

Hellbound: Hellbound 2018

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: October 18, 2018
Location: Lakeland Center — Lakeland, Florida

Results

Welcome to Hell!

Match

The picture fades in to a jam packed Little Caesars Arena in Detroit, Michigan. The opening riff of D.A.D.'s "Rim of Hell" kicks off and sets the fans off into a frenzy. In the centre of it all, looming above the ring is the cell that will be host to two of the matches tonight. Panning through the crowd we see some of the fan factions, the Tribe of MJ Flair, the Vassals of Artoria, who are in what seems to be some kind of shouting match with the Tribe, the Ataxiarmy and one lone fan dressed up as what appears to be Kemsey Ramsey in full cowboy gear. Of course there also is a myriad of signs:

SHOW THE JESTER SHE'S A FOOL!

WE'RE ON A MISSION FROM GOD! (held up by a man in suit and dark sunglasses)

WE ARE HOSTILE!

TIL VALHALL!

ROLASH, MARRY ME!

DETROIT ROCK CITY

Charles State and Blake Church have set up shop right in front of the announce table of Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash.

Blake Church: Good evening ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Hellbound and this has all the ingredients to really send us off into the underworld, with two Hell in a Cell matches, a First Blood, one with razor wire, this one will not be for the faint of heart!

Charles State: Definitely not and there is so much at stake here, too, every single title will be defended, which has led to Freddie Styles even having two back to back matches for both of his belts!

Blake Church: Yes, I guess that is what happens when you get on the bad side with the commish.

Mike Rolash: An outrage it is, I'm telling you!

Charles State: It really is, that suit you are wearing - ugh.

Mike looks down at himself.

Charles State: We also have a few PPV debuts here at Hellbound, Tobias Devereaux, one of the Hostility squad, who will be facing Autumn Raven right in our first match here.

Blake Church: And right after the Swedish viking Christer Lundmark going against our new angel of - something, Azrael. And this also brings me to another debut over here.

He walks two tables over, past the Spanish announcers.

Blake Church: To commemorate the first Swedish athlete competing here in CWF, we have two gentlemen from Sweden here tonight, let me welcome Henrik Söderström and Daniel Rohdin! How does it feel to sit here?

Henrik Söderström: Words cannot describe it, just seeing the cell up there is quite impressive.

Blake Church: So what is your prediction for tonight, will it be Azrael or will it be Fenrir?

Daniel Rohdin: Well, it is difficult to say, since it is only his second fight here, but he is strong and motivated, so he might be able to come away with the win here.

Blake Church: Tack så mycket, over to you Charles.

Charles has moved up the ramp, where there is a group of fans holding up a series of signs saying "We're on the highway to hell!"

Charles State: Later on tonight he will be in a Buried Alive match, right now he is right here, The Ripper, Danny B!

"The Arena" by Lindsey Stirling starts to blare over the speakers as a video collage of Danny B and Ataxia starts to play on the tron. Danny walks onto the stage, an uncharacteristic smile on his face. He shakes hands with Charles, mouths something along the lines of 'Not today, not after what you did in post last time...' and take the microphone, showing some signs of his old traits by lazily waving a hand at Charles to shoo him away.

Danny B: Well, well, well, what do we have here then? Seems CWF has drawn a half decent crowd for this show judging by this little gathering of people here. Now, I want you all to answer me a question, who wants to walk... Sorry, got carried away there, I want you all to shout at once who you came here to see today.

3...2...1...

Every single person in the crowd seems to want to take the opportunity to shout their favourite stars' name out. Names like MJ Flair, Silas Artoria and Jarvis King are aplenty, but there are a few that buck the trend.

Danny B: You there, old lady in the back, say what you said again would you?

All eyes turn to the frail looking, white haired woman in the back.

Lady: I came to the The Ripper, motherfuckers!

The crowd erupts in applause for the ballsy old woman, and Danny waits patiently tapping his foot in as he waits for them all to calm down.

Danny B: Yes, indeed, we do love some motherfuckers don't we? I heard a few of you shout the name of my bagged frand Ataxia. I have to say I am rather looking forward to seeing him this evening, too, because in what will be possibly the most brutal match we have ever had, and that is saying something mind you, these two old dogs will go to war one last time, and do you know what? I cannot fucking wait!

We've been round this block a few times, we all know the history by now, but let me tell you my friends, the only thing you can be sure of when that lunatic is involved, is that you cannot be sure of anything.

Danny begins to pace, watching over the crowd as he does so.

Danny B: This is the ultimate ending to one of the greatest wars ever known to CWF, something that started when half of our roster were still in high school, most of our fans in elementary school, and most of the still not having yet made it into an old folks' home. This doesn't mean as much to any of you because you see this playful side of Ataxia, and this bitter side of me, but let me tell you something, frands. Once upon a time in a land far, far away, Pittsburgh I think... I don't know how far that actually is, you can get anywhere in a day in England... anyways, in that land, there lived two sadistic monsters, one with an uncontrollable pain, another with an unquenchable bloodlust. Ataxia and I were just that, we were monsters, sick, twisted and deluded. Time has changed us both, but tonight, tonight, we bring back the old to let these kids know just how things were done once upon a time.

State, are you listening, I am making a promise tonight that when all is said and done, the words on the lips of these people and all those still yet to file in will not be Flair, or main event, or world title. Two words will consume them,

because those two words will come to define an era. Buried Alive.

Once again, still grinning uncharacteristically, Danny hands the mic to Charles and walks away, no snark, no malice, no threat. He simply waves as he departs the stage.

Charles State: Alrighty then, looks like we will be in for a real treat tonight and a very, very confident Ripper! Back to you, Blake.

Blake is standing next to the announce table again.

Blake Church: So gentlemen, what is your expectation for Hellbound?

Mike Rolash: As long as Ataxia gets buried, I don't care what else happens!

Jim Gunt (with an eyeroll): I expect this to be a really intense PPV, razorwire match, two Hell in a Cells, First Blood, Buried Alive, this DOES sound like the Devil's Playground.

Blake Church: Well, some people HAVE called Detroit hell, so could be fitting... Anyways, we are about to get rolling here with Autumn Raven versus Tobias Devereaux, I'll leave you in the good hands of Jim Gunt!

Mike Rolash: Hey, what about me?

Blake Church: You are...there, too. Take it away, gentlemen!

As Blake walks off, Mike still looks indignant, but Jim does not give him any chance to complain.

Jim Gunt: So now also officially hello and good evening from us here and I am excited for this show, so much action on the menu and we are kicking off with one of CWF's hottest newcomers and one of CWF's least successful competitors.

Mike Rolash: Yes, Tobias Devereaux has really left a mark two weeks ago in that tag match AND he is also part of Milenko's Hostility crew, so a lot can happen in this match. As for Autumn, losing Silas didn't help her one bit so far.

Jim Gunt: Well, let's see if she will be able to turn things around here tonight at Hellbound right when we come back!

Meeting of the Minds

Match

Meeting of the Minds

The cameras cut from Jim and Mike as the ring crew make last minute preparations in the ring and we're shown Tobias Devereaux making his own final adjustments before his match against Autumn Raven. As we watch him tape his wrists he smirks slightly, almost to himself and the empty locker room. His smirk turns into a snicker and the shadows in the corner join in with him as the one and only Loki Synn steps out from their tight embrace and comes to stand in front of Tobias.

Tobias Devereaux: Yews gonna have to dos betta den dat cherie, to sneak one by ol' Tobias.

Loki cocks her head to the side and Tobias looks up at her, his eyes quickly taking in her demonic visage.

Tobias Devereaux: Shew! Loki, I's say dat yew aint changed all dat much, but dat would not appear to be de case, no?

Loki leans her back against the lockers behind her, enjoying the feel of the cool metal against her back. The only facial features on her mask is her jagged grin, where her eyes should be, nothing but solid white. Still, Tobias felt that she is doing nothing but staring right through his soul.

Loki Synn: Cut it. We need to know that you're on the same page as us. We remember you Tobias, and we remember that you are not one to be taken lightly. I'm sure time will be the true indicator, but know this... Think carefully and look closely at your options before trying to mess with me. Weasel or not, whatever you think you have planned is nothing

compared to my retribution should you choose to mess with me.

Tobias goes to return Loki's stare but by the time he takes his eyes off taping his wrists, Loki has disappeared from his vision.

Tobias Devereaux: I's hate when dey do dat shit. De whole I's Batman, disappears in de night. Cooyons!

Tobias shakes his head and goes back to checking his tape on both wrists as well as his boots.

Autumn Raven vs. Tobias Devereaux

Match

Jim Gunt: Welcome back and looks like Loki Synn is making sure that her cohorts are in line! But now on to our first match tonight, we've got Autumn Raven, who is still trying to find her way now that she's no longer under the influence of Silas Artoria, challenging the man from the bayou, the Cajun Sensation, Tobias Devereaux.

Mike Rolash: Devereaux seems focused and ready, but with Silas checking himself out, and stating that he would be here tonight, how will that affect Autumn Raven? Let's not forget Tobias has "frands" in Jimmy Allen and, of course, Loki Synn.

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

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

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

Ray Douglas: From Los Angeles, California, weighing 120 pounds, she is the Beautiful Psychopath, Autumn Raven!

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

She walks around the ring, glaring at the fans sitting at ringside before sliding under the bottom rope and leaping to her feet, giving the crowd a smug smile.

"The sun is shining
But everything's dying
Your stars burned out for good
Somewhere in Hollywood
I swear it's only
Cos you be my lies
Guess I'm misunderstood
You were my deadlihood"

Jim Gunt: The Beautiful Psychopath is here and she's ready to fight.

Mike Rolash: The question is, how ready is she?

She runs to the corner turnbuckle, climbing to the second one, taunting the crowd, as she flings her arms out to the sides once again before climbing down. The applause start to die down as "New Orleans Heavy Swamp Music" by Justin Johnson begins to play.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent hailing from New Orleans, Louisiana. The Cajun Sensation, Tobias Devereaux!

The applause turns to boos like flipping a switch, Tobias like his stablemates doesn't care about fan reactions. Tobias walks slowly to the ring mindful of his opponent and the occasional fan who tries to reach out and grab him. Tobias makes his way to the ring and finally up the ring steps as his music begins to fade. Scott Dean has both competitors approach the center of the ring and goes through his pre match ritual of the rules. Finally completing that Scott calls for the bell to start the match.

DING DING DING!!!!

Autumn and Tobias approach the center of the ring and lock up in a traditional collar and elbow tie up. Autumn quickly sends Devereaux across the ring with an arm drag. Tobias rolls to his feet without missing a beat. He stops and looks at Raven who is all smiles as the crowd is on their feet already. He nods at her and flashes her a smile of her own, but not the friendly kind. They come to center again and The Cajun Sensation unleashes a European uppercut that sends Autumn staggering backward. He unloads another driving her into the ropes, she lightly rebounds off the ropes staggering toward him.

Jim Gunt: Tobias Devereaux takes the early advantage with those European uppercuts.

Mike Rolash: He hit her so hard, she's going to have to change her name to Winter Raven.

He kicks out with his right leg, the blow lands solidly in the midsection of Autumn who doubles over. Tobias locks in a front chancery and drags her back towards the middle of the ring. He leans back increasing the pressure under the chin of Raven. Devereaux adjusts the hold into a guillotine! Falling to the mat he applies the body scissors using his leg strength to try and speed up the time it takes to make her tap. Raven though, with great awareness, uses her legs to put Tobias' back on the mat for our first pinfall attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

Tobias releases the hold and is quickly back to his feet. Autumn is also quick to roll the opposite direction. She's breathing heavily as she steadies herself against the ropes. She slaps the top rope in frustration.

Jim Gunt: Tobias definitely came prepared for Autumn Raven.

Mike Rolash: She hasn't even gotten out of the gates. I think Tobias is here to prove a point and he's doing a damned fine job doing it.

Autumn charges forward but Tobias drops down and takes her down with a drop toe hold. He immediately rolls through bending her leg backwards more, bending the knee over his own leg. Sitting up Tobias grabs Autumn's ankle and slips an arm under the leg, sliding his own leg out. Now holding in a modified half crab/ankle lock like position Tobias puts his knee in the middle of Autumn's back and torques back on her. Autumn yells out in pain as her knee and back are both torqued hard by the Cajun Sensation.

Jim Gunt: Scott Dean steps in and asks Raven if she wants to give up and she vigorously shakes her head no.

Mike Rolash: She's got life in her, but for how long?

Tobias stands up and steps to the end of Autumn's body still holding onto the ankle and foot. He quickly spins around

snapping the leg in a falling modified dragon screw. Tobias immediately gets back to his feet and goes to do it again, but Autumn reverses by pushing up on her hands and mule kicking Tobias in the gut. Autumn forward rolls away from Devereaux before getting back to her feet. She shakes out her leg and looks at Devereaux with a fire in her eyes.

Jim Gunt: It looks like Autumn has finally woken up, and she wants more of Tobias.

Mike Rolash: You see how scared Tobias is? Do you? No. Because he's doesn't care about Autumn Raven.

She motions for Tobias to come on as the Cajun just smirks at her. He charges forward as Autumn Raven looks to take him down with a clothesline, however Tobias baseball slides between her legs and pops up behind her. He quickly hooks in a waist lock. Autumn with a back elbow and a standing switch. She transitions into a side headlock and torques the Cajun's neck. Tobias tries to push Raven off of him but she drops to a knee holding on like a dog with a bone.

Jim Gunt: Autumn Raven simply will not let go.

Mike Rolash: She's going to have to eventually. She just doesn't have enough weight to keep Tobias immobilized.

Tobias reaches up and grabs the wrist of Autumn, while holding with one hand he fires off a couple elbows to the midsection of Autumn driving the wind out of her. He quickly spins around with her wrist and locks in a wrist lock, he quickly transitions into a headlock of his own before popping his hips and sending her up and over. He quickly lets go of her head and takes a full mount position.

Jim Gunt: It looks like Devereaux has some devious intentions!

Mike Rolash: Autumn needs to figure some kind of way out. Right now, I think little Chloe Hawkhurst could take her out.

Jim Gunt: Will you stop!

Mike Rolash: Not until she shows me something. Right now she looks undersized and overmatched.

Tobias takes the moment to deliver a sharp forearm straight to the face of Autumn Raven before rolling backwards and grabbing her knee from earlier. He wraps it under her other leg and hooks both in a cloverleaf like position, he lifts her up and off the ground holding her in the cloverleaf position but letting her body weight pull on the knee. Raven struggles and manages to cause Tobias to lose some of his grip, She uses the moment to hook Tobias' leg so that he can't lift her back up or turn her over. Tobias lets go of the clover leaf and looks to cause some more damage, but before he can Autumn nails him with just a straight punch to the side of the knee cap. Tobias' knee buckles as he tumbles forward.

Jim Gunt: Autumn Raven has found her opening.

Mike Rolash: Come on, Tobias! Put her down.

Autumn gets to her feet and just starts to mercilessly put the boots to Tobias' knee. The Cajun Sensation senses he's in real trouble and starts rolling towards the ropes and slides out of the ring with Autumn stomping the entire way. As soon as Tobias gets vertical outside he looks up to see Autumn flying through the ropes and taking him down with a tope suicida. Autumn pops up to her feet and screams out at the crowd who gives a little pop. She lifts Tobias up to his feet and irish whips him hard into the nearside barrier.

Jim Gunt: Tobias just hit the barricade like a bug on a windshield. Autumn Raven is relentless.

Mike Rolash: She can't keep this up. After the numbers game last week, she's going to be too run down.

As he bounces back first off the barrier she charges up, grabbing him by the head and pushing off the barrier nailing the Cajun with a tornado DDT. Raven gets to her feet and lifts Tobias sliding him back into the ring. She follows closely

behind and gets to her feet a few steps from Tobias. She's eyeing him and appears to be looking for her Claw of the Night.

Jim Gunt: Autumn is feeling it. She's looking at Tobias and measuring him up.

Mike Rolash: DUCK!

Tobias gets to his feet and she goes to nail him with the superkick but Tobias catches the foot at the last second. He immediately hits her with a dragon screw taking both of them down. Tobias gets to his feet quickly holding onto the leg. He rolls through holding onto the leg, picking her up into a fireman's carry. He quickly whips her back off his shoulders, sending her hard onto her back but holds onto the leg.

Jim Gunt: "The Cajun Sensation" is once again focusing on the leg of "The Beautiful Psychopath."

Mike Rolash: Tobias is cold and calculating. He came in here with a plan and is executing it to perfection.

He steps over her leg and hooks it with her other one, turning her over possibly looking for the Devereaux Devastation, but Autumn manages to start crawling away and get to the ropes before he can lock in the chicken wings.

Jim Gunt: Autumn gets herself out of trouble.

Mike Rolash: That was an act of desperation. Unless she has a senzu bean hidden in her trunks, she's got nothing left in the tank.

Tobias doesn't immediately want to break the hold, arguing with the referee as he keeps her legs all tangled up. He waits til the ref gets to a count of four to finally break the hold. Tobias backs away giving Autumn a moment to catch her breath as he flashes her a smile echoing from earlier in the match. She doesn't seem as amused and charges towards Tobias who side steps. She reaches the ropes and hops up spring boarding back towards Tobias, catching him with a headscissors takedown. Raven pops to her feet and makes her way to Tobias. She lifts him up to his feet before nailing him with a stiff right hand, then a left, right, left kick to the midsection, spinning back fist combination! Tobias seems rocked as she hops back a step and goes to fire off Claw of the Night, No! Tobias manages to bob his head to the side so the kick just barely misses. He uses her momentum against Autumn along with her leg being lifted by his shoulder to hook her in an exploder suplex. He lifts her up sending her over his head and nearly half way across the ring.

Jim Gunt: Autumn is finding her second wind. Tobias could be in trouble.

Mike Rolash: I want her tested. Senzu beans are performance enhancers.

Jim Gunt: They aren't even real. They are from a cartoon.

Mike Rolash: Fine, don't believe me, but I still want her tested for PEDs.

Tobias sits up and takes a moment to catch his breath. Meanwhile Autumn is holding her back in obvious pain. Both competitors slowly get to their feet and meet in towards the middle of the ring. Autumn fires off a stiff right hand only to catch a European uppercut from Tobias. Autumn fires back with another right hand, only to once again catch an uppercut from Tobias. The two start exchanging back and forth as the crowd cheers and boos along with each hard shot. Finally Autumn seems to be getting the better of the situation and backs Tobias up into the corner. After a few more rights she irish whips him to the far corner. She charges towards Devereaux and as she arrives buries a foot into his chest using him like a wall to run up and pushes off and flips back to her feet. As soon as she lands she charges in and drives her shoulder into the midsection of the Cajun. Tobias grimaces as all the air leaves his body.

Jim Gunt: Autumn Raven has turned the tide and "The Beautiful Psychopath is rolling."

Mike Rolash: Tobias is just waiting for his reversal meter to refill.

Jim Gunt: When did you steal Zach's gimmick.

Mike Rolash: Simmer down. I just borrowed it.

Autumn grabs the wrist of Tobias and goes to send him into the far corner again, but this time holds on and sends him back towards the corner he was just in, this time chest first. As he stumbles out of the corner she bounces off the ropes and nails him across the side of the head with Claw of the Night! Unfortunately Tobias was right by the ropes and the impact causes his limp body to fall between the middle and bottom rope, bounces off the apron and falls to the outside. Autumn can't help but show her frustration.

Mike Rolash: That was some great ring awareness by the "Cajun Sensation".

Jim Gunt: Ring awareness? He just fell out of the ring.

Mike Rolash: You're always trying to skew things to fit your narrative.

Gunt lets out a loud sigh.

Jim Gunt: Sure. We'll go with that.

Autumn Raven climbs to the outside as Tobias still seems to be unconscious on the outside. She starts to lift him to his feet, but the deadweight makes it difficult. She manages to get him up and leaned up against the ring. Slowly she rolls his body inside and follows behind. Raven with the cover but forgets to hook the leg.

ONE!

TWO!!

THRE...No!!!

Tobias manages to get his foot on the still nearby ropes!

Jim Gunt: After a slow start, Autumn Raven has maintained control.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, but she can't put Tobias away. It's going to wear her down mentally.

Autumn allows the frustration to grow but stays on the attack. She puts the boots to Tobias before lifting him back to his feet. She sends him off the ropes and as he bounces back hops up and takes him up and over with a hurricanrana. She gets to her feet immediately and goes towards the corner, Autumn appears to be looking for The Anti-Hero swanton. She nails Tobias with it! She pops back to her feet and goes to the nearby corner. She's motioning for Tobias to get back to his feet. Tobias slowly and wobbly stands up. As he turns towards Autumn she goes for Claw of the Night once again, but Tobias side steps it again. As he does so both of their backs are to each other, Autumn continues to spin around but Tobias leaps up and comes back down with Ace in the Hole pele kick. Both are down once again!

Jim Gunt: Tobias hits the Ace in the Hole, but he's not able to capitalize on it as both competitors are down.

Mike Rolash: All he needed to do was turn the tide. Everything is coming up aces for Tobias now.

Tobias manages to get to his feet slightly before Autumn and catches her with a quick left jab, then a second one, and a third one. Tobias spins around and comes looking for a roaring elbow strike but Autumn ducks under it going behind Tobias and locking in a waist lock. She falls backwards bringing Tobias with herself as she rolls through it. Once she's back standing he bridges backwards hooking Tobias' legs with her own as she's got him in a deep roll up.

ONE!

TWO!!

TH...No!!!

Tobias manages to get a shoulder up just barely at the last second.

Both competitors are back to their feet quickly, Autumn runs past Tobias and does a handspring looking to bounce off the ropes and flies back with an elbow but Tobias side steps her using her own momentum while catching her in a side effect position to quickly fall to a knee and drive her down onto it in a modified back breaker. Tobias gets back to his feet and wastes no time to lift Autumn back up as well. He lifts her up with her back facing him and locks in a cobra clutch, however he does so with his body sort of at a side angle so he can put his hip to the lower part of her back and flip her up and over similarly to a bully choke but with the cobra clutch still locked in!

Jim Gunt: Autumn has done everything she can to fight back from the beating she took earlier. Does she have enough to get out of the hold?

Mike Rolash: She can fight all she wants. It's only going to wear her down quicker.

Autumn valiantly fights against the hold stretching her fingers out towards the ropes. However she can't quite reach them. She pushes against the mat as we can hear her yelling out, dragging herself just a bit closer and about to grab the ropes when Tobias lets go of the hold rolling down her body and grabs her leg pulling her away from the ropes and back to the middle of the ring. He hooks his leg through her own within seconds having her in a modified indian death lock and reaches down to grab her arms...he's got them, he locks in the chicken wings and has her contorted up in the Devereaux Devastation in the center of the ring!

Mike Rolash: Come into my parlor, said the spider to the fly.

Jim Gunt: Autumn is trapped with nowhere to go. Tobias has the Devereaux Devastation locked in.

Mike Rolash: Listen to her screaming, Gunt. It's like music to my ears.

Autumn is completely tied up, with all of her extremities tied up in the hold she can't manage to drag herself towards the ropes nor can she even tap out if she willed to do so. However she refuses to say the words "I Quit" and instead continues to squirm and try to break free. After a few more moments though the sheer pain starts to get too much and she slowly slips out of consciousness as the ref calls for the bell!!!!!!

Ray Douglas: Your winner, by submission, "The Cajun Sensation" Tobias Devereaux!!!

Mike Rolash: And Devereaux's unbeaten streak continues!

Jim Gunt: Uh, it's his second match.

Mike Rolash: And that's the streak!

Jim Gunt: Ugh... Anyways, Hostility won their first match tonight, but now we come to one of the newest, yet most peculiar feuds of recent times, where Azrael and our Swedish newcomer Christer Lundmark are taking this to a spiritual level!

Time for Confrontation

Match

Jim Gunt: Hostility is continuing their reign of terror here, Mike, Tobias may not be flashy, but damn, is he ever efficient!

Mike Rolash: Yes, definitely, he is silent, but deadly like a snake and Autumn, I really don't know how she still manages to keep on trucking.

Jim Gunt: Maybe she is a glutton for punishment...

Mike Rolash: Mmmh, gluttony. Uh, where were we? Ah yes! My man Azrael against this heathen there, Christine Lundsomething.

Jim Gunt: Christer Lundmark, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Ah whatever, I'm not getting paid to pay attention to that stuff.

Jim Gunt: Well, I think you are EXACTLY paid to pay attention to that stuff.

Mike Rolash: I'll be damned...

Jim Gunt: Oh, you already are...

The lights fall, a fog rolls in and an orchestra version of Metallica's "One" begins, as a spotlight illuminates Azrael in a white cassock, with a pair of purple intersecting stripes. He slowly descends from the ceiling, arms outstretched, feet crossed and face to the heavens. As he gently reaches the earth, he pulls his hands in and bows his head before gliding into the ring.

As the music fades, Azrael is handed a microphone, with he graciously accepts with a bless you.

Azrael: Ladies and gentlemen, a blessed day to you all. I hope you have enjoyed the show so far. Everyone here has worked hard to put on this show for you and the hard work and greatness isn't going to stop any time soon.

Azrael pauses a moment to allow the crowd to properly cheer for the cheap pop.

Azrael: Now there is a matter I would like to get some answers to. As you have seen recently I have been unceremoniously and unprovokedly attacked by one Mr. Christer Lundmark. Why? What darkness lies in your heart that drives you to this? What pain are you trying to compensate for? What about me makes you so uneasy? I am nothing but a kind heartfelt selfless angel. I have not declared a religion, nor am I validating the atrocities that have been committed in the name of religion and God. I am here to help, to help them to the afterlife and help them deal with loss. Why don't you come on down and let me help you. Let me see the pain you are hiding and the weight you carry. Let me take some of that on. Let me help Brother Lundmark. Let us try and solve our differences with honest words and kind hearts.

The crowd starts to boo as they came to see a fight.

Azrael: Now now let's settle down a bit. I didn't say we wouldn't have a match. I didn't say this was going to solve the differences but we should TRY. As I've said I will do what is needed to provide the comfort for the aching heart. Even in this form, I am not afraid of violence nor the relief that it can provide. If someone needs their ass beat to let the emotion out then bring me a whooping stick. If they need to use the stick, then I offer my body. If you just need a distraction I can sing and dance. I am and forever will be whatever it is you need to deal with whatever loss you are dealing with. Brothers and Sisters, that goes for all of you as well as the CWF roster. But right now, I am focused on Fenrir, as we are to meet for a match. God has put us on this path together, let us see where it leads, shall we?

Mike Rolash: See, he is just trying to help people!

Jim Gunt: Yeah, that does not make him any less weird, though...

Azrael vs. Christer Lundmark

Match

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

A wolf howl starts to sound over the sound system, followed by a hammer striking an anvil. Fire appears on the tron before the pounding rhythm and guitar of Amon Amarth's "Victorious March" begin to blare over the PA. Fenrir steps through onto the stage, long blond hair and beard braided and blue and black war paint across his face.

He stops at the top of the ramp, with a hard gaze towards the squared circle before making a straight walk to the ring, paying no heed to the fans around him.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Kiruna, Sweden, weighing two hundred and seventy eight pounds....CHRISTER FENRIR LUNDMARK!!

Jim Gunt: Ever since the Swede has debuted in CWF he has targeted the Archangel of Death, Mike. Tonight Christer gets a chance to finally prove his point to the masses.

Mike Rolash: Why should I even care about that again?

Jim Gunt: Seriously? We JUST talked about this! Probably because it's your god damn job? Maybe? Possibly? I wish you'd just do what you're supposed to do for one single, solitary night!

Mike Rolash: Well sorrrry.

Azrael and Fenrir make eye contact but neither man moves out of their corners for the moment.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, weighing at two hundred and forty five pounds, coming from undisclosed location....AZRAEL!!

Referee Clark Summits attempts to bring Christer Fenrir Lundmark and Azrael to the center of the ring but the Swedish man will have none of it, shaking his head in disgust as he stands still in his corner.

Jim Gunt: Oookay, I thought we were going to get this match underway?

Mike Rolash: It looks like old Fenrir is either playing mindgames with Azrael, or maybe he's running scared now that he's finally going one on one with the Archangel?

Jim Gunt: Either way the official has rung the bell and this match is underway...

The Archangel of Death slowly moves towards Christer Lundmark who continues to stand still staring a hole right through him, but when Azrael is finally at arm's length Fenrir moves, and fast, shooting in with a shoulder block to the upper chest of Azrael. Lundmark takes his opponent and throws him hard into the corner, measuring him for a knife edge chop but the Archangel of Death is too quick for him, shifting out of place and instead tossing Christer himself into the corner. Azrael leaps up into the air- RISING KNEE POPS LUNDMARK IN THE JAW!

Jim Gunt: Both competitors getting in a little bit of offense as this one starts, as it turns out Lundmark wasn't afraid to fight Azrael after all.

Mike Rolash: No, he was definitely trying to get in the head of the Archangel of Death, but I'm not sure it particularly worked. Azrael has been in another place as of late, ever since that...well...I guess we're not supposed to talk about it.

Jim Gunt: Nevertheless you are correct that Az has been a completely changed man lately, and right now it seems to be working in his favor as he has the advantage of Christer Lundmark in the corner!

Raising his boot into the neck of Christer Lundmark, Azrael shoves his head hard to the side as he puts pressure in deep. The Little Caesar's Arena is packed full of thousands of excited fans, almost every single one of them screaming out for either Azrael or Lundmark, both competitors pulling in their fair share of a following lately. The loud response from the crowd is enough to distract Azrael, and Fenrir capitalizes with another shoulder block. Azrael backs up holding onto his ribs, leaving Lundmark to dive in- GUNGNIR! The Spear cuts Az in half! And Christer Lundmark is looking to end this match quickly, going right for the cover on the Archangel of Death.

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO! Azrael gets his right shoulder up!

Mike Rolash: That nasty spear that Lundmark calls 'Gungnir' almost destroyed Azrael, but the Archangel of Death was

reborn just in time to get the shoulder up!

Jim Gunt: That wasn't even funny, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Oh come on, everyone loves a good resurrection joke...

Holding his clearly damaged abdomen, Azrael rolls over to his side allowing Lundmark who is already back to his feet to slam his knee right into his temple. Fenrir takes ahold of now groggy Az, pulling him up into a vertical position just long enough for him to yank him back down fast and furious with a Snap Suplex. Lundmark stands over the body of the Archangel of Death, smiling through the heavy facial hair as he raises his arms in the air and looks out to the sold out crowd. Christer stomps down on Azrael, calling out to him as he does so.

Christer Lundmark: Where's your god at now!?

Another vicious stomp to the skull of Az.

Christer Lundmark: There's nobody to save you now!

Christer "Fenrir" Lundmark is exuding confidence in his first pay per view match, some of the crowd beginning to boo him as he calls for the end for the Archangel. But when Fenrir goes to lift him up, Azrael rises from the ashes with a Clothesline so powerful that it turns Lundmark inside out, nearly landing him right on the back of his head!

Mike Rolash: Azrael is alive!

Jim Gunt: Indeed he is, the trash talking coming from the big Swede has only seemed to have woken up the giant in Azrael!

Looking to keep his momentum going, Azrael waits for Lundmark to get back to his feet, calling him in with his hands. Christer turns around unknowingly, Atomic Drop...followed by a Flatliner! The Archangel of Death is on a roll now, but surprisingly switches up his tactics by going back to the damaged jaw of Lundmark from earlier, first dropping down a Leg Drop then transitioning right over to a Triangle Headlock.

Jim Gunt: A very interesting array of offense from the Archangel of Death, but just when you thought the pace was going to be quickened beyond what Lundmark could handle...Azrael transitions right into a submission hold!

Mike Rolash: And that just may be to his detriment too, Jimmy, as it looks like Christer Lundmark is already trying to get to his feet.

Inside the ring Lundmark is doing just that, using his head like a battering ram as he spikes it backwards into the gut of Azrael, allowing a looser grip on his neck as he starts to somehow pull himself up to his feet. Fenrir has ahold of the middle rope, but before he is fully up to a vertical position Az changes his offense once again, grabbing ahold of the top ropes and flipping out over them with Fenrir still squeezed between his legs. Both men land HARD on the outside, bones crunching against the thin mats covering the concrete! Neither man is moving as Clark Summits starts to count.

ONE!

Jim Gunt: Very unorthodox counter there from the Archangel of Death, but now both men are clearly hurt on the outside of the ring. Which of them if any will be able to get back into the ring in time?

Mike Rolash: Hopefully both, countouts fucking suck.

Jim Gunt: Haha, tell us what you really think Mike.

TWO!

Mike Rolash: I just did you god damn idiot.

Still no movement on the outside of the ring as Clark Summits leans over to take a peek at both men before continuing.

THREE!

FOUR!

Finally Azrael rolls over to his side, but remains there breathing heavily.

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: See what you did Mike? You and your impolite ways, you jinxed these guys!

The Archangel of Death's eyes open as he finally begins to come to.

SIX!

Christer Lundmark is now pulling himself up to his feet with the help of the apron outside, but just as he turns around Azrael is right on him again. Until he swings an elbow backward and cracks him right in the bridge of the nose! A line of blood squirts out like a fountain as Az's nose moves slightly to the side with a crunch!

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

Jim Gunt: Holy shit, Lundmark just broke Azrael's nose!

Mike Rolash: Holy shit, these morons need to get into the ring or this match is about to end!

Just as Clark Summits is about to count to nine aloud, Lundmark swipes the fingers of Azrael away from his now bloody nose and rolls him into the ring. The Viking yanks himself onto the apron with the ropes, putting one leg through the ropes before Az is somehow back to his feet already and laying into him with right hands. The Archangel of Death walks with him to the end of the ring and attempts to blast his head into the top turnbuckle but Fenrir fights back, once again using his elbow to strike Azrael hard in the face. The Archangel of Death staggers backward and Lundmark capitalizes quickly, somersaulting over the ropes and right into Azrael with a Leg Drop! With a nasty look on his face, Lundmark is clearly done playing around as he picks Az right up and throws him hard into the ropes. Ragnarök! The Pop-Up Powerbomb lands Az on the back of his head, and Christer goes right for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

AND SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS INSIDE OF THE LITTLE CAESARS ARENA GO OUT JUST AS THE REFEREE IS ABOUT TO COUNT THREE!?

Jim Gunt: What is going on here, Mike?

Mike Rolash: I have no idea, Azrael said he had some special powers but this is some freaky sh-

A NARROW BLAST OF LIGHT COMES FROM ABOVE, SCREAMING THROUGH THE DARKNESS AND ROCKING THE BODY OF CHRISTER LUNDMARK! LUNDMARK ROLLS OFF THE BODY OF AZRAEL, LANDING WITH A LIGHT THUD AS HE LAYS IN AN UNCONSCIOUS HEAP!

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Mike Rolash: OH MY GOD!

The lights go back on in the arena and Azrael is now on top of Lundmark, his eyes rolled to the back of his head as he lays over his chest.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas:And here is your winner by pinfall....AZRAEL!!

Jim Gunt: Wow, I've never seen anything quite like that in my twenty plus years in the game.

Mike Rolash: I think I may have peed a little...

"One" by Metallica begins to play as the lights in the Little Caesars Arena come back on in full, the Archangel of Death's pupils returning to normal in his eyes as an almost pained look comes to his eyes. He begins back crawling away from Lundmark as the scene cuts

Think Twice - Save YOUR Life

Match

Jaiden Rishel has seen a lot in his years of being in this business. He's squared off against complete and total psychopaths and escaped on top. Jaiden has stared down the biggest names in this business and has lived to tell the tale. On this particular occasion however, he was only slightly nervous. He has started not to sleep very well at night and has started seeing different varieties of "jester like" masks popping up in every day life. It was almost as if everytime he would try to bring something up to Colton...

???: Boo.

Jaiden snaps out of the reverie as he aimlessly wanders through the backstage area of the Little Caesar's Arena and jumps in shock. He has run into none other than the one person he didn't want to see. The person that he was in fact trying to avoid due to Colton's insistence that HE was the one that was skipped for his World Title rematch with MJ Flair. Loki did nothing to earn her shot, yet here she was, main eventing the PPV. Colton is beside himself and Jaiden is left playing clean up crew. He puts on his best smile but Loki just cocks her head and backs Jaiden up against the wall, speaking low and soft.

Loki Synn: I don't like people who don't need to be saying my name, saying my name. You forcing people to invoke my name is inviting a lot of danger and trouble that you don't want, little Rishel boy. Consider this fair warning to you, the twerp you report to, and anyone else you feel the urge to tell. Try to pass by me again without paying your due diligence, and there WILL be consequences. Have a happy day Jaiden. Take care of yourself. Hate to see you lose that smile.

With that Loki slaps Jaiden lightly on the cheek before skipping away, turning back toward him and blowing him a kiss before turning a corner and disappearing.

And We Have Gathered Here Today

Match

Jim Gunt: Damn, that was some freaky stuff there, looks like Azrael IS channelling some higher force!!

Mike Rolash: My man has got it going, dude!

Henrik Söderström: Well, it definitely did not go as Christer had hoped, I mean, that ending was some of the weirdest I have EVER seen! But I think it was still a strong showing, he has not been in professional wrestling for long yet.

Daniel Rohdin: And yeah, he definitely is not done with this yet, he is not a happy camper.

Jim Gunt: I agree, we definitely have not seen the last of these two. So, next up is our first title match with Freddie Styles putting his Impact championship on the line against a mystery opponent.

Mike Rolash: How on earth are you supposed to prepare for a “mystery opponent”? This is another outrage and purely designed by Ataxia to take the belt off Freddie!

Jim Gunt: Want fries with that conspiracy theory?

Mike Rolash: What? It's true! Next thing you'll see is Ataxia coming out and telling us--

Alice Cooper's “Dangerous Tonight” interrupts Mike's prophecy and Ataxia steps through the curtain, followed by The Shadow and Dorian Hawkhurst, all of them in black suits. Mike looks at Jim and stretches his hand towards the stage.

Mike Rolash: See? See?

The fans give a loud cheer as the unlikely trio makes its way down the ramp. As they reach the ring, the camera shows that Ataxia is carrying a potted plant of some sorts.

Mike Rolash: What on earth is this again? Gardening for Freaks?

Ataxia and Dorian roll into the ring, while The Shadow lifts the ring apron and proceeds to pull out a table. He slides it into the ring, where Dorian puts it up and Ataxia very gently puts down the plant pot.

Jim Gunt: Definitely not your usual setup here, I wonder what they are up to this time...

Ataxia produces a microphone from his pocket.

Ataxia: Ladies and gentlemen, frands, Mike. We are gathered here tonight to witness a moment of beauty and celebrate the wedding of our beloved Michael Frederick Barnabas Malachai Rufus Rolash--

Mike's face is going ashen and his eyes go wide.

Mike Rolash: Wait, wha--

Ataxia: --and his beloved Petunia here.

He points to the potted plant.

Ataxia: In the years they have been together, they--

The Shadow leans in and whispers something into Ataxia's ear. The Messiah Pariah half turns and looks at his fellow Forsaken with what appears to be an incredulous look. As he turns back, he looks towards the rafters, takes a deep breath and continues.

Ataxia: Alright then, I have just been informed that we did NOT come here to wed Mike and Petunia in unholy matrimony, but apparently have a different announcement to make. I wish people would tell me these things beforehand.

The Shadow leans in once more.

Ataxia: Ah right, it was me who came up with the announcement, silly me. Anyways, next up on the card we have Mr. Freddie Styles against a mystery opponent and I know that you all have been biting your nails to find out who it will be.

He steps forward and lifts up Petunia.

Ataxia: Petunia, I am sorry to tell you, but--

The Shadow briefly facepalms as Dorian looks at Ataxia with a very unsure look and whispers something to him again.

Ataxia: I know, I know, I was just trying to break it to her that her honeymoon as been cancelled. But now you ruined the moment, thank you very much!

He sets Petunia back down.

Ataxia: Where was I? Oh yes, Freddie's opponent. Well, you and your glassy cohorts have managed to seriously piss me off, which is why I decreed that you have back to back matches and you will defend your Impact title against this young man...

He points at the tron. The entire arena goes dark as green digital rain appears on the screen and gradually forms the phrase "Ready...FIGHT!". And the crowd just explodes.

Freddie Styles (c) vs. Mystery Opponent

Match

Jim Gunt: Oh My! This is huge! Zach van Owen is the mystery opponent for Freddie Styles, here tonight!

Mike Rolash: Seriously? This was the big mystery? Freddie's gonna tear him limb from limb in no time.

Zach appears on the stage with a bright flash of green lights, his head bowed and arms outstretched, Leona Gainsborough standing at his side. He looks towards the ring and they march down the ramp, high-fiving fans along the way. Zach hops onto the apron and ascends the corner post from the outside, throwing back the hood of his jacket and once again throwing his arms out wide. Leona making her way towards his respective corner. With his hands on the ring ropes, Zach cartwheels off the turnbuckle and down into the ring.

Jim Gunt: Zach looking to bring gold back to the Forsaken camp.

Mike Rolash: That sack of shit excuse we have for a commissioner, is throwing this kid a bone. Looking at his track record, what has he done to deserve a title shot.

Jim Gunt: In my book, he's very deserving of this opportunity. He's paid his dues.

Mike Rolash: Sure Jimbo, sure....

Suddenly the atmosphere shifts as "Broken Dreams" by Shaman's Harvest starts to play. A solitary spotlight illuminates the entranceway as the Smokin' Aces, Freddie Styles and Duce Jones emerge. The champs are dressed to compete, and each wear their titles proudly on their shoulders, Styles also sporting the CWF Impact Championship, around his waist. The Aces meander to the ring, slowly, without a care in the world.

Jim Gunt: I would say I feel bad for these two men as they are at a distinct disadvantage, with Styles having to compete twice tonight. But he knew what he signed up for when he won the Impact title.

Mike Rolash: Okay I get that he's a double champion, but that doesn't give that bagged faced control freak, the right to book Freddie in back to back matches!

Jones and Styles both enter the ring, illuminated by the sole spotlight, and stand center stage. In unison, the duo extend their right index fingers to the sky, meeting in the middle, bringing the lights back up.

Jim Gunt: Well we're going to find out if Styles can run the marathon!

Mike Rolash: As talented as he is, I got faith in him.

Ray Douglas stands in the center of the ring, ready to make the formal announcements for the championship contest. Official "Big" Denny Davidson is going over the rules with each competitor.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is schedule for one fall!

"ONE FALL!"

Ray Douglas: And is for the CWF IMPACT CHAMPIONSHIP! Introducing first standing to my right, wrestling out of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania! Weighing one hundred seventy four pounds, accompanied by Leona Gainsborough! ZACH

VAN OWEN!

Zach pumps his fist into the air as the crowd begins to cheer loudly for the Game-Changer! Soon a small chant of "Zach!" starts up as he nods at the fans with approval.

Ray Douglas: His opponent to my left, accompanied by Duce Jones! From Atlanta, Georgia, weighing two hundred twenty three pounds.. He is one half of the CWF Tag Team Champions! And the defending CWF IMPACT CHAMPION! FREDDIE STYLES!

Styles raises both of his titles to a mixed reaction from the fans. Now handing his tag title to Jones, as Davidson retrieves the Impact title. Heading across the ring he shows the belt to van Owen, who pats it for luck. Returning to the center of the ring, Davidson displays the title for the fans, who all cheer!

Jim Gunt: And this contest is set to get underway, and Mike, I think it's rather surprising that Styles has some support behind him.

Mike Rolash: Half of these people have a brain I see. Hopefully that energy can lead to a quick victory, so Styles and Jones can do away with the Danger Boiz next.

Davidson calls for the bell as both men begin to circle the ring. Styles ducks underneath a lock up attempt by Zach, applying a rear waist lock. However, van Owen quickly counters with an arm drag taking Styles off his feet. Hurriedly making it to his feet, Styles comes to a standoff with Zach, both men trying to get a feel for each other as they circle the ring again. Styles though, steps through the ropes to the outside, and begins to converse with his tag partner.

Jim Gunt: Well I guess Styles is going to try and stall this match for the moment, as he chooses to converse with Duce Jones at ringside...

Mike Rolash: Brilliant strategy from Mr. Ballgame, gotta keep that young punk guessing.

Sliding back inside the ring as Davidson reaches six on his count, Styles and van Owen begin to feel each other out once more, both men again circling the ring. Going for the tie up proves costly for the young Zach, as Styles catches him with a knee to the gut. Grabbing him by the arm, Styles whips Zach towards the ropes, a back elbow attempt is dodged as Zach rebounds off the ropes. Stopping in his tracks, van Owen quickly takes a turning Styles to the mat with another arm drag! Styles is back to his feet as Zach is rebounding off the ropes, sliding through the open legs of Styles, back to his feet he takes Freddie over with yet another arm drag! Both men are back to their feet, Zach being the quicker of the two, stings the chest of Styles with a knife edge chop!

Jim Gunt: Van Owen coming out the gate strong, as Styles hasn't found an answer for the speedster!

Mike Rolash: Early match luck, we'll see if he can keep this pace up!

As Styles clutches at his chest, Zach backs him into the ropes whipping him off across the ring. Zach goes for a back body drop, but it's Styles who puts on the breaks, lifting van Owen up and whipping him into the ropes, but it's the Game-Changer, who bounces off the ropes, taking Mr. Ballgame to the mat with a spinning heel kick! Rushing over for the cover, Zach is only able to get a one count as Styles quickly kicks out! Both men are too their feet with haste, Zach still slightly faster, dropping Styles with a shoulder block, attempting another pin, but yet again, only getting a one count! Zach repeats the shoulder block and pin combo to the same result! Both quickly to their feet again, van Owen charges towards Freddie, who sidesteps him and sends him flying over the top rope!

Mike Rolash: That moment when you're too fast for your own good! Hahaha!

Jim Gunt: Don't laugh too soon, because Zach is still hanging on to the ropes!

Skinning the cat, back into the ring, Zach turns around only to be clotheslined right back over the top rope and down to the floor! Taking the time to recuperate, Styles contemplates his next course of action, soon making his way towards

the corner nearest Zach, he begins to ascend to the top turnbuckle! But it's Leona Gainsborough who's in his line of fire as she checks on Zach. Freddie screams for her to move out of the way, but it's a no go as she continues to make sure van Owen is fine.

Mike Rolash: Why is this chick even out here, she's blatantly running interference for that dweeb!

Jim Gunt: Well she is the love interest of Zach at the moment. And from what I've just been told, he wanted her out here for good luck.

Mike Rolash: She needs to get out of the way, so Freddie can put a hurting on ole Link there!

Now jumping down back into the ring, Freddie goes to the ropes, climbing to the outside, getting in the face of Leona! She doesn't back down though as she begins to talk trash to Styles who can only smile at the onslaught of gamer villains, she's comparing Styles to. Ignoring her, he pulls Zach to his feet, rolling him back into the ring, following closely behind. Bringing van Owen up to his feet along with himself, Styles grabs him by the hair, and guides him violently into a corner top turnbuckle! With Zach's back now to the corner, Styles fires off a knife edge chops that send collective "WOOS!" resounding throughout the arena! Zach clutches at his chest as Styles irish whips him across the ring, where he crashes hard in the corner. Styles follows him up, but catches a boot to the jaw for his trouble! But Mr. Ballgame quickly recovers, rocketing off another knife edge chop to the chest of van Owen!

Jim Gunt: I think it's safe to say that Freddie Styles has some of the most brutal chops in the CWF! Do you see how red Zach's chest is turning!

Mike Rolash: Yes I do, and I'm loving the sight I'm seeing.

With another tug of Zach's arm, Styles whips him across again to the opposite corner, but catches another boot to the jaw, that sends him staggering backwards! Zach comes charging out of the corner, but Freddie catches him, looking for a Spinebuster! But the quick thinking of the Game-Changer, works to his advantage as fires a quick elbow into the temple of Styles, forcing him to release his grip! Not letting up, van Owen connects with some rapid fire forearm strikes to the jaw of Styles, a low kick to the left leg, low kick to the right leg, spinning sole kick has Styles doubled over, and without hesitation, Player One rocks the back of Freddie's neck with a switchblade kick! Zach goes for the pin as Davidson is there to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Styles able to kick out!

Jim Gunt: The quickness of van Owen proving too much for Styles to contain!

Mike Rolash: Let me put it to you like this! Zach is that annoying little fly right! And Freddie's the fly swatter, and once he catches Zach, it's game over!

Jim Gunt: So you're stealing puns?

Mike Rolash: Comes with the territory.

An eager van Owen is back to his feet, ready to inflict more damage. He brings Freddie upright, sending him reeling towards the near ropes with another sole kick! Staying on the offensive, van Owen whips Styles across the ring, going for a dropkick as he rebounds. But Freddie holds onto the ropes, causing Zach to connect with nothing but air, but he has the wherewithal to backflip into a Superman landing! Freddie looks on annoyed as van Owen slowly gazes up Styles and winks at him! This infuriates the Impact Champion as he charges at Zach, going for a clothesline, but Zach dodges it with a matrix evasion! Looking befuddled, Freddie goes for him again, but van Owen kips out of the way to

avoid the attack again! Zach and Freddie go at this action for two more rounds, before Zach finally kips to his feet and poses to the crowd, as a frustrated Styles watches on, adjusting his tights.

Mike Rolash: Doesn't this kid know he's in a championship match!? Showing off is gonna get his head knocked off!

Jim Gunt: Lighten up a little, he's just having a bit of fun.

Finally having enough, an irritated Styles charges at van Owen, who backs towards the ropes, nearest to him, pulling them down as Freddie goes flying over the top rope and to the floor! Springing to his feet, Zach urges the fans to theirs, as he's looking to do something spectacular! Running the ropes, van Owen comes rushing in the direction of Styles, springing off the middle rope, flipping over the top and taking Styles to the floor with a TOPE CON GIRO! The fans are to their feet chanting "CWF!" Davidson immediately starting the mandatory ten count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Van Owen is slowly to his feet, bringing Styles up and rolls him back into the ring, breaking the count. Styles rolls into dangerous territory, as Zach climbs onto the apron, and scales up to the top rope! With his back now to Styles, van Owen leaps off with a beautiful Moonsault that connects with its target! Staying on top, Zach goes for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Freddie with the kickout, now Mike, you can't sit here and not give credit where it's due, because this kid is putting on a show!

Mike Rolash: I mean if you like all that flippy floppy kinda crap.

Both men are still down on the canvas, as both Leona and Duce yell encouragement to their respective colleagues. Clutching at his ribs, Freddie maneuvers towards a corner, using it for leverage to get to his feet. But it's van Owen, who's the first to his feet, pouncing on the prone Styles from behind! Van Owen goes for a backdrop, but Freddie backflips out of the move, landing on his feet! Moving in quickly on van Owen, Styles moves in for a backdrop, but Zach, too, counters out, flipping to his feet! Zach tries once more, but Freddie counters again, Freddie goes for the backdrop, but van Owen manages to reverse it now into a victory roll-up! Holding on for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Freddie kicks out, and both men are too their feet, Zach goes for a quick clothesline, but Styles counters with a school boy roll-up!

ONE!

TWO!

Van Owen is able to escape, both men too their feet over again, this time Styles pinning Zach's shoulders to the canvas with a backslide!

ONE!

TWO!

Zach rolls through, quickly flipping over the bent Styles with a sunset flip, now pinning his shoulders to the mat!

ONE!

TWO!

Styles boots van Owen in the face, forcing him to release the pin. Both men quickly roll to their feet, and it's Styles who connects with a Tornado Kick! Zach takes the hit to the jaw, but spins through with a Roundhouse Kick! Both men drop to the canvas, the fans to their feet cheering this hot action! With no other choice, and neither man moving, Davidson begins his ten count!

ONE!

TWO!

Leona Gainsborough begins to pound hard on the apron, trying to get the fans to rally Zach back to his feet!

THREE!

FOUR!

Jim Gunt: Which one of these athletes will be the first to get to their feet!?

Mike Rolash: C'mon Freddie, keep it steady!

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: That's what she said...

Mike Rolash: Ohhhh, look everyone... a comedian.

Zach is the first to his feet, stopping the count as, Styles rolls under the bottom rope to the apron. With a spurt of energy, van Owen makes his way over towards Styles, reaching over the ropes and bringing Mr. Ballgame to his feet. But he catches a right hand to the face, that sends Player One reeling a bit. However, van Owen has the fire to return a strike with a strike, that dazes Freddie. Recovering quickly, Styles shoots another right hand into the grill of Zach, that nearly ko's him, but he uses the ropes to stay upright! Taking advantage, Styles grabs Zach by the hair and rams him headfirst into the near turnbuckle! With van Owen stunned, Freddie begins to climb to the top turnbuckle, however Zach springs to life! Springing to the top rope and connecting with a kick to the side of Freddie's head! Mr. Ballgame comes crashing down unceremoniously inside of the ring!

Jim Gunt: That didn't look good at all, I don't know if Freddie will be able to go two matches, back-to-back after a fall like that one.

Mike Rolash: I'm not counting him out, I know in my heart Freddie can pull it off!

Wasting little time, van Owen is headed to the high risk district, setting a downed Styles up for something big. Zach lands on his feet, Styles dodging the 450 Splash attempt, turning towards the now kneeling Styles. Zach rushes in for the attack, but it's Styles, who hooks him, driving backfirst into his knee and then face first into the canvas with DAT REMIX! Freddie shoots the half as he goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: That was more of a desperation move on the behalf of Styles, as Zach was coming at him with some high octane offense!

Mike Rolash: No. You're just like most of these morons in the stands, love to neglect the capabilities of someone like Styles.

Bringing van Owen to a vertical base, Styles drops him back to the canvas with a hard chop! With the finger guns pointed at Zach, Styles calls for Ballgame, as he brings van Owen up onto his shoulders. But the elusive Game-Changer, falls behind Styles, pushing him towards the ropes then taking him over with an O'Connor roll, holding on for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Both competitors are hurriedly to their feet, but it's Zach who's first to strike with a Jumping Back Kick, stunning Styles! With momentum in his favor, Zach whips Styles towards the ropes - No! Reversal by Styles, he ducks down for a back body drop - no! It's Zach grabbing the head of Styles, flipping him over and spiking him head first into the canvas with the CRITICAL HIT! Zach goes for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Jim Gunt: So close!

Mike Rolash: Yet so far away.

Slowly getting to his feet, van Owen brings Styles upright, nailing a hard forearm to the jaw! Sensing he has an opening, Zach rushes the ropes, springing off the middle one, but Freddie catches him in mid air, with a deadlift rear waist lock! With sheer strength, Styles leans back and spikes van Owen into the canvas with a German Suplex! Voting against holding on for the pin, Freddie drags him towards the nearby corner. Now sluggishly, climbing to the top, Freddie stands fully upright, before flipping off with the KING OF THE FALL, **STYLES STAYS ON TOP FOR THE COVER!**

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

ZACH ABLE TO KICK OUT!

Jim Gunt: Look at Zach! I think he's leveling up!

Mike Rolash: Leveling up? Is that one of those corny, video game references?

With a dominating kickout, Zach kips up to his feet! Now getting to his feet, a perplexed Styles rushes at him, going for a clothesline, but van Owen dodges with another matrix evasion! Spinning towards Zach, Styles is caught by a handspringing van Owen, who hooks his legs around Freddie's neck and takes him over with a head scissors! Both men roll through to their feet and van Owen sends Styles flying to the canvas with a double palm thrust to the chest!

Jim Gunt: **EHRGEIZ BY ZACH! VAN OWEN SUMMONING HIS INNER SUPER SAYIAN!**

Mike Rolash: Did you really just say that?

Back to his feet, van Owen feeds off the energy of the crowd, slowly making it to an upright position. He slides into position in the corner, as he waits for Styles to get to his hands and knees! With reckless abandon, Zach goes twisting through the air with a 720 rotation, blasting Styles with a **KEYBLADE KICK! ZACH HURRIEDLY HEADS TO THE TOP**

AS FREDDIE ROLLS RIGHT INTO HIS LINE OF SIGHT! ZACH COMES TWISTING DOWN OFF THE TOP ROPE WITH THE ULTIMA WEAPON! THE IMPACT BOUNCING HIM OFF STYLES! BUT HE SCURRIES BACK ON TOP FOR THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The crowd explodes in admiration, as Zach rolls off Styles exhausted. Leona Gainsborough slides inside of the ring to congratulate van Owen, Jones gently pulling Styles out of the ring. "Big" Denny Davidson is handing him his newly won championship!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner and NEEEEEEWWW CWF IMPACT CHAMPION! ZACH VAN OWEN!

Zach is to his feet and racing towards one of the corners displaying his newly won Impact title proudly to the fans! Gainsborough cheers Zach on until he's finally done celebrating, the both of them making their way towards the back to celebrate!

Jim Gunt: The young Zachary van Owen, finally able to establish his own name, becoming our NEW Impact Champion!

Mike Rolash: This is a travesty, Styles was robbed, and now him and Duce have to defend the tag titles!

Jim Gunt: But Zach won fair and square.

Mike Rolash: But how could Freddie prepare for an opponent he didn't know about?

Jim Gunt: All's fair in professional wrestling Mike.

Mike Rolash: So they say...

Jim Gunt: As we move along, ladies and gentlemen.. You all know that Freddie Styles is set to compete in back-to-back matches, but before we go to the next contest, let's send it backstage to Marcus Maximus, who's standing by trying to get an update on the "Psychotic Aristocrat" Silas Artoria!

An Announcement Regarding Silas Artoria

Match

Stage set, background has well lit panels with the various CWF sponsors and the Hellbound logo in a carefully chosen pattern, and Marcus Maximus stands in the middle, facing the camera, with a welcoming smile.

Marcus Maximus: Ladies and gentlemen, joining me now is the CWF medical director, Dr Harmon Leggett, and Silas Artoria.

The camera pans to the left to first see Dr Leggett, then a noticeably larger Silas Artoria right next to him. Leggett seems professional, while Silas seems a little excited despite noticeably irritated by the addition of a neck brace. His head looks a little stiff as a result, but the rest of his body is more relaxed and fluid.

Marcus Maximus: Gentlemen, thank you for joining me today—

Silas Artoria: Where's Tara?

Silas looks at Marcus, a little shocked at her absence, to the confusion of Dr Leggett.

Marcus Maximum: Excuse me?

Silas Artoria: You're not Tara!

Silas seems distressed, and looks around in a flash of nervousness.

Silas Artoria: Where's Tara? I wanted to have a chat with her! Get a bit of catch up, talk about our days, how our cats are doing—

Marcus Maximus: She doesn't own a cat.

Silas gives up.

Silas Artoria: Ahh, screw it! You'll do Matthew.

Marcus Maximus: It's Marcus.

Silas Artoria: Whatever!

Marcus starts to look concerned while Dr Leggett just observes in bafflement.

Marcus Maximus: So...Dr Leggett, I believe you have an announcement regarding tonight's Hell in a Cell match between Silas and The Shadow?

Dr Harmon Leggett: Yes. As I am sure you are all aware, Silas Artoria was struck down by with what we believe was exhaustion, and due the suddenness of it, he injured his head and neck in the process. Currently we are awaiting CT scan results, so it is with heavy heart that Silas Artoria is not cleared for his scheduled match with The Shadow, and as such--

The loud disapproval of the crowd is heard clearly, despite the interview taking place deep within the concrete structure. The good doctor stops, possibly surprised over how loud the audience were. Still, he composes himself.

Dr Harmon Leggett: And as such, the Hell in a Cell match between The Shadow and Silas Artoria is postponed until further notice.

Dr Leggett leaves, while Silas curls his lips is pure disappointment.

Marcus Maximus: Thank you Dr Leggett. Silas, you seem disappointed.

Deep breath.

Silas Artoria: That's an understatement, Matthew--

Marcus Maximus: Marcus--

Silas Artoria: --as I was hoping the squabble between the two of us would come to an end tonight, but as you can see by my attire, plans change, and can't be helped.

He puts his hands in his pockets, almost as if in discomfort.

Marcus Maximus: Do you think you'll be cleared to compete next week?

Silas Artoria: I hope so, but it all lies in the CT scan results that haven't arrived yet. Head and neck injuries are no joke, got to be diligent!

Marcus Maximus: Nice to see you are optimistic. Is there anything else you would like to add? Anything you would like to say to everyone here tonight or watching at home?

Silas looks up in thought, as if he was searching for something. An audible hum escapes him, as he tilts his feet from the heel to the base repeatedly. He ultimately sighs, and pulls out a CD from his coat, handing it to Marcus.

Silas Artoria: I have plenty...but I'd rather address them directly rather than through the medium of a cutaway interview.

He crouches down to Marcus' level, smiling like a parent encountering their child.

Silas Artoria: Here's what you are going to do. You're going to go backstage, and you are going to give production that CD, and you're going to tell them to play it when I come on. Don't worry, nothing insidious. Just some....changes.

He stands back up.

Silas Artoria: Now, if you don't mind me, I'm going to have a sandwich.

He runs off screen gleefully.

Silas Artoria: I'LL BE BACK IN A FEW! THERE'S CHEESE SANDWICHES THAT HAVE MY NAME ON IT! WOO!

Marcus is dumbstruck, unsure what to make of it. He stares at the outgoing Silas and then takes a quick glimpse at the CD. He looks at Silas, whom is now long gone, and simply shrugs.

Marcus Maximus: What could go wrong?

He leaves the frame, and the video feed fades out.

The Smokin' Aces (Duce Jones and Freddie Styles) (c) vs. The Danger Boiz (Dangerous Dan & Crazy Chris)

Match

Jim Gunt: Well I guess Silas will not be cleared to compete against The Shadow in a Hell in a Cell match, here tonight.

Mike Rolash: Is Leggett serious? I was looking forward to Silas tearing The Shadow apart.

Jim Gunt: I think the bigger question though, is what does Artoria have on that CD he handed Marcus?

Mike Rolash: We'll just have to wait till later on to find out. But the true travesty is Styles losing the Impact Championship to that twerp, van Owen! And now having to defend the tag titles with Duce!

Jim Gunt: All's fair in professional wrestling, Mike...

Mike Rolash: If you say that one more time, I'm gonna fu...

Rolash is cut off, the lights going out as a strobe of red and blue begin flashing across the arena:

"I was born in a thunderstorm
I grew up overnight
I played alone
I played on my own
but I survived"

Dangerous Dan and Crazy Chris, the Hall of Fame Danger Boiz emerge onto the stage area staring out into the crowd.

"I wanted everything I never had
Like the love that comes with life
I wore envy and I hated it
But I survived"

Jim Gunt: Here comes the Hall of Famer, Danger Boiz, looking to capitalize on an already worn down tag champs.

Mike Rolash: I just know Freddie has one more fight in em', he was raised in the slums of Birmingham!

Dan begins making his way towards the ring, embracing the fans, but keeping his emotion in check. Chris cannot do the same, nearly leaping out of his feet as he heads down the ramp.

"I had a one way ticket to a place where all the demons go

Where the wind don't change
And nothing in the ground can ever grow
No hope, just lies
And you're taught to cry in your pillow
But I survived"

Dan now climbs the steps and heads up to the turnbuckle. He points to the crowd, and lip syncs "I'm still breathing..." from his theme song lyrics. Dan slowly climbs down the turnbuckle, clapping hands with his brother Chris, both of the siblings standing in their designated corner. Across from them, Duce stands there confidently, Freddie next to him, a bit recovered from the last match. Ray Douglas stands center stage, as new official Scott Dean is beside him.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall!

"ONE FALL!"

Ray Douglas: Standing to my left, at a combined weight of four hundred fifty three pounds! They are the challengers, from Smithville, Tennessee! Crazy Chris and Dangerous Dan! DANGER BOIZ!

The Detroit fans cheer with admiration for the former two time tag champs as they pose on the turnbuckles for the fans. They return to their corner, Douglas ready to continue.

Ray Douglas: Their opponents, at an combined weight of four hundred twenty eight pounds! Representing the Glass Ceiling! They are YOUR CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! Freddie Styles and Duce Jones! SMOKIN' ACES!

The champs raise their titles to the crowd who boo the duo collectively, some fans chanting the name of Styles, for the heart he's displaying tonight. Dean retrieves the titles from the champs, taking them over to the Danger Boiz for them to have a quick view. Dean then displays them for the crowd, before handing them to Douglas as he exits the ring. Calling for two competitors to start, Dan steps up for his team. Meanwhile, Styles and Jones have a minor argument, before Duce gives in and steps to the apron!

Jim Gunt: It seems as if Freddie has something to prove, being the man to start things off for the Aces. Scott Dean calling for the bell.

Mike Rolash: Mr. Ballgame refuses to get two strikes here tonight!

Freddie Styles and Dangerous Dan both circle the ring, looking for a lock up. Out the corner of his eye, Dan spots Duce trying to enter the ring, distracting him, giving Styles the opportunity to rush over and knock Crazy Chris off the apron with a forearm. With Duce faking the attack, Freddie also takes advantage of Dan, quickly charging at him and taking the Dangerous One down with a hard right hand! Bringing Dan up off the canvas, Styles sends him crashing in the Aces' corner, stinging his chest with a knife edge chop as Duce makes the tag! Both members of Smokin' Aces begin to pummel Dan in their corner with clubbing blows, which forces Chris to come to his brother's aid!

Jim Gunt: The action starting off fast, as the Aces looking to turn things around, with a victory in this contest!

Mike Rolash: I guarantee you that Styles is gonna make up for that earlier defeat.

Styles meets Chris in the center of the ring, both men swinging right bombs at each other! In the corner, Jones has Dan trapped, connecting with a punch, then chop, punch, chop - Jones soon moves out of the way, his partner, Freddie Styles coming over, sending Crazy Chris' shoulder first into his brother's midsection! Pulling both men out of the corner, the Aces go for a double irish, but it's reversed by the Danger Boiz as the tag champs rebound off the ropes, holding onto them! The Danger Boiz urge the Smokin' Aces to bring the fight, coming to a head in a brawl in the middle of the ring! Official Scott Dean has lost control, the four men going at it like rabid pitbulls!

Jim Gunt: Neither team backing down from the other!

The Danger Boiz soon win the slugfest, knocking the Aces back towards the ropes, as the champs bounce off. Stumbling forward, both men are sent tumbling through the ropes, thanks to STEREO SUPERKICKS! Both Styles and Jones land on their feet, stumbling around at ringside, the Danger Boiz hot on their tails. Dan goes after Jones, as Chris sends Styles reeling with punches! Sliding Jones back inside of the ring, Dangerous Dan follows suit, bringing Duce to his feet and placing him in a corner! Lining him up, Dan rockets off a huge knife edge chop that sends Jones to the mat, clutching his chest!

Grabbing Jones by his hair, Dan drags him towards his team's corner, where his younger brother is just returning to the apron. With a tag, Dan grabs Jones by his legs, tripping him down to the canvas, holding on to his legs. His younger brother makes his way inside of the ring, climbing to the second rope. With a quick play to the fans, Chris leaps off connecting with a diving double axe handle, while Dan simultaneously lands a double leg drop between the legs of Jones! Dangerous Dan rolls out of the ring as Chris goes for the cover, only receiving a count of one!

Jim Gunt: Nice tandem offense from the sibling team! Mike, with Duce having to pull majority of the load, you'd have to think those titles are in danger.

Mike Rolash: Nice pun doofus, but the Aces are a resilient team, capable of doing the unthinkable. Like I always tell you, don't count them out.

Up to his feet, Crazy Chris plots his next attack, but it's Styles with the diversion, stepping through the ropes, gaining Chris' attention. This is all the time Jones need to recover as he rushes Chris from behind, taking him down with a chop block to the left leg! Crazy Chris now tries to make it to his feet, clutching his leg as Jones makes the tag to Styles! Charging in, Styles receives a headbutt to the gut, making him gasp for air, from a kneeling Chris. Fully upright now, Chris backs up as Styles races towards him again, finally taking Mr. Ballgame face first to the mat, with a drop toe hold! Quickly making the tag to his older brother, as Dan enters the ring, Chris lifts Styles up onto his shoulders with a fireman's carry. Without haste, he slams Freddie back first into the canvas, following it up with a Senton! Meanwhile Dan is rebounding off the ropes, diving on top of Styles with a body splash! Staying on top for the cover as Dean slides in, Dan only receives a one count as Freddie hurriedly kicks out!

Jim Gunt: Styles with the shoulder up as he kicks out at one!

Mike Rolash: Freddie may look a little worse for wear, but he still got some fight in 'em.

Dan connects with a right hand, after he brings Styles up to his feet, backing him into the ropes - shooting him off across the ring, the Dangerous One ducks down for a back body drop as Styles rebounds. However, Freddie has the wherewithal to swing behind Dan, hooking him and drilling him into the mat with a Tiger Suplex! Too exhausted to go for the pin, Freddie drags Dan by his hair towards the Aces corner where he tags in Duce. With their adversary pinned in, they go back and forth with the punishment. Duce nailing a hard punch, then Styles with a chop! Punch! Chop! Punch! Chop! Styles goes to the apron, as Jones pulls Dan out of the corner, rocking him with a brutal forearm shot, Jones drops Dan with a Roundhouse Kick to the head! Duce drags Dan back to his teams' corner, making the tag to Freddie, bringing him back in.

Jim Gunt: What a cohesive tandem, Jones and Styles have become - keeping Dangerous Dan isolated in their corner!

Mike Rolash: I always said these guys were going to be magic, when they joined together.

Jim Gunt: Why can I not believe that?

Mike Rolash: Maybe because you're delusional like these fans.

Entering the ring, Styles stomps down on Dan, looking to buy himself some time to rest up a bit more. Now bringing Dan up, he sends him back into the Aces corner, nailing another chop, before tagging back out to Jones. Staying on the attack, Jones steps in the ring, snapmaring Dangerous Dan out of the corner, now running across the ring. Jones

slides in front of the Danger Boiz' corner, before charging back and blasting Dan with a knee smash! Hooking the leg, Jones goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Quickly to his feet, Jones begins to mockingly kick away at Dan as he tries to get to his feet. Going to help Dan upright, the Dangerous One shoves Jones off and rocks him with a huge right hand. Stumbling backwards, Jones goes to grab Dan by his shirt as he tries to tag Chris. Pulling him back towards himself, Duce is sent staggering again with a back elbow to the face! Trying his luck for the tag proves futile as Jones is right there grabbing him again. Spinning around with a quicker pace this time, Dan catches Jones in the gut with a knee lift, doubling him over! Grabbing his head, Dangerous Dan spikes Jones face first into the mat with a Twist of Fate! With the opening he just created, Dan rolls and makes the tag to Chris as the Detroit fans explode!

Chris jumps over the ropes, entering the ring and here comes Freddie, but Chris takes him over with a Hurricanrana! Styles goes sliding out of the ring as Crazy Chris backs up to a neutral corner. Jones is seen charging in, but catches a boot to the face for his trouble! Turning his back to Jones, Chris springs off the middle ropes, twisting towards his opponent and blasts him across the bridge of the nose with a Springboard Kick! Stumbling to his feet, Jones retreats towards the ropes where Chris charges at him - but it's the Kid that Never Dies, who returns the favor of a boot to the face! Styles reaches over, tagging the back of Jones as Chris staggers back, holding his face! Looking to press the advantage, Duce charges at Chris, but it's Chris who leaps up and catches Duce with a Rough Ryder, or as he calls it, Fallen Time! Hurriedly to his feet, he spears a charging Freddie Styles off his!

Jim Gunt: Crazy Chris is a man on fire, as he's taken out both of the Aces! This might be the opportunity he needs to shift momentum in his team's favor!

Mike Rolash: The Aces were at a disadvantage from jump, when that psychopath made Freddie compete in back to back matches.

Fired up, Chris rises up off the canvas, in its center, Jones and Styles rising up in opposite corners, parallel to each other. Crazy Chris first crushes Styles with a clothesline in the corner, now charging full speed across the ring, doing the same to Jones! He rushes back at Freddie, but Styles ducks underneath and flips backwards with a Pele Kick! Sluggishly making it to his feet, Styles stomps down on Chris, with a tug of his leg, Styles brings Chris back to his teams corner, tagging in a just now arriving Jones. With Styles still having a grip on Chris' leg, Jones plants a knee to his chest, before rolling him over and unleashing Rapid Fire Knee Strikes to his abdomen!

Now with control, Duce is to his feet and running the ropes, connecting with a Flip Senton, just as Chris rolls to his back! Feeling he has control of the pace, the Kid that Never Dies, brings Chris vertical, bringing him to his team's corner. Freddie makes the tag, stepping in and brutalizing Chris' chest with another knife edge chop! Tagging Jones back in, Freddie hooks Chris with a rear waistlock. Stepping through the ropes, Jones connects with a hard roundhouse kick to the chest of Chris, followed by Freddie spiking him into the mat with a German Suplex! Jones rushes over for the cover as Dean makes the count!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Crazy Chris is able to roll his shoulder!

Jim Gunt: The Aces are in firm control, especially with those quick tags. Also counting the fact that Styles just competed in a grueling match, right before this one!

Mike Rolash: That's all a part of that bagged faced maniac's agenda. He wants the Glass Ceiling knocked completely off their pedestal.

Back to his feet, Jones drives his knee into the spine of The Crazy One, using his beard as leverage as he yanks back in his head with a chin lock. Still fairly close to his corner, Jones reaches his hand out to make the tag to Styles! Once he's inside, Freddie runs the ropes and caves the exposed chest of Chris in with a boot, while Jones still has a hold of him. Coughing harshly from the brutal boot, Chris tries to crawl towards his brother, but Styles kicks him in the head, sending Chris back down to the mat! Moving in quickly, Freddie grabs the left leg of Chris, hooking it behind his head, and wrenches down violently! Watching his brother cry out in pain, Dan begins to pound the top turnbuckle, bringing the Detroit fans to life!

Jim Gunt: Styles looking to ground the high flying Crazy Chris, going back to the previously targeted limb.

Mike Rolash: That's why he's called the greatest technician in the business!

Jim Gunt: I think only Duce calls him that.

Mike Rolash: And yet it still holds weight.

With the fans' full support, Chris begins to power his free leg up to kick Freddie in the face, one more shot, forces Mr. Ballgame to release his grip, stumbling into his team's corner as Duce quickly makes the tag! Continuing to crawl towards his brother, Chris is caught by Jones, who lifts him off the canvas, hooks his left leg and drives him shin first into his knee, before spiking him into the canvas with a Sambo Suplex! Back to his feet, Jones goes back to work on the leg of the Crazy One. Holding the leg vertical, Jones rips off a hard shoot kick to the thigh, causing Chris to scream out! Dragging him by the leg to the Aces corner, Duce makes the tag to Freddie. Stepping through the ropes, Freddie drapes Chris' left leg across the bottom rope, before springing off it and driving all his weight into the leg! Tag!

Jim Gunt: Lightning quick tags, from the defending CWF Tag Team Champions!

Duce enters the ring, doing the exact same damage to the leg of Chris, that Freddie just inflicted! Tag!

Mike Rolash: These two wanna prove how dominant they are when it comes to the tag division!

Now back in the ring, Freddie goes to repeat the onslaught on the injured limb. Springing off the bottom rope, Styles is sent tumbling over the top rope, courtesy of Chris, who uses his good leg to push him over! The fans are to their feet cheering Chris on as he crawls towards the outstretched hand of Dangerous Dan! But before Chris can make it anywhere, Styles is right there, grabbing at his leg, from outside the ring! Pulling Chris closer to him, the Crazy One uses his will to shove Styles backfirst into the barricade with his legs! Back in route crawling towards his brother, Chris nears the set of ropes closest to his brother. Trying to stop the tag, Jones comes charging through the ropes, making a beeline for Chris! Sensing the oncoming danger, Chris ducks down, holding the top rope as Jones goes sailing over and down to the floor!

Jim Gunt: CHRIS USING JONES' OWN MOMENTUM TO LAUNCH JONES OVER THE ROPES!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, but Styles is back in the ring!

Sure enough, Freddie is back and has a hold of Chris' leg as he's now up to one foot, reaching out to his older brother! Hopping around, Chris is finally able to leap out, but is unable to tag the hand of Dan, as Jones pulls him off the apron! A punch by Jones is blocked as Dan sends him down to the floor with a big right hand! Climbing back up to the apron, grabbing the tag rope, Dan reaches out again for the tag, as Chris is shoving Styles off him with his legs! Styles crashes to the canvas hard, exhausted as Chris rolls over and leaps out towards Dan. Tag! The crowd explodes in

cheers as Dangerous Dan jumps into the ring, taking Styles down with a Running Forearm! Staying on the offensive, Dan brings Freddie up and whips him towards a corner, but Styles reverses as it's Dan, who is headed in that direction! But he's on his toes, as he makes his way up the turnbuckle and twists in the air taking Styles out with the Whisper in the Wind! With haste, Dan is to his feet, and charging the ropes and taking a rising Jones out with a Suicide Dive!

Jim Gunt: Dangerous Dan is on a different level here tonight, he wants to leave Detroit, three time tag team champion!

Mike Rolash: It's just dumb luck, that's all.

Rolling Jones into the ring, Dan follows suit, hurriedly getting to his feet and pummeling a rising Styles with a running clothesline in the corner, he turns towards Jones, who's up in the opposite corner, giving him the same fate of his partner! Like a madman, Dan is charging back at Freddie, nailing him once more! A yelling Jones catches the attention of the Dangerous One, as he ducks out of the way, forcing Jones to blast Styles with a Yakuza Kick! Yanking Duce by his hair, out of the ropes, Dan jumps onto his shoulders and spikes him head first into the mat with a Reverse Frankensteiner! Back to his feet like a ball of fire, Dan doubles a groggy Freddie Styles over with a boot to the gut. Now having Freddie in position he drives him head first into the canvas with a Danger Zone! Shooting the half Dan goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Freddie with the shoulder up! And I think we are just as surprised as Dan, that he was able to escape that one!

Mike Rolash: Not me, I got faith, that my boys are gonna power through, like they always do.

Cussing to himself, Dan is to his feet as a worn out Styles crawls to the ropes, using them to get to his feet! But Dan is right there on him, helping him to vertical base. However, it's Mr. Ballgame who sends Dan staggering back with a back elbow shot. With an opening, Styles does a full rotation before connecting with Dan's face with a Tornado Kick! Both men are down as Freddie groggily, but quickly makes the tag to Jones! Like lightning, Jones is in the ring and blasting a kneeling Dan across the temple with a D-Trigga Knee Strike! Not letting up, Jones grabs Dan, bringing him to his feet and hooking him for a suplex! Lifting the Dangerous One up, he drives him head first into his knee, with a Knee Brainbuster! Dan crumples in a heap onto the mat as Duce hooks the leg for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NOOO!

Jones looks at official Scott Dean, questioning him about the count. But Dean assures him it was two! Getting back to his feet, Duce brings Dan up, rocking him with a forearm, that sends him into enemy territory! Rushing in, Jones connects with a forearm as Styles makes the tag. Now backing Jones up, Freddie is reversed by Jones into Dangerous Dan! Styles Splash by Freddie, followed by a Corner Crossbody by Duce. Duce goes through the ropes as Dangerous Dan stumbles out of the corner. Duce springs in for Duce's Wild as Freddie connects with a Superkick! The crowd let's out a collective "OH!" as Styles goes for the pin, Dean coming over to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Dangerous Dan with the shoulder up, after the nice tag combo from Smokin' Aces!

Mike Rolash: Well it's just about over, because they are about to knock Dan out of the ballpark!

Jim Gunt: Not if Chris has anything to say about it!

The Aces are looking to finish off the Dangerous One as Freddie slowly brings him to his feet as Duce gets in position. He runs towards the ropes, BUT CRAZY CHRIS COMES OUT OF NOWHERE WITH A JUMPING DDT SPIKING DUCE HEAD FIRST INTO THE CANVAS! QUICKLY TO HIS FEET, CHRIS IS GRABBED IN A WAIST LOCK BY FREDDIE, WHO SENDS HIM FLYING WITH AN OVERHEAD BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX! DAN CHARGES IN AT FREDDIE, BUT FREDDIE CATCHES HIM WITH A FOREARM THAT SENDS HIM REELING INTO THE ROPES, HOWEVER HE REBOUNDS WITH A LARIAT TO DUCE JONES AS STYLES DUCKS!

Mike Rolash: Make sure you got all your shiny teeth still Duce!

Jim can only shake his head, as back inside the ring Freddie pounces on the downed Dan quickly, flipping him over and twisting Dan's legs around his own for a Sharpshooter! Dan screams out in agony as Styles tries to sit deeper on the hold. Yelling for Dan to tap, Styles pulls back further on his leg, but the exhaustion of two matches, causing him to loosen his grip a bit. Trying his best to escape the submission, Dan uses what energy he hasn't exerted, to try and crawl towards the ropes! Finding what energy he has preserved, Styles jolts back to life, pulling hard on Dan's leg!

Jim Gunt: Styles has the Sharpshooter cinched in deep! Will Dangerous Dan be able to hold out?

Mike Rolash: Hopefully, not too much longer!

Dangerous Dan screams out in agony, Styles continues to hold onto the lock! Soon, Crazy Chris comes rushing back inside of the ring, to the aid of his brother. Looking to break the submission, Crazy Chris is caught by a returning Jones, who leaps on him, stopping his progress, locking on a Guillotine Choke!

Mike Rolash: It could be over here!

Still on his feet, Chris is locked in the chokehold, but using his right advantage to keep Jones in the air. With a feat of strength, Chris charges with Duce on him towards Freddie. With a last ditch act of desperation, Chris sends Duce crashing into Styles, forcing him to break his hold on Dangerous Dan! All four men are down, the Detroit fans going crazy inside of the Little Caesars Arena!

Both Jones and Chris roll out of the ring, Styles and Dan still on the canvas, Dan begins to crawl towards his team's corner where Chris is now back in the corner, with his arm outstretched! Leaping out, Dan tags his younger brother's hand! Coming in like a house of fire, Chris nails Styles with a clothesline that sends him flipping over the ropes and to the apron! As Styles rises on the apron, Duce makes his reentry into the ring, hitting the ropes, and running at Chris! However, the Crazy One sidesteps Jones, sending him inadvertently into a rising Styles, with a shoulder to the midsection, the tag champs crashing to the floor outside!

Mike Rolash: Hold on, he's not done!

Jim Gunt: CHRIS REBOUNDS OFF THE ROPES! HEADING IN THE DIRECTION OF THE TAG CHAMPS, HE LAUNCHES HIMSELF OFF THE TOP ROPE! SPRINGBOARD SHOOTING STAR PRESS, TAKING OUT THE ACES!!!

The fans are going ballistic, chanting "This is Awesome!" as Chris is back to his feet on the outside and rolling Styles into the ring! Following suit, Chris looks to take advantage signaling that it's over, he moves in on a slowly rising Styles. Not giving him a moment to recuperate, Chris grabs both of Styles arms, pulling them through his own legs, now having Freddie hooked! CRAZY CHRIS FLIPS STYLES OVER, DRIVING HIM NECK FIRST INTO THE MAT WITH

HE'S CRAZY! CHRIS HOLDS ON FOR THE PIN!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Freddie Styles with the kickout! The look of shock planted on the face of Crazy Chris!

Annoyed, Chris makes his way over towards Dan, tagging him back into the match. After a brief discussion, Chris scales to the top rope, Dan beginning to hook Styles for the Danger Zone! Looking set to his their tag finisher, Chris is caught off guard by a returning Jones, who pushes him off the top, and sends him crashing to the floor below! Seeing what just transpired, Dan releases his grip of Styles, heading towards Jones! But it's Jones who's the quickest to the punch, as he steps through the ropes, using his foot to spring off the bottom rope, he catches Dan square across the jaw with a Bicycle Knee Strike! The force of the blow sends Dan stumbling back into the awaiting arms of Styles, who lifts him onto his shoulders. With Dan set in place. JONES REBOUNDS OFF THE ROPES, BLASTING DAN WITH THE KRAYZED KNEE AS STYLES TRANSITIONS INTO BALLGAME!

Mike Rolash: IT'S ACADEMIC FROM HERE!

Dan slumps to the canvas, knocked completely out, an exhausted Styles falling on top for the cover, Duce looks to fend off any oncoming attack from Chris, but he's still down on the outside!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Dean calls for the bell, Styles rolling off of Dan, almost dead to rights. Jones retrieves the titles from Douglas, bringing them over to celebrate with his partner!

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners, and STILL CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! SMOKIN' ACES!

Jim Gunt: Both teams on the edge of victory, this entire contest but it was the Aces retaining here tonight!

Mike Rolash: There was never any doubt in my mind of the outcome! These two are champs for a reason!

V.E.N.O.M

Match

With the CWF Tag Team Championships in his possession, Jones helps his worn out partner, Freddie Styles out of the ring. Duce hands Freddie his tag title, both men slowly making their way up the aisle, a mixed reaction from the Detroit fans is sent their way, but it's more so respect aimed at Styles.

Jim Gunt: Listen to these people Mike, they can't help but admire the show that Freddie Styles put on here tonight!

Mike Rolash: Despite our power hungry commish, the Glass Ceiling were able to go one for one here tonight! And even though Freddie lost the Impact Championship, he has nothing to be ashamed of.

Mixed emotions succumb the face of Freddie Styles, not knowing whether to be proud or disappointed. Duce gives him words of encouragement as "Broken Dreams" plays throughout the Little Caesars Arena! As both men, near the stage area, the arena is shrouded in complete darkness!

Mike Rolash: Can we go one show without this happening?

With the fans stirring, the only thing that can be seen are the flashes, from camera wielding fans. Unexpectedly, a

Hispanic feminine voice can be heard.

“Durante mucho tiempo hemos sido revisados...”

Mike Rolash: Umm.. my Spanish is a bit rusty... Jimbo can you translate?

Before Jim can answer, the lights flash on simultaneously with the sound of a pulsating heartbeat. The Aces stand there, their path blocked to the back by two men! The man on the left, has shoulder length black straggly hair, his face covered in dark brown and green face paint, eyes fashioned in that of a reptile. His cohort, is more indistinguishable, as his face is covered in a snake like mask! The lights soon go back out!

Jim Gunt: I don't know what's going on, or who those two men were, but I feel more comfortable sending it to Gabriel and Juan for translating.

“Durante mucho tiempo hemos sido abatidos!”

Gabriel Mendoza: ¡Gracias Jim! She says, for too long they have been looked over, and for too long they have been put down!

The lights shoot back on again, the two men now closer to the Aces, both men still standing stoically. The face painted man, wears black tights, a trenchcoat covering his upper body. The snake masked man, body is covered by a sleeveless coverall set, its colors blending with the mask perfectly. And like clockwork, the lights go out again!

“No más.”

Gabriel Mendoza: No more.

The lights illuminate the Little Caesars Arena yet again, the duo now face to face with the tag champs! Only this time a neon red haired, Hispanic woman stands between them with a microphone in hand, she brings the mic to her lips seductively as she stares at both Freddie and Duce!

????: V.E.N.O.M ha llegado..

Gabriel Mendoza: V.E.N.O.M is here!

The champs get prepared for a fight, but the woman blows a kiss at them, as they are surrounded by darkness again! The power springs quickly back to life, the trio now, nowhere in sight! Smokin' Aces stands there confused, as the familiar feminine voice rings through the arena one last time!

“¡LA INFECCIÓN HA COMENZADO!”

Gabriel Mendoza: The infection has begun!

Mike Rolash: I hope it's not contagious!

Jim Gunt: You and me both Mike, you and me both...

Duce begins to talk shit, looking all around him as he and Freddie finally make their way up to the stage area and through the curtains.

Ataxia vs. "The Ripper" Danny B

Match

Jim Gunt: The Aces are still champions, so even though Freddie lost his Impact title to Zach, not all is lost.

Mike Rolash: This one is the more important one anyways.

Jim Gunt: I bet some people will disagree.

Mike Rolash: Probably, if we would care about some people, right?

Jim just shakes his head.

Jim Gunt: But there is more, as we have seen, a new faction has entered CWF, calling itself V.E.N.O.M. and other than what you've seen tonight, ladies and gentlemen, is exactly what we know as well.

Mike Rolash: Yes, obviously Spanish, but I am not sure what they are talking about that the "infection has begun". Not liking this. Not at all!

Jim Gunt: Well, it will definitely be interesting to see how this is going to play out, they definitely have their mysterious aura down pat already! But next up we have a match that has been months in the making, right Blake?

The picture cuts to Blake Church standing next to the plot of dirt next to the stage, complete with an unmarked gravestone.

Blake Church: Yes, it does not look as if Danny B and Ataxia will ever become friends and tonight will probably not change anything with one of them ending up right over here, six feet under.

Jim Gunt: You haven't been around when this whole thing had started with the Harley vs. Danny match, but any match with Ataxia usually is a guarantor for something spectacular and now you add this stipulation and we should be in for a real treat!

He looks over at his colleague, who is unrolling a banner and affixes it to the front of the announce desk.

Jim Gunt: What are you doing??

Mike Rolash: Declaring my support!

The cameraman moves around the table to show an obviously hand painted banner saying "BURY HIM! I'LL HELP DIG!" and Mike with a proud look on his face.

Mike Rolash: Like it?

Jim Gunt: I really am not sure what to say anymore.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is the "Buried Alive Grudge Match". It is scheduled for one fall and the match will only end when one of the competitors is buried alive!

Ray gestures to the gravestone and dirt mound near the entranceway.

Jim Gunt: That's ominous.

Mike Rolash: What's gonna be more ominous is when Ataxia is taking a dirt nap!

Ray Douglas: Introducing first...He is "The Ripper"! He is "The Golden Warrior"! He is a hall of famer and former CWF World Heavyweight Champion...for possibly the last time...DANNY B!!

"The Arena" by Lindsey Sterling starts to play as Danny B walks out of the entranceway. He stands for a moment seemingly calm instead of his usual enraged self as he walks down to ringside. He takes a moment and closes his eyes. Flashbulbs go off as Danny takes a moment to bask. The ten year veteran knows this is the last moment of peace before war. His eyes open and he gestures to the ring entrance. Begging his opponent to come on.

Jim Gunt: "The Ripper" is ready to finish this grudge with Ataxia at any cost

Mike Rolash: This all goes back to the triple threat match between Danny B, Ataxia, and Jace Valentine all those years ago and it hopefully ends tonight with that finally finishing off that bag headed oppressor!

Jim Gunt: That's an impressive use of verbage Mike.

Mike Rolash: What can I say...I fucking hate the commish.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent...He is "The Messiah Pariah"! "The Master Of The Hungarian Reach Around!" "Mike Rolash's Wet Dream!"...

Mike Rolash: OH COME ON!!!

For one brief moment we even see Danny B smirk at that joke.

Ray Douglas: He is the current CWF Commishioner. Love him! Hate him! He's your frand and mine...ATAXIA!!!

"Dangerous Tonight" by Alice Cooper starts to play, but instead it statics out and we hear the familiar tones of "Die Die My Darling" by Metallica! Out of the back come hooded figures wheeling down a casket. The Black Casket of Ataxia. They wheel it down and leave it as Danny looks at it. The lights flicker and the music stops. Ray gets out of the ring as Clark Summits gets into the ring and calls for the bell.

Jim Gunt: I guess we are starting off with the boss in a box...

Mike Rolash: I'm more scared of what's in it that anything else.

Clark walks over and opens the coffin...nothing is inside of it! Out of the crowd jumping over fans comes Ataxia who slides into the ring. Danny B turns and both men rush towards each other. At the same time they both slam each other with right fists. They both float back and start trading punches back and forth! Back and forth! Ataxia ducks a punch and grabs Danny's arm. He attempts a hip toss. Blocked. Thumb to the eye from Danny B and Ataxia stumbles back. Danny rushes to the ropes and hits a flying knee to Ataxia's face sending Ataxia actually over the top rope and onto the commentary table!

Jim Gunt: Dear God!

Mike Rolash: FLYING ASSHOLE!!!

Ataxia: (coughs) Hai Frands!

Danny wastes no time and runs to the ropes. He bounces off the other side and jumps onto the top rope and flies off... "Curse of Anubis!" The table buckles but doesn't break as Ataxia slides off and lands hard on the concrete. Danny grabs a chair from the ring attendant and waits for Ataxia to get up and just hits him square in the head! The sickening chair shot echoes throughout the arena!

Audience: AHHHHH!!!

Ataxia stumbles to the ring barricade from the shot and we see Danny grab Ataxia from behind. Front Russian Legsweep into the barricade! Ataxia is down as Danny picks him up and irish whips Ataxia into the steel steps sending Ataxia hurling closer towards the entrance ramp!

Jim Gunt: "The Ripper" hasn't let up on the assault since the match started.

Mike Rolash: He wants to take Ataxia out quickly, because the longer this goes on the longer that Ataxia can work mind games on Danny!

Ataxia tries to crawl up the entrance ramp to get away from Danny B, but "The Ripper" runs up and hits Ataxia in the side of the head with a punt kick! Danny backs up from the punt kick and leans on the coffin. He looks at it for a moment and then grabs Ataxia. He sets him up for a...ER STAT INTO THE TOP OF THE COFFIN!!

Jim Gunt: THE COFFIN SHATTERED!!

Mike Rolash: Yes!!!

Ataxia lays on the rubble of the coffin and we see what was actually inside of it. Pictures of Mia Rayne. Hundreds of

them. Danny looks down at this and looks over at Ataxia who gets up with tears in his eyes. He lets out a guttural roar as Danny charges him and...NERVE HOLD TO THE BALLS!! DANNY B IS STANDING THERE AS ATAXIA HAS HIM BY THE TWINS!!

Ataxia: I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU!!!

Jim Gunt: ...

Mike Rolash: ...

Ataxia lets go of the nerve hold and grabs a brass bar that was on the coffin and slams it into Danny's chest! Danny lands flat on his back on the rampway. Ataxia let's the bar scrape on the entrance ramp making a sickening nails on a chalkboard sound and he picks it up and slams it into Danny again, but this time Danny puts his arms over him trying to rope a dope to protect himself. Ataxia drops the bar and kicks Danny in the ribs! He picks up Danny B and hits "True Sin" on Danny B!!!

Jim Gunt: All that pain Ataxia has been through in the past few months seems to be coming out with that shattering of his coffin!

Mike Rolash: With what he tried to do last week to Duce...isn't this proof he's losing it Jim! You can't deny it!

Jim Gunt: I can't deny that a man has lost almost everything and is trying to keep it together to keep us all employed and the guys who injured out his girlfriend are paying the price Mike. You'd do the same thing...

Mike Rolash: I have NOTHING in common with that man...

Ataxia picks up Danny and starts taking him over to the gravestone. Ataxia stops for a moment and tries to compose himself. He looks back at the coffin. He looks down at Danny. He looks like he's having a crisis of his own mind as he see's the hole where either he or Danny will fall this night. He picks up one of the Halloween style decoration skulls near the headstone and waits for Danny to get up. He goes to smash the skull into Danny's head, but Danny ducks it...RKS!!!

Jim Gunt: He hit it!

Mike Rolash: Finish him off Danny!!!

Danny looks around and grabs a shovel. He picks it up and waits for Ataxia to get up. He slams it into Ataxia's face. Sending Ataxia teetering close to the edge of the hole! Ataxia stops himself as Danny hits him on the back trying to force him into the hole, but Ataxia stays up! Ataxia leans onto the pile of dirt to keep him from falling in. Danny goes to swing again...DIRT IN THE EYES!!! Ataxia just threw dirt right into Danny's opened eyes. Danny drops the shovel and Ataxia tackles Danny to the ground and starts wailing on him.

Jim Gunt: Danny almost had him!

Mike Rolash: Come on "Ripper" bury that bag faced loon!

Ataxia keeps punching Danny over and over again, but Danny is able to roll over and get on top of Ataxia. Danny starts punching Ataxia over and over again and Ataxia then rolls Danny over...BOTH MEN FALL INTO THE HOLE! A hush falls over the crowd as we see dirt falling into the hole because both men are still fighting down there!

Jim Gunt: Get the camera in closer!

Mike Rolash: Kick some dirt in there!

The cameraman does get in closer and we see Danny B climbing out first from the hole. He takes a moment to catch his breath and goes to throw more dirt down, but Ataxia comes out right after him. We see blood coming thru the burlap of the mask. It looks like he took a tumble and...his right arm is dislocated! Danny gets up first and grabs the shovel

again. Ataxia gets up. He motions for Danny to bring it on. Danny slams the shovel into Ataxia's head! Ataxia doesn't even falter. Danny slams it again into Ataxia's head! Ataxia stumbles...

Jim Gunt: I don't like this...

Mike Rolash: It's almost as if...he wants Danny to finish him off.

Danny looks at the blood soaked shovel and back at Ataxia. There is a brief moment where Danny hesitates. Ataxia looks at him...

Ataxia: Hit me...God damn it...Do it!...DO IT!!!!

Danny wails on Ataxia with the shovel and Ataxia goes down to one knee. He looks up at Danny and motions to do it again. Danny drops the shovel. Ataxia wildly swings at Danny B, and falls down onto the dirt. Ataxia tries to stand up, only to fall back onto the gravestone. His body looks like it's convulsing as Danny looks on.

Ataxia: What are you waiting for?...Just...Finish...It!

Jim Gunt: He can barely stand! Someone get a damn doctor out here.

Mike Rolash: Don't you fucking dare! It's what he wants.

Jim Gunt: But why?

Mike Rolash: He doesn't have anything else left in the tank Jim. Tax has been running on fumes since Mia disappeared. He can't keep this up anymore.

Ataxia moves forward but his legs give out and we see why. It looks like the fall into the dirt has messed up one of legs. We see blood seeping thru the tuxedo. Danny looks at him and helps Ataxia up. The two stare at each other for a moment. Ataxia shoves Danny away. He swings wildly with his one good arm and Danny grabs it. He spins Ataxia around into...a hug? The two embrace and...BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX INTO THE HOLE!. As Ataxia flies in for a brief moment we see black hair come out from under the mask as the mask comes off into Danny's hands! Ataxia is down in the hole! Danny throws the mask down and grabs the shovel. He starts shoveling in the dirt until he finds a lever in the pile of dirt and pulls it! The whole pile falls into the hole.

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match... "The Ripper" Danny B!!!

Jim Gunt: The match is over! Someone dig him out of there!

Druids rush from backstage with shovels and start digging as Danny stands there holding the bloody mask in his hands. The Shadow runs out as the druids keep shoveling, looking at Danny. The cameraman peers down. No Ataxia. There is no one in the grave. The Shadow looks down at the mask and Danny hands it over to The Shadow. Danny B walks off holding his arm up as the fans give him a standing ovation for that match.

Jim Gunt: A great performance from Danny B, but where the hell is Ataxia?

Mike Rolash: He's gone...my nightmare is gone...I'm almost sad about it.

Jim Gunt: You're checking to see if he's behind you aren't you?

Mike Rolash: Yes!

I'm Coming For You!

Match

Dylan, aka Dynamite Dynamo, is outside the arena, doing tricks on his skateboard as fans watch. He stops and talks with a group of kids.

Teenage Girl: Who are you wrestling tonight?

He responds with a genuine smile.

Dynamite Dynamo: I'm actually calling out Autumn Raven tonight. I guess I'll do that here now.

Boy: You're going to fight a girl?

He asks incredulously, which annoys the teenage girls.

Dynamite Dynamo: Yea, in any other case it is wrong to hit women, except for sports. If it's a competition, it's cool.

Girl #2: You'd be pretty embarrassed if she beat you though?

Girl #1: Nah, she's one of the best, I really think she's awesome and I love her attitude, we are similar.

Dynamite Dynamo: Hope to see you in the crowd tonight, lil dudes. Stay in school.

Fades.

Jarvis King (c) vs. Harley Hodge

Match

The picture returns to Jim and Mike with Mike having with a grin from ear to ear plastered to his face.

Jim Gunt: So, are you finally happy?

Mike Rolash: Yes. Yes! YES! He is finally gone!

Jim Gunt: I would not be so sure.

Immediately Mike turns around as fast as he can to see, if Ataxia is right there, but there is nobody but the fans.

Mike Rolash: Don't scare me like this!

Jim Gunt: I didn't say anything.

Mike Rolash: Oh, right. Anyways, Danny B is my hero!

Henrik Söderström: Maybe you can ask Ataxia to officiate once he is back?

Mike Rolash: Oh, that would be-- WHAT??

Mike wheels around to see the two Swedish commentators laughing their heads off.

Mike Rolash: Who asked you for your opinion? You are just guests here!

Daniel Rohdin: Yes, but not yours...

The camera cuts to Charles State standing next to the ring.

Charles State: Next up we have the first one of our two Hell in a Cell matches.

The crowd gives him a big cheer. He points upwards.

Charles State: This is where the magic will happen.

The cell is slowly being lowered to the ground and the fans cheer further.

Charles State: And two of the old guard are squaring off in it, as per the wish of Mr. Harley Hodge, him and our current Paramount champion Jarvis King will be battling for the title after having been back and forth for a few weeks now and I can imagine this being a truly intense affair!

He steps through the door to the outside of the cage.

Jim Gunt: Well, ladies and gentlemen...I'd suggest that you send the kids to bed, because coming up next...

Mike Rolash: Is the utter destruction of one of the kiddos' heroes!

Jim Gunt: Well, I don't know about that, but it certainly is not going to be a match that's for the weak of heart. Jarvis King vs. Harley Hodge for the Paramount Championship, and it is next!

The bell rings as the cell settles around the ring, and Ray Douglas, center ring, brings a microphone to his mouth.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is a Hell in a Cell match for the Paramount Championship! In this match, falls will count anywhere!

Mike Rolash: What?

Jim Gunt: Seems like there's been a late-in-the-game change!

The sound of a revving motorcycle echoes throughout the arena, bringing the Detroit fans to their feet, as the opening riff of "Evenflow" by Pearl Jam kicks on. As Eddie Vedder's familiar growling voice permeates the Little Caesar's Arena, out walks Harley Hodge to rapturous acclaim!

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, the challenger! From Brooklyn, New York, he weighs in at 230lbs. CWF Hall of Famer, "The Accelerator" HARLEY HODGE!

Harley stands at the top of the ramp, with his traditional biker vest on and blue jeans. He raises one fist in the air, eyeballs the crowd, and then continues to brisk walk down the aisle before stopping at the imposing cell, gripping it in his hands before walking past referee Scott Dean, who holds the door open for him.

Jim Gunt: Harley Hodge has been through a lot of battles throughout his illustrious career, but it's hard to imagine that he will have faced a challenge much like tonight. There are a lot who may argue that he's past it, past his prime, but you cannot doubt this man's heart. You cannot refute his determination. You cannot deny Harley Hodge.

Hodge slides under the ring ropes, and walks past the referee for the match, Big Denny Davidson. He climbs to the second turnbuckle, raises his fist into the air to another large pop from the crowd, before taking his vest and jumping backwards from the turnbuckle.

"Evenflow" cuts out, and along with it go the lights around the arena. The camera cuts in close on Hodge, barely visible in the shadows, as "Cult of Personality" by Living Colour starts playing.

And during the few moments that we have left,
we want to talk, right down to earth
in a language that everybody here can easily understand

As the song's iconic guitar riff begins to fill the arena, a single spotlight rests on the entranceway, and in an elegant script, words are scrawled across the screen:

Some men are born great
Some achieve greatness
But only one man is Jarvis J. King

With that, Jarvis King steps out into the entranceway, flanked by Elizabeth Bates, carrying the mysterious briefcase. Jarvis taps the Paramount title around his waist before he raises his right index finger in the salute of the Glass Ceiling, which brings the lights up.

Ray Douglas: His opponent, from Halifax, Nova Scotia! Accompanied to the ring by Elizabeth Bates, he weighs in at 240lbs. He is a CWF Hall of Famer, and the reigning and defending CWF Paramount Champion, The Icon, "East Coast Excellence" JARVIS J. KING!

The capacity crowd jeers The Icon as he makes his way to the ring lazily. Locking eyes with Hodge as he makes his way to the imposing cell, he doesn't simply make his way into the cell, instead choosing to go the long way around the cage, eyeballing his opponent the entire time.

Mike Rolash: Well, you want to talk about heart, Jim, I'd prefer to talk about something a bit more tangible – pedigree. This man has held that title since May. He has defended it proudly. He's dominated his competition, and tonight will be no different. Jarvis King is known as an Icon, not out of some sort of ego trip, but simply because it is true.

The Detroit crowd jeers The Icon as he makes his way into the cell lazily, sliding under the bottom rope and unhooking his title as he climbs the middle turnbuckle and raises the belt high above his head with a self-assured grin on his face.

Referee Davidson takes the title from King, and takes the title across the ring and shows it to Hodge before holding it aloft for the crowd to see as King's music fades out.

Jim Gunt: Here we go – the first of two Hell in a Cell matches starts... now!

Scott Dean applies the heavy padlock to the door of the cell, and gestures to Davidson, who calls for the bell. As it rings, the two competitors begin to jockey up to each other. There is no feeling out process, no circling of the ring, as King and Hodge simply come to the middle of the ring and lock eyes. King, ever brash and confident, is jaw-jacking some inaudible taunt at Hodge, whose stare is not broken.

A moment later, King and Hodge back off of each other and quickly lock up, collar and elbow. Harley is the first to try to make a move to a side headlock, but King blocks the move, instead managing to roll Hodge up with a quick small package!

ONE!

No!

Hodge manages to get a shoulder up, breaking the pin and rolling forward to a standing position. He comes in quickly, but Jarvis manages to quickly fire off a deep armdrag as Hodge advances. The Accelerator rolls through the slam, but Jarvis manages to lock on a quick armbar, controlling Hodge's shoulder and driving him down to the mat.

King works the hold, applying as much pressure as he can without losing grip, but Hodge manages to turn into the pressure and power his way to a vertical base. Backing Jarvis into the ropes, Hodge manages to Irish whip him off into the opposite set of twine. King bounds off the ropes and has to leap over Hodge, who has dropped down. On the next rebound, Hodge is up quickly with a leapfrog. King comes off the ropes one last time, and is met by a pair of boots to the chest as Hodge leaps and hits a huge dropkick, to the delight of the CWF faithful in Detroit!

Jim Gunt: Big dropkick by Hodge in what has so far been a much more scientific match than I would've expected!

Mike Rolash: What, do you want blood Jim? You want viscera and gore? You're after a scene like a Roman coliseum? You make me sick.

Jim Gunt: ...enlightening analysis as always, Mike.

Mike Rolash: I do what I can!

Hodge is first to his feet, as Jarvis stumbles back up slightly slower, sputtering to catch his breath. As King turns around, he's met by a quick jab from Harley, which stuns The Icon long enough to be caught with a deep arm drag, returning the favour from moments earlier. Hodge, however, doesn't opt for an armbar, instead transitioning to control over King's left leg with a heel hook. King cries out in pain and quickly scrambles, grabbing the bottom rope.

Mike Rolash: Where's the break, ref?!

Jim Gunt: It's a cell, Mike! No disqualifications; the ropes don't break a thing!

King seems to realize this fact shortly after Rolash is reminded of it. Grabbing the middle rope with both arms, Jarvis pulls himself up, forcing Hodge to adjust his grip and allowing King to get his right leg beneath him. King rises up, using the top rope for leverage now, and Hodge follows suit, still controlling the leg. As both men make their feet, Jarvis leaps, aiming an enziguri at the back of Hodge's head, but doesn't manage to score as The Accelerator shrewdly ducks, causing King to crash to the mat below. Hodge wraps King's legs together and applies an Indian deathlock, causing more torque on King's left knee and ankle.

Jim Gunt: Hodge showing some veteran strategy here – he's picked a body part and applied a hold.

Mike Rolash: Well, I hate to admit it, but it's a sound game plan on the part of Harley. You work a joint like a knee and it becomes very difficult for your opponent to walk.

Jim Gunt (surprised): I mean...some actually enlightening analysis, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Just like I found it hard to walk after spending the night with your mom, Jimbo!

Jim Gunt: ...there it is.

Mike Rolash: That's what she said! Boom!

In the ring, Jarvis writhes in pain as Hodge wrenches in on the hold. Without ropes to break the hold, Jarvis is forced to do his best to roll through the pain and reverse the pressure. As he does so, Hodge deftly transitions his hold back to a heel hook, causing King to pound the mat in frustration. Hodge wrenches on the hold, and Denny Davidson asks Jarvis if he wants to submit as the Paramount champion cries out in pain.

King shakes his head vehemently and again pulls himself and Hodge towards the ropes. Again, grasping the middle rope, Jarvis attempts to hoist himself and Harley upwards, but the challenger has it scouted this time, forcing the champion to stay grounded. Jarvis changes tactics, pulling his body under the bottom rope and down to the floor below. Hodge loses a bit of his grip and is dragged outside as well, and as he gains his footing, he is caught by King's right boot as The Icon scores with his second attempt at an enziguri! The shot, combined with the close quarters of the ringside area, causes Hodge's head to crunch against the cage. The cruel steel wastes little time getting its first taste of blood, as a small cut opens up on Hodge's left ear where he made contact, and crimson red begins to flow.

Jim Gunt: Well, King hits the enziguri and that busts his challenger wide open!

Mike Rolash: FIRST BLOOD, JIM! VISCERA AND GORE! THIS IS LIKE A SCENE FROM A ROMAN COLISEUM AND I LOVE IT!

Jim Gunt: ...

Mike Rolash: What?

Rocked, Harley stumbles backwards towards the corner of the cage and tries to get his bearings. Unfortunately for The Accelerator, this is little reprieve as The Icon comes rushing in with a big Yakuza Kick that connects with Hodge's already bloodied left ear. Hodge crumples against the cage and hits the arena floor on his hands and knees. As his blood hits the ringside mats below, Hodge crawls away from King to create some separation.

The Icon doesn't seem too interested in his challenger for the time being, as he begins rooting underneath the ring, in search of some instrument of cruelty. He seems to have satisfied this need as he returns from underneath the apron with a trash can, stuffed to the brim with kendo sticks, sheet pans, street signs, and two crushed velvet bags, one long and the other very short. King grabs the smaller of the two bags and passes it through a gap in the panels of the cell to Elizabeth Bates before he hucks the can into the ring and rolls in after it, his opponent having done so moments earlier.

Jim Gunt: Well, the sweet science is just about to be thrown out the window as Jarvis King has introduced some toys...still, I have to wonder what it is that he passed along to his manager at ringside!

Mike Rolash: Sweet science? What the hell is this, 1983? What are we, live on closed circuit TV from the Greensboro Coliseum?

Jim Gunt: Harley Hodge is having an awfully hard time finding his equilibrium here...

Indeed, as Hodge uses the ropes to steady himself, it seems that his balance is off as he's on some fairly wobbly legs. King, for his part, doesn't offer Harley much of an opportunity to find his footing, as after wresting a cookie sheet from the garbage can, Jarvis proceeds to wrap it around Hodge's skull. The Accelerator topples over and The Icon quickly shoots the half and goes for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

No!

Hodge just manages to lift a shoulder up to break Davidson's count, and as the camera zooms in on his face, he blinks a few times as he tries to wipe the blood away from his ear. King, meanwhile, goes back to his garbage can of tricks and dumps the whole thing on the mat. Picking through the shrapnel, Jarvis smirks as he grabs a kendo stick and spins it around in his hand as he limps towards Hodge. Waiting for The Accelerator to gingerly get to a vertical basis, King stalks his prey before aiming a careful shot with his kendo stick at Hodge's ribs. Hodge writhes at the impact to his broad shoulders and turns around to be met with a shot to the left side of his head, sending him to the mat once more.

Jim Gunt: My God! You can hear that sickening snap as Harley Hodge falls victim to King's kendo stick once again.

Mike Rolash: And just remember, Jimbo – Harley chose this match! Hell in a Cell was his call!

Jim Gunt: Well, I think his concern was at keeping The Glass Ceiling out, but it's true – this was Harley's choice of match, and I think it may be coming back to haunt him.

As Gunt continues, Jarvis tosses his kendo stick aside and mounts Hodge, beginning to aim stiff rabbit punches to Hodge's laceration.

Jim Gunt: You can see the blood spilling from Hodge's ear, of course...I think that it's possible he's got some inner ear damage, which is causing him to have a very difficult time maintaining his balance here. This might be over sooner than we think, as Jarvis King is targeting that ear with these vicious right hands!

Seemingly satisfied with the damage done, Jarvis reaches back and hooks Hodge's legs, looking for a pin.

ONE!

TWO!

No!

Hodge manages to roll Jarvis forward, going for a pinning combination of his own.

ONE!

TWO!

No!

King claps his knees together around Harley's head. This breaks up the pin, but also sends Harley reeling again, clutching at his ear. Jarvis, smirking, sits up and signals for the end. Walking behind the crawling challenger, King grabs him by the hair and wrenches Hodge's head back, locking in a dragon sleeper.

Mike Rolash: The end is near, Jimbo! This is the very hold that lead to King winning at WrestleFest.

Jim Gunt: That match ended in a disqualification. And Hodge won that match. After reversing the sleeper.

Mike Rolash: ...well...uh...

Jim Gunt: We'll come back to you later, Mike.

King doesn't look like he's going to be overpowered this time around, as Hodge has already lost a great deal of blood. His arm movements are slow, lethargic and inconsistent, and as Jarvis wrenches on the hold from a standing position, Harley's arms start to droop, down to the mat, where they grasp the remaining, longer, crushed velvet bags. He reaches into it...

Jim Gunt: HE'S GOT A STEEL BAT!

Hodge swings the bat backwards and scores on his first blind shot, catching Jarvis square on the forehead with a clang that echoes throughout the Little Caesar's Arena! King falls backwards, hitting the mat in a seated position and releasing the hold, as a trickle of blood starts to form on his head.

Mike Rolash: That's not fair!

Jim Gunt: All's fair inside that cell Mike! The heart of Harley Hodge – he'd face off against a buzzsaw and give it the first shot!

King, dazed, tries to stand up, but as he does he's caught with a shot from the baseball bat to the gut, and then another to the back of his left knee! Jarvis swings backwards, hitting the mat on his back, hard, and Hodge goes for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

No!

As he kicks out, King cries out in pain, obviously having to extend his injured limb in order to get his shoulder off the mat. Hodge, catching a second wind, grabs King by the hair and hoists him up to his feet before scooping him up into a powerslam position, and charging into the corner with The Cuckoo's Nest! Jarvis crumples to the mat out of the corner, and The Accelerator goes for another pin!

ONE!

TWO!

No!

Jim Gunt: Jarvis just getting a shoulder up, but the Champion is rocked, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Where the hell is Hodge going?

King's shoulder is still in the air as Hodge drops to the mat and rolls out of the ring, and starts rooting under the ring. The Detroit crowd comes unglued as he emerges with a table! The Accelerator smiles through his crimson mask as he slides the table under the bottom rope and follows it in. Working quickly, the challenger unfolds the legs of the table and turns it over, setting it up perpendicular to the corner.

Hodge grabs Jarvis by his increasingly blood-soaked hair and lifts him up, depositing him on the table before pointing to the corner, to the delight of the CWF's fans! Jarvis lies lifeless as Hodge climbs to the top rope, and then leaps twisting forward!

Jim Gunt: THE FLIGHT OF THE ANGEL!

Mike Rolash: NO!

Jim Gunt: HODGE CRAWLING TOWARDS THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: WAIT A MINUTE, WHERE THE HELL DID HE COME FROM?

Just as Big Denny's arm is coming down for the three, a figure comes out from underneath the ring. Davidson is pulled out beneath the bottom rope and hit with a big knee strike to the head by none other than Duce Jones! The Kid That Never Dies signals wildly to Bates on the outside, who quickly reaches into the velvet bag and produces a pair of hand-held bolt cutters! She rushes over to the door, shoving Scott Dean aside, and begins to cut the padlock off of the cell door.

Meanwhile, Hodge has gotten to his feet and he begins to survey the situation. Catching a glimpse of Duce, he reaches over the top and grabs him by the hair, dragging the tag champion to the ring apron, and then into the ring the hard way!

Jim Gunt: Duce Jones saves the match for Jarvis King, but it's reckoning time!

Hodge, anger in his eyes, has Jones by the throat as the Tag Champion pleads for mercy from The Accelerator. Harley tosses Duce into the ropes, and on the rebound hits Duce with a huge spinning sidewalk slam!

Jim Gunt: BORDERLINE!

Mike Rolash: Jarvis is getting out of here!

Indeed, in all the chaos of the melee, Bates has managed to get the lock off of the door, and Jarvis crawls towards the door as quickly as he can. As he gets through the door, he closes it behind him, but this only stands as a minor impediment to The Accelerator, as he is hot on The Icon's trail.

King makes his way around the ring towards the timekeeper's area, managing to keep a half-ring's distance between him and Hodge, despite a limp. Having a hard time keeping distance between himself and the challenger, Jarvis changes tact, beginning to climb the cell. Seeing this, Hodge follows suit on the perpendicular side!

Jim Gunt: Well, all hell has broken loose here! Both men are scaling the cage!

Mike Rolash: Drop down and run, Jarvis!

King, mere feet from Rolash and Gunt, doesn't follow this advice, and instead continues climbing the cage. However, with his injured knee, Jarvis is much slower than his foe, as Hodge makes it up the cage at nearly double the speed. As Jarvis starts to crest the top of the cage, he's met by Harley, who grabs his hair from above!

Jim Gunt: This is incredibly dangerous...Jarvis King in an incredibly precarious position as Harley Hodge looks primed to win the Paramount title!

Indeed, Hodge is firmly in control of Jarvis, as he smashes King into the edge of the cage. Jarvis almost slips and falls, but manages to hold onto the cage at the last second. Hodge smashes King into the edge of the cage again, and once again, Jarvis barely holds on to the chain linked fencing.

Sensing the end, Hodge scales down the cage slightly and stands side-by-side with King on the cage, near its zenith. Grabbing one of King's arms, Hodge looks backwards at the announcers' position below. Scott Dean, having recovered, is below them, imploring the two to come down safely.

Jim Gunt: Well, we may wanna get out of here, as Hodge looks like he's going to come crashing down with the deadliest Side Russian Legsweep that this industry has ever seen!

Mike Rolash: I can't watch...

Hodge indeed hooks himself, trying to arch Jarvis back with him, but King manages to block the hold, sending a quick

jab at Harley's injured left ear! The Accelerator falters, giving Jarvis the opportunity to reposition himself, nearly to the back of Hodge. East Coast Excellence grabs Hodge's arms, crossing them across his chest, before arching backwards, sending the two of them soaring backwards and crashing into the French announce desk at ringside!

Mike Rolash: HOLY SHIT!

Jim Gunt: STRAIGHTJACKET SUPLEX FROM NEARLY THE TOP OF THE CELL!

There is a mangled mess of bodies and wreckage at ringside as the French announce team of Yannick Moreau and Pierre Robitaille try to get their bearings. The camera, close up on the broken bodies of King and Hodge, manage to pick up a bit of conversation from the two Quebecois.

Yannick Moreau: Mon dieu Pierre! Avez-vous été frappé? Es-tu blessé?

Pierre Robitaille: Je vais bien, mais je ne sais pas si Jarvis ou Harley seront un jour les mêmes!

There are several minutes where neither man moves, but it is Jarvis who stirs first, draping his arm over Harley. Scott Dean counts the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Mercifully, the bell rings, as "Cult of Personality" starts up again.

Jim Gunt: What a match!

Mike Rolash: And vindication, Jimbo – Jarvis King, the CWF's longest reigning champion, continues to reign supreme!

Ray Douglas: Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner and STILL CWF Paramount Champion, JARVIS KING!

The cell begins to raise up, allowing Duce Jones an easy path to his Glass Ceiling compatriot. Coughing and sputtering, Jarvis gets to a vertical basis with the help of his teammate, and is handed his title by Elizabeth Bates. King weakly raises it above his head, blood still caked in his hair and on his skin, as EMTs begin to rush to the ringside area to attend to Harley Hodge.

Jim Gunt: Unbelievable carnage – and there is more to come!

Sunset on Aristocracy

Match

Sunset on Aristocracy

The camera is roaming the backstage area, running into Marcus Maximus, who seems a little nervous. He gives a start as the cameraman rounds the corner and he stares at him blankly for a moment. After what feels like an eternity he is snapped out of his reverie by a door right next to him. He gives a yelp as a hand reaches out, grabs his arm and pulls him inside. The cameraman is following right into a locker room that is completely dark save for several torches burning around the room. In the centre of the room sits The Shadow, the rest of the room filled with Druids.

The Shadow: You were looking for me, Marcus?

Marcus shifts uncomfortably and his forehead is slick with transpiration glistening in the flickering light of the torches.

Marcus Maximus: Uh, yes. Kinda. I-I was trying to say some last words before your match with Silas.

The camera zooms in on The Shadow, the dancing flames casting moving shadows across his face.

The Shadow: Well, there is not much to be said really, there is no match tonight.

Marcus Maximus: Uh, yeah, I forgot about that. So now what?

The Shadow: Silas might be spared tonight, but that does not change anything in the fact that Silas will find his reckoning.

Marcus Maximus: But you won't know when that will be...

The Shadow: Oh, I am a patient man. Silas, you might feel all high and mighty, pompous as ever as the 'aristocrat', but rest assured, the sun is setting on you and darkness will engulf you and your kind. I am ready, but are you?

The camera fades out of a close up on The Shadow's eyes, the torches' flames reflecting off them.

Dorian Hawkhurst vs. Jimmy Allen

Match

Jim Gunt: It does not look like their match not going ahead tonight has fazed The Shadow.

Mike Rolash: So what.

Jim Gunt: Your enthusiasm is seriously contagious.

Mike Rolash: That's what I'm known for.

Jim just shakes his head.

Jim Gunt: But anyways, man, what a bloody affair that was, thankfully our crews are really good when it comes to cleanup and changeover, we got a brand spanking new canvas on the ring in record time and they even managed to get the cell cleaned up for our second Hell in a Cell between Silas Artoria and The Shadow a little later on.

Mike Rolash: I'm not even sure why they bothered, with a "First Blood" match coming up...

Jim Gunt: For a change you have kind of a point here, with one of the most heated and personal rivalries of the last few months coming to a boil here. Jimmy Allen and Dorian Hawkhurst, former friends now turned bitter enemies and Jimmy striking a deal with Hostility, a group that at least to a point has made it a goal to destroy the Forsaken is definitely not helping things along!

Mike Rolash: Well, maybe he can help finish them off, Ataxia's already down, so...

Jim Gunt: Sometimes I admire your positive outlook on things--

Mike Rolash: Oh thank you, that is the nicest thing you've ever said to--

Jim Gunt: NOT! I think I'll request a new partner.

Mike Rolash: But why??? After all we've gone through?

Jim Gunt: After all that you've PUT me through!

A man in black with a long ponytail comes running down the ramp as the two of them continue bicker, slamming his hands onto the table in front of them, snapping them out of their squabble.

Tristan Nancarrow: OK, guys, if you don't stop with this, you're both out.

Mike Rolash: And then what are you going to do? Take our place yourself?

Tristan Nancarrow: If I have to, yes. So quit acting like teenagers and focus on what you're being paid for! Am I understood?

Mike Rolash: Yes, but he star--

The production supervisor gives Mike the death glare and he immediately stops and looks down.

Mike Rolash: Yes, understood.

Tristan Nancarrow: Good. Now let's get on with this, shall we?

Both of the announcers meekly nod their agreement and fall silent, while Nancarrow gives a resolute nod and retreats back to his position. Jim shoots a quick look up the ramp before he continues in a perfectly professional tone as if nothing before had happened.

Jim Gunt: Coming up next, we have a match that is very, very personal in "The Catalyst" Jimmy Allen challenging "The Demon of Sobriety" Dorian Hawkhurst in what is actually being called a "Blood of My Enemy" match.

Mike Rolash: The rules here are surprisingly straightforward. Before you can either pin or submit your opponent, you have to make them bleed. It's basically a First Blood match with a little something extra.

Jim Gunt: Since Dorian beat him at WrestleFest, Jimmy Allen has been a step ahead of the "Forsaken Demon" every step of the way.

Mike Rolash: I expect tonight to be no different. Jimmy Allen is simply the better man.

Jim Gunt: Do you think he could throw you over the top rope?

Mike Rolash: Why do you keep bringing that up? Dorian only eliminated me because I wasn't ready.

Jim Gunt: Whatever you say.

"Cut the Cord" by Shinedown cuts off the announcers and boos fills the arena. Jimmy Allen steps out with a shit eating grin across his face, soaking in the jeers as though he is being showered with the cheers of a conquering hero.

Ray Douglas: The following match is a "Blood of My Enemy" match. Introducing first, from Dallas, Texas... weighing in at 227 lbs... "The Catalyst" Jimmy Allen.

Allen marches down to the ring with purpose, sliding under the bottom rope and immediately backing onto a corner where referee Clark Summits checks him for foreign objects.

Mike Rolash: What is he doing that for? This is a no DQ match.

Jim Gunt: Force of habit?

"From the Pinnacle to the Pit" by Ghost begins to play as the lights go down and smoke fills the ramp. As spotlight sets upon the entrance, and "The Demon of Sobriety" Dorian Hawkhurst stands in an open legged stance with his arms out. He is wearing a blue dress, but with his trademark "Forsaken Demon" shirt over the top. As the lead guitar comes in over the bass guitar, Chloe Hawkhurst crawls out from behind her father. She pops up on her knees, copying he father's pose while sporting a Mia/Amelia shirt of her own and clutching Lynk in her hand.

Ray Douglas: Introducing his opponent, from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, weighing in at 287 lbs., accompanied by Chloe Hawkhurst, here is the "Demon of Sobriety" Dorian Hawkhurst!!!

Chloe walks down the ramp to the ring, slapping hands while her father remains at the top of the ramp. Dorian raises his hand in the air, holding a can of Coors up.

Jim Gunt: Are you kidding me?

Mike Rolash: YES!!! JIMMY'S GOTTEN TO DORIAN!!

Dorian slams the can against his head until it bursts in a sea of beer and suds. Dorian marches down to the ring, with some blood dripping down from his forehead. Dorian slides into the ring and holds the middle rope up for Chloe to get

in the ring.

Mike Rolash: What an idiot. He's made it easier for Jimmy Allen to win.

Jim Gunt: We all know that Dorian runs off of emotion, perhaps more than any other member of the CWF roster.

Mike Rolash: If he had a brain, he'd be an idiot.

Both Hawkhursts back themselves into the corner opposite Jimmy Allen, neither one of them breaking their gaze and skipping their ceremonial pose. Dorian carefully bends down, pulling up middle rope, and Chloe ducks under and hops to the floor, keeping her eyes on Jimmy Allen the whole time as well.

Jim Gunt: Needless to say, this is not going to be a technical masterpiece.

Mike Rolash: If looks could kill, Jimmy Allen would be a chalk outline.

The bell rings and Dorian slowly bows, still holding his gaze, for some reason showing Jimmy Allen respect. Jimmy smirks, steps forward, and flips Dorian off. Dorian nods and smirks back at Jimmy Allen.

Jim Gunt: Jimmy Allen starting with the mind games early.

Mike Rolash: I don't know why. Playing mind games with Dorian is like playing Monopoly without money.

The two men run at each other, locking arms in a traditional collar and elbow tie up. Allen shifts his upper body back and forth, attempting to throw off the balance of the larger Hawkhurst. After a few second, Allen manages to find the leverage he was looking for, Allen twists the arm of Hawkhurst, then using his free hand, drills Dorian in the temple with a straight left hand, dropping the big man down to one knee.

Jim Gunt: Jimmy Allen just threw a fist of pure hatred into the skull of the "Forsaken Demon".

Mike Rolash: [clapping] Beautiful. Simply wonderful!

Jimmy puts both hands on Dorian's wrist moving closer and lifting Dorian's arm to get more pressure on the shoulder. Dorian uses his reach advantage and picks the ankle of Jimmy Allen, dropping him to the mat. Jimmy manages to trap Dorian's right arm under his leg, leaving Dorian with the positioning advantage, but unable to do anything with it.

Jim Gunt: Hawkhurst is trying to figure out what he can do to get out of Allen's grasp.

Mike Rolash: He'll figure it out eventually. Dorian is great at puzzles. He told me he just finished one in five months. The box said four to six years.

Jim Gunt: [flatly] You're funny. Really funny.

Mike Rolash: As long as I amuse myself, I've done my job.

Dorian manages to get a loose variation of a headlock on, but Jimmy has enough freedom to turn his body. He tries to get his leg in position to reverse the hold on Dorian, however, he kicks him in the side of the head instead. Dorian no sells the kick, and slides his body away from his opponent, transitioning to a side headlock while laying on his stomach. Dorian gets up to one knee, then transitions to an armbar of his own and he pulls himself and Jimmy up to their feet.

Jim Gunt: I'm not going to lie, this is not what I was expecting from this match.

Mike Rolash: A headlock and an armbar, you realize that is the full extent of the wrestling holds Dorian actually know. Don't you?

Jimmy Allen has a calm expression on his face, wagging his finger back and forth, letting the crowd no that he's not in any danger. Allen tumbles forward, rolls to his feet, and wrings Dorian's arm, locking it into another armbar. Hawkhurst winces and drops to one knee, giving Allen the opening to transition the armbar into a hammerlock.

Jim Gunt: This is a sound strategy by Jimmy Allen. If Dorian's arm is injured, he won't be able to throw a punch.

Mike Rolash: Survival of the fittest usually means the smartest and most able to adapt.

"The Forsaken Demon" powers back up to his feet, but before he can stand up, "The Catalyst" flips over his back and uses an arm drag to bring Hawkhurst down to a sitting position where Doran is once again locked into another armbar. Jimmy Allen then places his shin on the side of Dorian's face, using the leverage to keep the Demon down. Some of the blood on Dorian's forehead drips down into his eye, causing him to literally see red. He shoves Allen's knee off of him and powers to his feet. Allen is prepared as he once again wrenches Dorian's arm, then throws a kick that catches Dorian in the side of the head. Dorian continues to rise, so Allen throws two quick kicks to the midsection of his nemesis, switches directions and sweeps his leg, then delivers a quick moonsault as Hawkhurst lands on his back. Jimmy looks up at Clark Summits who isn't moving in to make the count.

Jimmy Allen: MAKE THE DAMN COUNT!

Clark Summits: YOU have to make him bleed.

Jimmy Allen stands up and gets in Summits' face.

Jimmy Allen: Are you kidding me?

Mike Rolash: The rules say YOU have to make him bleed.

Jim Gunt: And you said he was stupid.

Mike Rolash: He is. There is no way he had that figured out. He's so stupid, if he was a dog, he couldn't catch a parked car.

Dorian shakes his head as he takes a knee, trying to get his bearings. Allen pounces, throwing a side headlock onto Dorian. Before Dorian can do anything, Allen seamlessly spins behind Hawkhurst, bringing him to the mat with a drop toe hold, then floating over to a front facelock. Allen locks in a double chicken wing as he starts delivering knees to Dorian's head. Dorian once again rises to one knee, forcing Allen to stand with him, and giving him a reprieve from the barrage he was enduring.

Jim Gunt: Say what you will about the "Forsaken Demon", Dorian Hawkhurst is showing us exactly how tough he is right now.

Mike Rolash: He's like a vagina. Those things can really take a pounding.

Chloe Hawkhurst is on the outside raising her hands in the air. The crowd responds, clapping and getting behind her father. Dorian gets a surge of adrenaline and brings his arms down, breaking free from the hold Allen had him in. Dorian screams as he grabs Allen around the midsection and charges towards the ropes. Before he gets there, Dorian stops and leans back, throwing Allen to the mat with a release overhead belly-to-belly suplex. Dorian stalks Jimmy Allen and as he rises to his feet, delivers a vicious headbutt, rocking Jimmy Allen. Dorian stops just long enough to notice Allen isn't bleeding and delivers another fierce headbutt. The camera can see how raw and red Allen's forehead is, but he hasn't started bleeding yet. Dorian cocks his fist, getting ready to deliver a punch the forehead, but Allen quickly lunges forward and rakes Dorian's eyes.

Jim Gunt: It feels like everytime Dorian has the answer, Jimmy finds a way to stay one step ahead of him.

Mike Rolash: Just wait. Knowing Jimmy Allen, it will get better.

Jimmy Allen rolls out of the ring, he reaches underneath and grabs a table. He begins sliding it in when all of a sudden, he arches his back and screams in pain. As he falls to his knees, Chloe Hawkhurst is standing behind him with Lynk, a huge Cheshire cat grin upon her face.

Mike Rolash: I don't care if this is no disqualification, get that little brat out of here, now!

Jim Gunt: She has every right to be out here. For better or worse, she is Dorian's manager.

Mike Rolash: I'm calling Child Protective Services.

Dorian has recovered and makes his way out of the ring. Chloe backs off as Jimmy turns around. Dorian walks past his daughter and he and Jimmy just start exchanging haymakers at a rapid fire pace. Dorian lifts a knee into Jimmy's stomach and as the camera repositions, we can see a new cut over his eye, bleeding profusely.

Jim Gunt: It looks like even though Dorian got the better of the exchange, Jimmy now has the advantage.

Mike Rolash: How's that song go? "You don't always get what you want. But sometimes, you get what you need?"

Jim Gunt: Something like that.

Dorian wipes his forehead, covering his hand in his own blood. He knees Allen in the gut again, then pulls him up by the hair, and uses his own blood to write the word "DIE" in Allen's chest.

Jim Gunt: If that doesn't send a message, I don't what does.

Mike Rolash: Dorian is sick man. There is nothing else to it.

Dorian then delivers a headbutt, right to the bridge of Allen's nose. Allen's nose begins to bleed immediately, and now both men are on a level playing field. Dorian quickly throws Allen in the ring and then slides in behind him and makes the cover.

ONE!

KICKOUT!

Dorian yells in frustration and wraps his arms around Jimmy Allen. His forearm is across Allen's throat, but it seems Dorian doesn't realize it. He stands up, transitions to a side headlock, then turns his body and bring Jimmy Allen onto the flat of his back. He rains down a flurry of punches, then yells something over to Chloe, who ducks under the ring.

Jim Gunt: Now this is exactly what we expected from Dorian.

Mike Rolash: You know, I get the tribute thing, but I just can't get past him wearing a freakin' dress.

Dorian looks out to the crowd and screams, but Jimmy Allen rolls back and catches Dorian with his leg, bringing him down with a leglock around his head. Allen turns his body, tweaking Dorian's neck. As Hawkhurst screams out in pain, Jimmy starts doing push ups to add some insult to injury.

Jim Gunt: Clark Summits checks on Dorian, but "The Demon" says no.

Mike Rolash: Dorian's too stubborn to tap out two weeks in a row. Even I know that.

Dorian uses his legs to push up, causing Allen to buckle under his weight. Dorian rolls so that Jimmy is in a sitting position. Suddenly, he uses his legs to push his whole body up. Instead of gracefully escaping and landing on his feet, Dorian loses control and ends up going up and over, landing on top of Jimmy. Dorian just shrugs as Clark Summits slides in to count.

ONE!

TWO!!

KICKOUT!!!

Jim Gunt: Nearfall by Dorian.

Mike Rolash: On accident.

Jim Gunt: It doesn't matter.

Dorian looks down at Jimmy Allen and slaps him across the face. Dorian pulls up Allen and slaps him across the face not once more, but twice more. Allen's face contorts into a look of rage and he fires back with three slaps across Dorian's face. Dorian responds with a forearm shiver Allen falls back and bounces off the middle rope. As he comes back up, he brings his leg up and hits Dorian with a low blow.

Mike Rolash: The kick is up... AND IT'S GOOD!!!

Jim Gunt: Jimmy Allen hits the "Great Equalizer" as it's known. He covers Hawkhurst.

ONE!

TWO!!

THRE-- KICKOUT!!!

Jim Gunt: Dorian Hawkhurst barely kicks out. I don't know how he did it.

Mike Rolash: How many times do we have to go over this. He's all heart, no brains.

Jimmy Allen doesn't have time to argue with Clark Summits because Chloe Hawkhurst jumps on the apron and starts yelling at him. Allen stalks over towards the apron, pointing aggressively at Chloe.

Jimmy Allen: I will break you, little girl.

Dorian uses the distraction to get to his feet. "The Demon of Sobriety" grabs Allen by the shoulder and spins "The Catalyst" around. Hawkhurst goes for an Irish whip, but Allen ducks under and wrings Dorian's arm. Hawkhurst brings his free hand down on Allen's arm, breaking his grip on it. Hawkhurst then uses both hands to lift Allen in the air and bring him crashing back down with a double chokebomb.

ONE!

TWO!!

KICKOUT!!!

Dorian stands up, and hooks Allen's leg with his own. He then grabs Allen's wrist with his left hand and begins hitting Allen with elbows to the temple.

Jim Gunt: One, if not both, of these men are going to be leaving here with concussions tonight.

Mike Rolash: Thank you Doctor Obvious.

After the third elbow, Dorian wraps his arm around Jimmy's neck, going for some kind of modified guillotine hold. Even though Dorian can't quite seem to lock it in, Clark Summits asks Allen if he wants to quit, but Jimmy responds with jamming two of his fingers directly into the throat of "The Forsaken Demon" Dorian releases the hold, but comes back with one, two, three, four, five, six forearms to the chest of Jimmy Allen as the audience counts along as he delivers each blow.

Jim Gunt: Neither of these two men have any quit in them. They have traded holds. They have traded blows. They are giving it everything they have. On the outside, Chloe has begun sliding the table that Jimmy pulled out earlier into the ring. Dorian pulls Jimmy up and Jimmy rocks him with an uppercut that sends Dorian rolling towards the corner. Chloe shrieks at the top of her lungs, distracting Jimmy Allen while Dorian opens up a beer can that had been placed in the corner. He takes a drink and the audience goes crazy.

Jim Gunt: I can't believe it. Dorian's fallen off the damned wagon!

Mike Rolash: I told you he is nothing but a weak, weak, little man.

Jimmy turns his attention towards Dorian again, but Dorian throws a right hook to Allen's midsection. Dorian spins

towards Jimmy, attempting to hit him with the “Getting Hammered” Polish Hammer, but Allen ducks and rolls out of the ring. Dorian looks out at Jimmy and leans on the ropes, motioning for him to get back in. Allen runs up to Dorian and the yellow mist flies out of his mouth. At the same time, Dorian sprays the beer in his mouth out and both liquids seem to cancel each other out.

Jim Gunt: Thank goodness, Dorian with some strategy there.

Mike Rolash: He’s weak. He just strapped himself into a roller coaster he won’t want to ride on. Just the taste of it could be enough to break him.

Dorian smiles as he backs off, allowing Jimmy to slide back into the ring unimpeded. As the two men meet in the middle of the ring, Dorian delivers a kick to the gut, doubling Allen over before he can deliver a punch of his own. Dorian whips Allen into the corner and sets up the table on the opposite side of the ring.

Jim Gunt: I promise you, Dorian has some bad intentions in mind.

Mike Rolash: The only way he win is to cheat. We all know that.

Jim Gunt: Are we watching the same match? Jimmy Allen would have already broken all the rules if there were disqualifications.

Mike Rolash: Details... details...

Dorian rushes over to Jimmy, who deftly sidesteps a big boot and catches Dorian with a spin kick to the back of the head. Dorian bounces off the turnbuckles and falls to the mat. Jimmy quickly hops out between the top and middle ropes and ascends to the top turnbuckle. Dorian stumbles to his feet. As “The Catalyst” tries to steady himself, Dorian loses his balance and falls forward onto the top rope, causing Allen to crotch himself on the top turnbuckle. Dorian comes to his senses, and seizing the opportunity, grabs Allen around the neck and suplexes him off the top rope. Dorian floats over and covers.

ONE!

TWO!!

KICKOUT!!!

Jim Gunt: Neither man can seem to put the other way. One of these men could be seriously injured before they give up.

Mike Rolash: A man can dream.

Dorian gets up and starts to hook Allen for another suplex. Jimmy turns his body and brings Dorian to the mat with another armbar. Dorian tries to fight his way out, and rolls to get out. Jimmy is on top of things, and rolls with his former comrade keeping the armbar locked in. Clark Summits asks Dorian if he wants to give up and Dorian flips him off with his free hand.

Jim Gunt: That’s one way to say no.

Mike Rolash: Didn’t his mother teach him any manners?

Jim Gunt: What do you know about manners?

Mike Rolash: I help with the housework. I lift my legs up so my old lady can vacuum underneath them.

Jim Gunt: You really are a pig. Aren’t you?

Mike Rolash: Oink, oink, baby.

Dorian manages to roll again, this time he stops his momentum so that Allen’s shoulders are on the mat. Jimmy Allen

releases the hold before Clark Summits can even slide into position. Jimmy Allen grabs the arm of Dorian before “The Demon” can get up, steps over his arm, and delivers a back kick to Dorian’s face, causing his previously broken nose to explode. Dorian regains his feet and Allen throws a kick to his chest, knocking him to the flat of his back.

Jim Gunt: This looks like it could be the beginning of the end. Jimmy Allen is firmly in control.

Mike Rolash: He’s simply better than Dorian. Always has been. Always will be. Dorian’s win at WrestleFest was a fluke.

Dorian tries to sit up and Jimmy sets him down with another kick to the chest. Not one to give up, Dorian sits up again and screams at Jimmy to kick him again, to which “The Catalyst” gladly obliges. Allen sees an opportunity and climbs to the top rope, quickly leaping off with a frog splash. Clark Summits gets into position.

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

Jim Gunt: Wait, Dorian got his foot on the bottom rope. Clark Summits tells Jimmy Allen that the match is still going and Allen is pissed.

Mike Rolash: That’s because he won. Wouldn’t you be pissed?

Dorian gets to his feet and Allen applies another side headlock. Dorian instinctively grabs him around the waist and delivers one of the ugliest back suplexes ever seen. Dorian rises, perhaps out of instinct or perhaps from the adrenaline. He staggers over towards Chloe and motions for her to give him something. She slides some kind of bottle into the ring and Dorian picks it up. He holds it up into the air and the camera shows that it is lighter fluid.

Jim Gunt: Come on, Dorian! This is too much!

Mike Rolash: At least Jimmy Allen is honest about who he is. He told us all that Dorian is not a nice guy and now Dorian is proving that he is nothing more than a liar and a fraud.

Dorian sprays the table, slathering it in the lighter fluid. He turns around and rushes at Jimmy, delivering a knee to the temple of “The Catalyst”. Allen holds his ground, but has to use his arm to hold himself up. Dorian drags him over towards the corner and sits himself up on the top turnbuckle. As he drags Jimmy up to the middle turnbuckle, Chloe hops on the apron and throws a match on the table, turning it into an inferno.

Jim Gunt: Oh, dear God!

Mike Rolash: If you’re going to go down, go down in flames!

Jim Gunt: “The Forsaken Demon” has Jimmy Allen up for “From the Pinnacle to the Pit” and...

Mike Rolash: HURACANRANA! JIMMY ALLEN JUST SENT DORIAN THROUGH THE FLAMING TABLE!!! THIS IS GLORIOUS!!!

The flames burn out as the force of Dorian’s body smothers most of them. Jimmy Allen wastes no time in covering Dorian.

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, “The Catalyst” Jimmy Allen.

Jim Gunt: Holy hell. I have never in my life seen a match like this and I doubt I ever will again.

Chloe slides into the ring to protect her father as Jimmy Allen circles the ring, pointing at Dorian while he's celebrating. "Cut the Cord" blasts through the arena during Allen's victory laps. Before leaving the ring, he walks over to Chloe and condescendingly pats her on the head. She swings Lynk at his feet, but he hops back out of the way. The EMTs pass Allen on the ramp as they make their way to check on Dorian.

Crowd: That was awesome! [clap clap clapclapclap] That was awesome! [clap clap clapclapclap]

Jim Gunt: Jimmy Allen walks away with the victory, but I have to ask myself: "Where do we go from here?"

Mike Rolash: I don't know, but I can't wait to see it.

Dorian starts to stir in the ring and crawls over to the ropes, waving off the EMTs trying to tend to him. Slowly, he uses the ropes to pull himself up, leaning on them for support as the camera cuts away to backstage.

Vengeance is Mine!

Match

The camera cuts to the catacombs of the Little Caesar's Arena, where stagehands, wrestlers, celebrities and whoever else are milling around. Suddenly crashing sounds can be heard from down the hall and Christer "Fenrir" Lundmark comes into view, a look of absolute rage on his bearded face.

Christer Lundmark: Where is he?

He grabs one of the production helpers, who looks thoroughly terrified of the big Swede.

Christer Lundmark: Where is he hiding?

The helper is clearly frozen from fright and can barely utter a scared mumble. Lundmark shoves him aside into some crates before he manages to scramble away. The Viking continues down the hall. Finally he reaches a door with a sign "Ataxia - CWF Commissioner" on it. Not wasting any time with pleasantries, a big boot takes the door clearly of its hinges and he storms in, but instead of Ataxia he only sees a CWF employee scared out of his wit from the door flying into the room.

Christer Lundmark: Where is Ataxia?

The mighty bellow of Fenrir carries down the hall.

CWF Employee: He- he- we don't know, he d-didn't come b-back after his m-m-match!

Lundmark grabs the employee by the shirt and pulls him close and up. Staring him into the eyes, Christer growls at him.

Christer Lundmark: When he comes back, tell him that I don't know what in Hel Azrael pulled out there, but I want him in that ring, because I am not done with him!

With that he shoves the employee away, crashing into and over the table, taking almost everything on it down with him. He peers over the edge of the table as Lundmark exits the room. As he walks off, his voice is echoing.

Christer Lundmark: AZRAAEEEL, you better start praying, because vengeance is mine!

Fades.

Let's Talk About My Condition

Match

Jim Gunt: Whoa, somebody is NOT happy and I think Azrael might be in big, big trouble!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, he might be in trouble, too, destroying property and all! But I'm still elated about Jimmy beating Dorian senseless, stupid oaf tried mindgames against the master and he paid for it! And now the Forsaken are 0 for 2, not so mighty anymore, are they?

Jim Gunt: Well, unfortunately I can't argue with facts and now The Shadow won't have a chance to be able to pull one back. But let's look forward to our main event coming right up! Pitting challenger Loki Synn against the reigning champion MJ Flair! Will Flair be able to defeat the Knave of Nightmares, or will Loki cast a dark shadow over the CWF?

Mike Rolash: Hard to say, Flair is my second favourite wrestler in the company after all!

Jim Gunt: Dare I ask your favourite?

Mike Rolash: Eh, all the rest are tied.

Jim Gunt: Even Ataxia?

Mike Rolash: Well, he's gone, no?

Jim Gunt: For now. Well, before we get to that match, we have an athlete who would like to address the CWF. Silas Artoria wants to speak to the crowd about recent events, following his stunning Ironman match against Flair, and that's coming up right now!

The lights go down, and the stage starts to fill with the familiar dry ice that accompanies Silas Artoria. The intro screech of "Arousal" starts to play, the familiar lyrics start playing, but it stops! It just cuts off, jumping back in for a few seconds, continuously stuttering before darkness again.

The screen turns light and colourful like a vibrant flower bed, as the start of some music that was unfamiliar with the CWF pumps through the speakers. It was loud, obnoxious, but colourful and joyous.

Jim Gunt: The hell is this!?

Mike Rolash: Flyers by BRADIO! Don't you know your music you ignorant fool?

Jim Gunt: You know this trash!?

And from the stage emerges Silas Artoria, sporting the neck brace seen earlier but now including sunglasses to his attire. It was dark and cloudy outside. He's confident, showing his pearly whites to a very responsive crowd, and a posture that screams dominant confidence. He says 'wow' to himself as he observes the audience looking at him, before he places his hands behind his back.

Three balloons!

Jim Gunt: Umm....Mike, have you spoken to Silas recently?

Mike Rolash: You want to know his secrets? It's called "not being Jim Gunt on commentary!"

Silas starts to strut towards the ring, enthused with his music and he gives a light dance to accompany his wildly contrasting entrance music. He sees a child at the front, and approaches them, holding out a balloon string. The child reaches out--psyche! He lets go, and the balloon flies into the air! Silas cackles, then he shrugs and hands over another balloon. The child grabs it, and Silas continues his prance towards the ring. He circles the ring, grabs a microphone, and approaches the commentary table.

Mike Rolash: I think he wants you, Jim.

Jim is a little confused, and stands up to get on Silas' level. Silas holds out the last balloon, before hitting Jim's head with it! Silas continues his prance while Mike is relishing in laughter.

Mike Rolash: HAH! You got bonked by a balloon! HAH!

Jim sits back down, unamused.

Jim Gunt: Yeah...how humiliating, yeah.

Silas slides into the ring and immediately stands to spin around and around and around, highly amused by his own moves and dancing prowess. The music dies down, and he absorbs the audience response. Very loud. Love him or hate him, guy put up a fight and Flair commended him for it, twice.

Silas Artoria: Ahh, did you guys miss me?

The crowd respond loudly, much to his amusement.

Silas Artoria: Yeah, I thought about coming out to Pearl Jam but I heard some guy who escaped from the retirement home stole it!

Silas cackles to himself as the response got negative; a jab at an old favourite whom he now surpassed.

Silas Artoria: Hah! You guys are too easy! So...

He clears his throat as the audience dies down finally.

Silas Artoria: I guess you guys want to complete story behind why the good doctor decided to have our match cancelled in favour of waiting---

They boo loudly to the point that it feels like the ground shakes in their fury. The ropes shake in frequency, and no one wouldn't be mistaken if they thought hell's anger would split the ring in two. Silas nods in agreement.

Silas Artoria: Yeah, I know. I know. I was looking forward to it too, but I do feel like I owe you guys something in regards to my absence. First, this thing!

He points to his neck brace.

Silas Artoria: Turns out the match with MJ that I loved taking on was apparently quite exhausting, and the sudden outburst of energy that was required has consequences. Sadly, and rather anticlimactically, a bunch of boxes fell on my poor head an--

The audience does nothing but burst out laughing, with Silas reacting in light embarrassment.

Jim Gunt: Hah! He got taken out by a bunch of boxes!

Mike Rolash: Hey! That's no way to treat an athlete of Silas' caliber! Clearly Flair pushed those boxes on him, the coward!

Silas Artoria: I know. Long story short, ended up in a hospital, got my head scanned, neck got scanned alongside it, but they haven't returned yet. So until Dr Leggett examines them, I'm on the shelf, and you are all deprived of seeing me take on anyone!

There is a mixed response. On one hand, there was a guy who got injured, but on the other, they don't get to see the life get kicked out of him. Silas seems sad, upset even, and not in an egotistical or antagonistic way.

Silas Artoria: I won't lie. I hated being stuck to a bed and awaiting for results that didn't come.

He pauses for a moment, hesitant, but continues.

Silas Artoria: Everyday, I woke up, got checked by a doctor, reflex test, 'Ooh, how are you feeling today Mr Artoria,' eating the same dry paste that they call high class hospital food, every...single...day! Do know what I found in my steak!? Fat! Fat in my meat!

Jim snorts. Silas slowly increases in tone.

Silas Artoria: All the while the world outside my window went on by and I didn't receive as much as a phone call from anyone here tonight! Just daily calls from medical saying 'you heard anything yet?' 'Hey Silas, have you received those results yet? You can't come back until we see those test results!' Every day after that momentous match was an insult to my ability! Forced to look like an incapable cretin worthy of nothing! I am Silas goddamn Artoria, and I will not be bound by mere bedsheets!

Eyes wide, fury on his sleeve, even deep breaths aren't stopping him!

Silas Artoria: I almost feel sorry for you all! You all paid money to see a match between Shadow and I. You wanted to see the two of us go to war with each other, and because someone didn't like my current condition, it couldn't go ahead!

The audience react enthusiastically, as if they were robbed and were rallying behind a sheriff. Silas observes the crowd, and finally calms down.

Silas Artoria: So...I resigned myself to stay in a bed and observe the CWF as a spectator, not as a competitor.

Slowly...a little gleam enters his eye.

Silas Artoria: But...there's three things that caught my attention.

He holds up his hand, counting with every point.

Silas Artoria: One, Autumn Raven finally came out of her shell and the first thing she tried to do was to piggyback off my absence, almost as if she is completely dependent on my name. She insulted me, and she revelled in the fact that she could run her mouth and face, no direct consequences from me!

He points to the camera, madness in his eyes.

Silas Artoria: We may have moved on, but I'm coming for you very soon Autumn!

Second finger, the passion increases.

Silas Artoria: Number two, Shadow has a little chat with his 'frand' and returns with not only a planned match against yours truly, but was scheduled to take place inside a Hell of a Cell. That prospect was enticing, but I had to find out during the broadcast since they couldn't even be bothered to pick up the phone and officially notify me. I'm in a goddamn hospital bed, and they announce the match through one of the two parties before officially notifying the highest profile athlete on the bench! They willingly advertised this match, despite not knowing if it was really going ahead!

That's when I knew I had to leave the hospital. I had to at least say something, address everyone, and not through some cowardly prerecorded tape that could be misconstrued and manipulated to their own liking. You needed to hear it from the horse's mouth.

I am here to tell you that I'm...still...here, and injuries be damned, I am still the greatest who ever walked the earth, and you all here tonight and at home should have the privilege in basking in my presence!

He slows down, calming down enough to finally elicit a smile in what felt like years.

Silas Artoria: But then...then I started reading.

I went online and I started to read what you all had thought about the matchup, between me and Shadow.

And the same sentence kept crawling up time and time again like a broken record. Each and every single one of them had the same, exact, opinion of this potential match.

He pauses for a moment, with a look of shock and disbelief on his face. He speaks, softly, and with a hint of pain in his tone.

Silas Artoria: Shadow...needs...this win.

The Forsaken...need...this win.

He pauses, before he starts to chuckle at his words. He gets louder, and louder until he leans backward and forward uncontrollably.

He suddenly stops.

Silas Artoria: No...no he doesn't...no they don't. They don't need this victory. They don't need anything from this event, because at the end of the day, they are going to continue going on as they do. Ataxia keeps his commissioner job, overseeing the entire organisation and wielding power that doesn't belong with a rotten hessian sack, and Shadow will spout out diatribe about his opponent is dull and boring and will simply move on and learn nothing!

'The Forsaken need this victory', what kind of featherbrained idiocy is that!? I went to hell and back and I came back on top! I learned from losses and I got a goddamn ironman match to show for it!

I worked for this spot, and to say that Shadow 'needs' the victory, just shows that the rot has settled in the root!

To put it this way Shadow, if you need a victory, then you don't deserve to be here!

He breathes slowly, and looks at the camera. Eyes wide, furious at what he had heard during his time off, and now the build up steam exploded. Slowly, he places his hand on his neck, and adjusts his head, still stiff.

Silas Artoria: So tell me Shadow, do you truly 'need' this victory?

He rips off the padding, smiles, and the audience starts to build up.

Silas Artoria: Try and take it!

He grabs the neck brace proper, and yanks it away out of the ring. He looks up to the cell above, and adjusts the microphone. The audience explode following this defiance. They are possibly going to get what they paid for.

Silas Artoria: I know you can hear me Culross! And I am telling you right now that you are going to lower that cell, and you're not going to interfere until the planned affair has been concluded. And I know you know that I'm not afraid to come back there and ensure this will happen, damn the consequences. If you don't, I'll come back there and I'll lower it myself! Hell! I'll climb the scaffolding and cut the wires myself if it means the cell will lower! ARE YOU GOING TO MAKE THIS DIFFICULT FOR ME? OR ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE DETROIT THEIR MONEY'S WORTH!?

Nothing happens, and the audience's unrivalled enthusiasm and hope turns into apathy. They're getting increasingly agitative.

Jim Gunt: Seems that the guys in the back aren't giving in to his demands.

Mike Rolash: Foolish idiots! Not giving the people what they want!

More seconds go by, the crowd get more furious. Some negative chants towards management start to pick up steam, before....

...the deep tone starts, and the cell starts to lower. The crowd scream with glee, and Silas maddening smile and cackle takes over his entire face.

Silas Artoria: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THE FOLLOWING CONTEST IS THE SEMI-MAIN EVENT OF HELLBOUND, A HELL IN A CELL MATCH!

He throws the microphone to the side, and falls to his knees as the cell slowly encases the entire ring.

The match is on.

Silas Artoria vs. The Shadow

Match

Jim Gunt: Ladies and gentlemen, the match is on! Silas Artoria has reversed the decision of Dr. Leggett and he has ordered the cell to come down!

Mike Rolash: And make it 0 for 3 for the Forsaken!

Jim Gunt: We'll see, but what is pretty much guaranteed is that this match will not have to hide behind any of the other ones in terms of intensity! So Silas is already here, the referee is here, now we are just missing one piece of the puzzle.

As if on cue, the lights go out and the lone drumbeat of Wardruna's "Helvegen" starts to sound. A Druid steps out from behind the curtain, bearing a torch, moving to the left of the stage, followed by another one and another one until there are twelve Druids with torches lining the stage. Finally as the choir comes in, The Shadow steps out, his staff in hand. He slams the butt of his staff onto the stage and the Druids move forward in a procession to the elegiac melody of the song, fanning out around the cell until it is completely surrounded. The Shadow walks up to the gate to the cell as one Druid leads the way with a torch, the flickering light casting shadows across the ring and the pale shape that is Silas Artoria.

Jim Gunt: You can say about The Shadow what you want, but his entrances are just intense.

Mike Rolash: Hmph.

Jim Gunt: You were saying?

Mike Rolash: You heard me.

Jim Gunt: Ah, you don't have anything.

The Shadow steps into the cell and an official puts on the chain and lock as the Druids silently file out and away from the ring, up the ramp, as the lights come back on. Silas wears a look of utter disdain on his face, while The Shadow stands there, unmoving, his face concealed by the hood of his robe.

Ray Douglas: The next match is a Hell in a Cell match with no disqualifications or countouts. The first competitor, hailing from Toronto, Ontario, Canada - he is the Psychotic Aristocrat - he is SILAS ARTORIA!

The fan reaction is very mixed, a few scattered cheers, but mostly resounding boos come Silas' way, who shoots the crowd an indignant look.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, hailing from Calgary, Alberta, Canada - he is part of The Forsaken - THE SHADOW!

Now the crowd alights in cheers for the darkman, who still is not moving. Referee Scott Dean is checking both competitors for weapons, even though it is a no disqualification match, taking The Shadow's staff from him in the process and then signals for the bell to be rung. Silas immediately goes into a crouch, ready for battle, but The Shadow does not seem to be interested in getting the match going as he is just standing there, staring daggers at his opponent. The moment Silas relaxes just a bit, he charges and goes for a lightning fast spear, taking Silas by surprise and downing him right away. And the cover!

ONE!

TW-!

KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: That was ridiculous! Did he really think he could get away with this that easily?

Jim Gunt: Gotta try to know.

Silas does not take this surprise attack lightly as he kips up and with one fluid motion goes for a LARIAT that turns The Shadow inside out! And he tries the cover as well!

ONE!

TW-

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Now they're even.

Silas grabs The Shadow by the hair and drags him to his feet. He sends him into the ropes and a back body drop brings the Weaver of Dreams to the ground. Immediately the Torontonion runs the ropes himself, launches and hits a high and hard elbow drop right onto The Shadow's chest, knocking whatever breath he had left out of him. Obviously not content yet, he drags him back up once more and takes him up onto his shoulders.

Jim Gunt: A torture rack, it is rare we see this move these days.

Mike Rolash: Very much so, even though it is a very efficient way to work an opponent's back, especially if they already are hurt. WHOA! Very nice transition into a brainbuster here!

Jim Gunt: Silas is coming out with all guns blazing, maybe The Shadow underestimated him after all?

Mike Rolash: Well yeah, of course he has. And another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-- KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: This was a close one!

Silas is not happy with Scott Dean, thinking that it was a full three count, but the referee has none of it. Artoria turns back to The Shadow, who has made it to a vertical base courtesy of the ropes, and charges in with what appears to be planned to be a clothesline, but The Shadow has enough wherewithal to let himself drop to the mat, pulling the top rope with him and Silas goes over the rope into the space between the ring and the cell wall. Not missing a beat, The Shadow launches himself up with the help of the rope and onto a just rising Silas with the HAMMER OF DOOM!

Mike Rolash: Wow, these two men are going all out this early on, I wonder how long they will be able to keep this up!

Jim Gunt: Well, Silas is down and The Shadow is resting against the wall, taking a breather as well, so I guess you have your answer right there.

The Shadow brings himself back to his feet and drags Silas by the shirt, rolling him back into the ring. Whip-in, no, reversal, The Shadow bounces back and Silas is ready with a brutal arm drag to bring The Shadow down, locking in an arm bar in the process.

Jim Gunt: Ooh, that looked like it almost dislocated The Shadow's shoulder!

Mike Rolash: That seems to be the latest fashion around here...

Silas is yanking on his opponent's arm like there is no tomorrow and the look on The Shadow's face is proof enough that the bar hold is locked in very tightly. It looks like the Forsaken is pumping himself up, moving his torso up and down, then he twists and manages to bring one knee up right against the side of Silas' head, forcing him to release the hold. Immediately The Shadow rolls himself out of the ring, massaging the shoulder that had just been stretched into oblivion.

Mike Rolash: Look at that, trying to get out of it now.

Jim Gunt: You would have tapped.

Mike Rolash: Oh shut up.

Jim Gunt: Only if you shut up first.

Mike Rolash: You can't make me.

Suddenly a booming voice sounds over the PA and the camera wheels around to show Tristan Nancarrow at the top of the stage.

Tristan Nancarrow: OK, STOP! I tried to do this quiet, but that obviously did not work. You guys are at your last warning, stop your bickering NOW or I will find someone to take over from you, are we understood?

Again both commentators nod without a sound and as he retreats back to his spot at the top of the stage, Silas is just coming off the ropes and goes under the bottom rope with a baseball slide, hitting The Shadow square in the chest and the Weaver of Dreams crashes into the cell wall. Silas is trying to take advantage of this and grabs his arm, pulling him forward and into the stairs that fall apart with a loud clatter.

Jim Gunt: And Silas is back on the attack, this match has been going back and forth continuously!

Mike Rolash: And he is under the ring! I've been wondering how long it would take them to bring in the toys, this is no DQ, for crying out loud!

And the Canadian Reaper is bringing out a table and a kendo stick. The first action is two hard whacks across the back of The Shadow with the kendo stick, making sure he is staying down at least for the time being, before setting up the table on the outside of the ring.

Jim Gunt: And there it is, the first table of the match.

Again Silas is pulling up The Shadow and goes to lift him up into a vertical suplex, but the man in black starts to twist and turn, causing Silas to lose his grip and instead of backwards through the table, The Shadow tilts sideways and lands on the top rope instead. Using this momentum he swings backwards, holds onto the top rope and both legs hit Silas hard in the side of the head making his neck snap uncomfortably before he crashes into the side of the cell.

Crowd: Holy shit! Holy shit!

Mike Rolash: We don't get these kinds of matches often, but as much as I hate anything Forsaken, this match really delivers the goods here and it shows that these two men hate each other's guts!

Jim Gunt: Yes, they are going to feel this match for a while and what is he doing now?

The Shadow is scaling the side of the cell close to Silas, who is just on his hands and knees. As he is about halfway up, Silas is on his feet, holding on to the apron. The Shadow closes his eyes and jumps off...

Jim Gunt: THIS IS THE ULTIMATE FLYING DDT EVER!

The crowd gives a gasp as he goes for the DDT through the table, but where Silas cleanly hits the centre of the table, The Shadow himself hits the side of the table, where the legs do not give out, with his back and he bounces off hard and into the side of the cell.

Jim Gunt: This could have done even more damage to The Shadow than to Silas right here!

And indeed the Psychotic Aristocrat is the first to get towards a vertical base, while The Shadow is still against the cell, holding his back. After briefly assessing the situation, a wicked smile creeps onto Silas' face and he lifts the apron cover. Out come another table, a folding chair and two heavy steel chains.

Mike Rolash: There we go, now the match is finally really starting!

Jim Gunt: The table is going into the ring, same for the chair, interesting, I would have thought he would be using it right away.

Mike Rolash: That's what the chain is for!

As Mike predicted, Silas comes swinging with the chain, bringing it down hard on The Shadow's back before pulling the Weaver of Dreams up. Pinning him against the cell he starts to thread the chain through the holes in the wall.

Jim Gunt: Oh my God, he is pretty much chaining The Shadow to the cell!

Mike Rolash: Oh yes, yes, yes, this is going to be fun!

With his opponent temporarily incapacitated, Silas rolls into the ring and sets up the table into one of the ring corners and the chair in front of it, before returning to the outside, the other set of chains in his hand. He smiles at The Shadow and shoots him a fake sad look as he raises the chain again. Like a whip it comes down, hitting the Calgarian into the mid-section and Silas begins to taunt him.

Silas Artoria: How strong do you feel now? What is it like to be subjected to somebody else's will?

He raises the chain again, a triumphant look on his face, but as he swings it down, The Shadow brings up his right leg and the chain wraps itself around it. With as much force as his limited mobility allows, he yanks down his leg, taking Silas by surprise. As he is staggering forward, The Shadow brings up his legs again and using the chain holding him to the cage as leverage kicks out at Silas' chest with all his strength, causing Artoria to fly backwards and onto the ground.

Jim Gunt: Looks like putting his whole weight on them, has made the chains slide out of the holes and The Shadow is free!

Mike Rolash: Oh great, this is going to drag on now.

Rubbing his arms where the chain had held him, The Shadow goes towards Silas, but he, too, is on his feet and charges forward, met by The Shadow in a lockup that we normally only see at the beginning of matches. Silas is able to gain the upper hand as the previous sequence had taken more out of The Shadow than anticipated. He pushes him towards the cell wall, then turns him, pressing his face right into the wire.

Jim Gunt: Silas is not taking any prisoners today, it shows that this is really personal for him.

He pulls The Shadow's head back and repeatedly slams it into the side of the cell, splitting open his skin at the eyebrow in the process. When he finally lets off, he grabs The Shadow and rolls him back into the ring for the first time in what feels ages.

Mike Rolash: There we go, he can't finish this off outside of the ring. Now let's hear it for Silas and his final sprint to the finish line!

Jim Gunt: I would not be so sure about this, Mike.

Before Silas goes back into the ring himself, he gives the crowd a flourish with much pomp, even though the reaction from the fans is one of resounding boos. He prances up the stairs, sure of The Shadow's incapacitation.

Jim Gunt: He is taking too much time! He had him almost ready...

When he finally steps through the ropes with much swagger, Jim's words come true as The Shadow runs along the ropes and greets him with a high knee, followed by a DDT bringing Silas back into the ring.

Mike Rolash: What the hell is happening here? He had this in the bag, no?

Jim Gunt: Well, he got cocky, he got, well, aristocratic.

Both men are down right now, with the burst of adrenaline of The Shadow having subsided. Silas is the first one to move, though, and after shaking the cobwebs from his brains he goes to bring The Shadow back to his feet. He drags him over to the chair and sits him on it, then moves into the opposite corner and starts running.

Jim Gunt: What a dropkick to The Shadow, sending him backwards into the table that is still propped up in the corner!

Crowd: This is awesome! This is awesome!

Mike Rolash: And I approve of this message!

Silas lifts The Shadow up, trying to set up a power bomb, but the Weaver of Dreams manages to wriggle his way out of the hold and pushes Silas forward into the table instead. He quickly sets the chair back up, runs into the corner and now it is his turn to run. He jumps, onto the chair and **HAMMER OF DOOM THROUGH THE TABLE!**

Jim Gunt: Whoa! What an impact, but now both men are down in the midst of the wreckage of the table, I can't shake the feeling tonight that The Shadow is almost hurting himself more than Silas, especially around tables...

Mike Rolash: Yeah, idiot.

???: Ahem.

Mike wheels around and sees a Druid standing behind him, red hair spilling out of the hood.

???: Do we have to go over this again, Mr. Rolash?

Mike Rolash: Uh, no...?

???: Good.

She nods her head and retreats back into the crowd. In the ring Silas is staggering back to his feet, finally having extracted himself from the wrecked table, The Shadow is moving, but nowhere near ready to get up. Silas also has a cut across the forehead from the impact on the table, a thin line of blood is running down the side of his face. He does not notice, though, as he fixates upon his opponent with unadulterated anger.

Jim Gunt: Silas is not happy, not happy at all!

Mike Rolash: Would you be, if you'd be slammed through tables all the time?

Jim Gunt: As much as it hurts me to do so, but I have to agree with you on this one.

The camera cuts from a beaming Mike to a seething Silas, who drags The Shadow up and delivers a **RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX** into the broken table! He picks up the chair and lifts it high above his head.

Jim Gunt: He's going to kill him...

And he brings it down with all his might with The Shadow barely able to roll out of the way of the blow that is strong enough to bend the chair's steel frame. Angry about the miss Silas throws the chair away and grabs The Shadow once more.

Mike Rolash: Ooh, another German suplex coming!

He has The Shadow in the position for another one, but then suddenly turns and backs up.

Jim Gunt: He is not really going to do this...?

Mike Rolash: Oh yes, oh yes, he is!

With a mighty heave and a strained grunt Silas lifts The Shadow off the ground and lets himself fall backwards, releasing the Weaver of Dreams just in time for him to sail over the top rope and into the side of the cell!

Crowd: **HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!**

Jim Gunt: HE WENT THROUGH THE SIDE OF THE CELL!

The panel that The Shadow hit gives out and the whole part comes crashing down onto the Spanish commentator table, sending them diving for cover. The Shadow is on the panel, motionless, Silas looking at him, laying in the ring. Suddenly the Aristocrat rolls himself out of the ring and steps through the opening.

Mike Rolash: Now he can finally finish him off!

Jim Gunt: What on earth is he doing? He is - climbing the side of the cell!

A murmur goes through the crowd as he is scaling the side of the structure.

Jim Gunt: Oh my God, he is not really going to jump off this thing?

Mike Rolash: I think he does...

As he is about two thirds up, though, The Shadow comes to and sees his opponent on the side of the cell. Still a bit shaky on his feet, he staggers over to the cell and starts to go after Silas. As the Canadian Reaper reaches the top, he looks down and to his horror does not see The Shadow. Only when two hands grab the top bar of the cell does he realize that he is no longer alone on top.

Jim Gunt: Now we'll see how sturdy this whole thing is!

Silas tries to stomp on The Shadow's hands, but is too slow. Instead The Shadow manages to grab Silas' leg and pulls, putting him off balance. Artoria trying to steady himself is enough time for The Shadow to pull himself to the top. Right away Silas attacks with a high knee to the face of his opponent kick that sends The Shadow a few steps backwards and OVER THE EDGE!

Mike Rolash: That's it! He is done.

Jim Gunt: No, he's not! Look!

The Shadow has managed to grab the edge of the cell, hanging off by his arms as he tries to find a foothold. Silas is unaware as he celebrates on top of the cell, raising his arms into the air.

The Shadow: You won't get rid of me this easily, Silas!

Silas wheels around in shock, not expecting to see his opponent back on top of the cell and this brief lapse of attention is enough for The Shadow to charge forwards and spear Silas to the ground, the wire mesh of the cell bending precariously under the impact. Both men are back to their feet and circle each other 20 feet above the ring. Silas is the first to make a move, lunging at The Shadow, clipping his knee, dropping him to the ground again. Right away he drags him back up and BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX!

Jim Gunt: They are getting closer and closer to the edge here, I don't like this!

As they brawl, they roll left and right, inching ever more closely to the edge of the cell. Finally Silas is on top of The Shadow, using part of the ripped sleeve of his shirt to choke his opponent. In a last ditch effort to avoid passing out, The Shadow lifts up his mid-section while rolling sideways, knocking Silas off balance. Trying to catch his breath, The Shadow does not manage to get up before Silas is back to his feet. With a maniacal look on his face, he bends forward, his fist raised to strike, but The Shadow manages to bring his legs up under Silas and pushes them up, catapulting Silas OVER THE EDGE!

The crowd lets out a collective gasp as Silas plummets to the ground, hitting the Swedish commentary table, which obviously collapses under the impact. A few scared screams echo through the otherwise deathly still Little Caesars Arena.

Mike Rolash: He's dead!

Jim Gunt: The Shadow is not moving up there either!

Moments later, though, The Shadow is rolling on his stomach, looking down at the fallen Silas, his left eye starting to swell shut from the previous impact, and with a look of concern on his face climbs down the side of the cell as medics arrive at the remnants of the commentator table. But Silas angrily motions for them to leave him alone as he extracts himself from the wreckage of the table. He staggers to his feet, holding his neck as The Shadow falls down the last few feet to the mat, looking spent.

Mike Rolash: How is he still standing?

Jim Gunt: No idea, could be the adrenaline walking, but The Shadow is in pretty rough shape himself.

And where Silas looks thoroughly shaken, blood still seeping from the cut on his forehead, The Shadow looks the worse for the wear, his left eye mostly swollen shut, the right eyebrow crusted with blood and also walking with a limp. Still Silas rushes at The Shadow with all his force, taking him by surprise and spearing him through the hole in the cell and into the side of the ring.

Crowd: SILAS! SHADOW! SILAS! SHADOW!

Mike Rolash: Silas is trying to get The Shadow up and into the ring, but this match has taken a lot out of him.

Jim Gunt: Both of them, but there has to be an end one way or the other and that can only happen in the ring!

Silas rolls himself into the ring, giving up on The Shadow for now and referee Scott Dean is not sure what to do and starts counting out The Shadow.

Jim Gunt: What on earth is he doing? This is a Hell in a Cell match and now he starts to count?

The Shadow is pulling himself up on the apron and yells at Dean, if he lost his mind and the referee hesitates and finally stops. Just as The Shadow drags himself back into the ring, he looks up and sees Silas towering above him with the chair in hand, a smile on his face. In a desperate move he grabs Silas' leg as he brings down the chair, throwing him off balance and only strikes a glancing blow at the Weaver of Dreams' head.

Mike Rolash: That could have been the end of this!

After taking a deep breath, The Shadow grabs the ropes and pulls himself to a vertical base again, the cut at his eyebrow bleeding again from the hit with the chair. Silas also is back on his feet, looking no more solid than The Shadow, still holding the chair in his hand. He comes in swinging again, but either assessing the situation quickly or pure instinct The Shadow lets himself fall backwards into the ropes, narrowly avoiding Silas' swing and coming back forward grabs Silas and DDT! Exhausted, none of them are moving.

Jim Gunt: Come on, all he has to do is put an arm on Silas!

Mike Rolash: Objective as ever, hm?

Jim Gunt: Hi pot.

Mike Rolash: What?

Jim Gunt: You keep calling the kettle black!

Mike Rolash: I am not-- what?

Jim Gunt: Never mind...

After what feels like an eternity, The Shadow manages to drag himself over to Silas and put one arm on his opponent. After a moment's hesitation Scott Dean drops to the canvas and starts the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner is - THE SHADOW!

Exhausted The Shadow rolls off his opponent onto his back, lifting his arm in victory, but otherwise not moving. The medics that Silas had originally shooed away are back ringside, putting a neckbrace on the Torontonion, transferring him to the gurney and strapping him down.

Jim Gunt: Silas looks like he is out for good.

Mike Rolash: Did you see what hits and bumps he had to take?

Jim Gunt: Yes, it was an impressive show by both men and here come three Druids to the ring!

Two robed figures and one bare-chested in a kilt rush down the ramp and through the hole in the cell, their hoods down as they run. The kilted man kneels down and gives The Shadow a quick check, then motions for the other to help him bring The Shadow to the edge of the ring, where they hoist his arms over their shoulders. As they pass by the commentator table, The Shadow looks up and with an exhausted voice whispers towards the microphones.

The Shadow: I took care of the aristocrat, next will be the king...

And with that the two Druids half carry, half drag The Shadow towards the exit, while the third, a woman with a wild mane of red hair pauses for a moment, glowering at Mike Rolash before continuing after them.

Mike Rolash: She looks familiar...

Jim Gunt: Oh Jim, where to start...

This Is It

Match

Mike Rolash: I'd never forget that hair.

Jim Gunt: While my broadcast partner... has his mid-life crisis... the Cell is being lifted and our crack ring crew is busily taking down the ropes in anticipation of tonight's main event. This has been building for quite some time, Mike, and I have to tell you, I'm actually fearful for both of these athletes.

Mike Rolash: Don't cry for Loki, Argentina. She'll come outta this with all her extremities still attached, and a shiny new belt. Cry for Little Miss Flair who's bitten off far more than she can chew.

Jim Gunt: It remains to be seen which of them is out of their depth, but I feel comfortable enough to say that it's both of them! It's one thing to wrestle, it's another to wrestle with no holds barred. This here - the barbed wire that's now being brought to the ring? That's something else entirely.

Mike Rolash: No, I agree with you on that, Jim. This is absolutely barbaric. You know the only thing worse than seeing two athletes tear each other up with sharp objects?

Jim Gunt: What's that?

Mike Rolash: All the blood is likely to ruin a perfectly good girlfight.

There's a pause.

Mike Rolash: Too soon?

Jim Gunt: Always too soon. But you may have a point about Loki Synn. She's bigger, she's violent, and she's the crown

jewel of James Milenko's Hostility insurgency, which has already won twice tonight. The momentum has to be on their side.

Mike Rolash: It's true. Autumn Raven and Dorian Hawkhurst learned that the hard way, and MJ Flair is about to join their very sad club.

Jim Gunt: It has been a memorable event this evening, above and beyond the clash between the CWF and the Hostility insurgency. As we just saw, The Shadow was able to get past Silas Artoria in a hard fought Hell in a Cell match with quite the unusual ending. Freddie Styles has split for the night, as, while he lost the CWF Impact Championship to Zach van Owen in what has to be Zach's biggest victory to date, the Smokin' Aces are still the CWF World Tag Team Champions!

Mike Rolash: Give it time, he'll screw it up.

Jim Gunt: The Glass Ceiling continued its winning ways with Jarvis King retaining the CWF Paramount Championship against Harley Hodge, and King has been holding onto that Championship longer than any other Champion in this company!

Mike Rolash: You can overlook that real easy, Jim. The Smokin Aces, and Flair - they might be on their second championship reigns, but The King has held onto that belt against all comers, with Harley Hodge just being the last in a long line.

Jim Gunt: And maybe his next challenger could be the reborn Azrael? Az, with a big win over Christer Lundmark tonight showed he might just have some divine intervention on his side!

Mike Rolash: Divine intervention isn't enough to crack the glass ceiling.

Jim Gunt: No, but The Ripper, Danny B might have done so with his victory over the Commissioner!

Mike Rolash: Honestly, that's secondary to me. Ripper won, big whoop. The thing that matters is that his win drastically reduced the odds of Ataxia appearing behind me tonight.

Jim Gunt: And we still have the main event, Mike! The last bit of barbed wire is being worked into place as we speak!

Mike Rolash: Would it be wrong to throw your suit jacket at the wire to see if it'd stick?

Jim Gunt: ...

Mike Rolash: What?

Mariella Jade Flair (c) vs. Loki Synn

Match

Jim Gunt: It looks like the ring crew is just about finished with their work, Mike... and that looks deadly.

Mike Rolash: For once, you're right, Gunt. I wouldn't want to be in there.

Jim Gunt: Referee Trent Robbins has drawn the unenviable task of officiating this match, and I say that because of the increased risk to everyone in that ring. A referee can get bumped or knocked into or shoved, accidentally or on purpose - and the ropes are generally pretty forgiving. Robbins gets knocked today, he's hitting barbed wire and it's going to make a difference.

Mike Rolash: He's wearing heavy work gloves and what looks like a thick long sleeved shirt under his referee shirt... it looks like long underwear and now I can't unsee it.

Jim Gunt: ...

Mike Rolash: You're welcome.

CUE UP: "Smash the Control Machine" - OTEP

Jim Gunt: And here comes the Champion!

Mike Rolash: For another... twenty minutes or so?

The fans, already whipped into a frenzy from the rest of the night to this point, cheer as loud as they can for their unlikely World Champion. MJ Flair steps out onto the entrance, sans-hoodie, sans-swagger... she has the Championship belt around her waist as the only outward sign of her status as the World Champion.

Jim Gunt: I don't know what MJ Flair's history with this type of match is, but she's clearly dressed for the event, Mike! She's got her hair pulled back and tightly wrapped in a single braid, and she's got her hands, wrists, and forearms taped up for protection! That shirt - what is that?

Mike Rolash: Looks like it says 'Vox Nihili.' What the crap does that mean?

Her shirt apparently appears a size too small - every one of MJ's muscles and curves can be seen. The fans who know, know the truth: layers that cling are more likely to provide protection from the wire, and less likely to get accidentally snagged.

Jim Gunt: MJ - for obvious reasons, I think - slides carefully under the bottom rope, passing by her usual entrance ritual of climbing the corner. She pulls the title belt from around her waist and drapes it over her shoulder, and I think she's ready, Mike!

Mike Rolash: She looks nervous.

Jim Gunt: Can you blame her?

Mike Rolash: Honestly? No.

CUE UP: "Painted Smile" by Madam MaCabre.

Jim Gunt: MJ Flair steps back against the far edge of the ring, and I think she's wisely giving herself enough room to handle whatever comes out of there!

Mike Rolash: For now.

The mains dim, and purple mood lighting fills the arena, along with several puffs of fog machines that give the entire place an undertone of dread. A pair of strobes begin to pulsate to the music as the beat picks up.

Jim Gunt: What are you doing, Mike? Get out from behind me!

Mike Rolash: Go soak your head, Jim! Ataxia might be freaky but this bitch... she scares the shit outta me!

On the entryway, the fans buzz at the sight of two, then six, then twelve buff, cut women walking out. Each of them is identically dressed in a full head mask with the only decoration being a jagged smile - a psychedelic sports bra and matching leggings with boots. You might need to be on drugs but it's almost visible, the word 'HOSTILITY' emblazoned in the leggings like a magic eye drawing.

Jim Gunt: This is...

Mike Rolash: ...Championship-esque?

The next thing the fans see is two men - buffed and tough, walking out from the backstage. They each carry a corner of a fancy bed on their shoulders. The other end quickly emerges with similarly sized manual labor, but they're quickly forgotten by the sight of Loki Synn herself, dressed like her doppelgangers - except for her sportsbra being plain black and covered by a simple tank top that reads 'ONLY THE DEAD KNOW PEACE.'

Jim Gunt: Loki Synn covering her entire head; this both protects any stray hair from being trapped in the wire, and keeps herself from expressing any pain.

Mike Rolash: She doesn't feel pain.

Jim Gunt: This is razor wire surrounding the ring, Mike! She's going to feel pain at some point!

Loki stands up on her bed as her manservants arrive at ringside, those in the front carefully kneeling down to give her an easy step to the ring. She drops down to the floor as the Loki doppelgangers give The Queen's Wave to the fans, providing a disturbing counterpart to the one and only.

Jim Gunt: Loki hops to the floor, and she takes an exaggerated bow! She-Oh my goodness! Loki just slid into the ring between the layers of wire, and she's already sliced open!

Mike Rolash: Did I stutter, Jim?

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, this next contest is a Barbed Wire match for the CWF World Championship!

Jim Gunt: Loki's doppelgangers, fortunately, have left the ringside area! We might have ourselves a fair fight!

Ray Douglas: In this match, there will be no pinfalls, no countouts, no disqualifications, and no traditional countouts! This match is contested under Last Wrestler Standing rules, and the winner will be the one who puts her opponent down for a full ten count!

Mike Rolash: Loki's already bleeding and she doesn't care. What can Flair do against that?

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, is the challenger! From parts unknown, and weighing in at one hundred eighty five pounds... THE JAGGED GRIN, LOW... KEY... SIIIIIIINNNNNN!!!!!!

Jim Gunt: A huge chorus of boos for the challenger, but I don't think she notices!

Mike Rolash: I don't think it matters.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent... from Warwick, New York... weighing in at one hundred thirty three pounds... the current reigning CWF CHAMPION OF THE WOOOOOORLD....

All of the fans say it along with him.

EMM... JAY... FLAAAAAAAAAIRRRR!!!!!!

Jim Gunt: I think we know who these fans are behind, Mike!

Mike Rolash: It doesn't matter who they're behind; fans don't win matches!

Jim Gunt: Flair handing her Championship belt over to Ray Douglas, who gets a not- insignificant amount of help getting out of the ring without damaging his tuxedo.

Mike Rolash: You know, in hindsight he could've just done the announcing from the floor. What a spotlight hog.

Jim Gunt: There's the bell, and we're underway! Mike, Loki Synn has a five inch, fifty pound advantage over MJ Flair; under normal match rules this would give a marked advantage to Loki... the barbed wire, though, is the wild card.

Mike Rolash: You kidding? That puts things even more in Loki's favor! She doesn't feel pain, and she doesn't feel empathy or remorse. Flair's got some toughness, but this is her father's domain, not hers. The second she hits the wire, I give her five minutes tops.

In the ring, the women circle each other. Loki and MJ lock up, and Loki immediately shoves the Champion backwards! MJ stops herself a few inches out of the corner, and she takes a moment to steady herself. Loki doesn't move; she's waiting, confident.

Mike Rolash: One more good shove should do it!

MJ and Loki lock up again, and they circle around the ring! Loki is still clearly in control, but MJ keeps her weight low and off balance, and manages to stay in the middle of the ring.

Jim Gunt: As overmatched as she possibly may be, MJ Flair is prepared for this opponent!

Mike Rolash: For now.

After a good two minutes of a stalemate, Loki shifts her feet and lifts MJ off hers, and tosses her towards the wire! MJ holds on, however, and manages to transition this into an armdrag takedown! Loki hits the mat! Loki with a punch to MJ's face that's mostly blocked, but the hold breaks!

Jim Gunt: The Champion wrestling a defensive match so far, and you can't blame her.

Mike Rolash: I can blame her for anything I want.

Loki grabs MJ in a lock up again, and she uses her strength to whip the Champion into the corner! The fans rise up to see, but MJ stops herself before impact, making good use of the extra tape on her hands and wrists! Sensing movement from behind, she fires an elbow backwards, catching Loki on the side of the head and staggering the challenger backwards. MJ lunges forward and catches Loki around the waist, and lifts her up with a spinning spinebuster, dropping her head mere inches from the bottom layer of wire. She backs up, fully aware that Loki is about to do the same.

Jim Gunt: And Robbins doesn't even count!

Mike Rolash: Why count when it's a foregone conclusion?

Loki kips up and moves towards MJ again - not with speed or anger, but with purpose. MJ takes a backstep but it doesn't help, as Loki fakes a kick to the abdomen, a kick that she knows will be blocked, and cross faces her! MJ's head snaps back, and Loki again attacks the abdomen, doubling her over! The challenger grabs the back of the Champion's neck and sends her headfirst into the corner!

Mike Rolash: CUT A BITCH!

Jim Gunt: MJ loses her footing, and she stops herself before impact! A quick roll to the side keeps her out of harm's way and Loki's follow up!

Mike Rolash: Admit it, Gunt... who's been in control this match?

Jim Gunt: I've got no problem with honesty, Mike... so far, Loki Synn has had most of the control.

Mike Rolash: You have a weird way of saying 'all of the control.'

Loki grabs MJ by the hair and pulls her to her feet, and lifts her up, gorilla pressing her above her head!

Jim Gunt: What's worse, Mike? Does Loki drop her onto the wire, or does she drop her all the way to the floor?

Mike Rolash: Either one works for me, Jim! And this right here is a perfect illustration as to why you can't have some chick at a buck thirty be your HEAVYWEIGHT champion!

The match has barely begun, however, and even as Loki raises MJ high above her head, the Champion is alert enough to scramble out of her grip! She gets her lower half free and slides down Loki's back, hooking her head on the way, and immediately dropping backwards into a familiar pose!

Jim Gunt: MORNINGSTAR! MJ drops Loki Synn on her head and rolls away, and this one is in the bag!

Mike Rolash: What a gyp!

ONE...

Trent Robbins makes sure to stay off to the side; even with Loki down he seems to know better than to be between the two athletes.

TWO...

The Champion stands back, cautiously optimistic.

THREE...

Jim Gunt: That Morning Star hits heavy on the back of the head, even this early on it could be curtains!

Mike Rolash: No way, Gunt. God doesn't hate me that much.

FOUR...

Just as Robbins raises his hand to count five, Loki kips up again, and before anyone can blink, runs at MJ, knocking her in the head with an elbow and down to the mat----

Jim Gunt: MJ JUST LANDED NECK FIRST ON THE BARBED WIRE!

An audible groan of pain rises from the crowd as MJ rolls to the side, barbed wire leaving red pinpricks on the back of her neck, and holes and small tears in the shirt she's wearing. Her hair is stuck for a moment, though its tight braid mitigates the damage.

Jim Gunt: MJ rolls over and pushes back - LOKI WITH A CURBSTOMP TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD!

Mike Rolash: Uncle Mikey loves ya, baby!

MJ pushes back onto her hands and knees, and the camera gets a close up of the now-crimson-stained barbs on the wrap. Loki raises her arms in premature victory and circles the ring, fully confident.

Jim Gunt: MJ FLAIR WITH A STANDING DROPKICK TO LOKI'S BACK! The challenger is knocked into the corner and to her knees, she's engulfed in wire!

The Champion lands hard, and she's slow to her feet, showing off the several long, thin scratches on her cheek and neck. One of them wells with blood, the others currently just show scratches. She backs up to give Loki space - and herself that same space.

Mike Rolash: That mask of Loki's has a few red dots on it, she's been cut open. But I think this will work to her advantage, Gunt - the mask will soak up the blood and make it easier to clot.

Jim Gunt: You have something of a point there, Mike, but that won't help her bare arms, chest, or stomach, all of which just took barbed wire head on!

Mike Rolash: Somehow, I don't think she cares.

No sooner does Rolash finish his statement, than Loki stands up and turns around in the corner, looks at her punctured arms, and, as if proving a point, grabs hold of the top layer of wire as the barbs grind into her skin. Under the mask, one can assume she's smiling.

Jim Gunt: Pinpricks of blood swell up on Loki's arms, and I don't think she's noticed.

They lock up again, thick red drops smear against each woman's arms as they both try to maintain control. Loki does not play with MJ this time as she exercises her size advantage, and shoves her into the wire! MJ's eyes close tightly in pain at the multiple puncture points. She moves to the side, and her shirt tears in two places where it was fully snagged.

Mike Rolash: Here's hoping someone remembered her tetanus shot.

Jim Gunt: I would... hope... that sterilized wire was used.

Mike Rolash: Don't harsh my high, dude.

Just as quickly, Loki is on the Champion again, clubbing her against the wire with forearms to the back of the neck and shoulder blades, and she pounds MJ to the mat! She hooks her and pulls her back to her feet, and lifts Flair up for a suplex... SHE'S DROPPED ACROSS THE BARBED WIRE! The wire sags and pulls from all sides, all the way down, as MJ slowly slides from her prone position to the outside of the ring. The way in which she slides, however, continues to scrape her stomach and chest and tear away at her shirt as she collapses to the floor in the fetal position.

Jim Gunt: Loki trying to leave the ring, but Robbins stops her!

Mike Rolash: Favoritism!

Jim Gunt: I don't think so, Mike - Trent Robbins has started his count!

ONE...

TWO...

Before he can get to three, Loki sneaks around him and drops from the ring to the floor with a legdrop across the back of MJ's neck! She picks the Champion up and sends her back into the ring, accidentally (not really) running her over the loosened barbed wire in the process, with some of it sticking to her shirt, hair, and long tights again.

Jim Gunt: Loki staring at the Champion, down and out in the ring, and... wait a second, what's she doing?

Mike Rolash: No DQ, Jim! No rules!

With a roar of disapproval, the fans are helpless but to look on as Loki pulls her all - too - familiar scepter out from underneath the ring, though it is now wrapped in barbed wire. She holds it up and points it towards MJ, making her intentions crystal clear.

Jim Gunt: The Champion is in real trouble now!

Mike Rolash: Let me know when we get to the point of the match where we stop calling Flair the Champion, mmmkay? Thanks.

Loki climbs over the downed wire, cutting up her arms and torso some more (while continuing to ignore said cuts) as she reenters the ring, and brings the scepter down on the Second Coming's back! MJ crumbles back to the mat, but seemingly instinctively (with a memory fresh in her head, no doubt) covers the back of her head with her hands, though Loki continues to attack her back and shoulder blades, allowing the wire to tear at her shirt and flesh with each pound!

Finally, Loki drops the scepter and football - punts MJ in the side of the head! The Jagged Grin raises her arms in victory as the Detroit fans angrily boo back. Trent Robbins backs her up - warily watching her - and starts the count.

ONE...

Mike Rolash: Stay down, Flair! Make it easier on yourself!

TWO...

Jim Gunt: She's taken a severe beating, Mike, and while I'd be surprised to see her take a dive, there's only so much that the body can endure!

THREE...

And MJ pushes backwards to her knees, breaking the count. Loki shakes her head and picks MJ up, and she shouts something that the cameras can't pick up at her. The challenger drags the Champion to the side of the ring and roughly drags her face on the barbed wire, stopping only to smack her head against the exposed steel of the turnbuckle! MJ sinks to her knees again, while Loki adjusts her arm protector.

Jim Gunt: MJ Flair with a series of scratches across her face - it looks like one of them bisected her left eye and is starting to bleed freely! She wipes the blood away, and I think she's lucky that her eye didn't get damaged in the attack!

Mike Rolash: It's just a matter of time.

In complete control, Loki looks unconcerned. She grabs MJ by the braid again and roughly pulls her back to her feet, and drops her back down with a Wisecrack! Another! Robbins counts again!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

Jim Gunt: MJ taking quite a beating, she has a long way to go if she wants to make this a competitive match!

Mike Rolash: What she wants is irrelevant.

FOUR...

FIVE...

Loki with a scoop! She breaks the count with a pair of hands around MJ's neck, and pulls her up roughly, cutting off the Champion's air! MJ WITH A HEADBUTT!

Jim Gunt: I think she may have broken Loki's nose! There's a dark red stain growing on the front of her mask, and she's dropped MJ back to the mat! That could be a game changer!

Mike Rolash: That's also possibly a bloodstain from Flair's busted - ass face.

Jim Gunt: You're not wrong, Mike - both of these women have taken some hard shots tonight!

Mike Rolash: But who's still on their feet?

Jim Gunt: ... Loki.

Mike Rolash: You're goddamn right.

Dazed for the first time tonight, Loki steps back to clear her head and her vision, and MJ finally has the chance to take the offensive! She steps in and whips Loki across the ring - and she hits the barbed wire! THE WIRE SAGS AND PUSHES OUT! LOKI IS WRAPPED UP IN THE WIRE!

Fans are on their feet, particularly the ones closest to ringside. The earlier incident of Loki dropping MJ stomach first across the wire had caused it to give way a bit, so the opposite side sags deeply, but it's still wrapped tightly enough to hold the Challenger up!

Jim Gunt: MJ Flair and Loki Synn both described the barbed wire as a net, and right now, Loki is trapped in it! She's tearing herself up trying to get back to the ring, as the only thing she has to brace on is more wire!

Mike Rolash: Is it just me, or is that mask getting more and more red?

Jim Gunt: It's not just you, partner! MJ FLAIR WITH A SPEAR!

Having had a moment to reassess her strategy so far, the Champion evidently decided that playing defense hadn't been working all that well for her, so she makes the decision to go balls-out on the offensive, and she spears the Challenger into the barbed wire, with both of them landing in a heap on the floor, surrounded by the razor sharp barbs. Both women roll away from each other - still on the wire itself - leaving bloody smears on the protective mats.

Jim Gunt: These fans are cheering and chanting their support, but I don't know what kind of support could help either of

them get back to their feet! Trent Robbins counting, I think more out of self - preservation than anything else!

Mike Rolash: AND LOKI'S UP!

While the Champion rolls clear of the wire, leaving half her shirt behind, as well as a trail of bloody drips, the Challenger climbs to her feet on the bed of wire itself, seemingly oblivious to any pain that might be coursing through her body. And, considering the amount of blood smeared on her body and soaked into her mask, there is almost certainly pain.

Loki looks back at the ring, at the two sides of wire that are completely destroyed and the third that has sagged quite a bit, and finally she looks down at the struggling Champion.

Jim Gunt: Loki pulling that length of wire free - with her bare hands?

Mike Rolash: This is who we need as a Champion, Jim!

Jim Gunt: And she's wrapping it around her fist and forearm! She has the worst intentions possible on her mind for the Champ, but it could hurt her just as much!

Indeed, the wire is wrapped so tightly around the Jester's arm that she is clearly bleeding from a dozen or so more punctures, but the risk is worth the reward to her as she drops a forearm on the back of MJ's head! Scoop of the Champion, and another punch to the face, scraping her cheek, and sending her staggering into the guardrail! Loki with a third punch, and a fourth, and MJ is fading fast!

Mike Rolash: Has it been five minutes?

Jim Gunt: It's been well past five minutes, Mike - your estimate was wrong.

Mike Rolash: Long as the belt changes hands, I'm okay with that.

Loki whips MJ into the ring apron, and she hits hard on the side! The Jagged Grin stops and looks out into the sea of fans, raising her arms in victory!

Mike Rolash: No celebrating, champ! Finish her!

She turns back towards MJ just as the Champion pushes herself back up to a full standing base, though she has a hand on the apron to steady herself. Loki rushes her - THE PUNCHLINE!

Mike Rolash: NO!

Jim Gunt: MJ BLOCK DODGES!

Not only is the Champion able to step out of the blast radius of Loki's fist, but she is able to half - catch, half - guide the challenger into the sagging wall of barbed wire before she stumbles to the side, catching herself on the ring steps! Trapped in the wire, Loki ends up pulling the entire side down on top of her! She rolls over to try and get free but only wraps herself up a little bit more!

Jim Gunt: MJ looks like she's getting an idea, and that can't be good for the challenger!

Mike Rolash: No ideas! Stop thinking!

MJ staggers towards Loki, dropping to her knees - fortunately, they're protected by her kneepads - and she grabs the loose, frayed ends of these particular lengths of wire and pulls them together, wrapping Loki up like an extreme mummy! The wire pierces MJ's protective tape over and over again, with more bloody pinpricks forming on her hands and arms, but she manages to effectively wrap Loki up even more tightly in the bonds of barbs, so much so that every movement on the Challenger's part is digging the points into her even more!

And yet.

Jim Gunt: Loki still trying to get free! MJ pressing her palms into her eyes, I think this match is starting to wear on her! Kick to the head by Flair! Another! Loki still trying to pull the wire from around her head first before freeing the rest of her! The Champion back into the ring!

Mike Rolash: And the Challenger getting free!

She wastes no time. MJ measures, and she jumps from the ring to the floor, flattening Loki with a splash! The wire damages both of them, but Loki clearly gets the worst of it with the floor right next to her, and a length of wire tightens around her head!

ONE...

Jim Gunt: Both wrestlers down!

TWO...

Mike Rolash: Come on, Loki!

THREE...

MJ rolls off Loki, her shirt pulling away completely, stuck to the barbed wire. She's protected by a thick sportsbra, but her torso, front and back, is littered with bloody scrapes - some of which are still bleeding along with her face and arms. Another tear has opened up on the side of her knee, and blood is running down her leg.

FOUR...

Jim Gunt: MJ Flair with a hand on the apron!

FIVE...

Mike Rolash: And Loki Synn with a hand on our table!

SIX...

Trent Robbins looks on with concern - obviously for both competitors as well as himself.

SEVEN...

Mike Rolash: LOKI SYNN IS UP!

EIGHT...

Jim Gunt: I can't believe it, Loki is up before MJ!

Before Robbins can count nine, MJ rolls back into the ring and hunches up on her knees, effectively breaking the count.

Mike Rolash: I can! Loki took Flair's best shots, again and again, and she's still coming!

Jim Gunt: She doesn't look too good, Mike!

Loki's mask is nearly completely bloodstained at this point. She reaches up to touch her head, gingerly working around her almost assuredly broken nose, and looks down. In the ring, MJ tries to get to her feet, but stumbles back down to her knees before assuring Robbins that she can continue.

Jim Gunt: Loki is... Oh, that's not good.

Mike Rolash: I might be a little sick.

Clenching her barbed - wire - wrapped fist tightly, Loki runs a barb over her left eye, then over her right. The fans rightfully retch in nausea, until they see the practical upshot. Her mask was effectively blinding her with the bloodstains,

and now she's cut two holes that allow her rage - filled eyes a clear look at her opponent. One more slit near her mouth for better breathing, and Loki turns around to reenter the ring!

Mike Rolash: She keeps coming. You break her, you bleed her, you crush her... she is relentless! New CWF World Champion!

Jim Gunt: You may be right, partner! MJ Flair has taken a hellacious beating from her challenger, and she looks almost completely spent! Loki, on the other hand, is up and moving, and she has bad intentions in mind!

Still wrapped up in wire, Loki steps towards Flair, who stumbles backwards when she tries to get back to her feet herself. Loki with a barbed wire - wrapped hand around the neck, and she pulls MJ up - - -

Jim Gunt: MJ JUST CLOCKED LOKI ON THE SIDE OF THE HEAD WITH THAT SCEPTER!

It's clearly a last ditch effort by a spent Champion, but as the wire - covered scepter makes contact with the side of Loki's head, the challenger's grip loosens and MJ sinks to her knees on the mat in front of her, another half dozen jagged scraps all around her neck. Loki stands tall for a few seconds...

...

...and falls backwards like a tree.

ONE...

Jim Gunt: That was a solid hit, Mike - she could be knocked out!

TWO...

Mike Rolash: NO! NO! NO! GET UP!

THREE...

MJ's head drops down, and the worst of her scrapes drip blood onto the mat, most of which run down her face and neck to the lowest point.

FOUR...

Mike Rolash: This isn't fair, that's not her scepter!

FIVE...

Jim Gunt: Loki brought it in, Mike - and she used it against MJ during her Iron Man match against Silas Artoria! This would be poetic justice!

SIX...

Mike Rolash: I don't know about poetry, but this isn't fair to me!

SEVEN...

MJ pushes herself back to a sitting position - still 'up' as far as Trent Robbins is concerned, but completely vulnerable.

EIGHT...

Mike Rolash: LOKI IS STIRRING! YES! GET HER! TEAR HER TO SHREDS!

NINE...

Loki raises an arm... Trent Robbins suspends his count for a second, and the fans in the arena and around the world hold their breath as the Jagged Grin looks to have some remaining reserves!

...until her arm falls again.

