

Infernal: CWF Evolution- Episode 7

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: November 27, 2017
Location: United Center — Chicago, Illinois

Results

Bury My Demons

Match

The seventh episode of CWF's Evolution does not open up with a massive pyrotechnic display, or a scanning of the crowd like usual. Instead, the World Heavyweight champion stands in the middle of the squared circle, looking as serious as ever as he places a microphone up to his lips. The crowd is dead silent as they anticipate his words.

Harley Hodge: Welcome everyone to Evolution!

The usual massive pop for the champion. But something is not right with the Accelerator.

Harley Hodge: I didn't come out here tonight to give the usual "thank you for coming out tonight" speech however, I want to get right down to business. Ripper, last week you took things one step too far. You made things beyond personal between us when you decided to decimate my father's grave and embarrass his legacy.

The Accelerator takes a deep breath before continuing.

Harley Hodge: So Danny, you want me at Frozen Over six in a Buried Alive Match? You're fucking on, man. I will stand eye to eye with the Ripper and I will bury my demons. You better be ready for the fight of your life, because if you think you're walking out of Frozen Over with MY championship? You're going to have to bury me six feet under and kill me to take it from my cold hands.

Harley spikes the microphone against the canvas, preparing to exit the ring showing a strange sense of frustration and anger. Suddenly, the lights cut out in the arena! Flashes and cell phone lights come on quickly, but the lights are right back on, showing The Ripper standing just a few feet ahead of the Accelerator! Danny B jolts his right arm forward, squeezing the throat of Harley and pushing him against the turnbuckle to choke him to death. The sold out crowd boos aloud, but quickly turn to cheers as Harley raises both legs up and kicks him off!

The Accelerator runs at Ripper and takes him down, both men rolling and punching, throwing all the can at each other. Security runs down the ramp as fast as they can, entering the ring as both men continue to give their best shot. Finally order is restored, both men being brought into separate corners. In an absolute frenzy at the sight set out in front of them, the crowd cheers as Harley and Ripper both somehow break through the security and meet each other in the center of the ring with massive right hands. Hodge tries for a lariat, Ripper ducks under, RKS! The Ripper chuckles

evilily as he stands over the downed body of Harley Hodge, jeers coming in his direction from everywhere as he raises his hands high in the air. One more victory over the champ..

Fade.

Autumn Raven vs. TJ Adams

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is the opening contest and is scheduled for one fall!

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: Introducing first, from Los Angeles, California, weighing 125 pounds, she is the Beautiful Psychopath....AUTUMN RAVEN!!

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

She walks around the ring, glaring at the fans sitting at ringside before sliding under the bottom rope and leaping to her feet, giving the crowd a smug smile. She runs to the corner turnbuckle, climbing to the second one, taunting the crowd, as she flings her arms out to the sides once again before climbing down.

Suddenly the sounds of A Day To Remember - 'Downfall of Us All' blares through the speakers.. TJ Adams walks out

onto the stage as the fans give him a mixed reaction..

Ray Douglas: And her opponent.. From Beach City, weighing in at 185 pounds, here is The Beach City Bad Boy....TJ ADAMS!!

He finally arrives at the ring, climbing inside. He sizes Autumn up as he climbs a turnbuckle, raising his arms to the crowd.

Jim Gunt: It's time to get another night of hot CWF action started.. And I'm ready we have two relative newcomers squaring off.

Mike Rolash: I mean TJ's new here and I don't know much about him. But Autumn Raven has really been flat backing it out there as of late.

Jim Gunt: Flat Backing?

Mike Rolash: Yea Jimbo, you know when a woman doesn't wanna do much work so they lay there flat on their back..

Jim Gunt shakes his head as "Big" Denny Davidson is the official for this match, he calls for the bell and we are underway. Autumn Raven goes to move forward towards TJ Adams looking for a lock up, but she is caught off guard as Adams runs full speed and takes her out with a hard Bicycle Kick! The crowd let's out an "OH" as the impact neatly decapitated her. He doesn't stop there picking her back up. He sets her up for a suplex, Adams lifts her in the air holding her there for a brief second before driving her back to the canvas with a Brainbuster! Adams quickly goes for the cover as Denny Davidson sides in for the count..

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....Kick Out!

Jim Gunt: TJ Adams almost got a quick victory with that Brainbuster!

Mike Rolash: Did you see how fast that kid was after the bell rung?

Adams trying to stay on the attack lands a few kicks to the gut of Raven causing her to roll across the ring a bit. He grabs her hair bringing her back up once again looking to do more damage. Adams whips Raven to the ropes only to drop her with a Back Body Drop on the return.. Autumn Raven grabs her back in pain as TJ enjoys his handiwork. She struggles to get to her feet crawling on her hands and knees as Adams rakes his boot across her face a few times, scrubbing away a bit of her face paint.

Jim Gunt: Looks like TJ Adams is really taking Autumn Raven lightly in this match..

Mike Rolash: I mean who wouldn't, what has she brought to the table here?

Jim Gunt: I'm just saying don't come here out.

Adams reaches for the hair yet again, bringing her to her feet once more, Autumn catches him by surprise though, knocking Adams hands away and rocking him with a forearm shot.. He stumbles back a bit, and she soon connects with a knife edge chop forcing him to clutch his chest. She backs him into ropes, throwing Adams arms over them and telling the crowd to be quiet. They oblige her as she lets a hard overhead slap to Adams' expose chest. He drops to his knees clutching his chest as the crowd cheers for the first and last for Raven..

Jim Gunt: Oh My!! That sounded like a gunshot going off!

Mike Rolash: I haven't heard a slap like that since that one night in that hotel, but that's another story Jim.

TJ Adams stumbles to his feet still holding his chest as Autumn Raven stalks him. He finally makes it to a standing position, but that was a bad decision as Raven takes him right back down with a Chop Block. Clutching his left leg in pain now Raven continues to stalk him once again. She's back on the attack quickly grabbing the left leg of Adams and dropping an elbow on it. She repeats this two more times as TJ screams out in pain..

Jim Gunt: This seems to be a more focused Autumn Raven here tonight Mike.

Mike Rolash: I guess she got tired of flat backing..

Autumn is right back on the attack, grabbing the legs of Adams hooking him in a Scorpion Lock! Adams screams in pain as Raven applies more and more pressure on the legs. The crowd begins to root Adams on as he looks for an escape. He uses what little strength he has to try and crawl his way over to the ropes. The fans get louder as he inches close, but Raven cancels his plans as she drags him right back to the center on the ring. "Big" Denny Davidson is in TJ's asking if he wants to give up. He shakes his head no as he continues to fight the hold. He soon musters enough strength to roll to his back and kick Raven Right in the face dropping her to a seated position.

Jim Gunt: Adams did everything he could to fight the Scorpion Lock and was able to escape.

Mike Rolash: Okay, Autumn Raven is starting to impress me. She's been on go mode after that chop block. She means business here tonight.

TJ still grabs at his left leg withering in pain. Raven not staying down is back to her feet and once again working on the injured leg. She rolls Adams onto his stomach grabbing his leg, lifting it and driving his knee down hard into the mat. The move send shockwaves of pain through the knee of Adams as he rolls towards the corner to try and get away. Raven stalks her prey once again as the Chicago faithful boo furiously. Raven grabs him by the leg again dragging him into the center on the ring. She hooks his foot and drives it into the canvas with a DDT. Adams rolls towards another corner still trying to escape the vicious Autumn Raven. Not letting up Raven rolls to the outside, and walks towards the corner were Adams is, she grabs his legs again pulling them between the ring post ready to cause more damage. The Beautiful Psychopath suddenly grabs his left leg again looking towards the crowd with a sadistic smile. She then slams his leg hard into the ring post as the fans show their disapproval.

Jim Gunt: I'm wondering, where was this side of Raven in her first two matches?

Mike Rolash: Those losses probably woke a sleeping beast within her. This kid's leg is not gonna be any good when she's down..

The smile still shines across her face as she grabs his legs again and locks him in a Figure Four around the ring post.. TJ fights the hold as Denny Davidson slowly walks over the administer the five count. When he reaches four she lets go, back on her feet she continues to size up her opponent to do more harm. She grabs his leg once more, looking to slam it against the apron. TJ tired of the abuse uses one last ditch effort as he kicks Raven, sending her crashing hard into the guardrail.

Jim Gunt: Desperation move there by the second generation wrestler!

Mike Rolash: We've had a serious influx of second generation stars come in lately..

TJ uses the ring ropes to pull himself to his feet. He slaps his knee a few times to bring some life back to it. Raven makes it back to her feet, she goes to attack him again but he surprises her with a Superkick to the face. She stumbles backwards as Adams runs at her and connects with a Meteora! The crowd cheers as TJ hobbles to his feet, picks Raven up and rolls her into the ring. Waisting no time he climbs to the to top rope and flies off landing a Frog Splash! He hooks her leg as Denny goes for the count..

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TT-No! Shoulder Up!

TJ upset he didn't get the three, gets to his feet, he lifts Autumn onto his shoulders looking for a Death Valley Driver. Raven struggles against the move causing pain to shoot through the knee of Adams. She falls behind him and rolls him up going for the pin.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO!!! No! Kick Out!

Jim Gunt: The damage has been done to the knee of Adams.

Mike Rolash: Yea any extra weight and his knee buckles everytime, no matter how heavy his opponent is.

Autumn let's out a primal scream bringing jeers from the crowd. She brings Adams back to his feet hooking him with a front facelock, swinging around she drives him face first into the mat with the Broken Future. She doesn't go for the cover though rising back to her feet, signaling that it's over. She waited patiently as Adams struggles to get to his feet. Once he does, she levels him with the Claw of the Night dropping him to the canvas. Raven slithers her way over for the cover as Denny makes the count..

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

Jim Gunt: Tough break for the kid here tonight..

Mike Rolash: Just wasn't his time I guess.. But Autumn Raven kinda changed my opinion about her here tonight..

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, the BEAUTIFUL PSYCHOPATH....AUTUMN RAVEN!!

The Surgeon Is In

Match

We cut backstage on a shot of the beautiful Tara Robinson standing in front of a CWF background ready to interview someone but they're not in shot.

Tara Robinson: CWF, it's with great pleasure I introduce to you the latest signee to our federation...

We cut to a shot of a young man with an undercut hairstyle. His t-shirt reads "The Surgeon is In" in a bloody font and is cut off crudely at the shoulders. He rubs his hands together like he has a plan.

Tara Robinson: ..."The Surgeon" Davey Douglas. Davey, welcome to the CWF.

She holds the microphone out for Davey to respond. He stares at her unamused by her introduction.

Tara Robinson: Okay... well, Davey, it'd be great for you tell some of the fans at home a little about yourse-

Davey manhandles her wrist and brings the microphone close to his range to speak.

Davey Douglas: Tara, the ONLY thing... and I mean ONLY thing... that the bloody CWF needs to know about me is that I'm here. That I've travelled ALLLLLLL the way from Australia to show the world how bloody good I am.

Tara tries to free her wrist but Davey snatches it closer to himself.

Davey Douglas: I'm not done, sweetheart.

He snarls at her and stares her down for a moment until she stops struggling and allows him to hold her wrist to keep the microphone at an audible area.

Davey Douglas: I hear there's a little tournament comin' up for the World title. The Modern Warfare tournament. Seems like just the stage the Surgeon needs to dismantle the competition... heh, if you could call 'em that... here in the CWF.

He releases Tara's wrist. She rubs it and winces before responding.

Tara Robinson: Does that mean you're entering the tournament, Davey?

He shakes his head.

Davey Douglas: Tara, I'm not just ENTERING your bloody tournament.

He turns to the camera and stares down the lens matter-of-factly.

Davey Douglas: I'm winnin' the bloody thing.

Douglas shoves the camera out of his face and storms across Tara's shot. She shakes her head in disgust as she watches him walk off.

Fade.

A Massive Challenge

Match

Colton Mace is seen all alone in a dimly lit room, with a camera wavering in front of him.

Colton Mace: You have waited so patiently CWF...are you missing me? You all thought I was kidding. That I didn't have the conviction. So how does it feel to be wrong? But I didn't come to gloat over your short-comings, your

narrow-mindedness and lack of foresight. No. I have come here for business. Last week I said that I wouldn't compete until Frozen Over. This much remains true, but I refused to announce the name of my opponent. To build suspense. Tonight I further the plot. My opponent for Frozen Over is an individual who has made my life miserable, thrown obstacles in my way to desperately try what would have otherwise been inevitable.

Colton takes a deep breath.

Colton Mace: Obviously it can't be Jarvis King, his career is now in question after I sent him to the emergency ward. So who could it be...Why none other than the spoilt, self-entitled prodigal son himself. Jaiden Rishel! That's right Jaiden, it's your time to step up to the plate, time to form up or shut up. YOU are to be my opponent at Frozen Over...Unless you are truly the coward I think you to be, always hiding behind Sahn and the Eternals...Has that been the true purpose of your stable? To hide your own inadequacies? Well no more! I pull back the veil to reveal the man behind the curtain!

The excitement in the Premiere's voice is clear as ever.

Colton Mace: It is time you put as much on the line as everyone on the roster has day-to-day. Come Frozen Over, Jaiden, one of us will not just be leaving the arena in shame and defeat, they will have to leave the CWF! Never to curse the hallways with their presence again!

Fade.

Silas Artoria vs. Chris Lee

Match

"Arousal" kicks in as Silas comes out with a much different tone than his last two appearances. The smirk was gone, his movement was more tense, and his focus and speed wasn't distracted by his surroundings. He didn't bask in the crowd, nor feed them anything. Instead, he looked more focus, not on his opponent, but on what seems to be his body. He examines his arms as he takes his outfit off, he double checks his hands worryingly, then taps to corner of his eyes. The corner of his mouth smiled uncertainly, and he looked to the entrance ramp to see the arrival of today's opponent.

The music of ACDC kicked in, and from the curtain emerged the known figure that was new to the federation. Chris Lee, imposing, dominant, almost intimidating if it wasn't for his well known status. He is called "The Icon" for a reason, and the knowledge he brings will no doubt fit the federation's vast roster. He enters the ring, looks at the people who came to see him, then takes a look at his opponent, looking uncertain.

The two were on their feet, the bell rings, and the match commences. The two encircle each other, hands drawn, and the two grapple. Chris' size gave him the upper hand, forcing Silas to his knees before Chris takes a step forward. Silas' shoulders touch the mat, but a roll-over prevents the ref from starting to count. The two let go, back on their feet, and back to grappling. Silas steps back, avoiding the situation he was in seconds ago. His back was to the ropes, and Chris pushes Silas further in. The momentum the ropes created flew Silas towards the other end, then back towards Chris who spins, and executes his discus back elbow. The impact dazes Silas, and Chris uses the time to grab his

shoulder and waist, and execute a T-Bone suplex. Silas lands on his feed, Chris lands on his front, and his opponent staggers back towards the turnbuckle.

The two get back to their feet and slowly approach each other. Arms raised, grappling, and Silas pushes Chris to the ropes. He bounces off, and is met with a super kick that staggers the larger athlete. Silas runs the ropes, and baseball kicks him at the back of his legs, forcing him to the ground. Silas wastes no time, traps Chris' arm, and pulls the joint upwards. The larger athlete screams in pain as Silas works the shoulder, extending it further, and tries to reach for the ropes. They're too far away, and tries to drag himself towards them. It's working, with Chris carrying himself and Silas to the bottom rope before the latter is forced to let go by the ref. Silas stands back as the ref gives Chris time to get back up. Silas looks on with disapproval, but as Chris gets back on his feet, a sudden kick to the back of the shoulder jolts him. Silas had made the quick move, and stood back as the pained Chris reacted to the pain.

Silas runs the ropes, charges towards Chris to execute a clothesline, but the latter ducks under the extended limb, underhooks it, forces Silas to turn, before underhooking the other and executes the DDT. Silas lands on the mat on his head, before going limp. Chris grips his shoulder, the pain clearly bothering him as he goes for the pin.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTTWWWO-No!

Silas kicks out, before turning his attention to the now standing Chris. He sits up, only to be met with a kick to the chest, and Chris begins stomping on each limb. Silas winces on each stomp, but before Chris can stomp on the chest, Silas grabs the foot and twists it. Chris falls to the mat, Silas raises to his feet quickly, but one step forward brings him to one knee. He grips his leg, and turns to Chris, who is starting to recover. Silas forces himself up, runs the rope, but stops when Chris rolls out of the ring.

Chris grips his shoulder as he observes his opponent carefully. The pain was obvious, but he used the small amount of time he bought himself to treat it. The pain soothed, he prepared to get back into the ring, until...

--Silas charged through the ropes and executed the Twisted Virtue, suicide tornado DDT. Chis lands on his head and shoulders as Silas gets back on his knees. The executer screams as his breathing quickened, before struggling to drag Chris back into the ring. The ref counted to 8 before the two make it back to the ring. Silas goes for the pin.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO..Kickout!

Chris kicks out, causing Silas to raise to his feet and start to repeatedly stomp Chris' shoulder. The ref breaks it up, but Silas returns to the kicking. Chris strikes Silas' leg, forcing him to one knee, and grabs the injured limb for an ankle lock. Chris twists and and turns the foot, causing Silas to grip his hair and scream in agony. He tries launching himself forward, but Chris' grip remained strong. He slams the twisted ankle to the floor, causing Silas to nearly curl up, and picks him him to his feet.

Chop to the chest, then another, and then another until Silas' chest turned red. Chris grips his opponent's entire body, then flips him over. A belly to belly suplex, but he winces upon impact. He hesitates due to the pain, but goes for the pin.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTT-No! Kickout!

Silas kicks out, and without hesitation, he lifts him back to his feet, then locks in the Tazzmission. Silas is lifted up, he flails wildly, trying to loosen the grip he's locked in, but his efforts make the submission tighter. Silas screams as he struggles to get loose. He tries to reach for the ropes with his feet, but Chris wisely steps back and locks it in tighter. Silas' eyes widen further, and his breathing starts to get heavier. His eyes start turning absent, and he struggles to keep conscious. His arms start floating around, little energy, and almost reminiscent of an elderly person. They were lowering, and one of them had their palm out near Chris' arm. It floated up and down towards the locked in arm, nearly tapping, until Silas gritted his teeth, screamed, and used the arm to strike Chris' shoulder. One..two...and the third strike finally caused Chris to let go of the exhausted opponent.

Chris staggers backwards while Silas crawls forward towards the ropes. Chris rested himself against his side, clutching his shoulder while twisting it around, alleviating some of the pain. He still breathes heavily, though he was recovering. Silas crawled up the ropes to get back to his feet, and turns around to face his opponent. He's vulnerable, and Silas takes action. He charges forward, knee out, a KNOCKO-- no! Chris side steps it and chops Silas' chest. Silas staggers back, the next chop does the same, and the next cho--SUPERKICK! Silas delivers a superkick to force Chris to the floor. The kick connected to the shoulder, and the momentum caused him to fall on his back.

Silas is back on his knees, eyes wide, and his smile widening. He slowly raises himself, back on his feet and crosses over to his pained opponent. He taps the injured shoulder with his foot, giving the desired wincing reaction. He rush to the nearest turnbuck, ascended to the top, and stands up straight.

"GET UP! GET UP!" Silas yelled, and his desire slowly came to fruition. Chris raised to his feet, clutching his shoulder, but it forced back down due to the Missile Drop Kick from Silas. It connects to the shoulder, and catapulted him forward. Silas crawls to the fallen for and goes for the pin.

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

Chris picks up his shoulder, and Silas gets to work. He returns to his feet, drags Chris to his feet as he roars at the top of his lungs, and starts lifting him up. Chris is in the electric chair position, Silas ready to lift him up further, but Chris leans forward. Silas loses balance! Chris has his legs! Small package! His shoulders are pinned!

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

Ray Douglas: Your winner of this match....CHRIS LEE!!

The bell rings as Chris lets go of his opponent to bask in the victory. He won his debut match, and his elation was evident.

Until Silas got back up, turned him around, and executed the Knockout. There was no resistance, after all the match was over, and the contact made Chris limp and fall to his knees. Silas looked at his opponent, breathing through his teeth heavily as his eyes looked fiercely at the opponent who humiliated him. The ref tries to implore Silas to leave the ring, but results in him being pushed aside and Silas runs past his slunk opponent, run the ropes, and baseball kicks Chris in the back of the neck. He sinks forward, but is kicked across the chest to leave him on his back.

Silas examines him once again, still breathing heavily, before leaving the ring and looking underneath it. A table, he's brought out a table, and he's back in the ring in addition to his cane and a microphone. He crosses over to his prey, one foot on his head as he props up the table. Chris tries to get the foot off his face, but the pain and exhaustion of the last few strikes lead to no response. The table is propped up, Silas drags Chris to his feet, and--

Another Knockout, except Silas gets behind Chris and starts lifting him up. Electric Chair position, the dazed and confused Chris struggling to realise his situation, before he is elevated further. He's let go, Silas executed the Cutter, and the Fall of Man is completed through the table. Silas sat up, still breathing heavily and quickly, while Chris now lies on his front through the shattered remains of the table. Silas slowly gets up, picks up the cane and microphone, and returns to his opponent.

Silas, with his weight on the cane sticking into the near-lifeless body, examines his downed opponent. His body still making almost involuntary spasms as his breathing became almost animalistic in tone. Finally, the breathing stopped, and a low, far more sinister laugh escapes his lips. His head tilts up as the laugh continues, and looks directly into the camera. "By god, are you really surprised after the previous weeks?" His tone was deeper, raspy, and eerier than the usual.

Breathing.

Silas Artoria: You fools. You ignorant fools. You think, I would simply stand by and let the others have their fun? You think I would arrive then fade into the background? You think I wouldn't take notice of your progression?

Lee slowly reached out towards the bottom rope, struggling to keep conscious. Silas noticed immediately, and lifted his cane up. He reached down, crossing the cane across Lee's neck, and arched them upward with his weight on their back. Chris gripped the cane, desperate to break the hold while in full view of the camera.

His movements slowed...then stopped. He limped to the ground on Silas' command, and they returned to their position.

Silas Artoria: This new arrival right here, this poor man with poor judgement, was unfortunate enough to catch me at a

very bad time, because last week showed me how completely baffling my opponents are, one of them even became champion.

Breathing. Loud breathing.

Silas Artoria: That foul mouth, circle shaped, extra large cockroach, now holding a title because he sent someone over the top rope. That happens in a match in general, and if I recall correctly, I eliminated more opponents than you. It's one thing to win a title, it's another to hold it.

Daniel Gordy...

He lifts his cane up and points it towards the camera.

Silas Artoria: Your Academy Title...I'm coming for that, and I'm coming for it come Frozen Over, because if you deny the inevitable...well...

His cane points towards the still lifeless body of Chris.

Silas Artoria: Then I guess I'll have to start taking people halfway to the grave until I get to you.

His canes end returns to the floor.

Silas Artoria: And I know the Chicago way, so let me send a warning to you. You bring a knife, I bring a gun. You send your friends, I'll send them to the morgue. Don't believe me?"

He taps Chris with the cane, to no response.

Silas Artoria: Ask him.

He drops the microphone on his opponent's head, and starts making his way out.

He stops before he gets to the end of the ramp, and after a brief pause, Silas quickly shakes his head, almost as if he was shaking something off it. He disappears behind the curtain.

Fade.

The Justice Card

Match

Sometime Earlier

We cut to a local bar, showing Highlander and Elijah, sitting over a table with tarot cards in their hands. Several are laid out on the table, grouped by numbers. Elijah wears a neck brace, moving slowly and painfully.

Elijah: I confess, my knowledge of Canasta is limited. I believe I grasp the principles now, but it surprises me that this is our game.

Highlander: I have friends in America who taught me to play. It's a good mix of strategy, chance, and psychology. Ideal for our discussions, no?

Elijah places down three Queens. Highlander winces.

Highlander: Damn, I knew you were holding those.

He draws from the deck and smirks.

Highlander: You remember where we put the Arcana cards, no?

Elijah nods. Highlander places a card down, perpendicular to his stacks of tens, knaves, and eights. His fingers tremble a little as he pulls them back.

Highlander: The Tower.

Elijah: And your motives become clear.

Highlander: Do they?

Elijah: My stance has not changed. Fighting Elisha is foolish enough. Ignoring Amber's advice is suicide. And yet...you seem determined. And history is perhaps made by suicidal fools.

He places down The Fool. Highlander snorts.

Highlander: I will fight within the parameters of the match. But I'm not going to fight the way Amber seems to think I

have to.

Elijah: Then you will lose. Believe me. The Moonchild, by his nature, by his very fact of existence, operates without hesitation, without remorse, with moral restraint. If you display any of these you open a crack, into which he will drive a crowbar. And tear you apart.

I do not wish to see that happen.

He discards the Six of Cups, which Highlander takes, placing down a set of four sixes. Highlander takes a sip from his drink; Elijah does likewise, wincing a little at the exertion.

Elijah: I believed one could meld with three?

Highlander: You can. But I was holding onto them. I was baiting you to drop a six. And it paid off.

Along with his sixes, he places down The Sun.

Elijah: You exploited my inexperience and lack of understanding of the rules. It is not applicable to the Moonchild. That he has not fought as many matches as you is irrelevant. You cannot bait him into an exploitable action. He is far too clever, and too skilled at manipulation. It is more likely that he will trick you. Already he is inside your mind.

He places down The Moon.

Highlander: No he isn't!

Elijah: Oh? Then you have not dreamed of his sigil?

Highlander: That was a coincidence!

Elijah: Was it?

Elijah places down The Magician.

Highlander: Magic isn't real!

Elijah: Do you deny the evidence of your senses?

Highlander: I believe in science!

Elijah: Your scientific forebears believed in magic, alchemy, astrology and prophecy. Magic can be and has been studied empirically, Daniel. That which succeeds is adopted by the scientific establishment, embarrassed by its origins. Yet the relationship between the two remains clear, the object of research -

Highlander(angrily): Oh yeah? By who?

Elijah raises an eyebrow, looking hurt.

Highlander: Right. Sorry.

He returns to his hand, placing down another six to form the group of seven, the Canasta.

Highlander: But Magic isn't why I wanted to play this game. And neither is The Tower.

Elijah: Oh?

Highlander: It's this.

He places down his final card. Justice. The card is hand-drawn, and depicts Highlander himself sitting in Justice's throne, holding a sword and a set of scales.

Highlander: Do you remember giving me this, Elijah? Because I never forgot it. You gave it to me the night that Elisha first revealed himself. The last time I saw you for a very long time. "Ethics and honesty, the need for right conduct in difficult times." That's what you told me it stood for.

Elijah merely nods.

Highlander: I've never forgotten that. And I'm not going to start now, just because times are difficult.

He packs up the cards, keeping Justice, and eschewing the measuring of points.

Highlander: I have a match to get to. Be seeing you.

Fade.

Dan Highlander vs. Chaos

Match

"Better than You" by Metallica begins to play and Chaos makes his way quickly to the ring. He ignores the crowd as he steps up the ramp and enters to prepare for the match ahead.

Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one fall! Introducing first, from Copenhagen, Denmark....CHAOS!!

"Let the Hammer Fall" by Hammer Fall begins to play and Dan Highlander makes his way out from behind the curtain. Caledonia is not accompanying him to the ring this time, as she prepares for the huge main event later tonight. The former World and Impact champion attempts a smile as the crowd cheers him on, but with everything going on with Elisha clouding his mind he barely can as he heads down the ramp and into the ring.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent from Canberra, Australia....DAN "THE HAMMER" HIGHLANDER!!

Jim Gunt: What a huge match this should be, Mike! Chaos made an unbelievable impact in the Academy Title battle royale last week and tonight goes up against the multiple time Impact champion. No pun intended!

Mike Rolash: You are a pun, Jimmy. And not a funny one at that.

Jim Gunt:?

"Big" Denny Davidson checks both competitors before ringing the bell, and Highlander is on Chaos like a flash of light! He leaps up onto the chest of the Kyokudo One, catching him completely off guard with a low thresz press followed by a quick assault of right hands. Chaos attempts to push off the Hammer but he is relentless, changing his attack to vicious elbows before another right jab. "Big" hurries to pull off the crazed Dan Highlander, who shows characteristics never quite seen from the Hammer.

Jim Gunt: Oh my, a bit of a new side of Dan Highlander being shown. Maybe he IS ready for the Tower after all!?

Mike Rolash: Well, the Hammer has been taking special training from Amber Ryan. Not sure how washing her motorcycle would help raise his intensity, but whatever the case it seems to have worked!

Dan Highlander is now breathing heavily, his eyes changing back as he tries to regain his composure. He backs up into his own corner, taking the lashing that "Big" Denny Davidson gives him verbally while just nodding back at him. Highlander waits until Chaos is almost to his feet before he sidesteps the official and runs at him, FALLING HAMMER!

The Scissors Kick comes out of nowhere, and immediately knocks Chaos out. Highlander covers.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRRR-NO!?

Jim Gunt: What is he doing?

Mike Rolash: Dan Highlander just pulled out of the cover! And he's bringing Chaos back up for more punishment, I love it!

Jim Gunt: This is not the Hammer that we know and love. Do not forsake what you know is right, Daniel!

Mike Rolash: Oh shut up.

Dan Highlander pulls Chaos right back to his feet, the intensity in his eyes is frightening as he shoots a rising knee against the jaw of his opponent. Chaos crashes backwards, the ropes the only thing holding him up. But as the Hammer dashes after him, the Kyokudo One ducks under and out of desperate sends Highlander flying over the top rope with a back body drop!

Jim Gunt: Woah! Flying Hammer!

Mike Rolash: And he just got nailed!

Indeed the Hammer did get nailed, as Chaos flies through the ropes and sends both men crashing into the barricade with a Suicide Dive! "Big" Denny Davidson begins to count both of them out.

Referee: ONE....TWO....

Chaos comes to first, kicking at Highlander, who ends up grabbing his foot and ripping him downward with a dragon screw legwhip!

Referee: THREE....FOUR....

Dan Highlander knows what a double countout feels like, and doesn't plan on going through that again, pulling Chaos up and bringing both him and his opponent back in the ring. He raises his arms slightly as he looks for the best place to pick apart Chaos, finally deciding to place him in the CANBERRA CROSSFACE! Chaos does all he can to get to the ropes, dragging his way there but it is not enough. Highlander has the Crossface locked in perfectly, and Chaos is

eventually forced to tap out!

Ray Douglas: And your winner by submission....DAN HIGHLANDER!!

"Let The Hammer Fall" begins to play again and Highlander is quickly up to his feet, allowing the official to raise his hand in victory. He is more ready than ever for the war ahead. Is Elisha?

Thanksgiving Horror

Match

Sometime Earlier

The scene opens up at the brick house in Cincinnati, Ohio where Seth Moxley walks up the steps to his baby brother's bedroom. He opens the door, and sees him still asleep. He laughed to himself because he took the time out to cook a very good home cooked Thanksgiving dinner for the both of them, and if Dean thought he is going to sleep in to ruin this he is mistaken. Seth walks over to his bed, and shook Dean until his blue eyes flung open looking right into the brown/blue eyes of his older brother. He tries to go back to sleep when Seth kicks the bed making Dean sit up fully awake but he groaned not happy to be woken up like this. He glares at his brother as they start to talk.

Dean Moxley: Did you really have to wake me up like this? I was sleeping good, and was going to get up when I felt like it.

Seth Moxley: You are going to get up, and get dressed. You're going to meet me downstairs in the dining room, and have a Thanksgiving dinner with me. You are not ruining this, I cooked us a nice home cooked Thanksgiving meal, so you get down there Dean, don't make me come back up here we are having dinner as a family like we should have done. I know I can't give you all of that, but this I can so get a move on baby brother.

He left the room, and Dean put his feet on the floor. He stretched out his arms, and allowing all his bones to pop as he had a habit of doing it every time he got up since he is the Lunatic of the two. He got dressed, and walks out of the room. He went downstairs, and walks right in the dining room as he noticed how much it was decorated with Thanksgiving stuff. He was surprised, and sits down at the table as Seth brought the food out. He sets it on the table, and sits down. Dean reached for a piece of turkey, and Seth gave him a glare as he gives thanks before his baby brother could ruin this day for them

Seth Moxley: Lord, I want to thank you for the food we are about to eat. I want to thank you for my brother for being patient with me even if sometimes he doesn't want to, and to finally to be able to have a family dinner even if it is between the two of us. Amen.

He nods at Dean, and they fill their plates of the food. They eat in silence because they wanted to enjoy this meal that Seth took time out for his way to do for them, and Dean was happy to have an older brother like him. They finished, and ate seconds. After they got done with the meal, then Seth put up the left overs in bowls, and put them in the fridge.

He brought out a chocolate cake for dessert as Dean was so hyped about this cause he loved chocolate so much. Seth cut them both a slice, and put the rest of it up. He even put two scoops of chocolate ice cream on their plates. He put it up as well, and sits down as they eat that. They finally got done as Dean smiled which never happened mainly because of the lack of having their parents around.

Dean Moxley: Thank you for doing this, and sorry about being a jerk this morning I just wasn't accepting it that is all. I love you Seth, and I am thankful to have you as an older brother.

Seth Moxley: It is alright Dean, and I know we didn't get to have a real family meal as I don't blame you for your reaction. Now we are going to be a real family, and we don't need those two people that couldn't take the fact they had responsibilities that is their loss cause I will do what they couldn't do that is give us the best life we could have. Now to wait until supper when our wives join us for a second family meal, as it is time to really spend time with them cause they were there for us when times were tough.

Dean helps Seth wash the dishes, and it seemed that now Dean knew what having a real family meal feels like as he still feels that he missed a lot at least he had his older brother also they have their wives as the scene fades with a message saying Happy Thanksgiving that was on a flag outside of their house since Seth gave their yard a Thanksgiving feel to it like he did inside of the house as both inside and outside of the house was decorated for Thanksgiving.

Fade.

Fifteen Minutes of Fame

Match

Danny Gordy is shown backstage, holding on tight to his Academy Championship before his first scheduled title defense. Tara Robinson approaches him, microphone in hand.

Tara Robinson: How does it feel, Gordy, to call yourself a champion tonight? Does it finally vindicate you? Does it finally put the doubters to rest?

Danny Gordy: Well, let me tell you something, Tara...

Gordy is cut off as Jace Valentine approaches.

Jace Valentine: Yeah, Danny. Tell 'em how you lucked out. Tell 'em how you were just in the right place at the right time to secure your fifteen minutes of fame. Tell 'em how you are a fraud and a coward. You never really beat the champ did you? To be the best you gotta beat the best, and I am standing right in front of you, Gordo. As far as I'm concerned... you have your grubby, fat fingers all over MY belt.

Gordy snickers.

Danny Gordy: I threw your sorry ass over the top rope didn't I? If you were disqualified or not, I was the last one standing in that ring. I was the one standing there with the title in my hand and all you had left was excuses.

Jace Valentine: You want to hear an excuse? I got a sorry excuse for ya, and its the chubby muffintop that is parading around here calling himself the Academy champion. The annoying little pest, anointed by the Bullshit Machine of Sahn, Sunset and Rishel.

Danny Gordy: You'll see out there. I've been proving my doubters wrong since I've got here. I am about to make an example of Shadow and Duce out there.

Jace Valentine: You know what I expect to see out there? A new champ, cause this one we got now is destined to be a flash in the pan.

Jace starts to walk away with a smile.

Jace Valentine: By my watch, your fifteen minutes of fame is almost up. Good luck out there.

Jace Valentine walks away with a cocky smile.

Fade.

Duce Jones vs. Danny Gordy vs. The Shadow

Match

Lights go out. "Mea Culpa" by After Forever starts with its ominous keyboard sounds. As the choir sets in, fog starts to waft around the ring, illuminated only with dark, purple light, the ring itself is dark. As the choirs reach their crescendo, the purple light flickers with rising intensity and as the choir stops, the lights go back on and he stands in the centre of the ring, stoic and unmoving under his hood.

The lights in the arena dim, as orange strobe lights move all across the venue... "Smiling Faces" by Kevin Gates is blasting throughout the PA system as Duce Jones goes out onto the stage. The fans chant Duce's name and Duce looks around at the crowd. He then strolls down to the ring slapping a fan's hand and finally makes it down to the ring where he hops onto the apron and climbs inside the ring. He sprints to the nearest corner and climbs to the second rope and begins looking into the crowd once again... Duce climbs down from the corner, turns around, and waits.

Titantron flashes "Titans of Supremacy", Music hits "Fist- Muscle Gun", Gordy comes out accompanied with the Moxley brothers and makes his way to the ring jaw jacking at the fans, gets into the ring goes to a corner, climbs the second rope and raises his Academy title in the air. The Moxley brothers wait outside the ring as Gordy proceeds to show the

Academy belt to each of his opponents and waits at a vacant corner for the announcer to speak.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is set for one-fall and is for the Academy championship! Introducing first the challenger standing in the left corner, from parts unknown, THE SHADOW!!!

Jim Gunt: He gives me the chills.

Mike Rolash: He is definitely the one I am betting on winning this.

Ray Douglas: Standing in the left corner, the second challenger, from Memphis, Tennessee....DUCE JONES!!!

Jim Gunt: Alright! Duce Jones has nothing but impressive ever since he joined CWF. I can see him winning the title.

Mike Rolash- Not if Gordy has anything to say about it.

Ray Douglas: And their opponent, the reigning Academy Champion, from Chicago.... DANNY GORDY!!!

Mike Rolash: Now's that a Champion!

Jim Gunt: Really? He won the title with the help of the Moxley brothers and now he brings them here again?

Mike Rolash: Why don't you take your queries with Gordy and see what happens.

Jim Gunt: Gulp!

The referee signals for the bell and the match is on its way. Gordy looked at Shadow and Duce and then smiles. He quickly rolls out the ring and joins the Moxley brothers. Duce and Shadow looks at Gordy as he signals them to continue the match and laughs. Duce turns towards Shadow and Shadow grabs Duce's neck, Duce instantly reacts and kicks Shadow's stomach. Shadow grabs his stomach in pain and backs up. Duce quickly delivers a dropkick and drops Shadow on the mat.

Danny Gordy claps outside the ring, looking impressed. Duce slowly picks Shadow up on his feet but Shadow quickly pushes Duce back and hits him with a superkick. Gordy starts get up the steel stairs but Shadow looks at Gordy and Gordy backs off. Duce slowly gets up but Shadow stalks Duce from behind and delivers a German Suplex and Duce quickly gets back up only to be at the receiving end of another German Suplex. Duce slowly gets up but barely able to stand and Shadow delivers the Tilt-a-whirl slam. Duce lies in the middle of the ring and Shadow starts to climb up the

turnbuckle. Shadow then hits Duce with FLIGHT OF THE NIGHT DEMON!!!

Jim Gunt: Oh my god!!!

Mike Rolash: Shadow should go for the pin!!

Shadow picks Duce up to his feet and hits him with the FORGOTTEN EPITAPH!!! Shadow is going for the pin!!!

Mike Rolash- We are going to have a new champion!!!

Referee: ONEEEEEEEEE!!

Jim Gunt- What a performance!!!

Referee: TWOOOO!!!

Gordy gets in the ring and kicks the back of Shadow's head breaking the pin. He then picks Shadow up and delivers a spinebuster! Gordy then drags Shadow to his feet and then throws him outside the ring. The Moxley brothers then proceed to attack Shadow relentlessly with kicks as Shadow lies on the ground trying to block them.

Gordy looks down at Shadow grinning and then turns to Duce who delivers a Sambo suplex to Gordy. Gordy quickly gets to his feet, holding his back in pain but Duce then delivers a dropkick! Duce gets up the turnbuckle and goes for a cross body but Gordy catches Duce and counters him with Samoan drop! Gordy quickly goes for the pin!

Referee: OONNNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TT-NO! DUCE KICKS OUT!!

Meanwhile the Moxley brothers have taken Shadow into the audience where Shadow was actually putting up a fight in this handicap situation. They kept fighting until they left the arena.

Mike Rolash: Smart move by Titans of Supremacy! Eliminating one of the contenders from the match.

Jim Gunt: Not to mention the only one left for Gordy is Duce, who got a serious beatdown by Shadow earlier!

In the ring Danny Gordy looking to end the match grabs Duce's leg for the STF but Duce kicks Gordy with his other free leg and then jumps onto his feet. Gordy looks at Duce Jones with surprise but Duce then delivers the KRAYZED

KNEE! Duce goes for the pin.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRREEEEEE!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match and the new Academy Champion, DUCE JONES!!!

Gordy rolls out the ring and Duce struggles to get to his feet and takes the title from the announcer. He then kisses it.

Jim Gunt: Duce Jones just got his first championship in CWF!!

Congratulations Are In Order

Match

A static sound comes from the CWF tron as Pandalike is seen standing in the back, clapping his hands sarcastically.

Pandalike: Congratulations Duce! I really didn't think you would actually dethrone Danny Gordy, but anything is possible in CWF.

Duce breathing heavily looked at Pandalike and sat on the mat, holding his title.

Pandalike: You know last Evolution show, you had no business to interfere in my affairs. What I did to Teddy had nothing to do with you and yet you did poke your nose where it didn't belong.

Pandalike shakes his head in disapproval.

Pandalike: You pretend to understand my pain but how could you truly understand my pain when both of your sisters are still alive. YOU think you can save me, you naive entitled prick! What makes you think I need saving? What makes you think that I walk the wrong path? What makes you think that you are the right person to show me what is right?!

Duce grabs the mic from the announcer and looks at Pandalike.

Duce: What makes me right? Take a good look Panda. I am the Academy Champion and I did it the right way. You still have doubts?

Pandalike starts laughing.

Pandalike: Oh you poor little thing. You think just because you became champion you are right?! Tell you what? You

told the world that you will dethrone Gordy and win the title and Bravo! You actually went and did it but you also said you will defend your title against whoever steps up. Why don't you put that precious title up against me and let me show you what this "Lost Panda" can do...

Duce looks at his championship belt for a moment.

Duce: Pandy... I am going to prove to you once and for all that I am no entitled prick but that you are a whiny bitch who thinks whining will get you whatever he wants. You are on! At Frozen Over VI you and I will face each other for the Academy Championship in a Punjabi Prison Match! And then I will show you what the winning side looks like!

Pandalike starts laughing and the crowd kept chanting "DUCE! DUCE! DUCE!".

Hostage

Match

Jim Gunt: What an incredible show we've had so far tonight!

Mike Rolash: Incredible? Don't shit the bed yet, Jim, we've barely even got started!

Jim Gunt: That Academy championship match was intense! We have a new champion! And the action doesn't stop there, as we have the Frost Elite vs the Danger Boiz coming up next!

Suddenly, Alkaline Trio's "We've Had Enough" blares through the CWF arena and the fan base is stirred to their feet awaiting the arrival of "The Host with the Most", Jace Valentine.

Mike Rolash: What the hell! Jace isn't scheduled to be out here right now!

Jim Gunt: Since when does Jace Valentine follow the rules? The people love a bad boy!

Mike Rolash: You probably have a Jace poster by your bed side, don't you?

Jim Gunt: Yeah... I mean, in my kid's room.

Mike Rolash: Who the hell would have kids with you?

The crowd dies down a little bit, as there is no sight of Jace. Just the guitar riffs of Alkaline Trio and something that sounds like the revving of an enormous engine.

Out of nowhere, the Big Foot monster truck comes barrelling down the ramp, colliding into the ring with a violent thump. Jace has his head out the window with a wide smile, the truck blocking the ramp clearly disrupting the show.

The crowd loves it though, as they are back on their feet cheering the New Era of Arrogance.

Jace grabs a microphone from a nearby stage hand and slides into the ring as the crowd is whipped into a frenzy.

Jace Valentine: Hello, for those of you that don't know me, my name is Jace Valentine and I don't like to follow directions so here I am. I have decided to inject myself into this show, I have decided to be YOUR official host of CWF Evolution!

The crowd roars.

Jace Valentine: Hey, if that talentless hack Sunset can do it at Wrestle Fest...the grandest stage of them all, they won't mind if I hold one little episode of Evolution hostage right? See, that's what the Trinity's all about right? Kidnapping kids and sending ole Jarvis to the Dark Place and locking me in the freezer. What do they have to show for it? Nothing. Nobody wants to see the Trinity. Nobody wants to see their Army of Eternals. So let's put an end to it. Stop feeding into their bullshit and pay attention, because I have the World's Greatest Advice for you, right here tonight!

The crowd cheers.

Mike Rolash: Oh God, I thought Sahn took this blowhard out.

Jim Gunt: They took him down, not out!

Jace Valentine: My advice to you? Stop buying in. Stop feeding the Bullshit Machine and maybe the things can go back to the way things are supposed to be in the CWF! Back when prestige meant a damn difference! These days its all about who has the best pucker face when they kiss Jaiden's ass and that just ain't me.

Jace smiles.

Jace Valentine: So I am here tonight as your Host and I am here tonight to provide you an alternative. No, we are not going to see the Frost Elite vs the Danger Boiz. I am here to provide you with something different. Nonstop Jaceification, baby. I'm holding this show hostage until I get what I want.

Mike Rolash: He can't do that!

Jim Gunt: Are you gonna stop him?

Jace Valentine: You can send your security, I'll choke them out. You can send Sunset, I'll choke em out. Jaiden or Strong or Styles, I'll leave em grasping for breath. But the one I really want? The one that refuses to fight a fair fight? The king of the crack house himself, Chaolin Sahn.

The crowd boos heavily.

Jace Valentine: See, that terrified little Japanese punk put a whippin' on me. He put me through the ringer and the grinder but I'm tougher than I look and too dumb to give up. I offered up a challenge to that cult cockaninny and instead of buzzards and fireflies, all I heard was crickets chirping. He knows I'm here. I'm disrupting his grand spectacle, right? Light the bat signal and have the caped crusader on his way to fight the bad guy.

Jace winks.

Jace Valentine: Yeah, I might be the bad guy. Bad vs evil, take your pick. But I'll tell you one thing. I am out here looking for a fight and Sahn is backstage getting blowjobs from his merry band of misfits!

The crowd cheers.

Mike Rolash: Come on! This has been going on long enough!

Jim Gunt: You're right! Maya's match is next!

Mike Rolash: Oh yeah... on second thought I guess Jace can take as long as he likes.

Jace is pacing back and forth in the ring.

Jace Valentine: You know why Sahn won't come out here? Why he hides behind the numb skulls? Why he won't accept my challenge? Because he's a fucking coward. He comes into the CWF with these brilliant plans to take over the world and then they fall to shit and he disappears again. We've seen it once, we've seen it twice, we've seen it a thousand times!

Jace: So get out here, damn it! Get out here and fight a fair fight! Prove to these people you are not the coward I say you are, Sahn! Put the Bullshit Machine on hold for a moment and see how I see for a change. Eye to eye. Face to

face. No cheap shots, no hooks and ladders. Me vs you, at Frozen Over. Accept my challenge and you get your damn show back. Until then, this ring is mine and I would like to welcome you all to JACE'S PLACE!

Mike Rolash: What do you think Sahn is going to do?

Jim Gunt: I don't know, but we aren't going to have all night to find out!

Suddenly, all the lights in the arena turn black. Several moments pass, and through the darkness we hear the squawking of a buzzard.

Caw!

The sound of teeth tearing into flesh.

Caw!

Mike Rolash: The hell?

A grinding sound is heard coming from the rafters of the CWF arena, the whole place still shrouded in a piercing darkness.

Caw!

Jim Gunt: I am guessing this is Sahn answering Jace's challenge!!

The lights finally come back on and Jace's Big Foot monster truck has disappeared. In it's place sits an enormous box meat cooler at least 10 foot wide and 4 foot tall. The outside walls of the ice cooler shine with a glistening white as Jace is in the middle of the ring pale as if he has seen a ghost.

The grinding sound comes to a halt, and as Jace looks up, a large pile of raw pig remains fall on top of the head of the Host with the Most! The vile stench of intestines and stomach acid fills the CWF arena as the crowd is quick to cover their noses but Jace is not so lucky as he is quickly drenched in the hacked and bloody pieces of pig guts!

Mike Rolash: That is absolutely repulsive!

The lid to the ice cooler pops open, and the Tormented Soul Chaolin Sahn steps out of it with a cruel and sinister laugh. The crowd rains down boos at the sight of Sahn, but the Firefly is undeterred.

Chaolin Sahn: What's the matter, Jace? Did you bite off more than you could chew? Eye to eye, I'm staring back at you. Face to face, ready for a taste. You are not a challenge, just a pile of wretched waste. An Ice Cooler Casket match? I accept your invitation. You dig your hole even deeper, to the size of a great nation. I am here to put you down, to bury you in that grave. It's shame, Jace. You could have been saved.

Jace wastes no time, diving out of the ring and getting into a fist fight with the Tormented Soul despite being covered in pig viscera. The two of them lay into each other, not waiting for Frozen Over to start their brawl. Each combatant stands tall on top of the ice cooler, not willing to give the other an inch.

Jim Gunt: This is truly incredible! Frozen Over is going to be insane, but these two just can't wait!

A flurry of rights and lefts crash into each other as the Tormented Soul faces off with the Host with the Most. Pig blood and guts are flying every where, but the action is intense and the crowd seems to love it! Sahn stumbles off the ice cooler after Jace kicks him the midsection. Jace comes flying off the cooler with a double axe handle attempt, but Sahn pushes him aside, crashing hard into the barricade.

Security finally comes down the ramp to break up the fight. It takes a least a dozen of them to separate the two combatants as they look back at each other spewing profanities.

Jim Gunt: It's about time we get some order out here! We have a lot more to get to tonight, folks! We have the Frost Elite vs the Danger Boiz coming up next!

Mike Rolash: Maya vs Dangerous Dan? Uh, can't we at least get an instant replay first?

Frost Elite (Maya Jensen & Mizore) vs. The Danger Boiz (Dangerous Dan & Crazy Chris)

Match

Ray Douglas was in the ring just about to start the announcements of the match when "Rebel, Rebel" by David Bowie hits the PA system.

Eris and Caledonia Highlander come out from the back both carrying the tag team championships. They held them up to a pop from the fans before they made their way down to the commentary booth. Each had a seat, each putting on a headset.

Eris: Here we go JR, this should be a barnburner!

Caledonia: You're right...king, queen? Here we go!

Ray Douglas: This tag team contest is set for one fall!

"Fire & Ice" By Wolfblur hits the PA system before The Frost Elite come out on stage followed by Annabelle. Maya stayed near Mizore as they both waved to the fans before making their way down to the ring. Maya being lead by Mizore.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, accompanied by Annabelle Jackson, Mizore and Maya Jensen....THE FROST ELITE!!

Maya and Mizore had a few fan interactions, high fives and the like, though Maya did miss a few. Soon, they got in the ring and posed for the crowd one last time, Annabelle stayed on the outside.

Soon, their music was replaced by "Nightmare" by Avenged Sevenfold. Soon, Dangerous Dan and Crazy Chris arrived on stage to a nice pop from the crowds. They did their usual routine as they made their way to the ring.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents. From Smithville, Tennessee. Dangerous Dan and Crazy Chris....THE DANGER BOIZ!!

The Danger Boiz get into the ring as they were now eyeing Eris and Caledonia. A few taunts but it was clear they were saying they were coming for their titles.

Ref Clark Summits was the ref for this one as he checks on the two teams. Mizore was starting out for her side while Dangerous Dan started for the Danger Boiz. The Ref gets a 'all ready' from both teams before calling for the bell.

The two combatants make their way to the center of the ring as they begin to circle each other. Mizore raises her hands as if calling for a lockup. Dangerous Dan nearly chuckles but comes in and the two quickly lock up. Dan got control of the lock up but before he could do anything Mizore countered the hold before shifting to a hold of her own. The two switch it up a few times, Mizore's technical skill allowing her to match the reversals with this heavier guy.

Soon, Dan got tired of the chain wrestling before dropping Mizore with a quick clothesline. Mizore pops back up only for Dan to have hit the ropes and came in with another clothesline. Mizore's down again but once again pops back up. She anticipates another clothesline but instead does a front flip hooking her head with his legs. HURRICANRANA!

Jim Gunt: What a hurricanrana there! Dangerous Dan is on point tonight.

Dan picks up the momentum a bit at this point. Hitting the ropes a few times and dropping himself onto Mizore's body. Finally, he picks her up and sends her into his corner, he runs in for a body splash but Mizore shifts out of the corner

just in time causing the Dangerous One to hit the turnbuckle! Before Mizore could do anything else, Crazy Chris quickly tag himself in and hopes up on the top rope jumping off with a flying drop kick. He quickly crawls over and hooks the leg!

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....No!

Chris hopped up pulling Mizore to her feet! He goes attempts to set up the Crazy Ride but Mizore shifts it into a Hurricanrana! Chris is down as Mizore gets to her feet running to try and tag Maya, even giving her a shout to let her know she was coming. Before Maya had time to reach out Crazy Chris had recovered enough to dash in hitting Mizore with a clothesline! Mizore was down as Crazy Chris just looks at Maya who had her hand outstretched trying to tune her thoughts into what was going on. Crazy Chris looked to Mizore a moment before had an idea he quickly goes over and pulls Mizore to her feet. She was a little groggy trying to shake the cob webs. Chris then heads over and quickly hits Maya's hand like it was a tag!

Jim Gunt: What is Crazy Chris doing here?

Chris moved out of the way as Maya quickly jumped on the turn buckle jumping off with the X-BLADE CRASH!

Jim Gunt: Oh my god! What an X-Blade Crash spear!

Mike Rolash: On Mizore! Maya hit her own partner!

Maya went for the cover on instinct when she realized who she was pinning. Maya was shocked a little confused as she began to apologies to Mizore. Crazy Chris laughing before coming in before pulling Maya up and dropping her with CRAZY DAYS!! Chris gives Maya a good kick causing her to slide across the ring before Chris goes for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRREE?NO!

Jim Gunt: Mizore barely gets the shoulder up!

Crazy Chris looks at Mizore with annoyance for a moment. The former CWF Tag Team champion gets up before setting Mizore up for the Shadows of Hell before he can connect Maya comes flying in with her Tiger Spirit Kick!

Caledonia: What an explosive kick there!

Chris is down but Maya can't make the pin as she's not the legal man. In fact the ref begins to count as he tells her to get out of the ring, Which Maya quickly goes to her corner and stretches out her hand calling for Mizore to get up. The

ref begins to count to 10 as both competitors were down.

Slowly the two began to stir and rose to their feet but it was Chris who got up first. He quickly went over and tagged Dan who came in rushing over hitting THE ENDD IS NEAR on Mizore! Chris quickly rushes over to the other side of his brother as Dan picks up Mizore and Drops her with THE ENDD!!

Eris: The End!

Dan drops on the pin as Maya was out of the corner dashing at them, Chris getting in her way.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....

Maya vaults over Chris in an impressive maneuver as she dive down for an Elbow Drop!

Referee: NO!

Eris: I thought it was over there!

Caledonia: Maya Jensen has a strong sense of location for a blind woman. Impressive.

Maya's drop lands just in the nick of time as she breaks the cover. Maya's quick to her feet after that as Chris comes in but she drops him with a FRIGID ICE WALL! The momentum carrying him right out of the ring. Dan comes up but Maya quickly drops him with a drop kick.

Dan is down but was starting to get back up. Quickly, Maya drags Mizore over to their corner before she hopes outside and makes the tag. Dan's to his feet as he starts to charge. Maya jumps up to the turnbuckle and leaps out hitting her X-BLADE CRASH! Maya goes for the pin.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRRR?NO!

Dan begins to rise but Maya meets him right there hitting her GREEN NO MORE! She drops on the cover hooking the leg.

Referee: OOONNNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHHRRREEEEE!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winners....THE FROST ELITE!!

"Fire and Ice" By Wolfblur hits the PA system as Maya gets off the cover. She makes her way over to Mizore and checks on her. Soon, enough Mizore gets up a little worse for wear but the two begin to celebrate. The Chris rolls back into the ring to check on Dangerous Dan as they weren't to happy.

Jim Gunt: Frost Elite finally get their revenge on the Danger Boiz after coming up short at Hellbound!

Mike Rolash: And now Cali and Eris are up!

Maya and Mizore glance over to Eris and Caledonia who had stood up, walking to the other side of the ring and holding up their titles. Maya and Mizore both motioned over their waists showing that they were coming after them.

Jaiden Rishel: So this is the part where I'm supposed to say well done.

The four of them looked back over as the titantron had sprung to life, showing Jaiden Rishel in his office.

Jaiden Rishel: But I couldn't care less.

The Frost Elite and the champs were watching as one of them might of asked what Jaiden wanted, but with no mic it wasn't picked up. Jaiden could tell none-the-less.

Jaiden Rishel: I'm here because it's my company and I can do what I please. But you're right. I do have a reason for interrupting the celebrations, again. Last time I told you that we'd discuss the stipulation for your Frozen over match up. Well, I believe I've come up with something. See, I witnessed that little incident with Maya's blindness getting her to attack her partner, nearly costed her the match.

Maya glanced towards Mizore apologizing for the mix up again but then turned her focus back to Jaiden.

Jaiden Rishel: Your match is supposed to weaken the tag champs and I can't have those two taking advantage like the Danger Boiz did. So I'm removing it all together. For your match, you will all be competing blind folded!

This got a small pop from the crowds as it did sound interesting. Maya and Mizore were intrigued as champs were as well.

Jaiden Rishel: But then that'd give the advantage to Maya, knowing she's been at this whole blind thing for awhile now.

So to compensate for that, I say we coat the entire mat in ice. By why stop there? Let's throw snow around the poles, the ropes and even the outside Ring area. Hell, we can even make it snow from up top. We'll call it a Blind Winter Storm Match.

Another pop from the crowds as they were liking the idea. Maya and Mizore nodded to each other also liking it. The champs as well.

Jaiden Rishel: I think that's it for now.

Jaiden smiles as the feed is cut. The two champs turn back to Maya and Mizore holding up their titles yet again before heading to the back. Maya and Mizore following them. As for Dangerous Dan and Crazy Chris. They finally got up and were just about to head to the back themselves when...

Joseph Stein: Not so fast, Danger Boiz.

Stein and the Moxley Brothers came out from the back and began to make their way to the ring.

Joseph Stein: We have some business to attend too.

The Danger Boiz watched as Stein and the Moxley brother's entered the ring. They look at each other before Stein raised his mic.

Joseph Stein: What rotten luck. I mean, here me and my colleagues come out here to congratulate you on your victory and you couldn't get the job done. What a shame.

Dan seems to ask Stein what he wanted but thanks to no mic it didn't come out clearly.

Joseph Stein: What do I want, well I figured it would be a bit obvious. As you know, my employer has had his eye on a few different individuals to join the Titans of Supremacy. And you two... aren't one of them.

On cue the Moxley Brothers dashed out hitting both Danger Boiz with a spear. They continued to beat on them for a moment before picking them up and hitting their finishers. Another Spear from Seth and Bad Intentions from Dean. When they finished Stein walks over their downed bodies.

Joseph Stein: Though, did you really think that my employer would ask you two to join his team? You couldn't even defeat a blind woman. But this meeting, well, there is a reason for it. My employer wishes to send a message to management that my team is ready to go after the tag team championships. Now this would have been better if you

were the Number One contenders... but Jaiden and the Frost Elite saw to that. But we'll see just who becomes the next Number One Contenders, after The Moxley Bother here defeat you... at Frozen Over!

This got another pop from the crowds at the announcement of another Frozen Over match. Stein smiles as he raises his mic one final time.

Joseph Stein: See you there.

He says before dropping the mic. The Moxley brothers unite their fists above the Danger Boiz before the scene fades.

The Lost Boys Arrive

Match

As the road agents and backstage staff went about restoring order after a massive backstage brawl between Duce Jones and Pandalike, no one noticed the two foreign spectators, one with a stubbie of beer in his hand, watching the events from the shadows of an adjoining corridor.

Sam Braxton: My god...Look at them...

He took a drink from his beer and, unimpressed, continued to watch the hurried meandering. Duce Jones stopped as they walked past in a huff, to eye the two strangers off. Sam replied with a sly half-grin. The moment passed and Pandalike walked away.

Sam Braxton: They actually think that what they do here is worthwhile, or a thing of substance. The blind fools!

Dean Coulter: Don't be too harsh.

Sam Braxton: It's sad really.

Dean Coulter: They just don't know any better.

Sam Braxton: Good thing we've come along. I don't think I could handle being in a place like this. So...inferior. So...American.

Dean Coulter: It's going to be a lot of work.

Sam Braxton: No Dean. It's going to be a whole lot of fun. Just the way I like it.

"HEY!"

Turning on their heels the two came face-to-face with a member of CWF security.

Security: You two are in a restricted area. You should not be back here.

Sam Braxton: Why not? We're the closest things to actual wrestlers you'll see tonight.

Security: You best be heading back to your seats. Or wherever you came from. Some don't take to kindly to intruders.

Sam Braxton: Pfft. Bring it.

Dean Coulter: Sam...

Security: What was that?

Sam Braxton: *sigh* I S-A-I-D. B-R-I-

Dean Coulter: Stop it Sam! They do speak English...

Sam Braxton: Yeah...Badly.

Dean Coulter: That's enough! Our cause is with the active roster. Not the rent-a-cops. Sorry sir. We...ah...got lost on the way to the bathrooms. We'll be heading back to our seats.

Security: See you do.

Sam threw back the rest of his stubbie.

Sam Braxton: Take this will ya? You guys can't even get beer right.

The duo took their leave, hearing the tail end of the security guard's call over the radio about them, identifying them as two rowdy punks who had gotten out of their seats during the event. This only fuelled Sam's excitement for what was in store more, and they disappeared further down the corridors, a big mischievous grin firmly upon his face.

It was going to be LOTS of fun.

Fade.

A Resignation

Match

The cameras cut backstage where we see Mizore pushing Maya in her wheel chair with Annabelle close behind them. She was smiling at the two of them.

Annabelle Jackson: Great job you two. You really showed it to the Danger Boiz.

Maya smiles while Mizore doesn't return it. It seemed she was a little lost in thought. Annabelle takes notice of this.

Annabelle Jackson: Hey you ok? Not worried about the match stipulations are you? I mean, they literally just made it easier for you. Ice is your thing. And the blindfolds.. I'm sure Ceno and Maya will be able to...

Mizore Payne: No, it's not that...

Mizore's voice cut Annabelle off as it was sounding a little down like she was thinking of something yet wasn't sure if she should say anything. Maya easily catches on to this as she speaks up.

Maya Jensen: Baby, what's wrong?

Mizore frowns slightly as she stops pushing Maya's chair. She paused another moment before crossing over to the front trying to find a way to say what's been on her mind.

Mizore Payne: Well, the truth is... tonight... is my last match in CWF.

Mizore hated to say it but this got an astonished gesture from Annabelle, yet for Maya she frowned slightly. She had seen the signs.

Annabelle Jackson: Last match? Are you serious right now? You guys are on the brink of winning the tag team championships. How can you just throw that away? Don't do like Maya with the...

Maya shot her a glare, as well as one could with her eyes covered up before turning back to Mizore. Mizore ignore's Annabelle's outburst and just looks to Maya.

Mizore Payne: I'm.. really sorry. But you know I'm only here for you. Yes, I was hoping to gain some experience of wrestling in a new federation filled with brand new competition. But with all the stress I've been having lately, and with HSW's Winter Survival not that far away... Baby, you know HSW will always be my primary home...

Maya nods her understanding. Of course she knew that but it didn't seem like Mizore was finished either as she continued to speak.

Mizore Payne: Besides... all I'm doing is holding you back here. You seen our match tonight... I barely got any fight in as those two just dominated me... and you were the one who saved the match this time. But seeing that match last week with Ataxia as your partner... just made me realize that you can do so much more in this federation without me holding you back.

Maya gave a slight frown at that. Yet it was Annabelle again who spoke up almost confused.

Annabelle Jackson: You're holding her back? Not to belittle Maya or anything, but you got a great record in HSW. You've only lost twice and you're the Number 1 contender for the world title.

Mizore looks to Annabelle this time.

Mizore Payne: Because that's where my sole focus lies. Yes I try my best when they gave me a match here but it's just dividing my attention and HSW wins out most of the time. I just can't handle this right now... especially with that very title match you were talking about. That is my focus. You understand right Maya?

She addressed the last line to Maya as she was much more concerned on her thoughts. Maya could only nod her head.

Maya Jensen: I understand... Honestly, if you're hearts not in tag teaming with me here, then I'm perfectly fine with it. We'll just become tag team champions in HSW.

Mizore smiles lightly as she kissed Maya on the forehead.

Mizore Payne: Thank you, baby, for understanding.

Maya nods her head as Mizore begins to walk to the other side of the wheelchair. Annabelle just sighs.

Annabelle Jackson: Not sure what I'm going to tell management... they are not going to like this.

Mizore glances over to Annabelle and Annabelle just shakes her head.

Annabelle Jackson: Whatever though... I'll just go talk to J.Rish. There is NO way I'm going to tell this news to Jaiden. I'll meet back up with you guys later.

Mizore and Maya nodded as Mizore began to push Maya and Annabelle headed another direction.

Fade.

Danny Gordy, Broad Street Bully, Seth Moxley & Dean Moxley vs. Harley Hodge, Harvey Danger, The Lost Soul & Lance LaRusso

Match

Clark Summits is the official flanked with the tall task of calling this elimination style tag team match. He reads over the rules to both stables, telling them they must start the match out with one competitor, before ringing the bell as The Lost Soul and the former Academy champion Danny Gordy start the match in the squared circle. Gordy is furious after his defeat earlier, coming right at TLS to blast him with a right hand. The Lost Soul catches his arm and pulls him around though, taking him down with an arm drag. Leg drop to the throat before Gordy can get back up!

Jim Gunt: Danny Gordy may not have came out on top in his first defense of the Academy championship, but he better get his head back in the game quickly if he wants to be an asset to the Titans of Supremacy in this match!

Mike Rolash: The wild TLS can be hard to prepare for, Jimmy, especially when poor Gordy was double booked tonight! How pathetic of our Vince Russo-wig havin' boss.

Jim Gunt: Oh, cut it out Mike.

The Lost Soul grabs Gordy by his long hair, pulling him up to his feet, but the former champion jams a finger in his eye! As TLS yelps out, grabbing at his painted right eye, Gordy goes to work- blasting him right in the face with a raised knee. As The Lost Soul staggers backwards, Gordy pulls him back in and irish whips him into the ropes, SAMOAN DROP on his return! Gordy wastes no time in tagging out to a fresher member of his stable, Dean Moxley.

Jim Gunt: You were calling The Lost Soul wild earlier, this man is WILD!

Mike Rolash: You're damn right, Jimmy, good old Dean has a screw loose or two. And by two, I mean more like a few dozen.

Dean Moxley stomps down on TLS as he attempts to get to his feet, before bringing him down with the Moxicity Moxicity spinning side slam. Dean bounces off the ropes, looking for an elbow drop to the Lost Soul's heart but meets the canvas as he rolls away and makes the quick tag out to Harley Hodge. The sold out crowd explodes as the current World champion enters the ring, locking up immediately with Moxley and taking him down with a hip toss. Hodge chops Moxley hard across the chest once, twice, and three times, but he somehow fights through the pain and plants a knee into Hodge's stomach, BAD INTENTIONS! The nasty DDT surprises the World champion, and Dean Moxley hurries to hook his legs for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHH-NO! KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: What a move there from the lunatic Dean Moxley, his finishing maneuver the Bad Intentions THIS close to putting the World champion out of this match very early!

Mike Rolash: I would say Dean had some "bad intentions" there.

Jim Gunt: How observant.

Dean Moxley pulls Harley up to his feet, yanking him over to his corner by his hair and tagging the angry Danny Gordy into the match. The former Academy champion levels Hodge with a hard right at Moxley holds him, then suddenly dashes across the ring and takes out the entire Highwaymen team with a suicide dive through the ropes! TLS is the only one remaining on the apron, but after shrugging his shoulders backwards moonsaults onto Moxley and his own teammates!

Inside the ring, the official is beside himself watching the action ensuing outside. This leaves both Moxley brothers enough time to help Gordy level the World champion with back and forth shots, before they eventually lift him up onto Danny Gordy's shoulders- JUSTICE SERVED! The Triple Powerbomb leaves a huge impact, causing the official to turn back around and yell out at the Titans, but the Moxley's quickly scurry away allowing Gordy to cover Hodge.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRRREEEEEE!

Ray Douglas: Harley Hodge has been eliminated!!

Jim Gunt: What!? No freaking way, the World Heavyweight champion is the first man eliminated in tonight's elimination match!

Mike Rolash: What a turn of events, I certainly didn't see that one coming.

Jim Gunt: It just goes to show that any man or woman can win on any given day, Mike! I'm sure the Ripper is salivating

after seeing Hodge go out so early, as their Buried Alive Match at Frozen Over is only two weeks away!

TLS quickly re-enters the ring, driving a shoulder block into Danny Gordy to try to stifle his early momentum. The Moxleys are right back in though, coming behind the Lost Soul as he tosses Gordy in the corner and begins to chop him in the chest. TLS senses the brotherhood coming, but turns around right into a big boot from Seth Moxley! Dean pulls him in before he can fall, HOOK AND LADDER! The facebuster plants The Lost Soul to the canvas, and even as Gordy tries to push them off and convince them to go back to his team's corner, the Moxley's just stomp away with no abandonment. Finally Trent Robbins has had enough, after multiple warnings he calls for the bell to disqualify both men!

Ray Douglas: Dean and Seth Moxley have been disqualified and are now eliminated!

Mike Rolash: Way to go, dumbasses.

Jim Gunt: Say that a little louder and maybe they'll come over here and give you a stomp down.

Dean Moxley will not let up, even as the official repeatedly calls for the bell, he instead uses his boot to choke the life out of TLS. Finally Harvey Danger has seen enough, entering the ring to save his Stranger Danger partner and taking out Moxley with a huge flying cross body! Danger and Dean Moxley roll out of the ring, fighting each other tooth and nail with hard right hands. Danny Gordy takes the incapacitated Lost Soul by his hair, jaw jacking before he chops him hard across the chest. Gordy attempts an irish whip but TLS reverses it, leaping up for a flying forearm but Gordy ducks underneath, catching him in mid-air and flipping him towards him, BACK-BREAKING SPINEBUSTER! The ring thunders as TLS lands, Gordy leaps on top.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRREEEEEE!

Ray Douglas: The Lost Soul has been eliminated!

Jim Gunt: And now we're once again even! Both Moxley brothers have been eliminated, and obviously we seen the surprise early elimination of our World champion Hodge earlier, and now TLS!

Mike Rolash: Now Lance LaRusso gets his first taste of the action, and the Broad Street Bully just tug in to face him!

The Broad Street Bully comes into the ring with that ever present scowl on his face, not amused by Lance LaRusso's antics as he makes weird motions towards him. Bully spits on the chest of LaRusso, his eye's lighting up in disgust, giving BSB just enough time to use the distraction to kick him across the side and bring him down with a quick snap suplex. Broad Street stays on LaRusso, placing him in a headlock that he quickly gets up to his feet and pushes out of, sending Bully into the ropes. LEAPING NECKBREAKER AS HE RETURNS! LaRusso goes for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO..No! Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Great sudden maneuver there from LaRusso, but not quite sudden enough to “shock the system”.

Mike Rolash: Where have I heard that phrase before?

The brawl between Danger and Moxley broken up minutes ago by outside officials, Danger now waits on the apron with his hand outstretched for the tag. LaRusso just laughs at this, picking Bully up and bringing him right back down with a powerslam. He heads towards the corner, going for the top rope to set BSB up for the Mile High Club- but Harvey Danger tags him across the shoulder! The Pansexual Playboy is astonished that his partner would do such a thing, and watches on in shock as Dange pulls in the rising Bully to his feet and swings across the ropes with him in tow- DANGER DDT! The Tornado DDT explodes BSB head-first into the canvas as the crowd pops loudly!

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

Ray Douglas: The Broad Street Bully has been eliminated!

Jim Gunt: Uh oh, now Danny Gordy is all by his lonesome! What started out with a huge numbers advantage towards the Titans of Supremacy has now turned into a 2 on 1 affair with the Highwaymen having the advantage!

Mike Rolash: That’s how Survivor Series matches work, it’s all about the numbers.

Harvey Danger is happy to meet the final competitor in the opposing team in the middle of the ring, and Danny Gordy looks more than ready to go. The two competitors lock up in the center of the ring, Danger attempting to pull his wrist back into an arm lock, but Gordy slips out and delivers a Powerslam to the Impact champion. He whips him into the ropes to prepare for his famous Gordbuster, but Lance LaRusso tags himself back into the match!

Mike Rolash: Haha, this is getting to be pretty funny!

Jim Gunt: Why can’t Lance LaRusso and Harvey Danger get along!? These two just began teaming last week for god’s sakes.

Mike Rolash: Because there is a gold title belt standing between them, Jimmy! Gold, money, wealth, that changes people.

Harvey Danger is absolutely pissed off at this point, yelling at Lance as he enters the ring, saying something offensive right back to him. Danger has had enough, pushing LaRusso hard against the chest and knocking him off his feet! Harvey exits the ring and instead of going on the apron, chooses to walk right up the ramp and leave the Pansexual Playboy to himself. This causes Gordy the distraction, who rolls him up from behind using his tights!

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

Lance LaRusso kicks out wildly from the roll up, both men back to their feet and he ducks under a lariat from Danny Gordy. ORGASM BUTTON! The backflip kick comes out of nowhere, leaving the former Academy champion reeling on his feet but not falling over. LaRusso wastes no time in leaping onto the ropes, springboarding off to take him out with a headscissors takedown! With the crowd 50/50, but alot of them beginning to cheer on his strange antics now, he leaps up to the top rope and begins to gyrate his body around to them. MILE HIGH CLUB! And it lands perfectly on Danny Gordy, as LaRusso holds on for the pin!

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRREEEEEE!

Ray Douglas: Your winners of this match: Lance LaRusso, Harvey Danger, TLS and Harley Hodge....THE HIGHWAYMEN!!

Jim Gunt: Well by hook or by crook, the Highwaymen come out victorious here tonight.

Mike Rolash: If those damn lunatic Moxley's would have used their head a little bit, I think this match would have ended much differently.

Jim Gunt: Regardless, I think the animosity between Harvey Danger and Lance LaRusso is at an all time high, I wouldn't want to have to be in the Accelerator's shoes when he has to break up these two new stablemates!

Lights Out Challenge

Match

The camera's open up to the backstage area. Maya's sitting in her wheel chair again but it was parked in the catering area next to a table. Mizore was over getting some chow for them as Maya waited patiently. Suddenly, the lights go out completely in the area.

The Shadow: So this is what you see?

You couldn't really see anything that was happening as it was pitch black.

The Shadow: Nothing, but complete darkness. You have failed your competition for Frozen Over, as my opponent has failed me. It's only fitting that I find a new person to show them what true darkness is. I accept your challenge.

Suddenly, the lights return as the camera's continue viewing. Maya is sitting there listening for any sounds as Mizore quickly comes back over to her. Sitting in front of Maya on the table was a black piece of paper with the words "See you at Frozen Over, Maya Jensen." Annabelle Jackson hurries into the scene, seeing the paper on the table.

Annabelle Jackson: What's this?

Mizore: I don't know, I turn around for one second and it looks like someone has set out a challenge for Maya.

Annabelle Jackson: Ugh. Well I talked to J. Rish, and he hesitantly changed the Tag Team Title match to a triple threat with the Titans of Supremacy and Danger Boiz, he says he wishes you all the best in your future endeavors Mizore.

Mizore: Yeah, I bet he does.

Mizore glares at Annabelle before going back to consoling Maya.

Fade.

Marie Danger's Thanksgiving Turkey, Ladders, and Chairs Feast for All

Match

We go backstage as Harvey Danger and The Lost Soul march down the backstage hallways of the United Center following their Survivor Series matchup. Harvey is holding his Impact Championship belt high above his head while he marches like a trombone player in a high school marching band. TLS walks a few paces behind him with a cool swagger and mischievous smile, looking somewhat surprised that Harvey's mood has brightened up so quickly. Harvey beams with pride as they pass backstage workers and stage equipment before stopping at the Conference Room that the CWF had granted Harvey the use of.

Or, more likely, Harvey just took it over against the CWF's wishes.

The "Marie Danger's Thanksgiving Turkey, Ladders, and Chairs Feast for All" sign is sloppily taped to the door at an angle. Marie's name has been written on top of a crossed out Harvey. He looks it over and softly shrugs.

Harvey: Eh, who cares! Let's eat! I've been waiting all day for this, especially after that bonehead Lance put me through all that crap earlier! Ma said she'd have everything all set up and ready for us. I wonder if everyone is already inside chowing down?

Harvey looks back at TLS who just blankly looks back at him, seemingly bored already.

Harvey: Are you coming in for some food? Ma's a great cook!

TLS: Eh, sure... just... give me a minute. I want to hit the shower quick and, uh... I'll be back. Yeah, definitely coming back and not leaving without you. Right, then.

Harvey: Cool, man! See you later buddy! Stranger Danger... Out!

Harvey extends his fist awaiting a fist bump but TLS just pats Harvey on his shoulder and walks off. Harvey shrugs again and pushes through the door to the beautiful feast that Marie Danger has prepared. The door slams shut behind him and he jumps slightly. He's alone in the room, nobody having taken up his offer on a Thanksgiving dinner.

The turkey has been cooked to perfection and it glistens under the candles that adorn the table. Fine china and silverware complete with a fine linen tablecloth. The beautiful table setting is in stark contrast to the metal ringside chairs and bench seats made out of ladders and cinder blocks that Harvey had commandeered for his party. He gently presses on the ladder/bench to test it's strength.

Harvey: Wouldn't be a Turkey, Ladders and Chairs Thanksgiving extravaganza without ladders and chairs!

As Harvey surveys the scene, a loud crash is heard out in the hallway behind Harvey. The sounds of a fight cause Harvey to turn around and reach for the door to see what could possibly be happening.

Just as Harvey's fingertips reach the door it bursts open causing Harvey to scream like a child. He flails his arms back, hitting the cameraman. The camera view tumbles backwards and we land with a sideways view of the table from the floor.

Off camera, Harvey and the intruders can be heard scuffling. Two pairs of wrestling boots come in to our sideways view and hoist Harvey Danger up into a double power-bomb. Harvey comes crashing down through the table sending food and silverware high up into the air! Harvey is on the floor covered in mashed potatoes and scolding hot gravy moaning. Marie's china and good silverware are broken and scattered around the room.

The two sets of feet come back into our still sideways view and put a few boots to Harvey's head before walking off snickering. Throughout the entire exchange no words were uttered; only devastating destruction.

We cut back ringside to the announcers table.

Jim Gunt: Who in the world was that? Who could have done such a thing? Harvey's Thanksgiving meal was ruined!

Mike Rolash: There was free food that I didn't know about?!

Jim Gunt: And why did they do that to Harvey Danger? And did TLS get attacked out in the hallway too or was that just a targeted attack on Danger?

Mike Rolash: Well I'm part of a long list of people who would love to destroy stupid Harvey Danger and his stupid Mother's Thanksgiving dinner. Those boots sure looked awful familiar, though!

Jim Gunt: You don't think the Eternals were leaving their mark on Harvey, do you?

Mike Rolash: Who cares? Dumb old Harvey had it coming!

Pandalike vs. The Ripper

Match

Clark Summits calls for the bell getting this match officially underway. Both men come to blows instantly, making it clear that this not going to be your regular match by a long shot. Pandalike nails a forearm shot as The Ripper retaliates with an European Uppercut of his own. The two men go back and forth until Pandalike gains the advantage with a knee to the gut. Danny doubles over as Pandy whips him towards the ropes and drops him on the return with a dropkick. He goes for the quick pin but only gets one for his trouble..

Jim Gunt: These two men started off hot as a lot of bad blood has been brewing between the two.

Mike Rolash: I think it's more bad blood on Pandy's end. If you ask me he was in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Jim Gunt: How could you say that?

Mike Rolash: In life shit happens..

Pandalike stomps on the down Ripper as the crowd gets into the fight more. Bringing the Ripper to his feet Pandalike looks to cause more harm but The Ripper surprises him with another devastating European Uppercut.. Pandy stumbles backwards but before he can get his bearings, Danny B rushes full speed at him connecting with a Spear sending both men through the ropes, to the mat outside. Both men crash hard as the blood thirsty Chicago fans go nuts!

Jim Gunt: These fans are loving this action right now!!

Mike Rolash: I think I'm gonna agree with Danny when he said that these people were morons..

Danny B slides back into the ring as Pandalike struggles to get up. The Ripper seems ready to take flight, Pandy finally is up but he's knocked right back down courtesy of Suicide Dive. Danny rolls him back into the ring going for the cover..

Referee: OOONNNEEE! TTTWWWOOO!!! Kick Out..

Danny curses the ref as he goes back to work on his opponent. The Ripper lifts Pandalike into a Fireman's Carry position before flipping him over and nailing the Ushigoroshi!! Pandalike sits up clutching his neck in pain, the Ripper seeing an opportunity grabs the arms of Pandalike, twisting him over and locking in the Vaffanculo!! Clark Summits asks Pandy what he wants to do as Danny pulls back harder and harder..

Jim Gunt: The Ripper is really doing a number on Pandalike as he seems to not be able to get any offense in..

Mike Rolash: That's what happens when you step into the ring with a Hall of Famer Jim.

Pandalike struggles against the hold as Clark continues to ask if he wants to tap. Pandy yells for Clark to get out this face as he used his size to his advantage. Fighting and struggling Pandy is able to make it to his feet with Danny still hanging on. Pandalike uses one last ditch effort as backs up into a corner crushing the Ripper forcing him to break the hold. Danny crashes to a seated position leaving him prone to a Cannonball from Pandy.. Not feeling it's enough Pandy runs across the ring once more connecting with another Cannonball. Pandy pulls Danny from the corner looking for the pin..

Referee: OOONNNEEE! TTTWWWOOO!!! Kick Out!!

Jim Gunt: That was a close one. This might be the opening Pandalike was looking for..

Mike Rolash: He better take advantage cause the Ripper is able to strike at any moment.

Pandalike stares at Clark Summits as he starts back on his attack. He brings the Ripper to his feet and nails him with another forearm. The Ripper stumbles into the ropes as Pandy shoots him off into the opposite side. Upon his return Pandalike slams the Ripper down hard with a Spinebuster, he isn't done yet hitting the ropes and landing a Rolling Thunder Splash going for the pin again.

Referee: OOONNNEEE! TTTWWWOOO!! TTTHHHR... Kick Out!!

Pandalike slaps the mat, but goes back to work. He brings The Ripper back to his feet and whips him hard into the corner. Pandy fires himself up looking to do more harm. He comes running full speed at the Ripper, looking to land a Shoulder Thrust. The Ripper more cunning then ever uses his speed to slide through the top and middle rope, where he lands on the apron and Pandalike crashes shoulder first into the ring post. He stumbles out holding shoulder but he

can't react as Danny B springboards off the top rope and nails him with the Ripper's Blade.

Jim Gunt: Big time move from the CWF Hall of Famer!!

Mike Rolash: I told ya, can strike at any moment..

The Ripper is back to his feet setting up something big as Pandyluke struggles to his hands and knees. The crowd is going crazy for the action but the Ripper just ignores them. Pandalike is in one knee, when he receives a Colpo Mortale to the head, slumping him down to the mat. Danny hooks the leg going for the cover.

Referee: OOOONNEEE! TTTWWWOOO!! TTTHHRR... Shoulder Up!

The crazy Chicago fans let's out a collective "OHHH" as they thought for sure that was it.. Danny upset that wasn't it yells to crowd it's over.. He brings his opponent up once more looking to go for the Crimson Wing. Danny almost has both arms hooked when Pandyluke breaks free. He pushes The Ripper back and nails him with a Side Step Kick that turns Danny around. Pandalike waste no time as he grabs the Ripper and flips him over with a Release German Suplex.. Not giving Danny a chance to breathe he picks him back up and instantly locks him in the Pandyluke Lock!!

Jim Gunt: He has the Pandyluke Lock cinch in.. Will The Ripper tap out?

Mike Rolash: It all happened so fast, this might be all she wrote..

The Ripper screams in pain as Pandalike wrenches back further and further on the hold. Pandalike yells for him to tap as the crowd explodes. It seems as if Danny is just on the verge of giving up when "Smiling Faces" blares throughout the United Center causing the fans to go crazy. Pandalike's facial expression changes as Duce Jones makes his way out onto the stage area. Pandalike lets go of the hold letting The Ripper fall to canvas. His attention is squarely on Duce as he slowly makes his way down the aisle..

Jim Gunt: What is Duce doing out here?

Mike Rolash: Maybe he's just here to answer Panda's challenge from earlier tonight.

Jim Gunt: I don't know but he's really ruining a good fight out here..

Pandalike yells for Duce to bring it on as Duce stops just short of the ring. He stands there silent as Pandyluke invites him numerous times to get inside the ring. Duce begins to slowly make his way around the ring area never taking his eyes off of Pandalike. Pandyluke returns the favor anticipating Duce's next move. Duce tells him to focus as Pandalike shoots

more insults his way. Duce just smiles and stand there causing Pandy to turn right into a RKS!!!!

The Ripper goes for the pin..

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRREEEE!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner....THE RIPPER!!

Mike Rolash: Duce Jones just cost Pandalike that win!

Jim Gunt: He really didn't do anything, besides he told Pandalike to focus. This lost is directly on Pandalike for losing focus.

Mike Rolash: Are you serious? He blatantly came out here to distract him.

The Ripper makes his way to the back as Pandalike can't believe what just happened. He looks around at the crowd shocked as Duce backs up the ramp shrugging his shoulders. Pandalike stares at him with evil intent, as Duce smirks at him. Duce then mouths the words "Better luck next time" as he heads to the back. Pandalike is still livid inside of the ring, not believing what just happened.

Just Quit Already

Match

Backstage, we see TLS tending to the attacked Harvey Danger.

The Lost Soul: Help! Can I get a little help here!?

The World champion Harley Hodge and the Pansexual Playboy hurry into the scene, frantically. Hodge immediately goes down and puts his hand across the back of Danger's head to help TLS get him up.

Harley Hodge: What happened?

The Lost Soul: I don't know, what's it look like? He was attacked from behind while trying to get his thanksgiving feast in order!

Lance LaRusso is too busy picking at pieces of turkey to even pay attention to the exchange between TLS and Hodge.

Harley Hodge: Lance!

The Pansexual Playboy jumps out of his skin, turning back around from the massive display of food in front of him and back to his fellow Highwaymen.

Harley Hodge: You don't know anything about this, do you? You too weren't getting along very well out there earlier tonight. Please tell me this stable isn't falling apart just as we begin.

Lance LaRusso: What are you talking about, man? I was with you the whole time!

A thought comes to Lance, as he sticks his pointer finger in the air. Uh oh.

Lance LaRusso: You know what, I don't think poor old Harvey was attacked at all. I think he came in here when no one was looking and knocked himself to the ground. Yeah, that makes sense.

Harley just shakes his head in astonishment, while TLS is furious at the notion.

The Lost Soul: Are you serious? You son of a bit..

The Accelerator places a hand against TLS' chest.

Harley Hodge: Woah, woah, calm down man.

Lance LaRusso: No, hear me out. Harvey Danger is a quitter. He quit on me in our Survivor Series match earlier, and he's quitting on us all again right now. At Frozen Over VI, I will prove just how much of a quitter Harvey is. When I challenge him one on one for his Impact title, in an I Quit Match!

Lance is completely sure of himself, a smirk widening across nearly his entire face.

The Lost Soul: You're on. Harvey will be more than happy to meet you in the ring, and make your strange ass say I Quit to boot.

Lance LaRusso: ME, strange!? How abo...

Harley Hodge is back to his feet, pushing Lance out of the room with him.

Harley Hodge: Okay, okay, I think we've had enough discussion for one day. TLS, please tell Harvey I'm very sorry I wasn't here to protect him from this attack and that we will find the man or men responsible and take action on them.

TLS nods back at the leader of the Highwaymen, as he pulls the rambling LaRusso out with him.

Fade.

Nothing Is As It Seems Part III

Match

Sometime Earlier

The dim light of a bulb that has seen its better days is the only thing illuminating the abandoned warehouse in Chicago. Crickets and toads chirp their noises through the air, the air is as dead as the night itself. It is a pair of headlights that finally soar into the scene, awakening the warehouse before it. A door opens and slams back shut, the car's motor dying as the co-CEO of CWF steps out with a grimace. J. Rish stares ahead of him, ready for anything and everything that could be up ahead.

J. Rish: Okay motherfucker, where the hell are you?

He continues stepping towards the warehouse, a large clearing from what used to be a door now torn open permanently. Rish pulls out a flashlight, flicking it on to do all he can to see up ahead as he enters.

J. Rish: CAMBRIA!? Are you in here with this monster? Daddy is here, baby!

Turning into a frantic mess instantly, Rish begins to shake as he looks ahead at what looks to be old farm equipment. Machinery of all kinds, most of it rusted with cobwebs shining back at his light. Finally, in the distance movement can be seen.

J. Rish: Hello? I am here you son of a bitch, now give me back my daughter!

"Welcome, Mr. Rishel."

Suddenly, the darkness of the warehouse brightens up in an instance. Black fades to light, and J. Rish is face to face with his worst nightmare. Dressed in clothes as dark as midnight, his family's assailant stands in front of him wearing a skee mask to conceal his identity. He has Cambria Rishel draped over his shoulder, with what looks to be a garbage bag wrapped around her head and upper body. She squirms and screams, flailing violently to get out of his grasp.

Man: I am glad you could make it. I trust your family is having a happy thanksgiving?

J. Rish goes to make a quick dart for the man but retorts immediately as he backs up with his daughter still in arm.

Man: Be careful, Mr. Rishel, for your next move may very well be your last. You want your precious daughter back? Here.

The masked man throws Cambria in the air, but purposefully several feet in the other direction of J. Rish. With a violent thud, the body slams against the concrete floor below. Rish is horrified and is on top of his daughter ripping the bag off of her in seconds, but it is not Cambria Rishel at all. Instead, an incredible lifelike automated mannequin stares back at him with an eery lipsticked smile.

The man belly laughs aloud as Rish stares up at him with trepidation.

J. Rish: ...Why!? I thought you called me here to give me back my daughter, what the hell is this all about you son of a bitch!?

Man: You really haven't learned, have you Mr. Rishel? I have told you once, and I will tell you time and time again. Nothing is as it seems. If you want to see your daughter again, you will meet me in front of the thousands of your adoring fans. At your "home away from home", the place where you chose to spend all your time at while letting your family all alone to rot. I will see you, Mr. Rishel, at Frozen Over VI.

Still on his knees, Rish looks from the Cambria mannequin back up to his torturer. *CRACK!* A boot blasts his skull, leaving him lifeless on the concrete. The man walks away satisfied, for now.

Fade.

The Eternals (Chaolin Sahn, RM Strong & Freddie Styles) vs. The Academy (Eris, Caledonia & Amber Ryan)

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is tonight's MAIN EVENT, set for one fall and is a three on three Trios Match!

After the entrances, Chaolin Sahn holds back his newest henchmen, telling them that he is going to start off the main event against the returning Amber Ryan. Sahn practically salivates as he circles around her, waiting for her to make the first move. The Distorted Angel raises her arms towards him wearily, but as he goes to pull her in and whip her down, she quickly rethinks and pulls back. The Tormented Soul cackles at her, but his laughter is stopped abruptly by a huge dropkick!

Sahn holds his jaw, allowing Amber Ryan to continue the attack on him with quick but effective kicks to his side and ribs. The much larger and dangerous competitor uses his brute strength though, the legendary Firefly grabbing ahold of Ryan and throwing her halfway across the ring! Ryan goes to get her revenge, but a tag on her shoulder stops her in her tracks. Eris smiles back at her, shrugging their shoulders before replacing her in the ring.

Jim Gunt: Now it is Eris who will go eye to eye with the Tormented Soul!

Mike Rolash: This should be a very interesting affair, Jimmy.

Chaolin Sahn calls the Apple of Discordia into the ring, clearly ready to inflict some more damage. Eris is abnormal in their approach though, instead of going straight at Sahn, they run to the side of the ropes, leap onto them and spring off, a bicycle dropkick catching the Firefly off-guard! Eris then catches the dazed Sahn by the neck, spinning their body into a backflip behind him to take him out with a huge modified neckbreaker! They waste no time in going up to the top rope, trying to use the advantage to put away the Eternal mastermind, SPLIT LEGGED MOONSAULT! Eris holds on for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTT-No!

Jim Gunt: RM Strong wasting no time at all in saving his stable's leader!

Mike Rolash: Argh, matey.

Jim Gunt: No, he's not a pirate anymore.

Mike Rolash: God damn it. Always behind with the times.

The official holds back RM Strong, telling him to leave the ring, but not seeing that Styles has somehow snuck in and begins to stomp the living daylights out of Eris. Their tag team partner Caledonia and Amber Ryan enter the ring, a brawl quickly ensuing before Robbins can finally bring in some order and send everyone back to their corners. By this time the tag team champion is weakened, leaving Sahn to drag them over and tag in Freddie Styles. Styles enters the ring, bringing down a quick elbow drop down onto their stomach just as Sahn drives a leg drop into Eris' throat!

Jim Gunt: Great tandem offense there from the Eternals!

Mike Rolash: Freddie Styles may be one of the newest men to take on the Maker's Mark, but Sahn clearly did not make a mistake in taking him in.

Freddie Styles doesn't even fully allow Eris to get to their feet, grabbing ahold of his rising opponent and sending them shoulder-first into his team's corner turnbuckle. Styles tags right back out, bringing RM Strong into the fight. The two of them grab Eris, wrapping their arms around them and bringing them down with a hard snap DDT. RM looks like a madman as he watches Eris crawl up to their feet, suddenly he charges in, grabbing both of their arms up as he places his boot towards their upper spine- 1871! Eris' head snaps into the canvas viciously, and RM turns them over to go for the pinfall.

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

RM Strong shows a tinge of frustration as he gets to his feet, tagging Freddie Styles right back in. Strong stomps down on Eris before exiting, allowing Styles to bring them up for a vertical suplex. Freddie Styles taunts Amber Ryan and Caledonia on the ring apron, smiling as they try to get in the ring to go after him, the official stopping them immediately which allows Styles enough time to drag Eris to his corner, Sahn and RM Strong both getting in quick shots. Clark Summits turns around just in time for Styles to pull Eris out of his corner, DAT REMIX! The combination leaves them reeling and then falling to the canvas, ATL STOMP! After taking sick stomp variations from both RM and now Styles, Eris looks to be unconscious as Freddie Styles rolls them over to their back.

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

Jim Gunt: Caledonia with the save! That's what good tag team wrestling is all about, Mikey!

Mike Rolash: Never call me that again.

Jim Gunt: So what, you're allowed to call me Jimmy every fucking week and all the other bullshit nicknames you come up with...you know what...nevermind. I'm not even going to waste my time with you this time.

After sending her body flailing into Freddie Styles with a senton, Caledonia hurries to exit the ring before the official can even admonish her. This momentary offense leaves Eris enough time to crawl over to their corner, leaping up just in time as Styles grabs for him, tag to Caledonia! She heads upstairs, catching Styles as he gets to his feet with a missile dropkick. The other half of the Tag Team champions wastes no time in mounting Styles, landing hard right hands to his jaw. He throws her off though, PELE KICK! Breathing heavily, Freddie hurries to tag the Firefly back into the match.

Jim Gunt: Here we go, the wife of Dan Highlander has to step in the ring with the demon himself!

Mike Rolash: We have seen some amazing match-ups so far with this trios main event, and this is indeed one of the more interesting ones.

Jim Gunt: I just hope Sahn doesn't break poor Cali in half! Highlander may have to go back to his college professor gig

to bring in a little extra money to pay for her neverending hospital bill!

Chaolin Sahn smiles methodically as he pulls Caledonia up by her hair, slamming his skull against hers with a mighty headbutt. He proceeds to grind his knee against the side of her face, and then a stiff shot with the same knee. The dazed Cali somehow sidesteps another knee, but the Firefly is behind her- FOOL'S FLASK! The backstabber buckles her through the air, making her look like a cheap ragdoll as she lands in a heap. The sold out crowd lets Sahn have it with relentless boos as he covers.

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

Jim Gunt: Eris with the save now! Like I said, great showing of unity here from the new Tag Team champions. These two may have only been working together for a short time, but they're clearly working in unison tonight!

Mike Rolash: No one works like a well oiled machine like the Eternals though. You and the rest of the idiots here tonight will see first hand, Sahn always wins in the end.

The Tormented Soul is not willing to let up on his brutal offense, grabbing Caledonia by her throat to pull her up and into the corner. He begins to choke her to death, even with the official attempting to do his best at pulling him off. After the count begins, Chaolin Sahn finally lets up just to cream her with a huge kick across the side of the face! The Firefly pulls the tag champion away from the corner, spinning her towards the canvas, CHAOS CONTINUUM! Clearly the match is won, but instead of choosing to go for the cover on the dilapidated Cali, Sahn instead drags her over to his corner and makes the tag out to RM Strong.

Jim Gunt: Well that was a bit of a surprise, why didn't Chaolin Sahn go for the cover there, Mike?

Mike Rolash: Who the hell knows, you think I can even begin to try to get into the mindset of that psychotic maniac? No thank you.

Jim Gunt: Good point.

RM Strong brings the already broken Caledonia to her feet, shooting her into the ropes and then catching her with a snap Powerslam. He brings her over to one of the open corners, attempting his trademark Discus Clotheslines, but the tag champion ducks out underneath and hurriedly runs over to tag in Eris! Her recent other half comes in quickly, catching RM Strong with a cannonball just as he turns around. They lift up the goofy former pirate onto their shoulders, APPLE OF DISCORD INTO THE TURNBUCKLE! Eris pulls RM to the middle of the ring, going for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHRRREEEE!

Ray Douglas: And the winners of this match....ERIS, CALEDONIA AND AMBER RYAN!!

After the match, a massive brawl breaks loose. Everyone eventually fights to the outside, leaving only Styles and the Distorted Angel in the ring. Freddie Styles crushes Amber Ryan in the corner. He pulls her up, and hits her with Ballgame! Freddie then slides to the outside, reaches up under the ring, and pulls out...a fairly thick pane of glass?

Jim Gunt: Oh my god, what is Styles doing here!? The match is over!

Mike Rolash: Tell him that Jimmy, Freddie and the Eternals don't look they're done yet!

Freddie Styles sets the glass in a corner, pulls Amber over to it, sets her on it face first, then smiles, before heading up to the top rope. He jumps and comes down...ATL STOMP on Amber Ryan through the glass! The crowd goes insane, booing as loud as they can. Amber is busted wide open, and Freddie isn't undamaged, with a few cuts on his leg. Freddie motions for a mic, and stands over Amber.

Freddie Styles: They say that through glass you can see your true reflection. Well, Amber....I'm gonna distort your pretty face again just like this to the world in it at Frozen Over. When I'm done with you, not only will you scream my name like a bitch, you'll damn well respect it as a wrestler. This isn't just about Eternal business....this is personal.

Styles throws the microphone down across the body of Amber Ryan, but is shocked as he sees a group of unknown people standing at the top of the ramp. One woman looks familiar, and when she pulls her jacket from her chest the t-shirt reveals it all.

"HIGH STAKES WRESTLING!"

Jim Gunt: What the..?

Christy Chaos stands defiantly on the top of the ramp, the CEO of the CWF's rival company with her best men standing beside her. Paragon! She points to the ring and Jack Michaels, James Ceno, and Leon Cashmere sprint down, coming to blows with the Eternals immediately! Michaels nails the Firefly with a SUPERKICK! Ceno and Cashmere dispose of RM with a quick double clothesline, and now only Freddie Styles is left.

Jim Gunt: Hostile takeover! HSW is invading CWF here tonight!

Mike Rolash: This is fucking crazy!

Styles has his hands raised in the air, backing away from the Distorted Angel as the entire Paragon stable engulfs him.

They begin pounding down with kicks, punches, elbows, every attack possible to destroy the attacker of their fellow stablemate Amber Ryan. Ceno goes up to the top rope, FROG SPLASH ON STYLES AS THE OTHERS HOLD HIM DOWN! Paragon now help Amber to her feet, and she looks on with shock at first, a smile eventually crossing her lips as they all raise their arms to a shocked CWF crowd as the show fades to black.

Fade.

Show Credits

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