

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 75

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: January 28, 2020
Location: Qwest Center — Omaha, Nebraska

Preview

It was the 75th edition of CWF's longest running show, Evolution, 28 Jan 2020!

Results

Autumn Raven vs. Jason Ryan vs. Omar Martinez

Match

Autumn Raven vs. Jason Ryan vs. Omar Martinez

The screen before you is black, when suddenly the sounds of "New Era" by Knox Hill takes over your screen as we're now shown a video package of CWF's current stars as they are in action, all doing various things from competing inside of the ring to striking their favorite pose for the camera until an orange fist comes crashing through the last shot.. As it pulls back from the screen, the Evolution logo takes up the frame before fading out and we come back live, inside of the Quicken Loans Arena in Cleveland, Ohio, the host for Evolution 75! Fireworks and pyro begin to explode around the stage area before cutting to the Cleveland crowd as they hold up various signs, supporting they favorite athletes.

[SILAS IS GETTING INTRODUCED!!!]

[I WOULDN'T BE HERE IF IT WASN'T FOR HOYT!]

[WHERE'S DANNY?]

[I NEED MY PARKING VALIDATED!]

[JUDGMENT SHALL COME YOUR WAY VERY SOON]

Cutting to ringside, we are shown our commentators for the evening, Jim Gunt, Tara Robinson and Charles State!

Jim Gunt: Hello, ladies and gentlemen! We would like to welcome you LIVE to the Seventy-Fifth edition of Evolution! I'm Jim Gunt and joining me at this time are my broadcast colleagues, Tara Robinson and Charles State. And if you're wondering where exactly Mike Rolash is at, then you truly missed an event, a couple of weeks ago.

Tara Robinson: Indeed it was but I believe that I was in just as much shock as anyone else when Justin Rishel's other bastard son, Alexander made the announcement on the last episode of Evolution.

Charles State: I say congratulations, hell if he'd never got his promotion, we'd never have gotten ours. Just hate that Blake is stuck in the back by himself.

Jim Gunt: Well it's my pleasure to have the two of you joining me. But guys, what about this night full of action that we have on tap for tonight?

Tara Robinson: There are a lot of interesting battles going on here tonight and in my opinion. I say, why should we talk about it? Let's just get into the action!

Charles State: I agree with Tara, talking about the action is far more boring than just getting right to it!

Jim Gunt: Okay then, as we make our final stop before Frozen Over VIII, let's send it to Ray for our first match of the

evening.

The camera switches over to Ray, who's shining silver hair looks more stunning than ever. Sporting a burgundy suit with matching shirt and black tie, Douglas brings the microphone to his lips.

Ray Douglas: The following triple threat contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing participant number one...

Purple lights shine around the top of the ramp, fog rolling around it as the beginning lyrics of the song starts 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: Making her way to the ring, from Los Angeles, California, weighing one hundred twenty 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.

"The sun is shining

But everything's dying

Your stars burned out for good

Somewhere in Hollywood

I swear it's only

Cos you be my lies

Guess I'm misunderstood

You were my deadlihood"

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: Here's a woman who continues to turn heads on a weekly basis.

Tara Robinson: She sure is and the pairing with PJ Blake has worked more wonders as they've been undefeated as a unit.

Charles State: Okay sure, she's been on a hot streak lately but do you guys honestly think that watching YouTube videos of how to redecorate squishy toys is the best way to prepare for this contest then she's sadly mistaken.

Tara Robinson: I don't see anything wrong with having a hobby during your down time. I'm just happy to see that she made it here before that blizzard hit.

"Into the Fire" by Disturbed hits, the lights go out. Jason emerges wearing a red and white Edo era robe. His face is painted white and black, his neck painted black. He wears a black Kasa and a silver Menpo and holds a black umbrella above his head as he slowly walks to the ring, the only light being a singular spotlight on him.

Ray Douglas: Participant number two, making his way to the ring, from Laurel, Montana! Weighing in at two hundred fifty pounds! The Watcher... JASON RYAN!!!

Fog covers the arena as Jason gets in the ring and slowly removes his entrance gear exposing his heavily tattooed body and black and silver wrestling tights.

Jim Gunt: Here's the newest CWF's signee, a young man who's looking to make his big break in this business.

Tara Robinson: Well if size counted for something, I'd say that Ryan could possibly do big things in this company.

Charles State: He may have the size factor in check for this contest but do you think that alone could secure him a victory?

Jim Gunt: I'd have to agree with Charles on this one. I'm still on the fence about this young man but hopefully he's able to prove something here tonight.

"Givenchy" starts up as Byson Kaliban steps from behind the curtain with one-third of the Most Known Unknowns, Omar Martinez. The two barely acknowledge the fans as they make their way towards the ring.

Ray Douglas: And participant number three! Making his way to the ring, weighing in at two hundred ten pounds, from San Juan, Puerto Rico! Accompanied by Byson Kaliban! OMAR MARTINEZ!!

The two finally make it to ringside, where Martinez rolls into the ring and goes over to his designated corner, tugging on the ropes to loosen up for the contest.

Jim Gunt: Did you guys catch the tension that the MKU apparently have with Byson?

Tara Robinson: I know I did and things do not seem to be on the upside within the faction.

Charles State: I understand their frustration, Byson prances around here in a bad suit, basically pocketing dollars off of their backs.

Jim Gunt: Did someone tell you that?

Charles State: Nope, that's the conclusion that I personally came up with myself.

Scott Dean is the official for this contest, finishing up his mandatory checks, he signals for the bell, getting this match underway. The three competitors circle the ring, each looking for their own advantage. Both Raven and Martinez eye Ryan, seeing that he's the largest out of the three, they both move in for the attack. Ryan catches Autumn with a knee to the gut, doubling her over before cracking Omar across the jaw with a Brogue Kick. Martinez drops to a knee as Ryan keeps on him with a hard clubbing forearm to the back. Turning his focus back on Autumn, The Watcher smacks her across the jaw with a forearm that sends her reeling into a corner. Making his way across towards the other corner where the Racer is pulling himself up, Jason stings his chest with a knife edge chop!

Jim Gunt: The rookie, Jason Ryan is coming out on fire as he's staying on top of both Autumn and Omar.

Tara Robinson: I told you guys that the size difference would be the x-factor in this match.

Charles State: We all have lucky guesses every once in a while.

Looking to stay in the offensive, Ryan charges at Raven but she gets both her feet up to stop him in his tracks. Staggering across the ring towards Martinez, he's caught with a back elbow from the Racer that sends him staggering into a clothesline attempt from Autumn. The shot isn't enough to take Ryan down as he's still upright, on wobbly legs. Roaring out of anger, Ryan swings a wild lariat that's ducked underneath by Raven. Bouncing off the ropes, she connects with another clothesline but the Watcher is still on his feet. However, he staggers towards the ropes where both, Martinez and Raven team up to clothesline him over the top and top the outside!

Tara Robinson: Coming into this contest, who would've thought that we'd see Autumn and Omar working as a team?

Jim Gunt: Things were beginning to look a bit rocky at first with Jason coming out with a head of steam. But the two of them had to find some kind of way to slow him down.

Charles State: Ryan has looked impressive but can he translate it into a win here tonight?

Autumn tries to rest on the ropes for a second but Omar immediately rolls her up with a school boy, looking for a quick win but the Beautiful Psychopath quickly kicks out at one. They both roll through to their feet and Martinez hurriedly looks for a big boot that's swatted away, he quickly spins through though, clocking Raven with a back elbow! The shot rings throughout the Quicken Loans Arena as Raven slumps down to the mat. Omar feels that he has things under control as he watches Autumn crawl towards the ropes. As she uses them to help her get vertical, Martinez is right on her, raking her forehead across the top rope. She stumbles away, grabbing at her face as Martinez looks over at Byson who's shouting instructions to his client. He smirks at Byson before focusing back on Autumn who's now trying to find some reprieve the opposite set of ropes.

Charles State: See what I mean? Autumn preparing for this match learning weird crafting ideas have left her at a disadvantage right now.

Tara Robinson: Charles, now you know that we can never count Autumn out. She's been able to pull off major victories and upsets. When will she get her due?

Charles State: I'll take get serious when she takes herself serious.

Jim Gunt: And I thought Mike was too straight forward.

Martinez moves in on Autumn, who tries to fight back with a right hand to Martinez's face. She swings again but it's blocked as Omar shoves her backwards and connects with a dropkick as she bounces off the ropes. Omar goes for the cover as Dean is over to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

Raven kicks out and Omar slaps the mat out of frustration. He doesn't let it deter him though as he's back up, bringing Raven up as well. Backing her into the ropes, Martinez looks to send her across, she rebounds and he ducks down for a back body drop but she immediately stands him up with a kick to the chest. Letting out her patented scream, she charges Omar, dropping him with a hard clothesline! The Cleveland fans come to life for the Beautiful Psychopath as she looks to fire up and turn things in her favor.

Jim Gunt: This could be Raven's opportunity!

Tara Robinson: You never count out the heart of a competitor such as Autumn.

Charles State: Everyone one catches a lucky break every blue moon.

Martinez is near the ropes as he gets to his feet, running with head, full of steam. Raven manages to send him over the top and to the outside with a clothesline. Looking around to the crowd, Autumn points towards the corner and they let out a huge cheer! Going towards it, Autumn climbs up to the top but before she's able to fly like the raven that she is, Ryan returns to the action, pulling her down from the top buckle and onto the apron. With one big shove, he sends her bodily into the ring post and down to the floor! Hopping down from the apron, Ryan proceeds to trash talk Raven as she clutches at her back in pain. Moving around ringside, Omar tries to catch Ryan by surprise as he runs straight at him. Leaping into the air, proves costly for the Racer as he's caught in mid-air! Adjusting Martinez to his shoulder, Ryan sends him crashing face first into the apron with a snake eyes! Omar's head snaps back violently as he crashes to the floor!

Jim Gunt: Oh My Lord! He could've broken his neck right then!

Charles State: This kid is putting on a show with his strength.

Tara Robinson: I must admit that Jason Ryan has been quite impressive during his first outing.

Ryan looks out at the fans with a smile but they have yet to make a decision on him just yet. Moving towards Raven, while Byson checks on Omar, Ryan brings her up and rolls her back into the ring. Sliding in behind her, Ryan moves in, applying a crossface which causes Raven to fight against the hold frantically searching for an escape. With her left arm trapped between his legs, Ryan yanks back violently on the hold, screaming for Autumn to tap but she's not a quitter, continuing to struggle against his clutches. Soon a "LET'S GO RAVEN!" chant gets started up amongst the Cleveland crowd and it begins to give Raven the energy that she needs. Continuing to scratch and claw at Ryan's fingers, Autumn uses the only option that she has left and that's too bite Jason's hands. He screams out and releases, allowing the both of them to get vertical. She charges in at Ryan but receives another knee to the gut for her trouble. Taking a moment to observe the situation, Ryan spots a recovering Martinez, who's now on the apron. Grabbing Raven by her hair and tights, forcefully sending her crashing into Omar's midsection! Raven goes crashing outside as Martinez staggers through the ropes and back inside of the ring!

Jim Gunt: How are they going to stop this man?

Tara Robinson: Coming in, everyone thought that the story would be the history between Autumn and Omar but this Jason Ryan is really making a name for himself.

Charles State: The kid knows what he's doing inside of that ring and right now, neither of his opponents have an answer.

Sensing that he has things under control, Ryan tells the crowd that it's over and brings Martinez vertical. Leaning the Racer backwards across his right knee, Ryan hooks Omar's head with his right arm and spins head first into the mat with a Rainmaker DDT! Omar's body goes stiff as he flops to the mat. Ryan hooks the leg for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

But Martinez is able to get his shoulder off the mat but stays on the attack as he climbs on top and begins to pummel Omar with right punches. The Racer tries his best to cover up but the Watcher is relentless with his strikes. Letting up, Ryan gets to his feet and sees Autumn climbing back into the apron. This makes him bring up Omar by his hair and tights, tossing him though the ropes towards Raven but she sidesteps and Martinez goes crashing to the floor!

Jim Gunt: Omar's in a bad spot as Ryan charges at Autumn but she ducks through the ropes with a shoulder block! She's going to the top! Missile Dropkick! She's going for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Tara Robinson: Ryan kicks out and they're both up to their feet and just creams her with a back elbow!

Charles State: What's it gonna take to slow this kid down?

Ryan now goes for a cover of his own on Raven as Dean remains on the mat.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Frustrated, Ryan stomps down on Raven a few times before bringing her up, she shrugs him off and connects with a punch! A few more has him rocked but he forcefully shoves her off and into the nearby corner where a returning Martinez is barely able to roll out of the way! Getting to his feet, Martinez rushes at Ryan but gets sent backflipping to the mat with a Discus Clothesline! Landing front first in the mat, Martinez rolls out of the way as Raven tries her luck, running in at the Watcher but he stops her with a boot to the gut. As she's down on her knees trying to recover but he quickly hooks her head between his legs. Lifting her up, he has her prepared for a Last Ride Powerbomb. Yanking her high up into the air by her tights, she's able to wiggle free, landing behind him! Running towards the corner as an angered Ryan follows her in, she leaps to the second rope before spinning and dropping Ryan with a Superman Punch!

Jim Gunt: Raven may have found an opening!

Tara Robinson: And she's looking to capitalize as she's scaling to the top turnbuckle!

Charles State: She might make a list out of me after all...

Autumn perches on the top buckle, looking to put Ryan away. She leaps off for her patented Swanton Bomb but the Watcher moves out of the way. She's able to recover in mid-air, rolling through and back to her feet, right into a charging Martinez who levels get with a Running Spinning Back Elbow! Raven crumbles to the mat as Omar shoots the half for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!!!

Omar is upset, questioning Dean's count. Getting back to his feet, he brings Raven along with him and goes to throw her out of the ring but she recovers and reverses, sending him through the ropes and to the outside instead. She slumps to the ropes but the sound of an incoming Ryan causes her to move out of the way. He bounces chest first into the ropes and she clips his left leg with a chop block. Crashing to the mat, Jason clutches at his leg as slowly tries to get to her feet.

Jim Gunt: Hell of a counter by Raven, she could've really done some damage just then!

Tara Robinson: It's coming down to the wire now gentlemen as all three are down.

Charles State: I gotta give Autumn credit, maybe I should take up a hobby. I heard pixlr was a pretty good program.

Before Dean is able to start his count, both Raven and Ryan are vertical. Autumn strikes first with a forearm and looks to whip Jason into the corner but he reverses and it's the Beautiful Psychopath crashes into the buckles. Moving in, he places her on the top buckle and sets her up for a superplex. Both wrestlers are perched high on the top buckle and Ryan looks to take her over but Martinez returns, jumping up onto the apron. Pulling at their legs, he sends them both crashing down onto the buckle! The crowd let's out an audible groan as Omar steps back through the ropes and pulls a

crouching Ryan backwards into a tree of woe. Running cross-corner, Martinez charges back in and cracks the upside-down Ryan with a vicious running knee strike!

Jim Gunt: That has to be it!

Jason is unconscious as Omar drags him from the turnbuckles and drops on top for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Tara Robinson: ANTI-HERO!

Connecting this time with her Swanton Bomb onto Martinez's back, she breaks Dean's count. She now shoves Martinez out of the ring and pins Ryan herself.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Dean signals for the bell as "Somewhere in Hollywood" kicks back in and the crowd let out a huge roar for the victor. Autumn appears exhausted, still on her knees as Dean raises her hand in victory.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, via pinfall... the Beautiful Psychopath... AUTUMN RAVEN!!!

Jim Gunt: Impressive victory to start our show here tonight.

Tara Robinson: I told you Charles, you can never count out someone like Autumn.

Charles State: Okay, I'll give credit where credit's due. She's making a believer out of me.

Jim Gunt: Now just imagine if PJ's able to score an upset victory later on tonight. You'd have to think that they'd be heavily favored in the tag title race.

Tara Robinson: Well they're already the number one contenders and with a title shot at Frozen Over VIII, guaranteed, they may be able to come away a huge upset.

Charles State: Well time can only tell with that.

The Pressure

Match

We open up on a shot of the CWF Paramount Championship. As the camera pans out, we now realize that the title is resting on the desk of Mike Rolash as he sits with his head in the palms of his hands. Pounding his fist into the oak desktop, Rolash appears frustrated.

Mike Rolash: Bullshit!

Looking towards the title, Rolash reaches over and grabs it, somberly taking in its features.

Mike Rolash: I've really got to stop getting myself in these kind of situations. I've got Jackson breathing down my back. The board expects immediate results and a pay per view that seems to be falling apart at the seams.

He lets out a loud groan as we cut back to ringside.

Tara Robinson: Am I the only wondering why the Paramount Championship is sitting on Mike's desk?

Jim Gunt: That was kinda strange, what happened to Danny B?

Charles State: This show is barely underway and I've already got tons of questions..

Jim Gunt: Hopefully we are able to gather some answers as the show moves along. We'll be right back, after this commercial break.

The scene fades out as we had to commercial break.

Terry Gould vs. Zolton

Match

When we return from commercial break, Ray is shown standing inside of the ring, ready to get the match going.

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

No music or anything spectacular happens as the "Heart Attack"; Terry Gould makes his way out, heading straight for the ring.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania! Weighing in at two hundred thirty four pounds, he is the Heart Attack... TERRY GOULD!

Rolling under the bottom rope, Gould uses the ropes to get to his feet. He slowly moves around the ring as he awaits his opponent.

Jim Gunt: This is our second look at Gould who still seems to be feeling the effects of his match with Sean Fuller a couple weeks ago.

Tara Robinson: I don't think he should be competing, his shoulder is still wrapped up and facing someone like Zolton could be a bad idea.

Charles State: The guy still feels like he has something to prove. I say let him do it.

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: His opponent, residing in Yakima, Washington.. weighing in at two hundred sixty-five pounds! 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: The Man of Chaos feels disrespected by the talent that he's been lined up to face here lately.

Tara Robinson: Disrespected so much that he refused to show up against Nathan, a couple of weeks ago.

Charles State: But do you blame him? This man is a bonafied star and he's going places, especially here in the CWF.

Stepping down from the corner, Zolton watches on as the ref signals for the bell. Both men step forward from their corners and Gould extends his hand out for a handshake. Zolton glances down at the hand, then back up to Gould's face. With a smirk on his face, Z grabs the hand and immediately boots Gould in the midsection!

Charles State: Well that was dumb..

Tara Robinson: I'm not understanding why he would go for a handshake just then.

Jim Gunt: It's called, extending respect to your opponent.

Tara Robinson: But, this is Zolton that we're talking about.

The Cleveland fans shower Zolton with dismay, probably hearing his comments on CWF Wired. He doesn't give the slightest hint of acknowledgement as he clubs Terry, hard across the back. Gould is down to a knee and clutching his shoulders as the Man of Chaos begins to trash talk the fans. Now, turning his attention back to a slowly rising Gould. Zolton tells him to bring a real fight. Now vertical, Gould charges right into a spinning Zolton, who drops him with a Roundhouse Kick on the full rotation! The Heart Attack flops to the canvas as an unimpressed Zolton looks down at his opponent.

Charles State: The man is much faster than Gould, catching him across the temple with the Titan Crush.

Jim Gunt: Terry looks out of it, Zolton should just go for the cover.

Tara Robinson: But he's not.. C'mon, it's over already!

With Gould back up, Zolton hooks Terry's head between his legs before lifting him up into a crucifix before bringing him to the canvas with a sit-out powerbomb. Zolton folds Gould's legs over his own head, securing his shoulders to the mat for the pin as the ref slides in for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The ref signals for the bell as Zolton shoves Gould over to the mat and gets to his feet. "Rise" plays again as the ref tries to raise Zolton's hand in victory but he immediately snatches away.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, via pinfall... ZOLTON!!

He immediately exits the ring and heads up the ramp, not even taking a moment to look back at his fallen opponent as the ref checks on him.

Jim Gunt: Convincing victory by the Man of Chaos as he just destroyed Gould with what he likes to call The Pearly Gates.

Charles State: I'm pretty sure that Gould's knocking on those gates at this very moment.

Tara Robinson: That's not funny!

Charles State: Oh, I was serious..

The Measure Of A Champion

Match

The Measure Of A Champion

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

"Givenchy" begins to play throughout the arena, Byron saunters from behind the curtain and is soon followed by both Vince Espinoza and Nina. The fans shower them with disapproval which brings a smile to Byron's face as he casually strolls down the aisle.. The MKU slowly follow suit, Nina stares daggers into the back of Byron's head as Vince has his focus solely on the ring.

Ray Douglas: At a combined weight of three hundred sixty pounds... being accompanied by Byron Kaliban! Vince Espinoza.. Nina.. THE MOST KNOWN UNKNOWNNS!

The three finally make it to the ring, Byron makes his way up the steps, Vince pulls himself up to the apron and Nina slithers under the bottom rope. She's joined in the ring by Byron and Vince as they all stand unmoving in the center of the ring staring out at the crowd.

Jim Gunt: And here we have another meeting between these two teams.

Tara Robinson: Maggie snuck a victory over Vince in order for herself and Graves to hold those tag titles. But you know that has to leave a sour taste in their mouths.

Charles State: All I know is that, Byson needs to start pulling his weight within that crew or things aren't going to be pretty for him.

Jim Gunt: Yeah, there is that..

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. After several moments of anticipation the curtain pulls back and Johnny Graves steps out onto the stage. He sports the CWF Impact Championship around his neck, while the Tag title resides around his waist. 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. The deep, heartbeat bass of Taylor Swift's "Look What You Made Me Do" drops over the arena's public announce speakers as the Sin City Saint appears hopeful. He stands there for a moment as Aries and him stare at the curtain.

Jim Gunt: Did she actually make it?

Tara Robinson: It would appear that she has!

The music soon cuts out, Graves and Aries appear fairly disappointed as they make their way down towards the ring.

Ray Douglas: Being accompanied to the ring by Aeryka Aries, weighing in at two hundred eighteen pounds! He is the CWF Impact Champion! The Sin City Saint... JOHNNY GRAVES!!

With all the competitors in the ring there is one glaring weakness. The absence of Magdelina Lockheart. Johnny moves to the ropes calling out the staff at ringside that he needs a microphone. It takes very little time for the microphone to be placed in the hand of Graves. Graves backs his way to the center of the ring, giving a quick glance over his shoulder to make sure Nina and Espinoza don't have any ideas of attacking him from behind. Johnny stands - mic in hand - as the Cleveland crowd roars in thunderous mixed reaction of cheer and boos. Johnny smirks arrogantly at the response from the crowd as he stares down the hardcam. As the fans begin to quiet down, he raises the microphone to his lips in preparation to speak.

Johnny Graves: Here we are - LIVE - in Cleveland, Ohio! The former CWF Tag Team Champions, The Most Known Unknowns in the ring. Prepared and ready to take on the current reigning, defendin' CWF Tag Team Champions... Natural Selection. Except Natural Selection isn't here. I don't know if you people sittin' in the stands and watchin' on TV have noticed but we have one very big absence from this match-up. That absence - of course - being The Artist. Magdelina Lockheart.

Tara Robinson: Well, we've been hearing the rumors all week. To the best of my knowledge Magdelina Lockheart didn't make the trip to Cleveland, tonight.

Charles State: What a great tag partner. Leaving Graves out here to take on two fighters all by himself...

Johnny begins pacing around the ring as the crowd voices their opinions. Johnny nods his head in response, enjoying the reaction from the crowd.

Johnny Graves: Allow me to take this moment to be honest with ya'll. The reason my partner isn't here right now is because of bulls[BEEP]t contract negotiations. See, the new powers that be think that Maggie is worth this. Well, Maggie, myself, and you all know that Maggie is worth a lot more than they're willing to offer. So at this point the two

parties are at a stand still. Can't come to an agreement. Now, ya boy done put his two cents in. But let me restate it here, in front of the world...

A buzz emanates from the Cleveland crowd as they hang on every word coming from Johnny's mouth. Johnny continues pacing around the ring, completely ignoring Nina and Espinoza behind him, staring him down.

Johnny Graves: The man that ate, drank, slept, and bled for this company is gone. The new powers that be aren't the worst people on the planet. I mean they did correct the wrong that had happened and gave me a shot at getting back what was rightfully mine. But the fact that they are not willing to pay top dollar to bring back someone like Mags is a fucking shame. It's a travesty. It's a slap in the face to everyone who has ever - at any point in their life - called themselves a wrestling fan.

Jim Gunt: Strong words here from the reigning Impact Champion.

Charles State: Graves has never been afraid to speak his mind. We all know that, Jim.

Johnny lowers the microphone from his lips for a moment, letting his words sink in.

Johnny Graves: So because the people who run this company can't seem to pull their heads out of their asses long enough to understand their own mistakes... I have an announcement to make. Now understand that I went to the front office to appeal my case. I was willing to take on the challenge. They told me: no go. So tonight, before all of you I announce that Natural Selection will be vacating the CWF Tag Team Titles. Magster and myself are no longer your tag team champions.

With that, Johnny unhooks the CWF Tag Team title from his waist and pulls it away from his body. He stares at it for a moment, recognizing this was a goal that he and Maggie set together and a goal they had achieved together. Satisfied with his decision Johnny bends over and carefully places his tag team championship belt on the canvas. Returning to an upright position he smirks confidently at the crowd.

Johnny Graves: But I promise every single person in this arena, every person watchin' on TV, every person that calls themselves a wrestlin' fan... as God as my witness the second those titles are won by someone else those individuals will be under constant watch from your's truly. And the second I catch you slippin', the second I see you sittin' back, hidin', refusin' to be fightin' champions I will make sure those titles are taken from you and you never, ever hold them again. I have every intention of wearin' that strap around my waist again. So two any team thinkin' now might be their opportunity... just know that!

With that said Johnny drops the microphone to the canvas. He spins around and charges across the ring. He leaps into the air and comes crashing down on Martinez firing off clubbing blows in rapid fire succession getting the match underway. With Martinez floored, Graves turns his attention to Espinoza. He ducks under a big right hand from Espinoza before pouncing on him as well with another flurry of clubbing blows.

Mike Rolash: And Johnny Graves taking it to The Most Known Unknown out of nowhere!

Natural Selection (Johnny Graves & Maggie Lockheart) © vs. Most Known Unknowns

Match

Natural Selection (Johnny Graves & Maggie Lockheart) © vs. Most Known Unknowns

Jim Gunt: Well it seems that contract negotiations between Lockheart and CWF didn't go over so well.

Tara Robinson: That's unfortunate, because she was an excellent in-ring competitor. I really hate to see that these two had to drop the tag titles.

Charles State: So is Graves going to try and go at this alone?

Tara Robinson: That's how it seems as he's explaining something to the ref.

Nina looks to start off against Graves who appears confused. Walking over to the ref, Graves begins to question what's going on.

Jim Gunt: I guess he was expecting Martinez to be in this match but as we all know, he competed earlier.

Charles State: Is it really a big deal?

Tara Robinson: Nina is a dangerous competitor. Do you not remember her war with Autumn?

Charles State: How can I forget, they almost came crashing down on top of me about a year ago.

Jim Gunt: Nevertheless, Graves is very capable to take on anything, remember her was able to recapture the Impact title, a couple of weeks ago.

Nina rushes Graves and begins to club away with wild punches that backs the Impact Champion into a neutral corner. Forcefully shoving her away, Graves yells at her to calm down. On bended knee, Nina pops up to her feet and charges again but the Sin City Saint sidesteps, sending her crashing into the buckle. Quickly spinning, Graves cracks her across the temple with a back fist. The Emperatriz slumps in the corner as Graves races and slides across the ring. Charging back in at Nina, she catches him with both boots to the face. Johnny staggers back, clutching his jaw as Nina hops to the second rope. Leaping off, she lands on his shoulders, sending him rolling over and sliding towards her team's corner.

Jim Gunt: The true voice of the MKU is able to gain the upper hand with that hurricanrana on Graves and now she tags in Espinoza.

Tara Robinson: Fun fact. Did you guys know that these two were siblings?

Charles State: How did you come across such information?

Tara Robinson: Let's just say that I'm very good at reading between the lines.

As if off instinct, Graves rolls away from the corner as Vince enters. The Sin City Saint is back vertical as he stares down the masked monster. The two circle the ring before meeting in the middle with a tie-up, though Graves has slight height advantage. Vince has him beat when it comes to strength, backing the Impact Champ into a neutral corner. Espinoza connects with a right punch that sounds off throughout the Quicken Loans Arena! With Graves dazed, Espinoza brings him into the ropes and shoots him across. As Graves rebounds, he ducks under a lariat attempt and springs off of the middle rope. Twisting through the air, he catches Vince across his masked face with a knee strike!

Jim Gunt: Big time counter by Graves as he has Vince down to a knee!

Tara Robinson: Is it me or is Vince losing some of that appeal that he had when he first arrived?

Charles State: I know what you're talking about, Tara. He seems to be more distracted these days.

Graves forces him to his back for a cover but Vince kicks out after one. Getting upright, Graves looks to bring Vince back up to his feet but the Boa drives his shoulder into Graves' midsection, forcing him into the MKU corner where Nina makes a tag. Byron shouts encouragement from ringside as Vince swings another punch while Nina enters. Graves blocks Espinoza's offense, catching him with a punch of his own. Nina comes in with a swing but her punch is blocked as well, Graves rocks her with a punch. Vince exits as Nina continues to stagger her with big punches to the jaw. With the Emperatriz in the ropes, Graves looks to whip her across but she spins through, holding onto Johnny's arm as she slaps him hard across the chest. Now with her fingers interlocked with his, she races towards the corner, springing from the middle rope to the top before soaring beautifully through the air and bringing him down with an arm drag.

Jim Gunt: Nina's lucha libre influence prove to be in her favor as she brings Espinoza back in with a tag.

Tara Robinson: We really haven't seen her compete since being brutally attacked by Xander Daniels and placed on the shelf.

Charles State: You guys do know that the other man inside of the ring is a current three time Impact Champion and Tag Champ. Please give this man some respect.

Tara Robinson: No one is taking anything away from Johnny, Charles. It's no secret how accomplished this man has become within his short time here.

Jim Gunt: I see big things in his future for sure.

Charles State: Heh..

Vince has Johnny back to his feet but immediately sends him crashing onto his ass with a headbutt. Dropping down on top of Graves for the cover, Vince is only able to get a count of one from the referee. Getting to his feet, he brings Graves back up as well, forcing him into a neutral corner. Looking around at the jeering crowd, the Boa sends Johnny flying across the ring with a Biel Throw! Completing the length from corner to corner, Graves crashes bodily into the mat as Vince stalks towards him. Vince brings him up once again and scoops him up onto his shoulders. He looks to go for a running powerslam but the Sin City Saint, wiggles free and lands on his feet behind the Masked Monster. As he spins around, Graves unloads his patented SUPERKICK!

Jim Gunt: A TASTE OF SIN FROM GRAVES AS HE COLLAPSES ON TO OF VINCE FOR A COVER!

The ref slides in to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Espinoza's able to roll this shoulder, breaking the count. Graves doesn't argue the count as he brings Vince up by his mask. Now with Espinoza backed into the corner, Graves whips him across but Espinoza reverses, following him in and connecting with a big clothesline. Graves is woozy as Vince brings him out of the corner and whips him back in the opposite direction, where he follows the Sin City Saint in again. But Graves catches him with the boots this time, sprinting from the corner, he sends Espinoza flying backwards with a Shotgun Dropkick! Vince crashes onto the canvas as Graves scurries on top for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Espinoza is able to get the shoulder up again.

Jim Gunt: Graves is giving it all that he has right now as he tries to obtain a victory.

Tara Robinson: Right now he has Vince reeling as Graves' looking to bring him back to his feet but Vince uses the tights to pull him through the ropes and to the outside!

Charles State: Man.. can Graves catch a break?

Sprawled out on the thin mats outside, Johnny tries to recover as Vince exits the ring and forcefully helps him to his feet. Grabbing his arm, Vince goes to whip Johnny into the nearby steel steps but the Saint reverse and Espinoza goes tumbling over them. Graves drops to a knee, this battle starting to take its toll. Byson comes over to check on Vince but he screams loudly, sending the manager scurrying away. Graves slides back inside of the ring as Vince slowly makes his way to his feet. Graves is vertical, bouncing on the balls of his feet as the Cleveland fans begin to rally behind him.

Running towards the far corner, Graves waits for Espinoza to get upright. Once he does, Johnny comes racing at full speed, making an incredible leap over the corner ring post and taking Vince back down with a Somersault Plancha! The fans are too their feet as Graves pops back up and hops on top of the barricade, peering out to the cheering crowd.

Jim Gunt: High risk, high rewards!

Charles State: That's the saying...

Tara Robinson: That was unbelievable..

Dropping from the barricade, Graves quickly brings Vince back up and rolls him into the ring. Sliding in behind him, Graves rolls him over for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

VINCE WITH HIS SHOULDER UP AT THE LAST SECOND!

Jim Gunt: How was that not three?!

Tara Robinson: I think Johnny is asking himself the same question.

Sitting beside Vince's downed body, Graves rubs his head in disbelief as he thought that was it. Suddenly, Byson hops onto the apron, trying to get the attention of the ref but Aries is right there to neutralize him. Yanking him down, she socks him with a forearm that sends him crashing animatedly to the ground. Graves nods at Aeryka as Nina can be seen, shaking her head. Johnny gets back vertical, bringing Vince up along with him, the Sin City Saint hooks him for a suplex but Vince immediately blocks, bringing Graves up and over for a suplex of his own. He reaches out for a tag but Nina only scoffs as she points behind Vince where Graves has landed on his feet! Vince storms towards the Saint but Johnny quickly spins through.

Jim Gunt: LAST RITES BY GRAVES!

Tara Robinson: That was a solid hit!

Vince crumbles to the canvas as Johnny goes for the cover, looking over at Nina who looks to be uninterested in stopping the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The ref signals for the bell as Graves quickly rolls out of the ring and joins Aries hands him his title.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, via pinfall... the Sin City Saint... JOHNNY GRAVES!

Graves raises the Impact Championship high into the air as "Terrorstorm" starts back up. Along, with Aries the two make their way up the aisle.

Jim Gunt: Big victory by Graves who was at a disadvantage, fighting two on one.

Tara Robinson: Yeah but what does the future hold for the tag titles, since Maggie's contract will not be renewed?

Jim Gunt: Hopefully we can get that settled later on tonight.

Charles State: Guys I think there's another story unfolding right now.

Pardon the Interruption

Match

Nina appears irritated with how things have turned out for the evening as she furiously, storms towards Douglas and demands his mic. Espinoza is shown recovering at ringside as Nina snatches the microphone from Ray and heads directly for Byson. She brings the microphone to her mouth but is quickly interrupted as the sound of Rolash's voice can be heard coming over the CWF Tron.

Mike Rolash: Hey! Hey!

Nina pauses, as everyone's attention is drawn to the commissioner.

Mike Rolash: Whatever, in-house bullshit that you guys have going, settle it on your own time. Right now, I have some business to handle.

Graves is seen laughing with Aries as the two make their way to the stage, almost though there curtain.

Mike Rolash: Hey, Johnny! Did anyone say that you could go anywhere?

A mixed reaction can be heard from the Cleveland crowd as Graves comes to a halt. He back pedals his way onto the stage and stare up at the screen.

Mike Rolash: Nice little speech you gave there champ before the match and I applaud you on the win.

Rolash mockingly claps his hands together.

Mike Rolash: But let's make one thing clear! This is my show and I do what's best to push this company forward. With that being said, since you've dropped that tag title because of that unreliable liability that was Lockheart. I have not only one title but now two championships that I have to get defended at Frozen Over. So how about we set some things up for the show, shall we? First things first, as it seems that we no longer have tag team champions, how about.... at Frozen Over VIII we suspend those tag titles, high into the air?!

This incites a reaction from the Cleveland faithful.

Mike Rolash: Nina!

She looks up at the screen.

Mike Rolash: Seeing as how things turned out rather unfortunate for you guys, how about I throw a bone. Choose any two members of your crew to face Dauntless for the CWF Tag Team Championships in a Zero Degrees Ladder Match!

Boos begin to ring out.

Jim Gunt: He can't be serious?

Tara Robinson: Autumn and PJ earned that shot fair and square!

Charles State: The hell is a Zero Degrees Ladder Match?

Rolash quickly responds.

Mike Rolash: Glad that ya asked, Chuck! It's something that I've been thinking of for a while now. You have ladders, right? You see, I've been working in conjunction with a company that's trying to innovated new weaponry for the wrestling business. So there ladders that are going to be placed at ringside will have built in temperature settings of below zero. So I hope that they have their gear ready to weather the cold.

Mixed reactions from the crowd as a 'BLAKE AND RAVEN!' chant cranks up.

Mike Rolash: Did I not say them?

Audible no's come from the crowd.

Mike Rolash: I honestly thought that I did but yeah, they're in the match as well.

Huge cheers from the Cleveland fans. Johnny is becoming restless.

Mike Rolash: Just be patient, Johnny, I'm getting to you. Now for the Paramount Championship that sadly had to be vacated by the great, great, GREAT, Ripper, Danny B. But as they say.. the show must go on so at Frozen Over.. I've picked to men, who I know will not let me down. It will be Zolton facing the unpredictable, Sean Fuller!

Mixed response from the crowd.

Mike Rolash: Who cares what you guys think, anyway?

Boos crank back up.

Mike Rolash: Now, on to you.. Mr. Sin City Saint. How dare you come out here and try to down talk how I'm running things? Lockheart wasn't beneficial in no way possible. She came, she conquered and now, she's gone! It's a recurring story that seems to be going on around here. It's almost as if, these guys win titles and then they disappear.

Mike smirks but Johnny doesn't find any humor in his statement.

Mike Rolash: The CWF deserves champions who are going to show up and perform. Do their job as they should and give it everything that they have whenever they step inside of one of those rings. But the point that I'm making is, I say when someone is done with someone else around here. And after seeing the way that Impact Championship has bounced around like a hot potato. I feel that it's time to bring this to an end. That's why at Frozen Over, Johnny Graves faces Jeff Jackson for the final time as long one of you are the champion in an Ambulance Match. Prepare accordingly, champ..

The screen cuts out as boos take over once again. Graves, upset walks back through the curtain as we focus back in on the broadcast team.

Jim Gunt: Three huge championship matches have just been set for Frozen Over VIII!

Tara Robinson: Three good ones in my opinion, can't wait to see Autumn and PJ leave with the tag titles.

Charles State: I'm still curious about what happened to Danny.

Jim Gunt: Well you may have to wonder as we have to take another commercial break.

Nathan Paradine vs. Kyuseishu

Match

Returning from break, Ray is ready to go once again.

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

The opening riff to "Beat The Devil's Tattoo" by Black Rebel Motorcycle Club begins to blast around the arena as Nathan Paradine emerges from behind the curtain, the overhead lights reflecting off of his trademark sunglasses.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, from Melbourne, Australia! Weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds! He is the Australian Submission Machine... NATHAN PARADINE!

He smirks as he surveys the crowd for a moment, thumbing the collar of his leather jacket before flicking his hands outwards and approaching the ring. He climbs the stairs and wipes his boots on the outside of the apron before stepping between the ropes. He observes the crowd once more before shrugging out of his jacket, passing it off to a stagehand and backing off into the corner to perform a few light warm ups before the bell rings.

Jim Gunt: Nathan makes his return here tonight after a peculiar absence, two weeks ago.

Tara Robinson: Yeah, he was set to face Zolton, who gave an explanation for why he did not show. However in Nathan's case, we truly don't know what the ordeal was.

Charles State: Well, let's hope that he's brought his A-game because he faces a dangerous man in the Kyuseishu, Hoyt Williams.

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: His partner, from Nishi-Shinjuku, Tokyo, Japan.. weighing in two hundred seventy-five pounds! "The Holy Samurai"... KYUSEISHU!

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

Jim Gunt: Hoyt had an odd way of preparing for this match, opting to argue with customer service about the clear misunderstanding of the Coronavirus.

Charles State: I agree with Triple A, it makes you want a beer when you hear the name.

Tara Robinson: Can we talk about the bigger story though, he punched the world famous, Guy Fieri in the mouth!

Charles State: He had good reason, the guy was a Nazi.

Jim Gunt: That was neither denied nor confirmed and from my point of view. Nothing but hearsay.

The ref signals for the bell and Hoyt immediately goes on the offense with a boot to Paradine's gut. With him doubled over, Kyu begins to club away on Nathan's back with brutal forearm shots. Arching his back in pain, Nathan is down to a knee and is sent down to the mat, courtesy of a boot to the temple. The Holy Samurai brings Paradine back up, taking him to the center of the ring and planting the Australian Submission Machine with a scoop slam. Kyu doesn't let up though, backing into the ropes, coming back towards Nathan and jumps in the air.

Jim Gunt: Leg Drop by Hoyt and I gotta say, this one head started off ugly for Paradine.

Tara Robinson: Well he said this was going to be violent and right now, hard holding true to his word.

Charles State: I like a punch anyone in the mouth, kinda guy. But all know very well what Nathan is capable of as well.

Kyuseishu takes a moment to boast to the Cleveland fans who boo him religiously. With a smile on his face, Kyu goes back to work on Nathan who's back upright and reeling along the ropes. Williams shoots a knee to his midsection before whipping him across the ring. Hoyt ducks down for a back body drop but Paradine stands him up with a kick. Charging in, Nathan connects with multiple european uppercuts that have Williams reeling. Nathan hits the ropes and is dropped with an enziguri! Getting to his feet, Kyuseishu brings Paradine up by his arm and right into the Lord's Lariat!

Jim Gunt: Nathan looks like he's out of it..

Tara Robinson: Yeah, c'mon, can we put an end to this already.

Charles State: Never seen Nathan get manhandled like this before.

Kyu cockily goes for the cover..

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The crowd is in shock as "Personal Jesus" plays once again. They soon begin to shower Kyuseishu with boos as he rises to his feet and stretches his arms in victory.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, via pinfall... KYUSEISHU!

Jim Gunt: Well, I didn't expect to see Nathan fall so easily.

Tara Robinson: He was nowhere near prepared for this match.

Charles State: He just wasn't himself here tonight and it really showed.

Jim Gunt: Nonetheless, Kyuseishu able to pick up the victory, earning himself a bit of momentum, heading into the triple threat match at Frozen Over VIII Up next, we get to see one of his opponents in action. Let's send it back to Ray to get that match going.

Freddie Styles vs. PJ Fuller

Match

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

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

Never need a bitch, I'm what a bitch need

Tryna find the one that can fix me

I've been dodging death in the six-speed

Amphetamine got my stummy feeling sickly

Yeah, I want it all now

I've been running through the pussy, need a dog pound

Hundred models getting faded in the compound

Trying to love me but they never get a pulse down

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: Making his way to the ring from Atlanta, Georgia! Weighing at two hundred twenty-three pounds! Mr. Ballgame... FREDDIE STYLES!!

'Cause I'm heartless

And I'm back to my ways 'cause I'm heartless

All this money and this fame got me heartless

Low life for life 'cause I'm heartless

Said I'm heartless

Tryna be a better man but I'm heartless

Never be a wedding plan for the heartless

Low life for life 'cause I'm heartless

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

Jim Gunt: Here's the other man who will be facing Silas and Hoyt for the World Championship at Frozen Over. Styles looks to gain his own bit of momentum heading into that match.

Tara Robinson: Well we know for sure that he's determined to cement his legacy here in CWF.

Charles State: He's already a Hall of Famer and becoming World Champion would only help further that claim.

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

Ray Douglas: His opponent, from Seattle, Washington! She weighs in at one hundred ten pounds! PEE JAY BLAKE!

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

Charles State: Did any of you guys get a chance to catch PJ's promo this week?

Jim Gunt: Didn't seem any different from any other CWF competitor's promo..

Tara Robinson: The only thing that I saw was a woman, determined to come out here and put on an excellent show for these fans here in Cleveland.

Charles State: Okay, then..

The official for this match signals for the bell. Both competitors circle the ring before meeting in the middle with a tie up. Styles immediately locks on a top wristlock, however Blake reverses and takes him down with the drop toehold to the mat. Transition across his body she quickly locks on a front chancery. But Freddie uses his size advantage to work his way up to his feet. He lifts her up off her feet but she quickly spins through taking him down with the victory roll holding on for pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Stiles kicked out and both competitors roll back to their feet. Blake rushes in but she's quickly taking over with a side headlock. She pounds the mat out of frustration.

Jim Gunt: A nice technical contest at the early onset of this match.

Tara Robinson: These two are technical wizards in their own right so we should have expected nothing less.

Charles State: PJ's managed to get her legs wrapped around Freddie's head!

Twisting his body from left to right, Freddie manages to position himself in front of her. Pressing down on her legs, he's able to free himself, hopping back on her and hooking another headlock. Sensing that she's in trouble, Blake manages to twist her body to alleviate some of the pressure. As Freddy crank on the pressure, PJ fights her way to her feet. the Cleveland crowd seems to be firmly behind her and she begins to shoot at the sharp point of her elbow into Freddy's ribs, forcing a break. Hitting the ropes, Blake returns at full speed towards Styles but he ducks down for a back body drop, sending her up and over. Displaying her agility, she's able to land on her feet as both competitors turn towards

each other. PJ rushes at him but Styles quickly drops to the mat as Blake runs over top of him. She bounces off the ropes and Styles pops to his feet, leapfrogging over her, causing her to rebound off the opposite set. Upon her return, Styles is off his feet and cracking her with a dropkick. He goes for the quick pin as the ref slides in for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: This action has been fast paced from the start!

Tara Robinson: These two have their own respective points to prove.

Charles State: So am I the only one who noticed that she had some inner conflicts that she was dealing with?

Jim Gunt: Can we not bring up the psyche of these wrestlers? We'd probably have our entire roster cleared out.

Styles has Blake back upright, doubling her over with a boot to the gut. An european uppercut stands her back up as he follows up with a hard chop that sends customary "Woos!" through the crowd. PJ clutches her chest as she backs up into the nearby corner for some refuge but Freddie stays on the attack, chopping her a few more times for security. Pulling her out of the corner, Styles drops her on her head and neck region with a Sambo Suplex! The impact cause Blake to immediately grab at her neck as Freddie forces her onto her back for another pin.

ONE!

TWO!

And Blake is able to shift her shoulder off of the canvas, stopping the ref's count.

Tara Robinson: Too early for Freddie to try and put Blake away.

Charles State: He's merely wearing her down right now.

Jim Gunt: Styles looks to gain full control as he now looks to lock her in a submission.

Positioning his hands around her legs, he flips her over and now has her trapped in an elevated crab, using his knee to apply more pressure to her already hurting neck. Blake screams out as Styles has his knee placed securely across the back of her neck. Suddenly the Cleveland fans begin to get behind Blake.

"LET'S GO PEE JAY!"

CLAPCLAP

CLAPCLAPCLAP

"LET'S GO PEE JAY!"

CLAPCLAP

CLAPCLAPCLAP

Charles State: I can't believe that these fans are trying to rally behind PJ!

Jim Gunt: They believe in her Charles, she's been the biggest underdog to set foot in a CWF ring, these days.

Tara Robinson: I totally agree, she's made quite a name for herself since being signed.

Opening and closing her fist to keep the blood circulating, she manages to push up a bit, causing Freddie to remove his knee to maintain balance. She senses an opening and quickly contorts her head to get free, landing on her back. Still holding onto her legs, Freddie tries for a cloverleaf this time, but as he dips down, she uses every bit of strength in

her body to shove him off. Styles crashes to the canvas as PJ rolls to her side. Freddie quickly gets to his feet and charges towards PJ who avoids whatever he had planned with a roll through. Back vertical, she spins towards Styles who's coming at her like a raging bull but she's able to dodge again, ducking underneath a clothesline attempt. She rebounds off the ropes and leaps through the air, catching Styles across the chest with a clothesline, taking him down to the mat. PJ, herself, is down on both knees, sucking in air as the fans cheer loudly!

Tara Robinson: PJ may have found an opening!

Reaching towards the ropes, Blake pulled herself to a vertical base as Styles stumbles to his and into a corner. Inhaling deeply, she runs at Styles but he gets a boot up to stop here, however she counters herself, catching his foot. Spinning quickly, she cracks him with a back elbow that slumps him down in the corner. Seeing that she has Freddie right where she wants him, she runs cross-corner and charges back in at Styles, flinging herself bodily, connecting with a crossbody! Audible groans can be heard from Styles as he rolls out of the corner, meanwhile, PJ has rolled to the apron and slowly begins to pull herself up, still clutching at the back of her neck. Finally, perched on the top, she has Styles in her sights as leaps off for her patented frog splash!

Jim Gunt: PJ'S LOOKING TO CEMENT HER LEGA-NO! STYLES MOVES AT THE LAST SECOND!

Charles State: High risk, high reward, right?

Tara Robinson: Definitely not in this case.

PJ now clutches at her midsection, coughing horribly as Styles drags himself towards the ropes. Styles finally gets vertical with the help of the ropes. Moving in on a downed Blake, Styles reaches down to bring her up but she surprises him, pulling him in for a small package!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

They both roll through to their feet, Styles swings with a wild right but PJ ducks through, grabbing his wrist, and cracks him across the jaw with a back heel kick! The shot sends Freddie staggering back as Blake sucks in more wind, she then charges at Styles, jumping into the air, clutching his head and swinging through with, planting Styles headfirst into the mat with DDT! She quickly gets on top for another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

PJ screams as she thought she had it that time but she doesn't argue the call. Getting to her feet, she plots her next form of attack. She spots it as Styles is to a knee, almost vertical. Trying to keep her speed advantage, she runs towards the ropes in front of Styles and springs back off the middle one for a back elbow. But with one fluid motion, Mr. Ballgame catches her out of mid-air, spiking her with a german suplex! The impact cause PJ to bounce front first onto the canvas as she lands near the ropes, however she displays ring awareness as she rolls under the bottom one and to the outside. Rolling to his stomach, Styles pushes to his feet and tries to locate PJ. He finally spots her recovering on the outside and runs to the corner, nearest her and pulls himself up and over to the apron. Jumping up to the middle ring post, Styles moonsaults onto an almost fully upright Blake! The crowd cheers the impressive move loudly as Freddie pops to his feet fired up. He high fives a fan, before returning to Blake. He brings her up and rolls her back into the ring. Climbing onto the apron, Styles barely waits for Blake to get to her feet before slingshotting in and spiking her now with his own DDT! Floating over ontop of her, he goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Jim Gunt: What resiliency on display as Blake as she's able to get her shoulder up in the nick of time!

Charles State: A lot of heart being shown out here by this kid as Styles just gave her some major offense just then.

Tara Robinson: Freddie looks to be setting up for the Ballgame!

Back to his feet, Styles points a finger gun at PJ who slowly rises to her feet. When she's finally vertical, Freddie spins through for his patented tornado kick but PJ has the wherewithal to dodge it and fires off a SUPERKICK! Staggering back, Freddie gathers himself and connects with his own SUPERKICK! PJ stays on her feet and returns fire with THE RISE once again, turning his back to Blake, Freddie backflips and connects with a pele kick the slumps Blake to the mat. Both competitors are down as the Cleveland fans are on their feet cheering loudly.

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

CLAPCLAP

CLAPCLAPLCLAP

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

CLAPCLAP

CLAPCLAPCLAP

Tara Robinson: FUCK YEAH! THIS IS AWESOME!

Jim Gunt: Oh my Lord, Tara..

Tara Robinson: I'm sorry, got caught up in the moment.

Charles State: Hahaaa, true wrestling fan I see.

Both competitors are down as the ref begins his count. He shouts, "ONE!" The fans are at a fever pitch as the ref quickly shouts, "TWO!" Freddie slowly begins to move on the mat, pushing himself up, peering out into the crowd with a determined look on his face. "THREE!" He crawls towards the ropes as PJ begins to stir. "FOUR!" Shaking her head, trying to clear the cobwebs, PJ begins to sit up. "FIVE!" Now at the ropes, Freddie clutches at the middle one, pulling himself to knee. The ref stops his count as Styles finally gets vertical. Across the ring, Blake has also managed to get vertical. The two stumble towards each other and PJ is the first to strike with a hard punch. This dazes Styles but he soon returns fire with a brutal knife edge chop! Blake clutches her chest but doesn't back down, clocking him with another punch. He staggers back and she fires another one, a couple more follow as she has Freddie on shaky legs. Running to the ropes once more, she springs off the middle one, and twists her body through the air but Styles manages to catch the smaller wrestler yet again. Positioning her across his shoulder, Blake uses the momentum to grab Styles around the head, driving the back of his skull into the mat with a modified reverse DDT!

Tara Robinson: PJ's saying Screw The Rules and looks to put Styles away as she's going back to the top rope.

Charles State: She should've went for the pin, Freddie appears out of it.

Jim Gunt: Who is that climbing onto the apron?

As PJ looks set to fly from the top rope, a person wearing a hoodie can be seen climbing onto the turnbuckle. With one mighty shove, he sends Blake crashing down to the floor as the ref instantly signals for the bell.

Tara Robinson: Not like this, a perfectly competitive match ruined..

Charles State: Someone else just arrived and they're pounding on Blake as she tries to cover up.

Jim Gunt: What is going on?

The man standing on the apron removes his hood and reveals himself to be Bryan Reed! The crowd instantly begins to boo as he jumps down and begins to join who can only believe is his younger brother. Ryan continues to beat on Blake until his hood also flies off, finally revealing himself. The atmosphere soon shifts as cheers ring out, Bryan looks around curiously as Raven is seen making a beeline down the aisle, sliding under the bottom rope, she races past a recovering Styles. Using the ropes for leverage, she comes twisting down on Bryan with a Corkscrew Splash! Quickly popping to her feet, she spots Ryan who's climbing off of Blake.

Jim Gunt: CLAW OF THE NIGHT BY RAVEN!

Ryan flops to the mat as Raven begins to check on her partner.

Ray Douglas: The winner of the contest, as the result of a disqualification! PEE JAY BLAKE!

Bryan slowly recovers, getting to his feet and rushing to his brother's aid and practically dragging him to the barricade. Helping him to his feet, the brother climb over and exit through the crowd who show their disdain for the two rookies. Meanwhile, Blake has recovered as Raven helped her up. Seemingly confused about the announcement, Blake looks to the ring where a recovering Styles stares daggers into her.

Jim Gunt: A horrible ending to what was truly turning into an instant classic.

Tara Robinson: I need a definitive winner and Blake was well on her way to securing victory.

Charles State: You can't really say that Tara, Freddie could've easily avoided the Legacy again. But I must say that we may have to see a rematch between the two.

Jim Gunt: Well while we try and get things sorted out, let's send it to Blake Church, who's in the back.

A Quick Word

Match

Zolton is seen walking through the back corridors of the Quicken Loans Arena. A towel rests over his neck as he's fresh off of his win over Terry Gould. As he approaches his locker room, CWF interviewer, Blake Church rushes up to him.

Blake Church: Excuse me, Zolton! A moment of your time please?

The Man of Chaos comes to a halt, looking down at the reporter.

Blake Church: I'm sure that you just heard as well as everyone else, that at Frozen Over VIII you will be facing Sean Fuller for the now vacant CWF Paramount Championship. Do you care to comment?

Church pushes his microphone towards Zolton.

Zolton: Who the hell do you think you are? Do I care to comment?

Church is taken aback from Zolton's comment.

Zolton: I have come to this company and done a lot of what I said I was going to do. I made that old man cry out there tonight. He probably won't be coming back any time soon. Now as for this title match coming up at Frozen Over, my comment is, about time. I should be already carrying that championship and considering who I'm facing, ridiculous. Already been down that road before. Are we done now?

Blake Church: Okay then, umm.. It's also being said that the contest between the two of you will be, what is being called a Cordilleran Ice Sheet Match. Where there will tables covered in sheets of ice, at what I'm being told will be at

least six inches thick and the only way to win is to place your opponent through it, do you have any thoughts about that?

Zolton: Thoughts? Thoughts? Another match that handicaps my true skills. My true abilities. Fine. Handicap me. I'm brutal. I'm violent. Ask Douche Bones about how brutal and violent I can be. There will be no placing through six inches of ice and a table. No. The Man of Chaos is driving that worthless nobody through that ice and table however many times it will take for the world to feel pity for him. I will be the next Paramount Champion and there is not a damn thing you or anyone else in this company can do about it.

Zolton shoves the reporter back and enters his locker room slamming the door behind him in disgust. We then cut to commercial break.

Silas Artoria © vs. Duce Jones

Match

Silas Artoria © vs. Duce Jones

Coming back from break, we immediately go back to Ray for the final time of the night.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is YOUR MAIN EVENT and is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

The fans are buzzing, as a voice begins to speak through the PA system.

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

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

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

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

Jim Gunt: Duce said earlier this week that the real reason he requested this match was because he wanted to right a long overdue wrong and how you, Tara, were treated by our World Champion during his early days.

Tara Robinson: I appreciate Duce for caring about my well being but that's been, water under the bridge for a long while now. Besides, MJ made him pay for it.

Charles State: How many knights in shining armor do you have Tara?

Tara Robinson: Quite a few..

The buildup has a silhouette rising from the haze, non acknowledging of an anticipating audience. The lining of his jacket lights up, revealing more, before the chorus makes it clear who will be facing the Aces tonight. Just the light up jacket, white vest and CWF World Title strap proudly around his waist. Silas has arrived, and Ito-san had come as well.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, being accompanied by Hidetaka Ito! Weighing in at two hundred ten pounds, from Toronto, Canada. He is YOUR CWF World Champion! "The Psychotic Aristocrat"...SILAAAAAAAAS...AAAAAAAAAAAAA-TORIA!

Silas and Ito begin their gradual walk down the ramp and towards the ring. BANG BANG BANG! Silas fires finger guns into the air haphazardly, before he takes off his jacket. Just a white vest, and his arm all bandaged up with a black

glove covering the hand. He stands opposite of Freddie and Duce, taking the World title off and holding it high in the air.

Jim Gunt: And here comes the World Champion, guys.. Silas has been firing on all cylinders since obtaining that title.

Tara Robinson: My question though is, was it a cocky move by choosing to face both Styles and Williams?

Charles State: How can you not admire a fighting champion? Silas is going to take that title to another level, if you ask me.

Both competitors look set to go as they finish up their final match preparations and the ref signals for the bell. The move in to lock-up but a voice comes in hot over the PA system.

Mike Rolash: Okay, okay, okay, that's enough! Lets wrapped this bullshit up!

Both men come to a halt as Mike Rolash is shown standing on the stage, instantly inciting boos from the Cleveland fans.

Jim Gunt: What is he doing out here?

Charles State: I mean, if you'd shut up maybe we'll find out.

Both men stare up at the stage as Mike Rolash begins to speak.

Mike Rolash: You know, a couple of weeks ago, I came across some information that brought so much joy to my spirit! As I was doing paperwork, I came across a little sheet of paper that had the name Allen Jones II on it.

The fans began to boo again, immediately recognizing the name.

Mike Rolash: For the idiots who don't know, that sounds very own Douche Jones. And Douche, you know what that piece of paper said? It stated that you're under a, paid by appearance guideline. Which basically means that you're under an independent contract. So.. with that being said, you've made your appearance. Now get the hell out of my ring, pick up your check and get the fuck out of my building!

Jones appears confused as he looks over at Silas who appears uninterested.

Mike Rolash: Excuse me, I forgot that you're illiterate. Let me see if I can put it in your dialect.

He clears his throat.

Mike Rolash: Pack yo' shit an' hit da bricks! HO-MIE!!!!

Rolash folds his arms across his chest for style.

Mike Rolash: Yo services ain't welcomed here. Yo ass is fired!

A collective hush falls over the crowd as Duce becomes enraged. Immediately, climbing through the ropes, Jones races up the aisle towards Rolash who remains still and unbothered. Just as he nears, a man blindsides him, sending him crashing into the barricade. The crowd begins to boo as they recognize the man to be Hoyt Williams. He smiles as he casually walks towards Duce hooks him in a standing headscissors. Clamping his arms between Jones', Hoyt lifts him up and spikes him head first into the pavement.

Jim Gunt: Again, what the hell is going on?

Charles State: Apparently, Duce just received his walking papers.

Tara Robinson: This is horrible..

Mike smiles at the top of the ramp as Kyu stands over Duce's downed body. Suddenly cheers ring out as Freddie comes flying through the curtain and tackles Kyu to the floor! He unloads with right hands as the Cleveland crowd

cheers him on. Styles is relentless with his strikes with no signs of letting up until a boot to the temple, sends him tumbling over. The fans boo as the World Champion takes his time, stomping down on both of his challengers. A medic team can be seen rushing over to help Jones as Rolash watches what's unfolding in front of him. He clears his throat.

Mike Rolash: I'm glad that I have the three of you out here. I wanted to send a text but what the hell, right?

Silas stops his onslaught, turning towards the commissioner.

Mike Rolash: Since you three seem to have all of this animosity built up. How about at Frozen Over VIII, when you, Silas defend your World Championship against our, Kyuseishu and ole Freddie over there. Why don't we remove the ropes and replace them with barb wire, let's make any weapon that you want to bring, to be entirely legal. Then we could rip up those this mats that surround the ring and replace them with sheets of ice at about a foot thick. Pinfalls and submissions count anywhere in what I like to call a Deep Freeze Death Match!

The crowd don't know how to react to the announcement as Rolash cackles his way behind the curtains. Still looking in his direction, Artoria stretches his arms out in confusion but he suddenly spun around by Williams who pulls him in for the LORD'S LARIAT!

NO!

Silas ducks underneath and they both spin towards each other.

KNOCKOUT!

Silas catches the knee flush across Kyuseishu's jaw as staggers right into the....

BALLGAME!

Hoyt crumples to the floor as Styles and Artoria stand across from each other. The fans are at the highest decibels that the Quicken Loans Arena can hold. The two rushes at each other, Silas spins through for a Discus Lariat but Styles blocks the arm with his own. Forcing himself and Silas to do a full three-sixty again.

BALLGAME!

Freddie is down to a knee as both of his opponents are trying to recover on the floor. A loud "NEXT WORLD CHAMP!" chant begins to ring out as Styles looks out to the Cleveland fans. Now pointing his fingers at his opponents in twin pistol formation, Freddie lets off the shot as the show comes to a conclusion.

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