'd say we're doing a bit better than that. But we still want more. We are going to continue to do exactly what we've been doing since day one and there isn't a damn tag team or legion of masked men in this federation or the next that can stop us. Chaos breeds evolution, but only the strongest among that survive. I am the Queen of Chaos, and He is the King of Impact. And together... we are The Natural Selection. We are the strongest, the toughest, the smartest, the most capable. We aren't going to try to change the game... but we are damn sure built to win it.

Maggie hands the microphone back off to Johnny. Johnny sticks out his bottom lip, giving an impressed look towards Maggie. He tucks the microphone under his arm and 'golf' claps for Maggie. Bringing the microphone back to his lips Johnny turns his attention back towards the hard cam.

Johnny Graves: See what happens? See what happens when you piss her off? She's like a sexy lil' Tasmanian Devil. But there ain't a damn word that came outta that mouth that I don't agree with one hundred percent. This industry is filled with veterans so terrified of losin' their spot that they will do anything to hold onto it. This industry is filled with a bright eyed youngsters looking to prove themselves as the future of the wrestlin' world. But see this game ain't about how many years you've put in. This game ain't about how naturally gifted you are. Sure, experience helps. Athleticism, helps. But this game is about who can step into this ring and get the job done. I came in to CWF and within a month I was crowned Impact Champion. Because I earned it. Not because I was chosen by Rishel. Not because I was labeled the future. I earned it by handin' out a better beatin' than I took. I sat there and first hand watched as Maggie proved that she deserved to be the UltraViolent Champion. The hell she endured, the chaos she rained upon her opponent. It was beautiful.

Johnny smirks for a moment and then offers a slight shrug.

Johnny Graves: If Jaiden Rishel is gonna sit idly by while the inmates run the asylum then I guess Ms. Lockheart and I are just gonna have to take matters into our own hands. As she so graciously pointed out, yeah, I like to run my mouth. But I challenge anyone in the back to do what I do, at the level I do it, as often as I do. I challenge anyone in the back to do what Maggie does, at the level she does, as often as she does. Several weeks ago, I walked out of Evolution as the Impact Champion for the second time. And that match easily could've ended with Maggie walkin' out with the strap. Did she bitch? Did she moan? Nah. She dusted herself off, she tightened her boots, and she went out there and earned a championship belt of her own. Because that's what we do. We fight. We survive. We win. We're not here for your petty wars. We're not here to feed into your egos. We are the two best young up and coming legends in the business today and it's not because we say we are. It's because you put us in the ring against the best... past... present... future. And when all is said and done and all the smoke has cleared we will continue to stand, right here, side by side, victorious!

Johnny moves beside Maggie and drapes his arm around her shoulders as he smirks towards the camera.

Johnny Graves: Why change the game... when you've already won?

Johnny snickers and arrogantly drops the microphone to the canvas with a thud. "Terrorstorm" hits the speakers once more as the sold out crowd voices their opinion of the newly formed duo. Johnny and Maggie move towards the ropes, Johnny once again holds the ropes open for Maggie who gracefully exits the ring. He offers the same courtesy to Aryka but she looks at him as if he's crazy. Johnny shrugs and exits the ring being followed closely by Aryka.

Danny B vs. Konrad Raab

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contest is an Alpha Block Match, with a thirty minute time limit and is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

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 CWF fans watch on and give him a mixed reaction.

Ray Douglas: Hailing from Brighton, England and weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds... he is “The Ripper”... DANNY B!

Danny arrogantly smirks at the announcement, confident in his ways as he makes his way down the ramp and slides into the ring underneath the bottom rope. He rises to his feet and surveys with crowd before performing a mock bow and backing away into the corner to await the start of the match.

Jim Gunt: Tonight, Danny B comes in standing at fifth place and possibly eliminated from World title contention. However if there were to be some odd dominoe effect and all the top place holders were to fall.. He might have a chance..?

Mike Rolash: This tournament is not a testament to how great The Ripper truly is.. I'm not still not over that bullshit draw against Douche Bones..

Jim Gunt: That's not funny.

Mike Rolash: Only because you do not have a sense of humor.

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 trousers with his nickname The Iceman on the front of them with Pit Bull Energy logos on the side of his trousers 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: “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: Konrad Raab has already been eliminated from the running as he was only able to secure four points.

Mike Rolash: Hey.. He was able to gain points in a very grueling tournament. Hell some of the entrants weren't lucky enough to even gain that many points.

Rookie official, Nick McArthur is on duty for this match and he signals for the bell. Charging out of the corner like a madman, The Ripper leaves his feet and drive them through Raab's chest, sending him crashing hard into his own corner!

Jim Gunt: Danny B looking to end this one quick as he connects with an impromptu shotgun dropkick on the unsuspecting Iceman.

Mike Rolash: The Ripper came in so hot that I can already see ice melting off of the man.

Momentarily slumped in the corner in a seated position, a dazed Konrad rolls under the bottom rope to try and buy himself some breathing room. Proud of what he has done, The Ripper poses inside of the ring to a jeering Las Vegas crowd. The smile on Danny's face says he's already thoroughly enjoying himself. Done with his theatrics, Danny races towards the ropes and rebounds, coming through the ropes and taking a recovering Iceman out with a tope suicida!

Jim Gunt: Suicide Dive by The Ripper! Mike, tonight the Ripper has come to make a statement.

Mike Rolash: I thought it was called a toupee.. At least that's what you called it last week.

Jim Gunt: You mean tope, Mike?

Mike Rolash: Tomato-tomoto.. Who gives a shit?

Bringing the Iceman up, Danny throws him back inside of the ring before McArthur could even reach two on his count. Sliding in himself, he positions himself in the corner to the side of Raab who crawls on his hands and knees trying to recoup. The Ripper has other plans.. Exploding from the corner with a mighty running bicycle knee strike better known as Dragon Strike to the downed Iceman's temple! He slumps to the canvas, seemingly unconscious.

Jim Gunt: I've never seen so much performed on that move by Danny before, it could be all she wrote for Konrad Raab, who was already eliminated from the Alpha and Omega tournament.

Mike Rolash: His best bet is to just lay there and let Danny B secure this victory, because he doesn't seem to have any fight in him.

The Ripper however isn't done as he snares Raab from the mat by his head and neck and hooks him in a front facelock, butterflying the Iceman's left arm, The Ripper lifts him high into the air before bringing him crashing hard on the top of head!

Jim Gunt: Crimson Wings by The Ripper and it should be all over from here as Danny finally goes for the cover.

Mike Rolash: Better luck next time..

McArthur is over the make the count as The Ripper doesn't even bother to hook a leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Nick signals for the bell.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, via pinfall and earning two points in the Alpha Block! "The Ripper" DANNY B!

Jim Gunt: Dominating performance by The Ripper here tonight as he looks to keep his name current in the World title picture, earning two points and now sitting at eleven.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, if everything goes to plan, we could see a very complicated situation at the end of this tournament.

Tick Tock III

Match

Just after commercial break, once more, the lights go out in the arena immediately without warning.

A second later, a golden hued light bursts from beneath the entrance stage. Hovering above the stage in a hologram is the same lion we've seen the last few weeks. The lion is dressed in his chainmail and now wears a battle helmet as well. The lion paces the stage, always looking toward the ring.

Above the pacing lion is a countdown clock ticking backwards:

29:28

...

29:27

...

29:26

The arena lights burst on and the countdown clock and the lion disappear one more time.

Silas Artoria vs. Jay Mora

Match

Ray Douglas: The Following contest is an OMEGAAAAAAAA Block Match set for one fall, with a thirty-minute time limit!

Simple Red's "Something Got Me Started" shakes the arena as the ramp way fill up with blue fog.

Jim Gunt: So, here is where we stand going into our final weeks of the tournament. We know JC is the Omega block leader going into tonight's show. But something will give tonight as we have three competitors sit at 12 points each, and two are facing each other in the main event. JC at 12, faces Kyuseishu who also has 12. Silas has a win over Kyuseishu, so he sits in second place with 12 points. JC has a win over Silas so he is the block leader. Now if Kyu beats JC tonight, Silas moves into the top spot assuming he can stop Jay Mora in this match as projected. Now if JC wins, Silas stays even at number two, and keeps praying for a JC to take a loss moving forward.

Mike Rolash: And then there's The Marksman who is basically a bye week with his TWO points and total elimination. Silas knows all things are possible with faith in Kyuseishu later tonight.

Jim Gunt: I hate to admit it, but Hoyt maybe the prayer Silas indeed needs answered, but that's later tonight and Jay Mora vs Silas Artoria is right now.

From the back steps the Psychotic Aristocrat saunters in and gracefully walks to the ring with great confidence.

Ray Douglas: First from Toronto, Canada...Weighing in at 220 pounds he is THE BLOODLETTER...he is SILAS ARTORIA!!

The crowd cheers at the mention of his name.

Jim Gunt: Looking confident tonight as his odds are pretty good in the match up as Jay Mora has been on a bit of a losing streak.

Mike Rolash: I have some insider information, and actually put my money on the longshot Jay Mora tonight.

Jim Gunt: It's our money Rolash.

Ray Douglas: His opponent from Chicago, Illinois the MARKSMAN JAY MORA!!!!

The lights drop in the arena as "Mosh" by Eminem begins to fill the arena with a certain buzz. A neon green target shines brightly on top of the stage before two large pyros BOOM, making the fans ears ring. The Marksman appears at the top of the stage looking left and right before making his slow, strut-like, dickhead walk to the ring.

The boos could be heard from outside the arena, the fans hate this man so much. Mora makes his way up the stairs with a smug smile on his face. He stops at the ring post to look right, taking time out to point to a fan and talk some trash before entering the ring.

Jim Gunt: Leave the fans alone, will ya!

Mike Rolash: He's just saying Hi.

Mora gets in the ring and makes a gun motion with his fingers pointing them at Silas. Artoria takes off his trench coat jacket and smiles as he stretches in the corner. The referee "Big" Denny Davidson checks both men for weapons before moving to the center of the ring and calling for the bell.

Jim Gunt: Here we go!

The two men lock up in the center of the ring where Jay Mora uses his size to gain control. He uses it to throw Artoria against the ropes and comes at him with a big clothesline only to be ducked by Artoria. Silas again bounces off the opposite rope and strikes Mora hard in the face with a knee that sends the big man down with a thud.

Jim Gunt: He just about got all of that flying knee strike this thing could be over as quick as it started. That was brutal.

Mike Rolash: Mora needs a miracle now.

"Personal Jesus" by Depeche Mode begins to play as out from the back wearing a black jogging suit and holding his beautiful white mean eyed emotional support cat Meowru Suzuki is "The Kyuseishu" Hoyt Williams. Artoria is distracted by the entrance leaning up against the top rope looking out at the entrance way yelling something at Hoyt Williams.

Jim Gunt: Damn it. What is he doing out here? He has no business in this match and why is his music playing? I'm going to have words with the director after the show.

Mike Rolash: I invited him out here to join us on commentary.

Jim Gunt: You know, you really need to talk to me about these things first, we're a team.

Hoyt approaches the ring as Artoria clearly is yelling at Hoyt to get out of here. Hoyt makes the sign of the cross towards Artoria smiling at him like they are old friends. The cat hisses. Hoyt sits down at the broadcast table joining Jim and Mike.

Jim Gunt: LOOK OUT we have a roll up from behind!!

Mike Rolash: I told you I had inside information come on MORA! ONE!!!

Jim Gunt: TWO!

Mike Rolash: Three, it's over!! Jay Mora has picked up his second win!! Thanks' be to Hoyt!

Hoyt Williams: What a wonderful day for all Americans as the Canadian takes a fall!! I guess that means I'm one win away from taking the block lead!! Joyous day!!

Jim Gunt: Will you two keep up with the action, Artoria kicked out at two.

The referee clearly holds up the two count fingers as Mora mounts Artoria and starts unleashing lefts and rights landing a few in the process. Jay Mora seems a little off his game even on the offensive.

Hoyt Williams: Oh good, I'm here to make sure my boy, my disciple, my protégé Silas Artoria maintains his lead. For I gave him the gift of confidence and saved his career in the process. IF I can't win the tournament I'm going to make sure one of my guys does.

Artoria catches a punch and masterfully rolls it over into an arm bar submission.

Jim Gunt: Artoria is his own man, not a disciple to anyone. You're delusional.

Hoyt Williams: Can we shut his microphone off? Jim Gunt the master of fake news always spreading lies against me. You know nothing Gunt. I know all and see all. Artoria is a member of my revival party and together we are going to dominate CWF and bring it to new heights.

Jay Mora uses his power to basically muscle his way to the rope breaking the submission hold he shakes his head still trying to shake off that knee strike.

Hoyt Williams: You got this Savior Silas, you got this. Finish him off!! Keep my miracle of saving your career going!!

Jim Gunt: I'm still confused what's going on here? Why do you want him to win, yet a second ago you were happy when you thought he lost? What is this?

Mike Rolash: A match Gunt, pay attention.

Artoria grabs Mora by the arm helping him up before striking him with a hard elbow to the face. Mora has seemed a bit out of it since the early knee strike to the head and may even be working concussed as he's slow to react. Mora takes another strike to the face this time instantly dropping and rolling straight out of the ring to seemingly regroup.

Hoyt Williams: Mora's trying to run!! I can't let that happen!

Hoyt throws down the headset grabs a steel chair. He looks at the referee and smiles making sure Denny Davidson sees him. Hoyt then gives Artoria a thumbs up as if he's in favor of this and doing it on his behalf. The crowd starts a "Fuck Hoyt" chant.

Jim Gunt: He's going to get Artoria DQ'ed, he's messing with the entire integrity of the tournament. This is a tragedy.

Mike Rolash: Easy money for me Gunt!! Hoyt's a genius.

Mora, who clearly is still seeing cobwebs is having a hard time processing as to why Hoyt is now holding up the chair and aiming it at his head.

Jim Gunt: This is just wrong.

Mike Rolash: He's just helping his disciple!

Jim Gunt: By getting him DQ'ed!!!

The referee Denny Davidson is yelling at Hoyt to put the chair down while Artoria catches on as to what is happening. Hoyt swings the chair hard right at Mora's head.

BANG!!

Jim Gunt: Oh my God!!

Mike Rolash: That was awesome.

Just as the chair is striking down Artoria uses the top rope to spring board out of the ring somehow kicking the chair out of Kyuseishu's hands mid-swing in a gorgeous fluid motion the crowd starts a "Holy Shit" chant.

Mike Rolash: Damn, they should call Artoria the Marksman.

Jim Gunt: He just saved himself a devastating DQ loss that would have been completely unfair.

The chair almost hits a fan when it finally lands. Hoyt waves his hands trying to shake off the sting from the chair being knocked out of his hand so aggressively. Artoria realizes the situation he's facing and wastes no time throwing Jay Mora back in the ring before anything else could happen.

Jim Gunt: I'm pretty sure Mora might have been concussed on that opening knee strike he's going on pure instinct right now and is just a zombie out there.

Silias nails a discuss closeline and quickly the Fall of Man.

Mike Rolash: Oh no.

Jim Gunt: One, two, three. Two points goes to Silias, and he will be paying attention to tonight's main event as he was nearly screwed out of a win here tonight.

Hoyt grabs his cat and flees quickly while Artoria gets his arm raised in victory. Silias starts yelling out at Hoyt shewing him away with his hands as the crowd cheers him on.

Jim Gunt: The Omega block is getting very interesting. Now Silas, has to know, Hoyt will do what ever it takes to get his way. A true sociopath this thing is far from over.

Ray Douglas: The winner of 2 points is Silas Artoria!!!

They Eventually Fell

Match

The scene switches backstage to the view of lead CWF correspondent, Tara Robinson. She smiles politely into the camera before beginning to speak.

Tara Robinson: Welcome back ladies and gentlemen to Evolution 70:Alpha & Omega Supershow! So far it has been a great night of action but at this time will you please welcome my guests.. Byson Kaliban and the CWF Tag Team Champions... Most Known Unknowns!

The quartet enter the scene, Byson with his ever present, arrogant smile plastered on his face. As for his trio, they all appear to be in a more menacing mode. The CWF World Tag Team titles rest comfortably on the shoulders of Espinoza and Martinez who take position behind Nina and Byson who stand side by side.

Tara Robinson: Byson, last Tuesday on Evolution. Omar and Vince faced off against two mystery opponents with the Tag Team titles on the line but during that match.. Vince and Omar were brutally assa....

Byson interrupts her.

Byson Kaliban: Yeah, yeah, yeah and you want thoughts... concerns if will.. You wanna know how Vince and Omar are feeling deep down inside.

His turns into a scowl.

Byson Kaliban: There are no feelings! The only thing that these two men feel is that burning desire to go beat the ever living shit out of those sons of bitches! Can I ask you a question, Tara?

She unwillingly nods.

Byson Kaliban: Why is it when we asked for opponents, my guys had to jump through hoops? Wear ridiculous masks and defend their titles against quote-unquote mystery teams? What is this bullshit!?

Tara doesn't have a response but Nina immediately steps in and begins to speak.

Nina: It means that this company fears us. It means that the powers that be are afraid of what would happen if we are able to properly prepare. Anyone can attack from behind..

Byson now interrupts again.

Byson Kaliban: And if anyone knows about surprise attacks, it's these guys.

She ignores him though and stares directly into the camera with soulless white pupils.

Nina: Darkness will soon fall upon the Championship Wrestling Federation, forever to scorn those who have chosen to stand with it. At Genesis, there will be an exodus as we shall have our revenge because keep in mind, though giants may have roamed the earth at one point... They eventually fell.

She heads off screen, Espinoza and Martinez following closely behind, leaving Byson standing alone with Tara.

Byson Kaliban: They really take to her, huh?

Shrugging his shoulders without so much as a response from Tara, he exits in the same direction as the MKU.

Zolton vs. Amy Jo Smyth

Match

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

Mike Rolash: YES!

Jim Gunt: What are you so excited about, Mike?

Mike Rolash: It's time for the true Alpha of the Alpha and Omega Tournament to make his presence felt yet again.

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.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Amsterdam, Netherlands, the Man of Chaos....ZOLTON!!

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.

Jim Gunt: Zolton has been on quite the roll as of late, even defeating Duce Jones in the main event of last week's Evolution in a Hell in a Cell Match!

Mike Rolash: No one in Zolton's homefed of WWH want to give the Man of Chaos a chance, here in CWF's he's forcing his way to the top, and I gotta say Jimmy...I like it.

Jim Gunt: You would.

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 the 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: And his opponent, hailing from the great state of New Jersey... She has her Ph.D. in submissions... "The

Good Doctor" Amy Jo Smyth!!

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, finally landing in a split. Zolton watches on with a grimace on the other side of the ring, not showing his cards just yet.

Scott Dean goes over to both corners, doing his check ups on both competitors before calling for the bell. Zolton slowly makes his way to the center of the ring with his hands out looking for a test of strength, but Amy knows the size differential, instead coming at him with a cartwheel, catching him off guard as he backs up just to take a leaping dropkick to the face. Amy Jo Smyth gets right up and springs off the ropes as he gets vertical yet again...Backflip Jumping Split Kick!

Jim Gunt: The Kimberly Hart Collection, an impressive array of offensive moves from the Good Doctor!

Mike Rolash: Should be called the Amy Jo Smyth collection, because bitch just made it her own!

Zolton is out on the canvas, rolled to his side holding his cranium. Amy lifts him up but Zolton uses his shoulders to stop her from continuing any offense, driving her back into the corner. A second and third shoulder block and Amy is out of breath, weakened even more by a super stiff clothesline from Zolton! He brings her out of the corner with a hand to her back, suddenly pulling her in under his legs and whipping her around with a Gutwrench Powerbomb! The Vegas crowd are on their feet in anticipation as Zolton goes for the first cover of the match.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Zolton showing his dominant strength advantage over Amy Jo, but it isn't enough to keep her down for the three count!

Mike Rolash: As long as he can keep her off her feet, it's only a matter of time Jimmy.

Collecting himself, Zolton pulls Amy Jo Smyth right back to her feet with a handful of her hair. The Man of Chaos ignores the boos from the Vegas fans, slapping the Good Doctor across the face to wake her up. She indeed comes to, but gives Zolton more than he was hoping for, nailing him with the Liquid Poison Frankensteiner! But Zolton is right back up to his feet! Amy shakes her head, once again going for the Cartwheel Kick. The Man of Chaos catches her out of mid-air! With a head full of steam, Zolton runs Amy Jo right into the corner with a Running Powerslam!

Jim Gunt: Zolton just squashed Amy Jo Smyth like a bug!

Mike Rolash: Just like the piss-ant he called her, I love it!

Jim Gunt: Ugh...

The Man of Chaos relishes in the boos from the sold out Las Vegas crowd, sure of himself as he calls Amy up for the finish. Zolton kicks Amy in the midsection when she rises up, buckling her over and hoisting her quickly overhead for the Pearly Gates Crucifix Powerbomb...no Amy drops out from the back! Zolton turns around...FIVE-O STANDING KNEE STRIKE TO THE FACE! Zolton is rocked but somehow does not go down! The Good Doctor is astonished but is not ready to give up yet, hurrying into the opposite ropes and springing off, gaining just enough momentum to bring her into a back handspring and then take Zolton down with the massive Headscissors Takedown!

Jim Gunt: Thermite Reaction! Amy catches Zolton with the headscissors, but will it be enough as she goes for her first

pin attempt of the matchup?

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO! Zolton rolls a shoulder!

Mike Rolash: No way, Jimmy! Zolton is on such an impressive winning streak, overcoming such odds as Duce Jones only last week, there is no way in hell Smyth is going to get a win over him tonight!

Jim Gunt: We have seen some surprising victories in this tournament, Mike, don't be so sure!

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

Zolton rolls over and back to her feet almost simultaneously with Amy Jo Smyth, the two competitors coming at each other at the same time with a clothesline attempt. Despite the hundred pound difference neither competitor takes extensive damage, both clotheslines landing on different spots but just as effective as the other. They back up, coming forward yet again. This time Zolton goes for an MMA style quick lower kicks, catching Amy off guard at first, but she's able to hit a standing Enziguri to bring him down! Zolton is once again back up however, just to have Amy drive her head under his jaw and bring him down for a Jawbreaker!

Jim Gunt: The Good Doctor is doing whatever she has to to get the job done here tonight, but Zolton just won't stay down!

Mike Rolash: The Good Doctor just doesn't have the anecdote, Jimmy, there is no answer for the Man of Chaos!

Amy Jo Smyth locks up with Zolton as he gets right back up, trying with all her might to send him into the ropes but he's easily able to reverse it, sending Amy herself into the ropes with an irish whip. Zolton catches the Good Doctor on the way through, it's time for the God's Smite Full Nelson Slam...NO! In mid-air, Smyth brings her legs up into the air, grabbing Zolton's head and bringing him crashing to the canvas with another Headscissors Takedown! She springs into action, running towards the Man of Chaos and connecting with a Shining Wizard Kick.

Jim Gunt: What offense from the Good Doctor, and I don't think she's done...she just locked in the patented Triangle Choke!

Mike Rolash: Eat Me Out...right?

Jim Gunt: That's...correct, and Zolton is fighting....fighting his way back up...and no, Amy has him back down, and Zolton's tapping out! The submission specialist does it yet again!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by submission and picking up two points in the Alpha and Omega Tournament....AMY JO SMYTH!!

Jim Gunt: What a win for Amy Jo! This puts Zolton in a really bad position going into the final week of the Alpha Block, but puts her in a better spot than ever to end up in the final two spots and qualifying for a title spot!

For Old Time's Sakes

Match

The camera cuts backstage to the office of Jaiden Rishel. It has been a highly successful 70th episode of Tuesday Night Evolution for the CEO of CWF, but what he was even more excited about was the overall 100th show and the presentation of the final Alpha and Omega Supershow. The boss sits at his desk, contemplating his next move as he reads through a set of paperwork. A knock on the door interrupts him, bringing a frown to his face that quickly turns upside down when he sees the person at the other end of the door.

Jaiden Rishel: Well...I didn't expect to see you here.

Standing at the other end of the door? The Internet Icon. The Hall of Fame Hallmark. Jarvis J. King, bay bay. The true King of CWF stands with a gorgeous suit on, and his trademark smile plastered on his face.

Jarvis King: Wouldn't be a 100th show without the man who made this company what it is today. You of all people should know that, Jaiden.

"Exactly, that's why they invited me here."

Walking up behind Jarvis King is another Hall of Famer in his own right, one of the most beloved superstars of all CWF's long history, Harley Hodge himself. The two former rivals stand eye to eye, nose to nose, almost as if another fight is about to break out at any moment. Before anything can however, another surprising face from the past makes his presence known. The former boss himself, the father of Jaiden Rishel, J. Rish! Rish looks crisp as ever, a short hair cut and a dye job covering up his grey's and a serious look on his face as he stands between Jarvis and Harley.

J. Rish: Gentlemen, unless you wanna go back in time and have yourselves a match this evening, I suggest you make yourselves scarce and go enjoy catering. My boy and I have some talking to do...

After a tense moment in time, Jarvis and Harley staring each other with glares of death, both men concede and nod at the elder Rishel, making their way out of the office of Jaiden Rishel. The Prodigal Son slowly turns his attention from the men leaving his office back to his father.

Jaiden Rishel: Well then, dad, let's get down to business...

Ariel Shadows vs. PJ Blake

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contest is an Omega Block Match, scheduled for one fall and has a thirty minute time limit! Introducing first...

The opening line to "Inna Gadda Da Vida" begins to play, but it sounds somewhat different. It turns out to be "Hip Hop Is Dead" by Nas, and the crowd not only boos this but also the appearance of the Dreamcatcher from behind the curtain.

Ray Douglas: Making her way to the ring.. From Anchorage, Alaska, weighing in at one hundred and forty-six pounds! "The Dreamcatcher" ARIEL SHADOWS!

Throwing up a sarcastic peace sign with an evil grin, Ariel struts down the ramp to the crowd's jeers. Before entering the ring, she removes her glasses and sandals; electing to wrestle barefoot.

Jim Gunt: This is more or less a match for bragging rights as both Shadows and Blake have already been eliminated from the runnings to compete for the World Championship.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, both ladies come in at six points a piece but a win here tonight for either woman would not be enough to get them back in this thing.

Ariel slides into the ring underneath the bottom rope, then does a quick push-up like move to bounce up to her feet. Ariel runs the ropes a couple of times, opting not to pose. After a couple of bounces off the ropes, she does a couple of stretches in the corner, and a high kick putting the foot above her head. She then simply awaits in the corner for her opponent. "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.

Ray Douglas: Her opponent, from Seattle, Washington and weighing in one hundred and ten pounds! PJ BLAKE!

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. 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: PJ comes in tonight after a huge victory over the Messiah Pariah. You have to believe that she can keep the momentum going after such a big win.

Mike Rolash: It was a day of rejoicing, anytime that the Bagged Faced Freak gets put down it's a beautiful day.

Senior official, Trent Robbins signals for the bell and both women meet in the center with a tie-up. Blake manages to win the exchange, latching the taller Shadows in a side headlock. Ariel struggles against her grip and is able to transition into a headlock of her own. Blake hurriedly shoots her to the ropes and attempts a hip toss but Ariel is able to block. Performing a standing switch, and it's The Dreamcatcher who attempts a hip toss but her efforts are thwarted. Blake goes for a clothesline but Shadows ducks, runs towards the ropes and rebounds off but Blake drops to the mat. Shadows not being caught off guard, does a cartwheel over her into a back handspring, landing on her feet and posing in PJ's direction. Popping back up to her feet, Blake charges at Shadows who side steps her, causing her to bounce off of the ropes. As she returns, Shadows swiftly flips her to the mat with an arm drag. The force sends Blake sliding into the nearby corner.

Jim Gunt: Nice deep arm drag by Shadows as she has PJ reeling in the corner.

Mike Rolash: Blake needs to snap back in this one quick because here comes Shadows!

However, before Blake is even able to react, Ariel crashes into her with a clothesline before bringing her out of the corner and down to the mat with a bulldog. A bit groggy on the canvas, Blake tries to get vertical as Shadows hits the ropes again. Just as Blake gets vertical, The Dreamcatcher swings with a wild punch but Blake is able to duck and use Shadows momentum to take her down to the mat with a backslide! Trent slides in for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Both women are still hooked in the backslide position as they are seated on the mat. A struggle then ensues as they both jockey to get the upper hand on the hold. They both manage to get upright, arms still locked together as Shadows quickly spins Blake and herself towards each other and connect with a knee lift. The impact of the shot drops the smaller Blake to the mat, Shadows takes advantage, driving her knee into the back of PJ's skull. Shooting the half, she goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Shadows questions the count but Robbins assures her that it was only two.

Jim Gunt: Shadows looks to now take firm control of this match as she was unable to score the pinfall just then.

Mike Rolash: That knee to the back of Blake's head, looked brutal.

Getting to her feet, Shadows focuses her attention on Blake's left leg as she immediately wraps it in a toe hold. Blake screams out in pain as Ariel applies more of her body weight into the submission hold. Struggling to get free proves

futile as Shadows stretches Blake's left leg almost to her chest. The Las Vegas fans slowly begins clapping, trying to rally Blake back into the fight. She feels the energy surge through her body as she slams her free leg against the mat. Ariel pushes down further, trying to get Blake to submit but she quickly rolls her up in a small package attempt! Trent is there to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Both competitors roll to their feet, Shadows charges at Blake but catches a back elbow for her efforts. She staggers backwards a bit but collects herself and looks to go back on the attack but gets dropped by a SUPERKICK!

Jim Gunt: She likes to call that The Rise and I don't think that Shadows will be rising any time soon!

Mike Rolash: Ariel looks like she's counting birdies right now. Check out Blake, she's going to the top rope!

Perching on the top corner turnbuckle and measuring up The Dreamcatcher, Blake leaps off and connects with a five-star frog splash or as she likes to call it, The Legacy! She bounces off of Shadows from the impact but quickly scurried back on top of her for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Rolling off of Shadows as the bell rings, Blake appears spent but soon makes it to her feet as Robbins raises her hand in victory.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, via pinfall.. Earning two pints in the Omega Block! PJ BLAKE!

Jim Gunt: Another great win by the self-proclaimed "The Icon" picking up two more points but it really doesn't make a difference in the Alpha & Omega Tournament.

Mike Rolash: Blake may have not gone far in this tournament but she has damn well made her name known.

Jim Gunt: She's definitely going to be someone to watch out for in the future..

Tick Tock IV/Lion Cometh III

Match

Just after commercial break, again, the lights go out in the arena immediately without warning.

A second later, a golden hued light bursts from beneath the entrance stage. Hovering above the stage in a hologram is the same lion we've seen the last few weeks. The lion is dressed in his chainmail and now wears a battle helmet as well. The lion paces the stage, always looking toward the ring.

Above the lion is a countdown clock ticking backwards:

00:10

...

00:09

...

00:08

...

00:07

...

00:06

...

00:05

...

00:04

...

00:03

...

00:02

...

00:01

...

00:00

The lion stops pacing and looks toward the ring. He roars loudly and runs at the ring. He "bursts" through the hologram and the lights and the arena come to life. The lion standing on stage is no longer a hologram but a real live lion.

"Beat the Devil's Tattoo" by Black Rebel Motorcycle Club plays

Nathan Paradine emerges from backstage and furiously strolls up the lions ramp. He goes to enter but, the lions have different ideas about that. Paradine backs up immediately, demanding that Thaddeus control his big cats.

Thad does just that, and he backs off his lions letting Nathan Paradine enter the ring.

Paradine motions for the mic and Thad more than willingly hands it over.

Just as Paradine is set to speak...

SNAP!

Thaddeus hits him with his Better Than You (sweet chin music) super kick leaving Paradine lying on the mat seeing stars.

Thaddeus picks up the microphone. "I don't know you, you don't know me." He kneels down over the fallen Nathan Paradine. "When I'm in this ring it is the Lions Den and you never enter the Lions Den without an invitation."

"My Name Is Human" by Highly Suspect plays and Thad escorts his lions from the ring leaving Paradine lying in the ring.

Duce Jones vs. Nathan Paradine

Match

Jim Gunt: Oh my, Thaddeus Duke just made a statement with that superkick to Nathan's skull. He doesn't appear to be moving, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, that guy just caught him totally off guard and his match is up next!

Jim Gunt: I don't know if he'll be able to compete after that one.

Mike Rolash: Well he better be able to come up with something quick because here comes Douche!

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

Making his way to ringside, Jones slides in under the bottom rope and walks past the unconscious Paradine over to Ray and request his microphone. Douglas politely hands him one and Jones anxiously paces around the ring. Giving the crowd a moment to calm down, Jones once more look at Paradine and begins to speak.

Duce Jones: Really? Is dis what tha fuck's goin' down?

Duce takes another look and shakes his head.

Duce Jones: Do you know how muthafuckin' hard I've been trainin' so far just ta have my redemption.. Against a legend in dis business no less an' what happens? He's attacked moments befo' our big match.. Well at least in my eyes.. Is dis tha kinda shit dat ya let ride Jaiden?

Duce faces the hard camera.

Duce Jones: Week afta week.. Show afta' show I've sat back in tha locka' room an' kept my mouth shut.. But I've been watchin', I've been watchin' as a once billed prestigious tournament has gone ta shit afta' constant dickheads tryna make their names known at tha men an' women of dis tournament's expense.. An' what do you do Jaiden?

He pauses for a moment, taking the mic down before bringing it back up.

Duce Jones: Not a muthafuckin' thang.. So what am I 'sposed ta do have Denny call fo' tha bell an' get a cheap victory?

Duce shakes his head in denial.

Duce Jones: Naw.. Dat's not how I roll, I'd ratha' give dis man tha oppurtunity ta rise on his own accord an' decide whetha'a not he's fit ta fight. So Denny if ya will..

Duce takes a step back and allows "Big" Denny to do his job. Which starts with the mandatory ten count. Signaling for the bell as Douglas exits the ring, Denny screams out, "ONE!" Duce looks on at Paradine yelling encouraging words. Denny shouts, "TWO!" Denny checks for life from Nathan but there's none as he then shouts, "THREE!" Duce goes back to his corner to remove his hoodie as Davidson shouts, "FOUR!"

Jim Gunt: Well it looks like Paradine might not be able to stand after that surprise attack fro Thaddeus Duke.

FIVE!

Mike Rolash: I hope Duce doesn't think this is honorable, hell a dick move is still a dick move.

SIX!

Jones paces back and forth screaming for Paradine to get to his feet but he has yet to move. Denny screams, "SEVEN!" Jones walks over and gently smacks Nathan on the face a bit trying to wake him but Denny quickly backs him off before shouting, "EIGHT!" Duce mouths "c'mon" as the fans begin a "NATHAN! NATHAN!" chant. "Big" Denny screams out, "NINE!" Duce curses in disappointment but becomes hopeful as Paradine begins to move. However he doesn't attempt to rise to his feet. Davidson screams, "TEN!" and signals for the bell as Ray makes the official announcement.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner via technical knockout! DUCE JONES!

The Las Vegas fans immediately shower the arena with disapproval.

Jim Gunt: Well I guess, Duce is going to gain a cheap victory here tonight.

Mike Rolash: A douche move if I've ever seen one.

Jim Gunt: Well it wasn't by any of his doings..

Mike Rolash: Yeah, yeah...

Duce heads over to the ropes and asks for the mic once again, he receives it. Now looking a bit frustrated, he goes back to the center of the ring and brings the mic up to his face.

Duce Jones: Bullshit.. Down right bullshit! Aye, Rish, dis 'sposed ta be tha big 100th show dat tha CWF's put on an' dis is what you give tha fans? You have tha image of dis Alpha an' Omega tournament tarnished by sneak attacks an' cheap shots? Not ta mention.. Why tha fuck are we even wrestlin' in 60degree fuckin' weatha'? I mean I get dat it's Vegas but it's early fuckin' Novemba', I don't mean ta be rude but you ain't droppin' no bread fo' health care so if any'a these competitors were ta get sick..

Duce shakes his head.

Duce Jones: You would have a helluva lotta employees at yo neck. But I have an idea.. Seein' as how ya call yaself takin' a page outta my book. Why don't I do tha entire company a favor an' put my knee through yo face one mo' time..

Duce pauses again as the Vegas fans explode with cheers.

Jim Gunt: He can't be serious..

Mike Rolash: That would be his job.. Why would you want to put your hands on the boss?

Jones holds up a finger.

Duce Jones: I mean, legally of course..Ya see I noticed dat ya put out a lil open challenge fo' dat there Carnage Openweight title.. I mean I could care less about tha title but if it means dat I can get my hands on you.. Consida' dat shit accepted.. Jaiden.. Prepare ta get introDUCED!!!

Duce flips the microphone out of the ring in Douglas direction where he catches it like a seasoned pro. Duce quickly exits the ring and heads straight for the back.

JC vs. Kyuseishu

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is an Omega Block Match scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is tonight's MAAAIIINN EVENT!

The arena lights go off as "Personal Jesus" 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 to familiar traditional samurai hair style, and wearing a men's blue and black Kimono he raises his arms in a pose of the cross.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Nishi-Shinjuku, Tokyo, Japan, the Social Media Samurai....KYUSEISHU!!

Kyuseishu soaks in the jeers from 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.

Jim Gunt: Kyuseishu has been on quite the roll as of late, Mike. Would you have expected him to be in the position he's in here tonight?

Mike Rolash: Of course, Jimbo! Our Kyuseishu has been the leading Alpha AND Omega now for longer than time itself, better yet as long as this tournament has been going! JC may as well give up the match now and not even show up, he doesn't even have a chance!

"I'M FINALLY HOLDING ON TO LETTING GO"

"Unsainted" by Slipknot kicks in and blue pyro blasts from the sides of the stage and JC comes out wearing his trenchcoat, staring out at the audience. Lights start to flash in the arena as he makes his way to the ring to the sounds of the chorus.

JC slides into the ring and climbs up on the middle rope of the side with the hard camera, raising his arms up and down to try to pump up the crowd. He jumps down and walks over to the same side before doing the same thing. JC then moves to a corner and tosses his trenchcoat to the outside before stretching before the match.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Jersey City, New Jersey, the Answer....JC!!

Jim Gunt: Doesn't stand a chance? JC has been just as dominant as Kyuseishu, if not more so!

Mike Rolash: Explain?

Jim Gunt: I will. Although JC and Kyuseishu sit at twelve points a piece, tied, of course Silas Artoria won his match earlier tonight putting him up to fourteen. That's very key to the placings in the tournament because JC has a tie-breaker over Silas should they be tied in the end, because of him defeating him earlier on in the tournament, and Silas holds the same claim over Kyuseishu.

Mike Rolash: So basically what you're saying is that tonight's main event has bigger stakes than ever!

Jim Gunt: Exactly.

Clark Summits has the Las Vegas fans on their feet already as he goes over the match rules with both competitors, signaling for the bell as JC immediately springs into action, running at Kyuseishu. The Social Justice Samurai covers his face expecting a punch but instead JC drives his shoulders into him bringing him back into the corner. Several shoulder blocks later the wind is knocked right from Kyuseishu, but a desperate rising knee to the face of JC stops him in his tracks!

Jim Gunt: Kyuseishu was taking some powerful early offense from JC, but luckily for him he was able to break free.

Mike Rolash: Hoyt hath the power!

Jim Gunt: What?

Holding his jaw, JC backs up raising back vertical. Kyuseishu comes forward, spinning around to hit his opponent with a Roundhouse Kick that JC is able to slide under just in time. He grabs the Second Coming from behind who both arms

wrapped around his shoulders. Tiger Suplex! JC rolls over, coming right back to his feet and quickly bouncing off the ropes looking for a clothesline to the rising Kyuseishu. Kyuseishu sidesteps though, using JC's own momentum to bring him over with a Judo Hip Toss. JC rises up just to take a reverse Atomic Drop. Kyuseishu draws in the boos from the Vegas crowd standing over JC in cross-like position, his arms out with a sadistic smirk on his face.

Jim Gunt: These fans will never like Kyuseishu, will they Mike?

Mike Rolash: If they know what's good for them, they will. The man is our next World Champion, learn to love him or get behind!

Jim Gunt: That's jumping the gun a little bit don't you think? Not only does Kyuseishu have competition in Silas and JC on the Omega side, he still would have to get through whoever comes out on the Alpha side at the Genesis pay per view.

Mike Rolash: Piece of cake for a God.

Measuring JC up as he tries to get up, Kyuseishu stomps down slowly but methodically along the line of his spine, bringing him down to the canvas every time he tries to bring himself back to his feet. Eventually JC thinks better of it, rolling away from his opponent under the bottom rope and to the outside. The Second Coming smirks vividly inside the ring, knowing he's getting under the skin of his opponent who just walks back and forth outside.

Jim Gunt: JC has been in some tough battles as of late, one of them being a Carnage Wrestling World Heavyweight Title Match against longtime rival Jack Michaels. He fell short in his quest to finally unseat Jack, and one has to think that had to have hurt his self-esteem a little bit going into this match.

Mike Rolash: Self-esteem? Oh come on Jimmy, wrestlers don't have feelings!

Jim Gunt: You're joking, right?

When Clark Summits begins to count JC out he ends his breather, rolling back in the ring and surprisingly Kyuseishu with a Spear! Pounding down lefts and rights like they're missiles, JC's dropping bombs like Hiroshima. Summits comes over to stop the attack on Kyuseishu as the Second Coming's hands come down leaving him unable to block. Suddenly he springs his upper body up and headbutts JC! The Answer rolls over, holding onto his mouth which begins to seep blood immediately.

Jim Gunt: JC is busted wide open!

Mike Rolash: Wonder how he likes the taste of his own blood?

Jim Gunt: I don't know Mike, why don't you go ask him?

On his knees still wiping the blood away from his lip, JC calls Kyuseishu in with his hands, showing that he's unphased and ready for some more punishment. Kyu looks to do just that, as he charges forward and spins around at the last second to bust him right across the lip with a Roundhouse Kick! JC seems to be out, but Kyuseishu isn't going to give him any more second chances, lifting him right back to vertical position.

DEEDS OF THE SAINTS!

The Gotch Style Piledriver from Kyuseishu drives JC on the crown of his head, and seconds later he hooks both of JC's legs, smiling as most of the Vegas crowd boos the count of Clark Summits.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by pinfall and picking up two points in the Alpha and Omega

Tournament....KYUSEISHU!!

"Personal Jesus" drowns out the boos from the Vegas crowd as Summits raises the rising Kyuseishu's arm in the air, victorious.

Jim Gunt: Well folks, this Alpha and Omega tournament has been a long and winding road but we're ALMOST to the end. This was our last Supershow involving both blocks, next week we have the Alpha Block final and the week after the Omega block final, and then two weeks after that the Genesis pay per view!

Mike Rolash: We're finally nearly to the point where we crown our first World and Paramount Champions of the new era. For Jimmy boy, goodnight everybody!

And Then There Was Silence...

Match

The lights go out in the arena and the crowd falls silent, not sure what to expect. Then the opening choir of "O Fortuna" of Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana" begins to sound and the fans go wild, knowing exactly what is about to happen. As the low chanting choir sets in, flames begin to flicker on the CWF tron, fog wafting up from the stage and the entrance. Images of someone running through a forest with the pale rays of the moon the only light filtering through follow and finally a group of hooded figures slowly walks out, partially obscured by the fog, holding torches. The choir rises in intensity and the flames that at first were visible on the tron suddenly shoot up along the ramp and the figures slowly make their way down to and around the ring, surrounding it. Seven more hooded figures, without torches, appear on the stage and proceed down the ramp. As they enter the ring, they take up their position next to each turnbuckle and the fire and tron go black until the song explodes into its crescendo, four flames shoot up from the ringposts, casting their eerie glow at the unmoving figures in the ring.

The music fades into an eerie silence as the crowd watches the robed figures in the ring. A familiar voice rings out from underneath one of the deep hoods...

"Oh Jaiiiiiidddddeeeeeennnnnn...."

The crowd pops as the figure points a solitary finger up at the screen above the entrance ramp where it goes completely blank followed by one very familiar emoticon to anyone that knows their CWF history.

A semi colon accompanied by a right parenthesis.

The figure hops into the center ring and disrobes, revealing the One Woman Party Favor and someone who helped put CWF on the map during its Golden Age, Mia Rayne! She smirks at the sights around her and does a customary skip around the ring. For old times sake.

Mia Rayne: A little birdie tweeted, or twit, that this was a BIG episode of Evolution, and that Jaiden Rishel is pulling out "all the stops" in order to make it as memorable as possible. The trick here ladies and gents, is that if you want to have a memorable show under the CWF umbrella, you have to have the memorable PEOPLE that helped make your brand relevant. Jaiden, you're nothing but a slimy, egotistical, needle dick of a person. No one here in this ring likes you, nor has ANY desire to work with you.

What I share, what WE share, is the distinct feeling however, that CWF is our start point, it's our home away from home. Our birthplace. You might feel desolate, abandoned, hopeless, and all alone, but the thing about it is that when you're Forsaken? You're never, TRULY, alone. What I have here with me is a group of people, all with our own set of differences, but have come together time and time again to defend the CWF against all evils interior and outside these hallowed halls. We have bled together, we have caused each other to bleed. We've caused pain and destruction; forced each other to endure endless agonies all in the name of what we thought was right at the time. We did what was

best for our home and in return, when Jaiden fulfilled his own little selfish prophecy of self fulfillment... Poof... We went away.

Now Jaiden, don't you DARE get this twisted in your thick and twisted skull you call a head. You didn't chase us away, we left because why on EARTH would we EVER lift a finger to help a spoiled child like yourself? We left and what did you do? You followed me to Carnage, where... The only name you can make for yourself is pinning people who are either already unconscious, or distracted by yours truly. You lost in the first round of a tournament similar to the one you tout on social media as your proverbial cash cow of greatness, yet what has it yielded you since I've left, since WE have left? Do you have a World Champion to replace the ones that have turned their backs on you? Where's Dan Ryan, Lindsay Troy, the rest of the Inner Circle? It's not just me that has issues with you Jaiden, and for the record, I'd be DAMNED if I let you have your way with such a landmark episode of Evolution without telling you how much of a prick you are, on national TV, on your own show.

There's a certain amount of... Satisfaction that oozes from this moment, Jaiden, and I've taken the appropriate steps to make sure that this is a night that you NEVER forget. Because you see that while I was once alone and pushed everyone away, a lesson hard learned is that I'll always and forever be... FORSAKEN.

Another figure, who had remained silent to this point steps forward, lifts his head to reveal Jimmy Allen. He smiles out at the crowd and takes up the microphone. Nodding his respect for the words spoken by Mia.

Jimmy Allen: Honestly I don't know that I can add anything to what's been said by my sister. My perspective is a bit different. I was the last member to be added to The Forsaken, first as an honorary member and later as a full member. We are not here for Jaiden Rishel, a man who can't even be committed to his own company. All you have to do is follow twitter and see that he's attempting to moonlight at another company. That's his level of dedication to HIS craft. So dedicated to running CWF that he focuses on a career that's been dead for oh so long. We are here for CWF to make sure that this night, this 100th episode is given the proper respect that it deserves. Those that have been around since the beginning know that if there was no Forsaken there would be no CWF.

With that Jimmy lowers the Microphone and stands next to Mia. Next. the tallest and the shortest of the robed figures step forward in unison. The shorter of the two steps in front of the larger, and then they simultaneously remove their hoods, revealing Chloe and Dorian Hawkhurst. Dorian raises a microphone while Chloe produces Lynk from under her robe.

Dorian Hawkhurst: You know, this place has done me a lot of harm and a lot of good. The thing is, we are not here because of Jaiden Rishel. We are here because we came together organically. We did this on our own. Yeah, it started with Ataxia and Shadow. Then Jaiden started with his cliché "You're going to team with your enemies" booking, throwing me together with Tax and Shad. The thing is, Rishel never expected us to come together. He just wanted to see the world burn. Didn't happen though. Then Mia came along, then Zach and Jimmy. We grew on our own. We stood as the unlikely saviors when Ouroboros came around. We stood here as part of the foundation of this company. Yet, when he needed something, he always went for the shiny new toy instead of leaning on the foundation that was already here.

Chloe Hawkhurst: He had forsaken the Forsaken. We won't forget what he did. We're not here for him. We're here for ourselves and we're here for YOU!!!

The crowd pops at Chloe's acknowledgement. The crowd slowly dies down, and focus turns to another man that so far has been silent. Zach steps forward and pushes back his hood.

Zach van Owen: In an alternate timeline perhaps we could have worked together to save this fed, to save this industry. But it became all too apparent that our efforts would have been in vain cause you can't save those who can't even help themselves. The sad truth is we could have changed the game for the better. But only if we had been playing the same

game.

The camera now moves over to another robed duo. The Shadow is unmoving under his hood, his head bowed, Myfanwy at his side. He slowly raises his head.

The Shadow: There is a saying that if you make the bed, you have to lay in it. Jaiden, looking back at CWF, WE were here when your father was still in charge. WE were here when Milenko was in charge. WE were here when C\$J was in charge. I trust you see a pattern here. With all the turmoil this federation has gone through, we were the one constant that kept it on the map. We were the one constant that these people--

He makes a sweeping motion around the arena getting cheers wherever he points.

The Shadow: --came to see week in, week out. Sure, we have had our issues, we have had our challenges, yet here we are, still standing. And like Mia said, where are the other grand stars that were brought in to fill the seats? Look at who was brought in throughout the months, the years. Murray, Dane, Ryan, Troy, Mora, too many to count. They all came as the proverbial Swiss army knives of wrestling. The saviours of CWF to elevate it beyond the mediocre maelstrom of competition. Oh, they received the pushes, they received the title chances, the limelight. Many were handed these chances on a silver platter, just to make the federation look good.

He makes air quotes.

The Shadow: 'Oh, look what legend we managed to sign.' - 'They had a legendary rivalry in this or that federation and now we can show you that they are still not done.' Yadda, yadda, yadda. What did they really give to this federation? Did they give it the blood, sweat and tears? No. They came in with great pomp and circumstance, did their thing, collected their big pay cheques and then disappeared into thin air.

As Mia said, don't pride yourself in having been able to get us to come here to make this show special. We are not here for you. We are here for them.

Again he points at the fans, who respond immediately.

The Shadow: We did not come because someone promised us a big cash-in for five more minutes in the spotlight. We don't want your money, we came here on our own accord.

He briefly looks at the other Forsaken and together they start.

The Forsaken: We are everything you are not.

At this point the whole arena says the words with him.

The Forsaken: We are the antidote. You will hate us, but you will have to realize, we were all you had left...

Suddenly the lights go out and the torches extinguish. As the lights come back on, the ring is empty save for the robes and one robed figure. He spins around and the robe falls off and we see Ataxia as he puts on his top hat. He walks over and picks up all of the discarded robes. He stops at Mia's for a moment and finds a single black rose. For a brief moment he smiles as he puts the robes on a turnbuckle post and then pulls out a microphone from his pocket.

Ataxia: They smelled nice...

The fans pop to the old joke. Ataxia sighs for a moment and smells the rose.

Ataxia: Even for a brief moment that was heaven and that's the closest I'm ever going to get. We didn't do that for Jaiden. We didn't do that for CWF. That was for you fans. Each one of you who took us in, flaws and all, and gave me what I've always wanted. A family...and then Jaiden took it all away. You know we've had some shitty people run this place. Your dad, Sunset, hell...even I'll admit at the end there...I wasn't in the right mindset. And how could I be...when the chips were down where were you? Hiding. Plotting. Scheming. I've said it before and I'll say it again Jaiden...you

don't deserve CWF. So since you took everything from me with your mishandling bullshit...I'm gonna take everything from you...Since they are gone...I...Am...Forsaken...and you're fucked you little fucking bitch! I challenge you to an Anything Goes Match at Genesis!

The fans cheer as Ataxia stands for a moment and smiles at them. For a moment, he doesn't chastise them since this is for his family.

Ataxia: Flugelhorn...

He bows as the lights go down again...

Ataxia Voice Over: AHAHAHHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA....

Show Credits

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