

Hellbound: Hellbound 2017

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: October 29, 2017
Location: The O2 — London, UK

Results

“Cold” Opening

Match

The hauntingly famous Crypt Keeper skeleton from the classic Tales from the Crypt shows stands at a gravesight, a small pick-axe in hand as he pets a wandering black cat, holding it up and laughing aloud sadistically.

Crypt Keeper: HELLO KIDDIES! Welcome to the scariest night of the year, welcome to HEEELLLLBOUND! Where your skin crawls and your hair stands on end, welcome to your worst nightmare come true! AHAHA!!!

Panning around the gravesight we see men and women dressed as your favorite CWF superstars all running around in paper masks, scaring each other with plastic weapons. A fake Chaolin Sahn knocks out Jace Valentine with the spiked brass knuckles, while Ataxia uses his knuck-ildo on anyone and everyone. The crypt keeper continues to laugh at himself, before going into a coughing fit and spitting all over the place.

Crypt Keeper: I've heard of stealing the show, but this is riidiculous! Anyway, looks like poor old Jace might have a goose egg in the morning. Just goes to show you when you let your imagination run away with you, it knocks you clean in the head! See you next time boys and ghouls...AHAHAHA!!!

Masked versions of Elijah, Ripper and Harley Hodge are seen battling it out above a set of graves, with no weapons in their hands but their own balled fists. Elijah, or at least the man in a Elijah mask, hits a high rising knee to Ripper. Hodge and Elijah team up, double suplexing the man in the Danny B mask into a grave stone. All of CWF is represented here in the most horrific of scenes. Everyone is here but you. Will you join us? Please join us. COME AND PLAY!

A World Changed

Match

“The Broken”, by Coheed and Cambria, hits the speakers. Jaiden Rishel makes his way to the ring, smirking, looking down on the crowd with amused contempt. The audience rain down abuse, a now familiar chant filling the capacity stadium.

“FUCK YOU JAIDEN” *clap clap clap-clap-clap*

Jaiden steps into the ring, gestures to a ring assistant, who throws him a mic.

Jaiden: Good evening, one and all.

The crowd drown him out with a deafening chorus of boos and profanity.

Jaiden: Shut the hell up!

My name is Jaiden Rishel. I deposed my father. I silenced the Academy. And tonight I will tear that -

"That's where you're wrong, kiddo!"

A voice calls out from the front row. The camera pans across the crowd, zooming in on one man.

J. Rish: Good evening, Jaiden.

Jaiden is absolutely furious at the sight and sound of his father, as he turns his eyes to him in a flash. He points out his right hand, directing security to take the former CWF owner away. But they do not come.

Jaiden: Security! Come on, get this fucking joke the hell off MY show!

J. Rish: That is where you're wrong, Jaiden. You are wrong tonight, just like you have always been wrong. Some day I hope that you wake up and realize that the world is not to be handed to you, that you have to go out there and work for everything that you hope to achieve. I know part of the blame lies on my shoulders, as the "silver spoon" was technically placed in your mouth by me.

Jaiden: Oh, go fuck yourself! You never gave me a god damn thing, old man. Don't kid yourself!

Rish shakes his head, sighing before continuing.

J. Rish: As I was saying, you are wrong my son. You see, let me tell you a little secret. Ever since Uprising: Road to Hell went off the air, I have been in constant contact with my lawyers. Who have been in contact with your lawyers. Who have been in contact with the CWF Board of Directors. Now, all this time they have been trying to reach out to you and all this time you have ignored their calls, texts, faxes and emails. Why is that, Jaiden? I think I know why, because you know that if we do indeed take this matter to court, I will bury your ignorant ass.

Jaiden: That's not it at all, old man! I have done more for this company, taken CWF to higher levels in the last few months than you could ever even dreamed about taken it. We had a Golden Intentions rumble with twenty of the best

wrestlers in the entire world, spanning nearly a half a dozen different federations. We had Uprising, where haha, you and everyone knows what happened there. You may have interrupted my speech, but the end result was still the same. The Academy is destroyed, everything you and those morons Elijah and Omega worked for is all for nothing!

J. Rish: Wrong again, Jaiden. You see if you would listen, then you would hear the truth laid out right in front of you. Like I said, the CWF Board of Directors have been attempting to get ahold of you all week now. I don't know if you've been too busy preparing to be destroyed by Highlander later, or you've just been out in la-la land with Chaolin Sahn, but it's time to come back to reality, son. It has become a well known fact to everyone in the board of directors except yourself, who like I said has been nowhere to be found, that this injustice of you ending the agreement between Elijah, Omega and I may not and will not continue.

Jaiden: The hell it won't! I'm the boss around here, I don't give a fuck about no board of directors. I have more important things to do with my time than to meet up with those low lifes!

J. Rish: Well maybe if you would show up to a few of the scheduled meetings, or answered your cellphone you would have heard the news. Until our resolution on the issue of the Academy show is concerned in court, fifty fifty control of all executive decisions has now been given back to me. Yes, you heard me correctly my son, I am now you're co-CEO of CWF! What do you think!?

Jaiden is absolutely livid, dropping down onto his back to wiggle up and down on the canvas violently, throwing the mightiest of hissy fits.

J. Rish: Oh, and one more thing. Legally, you can cancel the show, fine. But the talent sharing agreement still stands. And you know what that means?

Jaiden: Yes?

J. Rish: This.

"The Bright Young Things" by Marilyn Manson hits the speakers. Eris, Yusuf and James Skelton charge down the entrance ramp, making a beeline for Jaiden. James Skelton nails Jaiden with a spear into the corner, Eris following moments later with a springboard dropkick to the face. Yusuf goes to nail Jaiden with a lariat, but the younger Rishel rolls out of the ring at the last minute, while the older watches on from ringside. Jaiden glares at his father, grabbing a mic.

Jaiden: Believe me...you people...you haven't a fucking clue. But you will see. The scales will fall from your eyes and you. Will. See.

Paved With Gold

Match

Brand new CWF colleague Marcus Maximus, otherwise known as YEDAH, is standing back stage with the one and only, the CWF Academy champion, the "Host with the Most" Jace Valentine.

Marcus Maximus: So Jace, we saw what happened last week at Uprising...

Jace steps in front of YEDAH, hoisting the championship strap with a grin.

Jace Valentine: Yeah, we saw what happened. Everything I said was going to happen. I walked that road to hell and it was paved with gold. Riches and treasures beyond my wildest fantasies. I walked that road to hell and I came out a champion. Hayden Allister said I couldn't do it. Tala Sugay thought she was hot shit. Rayne Kancer said I was all talk, but I walked that walk, honey.

YEDAH trembles, clearly anxious over whether he should interrupt.

Marcus Maximus: But Jace, but brother... You heard the news, right? Jaiden, Sahn, Sunset... They're shutting that whole operation down. The Academy is kaput, it went under. You no longer have a platform to defend it. It's an empty championship, useless from the moment you won it. Doesn't that bum you out?

Jace glances at YEDAH, before he lifts the championship up right in front of his face, inches from the average hero's forehead.

Jace Valentine: No you idiot, didn't YOU see what just happened out there? J. Rish is back, and he's bringing the Academy here to Evolution with him! And besides, this championship is, was and never will be an empty championship. Like the road to hell, this championship is paved with gold. And as long as I hold it, so am I. As long as I hold it, I am a champion and they are not. So I beg you, any of you out there... prove you are a better champion than Jace Valentine. Prove you have the heart, the passion, the courage. Until you can beat the best then its just like Ricky Bobby would always say -- If you're not first, you're last. With this belt, I assure you, I'm not in last. Someone's gonna have to come pry it from my fingers. Will it be Ryan Sunset? Clownboy Kancer and his evil twin? Line em up and I'll knock em down.

Marcus Maximus: But you left, you walked out on the CWF when they made the deal with Sunset Productions...

Jace cuts him off.

Jace Valentine: Yeah, I walked out of here at Golden Intentions. I kicked Cuckoo Sahn in the nuts and I walked out of here on my own terms. The powers that be? they might not have liked it. They had no choice. Now today, we're bound for hell, and I decided you know what -- the CWF needs me. They need some of that magic Jace in the air and they need to breath it in, man. I'm back, and I'm better than ever. The powers that be? They might not like it, but they have

no choice.

Jace pushes off of Maximus as the camera fades to black.

A Chat Backstage

Match

The cameras jump back stage as we see The Frost Elite waiting by a door. It wasn't long before the door opened and out walked Annabelle Jackson, Maya's manager. She wore a black witch's dress complete with a witches hat. She smiled as she looked to the two of them.

Annabelle Jackson: It's not much, but what you guys think?

Maya and Mizore looked at her and gave a nod.

Mizore Payne: It's not bad. But figured you brought your Everwing costume.

Annabelle Jackson: Nah, I didn't want it to get ruined before Halloween. I mean, you're match is going to be pretty hectic and I wouldn't want one of them to try and use me to their advantage.

Maya Jensen: Yeah, and with falls count anywhere, and 8 people in the match at the same time. Things will get quiet hectic very fast. Though, I do wish you'd let use teach you a few moves. I mean, I know it's not exactly what you signed on for, but it couldn't hurt.

Annabelle thought about it for a moment as she rubbed her chin thoughtfully.

Annabelle Jackson: Yeah you may be right. But you know maybe I could get you to teach me some of those martial arts moves. You did say you know martial arts right?

Maya gives a nod.

Maya Jensen: I do. I'll admit, I'm not sure what belt I am, since my Sensei pretty much taught me off the books, more for self-defense and he believed some of the lessons would help me cope with my situation at the time. But I know enough to teach you some things.

Annabelle Jackson: That'd be great.

Annabelle smiled as did Maya. Mizore on the other hand seemed to have the slightest trace of jealousy trace across

her face. But it was quickly hidden.

Mizore Payne: I can teach you some wrestling moves too if you like? My Dad taught me a lot of mat based wrestling. Not to mention all the other skills I've learned thanks to Hollie, Kelsi, and even my mom.

Annabelle didn't take as long to think about this offer as she gently shook her head.

Annabelle Jackson: Well, I don't really plan on having any matches.

She chuckled slightly.

Annabelle Jackson: So I think just the martial arts training will be enough for now. But hey, if I ever do get a match. I'll be sure to get you both to help me out with that.

Annabelle smiled as Mizore gives a slight nod. There was almost another hint of jealousy on her face but it was gone before anyone could even pick it up. Instead Mizore turned to Maya.

Mizore Payne: So, what do you wanna do to celebrate tonight?

Maya gave a slight smile at that.

Maya Jensen: I'm not sure. But I mean we still have to win it first.

Mizore Payne: Don't be losing that confidence on me now.

Maya shook her head.

Maya Jensen: Nah, I'm confident we'll win. Trust me, I can feel it. Tonight's finally The Frost Elite's night.

Mizore nods.

Mizore Payne: It sure is.

Annabelle Jackson: Yeah you two are on fire in CWF!

Mizore and Maya turn to Annabelle and Mizore chuckle slightly.

Mizore Payne: I think chilled is more accurate.

Annabelle nods.

Annabelle Jackson: Well, whatever it is you guys got this one. I know you can do it.

The two of them both give a nod.

Maya Jensen: It won't be easy though... I mean, the Monster Mash Match will be tough with so many competitors in there...

Mizore Payne: Monster Mash? You mean Monster Ball.

Maya stopped as she looked over to Mizore.

Maya; No, it's a Monster Mash. It's what Jaiden Rishel announce it as.

Mizore Payne: Yeah but the banner said...

Maya shrugged.

Maya Jensen: You've got me. But it's a Monster Mash.

Mizore was about to say something when Annabelle piped up.

Annabelle Jackson: Actually, I got it confirmed the other day. It is a Monster Mash.

The two girls giggled a bit as Mizore just threw her hands up in the air.

Mizore Payne: Ok ok, you guys win. Just no one told me.

Maya Jensen: Hey, we still love you. Though, we might need to book your travel arrangements if you are going to next Evolution. It's in Glasgow Scotland and wouldn't want you to thinking it's Moscow again.

Both Maya and Annabelle laughed.

Mizore Payne: Oh come on, I slipped up that one time.

Maya and Annabelle just continued to giggle before finally Maya said.

Maya Jensen: Anyways, let's find us a spot to check out the show while we wait for our match.

The other two nod as they all headed off to find said place.

A Star is Born

Match

The sound of squealing tires is heard as we fade into the next scene. Speeding into the frame, on the wrong side of a London street, is a Ford Focus. The car turns dangerously, skidding into the other lane of the street before slamming to a stop. The driver side door flies open and a blond haired man steps out, white powder under his nose, eyes dilated, and a smile on his face. Slowly crawling out of the passenger side is another man, the poor guy looking terrified as he follows his fellow newcomer. The blond haired man throws his keys to a man nearby, the likes of which looks to be a bum living in the nearby alleyway.

Lance LaRusso: Be sure not to scratch it, it's a rental!

The man then barges into the nearest doorway, his friend trying to get his attention to no avail as he follows him into the building. The duo is stopped in their tracks as soon as they enter, a security guard standing in their way.

Security Guard: Stop right there, only CWF employees are allowed back here.

The man raises an eyebrow.

Lance LaRusso: I am an employee! Don't recognize me? I am The Pansexual Playboy, Lance LaRusso! Newest signee and the most charming man in all of... I think we're in London?

Lance looks back towards his friend who nods.

Lance LaRusso: In all of London! I'd like to think I'm a pretty big deal. But yes, I'm under CWF contract, no need to stop

and frisk me.

He stops before winking at the guard and flashing a sleazy grin.

Lance LaRusso: Unless you want to.

The guard rears back, a scowl on his face as he looks to swing on Lance. Thankfully Lance's friend jumps between the two, putting a hand in front of himself.

Ashley Hunter: What he means!

He chuckles nervously.

Ashley Hunter: What he means, is that you may not have been told about us since he was signed so recently. Like recently enough that he doesn't even have a match tonight. Er, let me introduce myself, I'm Ashley Hunter. Lance and I are employees of CWF, but he doesn't have a scheduled match.

The guard looks Ashley over before relenting and moving aside, having had the situation explained. As they pass by, Lance looks towards the guard one more time.

Lance LaRusso: You know, you guys really should put your valets in uniforms or something. The guy I handed my keys to looked like a homeless dude!

Security Guard: Sir, we don't have valets here.

Lance seems to come to a moment of sobriety as he looks towards Ashley.

Lance LaRusso: I don't think we're getting the deposit back on that rental, huh?

Ashley looks at Lance in defeat before grabbing his arm and dragging him down the hall as the camera fades out.

Pay to Play

Match

Jaiden Rishel and Ryan Sunset are sitting backstage clearly agitated by Jace Valentine's presence at CWF Hellbound.

Jaiden Rishel: Jace...

Ryan Sunset: So what do we do about it, buddy?

Jaiden Rishel: The question isn't what do 'we' do about it. The question is what do 'you' do about it. You were supposed to eliminate him from the equation. You were supposed to ruin him.

Ryan Sunset: And I had him confined to a small little cubby hole in the world known as the Academy, until your little shortsighted power play shut that down. Now he is a threat, and that threat needs to be eliminated. And you, Jaiden, will be help responsible.

Jaiden scoffs.

Jaiden Rishel: And what in the world will you do to the CEO that runs this place? The ratings we are getting for our Evolution shows, they're off the charts and they are padding your bank account, Ryan. Don't forget that. Our business arrangement...

Sunset cuts him off.

Ryan Sunset: It will not be me to hold you responsible. It will not be me that judges you. That is not my decision to make. It is...His.

Jaiden Rishel: Sahn.

Sunset walks away from Jaiden, walking out of his office and slamming the door behind him. As he hastily makes his exit, he nearly collides with Danny Gordy in the hallway.

Ryan Sunset: Oh! I'm sorry, friend. My apologies, buddy. I am Ryan Sunset, the producer of this fine show. Pleasure to meet you.

Sunset extends his hand. Gordy greets him with a firm and powerful handshake.

Danny Gordy: The name's Gordy. Danny Gordy.

Ryan Sunset: Ah, I've heard about you. The rumours, you know, you can never believe if they're true! They say you're a hired gun. A bounty hunter, and hell to get along with. I don't believe it for a second.

Gordy shrugs, impatient to get moving.

Danny Gordy: With me, it's pay to play.

Sunset flashes a smile.

Ryan Sunset: In my world, it's ALWAYS pay to play.

Scene fades to black.

Skeleton vs. Rogers vs. Walker vs. Gordy vs. Kendo vs. Pandalike vs. The Lost Soul

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is a Trick or Treat Match!

The camera's jump to the ring as we see Ray Douglas already in the ring was all 7 competitors. Warming up or staring down at a few of the other opponents.

Ray Douglas: The object of the match is to grab one of the trick-or-Treat bags above on the poles. Once a competitor collects a bag they are removed from the match. The match will continue until all 4 bags have been collected!

Jim Gunt: Here we go Mike, this should be one of the most interesting matches in CWF history!

Mike Rolash: A Trick or Treat match, seriously? What kind of Vince Russo motherfu..

Jim Gunt: Alright Gordy junior, enough.

As Ray says this the camera focuses in on the poles around the ring. Hanging on these poles swing black bags with orange colored halloween designs on them. Once Ray finishes the announcements, he heads out of the ring allowing head official Trent Robbins to check on all seven competitors. Once he makes sure they're all ready he rings the bell and exits the ring.

The match begins as each competitor stares at each other for a moment. That is until Pandalike rushes over to one of the corners attempting to scale it. But he is immediately stopped by Gordy who hits Pandalike square in his Panda mask, knocking it askew causing him to run blindly, but Gordy grabs him and plants him with a DDT right onto the disfigured mask!

Jim Gunt: Danny Gordy planted Pandalike face first with a hell of a DDT!

Mike Rolash: This is getting crazy already!

At this point the others begin to rise as Kendo and The Lost Soul head to one corner. Kendo goes to lock up but TLS drops down spearing his knees. After mysterious words, The Lost Soul mounts him and begins to unload lefts and rights. In the other corner, it is Jeff Walker and James Skelton going at it. Walker holds the upper hand for a moment with a few rights followed by a Tiger Suplex. With all the chaos going around, one corner was left open as Roger Rogers smirks slightly to himself and heads up the turnbuckle to grab the bag.

Just as he flees for the bag, suddenly, Gordy Irish whips Pandalike right into that corner turnbuckle causing the still blinded Pandalike to slam right into Rogers just as he made it to the top and was about to grab the bag! The impact causing him to fall over and both men were down. This time it was Gordy who gives a smirk as he turns around and starts scale the turn buckle.

Jim Gunt: Danny Gordy's heading for the trick or treat bag!

Mike Rolash: Do you realize how stupid you sound right now?

Meanwhile, on the other side of the ring, it's Skelton who was gets the upper hand of Jeff Walker, countering his attempt of the Reaper's Scythe by grabbing his leg before dropping it and hitting him with a drop kick! As he does this he catches Gordy as he quickly dashes over hitting a drop kick to him causing him to drop to the mat. Gordy gets up a bit annoyed as all Skelton seems to do is tell him he's sorry. Gordy gets up grabbing him, BRAINBUSTER!

Jim Gunt: God damn, what a brainbuster!

Mike Rolash: Gordy isn't someone to fuck with!

On another corner, The Lost Soul and Kendo are starting to trade blows back and forth. Finally, Kendo stops one by grabbing The Lost Soul's hand before twisting and shifting it as he hits him with a Wrist Clutch Exploder! TLS is down as now it was Kendo's turn to begin to scale the turnbuckle. As he does the camera quickly looks over to see Pandalike just getting up from being tangled with Rogers.

He looks over seeing Kendo about to grab a bag, so he does what comes to mind as he takes off his mask and hurls it across the ring hitting Kendo in the back of the head. While it didn't look like it hurt as much, it did get Kendo's attention as he turns around angrily. But Pandalike has rushed act him grabbing him and with the assistance of him being on the turnbuckle hits PANDAMONIUM!

Jim Gunt: Pandamonium! It's Pandamonium in here, I tell you!

Mike Rolash: Oh shut up, Jimmy.

Kendo was down as Pandalike quickly hops up onto the turnbuckle before grabbing the bag hanging off the pole.

Ray Douglas: Pandalike has claimed a bag!

Jim Gunt: He's got it! Go Panda! *dances*

Pandalike jumps down as the crowd gives him a small pop. He retrieves his mask, putting it back on his head before heading towards the back with his bag. As he does, Kendo slowly gets back up glaring at him. Just as he does, we see Jeff Walker hitting the ropes close by about to go at Rogers in the corner who yet again was going after a bag.

But Kendo rushes Jeff hitting him with a cactus clothesline causing Jeff to flip over the ropes and to the outside! Kendo's rage got the better of him as he hopped out and pulled Jeff up and hitting him with a bridging Tiger Spirit Suplex on the outside, following it up by locking in his REAR NAKED CHOKE!

Jim Gunt: Kendo has his trademark choke locked in deep, Jeff Walker is going to be unconscious if he cannot somehow get out!

Back in the ring, Gordy and The Lost Soul rush in at Rogers to keep him from grabbing the bag. When they arrive they both seem to have the same idea as they hit a double dropkick to the old man! The turbulence causes him to fall right out of the ring, crashing to the floor. Gordy and TLS recover after their kick and look out to where Rogers had landed. Then they turned to each other as TLS reached out and slapped Gordy across the face. This enraged Gordy before he grabs TLS and slings him into the corner before unloading on him.

While Gordy was beating up on TLS in the corner, Rogers was outside out of it, and Kendo still having Jeff locked in his submission on the outside of the ring as his manager tried to tell him he needs to get back in the ring since Jeff had already passed out... James Skelton had gone unnoticed as he was now on the turnbuckle reaching up to the pole and grabbing the bag. It took a bit of a jump but Skelton grabs the bag and pulls it off.

Ray Douglas: James Skelton has claimed a bag!

Jim Gunt: And now Skelton has a bag!

Mike Rolash: Good. Now that Academy scum can get the hell out of my sight already.

This seems to get the attention of both Kendo and Gordy, as both of them stopped their assault on their opponent. Gordy quickly, pulls TLS out of the corner before dropping him with the GordBuster! Kendo was already racing into the ring as Skelton had exited and was already heading to the back. Gordy went to up to grab his bag but Kendo came in speaking him right to the mat.

The two competitors get up before they start to trade shots. This time Gordy stops one of Kendo's blows before grabbing Kendo and pulling him in, leaning down and grabbing Kendo's legs lifting him up for a power slam. But Kendo shifts before grabbing Gordy and hitting a Shining Wizard! Gordy was down and Kendo just about went to work on him when his manager JT Black yelled at him to go for the bag. So Kendo holds back as he hopes up grabbing the bag and hopping down.

Ray Douglas: Kendo has Claimed a bag!

Jim Gunt: Kendo retrieves the third Trick or Treat bag, only one remaining!

Kendo looks at his fellow competitors, before slowly making his way out of the ring and to the back with his manager JT. At this time, most of the competitors were down. Jeff Walker lays unconscious on the outside of the ring from Kendo's Rear Naked Choke, Rogers slowly getting to his feet after the nasty spill he had from the double drop kick.

And TLS is slowly but surely getting to his feet. Rogers slowly made it back into the ring as he and TLS short of look at each other before heading towards the final corner. As they got there, Rogers hits TLS with a nasty right hook. This causes TLS to respond with a Right hook of his own. The two begin to go back and forth but soon TLS was unloading more strikes on Rogers beating him into the corner and just unloading. Rogers covers up but soon manages to grab TLS and hit him with a nasty headbutt causing TLS to take a few steps back.

Jim Gunt: What the heck is this?

Mike Rolash: Someone is coming through the audience, Jimmy, security!

Jim Gunt: It's Harvey Danger!

As Roger Rogers sends TLS into the ropes, he is not ready for what comes next, CROSS BODY BLOCK! TLS sees Gordy rising up the corner out the corner of his eye, not even realizing that Harvey has jumped the barricade and watches the action from outside the ring with an excitement only seen by a kid in a candy store. TLS leaps up to the turnbuckle and tries to stop Gordy from retrieving the final bag, planting an elbow into his side several times!

Danny Gordy will not let up the fight, the bounty hunter in him showing off in full effect as he grabs ahold of the hair of TLS and bashes his painted face right off the steel pole. Harvey Danger's eyes light up as he sees his old friend nearly

thrown off the top, and instantly springs to action. Danger hurries up the apron and onto the top rope, giving a shove to Danny Gordy himself. TLS being dazed does not realize Harvey has even made his way up the corner, feeling someone touching him and swinging his elbow back wildly. He hits on point, but loses his footing, but TLS and Harvey crashing to the floor outside! The final bag is easy pickings for Gordy now, as he smiles cockily like he had it in the bag all along. Gordy pulls the last trick or treat bag down proudly.

Ray Douglas: Danny Gordy has claimed the final bag!

The bell rings as Gordy's theme hits the PA system. Gordy does a little celebrating, ignoring the booing crowd, before he heads to the back with the others.

A New Game

Match

We cut backstage. Elijah and Highlander are deep in conversation.

Elijah: And this game...

Highlander: The Landlord's Game.

Elijah: I am not familiar.

Highlander: You are, but under another name. You ever played Monopoly?

Elijah: Of course. My beloved organised a tournament at the Academy some years ago; I prepared a paper on its esoteric implications for the occasion. The numerological implications alone are fascinating, let alone the Masonic significance of many of the locations. Did you know that Liverpool Street Station is directly connected to -

Highlander: Yes. But anyway. The Landlord's Game is what would go on to become Monopoly. Devised by a Quaker lady to demonstrate the pitfalls of capitalism.

Elijah: I see.

Highlander rolls the dice, moving his piece forward. Elijah does likewise.

Elijah: It is ironic, in a way. Tonight, you and I go head to head with Jaiden, Harley and Ripper. There are many, liberals and conservatives alike, who would decry us for the bloodshed and mayhem about to commence. Yet this simple game is an analogy for the colossal violence of daily life. Who is more violent - the professional who is paid to engage in combat against consenting opponents, or the bank official who forecloses on a family home then leaves the

office without a second thought?

Highlander: Quite. Even in academia...

Elijah: Go on?

Highlander: Professor Adam Milton. A "Libertarian", saw the market as existing above any and all concerns. His ideal world was one of constant conflict, companies acting however they wished - child labour, slavery, raising militias against anyone from rival corporations to striking workers. The state, if it existed at all, would only be there to defend property and expand into new markets. Humanity be damned.

He claimed that he wasn't advocating this stuff, only saying it should be seen as permissible and, on occasion, more efficient. I always suspected there was more to it than that.

Elijah: A fool, then.

Highlander: A fool with powerful backers. We got into a squabble in a bar at Berkeley. Later continued it via journals and papers, academic warfare. Suddenly I found myself being turned down for appointments, struggling to get grants, nobody would publish my research. Until I stopped writing about Milton.

Elijah: Is this standard in your profession? I must profess ignorance.

Highlander: Now you know how I feel when you start on about Jack Parsons. Anyway, no, it -

An assistant in a CWF t shirt approaches the two of them, urgent, a panicked expression on her face.

Assistant: Highlander, Elijah, you'd...better come quick -

The three of them set off, soon reaching a locker room. CWF staff are filling the area, security shouting into radios, others armed with cleaning materials, still others simply milling around and getting in the way.

As we draw closer, we can see that the locker room is identified as Highlander's. Inside, all is devastation, bags torn apart, notebooks shredded, money and cards strewn across the room. Red paint covers the walls, the furniture in pieces, hanging by a thread.

Highlander: What in the hell?

Elijah draws Highlander's attention to the door. On one side, it features the Maker's Mark, sign of Sahn and the Trinity, here daubed in blood. On the other, a symbol, strangely familiar.

Highlander: Who would do this? And why? Elijah?

He turns to Elijah, but the Insurgent Enigma is silent, staring wordlessly at the scene before him.

Dangerous Return

Match

"Nightmare" by Avenged Sevenfold starts to play as the fans get on their feet. Out from the back comes Dangerous Dan. He holds up his arms and the fans let out a roar of cheers. He wags his finger and then points to the entranceway as his brother, Crazy Chris, dashes out to a standing ovation of cheers. The fans start chanting a "Welcome back! Welcome back!" chant as the brothers slide into the ring and call for two microphones.

Jim Gunt: After nearly a month of missed action, Dangerous Dan is back, and he's brought his brother Crazy Chris with him!

Mike Rolash: Dan would have been much better off joining the Eternals and tossing his worthless brother to the side.

Dangerous Dan: Did you miss us? I said did you mother fucking miss us?!!

"HELL YEAH!!!" CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP! "HELL YEAH!!!" CLAP CLAP CLAP!!!

Crazy Chris: You know. I've missed this. I really have. This place has always felt like a second home to us and I want to say thank you to the fans for this wonderful reaction. However...there is one more person to thank tonight. Bro...

Dan turns to Chris. Chris embraces him.

Crazy Chris: Thank you! Thank you for making the right call and not joining with "The Eternals". I gotta say man...I have always been proud of you. Together, we became five time tag team champions here. Then you went off and did your own thing and man you did me proud then, but the fact you decided to come back with me and make another run is honestly showing me that you got more integrity than anybody gives you credit for.

Dan claps his brother's hand.

Dangerous Dan: Thanks brother...but there is one flaw in your logic. One mistake you made. Yes! We are Five Time Champions! After tonight...We're going to be SIX TIME MOTHER FUCKING TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!!! And if any of you jerks in the back wanna make something of it just remember. We put the anger in danger! We are the Danger Boiz!

The fans start cheering again as "Nightmare" by Avenged Sevenfold plays again.

Jim Gunt: What an ovation for the most decorated team in CWF history! Mike, if I was one of the other three teams in the Monster's Mash later, I think I'd be a little scared.

Mike Rolash: You're scared of your own shadow, Jim, let's be honest.

Frost Elite Hype Video

Match

The screen is dark as the video package begins.

Maya Jensen: It's feels like forever since We've held championship gold.

The video brightens up as we see footage of the 4CW federation where The Frost Elite are going head to head with Wold \$tar in the Qualifiers for their Bad Company Tag team tournament.

Maya Jensen: We've fought hard to try and get that Tag Team Championship.

Mizore Payne: But it just wasn't meant to be as we couldn't get past the qualifying rounds. Even if we should have won that match, we failed. And World \$tar went on to become the winners of the tournament.

The 4CW Feed wrapped up as Maya was shoved off the apron as Mizore was pinned in the ring. But this feed was quickly shifted to another one. This one was of the HSW's Tag Team Gauntlet where we see a tired Frost Elite quickly eliminate the Sugay Sisters followed by the team known as the Jobber Squad.

Mizore Payne: Then we tried again in our other home fed. High Stakes Wrestling.

Maya Jensen: We were tired and wore out from previous matches but we were still on fire. Ready to get that elusive victory!

The feed shifts now showing highlights of them facing Paragon in the Gauntlet. From Maya being isolated, to the quick spurt of offense by Mizore after Maya finally got the tag, to again Maya being isolated.

Maya Jensen: We have no excuse. Amber Ryan and Leon Cashmere were simply better on that day. But that will not stop us from getting stronger, faster, better!

The match finally concludes with Mizore going for an attack on Amber, but she ducks causing Mizore to hit Maya instead. Which was what lead to the victory as Mizore was removed from the ring and Maya was pinned for the 3 count.

Mizore Payne: And better we have become.

Now the feed transition to that of Evolution where The Frost Elite take on The Slashers. The match continues as The Slashers start to take control at the beginning, before things turn around on them ending in their Elite Kick finisher to Mick and the 3 count.

Maya Jensen: It's been a long time since we've held tag Championship gold. But that all ends tonight.

Mizore Payne: For tonight, the third time will be the charm.

The feed now shows the Monster Mash Tag Match banner for the show. Suddenly, it freezes over before shattering in a million pieces followed by a new image of Both Maya and Mizore holding up the CWF Tag Team champions into the air with snow lightly falling around them.

Maya Jensen: This is the reality of tonight. So Don't Blink...

Mizore Payne: For Winter is Coming!

The scene continues to look at this image before ice slowly coats the lenses as it fades to black.

Field of Screams

Match

Sometime earlier...

Standing in the middle of a massively packed crowd in a midst of a cold autumn evening, Kaylan El and Silas Kincaid prepare themselves for the Pennsylvania's Field of Screams's greatest attraction, the award-winning Haunted Hayride. Kaylan holds onto Silas's right arm excitedly, nearly jumping out of her shoes as she cuddles up next to him. The line to get on the hayride is long, but they have been here for over an hour waiting, and are finally ready to get on the ride.

Kaylan El: Babe, here we go! Are you ready to get on the most famous haunted hayride in America?

Silas chuckles sarcastically, pulling Kaylan in for a kiss.

Silas Kincaid: I thought this would ha' been much quicker fo' us, ta be honest.

Kaylan El rolls her eyes at Silas, giggling as they are directed by a grizzly man in a black suit, tie and rounded top hat to approach the hayride. A large black painted John Deere tractor sits pacific, not in the least bit fearful to the naked eye. The couple group together with about fourteen other people, all cramming together on the hayride as it begins. The driver of the ride turns around for the very first time, wearing a blue jail one-piece outfit and a bloody pig face mask. Shrieks fill the air immediately, the excitement has begun.

Kaylan El: Well, that was a little scary.

Silas Kincaid: The fun's o'ly beginnin my love, tat I know for a fact.

Pig face revs up the engine, and the hayride is off through the night. Flashing light blubs brighten up the scene as it approaches, the passengers immediately on the look out for anything that may spook them. The first set up is that of a gothic woman, barely clothed with pale, blue skin. Tears drip from her eyes as she holds an aborted fetus in her arms, a hospital bed behind them with a doctor moving around frantically.

Kaylan El: I guess this isn't that bad, kind of weird though.

Silas Kincaid: Ha. Tat's fa sure.

Next two men run right past the tractor, one dressed as Tom the Cat and the other as Jerry the Mouse, but a completely dark and demented version of their cartoon look-a-likes. Tom catches Jerry with the large sword it holds it in it's paws, grabbing the mouse and murdering it in front of all the passengers on the hayride, the blood dripping from the throat of the mouse. Is this fantasy or reality? The lines blur together as Kaylan and Silas look each other in the eye in worriment.

Kaylan El: I...I don't think this is normal, is it?

Silas Kincaid: Has ta' be. I got ya' bae, calm down.

Silas pulls Kaylan in for a warm embrace, as the ride continues on to even more horrific scenes. In front of all the passengers a man with sharpened gigantic teeth stands in front of a table, a chainsaw blazed high in the air. In front of him an elderly woman lays unconscious on a hospital bed, completely unconceivable acts done to her by the revved up chainsaw. Squirts of blood fly all of the passengers as the hayride continues.

Silas Kincaid: I love 'tis!

Kaylan shakes his head, shocked.

Kaylan EI: You truly are a sick man, aren't you?

Silas looks offended momentarily but as Kaylan looks him in the eye and giggles, he laughs back at her and smiles. The two of them continue to watch on in awe as the hayride continues forward, the next scene scarier and scarier than the last. Finally, as the hayride approaches a large corn field up ahead, a scarecrow with a deranged pumpkin at its head stands ahead. Two black crows sit on each outstretched arm of the scarecrow, cawking aloud almost as if in conversation with each other as the hayride arrives.

Suddenly, a man with a mask comes out of nowhere, hurling himself through the air and knocking Kaylan EI right off of the hayride. "SICK" MICK HORRORFLICK! Horrorflick is on top of Kaylan on the ground, pounding her face with some serious right hands. The larger of the Slashers comes into the scene pulling him off of Kaylan, Vlad screaming at Horrorflick in an abnormally deep pitched voice.

Vlad: ENOUGH!

Mick Horrorflick stops instantly, but in an absolute flash is up on the still moving hayride. The crowd gasp in fear, everyone moving off to the side as Mick strikes out at Silas Kincaid. Kincaid is not afraid of the Slasher however, hitting him right back with a hard elbow to the jaw. The two men fight back and forth with right hands, before Silas is able to tackle him through the air, knocking both men off the hayride and to the ground!

Vlad comes to his partner's aid momentarily, but security finally comes to the scene to break up the encounter! The Slashers and Kaylan EI and Silas Kincaid sneer at each other, being held back by several members of the Field of Scream's security. Men and women alike run to and from the area, some scared out of their minds and some at a peaked interest. All four men and women swear at each other in a purely intense moment, this is clearly far from over.

Trick or Treat Reveal

Match

We open up backstage to where Marcus Maximus is with the 4 winners of the Trick or Treat match. Danny Gordy was standing there while holding his bag loosely. Kendo was also there as his manager JT Blackman also stood next to him as it was he who was currently holding Kendo's bag. Pandalike was still wearing his Panda mask as you could tell by his mannerisms that he was ready to open up his bag to see just what he won. As for James Skelton. He short of stood there a little nervous but was waiting like the others. Finally, Marcus holds up his mic as he begins to address everyone.

Marcus Maximus: Hello, great fans of the CWF, Marcus Maximus here and we are ready to find out just what surprises are in store for our 4 winners. Was it a treat or was it a trick? So, Gordy, you're first up. Let's see what you got!

Danny Gordy seems to nod as he puts his hand inside his bag, pulling out a slip of paper with a match contract on it.

Gordy begins to smirk as he looks at it but his smirk suddenly fades as he reads just what kind of match it was.

Gordy: Is this some kind of Bullshit.

He was getting even more angry as he looks at this.

Marcus Maximus: Oh, so it seems we have our first trick. Tells us Gordy, what did you get?

Gordy can't stop looking at the contract in his hands.

Gordy: It's bullshit is what it is. An Evening Gown match against RM Strong? What kind of sick joke is that? I'm not doing it.

Danny Gordy slams the contract down, or tries too as it's paper so it floats a little faster. This causes Gordy to get even more mad as he lists his fist and slams it onto the paper all the way to the ground. As he does this, something else falls out of the bag catching Gordy's attention. It was a small index card causing Gordy to pause in his rage.

Marcus Maximus: Oh there's a part two?

Gordy grabs the note card to see what it says but his confusion at what it says seems to stifle his anger a little bit.

Marcus Maximus: So what is it?

Gordy looks at it again before placing the card in his pocket.

Gordy: It's Nothing.

He then glances at the contract on the ground again before stepping right on it and grinding his boot into it before he storms off, clearly still angry about it.

Marcus Maximus: Well, that was Danny Gordy everyone. I'm not sure if he can get out of that match but let's move to the next one. Kendo, or his manager, please show us what you got.

JT Black nods as he reaches into the bag and pulling out another contract. JT looks it over and can't help but smirk.

Marcus Maximus: So, tell us the good news, JT.

JT smirks as he looks up.

JT: I now hold in my hand a contract for championship opportunities and with the Samoan Tap out machine this has just solidified that you will be looking at the newest champion in CWF!

Marcus Maximus: That's all well and good, JT. But what title shot is it? The CWF?

JT shakes his head.

JT: No, it is for the Academy Championship. It would seem that despite the Academy show is gone, that it's title remains. But that is fine. My client will show no mercy to Jace Valentine as he forces him to Tap out!

Marcus nods his head before looking over to the next one in line. This one was James Skelton.

Marcus Maximus: Now, James, it's time for you...

But suddenly he was interrupted by Pandalike as he just couldn't hold back his excitement.

Pandalike: Oh, please can I go next? I don't think I can wait any longer.

Marcus looks to Pandalike then to James. He just gives a light shrug as he seemed ok with waiting.

MM: Very well, Pandalike, go ahead and show us what you...

But Pandalike was already reaching in and pulling out his prize. Another contract just like the others. He looks at it before suddenly shouting out.

Pandalike: Yes! Yes! Yes! This is EXACTLY what I need!

Marcus Maximus: Well, what did you get?

JT: Probably something to do with Pandas.

JT said rolling his eyes. But Pandalike didn't seem to notice as he continued his excited outburst.

Pandalike: Can you believe it though? Soon, VERY soon, I will be able to extend my message to save the Pandas to even more people. When I become CWF Champion!

Pandalike was pretty excited as he showed the contract to Marcus. Marcus nods as he reads it.

Marcus Maximus: Oh, it would seem that Pandalike got a Title shot for the CWF Championship!

This got JT and Kendo's attention as both of them did not look happy.

JT: Now see here. You are not seriously giving this, Panda idiot a shot at the title? Why, that contract belongs to the Samoan Tap out machine. And if it wasn't for this man for throwing that ridiculous Panda mask...

Pandalike seems to turn around, still wearing said panda mask.

Pandalike: All was legal. Now if you'll excuse me, I gotta spread the word about Pandas.

Pandalike heads out taking the contract with him. JT looks at him quiet mad before he looks to Kendo.

JT: Let's go.

And the two of them headed off. Leaving Marcus and James Skelton there. Marcus looks over to James and gives him a nod.

Marcus Maximus: Well, looks like you're the final one.

James Skelton: I'm sorry...

Marcus Maximus: Don't be. Now let's see what it is that you got.

James nods as he reaches in and pulls out a slip of paper. It could of been the size of the contact yet on it was not a contract but large bold letters. James hands began to shake a little bit as he looks at it.

James Skelton: I'm sorry... I don't understand?

Marcus Maximus: Well, tell us what you got. Another trick?

James opens his mouth to try and say something but nothing came out. Instead he turns the paper around revealing what was on that side of it. On it were large bold letters, spelling out the words You're Fired!

Marcus Maximus: Well, that's some trick...

Marcus wasn't really sure what to say as James just sort of stands there. So Marcus turns around back to the camera.

Marcus Maximus: There you have it everyone. The reveal to all of the trick or treat bags. Until next time.

With that the scene fades to black.

Danger Boiz vs. The Slashers vs. Frost Elite vs. Silas & Kaylan El

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one fall and will be for the vacant TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS! This match will take place under Monster Mash rules, in which there will be four teams battling it out in a falls count anywhere, anything goes, tornado tag style match, with one fall to a finish.

"Relentless" by Pentagonum hits the speakers and The Slashers make their way to the ring, Vlad getting a few scattered cheers while "Sick" Mick Horrorflick gets booed enough to drown out the cheering. The two members of the Slashers are dressed in their normal outfits, scarring a few little children as they make their way down and into the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing team number one, from way out in the boonies, Vlad and "Sick" Mick Horrorflick....THE SLASHERS!!

Mike Rolash: I love these guys! They're like a horror movie brought to life, and with Halloween right around the corner it couldn't be any more appropriate!

Jim Gunt: What do you know know about being appropriate, Mike?

Mike Rolash: A lot actually. I made the bed nice and neat after leaving your mom's house this morning, how appropriate is that?

Jim Gunt: Dick. That doesn't even make sense.

“Sex Room” by Trey Songz featuring Ludacris starts up and Kaylan El and Silas Kincaid make their way out from the back. They are clearly still a bit freaked out from going through the Field of Screams, but once they get to the ring Silas snaps, attacking Mick Horrorflick in the corner. A second official has to help Clark Summits break up the battle, and eventually gets the two teams on opposite sides of the ring.

Ray Douglas: And introducing team number two, coming from London, England and Glasglow, Scotland respectively....KAYLAN EL AND SILAS KINCAID!!

“Nightmare” by Avenged Sevenfold plays and the crowd instantaneously come to their feet, cheering loudly as the Danger Boiz make their presence known. The five time Tag Team champions from all around the world soak in the pyros shooting all around them, a truly special moment for them as they haven’t teamed up together in a long time. Chris pats his brother Dangerous Dan on the back, and they walk down and enter the ring together.

Ray Douglas: Team number three comes from Smithville, Tennessee, Dangerous Dan and Crazy Chris....THE DANGER BOIZ!!

“World Without Danger” by the Subdigitals takes over and Maya Jensen steps out from behind the curtain first, followed quickly by the ice queen herself, Mizore. Frost Elite smack forearms as they head down the ramp, the sold out crowd in attendance cheering them on every step of the way. Mizore and Maya both clap a few hands, keeping their eyes on the ring though as they meet back up together, heading up the steps to prepare for the battle ahead.

Ray Douglas: And the final team in this Monster Mash match comes from Albany, New York and Rawlins, Wyoming respectfully, they are Maya Jensen and Mizore....FROST ELITE!!

Jim Gunt: Four of the best teams CWF, or any wrestling federation out there for that matter, has to offer. This should be very interesting!

Mike Rolash: That it should. I can’t wait to see where this match is going to end up though, I’m hoping maybe someone will end up fighting backstage and see a sneak peek of the ladies’ locker room.

Jim Gunt: Why do you insist on being a pervert ALL the time?

Clark Summits reads over the rules to the match one more time before ringing the bell, wiping his hands with the rule book in the process. Summits backs up and the action starts fast and furious. Mizore leaps into the air to take out Crazy Chris with a cross body, pounding down on him with right hands. Silas Kincaid and Vlad are on the other side, the two massive athletes shooting painful shots back and forth. Vlad lifts Kincaid up for a powerslam, but he drops out from behind, somehow lifts the Thirst Mutilator off his feet, FALCON ARROW!

Jim Gunt: That was incredible! Vlad is damn near seven feet tall, and just came CRASHING to the canvas!

Mike Rolash: The action is getting crazy already, I have a feeling this one is going to get out of hand quickly.

Maya Jensen and Kaylan El throw fists in the other corner now, both competitors trying to show they are the dominant female in CWF. After not selling an elbow to the jaw, Jensen backs out to the center of the ring, throwing El into the corner and driving her shoulder into her several times. Jensen heads up top, but Mick Horrorflick grabs her from behind and throws her halfway across the ring with a NASTY POWERBOMB!

Jim Gunt: What a powerbomb there by Mick Horrorflick, after Maya looked to have Kaylan El in hand!

Mike Rolash: Horrorflick is now heading out of the ring, here we go!

"Sick" Mick Horrorflick escapes the squared circle and immediately lifts up the apron to look for whatever weaponry may be below the ring. Horrorflick pulls out a steel chair, but turns around right as Crazy Chris is waiting on him. SUPERKICK! The chair goes flying as Horrorflick drops, but Mizore doesn't let Chris have any kind of momentum for long, as she leaps through the top and middle ropes, SUICIDE DIVE!

"This is awesome!"

Jim Gunt: I have to agree with the fans here tonight in jolly old England, this match HAS been awesome so far!

Mike Rolash: And it's only just getting started, Jimmy! With eight of the most brutal competitors in CWF in four respected teams, what is it going to take to bring home the Tag Team gold?

Jim Gunt: I'm not sure, but I can't wait to find out!

Mike Rolash: It was a rhetorical question, stooge.

With Mizore, Mick Horrorflick and Crazy Chris all coming to on the outside of the ring, Kaylan El springs to action. She bounces off the ropes and prepares to go soaring through the air, but she can't make it there, as Vlad comes in with a massive forearm out of nowhere, DEAD LEAVES RUSTLING! Kaylan El's body does a full flip before landing nastily down on the canvas. Silas Kincaid is quick to avenge his partner though, turning Vlad around into a pumphandle, FALL OF ANGELS! A echoing "OOOHHH!" comes from the crowd, and Kincaid goes for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWW-No!

Jim Gunt: Maya Jensen stops the pinfall saving the match for Frost Elite and the other two teams!

Mike Rolash: That bitch!

Jim Gunt: Excuse me?

Mike Rolash: What? I didn't say anything.

Maya does all she can to stop the cover from the big man, leaping off the top rope to take out Kincaid and Vlad with a Big Splash! On the outside of the ring the action continues with Mizore and Crazy Chris teaming up momentarily against Mick Horrorflick, back body dropping him high into the air onto the announce table. IT DOES NOT BREAK! Horrorflick is up on his feet and leaps off, but Chris somehow pulls him in out of mid-air, FALLAWAY SLAM ONTO THE APRON! Chris goes for the cover as a second referee makes the count.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO...NO!

Jim Gunt: And it looks like the team of Mizore and Crazy Chris have been broken up, as Mizore chooses not to let him get the cover on Horrorflick!

Mike Rolash: WE HAVE A DANGEROUS INCOMING!

Dangerous Dan sprints across the ring, springboards off the ropes into the air into an amazing corkscrew that takes out Mizore in her tracks! The crowd goes insane! Kaylan El, Maya Jensen, and Vlad all exit the ring battling along the way, now all eight competitors outside of the squared circle in a convoluted war. Vlad strikes out at Kaylan El, but she and Maya lock hands, leaping into the air and taking out the Third Mutilator with a massive double clothesline! Maya suddenly turns her attention to Kaylan, springboarding up onto the apron, FLYING HEADSCISSORS! Jensen leaps on for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHR-NO!

Jim Gunt: Silas Kincaid saves his partner Kaylan, like a good man should do for his woman!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, like you know a damn thing about that, Jimmy.

Silas grabs Maya and hurls her through the air, right into the steel steps! The thud is massive, and Maya looks to really be hurt. Kincaid sees this and goes for the attack, but Mizore leaps into the air to stop him. She holds on to the back of his head, swinging wildly as he attempts to free himself of her. Silas grabs the Ice Queen by the hair, chucking her right into the steel turnbuckle!

Jim Gunt: Oh my god, Mizore has to be dead there!

Mike Rolash: What an insane match this Monster Mash has turned out to be!

Dangerous Dan and Crazy Chris now team up to bring Mick Horrorflick up the entrance ramp, the Slashers member trying to fight off both of them but a wicked rising knee from Dan leaves him reeling. Seconds later he is up through the air, DOUBLE SUPLEX on the steel ramp! The crowd cheers wildly for the Danger Boiz, as Dan goes for the cover with Chris holding back any oncoming attacks.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO...KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Wicked double suplex there from the Danger Boiz but it still wasn't enough, as Horrorflick kicks out at two!

Kaylan El runs at Crazy Chris, going all the way up the ramp and leaping into the air to hit him with a Superwoman Punch! Dangerous Dan gets to his feet to try to help his brother, but walks right in, SWEET RELEASE! Kaylan wastes not a second to go for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTT-NO!

Jim Gunt: Mizore breaks up the cover..

Mike Rolash: With a jaw-crushing low dropkick!

Mizore picks Kaylan El off of Dangerous Dan, tossing her off the ramp into the barricade! Vlad saunters back into the scene, trying to lift Dan to his feet but Crazy Chris stops him from doing so. Chris lands a hard right hand, and then a DDT. From the corner of the screen we see Silas Kincaid going under the ring for yet another weapon, this time pulling out a fifteen foot ladder!

Jim Gunt: Oh! My! GOD!

Mike Rolash: Silas Kincaid bringing out the heavy artillery!

Jim Gunt: But look on the other side of the ring, Mike, Mick Horrorflick is pulling out a table!

The trademark weapons of the most destructive wrestling matches of all time are set up in all of their glory, and the fans inside the O2 Arena are loving every second of it. Kincaid, seeing Horrorflick and his newly set up table on the other side, begins to drag the ladder his way. Dangerous Dan stops him in his tracks though, TWIST OF FATE!

Dangerous Dan takes over the ladder now, but Mizore and Maya Jensen begin attacking from behind. The two of them taken Dan's head together, smashing against the steel. The ladder falls down onto the apron, leaving it a stiff platform for crash against as Jensen and Mizore reer back, ELITE KICK! INTO THE LADDER! Frost Elite now set up the ladder, but Silas Kincaid is quickly climbing up the other side. Maya Jensen follows him at the same speed, meeting Kincaid up at the top with rapid punches to the face. Kincaid hits a headbutt to her jaw. Jensen positions herself to jump off towards Kincaid, X-BLADE CRAS-NO-KINCAID REVERSES IT INTO A CELTIC CROSS!

Jim Gunt: Holy shit!

Mike Rolash: Holy shit!

Crowd: Holy shit!

Guy in the front row eating popcorn that somehow gets shown on camera: Holy shit!

The table at ringside is absolutely splintered, and somehow even Mizore got caught up in the fall and now all three men and women lay lifeless. Inside the ring "Sick" Mick Horrorflick is left all alone with both of the Danger Boiz! Dangerous Dan hits a hard chop to his chest, while Crazy Chris connects with a front kick. Chris lifts him high into the air, sending Horrorflick onto the knee of his brother Dan. Finally they call for the end, DOUBLE DANGER ZONE! Crazy Chris drops for the cover as Dan watches on.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRREEEEE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner and new CWF World Tag Team Champions....THE DANGER BOIZ!!

"Nightmare" plays yet again as Crazy Chris and Dangerous Dan celebrate their victory to massive cheers. Their dream has come true yet again, SIX TIME TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! They hold the belts, nearly in tears as they raise them up together, taking in all the adulation from the crowd. Chris pats his brother on the back and says "atta boy", knowing that he made the right decision not to join the Eternals. The two men leave the ring together as the other six men and women regroup.

A New Development

Match

We head backstage where we see James Skelton walking slowly back to his locker room. He still had the piece of paper with the 'You're Fired' on it. His head was down as he walked rather slowly not sure what to make of the situation at hand. As he continues to walk he nearly bumps into a man who has walked up to him.

JS: I'm sorry...

He said as the man looks to him and shakes his head.

Man: It's quite all right.

James looks to want to walk past but the man stops him.

Man: However, I have something for you.

James looks to him with a quizzical look.

JS: I'm sorry?

The man nods as he reaches into his inner coat pocket of his suit jacket and pulls out an SD card. He then holds this out for James.

Man: Give this to your friend Elijah. He'll know what to do with it.

James takes a moment before he slowly reached out and takes the SD card. As he does The man gives him a slight nod before heading off. James looks down at the SD Card, wondering what it was as the scene cuts to black.

A Change of Heart

Match

We open to the backstage, with a mixture of cheers and jeers. Colton Mace is sitting on a bench in one of the open locker rooms; a white towel over his neck and partial over his head, as a drip of sweat falls from the tip of his nose.

He's complacent - on the border of nervousness and neurotic about his match against Ataxia.

That is, until he hears footsteps. He looks up, then rolls his eyes - exhaling out deeply - before looking back down. Jaiden Rishel's footsteps.

Jaiden Rishel: I get it. Why am I here?

Colton looks up at him - the quickness in his reflexes causes mask of perspiration to take a leap of faith from his face.

Colton Mace: There's no need to get anything, Jaiden. You can leave now.

Jaiden nods his head, tucking his hands into the pockets of his dress pants.

Jaiden Rishel: I'm not asking for an apology. I'm just coming here to wave the white flag, Colton. I was wrong about you. There, I said it. You happy? Wrong. Look at the endurance against Elijah! The accomplishment against a legend in Harvey Danger! Ataxia? It's just another that'll eventually lay down for your footprint, Colton. You've got what it takes.

Suddenly, Colton pulls the towel off of him and gets to his feet. Jaiden's surprised - more than enough for him to take a few steps back.

Jaiden Rishel: Take it easy, tough guy?

Colton Mace: Oh, tough guy? You don't even know the HALF of it, Rishel. You don't even know the half of it. I was in a hospital when you decided to waltz in and tell me how pathetic I was - how you couldn't BELIEVE that I was even IN the Eternals. I remember, Jaiden, I remember that smile that you had on your face. You know what?

Colton begins to approach Jaiden, whom continues to take steps backwards.

Colton Mace: It's the same smile you have now.

Jaiden Rishel: This isn't going to work, Colton. You understand me? Put that brute down of yours and redirect it where it needs to go - not the man that's given you a platform. There's a storm coming - and we need to need to band this brotherhood together before everything hits the fan. We need your star power not only to rally against Highlander - but to also stand up against the man that owns half of this company.

Colton stops in his tracks.

Colton Mace: Wait, what?

Jaiden nods his head, as serious as a heart attack.

Jaiden Rishel: That son of a bitch is back - and he's going to come in here and ruin everything. You're the star - the movie celebrity - you've got the leadership skills - the pizzazz to bring us all together before the war begins. And trust me, Colton, there's going to be a war unlike you've ever imagine.

Colton seems to want to cave, nearly taking another step towards Jaiden. Instead, however, he lets out a deep breath and then brings himself back to the bench.

Colton Mace: I will think about it.

Jaiden shrugs his shoulders.

Jaiden Rishel: We're a family, Colton. We're blood brothers. My Dad is going to bring firepower that you don't want to find yourself defending all by your lonesome. The Eternals - nobody has ever seen something like this before. With that type of hype status, tensions are going to rise. It's human nature. It's time to let it go. Now, can I count on you to be in my side when I go after Highlander once and for all?

Colton rests his face in hands, then rubs his brow. He picks up the towel that he threw and rests it back over his neck. He walks over towards Jaiden, and then past him before saying something to him as close as possible.

Colton Mace: The star always directs himself.

With that, Colton breezes past Jaiden. Jaiden stands there for a minute, grinning in surprise, before turning around toward the exit. He says one last statement under his mound before we go black.

Jaiden Rishel: Keep telling yourself that...

Breaking Point

Match

We cut backstage. We are in a locker room in a long abandoned part of the building, the light flickering unsteadily, water dripping out an uneven rhythm from some unseen tap.

Elijah sits in the centre, motionless, his eyes closed. As we grow closer, we can see tears streaming down his cheeks, silent, emotionless tears.

Elijah opens his eyes, the tears stop suddenly as he sees Highlander before him.

Highlander: You've got done explaining to do. You know something. About what's been happening to me, to Yusuf. Talk to me.

Elijah: I cannot -

Highlander: You must.

Elijah pauses a moment, collecting himself.

Elijah: "If you bring forth what is within you, what you bring forth will save you. If you do not bring forth what is within you, what you do not bring forth will destroy you."

Tell me, Daniel. What do you know of the Spirit Science Research Institute?

Highlander: Only what I've seen in the press or picked up from you and Miss O. Sort of spiritual-philosophical movement, seem innocent on the surface, rumours and allegations of something a lot more sinister. Why?

Elijah: My beloved and I called it home for many years. The circumstances of our respective departures were as dramatic as they were controversial, with repercussions which spread far and wide, encompassing many.

Today it seems those repercussions may come home.

I am scared, Daniel.

Elijah stares Highlander in the eyes, his gaze intent, piercing.

Highlander: Look, I'm...I'm sorry but I don't really understand.

Elijah: This may help.

Elijah reaches to one side, takes up a folder and hands it to Highlander.

Highlander: What is it?

Elijah: Dispatches from a dissident.

Highlander: I'll give it a look after the match, yeah? Thanks. And look...let's talk again soon, okay?

Highlander turns to leave. As he does, done paper falls out of the folder.

Highlander: Hmm. What the heck is a "Moonchild"?

Elijah: What?

Highlander: One of these reports, it references a "Moonchild". Same birthday as me. 14th June, 1989. Small world. Anyway. Talk soon, yeah?

Highlander extends a hand but Elijah does not react, his eyes unfocused, his mind a million miles away.

Meeting with the Unknown

Match

We cut backstage to see Danny Gordy walking through the halls. He seems to have calmed down a bit from earlier as now he has the index card out as he's looking at it. He makes his way through the backstage area before finally coming to a stop. As he does he looks up at the door in front of him. The door didn't have any markings to show what lay behind it but Gordy was sure he was in the right place. Gordy opens the door before looking inside. There wasn't much to the room but a table and a few chairs around it. As he looks he noticed a man in there. This was the same man who gave James Skelton the SD card.

Man: Shut the door, Daniel. We have much to discuss.

So Gordy shuts the door closing off the rest of the meeting from the cameras. The scene fades to black.

Jaiden Rishel vs. Dan Highlander

Match

The camera sweeps over the capacity crowd at the O2 Stadium, as "The Broken" by Coheed and Cambria starts to play. The crowd's excited demeanor immediately turns to boos, as the CWF president Jaiden Rishel steps out from the curtain.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is set for one fall, and is a Bloodbath match! There are no disqualifications, no holds barred, and the only way to win is by pinfall or submission, after your opponent bleeds. Introducing first, from Philadelphia, PA, and weighing 220 pounds, he is the president of the CWF, JAIDEN RISHEL!

The crowd's boos grow louder as Rishel slides into the ring and climbs his corner and looks out on the fans with disdain. Their reaction changes almost immediately as "Let The Hammer Fall" by Hammerfall begins to play.

"The Hammer" Dan Highlander stands midstage atop the entrance ramp, white pyros shooting all around him as he stares downward. Finally raising his head to the air, his right arm follows, which sends the crowd to a fever pitch. Highlander slowly paces down towards the ring, keeping his eyes on Rishel all the way down the ramp, Finally entering

the ring, he takes off his gear and paces back and forth as Ray Douglas makes his announcement.

Ray Douglas: His opponent, from Canberra, Australia! Weighing in at 240 pounds, he is The Hammer, DAN HIGHLANDER!

Jim Gunt: Well, I shouldn't have to tell you that this will not be for the weak at heart. A Bloodbath match. We all know that Jaiden Rishel will be willing to do anything to win, and Highlander has a lot to prove after losing his Impact Championship this past week because of Rishel's influence.

Mike Rolash: Oh wah, wah, wah. Rishel just made sure that the right man won that match, Jimbob. He didn't do anything that wouldn't have come naturally anyhow.

The bell rings, and Highlander and Rishel begin circling each other. Rishel speaks - inaudible to the camera - at The Hammer, and whatever it is that he says, it obviously works to get under his skin. Highlander advances in Rishel's direction, but Jaiden immediately bails out of the ring.

For reasons defying explanation in a no holds barred match, the referee steps between Highlander and the retreating Jaiden, blocking his advancing on Rishel. Jaiden laughs as Highlander acquiesces to the referee's instructions and backs off. Slowly, he gets onto the apron and then steps into the ring. Again, the two combatants start to circle each other, but as Highlander goes in for a collar and elbow tie-up, Rishel again turns tail quickly, and exits the ring.

Jim Gunt: Well, the CWF boss is certainly doing what he can to play some mind-games here in the early going.

Mike Rolash: He's BRILLIANT!

Jim Gunt: He's a coward.

Mike Rolash: Dan Highlander outweighs Jaiden by 20 pounds, Jimbob, but I'll tell you what, it's not 20 pounds of brain matter. Jaiden's outfoxing the Hammer, and it's a brilliant move by our President!

Rishel gets back up onto the apron, and slinks back into the ring after Highlander again gives him a wide enough berth to do so. The two circle each other again, but this time as Rishel tries to run away when Highlander goes in for the tie-up, Hammer manages to grab a handful of Jaiden's hair and yank him to the ground!

Mike Rolash: Oh no!

Jaiden goes down, back-first, and hits the mat hard. Quickly, Hammer manages to get a half mount and starts raining

down piston-like fists. Rishel squirms away, barely making it to the ropes, and scrambles to get to his feet. Unfortunately for him, Highlander is up quicker, and hits Rishel with a well-placed kick to the right-quad. Rishel goes down, clutching at his leg, and rolls out of the ring.

Highlander is in hot pursuit, and he manages to tackle Rishel into, and then over, the barricade!

Jim Gunt: Well, Rishel's plans didn't exactly go as he wanted!

Mike Rolash: For the love of God Jim, show some compassion!

Jim Gunt: You realize that Jaiden's not watching right now, right? He's in this match. He can't possibly hear you sucking up to get a raise.

Mike Rolash: ...

Jim Gunt: Yeah, that's what I thought.

Rishel does his level best to try and escape the grasp of Highlander, but as the raucous London crowd cheers him on, Highlander catches up to Rishel and grabs a handful of his hair. The two get close to a balcony, and Rishel manages to shoot a quick punch at Highlander's gut, breaking his grip. A quick thumb to the eye of Highlander gives Rishel enough separation to get a bit of space, which he uses to amble up the balcony, and hold onto the railing that separates himself from the fans.

Highlander manages to regain his composure as Rishel positions himself to face The Hammer. As Highlander looks up, Rishel launches himself forward, wrapping his legs around Highlander's head, looking for a big flying headscissors! Highlander quickly grabs at Rishel's legs, however, and stops him from getting a full rotation. Rishel dangles for a moment, trying to use whatever leverage he can to muscle Highlander over, but it's the much larger Australian who has the power advantage!

Highlander grabs Rishel's left arm with his right and pulls the CWF boss up to a powerbomb position. With Rishel mounted on his shoulders, Highlander pops Rishel over his head into a crucifix position, and launches him, back-first, at the balcony wall! Jaiden hits hard, but lands on his feet and stumbles right into a superkick from The Hammer as the O2 Arena goes absolutely wild!

Mike Rolash: OH COME ON!

Jim Gunt: SOUTHERN CROSS RIGHT INTO THE BALCONY WALL!

Mike Rolash: Someone check on Jaiden!

No help comes for the younger Rishel as he crawls, hand and knees as quickly as his beaten up body will allow, away from the advancing Highlander. Rishel eventually makes it back to his feet by propping himself up on a barricade next to the entrance ramp, but he is immediately struck by a standing enzuigeri from Dan, which causes him to tumble over the barricade and out from the crowd.

Jim Gunt: Such! Is! Life!

Mike Rolash: Come on, Jim! I know you don't like the boss, and you probably deserve to be fired, but there's no way that you can think that this is how life goes!

Jim Gunt: That's the name of the move, you moron.

Mike Rolash: Well...

Jim Gunt: And besides, it's not a question of me liking or disliking Rishel; Jaiden has rubbed a lot of people the wrong way. A lot of the veteran CWF locker room wants to do exactly what Highlander's up to right now - Jarvis King, Elijah, and I'm sure many others. Jaiden has made his own bed here, Mike, and...

Mike Rolash: LOOK OUT!

Dan Highlander follows Jaiden Rishel over the barricade, as the latter crawled his way over to the opposite side of the entrance aisle. Just as Highlander reaches Rishel, he's met with a blast of white, as Rishel wields a fire extinguisher! Hammer stumbles backwards, blinded, allowing Rishel to scramble forward and hit a devastating low-blow!

Mike Rolash: Good thing Caledonia came to visit before this match!

Highlander doubles over and falls backwards to a seated position. Rishel stumbles up to his feet and grabs Dan's hair, now leading the Hammer in the same way that he had earlier been led, back towards the ring. He tosses Highlander into the ring, and lifts up the apron skirt to search for an implement of destruction.

Mike Rolash: Yes! All is right with the world!

Jim Gunt: Well, like it or not, this is solid strategy from Rishel. He may be a wrestler, but he's not been competing like

Highlander has.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, but Rishel's smarter! He hasn't had to take the same lumps as Highlander has. He's got a strategy...he's a man with a plan!

Jim Gunt: Well, he's going to have to implement that plan to a tee here. Hammer's at peak conditioning for this match.

Mike Rolash: I showed your mom some peak conditioning last night!

Jim Gunt: Good lord.

Rishel quickly finds what he's looking for - a trash can filled with various weapons - and he lobs it over the top rope. The referee, almost a non-entity in this match, dodges the flying trash can as Rishel rolls into the ring, a sadistic smile on his face. The referee admonishes Jaiden, but he simply shoves past him and goes to the trash can and wrests out a Singapore cane, cruelly wrapped in barbed wire!

Highlander slowly and gingerly gets to his feet, using the ropes to steady himself, only to be met by the mighty THWACK of the kendo stick, right between his broad shoulders. The barbed wire bites into his flesh, tearing at it, and starting a few pin-pricks of blood flowing.

Mike Rolash: HERE WE GO!

Jim Gunt: Rishel strikes first blood on Highlander, which means that Highlander is eligible to be pinned or submitted in this match!

Hammer cringes as Rishel wrenches the cane off of his back. Highlander, perhaps foolishly, turns to face Rishel, and catches a cane to the face for his troubles. The barbed wire cruelly rips the flesh of his forehead, causing the Aussie to fall backwards, clutching at his face as it starts to bleed. Rishel wastes no time in going for the cover.

Referee: One! TWO! -- Kickout!

Highlander gets a shoulder up just as the referee's hand hits the mat for the second time, and begins to crawl to a neutral corner to try and get back up again. Rishel wastes no time arguing with the ref about the speed of the count, however, and he walks back over to his garbage can of toys, and dumps it out onto the mat. A few street signs tumble out, along with a cheese grater, a second kendo stick (not wrapped in barbed wire) and a small black bag. Rishel picks up one of the street signs - a "No Loitering" sign, and advances with it to the corner where Highlander is to his knees.

Rishel waits for Highlander to turn around, and cracks the metal sign across his forehead. Dan's blood stains the white on the sign as it wraps around his head, and he crumples to the mat. Rishel laughs, as Highlander crawls away from the corner, using the bottom rope to steady himself.

Jim Gunt: Well, Rishel seems to be enjoying himself.

Mike Rolash: Of course he is! The boss is in charge, Jimbo, in the ring and out of it!

Highlander somehow gets to his feet again, and gets another shot from the metal sign for his troubles. He waivers, but doesn't fall, and Rishel tosses the sign aside, opting instead to grapple with The Hammer. Rishel grabs hold of Highlander and positions himself with his back to the corner, and quickly suplexes Hammer back-first into the corner. Highlander's legs wrap up in the top turnbuckle, in a tree of woe.

Jim Gunt: Here comes the Neverender.

Rishel smiles cruelly at his handiwork and quickly retrieves the empty trash can from the center of the ring. He positions it in front of Highlander's face, and backs up to the opposite corner before running and hitting a devastating hesitation dropkick! The trash can compacts around Highlander's lifeless body. Jaiden peels the can away from Highlander, and tosses it away, allowing for Highlander's body to give way and crash to the mat. Rather than go for the cover, he immediately scales to the top rope. Highlander unwittingly rolls immediately into his flight path, as Rishel launches himself forward and pumps his torso in the air, before crashing into Highlander's body.

Jim Gunt: Huge Black Rainbow frog splash by Jaiden!

As so often high-risk maneuvers do, the move takes a bit out of Jaiden. Rishel holds his own ribs, no doubt damaged by Highlander's earlier attacks in the crowd, and scrambles towards the cover, hooking the inside leg.

Referee: One....TWO....no!

Highlander barely manages to get a shoulder up. Rishel sits up, a bit of shock on his face turning to disbelief, and then anger. As Highlander rolls away, certainly on instinct alone, Rishel gets to his feet and gets in the referee's face. Referee Clark Summits makes it clear that his count was consistent, and on time, but Rishel clearly insists that the count was slow.

The jaw-jacking with the referee was perhaps ill-advised, however, as a rejuvenated Highlander quickly comes into frame, catching his second wind, and catching Highlander with a leg lariat to the back of the neck! Rishel topples forward, crashing into the referee, who is sandwiched into the corner and goes down.

Rishel scrambles up, looking down at the ref, seemingly confused at what just happened. He turns around and spins right into a discus forearm from Highlander. Rishel is literally on the ropes, as Highlander rallies, hitting a quick combination of rights and lefts to the body in rapid succession. Rishel covers up his torso, leaving his face open, where he immediately gets tagged by the experienced hands of the Australian striker.

Mike Rolash: No! Hammer, don't hurt him!

Jim Gunt: Wow, MC Hammer reference. Nice!

Mike Rolash: Seriously?

Rishel back peddles, doing whatever he can to cover up, but is surprised by a quick kick to the leg, which causes him to stumble and lose his footing. Hammer backs up a bit, and rushes in, hitting a devastating Shining Wizard, knocking the CWF President backwards. Highlander pops up to his feet to a roar of approval from the crowd.

Highlander looks around the O2 at the raucous CWF faithful, and points at Rishel, and then to the cheese grater in the center of the ring! The crowd erupts.

Mike Rolash: Oh god...

Jim Gunt: Looks like The Hammer is calling his shot!

Mike Rolash: THESE BRITISH PEOPLE ARE SICK, JIM.

Highlander grabs the cheese grater, and turns to face Rishel, who is just getting to his feet. Rishel turns to face the crimson-faced Hammer, who waves the grater playfully. Rishel drops to his knees, begging off, but Highlander advances nonetheless. In an arching motion, Highlander brings the cheese grater down towards Rishel's forehead, but the CWF president manages to catch his forearm with both hands. Jaiden pushes back with all his might, and manages to get to his feet while staving off the attack. Highlander bares down on him, using his height advantage to inch the barbaric kitchen utensil closer to Rishel's forehead, but Jaiden manages to rear back and hit a second low-blow with a stiff, field-goal worthy kick to Highlander's groin. The Hammer crumples again in pain, which brings a sick smile to Jaiden's face.

As Highlander writhes in pain, Rishel saunters to the corner of the ring closest to the timekeeper's area and demands a microphone from Ray Douglas. The CWF announcer obliges, and Rishel taps the microphone three times, before walking back over to Highlander and grabs him by the hair.

Jaiden Rishel: Come on, Dan. You put up a good fight, but you're beat.

The crowd in the O2 hurls a load of abuse Rishel's way, but the CWF president simply laughs.

Jaiden Rishel: You morons don't get it, do you? This is my world, dammit. This is my ring, and there is no one who can stop me, or stop The Eternals....and speaking of The Eternals, come on out, guys!

Rishel tosses the microphone back towards Douglas, and motions to the back to bring out the dark brotherhood of Eternals.

Jim Gunt: Well, I guess it was only a matter of time.

Mike Rolash: And it's about time! Man, can you imagine the party that Rishel's going to throw?

The CWF tron lights up with footage from the back, as a lockerroom door with The Maker's Mark spray-painted on it comes into view. Much to the delight of the London crowd, and the horror of Jaiden Rishel, a heavy chain and padlock connects the big double-doors, preventing The Eternals from exiting, despite their best efforts.

An arm, holding the key to the padlock, comes into view from the left of the camera's frame. The camera zooms out to show The Internet Icon, Jarvis King, standing with a determined look on his face! The ovation is damn-near deafening as a smirk grows across Jarvis's face.

Mike Rolash: WHAT?! NO!

Jarvis King: Highlander - don't say I never did anything for you.

Jarvis walks out of frame, but then quickly returns, and looks dead into the camera.

Jarvis King: Oh, and Jaiden - watch the palm strike.

Jaiden Rishel, a look of disbelief on his face, looks down from the CWF tron, and is met with a devastating palm strike straight to the nose! Jaiden stumbles backwards as Highlander gets to his feet, and clutches at his obviously broken nose as a gush of blood starts to bubble forth! He leans into the ropes and rebounds, walking straight into a kick to the gut from Highlander! The Hammer rushes to the perpendicular ropes, bounces off and hits the Falling Hammer on the doubled-over CWF boss! As Highlander rolls Rishel over, the referee crawls into position. He takes a moment to confirm that Rishel is indeed bleeding, and then slowly makes the count as Highlander executes the lateral press!

Referee: ONE! TWOOOOOOO!! THRE---NO!

Mike Rolash: YES!

The crowd can barely believe it as Highlander scrambles to the referee, somewhat in disbelief, but also checking that he is ok. Meanwhile, Rishel rolls away from the center of the ring and towards the mess of weapons that he had dumped out earlier in the match. Highlander helps Summits to his feet, and then once he's sure that the referee can stand on his own power, turns his attention back to Rishel.

Unfortunately, Highlander's altruism may have been his undoing, as he walks head-long into a stop sign, which Rishel tosses at him. Hammer falls backwards and rolls over to his front, allowing Rishel the chance to lift himself from the mat.

Jim Gunt: My god, Mike, what brutality!

Mike Rolash: Don't you worry, Jim! The Eternals may be locked up in the back by that meddling Jarvis King, but Jaiden Rishel is still in the driver's seat. This one is almost over!

Jim Gunt: Well, I always hate to agree with you, but I have to in this case. Highlander's lost a lot of blood, and...oh god, no!

It's Rishel's actions that causes this reaction from Gunt, as he has located the little black bag. After undoing the rope that had the bag fastened closed, he pours thousands of silver thumb tacks to the mat below. Grabbing Highlander, he dead-lifts him from the mat, and executes a perfect flip, hitting the cruel Hero's Welcome into the tacks!

Jim Gunt: Good god, someone please stop this madness!

Rishel, apparently getting the memo, rolls Highlander onto his back and goes for the cover.

Referee: ONE! TWO! THR--what are you doing?

Rishel, with a sadistic grin, shakes his head as he lifts the Hammer's shoulders off the mat. The referee admonishes him for this, but Rishel waves him off and points to the turnbuckle.

Mike Rolash: He's calling his shot, Jim! No World for Tomorrow!

Jim Gunt: It might be No World for Dan Highlander if Jaiden hits this.

Rishel steps through the ropes and starts his way up to the top turnbuckle. Blood still streams from his nose as he stands atop the ropes. He points at Highlander before leaping from the top to the mat below, rotating perfectly in mid-air. Highlander, somehow, shifts himself at the last second, and Rishel's full body weight comes crashing into the mat, and the tacks, below!

Mike Rolash: NO!

Rishel cringes and screams in pain as hundreds of tacks stick into his flesh. The worst isn't over for the CWF president, as his arm is trapped by Highlander's legs, and the Hammer locks his hands right across Jaiden's broken nose.

Jim Gunt: CANBERRA CROSSFACE!

Highlander wrenches back on the hold, putting as much pressure as he can on Rishel's broken nose. Jaiden holds on as long as possible, but it's not long until he has to tap out!

The bell sounds, and "Let the Hammer Fall" starts to play.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner by submission....DAN "THE HAMMER" HIGHLANDER!!

Jim Gunt: What carnage! What devastation! What a match!

Mike Rolash: I think I'm gonna be sick...

Aftermath

Match

The bell rings. The referee barely has time to raise the winner's hand before the crowd erupts in a chorus of boos. We cut to the entrance ramp, where Chaolin Sahn, Tristan and Rayne Kancer, Colton Mace, Damion Kirkson and Ryan Sunset are massing, somehow finding their way out the locked door. They make their way to the ring, Sahn greeting Jaiden with a nod.

Jim Gunt: The Eternals! God damnit!

Sahn stares down at Highlander a moment in open contempt. He smiles, and the entire group goes to work, pounding Highlander with boots and fists, the Australian's body disappearing in a blur of motion.

Suddenly, the crowd burst into a deafening cheer, as down the ramp come Eris, Yusuf, James Skelton, Omega and Elijah, Omega carrying her trademark bat. They charge towards the ring. Eris and Omega arrive first, jumping to the mat, bat thrown into the ring, bouncing to the top rope and leaping in perfect unison, nailing the Kancers with a pair of springboard dropkicks. Yusuf and James Skelton roll into the ring after them, James nailing Damion Kirkson with a brutal lariat, Yusuf squaring up to Colton Mace, the two of them exchanging a brutal series of rights and lefts.

Elijah steps into the ring, making a beeline for Chaolin Sahn. The old enemies stand toe to toe, Sahn's expression one of open contempt, Elijah's one of fearless defiance. Elijah pulls his fist back and goes to smack Sahn in the face, but he dodges, using Elijah's momentum against him, tackling him to the ground. Before he can take advantage, Elijah kicks upward, planting both boots squarely in Sahn's chest, sending him reeling. As he gets up, Jaiden and Sunset grab him, whipping him into the corner.

Jim Gunt: Elijah, Omega and the Bright Young Things here to make the save, but they're still outnumbered! This is a travesty!

Chaolin Sahn makes his way over to Elijah, Omega's bat in hand. Sahn reaches back, preparing to clock the world heavyweight champion with a baseball bat to the face. At the last minute, he is sent tumbling forward, crashing to the canvas and clutching his head.

Jim Gunt: What the...

Mike Rolash: Who in the hell is that?

Standing tall above Sahn is a man in a black mask, a crowbar in his left hand. He wears a long black robe, an obscure symbol in red on its back.

The man kicks Sahn in the head, once, twice, three times. Sahn rolls over, tripping the man, sending him face first into the bottom turnbuckle. Sahn pulls himself to his feet, the man doing likewise, Sahn charging at the man and going for a spear. The man lunges forward, nailing Sahn with a boot and grabbing him, flipping him into the air and down with a brutal powerbomb.

Jim Gunt: I'm hearing through my earpiece that he apparently made his way through the crowd, jumped the guardrail amid the chaos. No clue as to his identity.

Mike Rolash: I don't know. He seems familiar. Too familiar.

Jim Gunt: Are you scared, Mike?

The man grabs Sahn by the hair, pulling him to his feet. He leans back, going to nail Sahn with a brutal headbutt. Sahn

dodges, bouncing off the ropes and nailing the man with a clothesline, followed by a string of kicks to the upper leg. The man rears back and smacks Sahn in the stomach with a string of punches, grabbing him by the head and hoisting him onto his shoulder. The man pauses a moment before driving Sahn into the mat with a brain buster.

Jim Gunt: Whoever this man is, get him the hell out of here! We have a show to get on with!

The man rests by the ropes, catching his breath, Sahn lying prone on the mat. On one side of the ring stand Elijah, Omega, Highlander and the Bright Young Things, on the other stand the Eternals.

Sahn raises his head, staring at the moment. Slowly, a smile begins to creep across his face. Sahn nods.

The man steps forward, standing between the two groups. Slowly, he raises his hand, pulls off the mask to reveal...

Jim Gunt: ELISHA!!!

Mike Rolash: Holy shit! Unholy shit! Whatever he is, he's a shit!

Elisha smirks as the crowd rains down a shower of abuse on him. On his forehead is the Maker's Mark, branded into his flesh. He turns to Elijah and blows him a kiss. Elijah stands silent, eyes wide, motionless.

Suddenly, Elisha charges forward at Elijah, tackling him and sending both of them tumbling through the ropes to the outside. The ring erupts into a storm of violence and mayhem, blood being spilt, bodies flying.

Jim Gunt: This is getting out of hand!

The crowd begins to boo as a small army of security personnel march down the ramp, all wearing protective gear, forcing their way into the midst of the crowd. We cut away as they try to pull Eris away from Damion Kirkson, Sunset and Jaiden double teaming Highlander in the background.

Identity Theft

Match

The camera opens up to the employee entrance of the arena. There is a security guard standing there checking passes. The camera turns to see R.M. Strong walking towards the security station.-

Security Guard: Pass please....

R.M.: Uhh.... What pass?

Security Guard: Everyone needs a pass to get in, do you have one sir?

R.M.: Ummm.... I think I left it in the car.... Hold on....

The camera follows R.M. as he makes his way through the parking lot. Strong watches as a car pulls in and stops. Freddie Styles steps out of his car and makes his way towards the arena. R.M. sneaks around, making his way to Styles' car. He tries each door, but they're all locked. He looks up to see Freddie making his way back to the car.

R.M.: Hey, Freddie! Good to see you!

Freddie Styles: Who the hell are you?

R.M.: Uhm, R.M. Strong...

Freddie: Oh, the homeless guy..... What do you want?

R.M.: Just wanted to say hey. I'm a fan.

R.M. Strong puts his arm around Freddie, who instantly pushes him away.

Freddie: Get the hell off of me, I've gotta get my bag.

R.M.: Fuck.... Fine you douche...

R.M. grins as he walks away. He pulls out a wallet, flipping through it, grabbing what looks like an ID card, and tosses the rest in the trash. He walks up to the security station and hands the guard the ID.

R.M.: Freddie Styles ready to wrestle, sir!

The guard looks at the ID, then Strong, then back at the ID.

Security Guard: You've got to be fucking kidding me, this isn't you!

R.M.: WHAT?!

Security Guard: You're white.... this guy.... not so much...

R.M.: What are you, RACIST?! This is my Halloween costume. Now let me in....

Security Guard : Oh..... Thats right, it is that time of year. So sorry Mr. Styles, have a good night!

R.M. nods at the guard, and makes his way into the arena, chuckling. He tosses Freddie's ID in a trash can as he walks towards the locker room.

Tristan Kancer vs. Harvey Danger

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one fall and is for the Impact championship! Introducing first....

The fans inside London's O2 Arena immediately come to their feet in a clatter as "No Rain" by Blind Melon begins to play. Everyone's favorite awkward hero, Harvey Danger himself, steps out from behind the curtain looking as dapper as ever. Danger hurries over to the edge of the stage, raising his arms in the air to a huge cheer, and a few laughs as he nearly falls off the edge of the stage. Danger regains his footing, shaking his head back and forth as he laughs at himself. Harvey finally makes his way down the ramp, clapping a few hands and even pointing at a young child with the new Harvey Danger t-shirt, taking a few seconds to take a selfie with the boy. Danger then enters the ring, raising his arms to one more cheer.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, the challenger. From Long Island, New York....HARVEY DANGER!!

"Rape Me" by Nirvana cuts off the cheers and immediately turns the English fans sour, as Rayne Kancer walks out from behind the curtain first, her brother the CWF Impact champion following behind her with a sly smile on his face. Tristan holds the title belt high in the air as pyrotechnics shoot off all around him. The Kancers of CWF make their way to the ring slowly, Tristan giving Rayne the title for safe keeping as he enters for battle.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, the defending Impact champion. From Detroit, Michigan....TRISTAN KANCER!!

Jim Gunt: And we're off in what is the final match in the series for now Impact champion Tristan Kancer and Harvey Danger. First we had Kancer go one on one with Highlander, then last week added Harvey to the mix, and now finally at Hellbound Danger and Kancer battle for the gold!

Mike Rolash: Phew, that was exhausting just typin-I mean listening to it, Jimmy!

Kancer charges at Harvey Danger right out of the gate, the official "Big" Denny Davidson barely able to get out of the way as the Eternal stabs his shoulders into the gut of Danger, taking him off his feet and planting him deep in the middle of the corner with a shoulder block. Using his shoulder like a battering ram, Tristan Kancer connects with several more shots before Danger is able to shove him off. The challenger explodes out of the corner though, a high flying cross body taking out Kancer!

Jim Gunt: What a great start to this championship contest, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Both champion and challenger are looking pretty good here in the early going, but I have to make a mention of it because it surprises me- but Harvey is looking more determined than I think I've EVER seen him tonight!

Harvey Danger uses that determination to his advantage, running against the ropes and leaping over Kancer, bouncing off another set and leg dropping him right across the neck! Danger is up on his feet, taking in the adulation of the audience, Danger waves out to them and goes right back to Kancer. He lifts Tristan to his feet, hitting him square in the chest with a knife edge chop. Another chop, and a third! Kancer is reeling now, but Harvey does not up, instead sending him into the ropes, HURRICANRANA! And Harvey holds on for the cover!

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWW-Kancer is out!

Jim Gunt: Harvey Danger is on fire!

Mike Rolash: Quick, call the London Fire Department!

Jim Gunt: ...You idiot.

Back to their feet, Harvey Danger hits yet another knife edge chop. The chest of Tristan Kancer is bright red, and the will of our hero is just as bright tonight. Harvey hoists the champion into the air, seating him atop the nearest turnbuckle. Another resounding chop, woo's all around! Kancer nearly falls frontward off the turnbuckle, but Harvey holds him in place, climbing up the corner to accompany him. FRANKEN-DANGER! The crowd are on their feet as Harvey crawls over to make the pin on Tristan Kancer.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO...KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: That was a close one there, but I think if Harvey stays on him we may have a new Impact champion here tonight!

Mike Rolash: Kancer doesn't look like he brought his A game to Hellbound, something is off. Sahn isn't going to be very happy with this.

Jim Gunt: Well, it's still anybody's ball game, Mike. The match isn't over yet!

Not wanting to let off the offensive in fear that Kancer and his Eternals stable may have something up their sleeve, Danger gets right back to his feet just long enough to drop an elbow into the heart of Kancer. He picks him up and attempts a suplex, but Kancer somehow holds steadfast, surprising Danger with a huge headbutt! Harvey Danger is wobbily, staggering around right towards Kancer. SWINGING NECKBREAKER! Kancer gets on top of Danger, hitting him with a few right hands before lifting him right bak to his feet. SPINNING SUPLEX! With the momentum of the match shifting quickly in his favor, Kancer doesn't waste a second to go for a cover.

Referee: OONNNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO...NO!

Jim Gunt: Harvey Danger gets his shoulder up at two!

Mike Rolash: But Kancer isn't done with him yet, Jimmy!

Indeed, Tristan Kancer has Harvey back up to his feet by the scruff of his hair, throwing him into the nearest corner. Kancer places a boot against the jaw of his challenger, pushing his head backwards as Danger screams out in pain. Kancer attempts to paint brush the side of Harvey Danger's face with his boot, but somehow Danger uses all his strength to instead pull him in, RUNNING POWERBOMB!

Harvey Danger thinks for a second to go for a cover, but instead decides that he needs to further damage the champion to put him away. Danger pulls him to his feet, spinning around and smashing him with a back fist. He follows it up with a crisp snap suplex, landing the Impact champion right where he wants him. Harvey goes up top, THE DANGER DIVE! The Shooting Star Press will take your breath away, and it does just that for Tristan Kancer who takes the full brunt of the maneuver! Harvey holds on, hooking both of Kancer's legs.

Referee: OONNNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRREEEEEE!

Ray Douglas: Your winner and NEW CWF Impact champion....HARVEY DANGER!!

"No Rain" by Blind Melon starts to play and Harvey immediately rolls off the now former champion, a smile coming across his face as the official helps him to his feet. Danger is handed the Impact championship, and he proudly holds it high in the air to cheers all the way across the O2 Arena. Danger mounts each of the four turnbuckles, celebrating with his beloved fans, as Kancer scurries away disappointed and angry.

The True Meaning of Hell

Match

Pure darkness sets the stage. The black is as cold as night. A faint candle is lit, withering away in the hard wind. The

candle is raised up to the hooded face of "The Firefly" Chaolin Sahn. With a sadistic smile and a puff of breath, the light is extinguished again.

Surrounding himself with nothing but pure darkness, Sahn speaks.

Chaolin Sahn: This dark place is your prison, this dark place is your cell. This dark place is a symbol, that you are bound for hell. Lighting up the sky, beware, that ring of fire. Admit to yourself your darkest desire.

We took you there ourselves, we forced open your eyes. To see the folly of man, the danger of your lies. Take the hand of the demon as it ascends to the sky. Kings and jesters, they are bound at the hip. Destiny is a captain, stuck on board a sinking ship. When those winds whip, that boat surely will sway. To see you get your comeuppance, surely we must pray. We must pray to the Gods, the most noble and cruel. pray that you will not be punished and punctured by the end of this duel. Pray to the Gods, that we can put an end to this fight. Put down your sword, King, and step away from the light.

I want it darker, so I'll beat you until you're black and you're blue. I want it darker, so I'll bite and I'll chew. I want it darker, so I'll scratch and claw until I find something new. I want it darker, and deep down, so do you.

So when you step in that ring, King, what will you see? When you step into that ring, how much blood will you be willing to bleed? How much torture and punishment can you really withstand? I grip and I squeeze, with you in the palm of my hand. I have you right where I want you, like the strings of a puppet. You are no King, you are just a fucking puppet.

As I rip you apart, you'll see chaos is the control. As I beat you around town like the government mule. A ferocious beast, tamed at the stake. A sickening crunch as each and every bone of yours will break. You will pay for your sins and your grave mistake. Today is the day you see the true meaning of hell. Today is the day you bring tolls to the bell.

I am in your head, Jarvis, and here you are in mine. Look inside your soul, though, and Torment you will find. Hatred has followed you, every step of the way. So noble of you, to keep them demons at bay. But you haven't vanquished them, no you're afraid of the fight. They've come for their revenge and you're caught in the brights. We're hellbound, they say... and they say it with a scare. We're Hellbound, they say? I say see you there.

Fade out.

Bow Down

Match

We go to the back, clearly in a dark corner of the O2, separated from the rear of the party power view hubbub. Sitting in a simple folding chair is Jarvis King, with his head down. He is taping his fists in preparation for his clash with Chaolin Sahn. He flicks his hair back as he finishes the taping, and notices the camera for the first time. His nostrils flair, and he looks at the camera determinedly. Jarvis King: For weeks now, the forces who would choose to oppose the current status quo have been against the wall. Those who remember what the CWF was - those who believe in what it could

be - have been drawn and quartered by those who stand for tyranny and chaos. Tonight, that starts to change. See, tonight is the real beginning of the revolution. Tonight, the war begins in earnest. Tonight, we bring the fight to The Eternals. Tonight, I take a demon to hell. Jarvis stands up and kicks the chair backwards behind them. Jarvis King: Sahn, you've had your way for far too long now. The simple fact is that you haven't been properly opposed. That's been my failing. I haven't been myself. Tonight is the beginning of the end of that. Tonight, you face opposition. Tonight you face a challenge. Tonight you face Jarvis J. King, and I promise you, you will bow down.

Chaolin Sahn vs. Jarvis King

Match

This following match is scheduled for one fall, introducing fir-

"Crawling in the Dark" by Hoobastank suddenly plays throughout the arena and striding down to the arena, is not Jarvis King or Chaolin Sahn, but the self-proclaimed A-List Athlete, Colton Mace.

Jim Gunt: What on earth is he doing here?

Mike Rolash: Are you kidding? Think about this next match, Jarvis King AND Chaolin Sahn, the connotations it must possess for Colton Mace is immense. If I'm honest, I'm surprised he hasn't taken more of a vested interest sooner.

Colton Mace makes his way around the ring, flexing and showing off his physique, as well as taunting the crowd, psyching them out with fake hand-shakes and insults, until he joins Jim and Mike at the commentator's table.

Mike Rolash: Oh my god! This is amazing! THE Colton Mace?! It's so great to have you join us here. Remind me to get an autograph later.

Colton Mace: Finally! Someone who recognizes the future of the CWF when he sees it. Now if you can just convince the rest of these sheep. What about you Jim? Want an autograph?

Jim Gunt: No thanks, I'll be just fine.

Mike Rolash: Don't mind him. He's just jealous of you.

Jim Gunt: Actually, I'd much rather get to the scheduled match. If you don't mind.

Making his way to the ring, from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada and weighing in at 225 pounds. The Internet Icon...Jarvis King!

"Cult of Personality" hits over the speakers and Jarvis King comes out to his usual fanfare. The crowd is on their feet as

he stands at the top of the ramp with pyros shooting all around him. Finally King turns around, taking it all in with a grin on his face. The Internet Icon struts down the ramp, slapping a couple of kid's hands on the way down.

And his opponent, from Tokyo, Japan and weighing in at 275 pounds. The Poetic Psychopath and leader of the Eternals...Chaolin Sahn!

"Sound of Sulfur" by The Bled plays out and dozens of hood-covered druids lead Chaolin Sahn out through the dark. The ominous Firefly stands in place for several seconds, taking in every bit of the heat coming from the London crowd. Flashing back on, the lights shine down on Sahn who takes the hood off his demented face, smiling an evil toothy grin. The Tormented Soul enters the ring, as ready as ever for the war ahead.

Jim Gunt: Well since you're here Mace, may as well ask the big question. Are you feeling at all conflicted with the potential outcome of this match? Perhaps some nostalgic loyalty to Jarvis King at odds with your current alliance with Sahn as one of the eternals?

Chaolin Sahn and Jarvis King meet each other face-to-face in the centre of the ring. Despite the height and weight disadvantage Jarvis King does not back down. King shoves Sahn, who stumbles back a few steps, but seems unfazed and unsurprised. The retaliation is swift and stiff, a forearm straight to the side of Jarvis King's jaw...and a second...and a third. With his opponent momentarily stunned Sahn whips King into the ropes and knocks him down flat with a lariat.

Colton Mace: Let me lay it out for you Jim. On one side we have the ghost of Colton past, while on the other we have the ghost of Colton present. But regardless of who wins the future of Colton Mace is right here sitting next to you. Ultimately I do what is best for Colton Mace.

Jim Gunt: Including making deals with the worst devils in pro wrestling history.

Mike Rolash: One look into the ring and you'd see how good a move that was Jim.

Chaolin Sahn waits for Jarvis King to begin his recovery and knocks the Internet Icon back down for his efforts with a low roundhouse kick to the head. Sahn advances for a second kick but Jarvis blocks the strike, and replies with a European uppercut as his counter-attack. A low dropkick to the knees has Sahn fallen onto a single knee, in prime position for Jarvis King to come off the ring ropes with a powerful shotgun dropkick.

Jim Gunt: With such a distinct size and power difference, Jarvis has to adapt his fighting style to have any hope of defeating Chaolin Sahn.

Mike Rolash: It's going to take more than dropkicks, I don't care how good you think you are.

Jim Gunt: At least it's not a simple leg drop.

Colton Mace: I could win with a leg drop. And make it look damn awesome as well.

Jarvis begins to set up a cloverleaf submission but Sahn fights back with a series of rights and lefts before using the strength in his legs to send the Internet Icon back-pedaling with an almighty shove. With a speed unbecoming of his physique Sahn is charging at King who reacts in the blink of an eye and catches the leader of the Eternals by surprise with an exploder suplex. Jarvis follows up with a hurried pinfall attempt.

Referee: OOOONNEEE....TTTWWOOO....TT-Chaolin Sahn kicks out!

Jim Gunt: Such a sudden surge of strength. Jarvis may have come close to the impossible and surprised Chaolin Sahn with that thunderous suplex.

Jarvis refuses to let up and prevents Sahn from recovering further with a sliding forearm that floors the Poetic Psychopath. This allows some time for Jarvis King to climb the turnbuckle and take position upon the second rope, where he watches and waits for his opponent. Jarvis leaps into the air with a high-flying diving dropkick but Chaolin Sahn has the move telegraphed and evades contact, the Internet Icon instead crashing unceremoniously onto the ring mats.

Mike Rolash: Like I said. Need more than dropkicks.

Jim Gunt: Jarvis King has dialed up the aggression tonight. He realizes the importance of his victory, of overthrowing the tyranny of Sahn, Jaiden and the Eternals.

Reeling from the fall from on-high, Jarvis offers no resistance as Chaolin lifts him up and slams him straight back down with a ring-shaking chokeslam.

Jim Gunt: Good God! I don't think Jarvis is moving!

Colton Mace: Even the great Jarvis King makes mistakes. The first and most fatal was opposing the Eternals. The second of course is being Canadian. But if there is anyone who can give Sahn a run for his money. It's that man right there.

Chaolin Sahn forgoes a cover attempt and instead lifts Jarvis up for a second chokeslam. This one just as impactful as the first. Then again for a third time, holding Jarvis up for a moment to stare apathetically to the crowd before ending

with the third and oh-so satisfying impact of the chokeslam. Almost mercifully he attempts the pin.

Mike Rolash: I don't see how anyone, not even Jarvis King, could survive three consecutive chokeslams....

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHRR...JARVIS ROLLS THE SHOULDER!

Jim Gunt: HOLY SHIT! How did Jarvis even manage that! The last possible second.

Colton Mace:...I guess it was alright...I mean it wasn't me. But it will do.

Sahn's expression is an odd mix of perturbed and impressed, but it exists only for the briefest of moments. Chaolin Sahn sets up the recovering Jarvis King for the Chaos and the Crown, his patented powerbomb, but Jarvis clearly has other ideas and sensing his impending doom swiftly counters into a small package pin.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....Chaolin Sahn breaks free!

Mike Rolash: Jarvis doesn't give up. I'll give him that.

Colton Mace: There's a reason why I decided to stick by Jarvis. Who knows, if things had turned out differently...

Jarvis shuffles over to a nearby corner, putting distance between the recovering Chaolin Sahn and himself. Sahn charges forward towards his opponent but Jarvis has wits enough about him to roll forward and underneath the stiff lariat that passes by harmlessly overhead. Jarvis doesn't miss a single step and is turned around in the blink of an eye, lunging forward with a shoulder charge that sandwiches Chaolin into the corner of the ring. The Internet Icon presses his advantage with a swift series of stiff rights.

Jim Gunt: Jarvis King is proving to be almost impossible to put down. But I fear if he can't start breaking out some big moves then the match will take its toll.

Jarvis takes Sahn out of the corner after his barrage of strikes, but only to send him back in there with a short-arm Irish whip into a drop toe hold variant, planting the face of the Poetic Psychopath into the bottom turnbuckle and then hooking both legs for the pin.

Jim Gunt: Something like that...I guess.

Referee: OOONNNEE....TTTWWWOOO...KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: Face it, Jarvis is outclassed.

Colton Mace: I'd hate to say, but you may never well be right. If only he had swallowed his pride and followed me for once. He'd be reigning supreme alongside me and the rest of the Eternals. Instead of...this.

Sahn may have kicked out but Jarvis isn't one to let up easily and quickly pounces on the downed opponent, hooking the arms and bridging his body forward, locking in the Cattle Mutilation submission. The move is applied expertly and it seems as if Sahn has nowhere to go, left to fight against the hold on his own. Jarvis' face is a mask of grim determination, applying as much pressure as he can, but some way, somehow Sahn is able to withstand the pain and pressure, shifting his weight and rolling both his and King's body to their sides, where he begins a gradual struggle to force both men to their feet.

Jim Gunt: Rumours surround Chaolin Sahn has having preternatural strength and endurance, like he is some supernatural being. I don't know about all that but he has got to be something else to take the punishment from the Cattle Mutilation and somehow get back to his feet.

With both men now standing Jarvis, still having Sahn's arms hooked, attempts a tiger suplex, but barely manages to lift his opponent, his strength clearly fading from fatigue and exertion. Chaolin Sahn breaks free from King's grip and elbows the Internet Icon in the side of the head, stunning the Canadian superstar. Sahn swiftly spins himself around while Jarvis is stunned and sets up for the Chaos Continuum. Moments before the move can reach its full execution, Jarvis catches the King of Flames with a backslide pin.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHRR-NO!

Jim Gunt: The pace has picked up exponentially. One way or another the end is drawing nearer.

Mike Rolash: So come on Mace! Answer the million-dollar question. Who are you hoping comes out on top?

Colton Mace: I wouldn't be Unhappy if King were to somehow claim victory.

Mike Rolash: REALLY?!

Colton Mace: But regardless. Whatever decision I make from here on in is for the best of Colton Mace. Gotta look out for number one after all.

Both men get to their feet and simultaneously lash out with jaw-jacking superkicks. Both kicks hit their marks and both

men fall like stones back down to the mats.

Referee: ONE...TWO...THREE...FOUR...

Mike Rolash: Oh come on! It can't end like this!

Referee: FIVE...SIX....

Jim Gunt: I haven't seen either man make a move. Could this really be how this match ends?

Referee: SEVEN...EIGHT...

Chaolin Sahn is the first to stir, albeit a slow and gradual recovery. By the time he is able to stand Jarvis is also making his way back to his feet. Sahn advances for the kill but King fights back, with a second sudden superkick. The motion is fast like a whip-crack. Chaolin's reflexes are doubly swift and in some near superhuman feat he is able to catch the on-coming boot of his opponent. He throws Jarvis King's leg away, spinning the Internet Icon around a full 360 degrees and into a gut-wrenching spinning back kick that not only doubles Jarvis over, but has him down to his knees from the stiff impact.

Mike Rolash: He looks like he's about to throw up!

Without any further resistance, Chaolin Sahn lifts up Jarvis King and connects with the Chaos and the Crown Crucifix Powerbomb. There is little else to do from this point but for Sahn to make the cover.

Referee: OONNNNEEE....

Jim Gunt: Jarvis fought valiantly but there is no coming back from that ring-shaking, bone-breaking Powerbomb finisher!

TTTWWWOOO...

Mike Rolash: If you ask me this was a forgone conclusion. Ain't that right Mace?

TTTHHRRREEEEEE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner of this match by pinfall....CHAOLIN SAHN!!

Mile Rolash: Mace? Earth to Mace?

The bell rings to end the match but Colton Mace seems lost in thought, staring at the two competitors in the ring. Choalin Sahn returns the gaze momentarily before making his triumphant departure, leaving Jarvis alone in the ring. Without a word Mace removes himself from the commentary table and ascends the nearby apron.

Jim Gunt: What Mace does next may very well change the dynamic of the Eternals and the CWF.

Mace watches and waits as Jarvis slowly but surely begins to recover and the two competitors, former allies, look eyes, staring at each other for a moment that seemed to go on forever. Finally Mace drops down and makes his way to the backstage area of the arena, shaking his head. All the while Jarvis watched.

Hero's Welcome

Match

We go to the area where a corner of our locker room has been decked out in glitz and glamour. Ryan Sunset is seen and greets the camera with a hellacious smile. Gold confetti lines the floor, and a thick red carpet lies underneath. A full champagne bar and catering menu lays out on the table. The full VIP experience, a true hero's welcome.

CWF broadcast colleague Tara Robinson steps into the scene to approach him, but she is taken aback at the arrival of "The Messiah Pariah" Ataxia. Sunset appears not to acknowledge the presence of Tara, instead flashing a grin at Ataxia.

Ryan Sunset: Ah, hello friend!

Ataxia: Hai fraaaaaaaaaaand!

The sarcasm is evident in both voices.

Ryan Sunset: Well, let me tell you something, buddy, you're just the one I've been wanting to see! I wanted to invite you into YOUR locker room. We want you to feel comfortable. We want you to be at ease. You know whats going on here. This is your hero's welcome -- and in due time, you will see -- you are exactly the kind of hero that the Trinity needs.

Ataxia: HAHAAHAHAHA! I came back to the CWF to stop this. I came back to stop ALL of this. I was here all along. I watched this company die, and then come back only to die again. I never left! I slept under that ring with a cigarette in one hand and my super soaker in the other! No, I won't choose sides. More specifically, I won't choose YOUR side.

Ryan Sunset: So defiant, yet so naive. When the beasts of burden decide they will no longer spare you, who will come to your aid? Does Jarvis King trust you? Does Elijah trust you? Does Maya Jensen or Pandalike or Silas Kincaid or Danny Gordy trust you out there? Can you even trust yourself? You are a madman, a loose cannon. A wild spin of the wheel and a flick of the dice and you have everything going for you right now. You can cash out, you can buy in -- or you can keep pushing your luck...

Ataxia interrupts Sunset's banter, pushing past him to make his way into the VIP locker room. He grabs the 'knuckildo' that he must have been holding behind his back and slams it hard on the table as a bowl of fresh fruit goes crashing to the floor.

Ataxia: Can I just sit this here for a minute? It has been bogging me down all day! I told you Master Sahn would get it back. I'll give it to him tonight. I'll give it to him ALL NIGHT LONG! AHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA

The scene fades to black.

A Word with The Ripper

Match

We cut to a corridor in the backstage area, where newly transitioned interviewer Marcus Maximus nearly leaps up and down in excitement. His first day at the job in his new role in CWF, he stands microphone ready next to one of the most revered men in the company's history, one of the two number one contenders for this evening, The Ripper himself. Danny B exhumes confidence as he removes his sunglasses from his face, smiling wickedly towards Marcus and then right at your television screen.

Marcus Maximus: Mr. Ripper, you have one of the most explosive pay per view main events on your agenda later tonight, with the biggest prize CWF has to offer at stake. After all the mind games you have been playing with Harley Hodge, blindsiding the man in his very own home and causing him severe head injuries, are you at all worried about how Hodge will retaliate tonight?

The Ripper chuckles at the questioning of our former Hero. Maximus is instantly taken aback by Danny B's response, jolting his face backward awkwardly and raising an eyebrow. Ripper snatches the microphone right out of his hand, taking control of his own destiny as he always does.

The Ripper: I do not fear any man, Marcus, especially a broken down old man such as Harley Hodge. If there is anything to be worried about in tonight's main event, it is the World Heavyweight champion himself. Elijah is mystery, but a mystery that I have solved in the past and I will find the solution to tonight yet again. The man and I may have a dark past between the Insurgency and the Cyndicate, but tonight at Hellbound, I put the final nail in the coffin of our "paper champion."

Marcus tries his best to talk towards the microphone in Ripper's hands.

Marcus Maximus: So you are willing to look right past Harley, then? I have to tell you Ripper, sir, if that is the case then I think you are making a grave mistake. The Accelerator did in fact best you in one on one competition on last week's Evolution.

The Ripper: That may be in the case, but wins and losses don't matter when titles are not on the line. What matter is who was standing on their feet at the end of the night, and who had to be helped out of the arena with "head injuries". I have nothing to worry about with Harley Hodge, he may as well call it a day and head to the retirement home.

Marcus nods, trying to hold back a giggle at Ripper's comments.

Marcus Maximus: Elijah may be someone to be concerned with, but the World Title is being defended tonight in a triple threat, and the man you are putting no merit to is the same man that you chose to house invade and nearly maul to death. You don't put so much thought into a methodical attack and then play off the man like he means nothing to you. There has to be something to this, Ripper, what are you hiding?

The smile on the Ripper's face vanishes within an instant, replaced by a scowl that would chase away even the bravest of trick or treaters.

The Ripper: You doubt my intentions, you fool? Maybe I should show you the way of the golden warrior, right here, right now Marcus? Oh wait, I wouldn't want to damage that torn bicep anymore than you already have.

Ripper laughs at himself momentarily, his sense of humor coming right back.

The Ripper: You see, the fact of the matter is this, I have absolutely nothing to lose tonight. I come and go as I choose here in this falsity that you all still call CWF, I am under a part time contract that states I can basically do whatever the fuck I want. And tonight what I want, more than anything, is to become the three time CWF World Heavyweight champion. At all costs. I don't care if I have to go through the Enigma, I don't care if I have to put old Harley down one more time, the title is coming back home to the Ripper.

Walking into the backstage area abruptly, one of the backstage hands approaches with a bottle of the finest rum in hand. Both Ripper and Marcus stare at the man with odd looks on their faces, but he places the bottle wrapped in a gold bow with a tiny card attached into the hands of the Ripper. As he looks at the brand of rum, Jamaica Independence Reserve, his eyes light up in pleasure, but when he gets to the card a look of bewilderment comes upon him as he reads it aloud.

The Ripper: An early congratulations on your big victory at Hellbound, much deserved Ripper. Here's to continued success, and a bright future.

*Your Secret Admirer,

XOXO*

Marcus is instantaneously interested, as if he is watching his favorite morning soap opera unfold right before his very own eyes. He attempts to look at the bottle of rum in Ripper's hand, but Danny snatches it away and flares him an angry glare.

The Ripper: Keep your hands off, pleeb, this bottle and it's contents are very valuable and they will only be consumed by those who deserve such greatness in a bottle.

Ripper takes his right hand and rotates the lid of the bottle off, cracking it open for the very first time and turning it upside down to pour the rum down his gullet. Nearly a quarter of the bottle is gone in one sitting, as the Ripper belches out loud. He turns away from Marcus, starting to walk away from him.

Marcus: Wait, Mr. Ripper, I still have a few questions for you before your big match toni..

The Ripper: Goodbye Marcus, or Yedah, or whatever the fuck your name is. I have a World Title Match to prepare for, and mmmm god damn, this shit's delicious!

Already beginning to stagger a bit, Ripper disappears out of view.

Colton Mace vs. Ataxia

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one fall! Introducing first..

"Crawling in the Dark" by Hoobstank begins to play and the fans boo the hell out of Colton Mace as he makes his way down the ramp. He takes his trademark sunglasses off and eyes up the crowd, sneering before entering the ring up the steel steps.

Ray Douglas: From Hollywood, California....COLTON MACE!!

"Die Die Die My Darling" by Metallica plays and the lights instantly go out, a split second later they return with Ataxia standing in the ring with a black rose in hand. The bag mask somehow moves into a wicked smile as he goes to hand the rose over to Mace, who backs up with his hands in the air. Ataxia shrugs, throwing the rose out to the cheering fans instead.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Unknown....ATAXIA!!

The bell rings and in an instant both combatants are laying into each other with a flurry of right hands. Colton Mace seems eager to prove his worth, while Ataxia seems eager to just inflict pain. Ataxia connects with a hard elbow to the bridge of Colton's nose. Colton responds with a vicious spinning kick, knocking Ataxia from his feet. Ataxia leaps back up to a standing position, smiling back at Mace.

Jim Gunt: Our competitors are wasting no time in this one!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, they don't get paid by the hour, Jim!

Mace is showing signs of frustration early. He locks up with Ataxia momentarily before pushing off of him as he can't get an advantageous position. Colton quickly decides on another plan, rushing across the ring. He bounces off the ropes, coming in with a clothesline attempt. Ataxia ducks out of the way. Mace rebounds off the ropes, swinging in wildly with another clothesline. Ataxia ducks again, sweeping the legs out of underneath his opponent. Ataxia is quickly on top of him, wrenching on Mace's neck and raking at his face and eyes.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia better be careful he doesn't get disqualified here!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, he knows he can't beat Colton in a fair fight!

The referee gingerly steps in between the two men, warning the Messiah Pariah that he is pushing the boundary of the rules. Colton Mace gets to his feet, clutching his eye, clearly milking the injury to get sympathy from the ref. The fans boo heavily. Mace backs into the corner so the referee can check on him momentarily. But when the referee turns back around to face Ataxia, Mace comes running out of the corner with a flying forearm smash! Ataxia's skull hits the canvas with a sickening thud!

Mike Rolash: He was just playing possum there, I love it!

Now that Colton Mace has the upper hand, we see the confidence oozing out. Ataxia is rattled, and the Premiere lifts him up for a Belly to Back Suplex and then drops him on his knee! The Box Office Smash! Mace quickly goes for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWOO-NO KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: A near fall there from Mace!

Colton continues to press his advantage, rolling Ataxia on to his back and hooking his leg in a Single Leg Boston Crab.

The hold is only temporary, however, as Ataxia has enough left in his legs to reverse the move, flipping Colton on to his back! Ataxia gets to his feet, clearly fired up.

He lays some stiff chops into the exposed chest of the Eternal, lighting it up with a sickening red. Mace screams out in pain as the oxygen is slapped from his lungs. Ataxia flashes his tongue at Mace before planting him hard onto the mat with a perfectly executed spinning cutter! Ataxia goes for the cover.

Referee: OONNEEE....TTTWWWOOO..TT-NO!

Mace kicks out right in the nick of time.

Jim Gunt: And a near fall there from Ataxia! We're dealing with a tight one here tonight!

Mike Rolash: That's what she said, Jim!

Both men get to their feet, evenly matched so far. The tension in the air can be cut with a knife. The thunderous CWF crowd are on their feet, enjoying every minute of watching these two tear each other apart. Both men lunge into the middle of the ring again, throwing caution to the wind to deliver a thunderstorm of punches. Ataxia attempts a standing clothesline, but Mace eludes it. This gives Colton the opening to hit the Director's Cut!

He eyes up the sold out crowd with Ataxia laying motionless in the middle of the ring. Mace smiles, raising his arms in premature victory before he goes for the cover. The showboating wastes too much time however, as Ataxia is able to come to and roll him up in the schoolboy package!

Referee: OONNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHRR-HE KICKED OUT!

Jim Gunt: He almost stole one there!

Mike Rolash: And what a cheap, meaningless victory that would have been!

Mace is clearly getting frustrated again as both wrestlers get to their feet and continue their war. Colton tries to whip the Messiah Pariah into the turnbuckle, but Ataxia is able to reverse it and send Mace flying into the opposite corner. Ataxia bounces off the rope and hits Colton square with a running drop kick, knocking him off his feet! The back of Mace's head hits the bottom turnbuckle hard and Ataxia wastes no time delivering the Learn Your Lesson by kicking his opponent into the corner repeatedly! The crowd erupts, cheering on the violence of the mad man Ataxia.

Jim Gunt: I guess you can say these fans here tonight are squarely in the corner of Ataxia!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, you can say the fans here are a bunch of morons!

Suddenly, Mace is able to grab the heel of Ataxia and make it to hit feet. The Messiah Pariah hops awkwardly on one leg trying to break free from Colton's grasp, but it is not enough... Mace pulls him in and delivers a picture perfect scoop suplex right into the turnbuckle as Ataxia is sent crashing down hard!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia may be hurt here, that was such a brutal landing!

Content to add insult to injury, Mace lifts up Ataxia and flips him around on the turnbuckle to position him in the tree of woe. Mace panders to the crowd again, climbing to the top of the turnbuckle and pressing his foot down hard on Ataxia's groin!

Mike Rolash: The 5 Seconds of Fame! Vintage Colton Mace!

The confidence seems to be growing again in Mace, as he seems to believe he has this match well in hand. He unhooks Ataxia from the precarious position, throwing him hard onto the mat below. Mace is still on top of the turnbuckle as he waits for Ataxia to get to his feet. Perhaps by instinct, Ataxia is up... only to be met with a beautiful flying cross body from the Premiere One, flattening Ataxia to the mat with a pinfall attempt!

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO.NO!

Ataxia barely manages to kick out at the last possible moment, but there is fight left in him. The look on Colton's face is one of shock and dismay. He lays a thunderous chop into the chest of Ataxia, but that just seems to fire up the Messiah Pariah.

Jim Gunt: You might not want to anger the beast, Mace!

Colton comes in with another attempt at a chop, but Ataxia blocks it. He wags his finger back at Mace, clearly fired up.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, don't forget this Ataxia is bat shit crazy!

Ataxia comes in with a spinning heel kick. Mace catches his foot again, but Ataxia is able to maintain his balance, firing back with an outstanding enziguri! Mace is down on the mat. Ataxia bounces off the rope, nearly caving in the chest of his opponent with a flying elbow drop.

He isn't done. He scales to the top of the turnbuckle, playing off the emotions of the sold out crowd before delivering a picturesque "Fall of Angels" 450 splash to the body of Colton Mace in the middle of the ring! He goes for a cover!

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRREE?NO-KICK OUT!

The fans collectively let out a sigh, as they thought that would have been enough to put Mace away. There is still a fire burning in the heart of Colton Mace, however, and he is determined not to go down easy.

Jim Gunt: These two could go all night, Mike!

Mike Rolash: That's what she said, Jim!

Both men are completely spent and utterly exhausted, but neither are willing to give in to their adversary.

The two lock up again in the middle of the ring, each jockeying for position. Both of them are trying to catch their breath and plot their next plan. Ataxia is successful, landing a wicked jawbreaker on Mace. Mace comes back at him in a hurry, landing a flying elbow that nearly takes Ataxia's head off!

Colton Mace gets the hobbled Ataxia to his feet and attempts an Irish whip. It's countered, and Mace is sent awkwardly crashing into the referee! The Hollywood Hot Shot stumbles backwards and Ataxia is able to get him with another expert-level roll up pinfall!

The fans boo as Ataxia has Mace's shoulders pinned to the mat for at least 5 seconds but the referee is not able to make the count.

Jim Gunt: What a crock! Ataxia should have the match won here!

Mike Rolash: Maybe he should have thought about that before he took out the ref!

The boos intensify as several hooded figures are now lining up the entrance ramp. Tristan Kancer. Rayne Kancer. Ryan Sunset. Chaolin Sahn. The army of the Eternals have come to tend to their investment. They have come to inflict unimaginable pain upon the body of the Messiah Pariah. Tristan and Rayne each wield a steel chair in hand, and things look like they are about to get ugly.

Jim Gunt: Let them finish the match! Let them finish the damn match!

Mike Rolash: You know what they say Jim, it's only cheating if you get caught!

Tristan is eager to get into the ring and pushes his way past the other members of the Eternals, getting into the ring with the steel chair. Ataxia sees him coming and gets to his feet. Mace is starting to stir on the mat. Tristan swings in wildly with the chair, Ataxia ducks out of the way making sure the weapon doesn't get close to hitting him.

Colton Mace gets to his feet, but he is out of sorts and not totally aware of the situation unfolding around him. An angry Tristan Kancer rushes in with the chair again, and in a flash Ataxia shoulder tackles Mace into a skull crunching blast from the steel chair. Tristan looks down at the unconscious body of Colton Mace in shock and dismay, giving Ataxia the opportunity he needs. Ataxia grabs a hold of Tristan, chair and all, launching him into the turnbuckle with a brutal German Suplex!

Jim Gunt: The E.R. Stat! He damn near broke him in half!

Mike Rolash: Kancer isn't even in this match! Ataxia should be disqualified for attacking him unprovoked!

Jim Gunt: Kancer shouldn't even be out here, Mike!

Ataxia pans over the crowd with a sickening smile before placing the chair over the face and upper chest of Mace. He ascends to the top turnbuckle, landing the Revivifier Moonsault in the middle of the ring, sandwiching the chair between him and the lifeless body of the Premiere One!

Chaolin Sahn can be seen outside of the ring, clearly trying to hold Rayne and Ryan Sunset back from getting involved. Ataxia discards the steel chair and rolls Mace into a cover as the referee finally comes to.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHRRREEEEEE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner of the match, by pinfall....ATAXIA!!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia is our winner in one hellacious bout!

Mike Rolash: But why did Chaolin Sahn call off the dogs? That was a perfect opportunity for them to finish off Ataxia for good! They let him steal one here!

Tristan Kancer is still laid out in the corner. Colton Mace is still laid out in the middle of the ring. Ataxia stands, quickly recovering the steel chair... but the Eternals are retreating. Sahn forces Rayne Kancer and Ryan Sunset back up the ramp as the camera fades to black.

A Broken Apology

Match

Holding a two-tier chocolate cake with white icing around the edge of the circle, and the words “I’m Sorry” written in fondant, Harvey Danger hurries through the backstage corridor with his mother Marie tagging along beside him, feigning her “injuries” as always. Marie Danger can barely keep up, as Harvey has her hold all the weight of his newly won Impact Championship.

Marie Danger: Harvey dear, you’re going to have to slow down, your fragile mother simply cannot move at this pace anymore!

Harvey Danger: Come on ma’, keep up! I made a horrible mistake out there earlier causing The Lost Soul the Trick or Treat match and even injuring my poor old friend! I know I am the new Impact champion, and believe me that’s awesome, but I can’t let this happen. I am glad you did all you could to call into Aces & Eights Cakes and get whatever scrap cake they had in stores, but I really hope this is enough ma’! TLS and I are the best friends that anyone could have.

Marie rolls her eyes, still doing her best to keep up as the two cross through a corner of the hallway. Bam! The cake nearly collapsing as Harvey walks right into a passerby, the icing tipping against the man’s nose. LANCE LARUSSO! Standing with fondant spread across his face, the newly signed Pansexual Playboy does the unthinkable. Lance licks his lips and all over his cheek, before taking his finger to rub the icing off of his face...and right into Harvey Danger’s unsuspecting mouth! Danger spits out the icing immediately in a fit.

Harvey Danger: Eww!

Harvey freaks out, the cake tipping back and forth as he shivers. He tries to regain control, but it flies through the air dumping right onto poor old mom’s head! Marie Danger is livid, screaming at both her son and Lance LaRusso, smacking Harvey in the chest violently a few times. The apology cake covers Marie’s face in it’s entirety, leaving nearly every fan inside the O2 Arena doubled over in laughter.

Even Lance is amused beyond belief, not a care in the world for the trouble he caused. Marie Danger however does not find it funny at all, screaming as she slicks back cake from her face and struts away. Harvey looks back at his angry mother, the cake all over the floor, and finally back at Lance.

Harvey Danger: Thanks alot for ruining my best friend TLS’s cake, asshole!

Harvey stomps his feet and leaves to go after his mother. Lance shrugs his shoulders, pulling a t-shirt out of his jean pocket. It is the brand new Harvey Danger tee, now on sale at cwf.com! Lance stares at the picture in the center of the shirt, a strange and almost seductive smirk coming across his lips. He glances back in Harvey’s direction.

Lance LaRusso: Guess it's too late to ask for an autograph?

Mind Games

Match

His mind spinning a million miles a minute, the Ripper is utterly intoxicated, inebriated beyond belief. The world in front of him looks nothing like a boiler room, but instead a mixed together rainbow of colors. He wobbles from left to right, nearly falling off his feet until he reaches out, holding onto a lengthy narrow pipe that runs from the floor all the way to the ceiling. His eyes dart across the room as he tries to figure out just where he's at, but he has literally no idea.

The Ripper has found himself lost deep within the annals of London's O2 Arena. A fear that the man has not felt in the longest of times begins to come over him like a heatwave, no alcohol in the world could have done this to a man with a tolerance such as his, something else must have caused this to happen. Something, or someone.

"Greetings Ripper."

The voice that suddenly protrudes through the ears of the Ripper is enough to send shockwaves down his spine, but when he turns around it is far too late. A solid, balled right fist nails him across the temple out of nowhere, sending him several feet backwards inches away from a large boiler system.

"Great to see you again, man."

The steam in the room shoots up, causing Ripper's view to be clouded, but it is clear to see the identity of his attacker. Harley Hodge. A boot comes flying into Ripper's view.

CRACK!

Harley Hodge: Ripper, Ripper, Ripper. You are truly an arrogant, mindless imbecile. As long as you have been in this wrestling business, you should know; if you're going to put down a man such as myself, Danny, you better damn well finish the job. You left me broken and beaten in my apartment, but you did not leave me for dead. I still stand Ripper, can you say the same?

His eyesight still a swirl in front of him, Ripper tries his best to swing at the legs of the Accelerator, but it barely has any effect. Quickly he's pulled onto his feet and backed against the boiler, even the hooded sweatshirt he has draped over his skin isn't enough to cover him up from the heat. He immediately shrieks out in horror. Hodge forces the boiler to burn through the sweater for a few seconds, before hip tossing Ripper over him to the concrete floor below.

Harley Hodge: Haven't you ever heard the phrase Ripper; what goes around, comes around?

He looks around the boiler room for the nearest weapon, any and everything that could be used to make this

statement. The steam clouds his eye sight, the entire boiler room heating up to an uncontrollable level. The Accelerator struggles to breathe through the heat, but maintains his focus.

Harley Hodge: You need to understand something about me, Ripper. I'm a psychological mastermind. I didn't become two time CWF World champion, and live through a damn near two decade career without being savvy and without having a very strong strong sense of mind. I have thought back many times the last few weeks why you attacked me in my home and left me for dead, Danny. It has took me the longest time to realize it, but I think I've finally got it.

Harley finally finds a spooled up twenty foot extension cord in the corner, pulling it out straight before dragging it back over to Ripper who starts to slowly come to his feet. The Accelerator drops the cord momentarily, landing another set of right hands to Danny B, before finally nearly knocking him unconscious with a rising knee to the jaw. Hodge grabs ahold of the wiring and wraps it around the neck of Ripper, pulling it tight across his throat!

Harley Hodge: I could end your shit right now, man. But I won't, because I am not the low down, backstabbing neatheral that you are. I get your game, hell I have played the same one myself many a time. You thought that if you knocked me down and "taught me a lesson", that you could clear the way to have Elijah all to yourself tonight. You're wrong, dead wrong. The only lesson you taught me Ripper is that you are a weak man, and easily manipulated. I hope you enjoyed the rum.

Letting go of the extension cord, Harley shoves Danny downward to the floor. He laughs a small laugh as he gets to his feet, before reaching into his pants and pulling out a clear, oval pill. Harley eyes up the conspicuous pill in his hand, bending over once more to shove it down the throat of the Ripper. Struggling for a second, Ripper succumbs and swallows the unknown pill with little strength to do anything else.

Harley Hodge: This shall get your back on your feet soon, my friend. But let me give you one final warning. Stay out of my home and out of my way, or I promise I will put your ass down for good.

Harley Hodge looks down at the barely perceptive Ripper, somewhat remorseful even after everything the man had put him through. He shakes his head, backing away and quickly finding his way out of the boiler room. Taking one final glance backward, the Accelerator takes a deep breath of fresh air, leaving his enemy behind him.

Inside, the Ripper stands on his feet in what feels like the first time in forever. He looks from left to right, taking a deep breath as he tries to remember everything that happened to him. An unbelievable intensity comes over him, as he now knows that he may have bitten off more than he could chew with the Accelerator.

Elijah vs. The Ripper vs. Harley Hodge

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one fall and is tonight's MAAIN EVENT! Introducing first...

The lights dim in the arena as "Under a Glass Moon" by Dream Theater begins to play, the intricate beat bringing the

crowd to their feet to cheer for perhaps the most celebrated CWF superstar of all time. Harley Hodge slowly makes his way out from behind the curtain, an unusual glare in his eyes as he pays no attention to the screaming fans, a look of pure determination on the veteran as he paces right to the squared circle, making his way up the steps and into the ring.

Ray Douglas: First of the two challengers in tonight's CWF World Heavyweight Title triple threat match comes from Brooklyn, New York....HARLEY HODGE!!

"The Arena" by Lindsey Stirling starts to play, pyros shooting from the bottom of the ramp up to the top. But as the music continues, the arrival of the Ripper never comes.

Ray Douglas: Well, not the other challenger from Brighton, England who is not present at this time....THE RIPPER!!

Jim Gunt: Where is Danny B? Does he not know he's schedule for a match tonight?

Mike Rolash: You saw that asshole Harley Hodge attack him earlier!

Jim Gunt: Hey, just like Harley said, what goes around comes around.

"Sophia" by the Cruxshadows plays and a white hue takes over the stage. The fog eventually fades leaving Elijah and Omega standing solemnly in the middle of the ring. A massive cheer comes from their home country fans, but for once Omega does not reciprocate their cheerfulness. Instead the two loves stare intensely ahead, hand in hand as they approach the ring and enter. Omega kisses the Enigma on the cheek and says a few words to him in his ear, before taking his white coat to the outside.

Ray Douglas: And finally the reigning and defending CWF World Heavyweight champion, from York, England....ELIJAH!!

The atmosphere in the O2 Arena is unlike an other in the world, absolutely electric as Elijah stands face to face with Harley Hodge, the two of them already putting each other through a war in the End Games cell and more than ready to inflict even more damage tonight. Without the Ripper in their way, the champion faces off with his sole challenger, locking up arms in the center of the ring as soon as the match officially begins.

The Insurgent Enigma goes right for the injured head of Hodge, sinking in a deep head lock. The Accelerator uses sharp elbows to break free, sending Elijah crashing to canvas up and over his shoulder with a hip toss. He backs up, measuring Elijah with his hands, coming back at him to hit a standing elbow drop. One more time Harley backs up and springs off the ropes, dropping an elbow right into the heart of the World champion!

Jim Gunt: Here we go, Mike, the moment we've all been waiting for! And this match is already starting out hot!

Mike Rolash: But we have no Ripper! He was screwed tonight by Harley, I tell you!

Calling the World champion back to his feet, Hodge charges in for a clothesline that misses it's mark completely, Elijah ducking underneath it and instead bringing him down with a neckbreaker! Placing his knee outward, the Enigma drops down, smashing the head of Hodge hard. Hodge wiggles around the ring in pain but Elijah gets right back to his feet and nails two more stiff knee drops, but the fourth time Harley is able to come to his senses, rolling out of the way just in time!

Jim Gunt: Elijah is absolutely vicious tonight, Mike! He is not fucking around!

Mike Rolash: You're damn right he's not, the Enigmatic One is a man possessed after his ultimate arch-nemesis Elisha returned earlier tonight!

Elijah is undeterred by the impact of his knee crashing against the canvas, as he gets right back to his feet at the same time as his challenger, blocking a right hand from Harley and instead sending a knife edge chop deep into his chest. The Accelerator winces as he backs up, but is susceptible to yet another zinging chop, and a third, a resounding cheer as Harley Hodge's chest begins to redden right before their very own eyes.

The Accelerator goes out of his wheel house, attempting to escape the onslaught of chops by backing his way up the turnbuckle. Elijah will not let loose however, another devastating chop flying through the air and nearly taking Hodge off the ropes. Somehow the Accelerator holds out, outstretching his hands on the top rope for leverage before swinging both legs out to strike the face of the Enigma. Elijah staggers back, holding his jaw momentarily, but seconds later is springboarding off the ropes towards Hodge out of nowhere. THE DESCENT! The crowd is going nuts as Elijah hooks both of Harley's legs to secure the early victory!

Referee: OOOONNEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRREEE??NO!

Jim Gunt: The Ripper is back, Mike!

Mike Rolash: And with avengance!

SMASH!

The Ripper collides the steel chair against the back of the CWF world champion, a single shot just enough to knock him off his real target. With Harley Hodge laying in wait, the Ripper attacks, swinging the steel weaponry backward high in the air before bringing it down right into the guts of the Accelerator. Harley tries to roll over but Danny holds him

down with his boot, striking him yet again with an echoing shot. The Ripper holds the chair into the air, soaking in every single boo coming from his home country fans. Feeling disrespected by his own countrymen, he snorts aloud and gives them all the five finger salute.

Jim Gunt: The Ripper has laid waste to both Elijah and Harley Hodge!

Mike Rolash: And gave a big “fuck you” to everyone here in jolly old England here tonight!

Not finished by a long shot, The Ripper measures up his now personal rival, methodically thinking of the best possible place to take out the Accelerator. As he goes to swing the chair down on him yet again, Elijah catches ahold of it from behind, taking the weapon right out the Ripper's hands. Danny B turns around in an attempt to go on offense, but it is far too late as Elijah blasts the chair across his face! Ripper falls to his knees, prone to yet another sadistic shot to the back of his skull with the steel chair!

“OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD!”

Jim Gunt: Are you freaking kidding me!? The Ripper has to have a concussion after those horrendous blasts from the steel chair from the World champ! Harley isn't going to be the only one waking up in a hospital after this brutal battle!

Mike Rolash: What the hell is a steel chair even doing in a match like this? This is not a hardcore match, or no disqualifications. Come on now, this is bullshit, ref!

Jim Gunt: First of all, triple threat matches run on no disqualification rules Mike, how many times do I have to tell you this? Secondly, The Ripper brought the damn steel chair into the ring, you idiot!

Mike Rolash: Yeah but...still!

The mangled steel chair is now tossed aside by the CWF World Heavyweight champion, as he paces towards the Ripper to stomp him across the chest. Elijah follows it up with a suplex, but does not hold onto the maneuver, instead revolting the body of the Ripper right back to his feet. A second suplex is attempted, and Ripper goes halfway through the air but right back down on his feet, instead sending Elijah crashing backfirst to the canvas!

In a matter of seconds, the Ripper's attention is turned to Harley Hodge who nearly had him a lock from behind. Danny B backs up with a flash of fear in his eyes, before chuckling aloud and waving his pointer finger from side to side as if to say “not so fast”. Hodge does not proceed his warnings however, choosing to sprint at full speed and destroy the Ripper with rising knee to the jaw! Ripper is on spaghetti legs, BORDERLINE! The Accelerator goes for the cover, even as he sees Elijah coming to.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTT-No!

Jim Gunt: Leg drop, but Hodge moves!

Harley Hodge scouts the World champion perfectly, moving just in time as he launches himself through the air and leg drops Ripper instead. The Accelerator meets the World champion on his feet, knocking him backward with a quick jab, which Elijah reciprocates with one of his own. Hodge takes the Enigma by the arm, whipping him so hard into the corner that he front flips into the turnbuckle pads back-first, landing in a dangerous tree of woe position.

Eying up the champion, Hodge flies in for a falling dropkick, but as he sprints halfway across the ring the Ripper is back up out of nowhere, SPEAR! The Accelerator's body tumbles halfway across the ring, but is quickly pulled back to the center and pinned by Danny B.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWOO....T-NO!

Jim Gunt: Elijah just got froggy, Mike, what a hell of a frog splash to save the match and championship!

Mike Rolash: Looks like the champion stole Harley's Holy Diver to me!

A massive frog splash lands across the back of The Ripper, landing perfectly and causing all three men damage. The World champion and his two competitor lays on their back momentarily, eventually it is Elijah who is first to his feet, waiting eagerly for either men to reach theirs. Ripper and Hodge both come to around the same time, leaving Elijah to choose Danny and attempt to put him in a Flatliner. But the Accelerator grabs the Enigma from behind with a Reverse DDT, and somehow all three men go exploding towards the canvas!

Jim Gunt: Holy shit!

Mike Rolash: I have never seen anything quite like that, Jimmy!

Jim Gunt: This is why CWF is so far ahead of the game, we have the most talented roster in the world and they're laying it all out on the line for the biggest prize in wrestling!

The Accelerator rolls over onto Elijah, weakened and barely able to hook a single leg.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWOOO-KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: The World champion out at two!

Mike Rolash: But Harley is going right over to Ripper for the pin now, will this pay off any better?

Referee: OONNNNEEE...No!

Elijah makes like a spider and crawls over to his two challengers on his hands and knees, before leaping up just enough to dropkick Hodge right to the side of the head! The Enigma looks like a man possessed, clearly the return of Elisha morphing him into a more methodical human being, as he stomps down on the face of Harley Hodge time and time again. The Enigma turns to Ripper, giving him a few stomps of his own. Shooting Ripper into a vertical position, BRAINBUSTER! The Ripper is down and out, Elijah wastes no time in going for the cover.

Referee: OONNNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO-No! Ripper kicks out!

Jim Gunt: Another near fall there, this time from the champion himself. This is turning out to be one "hell" of a main event.

Mike Rolash: No pun intended, right? Since this is Hellbound and all?

Jim Gunt: Right...

The focus of the World champion never falters as he gets right back to his feet, lifting up the Ripper and stinging his chest with a chop. Danny B does not let him hit another, instead grabbing the arm of Elijah. Hodge is up from behind though, HIGH BACKDROP! The Enigma strikes Hodge immediately, not even letting him get back to a vertical position after backdropping Ripper, lashing out with quick but precise kicks to the rising Hodge. The Accelerator finally catches a boot of Elijah's, but he flips his body around, ENZIGURI!

Jim Gunt: ELIJAH JUST KICKED HARLEY HODGE'S HEAD OFF!

Mike Rolash: Alright, but why do you have to scream so fucking loud!? I have a headache.

Jim Gunt: Because this is the main event of one of the biggest pay per views in CWF history, you idiot. Get hyped!

Mike Rolash: I don't get hyped. I stay hyped!

The World champion gets to his feet, now turning his attention over to the Ripper. When Elijah attempts to pull him up

however, Ripper surprises him by tucking his legs under and rolling the Insurgent Enigma into a quick pin! The Ripper holds the tights of Elijah, just out of the official's sight but clearly in the view of the thousands of jeering fans.

Referee: OOONNNEE....TTTWWW-KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: No! It was almost over there, Mike! The Ripper nearly became the new World champion in the cheapest of ways!

Mike Rolash: Oh, don't tell me you wouldn't do the same exact thing if you had the chance. It doesn't matter how you get there, Jim, it's just that you get there. And Ripper is hoping to "get there" an unbelievably rare third time tonight!

Jim Gunt: But not if Harley or the current champion Elijah has anything to say about it. And as I speak Hodge is back to his feet, what a clothesline!

Spinning a perfect three sixty through the air, Ripper turns around and is absolutely leveled by Hodge's clothesline! The Accelerator looks over the mangled body of his now sworn enemy, turning him onto his back to mount him. Exploding in anger, the Accelerator begins to choke the life out of the Ripper. His hands his greatest of weapons, Hodge nearly has Ripper unconscious before the official can pull him off of him.

Looking like a deranged man as he backs away from the Ripper, Hodge never blinks once as he stares a hole right through Danny. His attention to his new enemy is his own detriment however, as Elijah is behind him in wait. A blank look protrudes across the Enigma after having his mental state broken by the return of Elisha, but he cannot let the World championship slip away and lose everything. BACK DROP-NO! Hodge flips out from behind, THE CUCKOO'S NEST INTO THE TURNBUCKLE! Elijah is out, and the Accelerator goes for the cover!

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRREEE!!??NOO!

Jim Gunt: The Ripper stops the pinfall at the last possible millisecond!

Mike Rolash: Oh my god, I thought it was over, Jimmy!

Lashing out with kicks to the side of Hodge's head, Ripper eventually pulls him back to his feet and slaps him hard across the face. The Accelerator takes the brunt of the slap, before coming right back with one of his own, a bright red mark left on the side of Ripper's cheek. He smiles back at Hodge, SPEAR! The veteran goes flying out of nowhere after the Ripper runs right through him. Danny B crawls across the canvas, laying his body across Hodge's.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRRR-No!

Jim Gunt: Harley got his right leg on the bottom rope! What ring awareness shown by the true veteran!

Mike Rolash: What is it going to take to come out on top here? It is a true sentiment to how important the CWF World championship is to this sport that these three men would risk life and limb to hold that coveted belt.

Rolling off of the Accelerator, Danny B is spent. In fact, all three men are as they lay on their backs breathing heavily, the jam packed crowd inside the O2 Arena loving every minute of it. They begin to stomp the ground below them, willing their heros and villains to their feet. Ready to see them finish this glorious war.

"THIS IS AWESOME!" *clap clap clap* "THIS IS AWESOME!"

It is the Enigma who is on his feet first, the champion the most rested of the three men now. Elijah stomps down on the bodies of both the Ripper and Harley Hodge, before going behind Hodge to place him in a sleeper lock. Hodge attempts to fight out with crushing elbows to Elijah's ribs, but somehow he holds on as they come to their feet. Hodge with another elbow that momentarily breaks the sleeper, STUNNER! Hodge hurries to cover Elijah.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWW-No!

Jim Gunt: The Ripper breaks up yet another cover, this man is truly the king of the triple threat match!

Mike Rolash: Well he did win the twenty man Golden Intentions rumble to get here, Jimmy, Ripper has already shown that he can dominate a wide field of combatants.

Jim Gunt: But can he do it again tonight? Or maybe the Accelerator will become three time champion himself? My money is on Elijah retaining though personally, the Enigma has looked great tonight despite all the craziness with Elisha's return to CWF!

Danny B pulls Hodge's head towards him as he yanks him off Elijah, RISING KNEE TO THE TEMPLE! The Accelerator is out like a light, the impact of the fall causing him to roll slightly and tumble to the outside of the ring. The Ripper turns around right into a right hand from Elijah! The Enigma headbutts Danny, before irish whipping him hard into the corner. Throwing him onto his shoulders, Elijah moves towards the ropes, CRUCIFIX POWERBOMB ALL THE WAY TO THE OUTSIDE!

"Holy shit! Holy shit!"

Jim Gunt: My god, what a rough landing!

Mike Rolash: Ripper was just broken in half with that Powerbomb! But the champion isn't finished!

Indeed, the masterful mind of Elijah is already off to his next move. The Enigma backs into the ropes and springs off them for momentum, CORKSCREW PLANCHA ON BOTH RIPPER AND HODGE! The O2 Arena explodes in cheers as all three men lay half dead on the outside of the ring, not a one of them moving for what seems like minutes. Finally, Elijah is back to his feet with the help of the ring apron. He goes to pick the Ripper up for another Powerbomb, but Ripper reverses, BACK BODY DROP ON THE STEEL STEPS!

Ripper now turns his attention to the rising Harley Hodge, leaping up into the air and holding onto the ropes as he kicks out, DRIVE BY! The Accelerator staggers backwards into the announce table, but does not go off his feet. Danny grabs him by the hair and tosses him in the ring, following Hodge in with a hard knee drop to the head. The Ripper has it in the bag now as it sets up for the RKS, smacking the ground with his hands and yelling for Hodge to get up and get what's coming to him. Hodge does so but ducks out of the RKS, THE ACCELERATOR DDT! Screams of joy ring through all of London as Hodge crashes onto the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHRRREEEEE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner and NEW CWF World Heavyweight Champion....HARLEY HODGE!!

"Under a Glass Moon" begins to play as confetti drops from the sky, the fans cheering and chanting for Hodge as the official attempts to pull him to his feet and give him his newly earned World Title belt. Ripper lays flat on his back, still barely moving as Hodge is barely able to get his feet himself. Using the ropes to hold him up, Hodge raises the gold in the air to huge cheers.

Elijah makes his way up the entrance ramp, limping, breathing heavily. The now former world champion looks back at the ring, out to the crowd. A "THANK YOU ELIJAH" chant breaks out.

Suddenly, the chant turns to boos. Elijah turns just in time to see Elisha, leaping out from the crowd and tackling him to the ground. Before Elijah can defend himself, Elisha smacks him in the face. His fist bears a thick leather glove, a strand of barbed wire wrapped thickly around it.

Elisha pulls Elijah to his feet, bloodied and beaten, and hoists him onto his shoulders.

Jim Gunt: No!

Omega and Highlander appear at the top of the entrance ramp. Elisha smiles, blowing them a kiss before leaping into the air, dropping Elijah head first into the metal.

Mike Rolash: My God! We need a medic out here now! And security! Call the fucking National Guard if you have to!

A squad of security guards in riot gear advance down the ramp, forcing Elisha back, standing between him and Elijah. Omega and Highlander run down the ramp, Omega bursting into tears as they arrive, a team of medics following in their wake.

Jim Gunt: Fans, I....I don't know what to say.

Mike Rolash: Me neither Jimmy, what a crazy ending to this Hellbound pay per view! We'll see all of you next week on Evolution, goodnight!

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