

Infernal: Ep. 5 - Paradise

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: April 17, 2026
Location: The Collosium

Results

The End of Games

Segment

"The Broken" by Coheed and Cambria plays loudly over the sound system pumping the acoustics into the Colosseum.

The Prince of CWF stands at the top of the apron, head down for what seems like an eternity.

He slowly raises his head to show a smile plastered on his face that we haven't seen in a long time. Jaiden Rishel quickly makes his way down the aisleway slapping hands with a couple of the excited fans. He makes his way down to the ring, taking a second to look up at the sky that shows a picture perfect blue sky with the slightest amount of clouds covering them.

A half dozen Watchers stand between Jaiden and the ring, each of them wearing heavy black jackets. All six of them raise their arms and wrap together against their chest, in unison. Rishel simply smiles at this gesture, shrugging his shoulders and turning to hop atop the reinforced platinum announce table instead. He turns to the Voice of CWF and immediately Gunt hands him a microphone to the shock of his broadcast partner.

The Watchers look to make a move on Jaiden, but the larger of the six raises a hand up to stop the rest of them, getting word through a chip that their Lord wants to hear what the so-called "Moonchild" has to say. This leaves a sense of uneasiness to the Prince, who was more than ready for a fight from the Watchers. He instead looks on at the packed Colosseum, nervously placing the mini microphone to his lips.

Jaiden Rishel: "...How bout the weather, huh?"

Jaiden laughs at his own joke for just a moment, looking out at the beautiful skies and back towards the Watchers as he focuses himself.

Jaiden Rishel: "In all seriousness, I want to talk about what happened at Frozen Over, as I'm sure all of you do as well. We had the culmination of a very lengthy and strenuous Infernal tournament, in which Caledonia bucked the odds and became the new World Champion. We had an absolute battle between Dangerous Dan and Byson Kaliban, one that I'm very excited to see the rematch to in just a second. But what I really came down here to talk about...the question I think left on all of our minds when Frozen Over went off the air. What's next?"

And just like that, Jaiden leaps off the announce table and takes out all six Watchers looking on with one massive Body Splash! All half dozen of them tumble and roll around, but the Prince is right back to his feet, undaunted and microphone still in hand. He pulls it down momentarily, taking in the resounding cheers coming from the Colosseum before smirking before he speaks again.

Jaiden Rishel: "No, that wasn't exactly what I had in mind when I asked the question 'what's next?'...I just had to have a little fun real quick, my apologies. Now Anhellica, GET THE HELL OUT HERE, BITCH!"

The lights dim before cutting to complete blackness. Jaiden quickly slides into the ring, hands in the air ready for the arrival of Evil Incarnate herself. "Ich Will" by Rammstein hums over the Colosseum.

Anhellica makes her presence known. Expressionless look on her face as she stares back at Jaiden Rishel from the top of the ramp. The Amoralist leader is all alone, but the power within her seems stronger than ever. She speaks, not needing a microphone or voice-enhancing mechanism of any kind...her voice booming over the Colosseum naturally.

Anhellica: "Oh my little Prince...my how the tables have turned, one would say? You stood defeated at Frozen Over, but yet at the end of the night...when everything was on the line...you laid ruin to all my plans. You ruined everything!"

Taking a deep breath to steady herself, a clearly incensed Anhellica snaps back at Jaiden.

Anhellica: "The Orb is broken. The Redeemer is dead. But I hate to have to tell you one little thing that you seem to be forgetting 'Moonchild'."

And suddenly her intensity breaks into a wicked smile of her own.

Anhellica: "You have not won."

Jaiden paces the ring, his own microphone still in hand as he thinks over the words of the Archon of Amorality.

Jaiden Rishel: "You're right. If there is one thing that you've ever said that is actually the honest to God truth, it is that. I have not yet won."

Jaiden points right at Anhellica, as if the distance between the ring and the top of the ramp was less than inches.

Jaiden Rishel: "You. Me. This ends at Ascension, May 29th."

Anhellica doesn't even take a second to contemplate the challenge of the Prince, instead responding with her loud cackling instead. She takes a step forward on the aisle before stopping herself, waving her pointer finger at Jaiden as she continues laughing.

Anhellica: "Oh Jaiden...you're actually cute. Through everything you've learned about me the last few months. The truth that I've laid out in front of you. Everything I could have given you! Jaiden...you simply don't understand, do you? This was never **your** game to play. You may have thought you'd come into my world as Prince Charming and save the day for your dead dad and all of CWF. But I'm sorry to tell you son...this is NO fairy tale."

Jaiden Rishel: "Enough! Enough of the God damn games, Anhellica!"

Another loud cackle from the Amoralist queen. She is clearly amused by Rishel.

Anhellica: "Enough of the games? Oh they've only just begun! I'll tell you what Prince, I'll answer your challenge with one of my own. I will take you on at Ascension, but it will not be just you and I. No, if we're going to have a true battle of good versus evil...we're going to turn this up a fucking hundred notches. I'll bring four of the best minions the Amoralists have, and you bring four of the dumbest morons that would ever make the mistake to stand on the wrong side of history. Five versus five. Two rings. One cell....END GAMES!"

After a moment of silence and contemplation, Jaiden smiles.

Jaiden Rishel: "Challenge accepted. But Anhellica, you talk about mistakes? You just made the biggest mistake in what's left of your pathetic life."

Jaiden drops the microphone; the antagonist and protagonist staring holes through each other as the scene cuts away.

Keep Your Stick On The Ice

Segment

We're taken to the back, where intrepid reporter Ian Ambrose waits, more than a little anxiously, at an entry-point to The Colosseum.

Mike Rolash: "Oh man, I love this part."

Jim Gunt: "What do you mean, 'this part'?"

Mike Rolash: "C'mon Jimbo, we both know how this goes; Ambrose waits for King Jarvis, then gets smacked in the face by a door and goes down like a sack of potatoes. It's hilarious every single time!"

Jim Gunt: "You're a sick puppy, Mike."

Mike Rolash: "No, I've explained this to you, I'm sick and your dawg. Easy mistake to make."

Jim Gunt: "...right."

Ambrose, obviously having expected to be smacked by the door already, cracks open the door and peeks through. Coming up behind him, Gordy King squints his eyes and looks through himself.

Gordy King (whispering): "What are we lookin' for, buddy?"

Ambrose almost jumps out of his skin but quickly recovers himself, bowing graciously in front of King.

Ian Ambrose: "I...I'm sorry, your highness! I thought you hadn't arrived yet and I was hoping to get a word, and..."

Gordy King: "Woah, woah – Highness? Not till after my match, buddy! Big main event trip for ole Gordy – big chance for me to step into the squared circle and step out world's champ. But hey – as long as you're alright, buddy."

Gordy smiles, his King-family grin spreading across his face.

Gordy King: "You keep your stick on the ice, bud."

Dangerous Dan vs. Byson Kaliban

Match

The overhead holoscreens in the Colosseum, which usually flash propaganda for the Amoralists, suddenly glitch and fracture. The sleek steel architecture groans under a localized EMP pulse. The arena's oppressive industrial hum is sliced open by the sharp, iconic opening synth of "Ain't Nobody" by Chaka Khan.

Joey Garcia: "The following match is for the CWF Paramount Championship! Introducing first, the challenger, standing at 6'1 and weighing 195 pounds....BYSON KALIBAN!!"

As the beat drops, the heavy blast doors at the top of the ramp hiss open, venting pressurized steam. Byson Kaliban doesn't walk out—he stumbles out with a manic, rhythmic twitch, his "sleeve" looking pristine and youthful despite the three centuries of madness behind his eyes, and the Paramount Championship no longer around his waist.

He is flanked by four SSRI "Peacekeepers" with electrified batons, but Byson ignores them entirely. He is lost in the music, snapping his fingers and swaying his hips in a way that feels deeply "wrong" given the blood-stained environment.

Jim Gunt: "After the brutal battle Byson and Dan had at Frozen Over, do you think either man will be at one hundred percent going into their rematch tonight?"

Mike Rolash: "Both men took a fall off damn near halfway to the top of the Colosseum, Jim, there's no way in hell that could be the case. Byson is looking ready to go, though, so maybe the Amoralists skinned him up pretty good to get him ready for this."

Byson moves with a loose-limbed, "dirty" grace. He occasionally stops to shout lyrics into the faces of the horrified front-row fans, his eyes wide and unblinking. Halfway down the ramp, one guard tries to nudge him forward. Without breaking his stride or his humming, Byson's titanium-reinforced arm whips back, a blur of silver and flesh, nearly taking the guard's head off.

He doesn't even look back; he just laughs, a high-pitched, rasping sound. Byson slides into the ring under the bottom rope, immediately popping up into a handstand before collapsing into a seated position in the center of the mat. He stares at the hard-light canopy of the Colosseum, licking his lips as if he can taste the desperation of the crowd.

As the music fades into the screams of the bloodthirsty fans, Byson slowly rises. He stretches his arms out wide, the metallic hum of his titanium skeletal structure audible over the house mic. He bites his own thumb until it bleeds, and smears a "K" across his chest.

The lights go out as a strobe of red and blue begin flashing across the arena:

"I wake up to the sounds of the silence that allows
For my mind to run around with my ear up to the ground
I'm searching to behold the stories that are told
When my back is to the world that was smiling when I turned
Tell you you're the greatest
But once you turn, they hate us"

Joey Garcia: "The champion, being accompanied by Crazy Chris, standing at 5'11 and weighing 225 pounds....DANGEROUS DAN!!"

Dan, accompanied by Chris, slowly walks onto the stage. The CWF Paramount Championship vertically over his chest, the Dangerous One proudly looks down at his newly won title, pulling it up in the air and kissing it before raising it high in the air to massive cheers.

"Oh, the misery

Everybody wants to be my enemy

Spare the sympathy"

Dangerous Dan slowly begins making his way down towards the ring with Chris following behind. Dan acknowledges several fans at ringside, smiling and embracing the crowd, though ensuring that his emotions are in check as well.

"Your words up on the wall as you're praying for my fall

And the laughter in the halls and the names that I've been called

I stack it in my mind and I'm waiting for the time

When I show you what it's like to be words spit in a mic

Tell you you're the greatest

But once you turn, they hate us (huh)"

Dan now climbs the steps, placing his Paramount championship down on the top one before heading up to the turnbuckle. He raises his arms in a globe like manner as the Anthropolis crowd cheers him once again.

"Oh, the misery

Everybody wants to be my enemy

Spare the sympathy

Everybody wants to be

My enemy (look, look, look, look)

(Look out for yourself)"

He turns to look at his sworn enemy, Byson Kaliban, and lip syncs "My enemy (look, look, look, look); (Look out for yourself) enemy ..." from his theme song lyrics.

Dan slowly climbs down the turnbuckle and stands in the middle of the ring, as the lights dim and a spotlight shines on him. He falls to his knees, glares up at the ceiling and takes in the cheers from the crowd.

The spotlight fades out as the chorus of "Enemy" repeats. Dan stands to his feet and takes his corner.

Jim Gunt: "These two fought all across the Colosseum at Frozen Over nine; ending with both men Kaliban taking a massive fall and Dan bringing a solemn ENDDING to his Paramount Title reign!"

Mike Rolash: "I'm surprised either of them are able to stand tonight, but as Dangerous Dan has said in his recent SSRI

promos, he's ready to put this one to bed."

Jim Gunt: "I'm sure Kaliban feels the same way though. These two have been in an endless battle with each other over damn near the last two months now, and if tonight is to finally be the war...I can't wait to see who comes out on top!"

Neezletoe calls for the bell and Dangerous Dan is immediately off, running across the ring and taking out Kaliban with a Lou Threz Press before he can even approach the center. Kaliban raises a forearm up to block the shots of the Dangerous One but he's like a dog with rabies; blood in his eyes as he swings past the forearm of Kaliban and connects with heavy right hands. The younger brother of Duce Jones is able to kick him off with bent legs, turning onto his elbow and springing right up into a headscissors takedown from Dan!

Jim Gunt: "Byson Kaliban is doing all he can to get back in this match, but Dangerous Dan is performing at a whole different level here tonight!"

Mike Rolash: "As he should, Jim. Danny Boy knows the power of being a champion, and in this desolate future that power may be more important than ever. He has to do all he can to hold onto the Paramount Title!"

Jim Gunt: "It's not going to be so easy though, because Kaliban just kipped right back up to his feet following the Headscissors! These two aren't men, they're fucking Warriors!"

Dangerous Dan wears a sly smile on his face, showing that he's impressed with the resiliency of his opponent even as he circles him looking to attack once more. Byson sidesteps him, taking the incoming Dan over with an arm drag. When he attempts to hold on for a lock, however, the Paramount Champion rolls through flipping Kaliban along with him through the middle and bottom rope, the smaller man hitting hard on the outside.

Dan doesn't waste a second in getting to his feet and taking advantage, running across the far rope for momentum and hurling his body through the air like a tornado.

Jim Gunt: "CORKSCREW PLANCHA TAKES OUT THE RISING KALIBAN! And Dangerous Dan isn't done, he's pulled Byson right back up by his hair and is taking him up the aisle!"

Mike Rolash: "This is not a falls count anywhere match like their Frozen Over bout. Neezletoe, start the count!"

As if on command, the resident troll of CWF does just that. Little hand waving in the air as he shouts out his count with his quiet voice.

ONE!

Dangerous Dan slowly makes his way off the crumpled heap that is Kaliban.

TWO!

Pulling himself back up by the apron, Dan turns back to his sworn enemy and runs right at him...taking him as he tries to rise up on his elbows with a massive Basement Dropkick!

THREE!

Seemingly in a trance, Dan is right back to his feet and goes back to the apron, this time pulling it up to find a steel chair. He waves the chair high in the air looking out at the fans packing the Colosseum, a crazed look in his eye as he smiles at the cheering crowd.

FOUR!

Dan turns back around with the chair, just to get speared by Kaliban! The chair goes flying through the air, hitting a Watcher and comically knocking him out right on his feet. Kaliban levels the Dangerous One with right hands but he rolls over, delivering some heavy shots of his own.

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: "Forearm blast nearly knocks Kaliban out cold!"

SIX!

Mike Rolash: "What the hell is Dan doing, get Kaliban back in the damn ring!"

Dangerous Dan lifts up the reeling Kaliban up onto his shoulders, but shockingly does not go towards the ring, but up the aisle instead! The crowd cheers on in anticipation as Dan carries Kaliban all the way up the ramp before turning him up over his chest, running at full sprint and taking him out with a Powerslam right into the digital screens!

SEVEN!

Sparks fly everywhere from the CWF 23xx screens, a few of the lights dimming and going out, but the light in Dangerous Dan shines brighter than ever. He measures up his opponent as he stands over him, swiping away the

arms of Kaliban that try to grab ahold his thighs.

TWIST OF FATE RIGHT ON THE TOP OF THE RAMP!

EIGHT!

Dan looks out to the crowd, making a cut-throat symbol that brings them to their feet cheering even louder. Neezletoe is beside themselves in the ring, sauntering left to right and yelling out as loudly as he can for them to get their asses back inside. When their attempts fall unsuccessful, they decide to continue counting.

NINE!

Jim Gunt: "They're not gonna make it back!"

Mike Rolash: "And I don't even think the champion cares!"

Taking one last look towards the ring, Dangerous Dan turns back towards the entrance and disappears with Kaliban in toe. Droids follow him along showing a scene that the cameras were never meant to see; the Amoralists behind holographic screens, droids flying through the air getting everyone things from glasses of mysterious liquid to stacks of papers. A massive green screen behind it all showing the entire proceedings of the Colosseum, not just inside the ring but every inch, every nook and cranny that people thought they couldn't see, was all there in full color.

TEN!

Joey Garcia: "Ladies and gentlemen this match has been ruled....A DOUBLE COUNTOUT!"

"BOOO!!"

The fans who were on Dangerous Dan's side through all the madness now boo as they realize the match is over, but suddenly the digital screen above the entrance ramp crackles and lights up, allowing a perfect view of the backstage area where Dan takes Kaliban by the back of the head and runs him right through a pile of droids on a nearby table.

"WOOOO!!"

The scene is madness. Watchers attempt to break the destruction caused by Dangerous Dan, but he will have none of it, back elbowing two different Watchers before Stunners a third. An incensed Anhellica suddenly appears before

him, a cold stare in her eyes as she simply looks on at the Dangerous One.

Dangerous Dan: "This is what you wanted, right?"

Dan slams an unconscious Kaliban through the table with a Danger Zone.

Dangerous Dan: "A champion you could be proud of."

Dan lifts Kaliban up by the back of his head, showing a face full of red sludge draining from his forehead like a faucet. He swipes his hand across the face of Byson, offering it up to Anhellica before pulling it back immediately.

Dangerous Dan: "Not so fast."

Anhellica is furious as she watches Dan lift Kaliban once again off his feet, hoisting him up in a Death Valley Driver position on his shoulders and carrying him right past the madness of the central location as if nothing even happened. Anhellica screams back at him, but Dan pays her no attention, continuing through the hallway of the Colosseum as Watchers quickly back out of his way. A concession stand of futuristic proportions is up ahead, robots at the toe serving humans, gargoyles, and other robots all sorts of concoctions. Dan takes a mustard bottle, spraying yellow liquid all over the face of Kaliban.

Dangerous Dan: "You already had the ketchup, now you make a perfect hot dog."

Kaliban snaps out of it, headbutting Dan as sludge and mustard fly through the air! The Dangerous One staggers backwards into a rack of t-shirts, folding it and himself over immediately. As Kaliban approaches he finds himself being blinded by a whole handful of t-shirts and sweaters, the distraction enough for Dan to leap up onto another stand and bring him back hard on the concrete floor.

Jim Gunt: "ENDDING TO REMEMBER! KALIBAN HAS TO BE OUT FOR GOOD NOW!"

Mike Rolash: "You're damned right, and I would be embarrassed to even come back after being made to look like a freakin' hot dog!"

Dangerous Dan stands over the twerked, twisted and broken body of Byson Kaliban, finally satisfied with the destruction he's caused. Watchers, paramedics, droids, and other things sent in by the Amoralist quickly break up the scene, pushing a smiling Dan back as he looks on at the bleeding Kaliban.

Suddenly a young Japanese person with purple and blonde highlights over long black hair steps out of the crowd, grabbing onto the surprised Dangerous Dan before he can even sense what's coming.

ARROW'S PATH!

They leap into the air holding Dan tightly within their armpit, soaring nearly ten feet before crashing him down skull first on the concrete with a Front Flip DDT! The crowd is shocked, watching on as the newcomer stands over the Paramount Champion with a curious look in their eye.

Person: "My name is Yuri. You should have never made that open challenge."

Missile Dropkick! Yuri cracks the Dangerous One right in the jaw with their boot, rolling over and kipping back up to their feet before brushing off their shoulders as the camera cuts away.

Something To Think About

Segment

We cut backstage to Mark Carlton, making himself a cup of tea, when a voice sounds from off-camera.

AnHellica: "Thought you were more of a blood man nowadays?"

If Carlton is fazed by being approached by the leader of the Amoralists, his face does not show it.

Mark Carlton: "I may be a vampire now, but I was, am, and ever shall be British. You of all people ought to understand that."

AnHellica laughs.

AnHellica: "Ah, you've come so far from the days when you were fawning over me... almost as far as I've come since then."

Mark Carlton: "What do you want?"

AnHellica: "To the point, then... your cousin and her walking dildo are beginning to be a problem for me. Between her having the world title and the prospect of you and The Hammer – great name, incidentally, for a dildo – advancing in the tag team tournament... well, it could be a problem for me."

Mark Carlton: "You've yet to give any indication why it's a problem for me."

AnHellica: "You have ambitions, Marky Mark. Goals."

She rubs her hands up and down her body.

AnHellica: "Desires."

Mark Carlton: "That won't work on me."

AnHellica: "No? C'mon, Mark, you shagged my twin sister, I know I'm your type."

Mark Carlton: "Your twin sister wasn't a pseudo-mortal centuries-old psychopath."

AnHellica, purring: "Oh, like that doesn't make me more your type."

Mark Carlton: "I'm not the sex pest of three hundred and fifteen years ago, Angelica, save it."

AnHellica: "Fine... hm, but who knows, it's been a few centuries since I've had a good lay, maybe I'll do that one as a freebie. But to business. Your goal is to rebuild the Order. To do that you'll need territory. And I can give it to you."

Mark Carlton: "Oh?"

AnHellica: "And all I ask in exchange is..."

She whispers in his ear and turns to leave.

Unstoppable Force (Billy & Tyler Anderson) vs. M.C Hammer (Mark Carlton & Dan Highlander)

Match

Joey Garcia: "The following match is a qualifying match where the winners move on to Infernalía 6 to challenge for the CWF Tag Team Championships!"

"I Could Kick Your Ass" by Justin Moore plays over the speakers throughout the Colosseum, the Unstoppable Force making their way slowly to the ring slapping fans hands on the way down to the ring.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first, they are Billy and Tyler Anderson....THE UNSTOPPABLE FORCE!"

"Let the Hammer Fall" cuts over the speakers as Dan Highlander leads his team out the gate. Carlton simply shows up beside him, leaving the Hammer looking somewhat uneasy but he shakes it off as they make their way down to the ring together.

Joey Garcia: "And their opponents, Mark Carlton and Dan Highlander....M.C. HAMMER!!"

Mike Rolash: "Quite the interesting proposition from our Lord Anhellica there...do you think that's going to effect Carlton's mentals in any way going into this match?"

Jim Gunt: "I mean...being that we don't even know what the Archon of Amorality whispered in Carlton's ear...I guess we'll have to wait and see, Mike."

The first tag team match of the 23xx era starts off with head referee Trent Robbins looking up at a surprisingly sunny sky before turning around to see the cheering crowd, a small smile forming on his face as he calls for the match to begin. Both teams converse in their corners, Billy Anderson very vocally telling his brother to stay on the apron while Carlton calmly convinces Highlander that he's got this.

Jim Gunt: "Mark Carlton showing off a sensitive side that we've yet to see from the man, seemingly allowing his cousin-in-law a chance to potentially rest whatever lingering hangover he has as he starts the match off for their team. Or maybe Anhellica gave him some newfound confidence after all."

Mike Rolash: "And what is their team called again....?"

Jim Gunt: "Erm...M.C. Hammer."

Mike Rolash: "Ahahaha!"

While Rolash continues to entertain himself at ringside, the action begins inside the ring quick with a clearly angry-at-the-world Billy Anderson coming in hot, looking for a clothesline that Carlton easily matrix-move ducks under, his vampire abilities way too much for the country boy.

Anderson grunts as he turns around to meet Carlton just to be decked with a standing dropkick! He staggers backwards, allowing younger brother Tyler to tap him from behind, Robbins calling out for the legal tag. Billy turns back to Tyler as he enters, face reddening shades and shades darker by the second, but Tyler simply shrugs his shoulders and runs at the vampiric cousin of the CWF World Champion, tackling down to the mat with a hard Spear!

Jim Gunt: "Big spear there from the Mysterious One! Tyler is raining down heavy rights and lefts now, but Carlton hurls him off him like he's weightless!"

Mike Rolash: "Oh boy, Tyler stepped in it now!"

Carlton is right back to his feet in a flash, dashing across the ring with inhumane like precision and crashing body first into Tyler, bringing him falling back hard into the turnbuckle.

Jim Gunt: "Big Splash! And tag! Dan Highlander enters the match, let's see how damaged the Hammer is after his brutal First Blood match with Anhellica at Frozen Over nine."

Dan Highlander cracks his neck from side to side, showing both Tyler Anderson and the fans packing the Colosseum that the scar tissue on his neck will hold; he has fully recovered. Anderson shrugs, leaping up into the air for a huge Georgia Punch!

But it misses its mark!

The Hammer sidesteps, grabbing ahold of the younger Anderson brother and taking him up into the air with all his carried momentum.

Jim Gunt: "SOUTHERN CROSS! The Crucifix Powerbomb into the turnbuckle...and oh my god, what a Superkick! Tyler is out like a light!"

Carlton puts one foot through the ropes, showing his fangs off to Billy Anderson as his cousin in law makes the cover on Tyler.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Joey Garcia: "The winners of this match by pinfall and moving on to Infernal 6 to challenge for the CWF Tag Team Championships, Mark Carlton and Dan Highlander....M.C HAMMER!!"

Carlton enters the ring to celebrate with Dan Highlander, the two of them taking a quick moment to raise their arms to the cheers of the Colosseum, getting caught up momentarily before Highlander motions for the two of them to make their exit. Billy stares at his fallen brother from the apron, a look of frustration written all over his face. He enters the ring, shaking his head while mumbling words that only he can hear.

Jim Gunt: "What is Billy doing here?"

Mike Rolash: "Probably picking his sad little brother off the mat, Jim. Or maybe he's getting tired of Tyler taking the fall for their team?"

Jim Gunt: "GEORGIA STOMP! Billy just stomped his brother's fucking head in!"

Mike Rolash: "What the hell!?"

"BOOOO!!!"

The fans let Billy have it as he just stands over his brother, a wicked smile over his face as he measures him up for more. Before Tyler can even fully pick himself up, Billy does it for him, just long enough to put him in a double underhook position and drop him.

GEORGIA BOMB!

Billy pulls himself to his feet, drinking in all the hatred coming down upon him with a smile after turning on his own flesh and blood in front of what's left of the world.

Dropping Like Flies

Segment

Anhellica: "Are... you... fucking serious?"

She snarled through teeth so clenched she seemed ready to break a molar — her fingers tightened around the length of the glass in her palm, the veins along the back of her hand seeming to bulge with hardly constrained rage.

Freddie Styles: "Messenger!"

He barked it as though by reflexive survival instinct, his palms held up before him in mock surrender.

Freddie Styles: "Do. Not. Shoot. The. Messenger."

Anhellica: "Then just who am I supposed to shoot, Mr. Ballgame?"

That nickname of his seeming to drip from her tongue like a slur,

Anhellica: "Not Alex Cain, apparently — that would just be putting old dog out of his misery, as though he deserves it for not having his head on a goddamn swivel or apparently a brain inside it to know that's mandatory in our position!"

An audible pop signaled the new crack which have developed along the side of the glass in her hand. Freddie knew that look on her face and the rage in her eyes all too well, enough to know he was in a precarious position. Anhellica did not want bad news: she wanted good news or no news at all. But she also did not want to be lied to, nor would she tolerate being kept in the dark. Damned if you do, damned if you don't, he thought to himself, But suppose we're past that point.

Anhellica: "There's no one?"

Freddie Styles: "Who else?"

He felt a knot in his stomach almost immediately, worried the candor of his question could be interpreted as sass — that would have its own consequences. Thankfully, Anhellica seemed lost in her own frustrated calculations.

Anhellica: "No one's located Andy Murray?"

Freddie Styles: "Practically a ghost."

He turned his head down to avoid unnecessary eye contact, particularly as the glass broke in her hand, sending unacknowledged streams of red dripping from her palm.

Anhellica: "Jace can't be shot up with something and wheeled out as a warm body for you to do the heavy lifting?"

Freddie Styles: "I think a Lego set would have a better chance staying together in one piece on that apron for a full match than him."

Anhellica: "Can we not just shove a piece of fucking rebar into Lionheart and zap him with a few bolts on a stormy night?! All this power and all this progress and we still can't get some Decent. Fucking. Help around here?!"

He didn't flinch as the broken glass whizzed past his face, hitting the wall behind him and shattering into further shards and splinters. She howled with rage, reaching beneath her desk to turn it end-over-end and spill its contents to the floor, wheeling quickly to pick the chair up by its back rest and fling it across the room.

Anhellica: "We are So. Fucking. Close! They're dropping like flies! Is there no one left after all we've done?!"

A silence fell between them — an epiphany flashed through Freddie's mind like a sudden bolt of yellow light... before settling into his throat like a leaden weight.

Freddie Style: "There is... someone."

Her rage dissipated. And her face dropped.

Anhellica: "You don't mean..."

Her voice trailing off before she looked back at him.

Freddie Styles: "Yeah..."

Anhellica: "No. That freak?"

Freddie Styles: "He's one of us."

Anhellica: "He is..."

She mused softly, her eyes narrowing in thought.

Anhellica: "So had said The Redeemer."

She looked over at Freddie, wiping her bleeding palm on her pants nonchalantly.

Anhellica: "You'll keep a hand on his chain, won't you? My minion?"

More molten lead seemed to drip down from Freddie's throat and into his stomach.

Freddie Styles: “Yeah...”

Anhellica: “Good.”

She cooed the word, stepping forward with that wild smile and eyes aflame, reaching up to touch his cheek. Her expression was one of uncanny, serene joy.

Anhellica: “Give the little birdie a call. And be ready to roll out the carpet for ‘his majesty’.”

Freddie hardly recalled anything else that transpired between those words and the moment he left her office. But upon the door clicking behind him, he stifled back a sour sensation in his mouth and clenched his core to prevent the knot in his stomach from turning again. A snippet of an old pop song floated through his head.

Freddie Styles: “Be real, it doesn’t matter anyway... You know it’s just too little too late...”

The ENDD Is Near

Segment

The camera cuts in shaky and handheld, like someone wasn’t supposed to be filming yet. Neon lights from the concession stands flicker overhead, casting a sickly glow across spilled soda, crushed cups, and smeared footprints. The blood of Byson Kaliban still spewed on the ground below. The distant roar of the crowd hums like a living thing behind the concrete walls.

Dangerous Dan stumbles into frame.

He’s hunched slightly, breathing heavy, one hand braced against a metal counter. The other drags slowly across his face, wiping away a thick streak of blood that runs from his brow down to his jaw. When he pulls his hand away, he looks at it for a second... then smirks.

Dangerous Dan: “Y’know... I should’ve known better.”

He mutters, voice low and gravelly.

Dangerous Dan: “I should’ve known that the second I put Byson Kaliban down for good... something—someone—would come crawling out of whatever hole they’ve been rotting in.”

He pushes himself upright, eyes locking into the camera now—intense, sharp, dangerous.

Dangerous Dan: "But let's talk about that first, huh?"

He continues, pacing slowly past the concession stand, boots crunching over debris.

Dangerous Dan: "Byson Kaliban... the cockroach that just wouldn't die. The man who kept crawling back, over and over, thinking this time—this time—he'd be the one standing."

Dan chuckles, dark and humorless.

Dangerous Dan: "I didn't just beat you tonight, Byson... I ended you. I broke you down piece by piece, stripped away every ounce of that stubborn little fantasy you had left, and I planted you flat on your back where you belong. And this time?"

He leans closer to the camera.

Dangerous Dan: "This time, you ain't getting up. You ain't coming back. You're done. Finished. Buried."

He wipes another streak of blood from his cheek, this time slower, almost deliberate, smearing it across his knuckles.

Dangerous Dan: "And I was ready to walk out of here... Paramount Champion... no more ghosts, no more pests, no more Byson Kaliban."

He pauses.

Then his expression hardens.

Dangerous Dan: "But then...this bitch, Yuri."

He spits the name like it tastes bad.

Dangerous Dan: "Out of nowhere...after everything I just went through...you fucking jump me. You think that's your moment? That's your grand entrance?" He shakes his head, a low laugh escaping. "No... no, what that was... was you signing your own damn death warrant."

Dan steps closer again, the camera tightening instinctively as his presence fills the frame.

Dangerous Dan: "You accepted my open challenge. You want this?"

He taps the championship slung over his shoulder.

Dangerous Dan: "You want to step into my world, after I just dismantled a man like Byson Kaliban?"

His voice drops, slower now, more controlled—but somehow more dangerous.

Dangerous Dan: "Then understand something real clear, Yuri... I'm not walking into that match hurt. I'm not walking in tired. I'm walking in angry."

He rolls his shoulders, cracking his neck slightly.

Dangerous Dan: "And when I get my hands on you... I'm not just beating you. I'm going to drag you through every inch of that ring. I'm going to break your momentum, your confidence, your little moment of spotlight... I'm going to tear it all down until there's nothing left but regret."

He points off-camera, as if Yuri is standing just out of view.

Dangerous Dan: "You wanted to make a statement tonight? Fine. You made one. Now I'm going to answer it. I'm going to show you exactly why this title stays with me... why this division revolves around me... and why stepping to Dangerous Dan is the last mistake people ever make."

Dan wipes the last bit of blood from his face, then slowly smears it across his chest, almost like a mark of war. He exhales, steadying himself, eyes never leaving the lens.

Dangerous Dan: "When I'm done with you, Yuri... you won't be walking out under your own power. You'll be crawling back to wherever it is you came from... wondering why you ever thought you belonged in my ring... in my fight... in my era."

A long pause.

Then a cold, crooked smile.

Dangerous Dan: "The ENDD is near..."

He leans in just slightly closer, voice dropping to a near whisper.

Dangerous Dan: "Can you feel it?"

The camera cuts back to ringside.

Best Friends Forever (Lilliana Primrose & Jaiden Rishel) vs. The Amoralists (Freddie Styles & Jared Holmes)

Match

Joey Garcia: "The following is a tag team match where the winners move onto Infernal 6 to challenge for the Tag Team Championships!"

"The Broken" by Coheed and Cambria plays over the speakers and a jubilant Lilliana Primrose leads her Jaiden out the curtain to a resounding applause. The two of them look on out at the fans packing the Colosseum in wonder, Lilliana smiling as Jaiden just looks on with a serious tone. They make it slowly down the aisle, Primrose conversing with Jaiden while he stays completely silent.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first, they are the team of Lilliana Primrose and Jaiden Rishel...BEST FRIENDS FOREVER!!"

We swing back out towards the entrance area where the lights go down, and all you see is a silhouette of a man, twin pistols in front of his face as the opening riff hits...

"Give it up, should've known much better
Words spoken, no, they can't come home
You'd think that people keep your lies a secret
But their tongues go wagging, spill everything they know
Should've been a man, but you don't know how
Play your hand you lost, but it's too late now
Have to pay the price for things you've said, yeah!"

Joey Garcia: "Introducing their opponents, first...representing the Amoralists, he is Mr. Ballgame....FREDDIE STYLES!!"

As the lights come up, flashing with the beat, Freddie steps out from behind the curtain, arms extended to each side, hands formed like pistols. He turns to the side as the camera focuses on him, points his arm toward the camera and

pulls the trigger, screaming BALLGAME!

Freddie slowly walks down the aisle, up the steps, and through the ropes. He brushes right by Jaiden and Lilliana then stands on the middle rope, holding one arm above him, before stepping down and leaning over in a corner, awaiting the arrival of his mysterious partner.

“Obedear” by Purity Ring sounds over the speaker system throughout the Colosseum; the theme bringing no clarity whatsoever to the CWF fans watching on. Suddenly a lengthy man of full mystique comes sauntering out, a completely jeweled mask covering his face, a hooded Versace bathrobe flicked up over his lengthy hair. He has matching swim trunks and sandals, and his clothing is entirely colored in yellow with blue accents. He wears a lot of jewelry on his neck: gold chains, amulets on leather straps, etc.

His fingers are covered in jeweled rings, and the back of his hand bears a tattoo of the Eye of Providence that he holds up to his forehead to give a “third eye” appearance. Across his chest are a smattering of tattoos: occult and esoteric runes, Egyptian hieroglyphics, weird and seemingly alien pictographs.

The man waves his hands in the air as he walks down the aisle, taking in the atmosphere as he makes his grand debut. He removes all his unnecessary accessories; robe, mask, rings, necklaces, etc. in the ring and fights barefoot.

Joey Garcia: “And his partner, he is the Peacock King....JARED HOLMES!!”

Jim Gunt: “Wow, Mike. Can't say I've ever seen a fighter quite like this one before.”

Mike Rolash: “Maybe that's why our Lord was so hesitant to bring him in? Regardless, I kinda like the style of this Peacock King, so I'll reserve making any judgments until we see him live and in action in the ring.”

Jim Gunt: “You not making any judgments? That's a first!”

CWF referee; a zombified, broken version of “legendary” former Impact Champion, Abigail Starr, slowly saunters over to both corners, showing extra care to make sure neither Primrose or Rishel brought anything extracurricular with them. She calls for the bell to sound over the Colosseum with a slight nod upward, her neck cracking sadistically just from the small amount of movement.

Jaiden and Lilliana are both completely taken aback at the sight in front of them. The two of them expect Styles and the five time World Champion Alex Cain, but instead look on at the mysterious form standing across from them.

The Peacock King.

The newest addition to the CWF roster and the man who apparently has garnered the full attention of Anhellica and her Amoralist army, better known to what's left of the world as Jared Holmes, puts a heavy up arm to block the chest of Freddie Styles. All six foot two of the man stands over Mr. Ballgame with an expressionless look in his eyes, Styles eventually backing down to allow him to start the match for their team as he takes his mask off and hands it carefully down to one of the Watchers below.

Jim Gunt: "Quite possibly the most...interesting...warrior that we've seen walk through the Colosseum doors over the past few months, what do you think it is about the Peacock King that drew the ire of Anhellica?"

Mike Rolash: "I mean he's certainly colorful, maybe our Lord likes what she saw under the mask?"

Jim Gunt: "Could be. Nevertheless, Jaiden has chosen to enter the ring against the mysterious Holmes. After taking a beating by Freddie Styles at Frozen Over, is there anything left of the Prince or is he about to bow down to his new King?"

Circling each other in the center of the ring, Jaiden doesn't back down an inch from Holmes despite the slight size difference and mystique of his opponent. He stops his motion, fingers in the air calling out for Jared to test his strength. Instead Jaiden finds himself doubled over as the Peacock King drives his knee and thigh hard into the gut of Rishel.

Jim Gunt: "FAMEASSER!"

Mike Rolash: "What do you mean this guy's ass is famous. Already? He just got here! I didn't even know they still made Playgirl magazines in 232..."

Jim Gunt: "Mike."

Mike Rolash: "What?"

Jim Gunt: "Stop."

The Heir to CWF face plants on the canvas, the sounds of his face cracking the canvas reverberating across the Colosseum. Jared looks up as his Amoralist partner Freddie Styles bounces on the apron back and forth, yelling out to him to come make the tag. Holmes looks to do just that, making sure to drag Jaiden over to his corner by an arm. He twists it backward in an impossible position behind him, motioning for Styles to head up to the top rope.

Lilliana Primrose screams out for her Jaiden, a mixture of intensity and confusion all over her face as she tries to

enter...just to have ref Starr stop her in her tracks.

Jim Gunt: "ATL STOMP! That was disgusting!"

The arm of Rishel full snapped back behind him, the newest addition to the Amoralists holds him perfectly in place as Mr. Ballgame leaps off the top rope and comes down like a bullet going right through his arm with a Double Foot Stomp! Primrose is crazed at this point, pushing back against Starr who continues yelling back at her until she sees Styles roll over Jaiden, not even bothering to tell Jared Holmes to exit the ring before she makes her count.

ONE!

TWO!

Jaiden kicks out!

Jim Gunt: "No! The Prince will not give up. He must save CWF at all costs!"

Mike Rolash: "He needs to get Primrose in the ring, that bitch is known to cut a mothafucka!"

Jim Gunt: "...."

The Peacock King finally exits as Jaiden attempts to crawl towards his corner to tag in Primrose, but Styles stops him by grabbing ahold of his legs, hoisting him high in the air and letting him land hard right across his chest and knees.

Styles goes back to his corner, tagging Holmes back in the match. The two of them grab Rishel by the back of his head, handfuls of hair as they drag him right to the corner where Lilliana walks incredibly impatiently around the apron, frustrated beyond belief. Styles cackles out at her, receiving a surprise Roundhouse Kick from the outside for his troubles!

Massive headbutt nearly cracks the perfect jaw of the Peacock King!

Jim Gunt: "Tag! Lilliana Primrose has entered the match!"

Mike Rolash: "Time to slash some throats!"

Jim Gunt: "What the hell is your fascination about watching people get their throats slit?"

Mike Rolash: "What can I say, Jim, your broadcast partner has some strange kinks. What do you think attracted me to coming to Anthropolis and the future in the first place?"

Jim simply shakes his head at his partner, stifling a laugh as Lilliana enters the ring like a house on fire. She ducks under a wild lariat attempt from Freddie Styles, showing amazing strength as she easily hoists him up and dumps him hard on his shoulder with a Belly to Back Suplex.

The Colosseum is rocking as the Voice of Reason stands above the former CWF World Champion, a mysterious yet methodical look in her eye as she waits hands in the air for him to pull himself up. From behind the Peacock King takes those arms, twisting and turning Primrose until she finds herself falling hard on her face with an Unprettier!

Jim Gunt: "Come on Abigail, you gotta do your job girl and get one of the Amoralists out of the ring. Newcomer Jared Holmes is the legal man, so get Freddie out of here!"

Mike Rolash: "Easier said than done when you're dealing with the power that Anhellica and her minions hold over all of CWF."

Jim Gunt: "I mean Freddie said it himself, Mike...he don't like being called a 'minion'."

Mike Rolash: "I don't give a shit what he wants to be called, just put down Rishel and his little fantasy land buddy for good!"

Looking to do just that in the ring, the Peacock King helps up his new Amoralist ally and the two of them hoist Primrose up to a standing position on either side. The furious Primrose immediately fights back with a right hand to Styles, a left to King, a back elbow to Styles, Primrose is on a roll and the fans in the Colosseum are screaming her name!

"PRIMROSE! PRIMROSE! PRIMROSE!"

But a spinning heel kick stops her momentum in its tracks! The Peacock King takes the doubled over Primrose and positions her just as an emotional Jaiden tries to go through the ropes to help her, only to have Freddie dive up to the top rope taking ahold of him on the way down.

Jim Gunt: "SPRINGBOARD DDT TO THE OUTSIDE CRUSHES JAIDEN'S HOPES OF SAVING CWF!"

Mike Rolash: "Canadian Destroyer by the Peacock King! Primrose is alone and out in the middle of the ring. This one's

over!”

Following the Song of the Hyades flipping piledriver, Holmes rolls over the broken Primrose with a half nelson, immediately making the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Joey Garcia: “The winners of this match by pinfall and moving on to Infernal 6 to challenge for the CWF Tag Team Championships, Jared Holmes and Freddie Styles....THE AMORALISTS!!”

Everyone Always Forgets About Those Pesky Consequences

Segment

The ring sits alone and desolate, a direct and obvious antithetical of the horde of ravenous beings surrounding the ring. They're no longer considered human at this point, as that would imply a sense of empathy was granted to each and every one of the cheering mass that was currently chanting for the blood of Jaiden Rishel. Suddenly though, the noise from the horde is muted and to abuse an old and tired phrase, “in the blink of an eye,” Mia Rayne is sitting alone in the ring, cross legged, her head bowed.

No pomp.

No circumstance.

No semi colon or right parenthesis.

Her hair is disheveled, it looks like she was wearing yesterday's makeup from three weeks ago, her clothes are ragged, and she looks like she hasn't slept or eaten since the events of Frozen Over.

Mia Rayne: “Yeah, tell it to someone who cares, or can hear you. That's right, when you have something of note to say, perhaps I'll hit the ol' unmute button, but until then... The floor is MINE.”

Mia doesn't pick up her head, she doesn't smile, smirk, or laugh. Her voice is dull, devoid of any emotion that her words usually drip with.

Mia Rayne: "I came back... I..."

Mia pauses, choking on her words in the most uncharacteristic of manners.

Mia Rayne: "I was supposed to be married. Right now. I was supposed to be introduced as Mrs. Ataxia Rayne. We were together, we were finally getting to a point where we didn't want anything else, except to live happily with each other. I was getting that, I was SO close to it..."

She pauses, but in her silence comes a very familiar voice.

Anhellica: "Go ahead. Finish that thought, Mia."

Anhellica comes out to the entrance ramp and with a snap of her fingers, the crowd's roars can start to be heard again. Mia huffs, but doesn't seem to react any further. Anhellica doesn't seem to care though as she makes a motion and a dozen or so nameless and faceless thugs march to the ring, surrounding it on all sides.

Anhellica: "Finish that thought, Mia, so I can finally finish you."

Mia has yet to move as the thugs start to close in. "The Forsaken Psychotic" only shakes her head and suddenly, the thugs stop, unable to continue.

Mia Rayne: "Bish, I didn't want to do this. I didn't come here looking for a fight, don't MAKE ME DO THIS!"

Mia seethes and Anhellica only smirks, she raises a hand, ready to snap her fingers.

Anhellica: "Impress me then puppet. Show me why I shouldn't, better yet, why don't you make me? Or are you upset because you had to say, "goodbye frands" to ever..."

She doesn't have a chance to respond as Mia growls. A low noise at first, but it quickly crescendos until it even overtakes the noise of the horde. Mia fumes as she gets to her feet, the skillet appearing in one hand and in the other? Everyone expected to see a fork, but instead, it's just a burlap bag...

Mia Rayne: "Are you really that dense that you think that Ataxia, my Ataxia, only had ONE mask?! Did you not think that in the fifteen plus years of mine and Ataxia's relationship, I didn't acquire one of my own?"

Mia seethes, her breathing growing erratic, every one of her extremities twitching in anticipation. A poor foot soldier for

Anhellica decides to try his luck, and sure enough, he's able to enter the ring. That's as far as he gets as Mia gestures and a wooden spoon appears, and drives itself right into the thug's foot, keeping him in place as he deals with the pain of being impaled by a wooden spoon. Not to mention the splinters. Sheesh.

Mia Rayne: "The last time... This happened before..."

She finally looks up, her gaze locks on Anhellica and she sneers.

Mia Rayne: "Who the fuck are you anyways? Who do you think you are, to come into my life, MY relationship, and feel like you can destroy it all with no repercussions? Bitch, I AM a repercussion, so don't even FUCK with me. I almost killed the last time... Look around though, where the fuck are we? We're in a place, where you keep death on a leash, and that dear bitch, was a bad call on your part. With Death out of commission, SHE, gets to have free reign and almost all the toys she could possibly want to play with... Do you hear it?"

Mia pauses and puts her ear up to the wind. She smiles as she sees Anhellica's gaze go slightly up to reveal...

Absolutely nothing.

But there was a noise, a song... Faint, but just like Mia's growl, this crescendos until it overtakes the Colosseum.

Hallelujah - Kimberly Freeman (Leonard Cohen Cover)

Mia smiles and begins to waltz to the music as everyone just looks at her in abject confusion. As she spins herself around, she pulls a familiar burlap mask out of the burlap bag she covered.

Mia Rayne: "Why don't you take us home my dear?"

She isn't looking at anyone, her eyes are locked in front of her, and something akin to the hint of a warm and comforting smile crosses her lips before the mask slips over her head... The air grows frigid, it whips the thugs around and tosses them off their feet as Kimberly Freeman takes the Hallelujah's home.

No one can see what is happening in the ring, a whirlwind of images that no one can depict, but instantly unsettles the horde into dull murmurs of confusion. The music instantly changes in mid chorus, giving everyone getting into the ballad a wakeup call.

<https://youtu.be/V6ACLG9wly8?si=6B-BoYCMARf-2fuv>

A shriek the likes have yet to be heard by normal human ears, not whatever halfbreeds the world of 2326 has pooped out. Actual humans. A noise akin to someone taking a razor sharp fork and using it as an instrument to assault all ears against a cast iron skillet rings out and all in attendance clamp their hands over their ears, and just as soon as it started, it all stops.

The winds, the music, the images. It's all gone. In fact, it's not that they're all gone, the world is just all black now. Silence weighs heavily on all who bear witness, suffocating, drowning you in despair, misery, and a feeling of desolation so complete, most wish for death.

Mitaxia stands in the ring, her body completely opalescent, half her face covered by a burlap sack, the other half? Just blank, opalescent to match the rest of her body, but just as soon as one takes her visage in, that half of her face turns into two completely harmless pieces of punctuation.

A semi colon.

And...

Of course the right parenthesis!

Mitaxia: "Hello frands..."

The shriek rings out again from Mitaxia and she gestures with her hand, her head focused with intent on Anhellica the entire time. A razor thin disk materializes out of nowhere, attached to a handle that is held by Mitaxia. At her signal, the disk flies into the air, and in the blink of an eye, spins around the ring, severing any and all body parts it comes into contact with, Watchers, thugs or horde. It made no difference, no one is safe.

Mitaxia: "Hey BITCH! Looks like your forces need to pull themselves together, but here, let me fucking help you out!"

Mitaxia whistles and body parts start reattaching themselves to the people at ringside with awful noises. Only... They aren't reattaching themselves in the right places, or to the right people for that matter. Heads go where arms do, legs go where heads do, and no one really wanted to see where the arms were stuck. With a whistle, the winds pick up again, and pick up all the bodies at ringside and carry them all up to Anhellica. Mitaxia gestures and the bodies fly up, before raining down all around Anhellica.

Mitaxia: "You... You should see the look on your dumbass face right now bitch. I'd say go find yourself a mirror, but I wouldn't want to put the mirror through the agony of having your reflection stuck inside of it. You might THINK I missed, but trust me, I haven't, and I'm only just starting. You want to end me? You think you can? Bitch, I INVENTED this cat

and mouse game, and you'll be lucky if I give you any kind of cheese at the end. Wait... Game? End? Game End?!"

Mitaxia shrieks again and all of a sudden, pieces start to come together for those in attendance.

Mitaxia: "Or shall I spell it out for you? You want me? I'll be waiting for you with eager anticipation inside End Games. Can't wait until then cupcake, and please, do clean yourself up a little bit when you see me next time. You look like some kind of diet, caffeine free Sam's Choice, Hot Topic ran by an Old Navy wannabe, goth poser BITCH."

Mitaxia tilts her head, the opalescent parts of her arms, down to her fingertips, and her legs, from the top of her thigh, down to the tips of her toes, dissipates into dust. Slowly, so agonizingly slow, cuts appear all over her bare skin, all at once, all pouring an excessive amount of blood.

Mitaxia: "You've taken so much and I don't think you realize what you've done to her... It's a pity really how ignorant you are, I almost pity having to exterminate you, and anyone that affiliates themselves with you. Each lunge you made at her, each barb you tossed, and each trap you laid to harm her, it all comes back to you tenfold now."

Mitaxia brings her arms together and in a fluid motion, the blood that pooled around her courses itself into a jet stream, heading straight to Anhellica! Just like we started though, it all just kinda, gets fuzzy and stops, the jet stream of blood that would tear a hole through Anhellica, every motion, just stops.

Mitaxia observes her handiwork, her arms and legs healed, and the opalescent covering back in place. She tilts her head and spins in a circle, laughing at the carnage around her. She soaks it in and sits in the position Mia had started in, right in the middle of the ring.

The winking emoji flickers ever so slightly on Mitaxia's face as she vanishes from existence, taking everything that she had caused with her, and leaving Anhellica alone, at the top of the ramp, wondering if everything she just witnessed was all just... In her head?

The world may never know... But in the meantime, sit down, eat a cookie, you look like you could use a little bit more color in your cheeks. Have a glass of milk to go with it, you just witnessed a lot.

Or did you?

Semi colon.

Right Parenthesis.

Shane Donovan vs. The Ripper vs. Harlan Moretti

Match

Joey Garcia: "The following match is a triple threat match where the winner becomes the new number one contender for the CWF World Heavyweight Championship!"

"God in Extension" by Jack Daw booms over the speakers, the lights dimming as fog fills the entrance way. Shane Donovan stands at the center of the ramp, taking in all the hatred from the fans within the Colosseum. The Man Made Monster raises his arms out before snapping them back down, slowly making his way down the ramp.

Donovan jaw jacks with a young female fan at ringside quickly before continuing down, rolling in the ring and making his way to the nearest turnbuckle, going up to the middle rope and just standing there looking out at the crowd.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first, standing at 6'0 and weighing 230 pounds, representing the Pact, he is the MANMADEMONSTER....SHANE DONOVAN!!"

Harlan Moretti walks out alone, gold chain resting heavy on his chest. He does not rush. He does not acknowledge the belligerent crowd or the drone cameras scanning him as he walks down. He steps onto the apron with deliberate care, wipes his boots, and pauses before entering.

Once inside the ring, he removes the chain and hands it off wordlessly to one of the faceless Watchers. He stands in the center of the ring, arms at his sides, staring forward.

He does not warm up.

He stares at his stablemate who once again finds himself in the ring against him as an opponent.

Time to collect on the debt.

Joey Garcia: "And his opponents, first...representing the Pact, standing at 6'8 and weighing a 335 pounds, he is the House....HARLAN MORETTI!!"

"For I Am Death" by Pretty Reckless booms over the Colosseum, the lights dimming down as The Ripper saunters his way slowly down the ramp. The atmosphere is electric as The Ripper looks on at the crowd before him, somewhat taken aback as a good number of them begin to cheer him along as he makes his way through Infernal. Ripper soaks in everything but doesn't show any of them attention as he makes his way towards the ring, tossing his overcoat at two Watchers blocking his entrance.

Ripper shoves past them, rolling in the ring and heading up the corner to look out at the mostly crowd. He smiles a sadistic smirk back at them, looking more focused than he has in years as he cracks his neck back and forth, looking

on at Moretti and Donovan from across the ring.

Joey Garcia: "And their opponent...weighing 210 pounds and standing at 5'10, he is the Ripper....DANNY B!!"

CWF's OG robotic referee, Transplant IV, vibrates from steel-clad head to toe as a bell dinging sound comes from within it. The Ripper immediately goes into a fighting stance, he's played this game before at Frozen Over 9, he knows exactly what to expect when stepping in the ring with more than one member of the Pact.

Shane Donovan also remembers exactly how out of character his partner Harlan acted at the pay per view, doing his best to make sure this go around starts and ends much differently as he offers a hand out to his Pact brother, slapping hands with him before approaching the smirking Ripper. As the two men attempt to grab him in the corner together, Ripper does a sliding dash through their arms to go behind them. Flapjack to the MANMADEMONSTER!

Ripper rises and gets utterly annihilated with a short-arm lariat that turns him inside out!

Jim Gunt: "The House Shot! Moretti used every single pound of his massive body frame to lay out the Ripper there!"

Mike Rolash: "And he's going right for the cover, Jim. We could have a new number one contender just like that!"

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: "Ripper gets his shoulder up at two, which has to be a difficult challenge in of itself when The House a 6'8, 335 literal brick shit house. How the hell do you even get him off you when he pins you?"

Mike Rolash: "Well, first of all...go to the gym once in a while. I know things have been pretty hard for you here in Anthropolis, Jimmy, but I'm sure the Watchers will be able to find you an old treadmill or something..."

Jim Gunt: "Me!? I'm not the one eating a plate of chicken wings and mystery fries while calling a match!"

Rolash looks up from his holographic styrofoam plate, shrugging back at his partner with a mouthful of test tube chicken. Shane slaps the shoulder of his Pact brother as he pulls himself back to his feet, the mastermind of the stable directing traffic and assisting Moretti in lifting Ripper to his feet. The two of them launch him hard into the ropes,

catching him on the return with a massive double Spinebuster!

Ripper is writhing in pain, holding his lower back as he flops around the canvas like a fish out of water.

Shane once again mouths some words to Moretti, the big man stomping down on Ripper stopping him from flailing around, and one more to the head that nearly squishes it like a grape. Their opposition now in the palm of their hand, Donovan is salivating as he sees the World Championship close to his grasp yet again. Getting a little too worked up, he smacks the chest of Moretti hard, yelling for him to put an end to Ripper for good for their team.

Jim Gunt: "Uh oh...I don't like the look in the House's eyes here!"

Mike Rolash: "I think Harlan made it pretty evident at Frozen Over...he doesn't like being told what to do."

HIGH ROLLER SLAM!

Following the massive Side Slam, Donovan immediately rolls out of the ring, backing up the aisle in a huff as Moretti pulls himself up and just looks back at him, his only response a shrug of the shoulders. The MANMADEMONSTER shakes his head in frustration before suddenly his expression changes, Donovan pointing a finger back to signal Harlan...but it's too late.

MORETTI TURNS AROUND AND GETS HIS HEAD DAMN NEAR BLASTED INTO THE THIRD ROW WITH A DESTIN-KNEE!

All six foot eight of Harlan Moretti crashes to the canvas like a falling tower. Ripper uses all his strength to turn him over with a half nelson, carrying the momentum over right into a cover on the big man.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

HARLAN KICKS OUT!

Donovan sneaks in the ring, looking to take advantage of Ripper from behind as he pulls himself up...just to receive a Ripper Kill Shot for his trouble! The Ripper pulls Shane from the ropes, turning to Transplant IV as he makes the cover

on him now.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: "Big leg drop from Moretti breaks up the pin!"

Mike Rolash: "Ripper was on quite the roll there for a while, but the House put a stiff end to that!"

Danny B rolls away from the scene, holding onto his lower back with an arm bent back behind him as he tries to recover in the corner. A stone cold Harlan Moretti cracks his neck back and forth, the big man barely cracking a smile as he slowly approaches him.

Just to have Shane leap high into the air, attaching himself to the back of Moretti momentarily with his legs as he takes ahold of his neck and pulls down hard.

Jim Gunt: "Zig zag by the MANMADEMONSTER! What a neckbreaker, somehow bringing down the massive Moretti!"

Mike Rolash: "And you can't blame Donovan for making that move either, Jim. He's done everything he can over the last month to keep the Pact running on all cylinders...it's not his fault that Moretti's suddenly turned into a hot head!"

Jim Gunt: "I wouldn't even call it a hot head, Mike. I'd call it becoming his own man."

Shane now turns to Ripper, Danny B backflipping as Donovan attempts to sweep his feet out from under him. Roundhouse Kick! NO! The MANMADEMONSTER shows amazing athleticism himself, the Tame pumping through him as he does a double somersault and lands perfectly in a hand and knee position.

SHINING WIZARD - GETS DUCKED UNDER SOMEHOW MATRIX STYLE!

Donovan catches Ripper by the neck with his legs, hurling him over with a Headscissors Takedown that Danny perfectly floats through and lands on his feet.

Jim Gunt: "My god! Reversal after reversal after reversal. The fans here in the Colosseum are going fucking crazy!"

Mike Rolash: "It's almost like they forgot they're being held here against their will by a group of maniacal, tyrannical

vampire cultists!"

Jim Gunt: "Way to dampen the mood, Mike."

Shane Donovan smirks back at his opponent before turning and running at him at full speed. Ripper leaps over the shoulder block attempt, catching the Pact member on his return, using all his momentum to send him over with a backbreaking Overhead Belly to Belly Suplex!

RIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF THE HOUSE!

The air is let out of the Colosseum as the enormous monster catches his stablemate like a child. He doesn't let him down gently, however, instead lifting him high over his head! Moretti carries Donovan around the ring as the fans watch on in awe, but Ripper doesn't do the same, instead making a quick move himself. The House looks across the ring as he prepares to hurl Donovan to the canvas, curious as he realizes Ripper has disappeared.

He's on the top rope...and leaps off for a massive splash that takes out both Harlan and Shane!

...

OR WOULD HAVE IF THE FUCKING HOUSE DIDN'T SOMEHOW CATCH HIM OUT OF MID-AIR WHILE HOLDING ONTO DONOVAN!

Jim Gunt: "DOUBLE DEBT PRESS!!!!"

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Mike Rolash: "What they said!"

Jim Gunt: "Harlan Moretti has his pick of the litter, because both of his opponents have to be DONE FOR after that huge standing body press slam!"

Mike Rolash: "Moretti is covering Donovan! NOO!"

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Joey Garcia: "The winner of the match by pinfall and NEW #1 Contender to the CWF World Heavyweight Championship....HARLAN "THE HOUSE" MORETTI!!!"

Five Hole To The Heart

Segment

Backstage, Gordy King sits in a position familiar to King Jarvis I – a bare steel chair, an otherwise empty locker room, and The Most Canadian Man Alive, taping his fists for battle.

Gordy King: "Caledonia – what a fuckin' head-trip, bud! Y'know, let's set aside the fact that we both time traveled to get here – we're doing this friggin' dance in 2326, with your family and my family both at the top of the ole tree once more. Somethin' beautiful about that, eh? A real five-hole shot to the heart as far as I'm concerned."

He laughs to himself, shakes his head and looks in towards the camera.

Gordy King: "So, here's my little offer to you, Cali – you leave your husband, your other husband, your husband's wife, that weird vampire feller, and your Priestess stuff in the back. I'll leave the Pact, and bring only my winning smile and my PK. We do this the right way. We have ourselves a real donnybrook, mano-a-womano, and see who the best really is. Deal?"

He stands, putting his flannel on as he does.

Gordy King: "Alright then. Let's do this, bud. Keep your stick on the ice."

Caledonia vs. Gordy King

Match

The droids with microcameras attached to them zoom all across the Colosseum at hyper speed, showing the packed and screaming fans and then finally Joey Garcia standing in the middle of the ring, fixing his rubicon tie before clearing his throat.

Joey Garcia: "The following match is the MAIIIN EVENT of the evening and is set for one fall and for the CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAAAMMMMPIONSHIP! Introducing first..."

The pounding bass drum beat of "Heave Away" by The Fables reverberates throughout the arena as spotlights pan all over the darkened crowd.

As the music builds, the spotlights all go out for a moment, before flashing to the entrance of the stage, where Gordy King stands, hockey stick aloft in the air.

Joey Garcia: "From Halifax, Nova Scotia, weighing 250lbs and standing 6'1", he is The Most Canadian Man Alive....GORDY KING!"

King smiles wide and mimes a slapshot with an invisible puck as he makes his way down the aisle at a brisk pace, jaw jacking his entire way to the ring. The Most Canadian Man slides into the ring and ambles up the turnbuckles of his corner, looking out into the crowd before jumping down, testing the ropes, and preparing himself for battle.

Jim Gunt: "The debut of Gordy King tonight, I for one am very excited to see the cousin of the famous Jarvis King in action. And is this the first time in CWF history that we've had someone debuting in the company and getting a World Title shot in their very first match?"

Mike Rolash: "I would think so, but I don't have the encyclopedia memory like you have Jimbo. Especially after whatever the hell that was that Neezletoe smoked with me last night...I damn near got lost on my way out here earlier!"

"Day and Night" by Billie Piper cuts off CWF's mouthpiece from digging himself a bigger ditch. The lights dim in the Colosseum as gold, red and white spotlights shine down from droids flying in perfect precision above the entrance ramp. As the vocals pick up, the World Heavyweight Champion makes her arrival to much fan fare.

Pyrotechnics shoot off from both sides of the entrance ramp, something clearly Jaiden snuck into the Colosseum as the Amoralists would never pay for such a thing for the Highlander family. Streams of white and gold sparkle through the midnight sky, Caledonia Highlander standing right in the middle of the sparks with her head held down, staring at the World Title wrapped snugly around her waist. She slowly unbuckles it, raising it high in the air at the top of the ramp as the crowd goes mad.

A look of calm happiness on the face of Caledonia not seen in years as she smiles just a little as she smacks a couple of outstretched hands of fans the Watchers are unable to hold back. That smirk quickly goes away as she approaches the ring, however, only determination in her eyes as she watches the Amoralists' security detail part ways and allow her into the ring. Her attention never wavering from Gordy as she enters up the steps, the man showing absolutely no emotion back to her, seemingly staring off into space as the World champion enters.

Jim Gunt: "No Carlton. No (Dan) Highlander. The World Champion is here alone, giving the Most Canadian Man Alive exactly what he wanted when he challenged Caledonia earlier tonight. I don't particularly think Cali needs any type of

interference or help to retain her championship after the last time she was our World Champion she had one of the longest, most successful runs in the comp—”

Mike Rolash: “One of. You know who had the actual longest CWF World Title reign and had the most successful title reigns to boot? JARVIS FUCKING KING, BAYBAY!”

Jim Gunt: “That may be true, Mike, but the problem is that it is not Jarvis King standing in the ring across from Caledonia. And Trent Robbins is starting to look very impatient waiting for us to shut up so he can start what should be one HELL of a main event...so let’s head to the ring and get it on!”

Trent Robbins walks to both sides of the ring as Jim continues talking, checking on Caledonia who smiles back at him, handing over her World Championship after raising it high in the air one last time to massive applause. When Robbins checks on Gordy all he gets is a grunt in response, the Canadian man looking at an odd looking catwoman in the second row. The head official shrugs his shoulders, turning and calling for the bell that once again elicits a huge cheer from the Infernalina crowd.

All of a sudden Gordy King snaps to life, the bell noise almost like a ticking time bomb that went off in his head as a vicious snarl protrudes from his face...even leaving the World Champion shook a bit as she raises an eyebrow from the opposite corner. Caledonia shakes her head back and forth, saying “No High Priestess, huh?” at the hypocrisy of her opponent, but regardless meets him in the center of the ring for a test of strength only to get mauled by a short arm Hansen-style lariat instead!

Jim Gunt: “Gordy King takes the early advantage in this match, and no surprise there - he made a challenge to Caledonia for no interference, no Magic, and then right out the gate we see THIS!?”

Mike Rolash: “What do you mean, Jimmy? How do you know this is not just the every day personality of one Gordy King? We’ve yet to see the man in action, and despite what you may think you know about him from seeing King Jarvis the first and OG Jarvis in the ring - Gordy’s a whole new man!”

Jim Gunt: “A whole new man? He’s literally fighting out of the body of King Jarvis!”

Mike Rolash: “Yeah but...that’s not the point!”

Taking the back of Caledonia by the hair, Gordy yanks the World Champion to her feet in one quick motion, before leveling her with yet another vicious Lariat! Highlander is in trouble right out of the gate and the fans packing the Colosseum are furious, screaming boos as Gordy continues on the attack, unphased by them. He measures up his foe, a cold and calculating look in his eye as he twists her over and damn near breaks her back with a Pendulum Backbreaker!

Jim Gunt: "Caledonia hasn't even been able to get out of the gate, Mike. I don't know what she was expecting coming into this fight with Gordy King...but I can promise you it wasn't this!"

Mike Rolash: "STUMP PILEDRIVER! Gordy just dropped the champion right on her dome there! He's going for the cover!"

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

NO! CALEDONIA ROLLS HER SHOULDER AT TWO AND A HALF!

A thunderous mixture of hands clapping and feet smacking the cold concrete ground below them echoes over the Colosseum, Caledonia using the love of the CWF fans as strength to will her through yet another vicious battle. She shoves her challenger off her as she rolls over, but the momentum brings Gordy right back to his feet and heading towards the ropes. Before Caledonia can even brace herself she receives a basement dropkick to the face!

Gordy calls for the end of the match, the fans watching on in absolute shock as he brings her up for a Lifting DDT. Suddenly Caledonia comes to and drives her shoulder into the gut of Gordy once, twice, three times. She breaks free and backs up just in time to swing a purposefully wild kick at him. SUCH IS LIFE ENZIGURI! Caledonia cannot capitalize however, falling to a knee as she holds the back of her neck clearly in pain.

Jim Gunt: "Oh that's not good. I think that Piledriver may have had ill effects on our champion, Mike."

Mike Rolash: "Not good? That's great! Time for a new King to take the throne!"

Jim Gunt: "Do you look in the mirror every single day and say "Yep, I'm going to choose to be even more insufferable than yesterday." or are you just an asshole here at work?"

Mike Rolash: "You know, you'd think after three hundred plus years you'd be a little nicer to me, Jim."

Jim Gunt: "Incoming! Gordy King comes in with a sit down clothesline attempt...that Caledonia dodges just in time taking his neck and spiking him backward on the way down with a Neckbreaker!"

The World Champion finally shows what made her into the phenomenon that she is by kipping right back up to her feet following the Neckbreaker, looking out at the packed house with a vibrant smile. Not looking to waste any time with her opposition, she turns back around and hits a standing moonsault square on the chest of Gordy. The Most Canadian Man alive convulses back and forth holding his ribs in agony, but Caledonia doesn't let him recover one iota, leaping up to the nearest corner in a flash. Caledonia raises her arms through the air to keep her balance, measuring up King before taking flight.

Jim Gunt: "FALL FROM GRACE! What an extraordinary Shooting Star Press, and I think Gordy's chances at becoming a World Champion like his cousin may have just gone up in smoke!"

Mike Rolash: "Shit!"

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!!! GORDY KING KICKS OUT RIGHT BEFORE ROBBINS TAPS THE MAT FOR THREE!

Jim Gunt: "The Fall From Grace was nearly enough to get the job done, but it looks like Caledonia isn't going to waste any time in doing just that...she's going for the Bed of Roses!"

Mike Rolash: "No, Gordy rolls her up instead! Haha!"

ONE!

TWO!

Caledonia kicks out!

And rolls over, both competitors right back to their feet! The champion and challenger head back to the center of the ring; Gordy swinging out with a massive paw that Caledonia ducks underneath, taking ahold of his arm and walking up the chest of King before throwing him overhead and halfway across the ring with a brutal arm throw!

The Most Canadian Man alive lands with a sick snap on the upper side of his neck and shoulders, but somehow shows

barely any ill effects as he gets right back to his feet with the aid of the ropes, snapping his neck back and forth as he laughs at the World Champion and tells her to bring it.

Caledonia looks to take him off his game, running towards Gordy but suddenly veering right and leaping up to the middle rope instead. She comes springing off towards him with a Roundhouse Kick...that Gordy simply side-steps leaving Highlander destroying herself in the corner instead! The full body of Caledonia smacks hard against the top and middle turnbuckles before coming down, leaving her prone to Gordy King who measures her up like a beast making its presence known in the serengeti.

Jim Gunt: "Gordy runs across one side of the ropes...and then the other...THE CROSSCHECK! ...OH NO ROBBINS GOT IN THE WAY!"

Mike Rolash: "Holy shit, that was nuts!"

Right as a staggering Caledonia turns around right into the Pounce, a weary Trent Robbins who had just been checking on her falls victim to the same maneuver- Gordy King not even holding back an inch as he goes right through both the World Champion and the head referee in one fell swoop.

When he goes for the cover on Caledonia to find no referee able to make the count, however, the Most Canadian Man Alive finally realizes his mistake. An angered look comes across his face abruptly as he sees Mark Carlton slowly making his way down the aisle. Gordy is incensed as he pulls himself to his feet, taking everything in him to stop himself from going over the top rope and going after Carlton himself if he didn't have such an important match at hand.

Caledonia, not yet realizing her cousin's arrival at ringside, groggily turns Gordy around in the middle of the ring and boots him in the stomach.

Jim Gunt: "FALLING HAMMER! Can Caledonia retain the World Championship with her husband's finishing maneuver!?"

Mike Rolash: "How is she going to do that with the referee knocked out, genius?"

Jim Gunt: "It looks like Carlton is trying to wake up Robbins, Mike, this one could be over!"

Mike Rolash: "This is bullshit! She made an agreement!"

When Caledonia finally realizes her cousin's involvement in the match, despite how miniscule, she immediately goes over to the side of the ring to stop him from attempting to wake up the unconscious Trent Robbins. Carlton waves his hands in the air, eyes wide as all he can say back is "sorry" to his cousin as he backs up slightly.

The World Champion shakes her head at the actions of Carlton, taking a deep breath before getting her head back in the match, looking back at Gordy who somehow begins to rise in the middle of the ring. She leaps up to the middle rope and then the top, turning her body a miraculous 180 through the air for a Feliner Roundhouse...

OR WOULD HAVE IF CARLTON DIDN'T TAKE HER OUT AT THE LEGS, CROTCHING HIS COUSIN ON THE TOP ROPE!

"BOOO!!"

An suddenly emotionless Mark Carlton enters the ring, pulling a stunned Caledonia right off the top rope and dropping her on her head with a Blue Thunder Bomb. He backs up, pushing the head referee to the side as he does so and measures up Cali.

SUPERKICK!

Jim Gunt: "My God! What is going on here!? Carlton has absolutely snapped, turning on Caledonia in the middle of one of the most important matches of her entire career and just destroyed her with the Kiss, Don't Tell Superkick!"

Mike Rolash: "And now Cali is a sitting duck to Gordy. New champion baby, I love it!"

The cousin of the famous King family simply looks on crouched position in the corner, watching the proceedings just as shocked as anybody but happy that it wasn't him in fact on end of Carlton's wrath. Mark simply turns to Gordy, a small smirk finally coming across his face as he blows the man a kiss and leaves the ring just as quickly as he entered it. Carlton doesn't go up the aisle, however, he's simply gone within a flash.

An already celebrating Gordy King mockingly snaps his neck back and forth again before walking over to the destroyed body of Caledonia, turning her over with a half nelson to make the cover and quite possibly become only the second King to become a champion in CWF history.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! CALEDONIA FUCKING KICKS OUT AT 2.9!

The Colosseum is shaking!

Gordy King is pissed, slapping the canvas and arguing with the still dazed Trent Robbins!

Caledonia somehow rises from the dead from behind.

BED.

OF.

ROSES.

NO!

SNAPMARE PULLS CALEDONIA UP OVERHEAD, DUMPING HER IN FRONT OF GORDY!

THE CROSSCHECK OBLITERATES THE CHAMPION!

COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING! DING! DING!

Joey Garcia: "Your winner and NEW CWF World Heavyweight Champion....GORDY KING!!!"

“Heave Away” beats over the Colosseum, the fans watching on in shock and awe as Gordy rolls right out of the ring, ignoring the attempts of Robbins to raise his hand in the air as he goes right for the CWF World Championship belt sitting atop the announce table. Gordy remembers how hard his bloodline fought for that belt. He feels the spirit of Jarvis King coursing through his veins as he holds the title up high to 99% loud boos.

The new champion pays the hatred of the ignorant fans no mind, flicking the title up vertically across his chest and shoulder and he heads up the aisle. A broken Caledonia is shown one final time in the ring before the camera cuts to Gordy at the top of the ramp, the Most Canadian Man Alive holding the World Championship high once more as Infernalism five goes off the air.

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite