

Infernal: Infernal — Ep. 8 - Genesis

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: June 26, 2026
Location: Broadview Arena — Buffalo, New York

Results

Welcome To The Show

Segment

Jim Gunt (V/O): The following program is brought to you by CWF Entertainment Media. CWF Entertainment Media: Three Hundred Years Ahead Of Our Time.

CUE UP: "Frames" by 2DCAT

FADEIN on the Amoralist Army, headed by AnHellica, marching on the Colosseum.

I.. walked... in...

CUTTO: Jaiden Rishel, strapped in, being administered truth serum.

To see him standing there...

Lost in a dream...

Extreme close up of Rishel, fading into a fuzzy recreation of his apocalyptic nightmare.

Pale... skin... black hair...

Eyes staring in... to the in-between...

Fading in from behind Rishel's tortured face is the ever-present visage of Amelia, the Goddess who recreated the world in her own image.

What happened to us?

What happened to you?

Surrounded by so much loss

Quick - cut montage of the CWF stalwarts who may or may not have made it out of the Anthropolis: Ataxia. The Shadow. Andy Murray. Freddie Styles.

I can't hear that he's calling my name

Sound is drowned out by the rain

Shots ring out in the night

CUTTO: Caledonia and Dan Highlander, back to back, two against the world once again.

Moving fast but it feels so slow

Frame by frame that's how the story goes

One chance tonight

(I couldn't save you)

Smash cut: Harlan Moretti raising the World Title above his head, only for his head to be twisted around while Ozric Mortimer rises in his place.

Days... went... by...

CUTTO: Amelia pressing the Big Red Button, and the Colosseum landing in Philadelphia.

The silence deafening...

No explaining...

CUTTO: Golden Intentions. Silas Artoria starts the night against Ezekiel Graves.

I... tried... and tried...

To get the answers...

All of the why's.

Caledonia being beaten down by Loki Synn, until MJ Flair's shocking return and teamwork.

What happened to us?

What happened to you?

Surrounded by too much loss

MJ and Caledonia working together to eliminate Jace Valentine..

I can't hear that he's calling my name

The sound is drowned out by the rain

Shots ring out in the night

Ozric Mortimer hitting the Sparrow's Ascension on Gordy King, along with an overlay of "The Ripper" Danny B entering Golden Intentions.

Moving fast but it feels so slow

Frame by frame that's how the story goes

Had one chance tonight

I couldn't save you

A flash of light, and a split screen of Mark Carlton sandwiching Ozric Mortimer between the announce table and dozens of chairs, and Danny B knocking Caledonia into MJ Flair, eliminating her from the rumble.

I can't hear that he's calling my name

The sound is drowned out by the rain

Shots ring out in the night

CUTTO: Freeze Frame of Danny B with his hand in the air after winning Golden Intentions.

Moving fast but it feels so slow

Frame by frame that's how the story goes

Had one chance tonight

CUTTO: Freeze Frame of Gordy King with his arms in the air and the CWF World Title over his shoulder.

I couldn't save you... I couldn't save you.

Freeze on a double exposure of both men, and the Wrestlefest logo fading in behind them.

FADEIN: Buffalo, NY, in the Broadview Arena. Every seat is filled, and the fans are filling all the space with as much noise as possible. The camera pans the crowd, stopping on a number of signs.

YEETED: ONE MIKE ROLASH

BRING BACK ATAXIA

I WAITED 300 YEARS FOR THIS?

GORDY KING IS MY CHAMPION, EH?

I SOLD JACE VALENTINE'S TOOTH FOR UPWARDS OF SEVENTEEN DOLLARS

Jim Gunt (V/O): Welcome, everyone, to CWF Infernal! Welcome to the next stop on The Road To Wrestlefest!

CUTTO: Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash at ringside, looking around at the crowd. Gunt looks enthused, Rolash looks overstimulated from the noise.

Jim Gunt: My name is Jim Gunt, joined as always by Mike Rolash, and Mike, we have a stacked show for the CWF faithful tonight! The new World Champion, Gordy King, will be in the ring, taking on Esmeralda Von Krauss in a non-title match!

Mike Rolash: Of course it's a non-title match, the Canadian Coward is scared of the power Von Krauss represents! He knows that this is the only way to keep himself in the Wrestlefest main event, so he's going to duck challengers at every opportunity!

Jim Gunt: Speaking of the Wrestlefest Main Event, the number one contender to the CWF World Title, "Ripper" Danny B is coming off his historic second victory in Golden Intentions to take on John Obvious!

Mike Rolash: Ripper's got this one, OBVIOUSly!

Jim Gunt: We're going to hear that a lot from you tonight, aren't we?

Mike Rolash: Pick stupid names, win stupid prizes.

Jim Gunt: I dare you to say that to John Obvious' face.

Mike Rolash: I'll gladly say it to his face from behind you.

Jim Gunt: You might want to rethink that, because you could miss tonight's main event, featuring the CWF World Tag Team Championship up for grabs as the reunited Danger Boiz will be taking on Jared Holmes and his mystery partner! Who will be replacing Freddie Styles?

Mike Rolash: Ballgame's over, Jim! Holmes and his partner will definitely prevail.

Jim Gunt: We will find out later tonight, Mike! Kicking things off, however, let's go to Ian Ambrose in the ring!

The Setup

Segment

The fans continue to buzz from the show open as Ian Ambrose enters the ring. His foot snags on the middle rope and he nearly falls over, but fortunately, he manages to hold on and the fans aren't paying any attention to him anyway.

Ian Ambrose: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Infernal! 8!

They pop again, cheering as much for themselves as the evening they anticipate.

Ian Ambrose: At this time, it is my honor and privilege to welcome to the ring—

CUE UP: "Frequency" by AL1CE. The rest of Ian's statement is lost in a sea of sound.

Watch the clock, tick tick by...

And the sign on the mask is slipping

Here we are when the words run dry...

And where the hands keep on gripping

The lights dim, except for a pair of spotlights on the entrance as the music reaches its first crescendo and the fans cheer. Applaud. Whistle. It only gets louder when the video wall lights up.

M J F

Can you hear me, can you hear me now?
All we have is just the words we're whispering
Can you hear me, can you hear me now?
Is anybody out there listening?

The two-time former CWF World Champion steps out casually, looking around the arena with an expression of gratitude and disbelief. MJ Flair holds her hands to her face briefly, before kissing the tips of her fingers and 'releasing' them into the air.

Don't breathe in this haunted house

(Too many voices)

Much different from her initial run in the CWF, Flair appears before the crowd looking and carrying herself with less arrogance and more maturity; five years is a long time. Dressing for comfort and security, not battle or attention, she stands at the top of the entrance for several seconds, just enough for photos and video to maintain the memory.

The demons dance and the soul is dipping

(Last call, last game, lost in the frequency)

She walks to the ring, the bottom of her black blazer fluttering in the air conditioning just a bit as she slaps every outstretched hand she can reach. The plain maroon T-shirt underneath rides up just a bit, revealing a hint of skin between the shirt hem and the black belt holding up her faded gray jeans. Her purple Converse low tops make no sound on the ramp: you wouldn't be able to hear footsteps anyway.

count the seconds one by one

(skip skip record skip skipping fast)

MJ continues around the ringside area, doing a lap to show appreciation to as many fans as possible while Ian waits in the ring; she even stops to fist bump with Jim Gunt and completely blank Mike Rolash. Not even worth her time.

The fated smile keeps on slipping

(tuning in to find you again and again and again...)

Channeling her father, MJ stops at the far corner after nearly walking all the way around the ring, and climbs from the floor to the top turnbuckle, riling the fans up even louder before stepping forward to drop into the ring. She shakes hands with Ian as the music fades, the lights come up, and the fans sound even louder without having to compete with the song.

Ian Ambrose: MJ Flair, it's great to have you here this evening.

MJ moves in to respond, but the fans cut her off with a wall of sound chanting 'EMM JAY EFF! EMM JAY EFF!' She smiles as she attempts to answer, twice, but instead, backs off and eggs them on to get louder.

Finally, as they seem to be settling down, MJ retrieves her own microphone and rejoins Ian in the middle of the ring.

MJ Flair: Is this real life, man?

Crowd pop.

Ian Ambrose: I could ask you the same thing! But let's get to it, MJ. Amazing, impactful return at Golden Intentions, so close to a victory but it was unfortunately, not meant to be. Do you consider this to be a return, or do you consider this to be a farewell?

As the fans quiet down, MJ looks lost in thought for just a few seconds.

MJ Flair: I considered Golden Intentions to be an opportunity. I wasn't lying, that match was literally the first time I'd been in a competitive wrestling match for over four years. And there's some veterans that hang around, dispensing unsolicited advice and waiting for that next big payday, but that's not me. My family - including found family in this sport, they always treated this business with the respect it deserves, which includes: 'if you're in, you're in, and if you're out, you're out.' And I always took that to heart: if I'm not in the ring, I disconnect from the sport completely.

She pauses.

MJ Flair: But when I got that letter, asking me if I would like to participate in Golden Intentions? Idunno, it just flipped something in me.

Another pause, and the fans give a respectful applause.

Ian Ambrose: Tell us a little about that. What, specifically, flipped?

MJ shakes her head, suppressing a smile.

MJ Flair: You need to understand something, Ian. Like... I was out. My partner and I were living in a different city and I've been going to college to be the first person in my family to actually get a degree.

She's cut off by an unexpected round of applause, to which MJ appears to break character for a fraction of a second at the reaction, to which she simply puts her hands together and gives a small bow.

MJ Flair: Thank you. But I wasn't MJ Flair anymore. I was Mariella Flurstein, graphic design undergrad, and I felt... content. For years. Then I get a call from my contact who says, 'MJ, the first promotion you ever worked for, they want to put you in their Hall of Fame.' Which, I mean - do I deserve it? That's not for me to decide. But I'm certainly going to show up and thank them for the honor.

The chant of 'YOU DESERVE IT' continues for a few seconds, causing both she and Ian to lower their microphones and acknowledge.

MJ Flair: But that was the crack in the wall, ya know? That put the sport back in my brain. So when I was given the invitation to make a guest appearance, it was ultimately just too tempting of an offer to ignore. And I didn't win.

She exhales, though quickly holds up her hand to calm the boos.

MJ Flair: It wasn't about winning or losing. I needed to know, for myself, if I could still go. And with thirty two minutes in the ring and five eliminations, a full twenty percent of the field? I found what I needed in myself, Ian. I found that my time here wasn't an anomaly, and it wasn't a fluke: I'm a two time CWF World Champion who headlined Wrestlefest at Madison Square Garden, and I absolutely deserve to be remembered that way.

She steps back, and the fans applaud again.

Ian Ambrose: I would have to agree with you on that point, MJ. What can you tell us about your future with the company? Where do you go from here?

MJ smiles.

MJ Flair: I think it's important to recognize that whole dichotomy, Ian - when you're in, you're in, and when you're out, you're out. I think I've proven that I still have the ability to compete... but I can't honestly say I have the desire of some of these amazing athletes here in the CWF.

A small chorus of boos form, but they're without malice. MJ holds up her hand to quiet them and get their attention again.

MJ Flair: One thing I've always been, no matter how humble, egotistical, annoying or contrite, is I've always been completely honest with you guys out in the seats. And in all honesty, after Golden Intentions I was given a one year

contract for a full time CWF return, filled with promises of marquee matches and another chance to earn my way into a main event and World Title opportunity... but I can't accept it.

She paces for a moment while the fans marinate on her words, letting them hang in the air for maximum impact.

MJ Flair: If I did, I can see how the next year would unfold. I would be nostalgic for the quiet life I've built for myself, and I would possibly resent being taken from it. At best, the string of travel and wars that I'd be fighting in this ring... even if I resented it one percent, that would mean I'm only giving you 99% of what I can, and that one percent saccharine; that one percent phoning it in... that's not a ratio I'm willing gamble on.

A cameraman in the ring gets a little too close, and MJ uses the opportunity to look directly into the lens.

MJ Flair: Like I said, if you're not all in, you need to be all out. And if I can't promise you all in, I don't deserve the opportunity to steal the attention from anyone who can.

The fans applaud: they may not like her answer but they feel compelled to respect it.

MJ Flair: But the office and I, we came up with a compromise. And I'm sorry to unload a surprise on someone in the back that I love and respect more than almost anyone else in this sport. But while I don't have the ability to walk into Wrestlefest and challenge once more for the CWF World Title, I do have the ability to try and make history in a different way.

Huge pop from the fans, some of them are chanting like they know the answer.

And they're correct.

MJ Flair: Caledonia.

If they didn't know, they know now, and the fans explode in cheers.

MJ Flair: I don't know if you're here tonight, babe, and I don't want to put you on the spot by expecting an answer right now... but there's only one match at Wrestlefest that I can think of that's worthy of a two-time former CWF World Champion, and that's to take on another two-time former CWF World Champion. With nothing on the line but bragging rights.

At this point, MJ steps away from Ian completely, leaving him struggling to keep his head in the frame.

MJ Flair: Danny and Gordy need the World Title to main event this Wrestlefest... we would just need our names. All I'm asking you to do is think about it.

CUE UP: "Day and Night" by Billie Piper

Caledonia Highlander appears at the top of the ramp to tumultuous applause. The two-time former World Champion has an inscrutable expression, but she can't quite conceal a twinkle in her eye as she makes her way down to the ring.

Jim Gunt: Eight years ago, these two women went to war on the pier of Atlantic City for the CWF World Title!

Mike Rolash: Holy fuck, eight years? Man, the pandemic really warped all sense of time, didn't it?

Jim Gunt: ... we've spent the last three months in 2326, Mike, you don't think that warps all sense of time a little more?

Caledonia arrives in the ring and steps through the ropes. She is handed a microphone, and raises it to her lips, but the roaring, chanting crowd reaches a crescendo, and she stops.

CROWD: ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE TIME! ONE MORE TIME!

Caledonia raises one hand gently, and the chants fall to a respectful hush.

Caledonia: You know, MJ... the last time we fought, I was... well, let's oversimplify and say that I was going through some things. I was one woman fighting a crusade against two massive organizations, one of which had enlisted the

help of two of my closest friends to ensnare my husband... and the other of which harbored apparently fulfillable fantasies of subjugating the world.

But in the middle of it all, amidst all that heartbreak and violence and terror... there was you.

The crowd roars.

Caledonia: See, MJ... I was going through hell. I was fighting a battle that was way beyond me. And it was taking its toll. But among all that... there was an incredible young woman. The CWF World Champion. And she wanted to fight me. Not because some Book told her to. Not because it would advance some apocalyptic agenda. But because she respected me as a fighter, and wanted to test her strength against me.

Looking back at it... I think our match anchored me to reality. It meant that I didn't lose myself completely. I don't think it's an exaggeration to say that it was the best match I ever had. And some of that at least was because it was just nice to be able to fight someone who wasn't trying to kill me. To fight someone who I respected, and who respected me. Someone who I could have a normal fight against when I was going through that hell.

She pauses a second and lets the tension in the crowd build.

Caledonia: I don't know if you've been watching Infernalía for the last few months, MJ, but - let's just say... I've been going through hell.

The roar of the crowd begins to crescendo.

Caledonia: You're on.

She offers her hand to MJ, who grips her heartily by the forearm. Caledonia returns the grip, and the two of them briefly hug as the crowd goes absolutely batshit.

Jim Gunt: I never thought we'd see it again, but the rematch is official - MJ Flair versus Caledonia!

Mike Rolash: Gonna be a hell of a WrestleFest...

Paul Freedom & Taylor Rayne vs. The Unstoppable Force (Billy & Tyler Anderson)

Match

New CWF official Michael Desfait goes over the match rules with both teams in the ring before bringing them together in the center, and immediately Paul Freedom brings up his right hand, nodding in respect to both Anderson brothers as he offers them a handshake.

Mike Rolash: "Wait a second...how the hell did Desfait get in here as a referee?"

Jim Gunt: "Maybe Amelia felt sorry for him after his failure of an attempt at a comeback at Ascension's End Games match? Maybe he's an all new man now that we're back in the correct timeline, and he just needs a job? Either way I better shut up and send it back to the ring before this rant turns into something as long running and tedious and pointless as one of his old promos."

Mike just gives his broadcast partner an all knowing look before a brief smile crosses his face. The camera cuts back to the ring where both Andersons surprisingly shake the hands of Freedom and Rayne before backing up to their corners for the start of the match. Desfait takes a deep breath, making sure to make the moment all about him just like in the golden age, before calling out for the bell.

DING DING DING!

Billy starts out the match for the brotherly duo, Tyler knowing all too well to not get in his big brother's way when he has a plan. On the other side Paul and Taylor can't decide on who to start the match, eventually a frustrated Rayne throws up her hands and makes her way out to let her partner begin. An excited Paul Freedom shakes the top rope, getting

the Buffalo fans up on their feet in anticipation.

Unfortunately for the gungho patriot, his excitement turns into horror as he turns back around to a massive Spear! The huge tackle from the Unbreakable One takes him out at an awkward angle, sending him doubled over in the corner, but Anderson is not done, immediately mounting Freedom and launching right hands into the face of his wide-eyed opponent.

Jim Gunt: "Big right hands from Billy Anderson! Georgia's Relentless Son is showing just why he was granted that nickname, not even giving Freedom a chance to get any offense in."

Mike Rolash: "Billy's just about cracked Freedom's head like an egg, Jimbo. Maybe Paul was better off bringing one of those Little Nero's pizzas with him to the ring...that might've put ole Anderson in a better mood."

Jim Gunt: "Or brought him some fatigue. Either way Freedom is finally fighting back, as he looks like he almost inadvertently rolls to his side to avoid another right hand, taking Billy through by the left arm and sending him back down hard to the mat with an arm drag!"

The one momentum of offense is like a massive spotlight at the end of a tunnel to Paul Freedom. His eyes immediately light up as he springs back to his feet, calling out to the Buffalo crowd to get to theirs as well as he claps his hands overhead a few times. He catches Anderson with a headlock as he rises, looking somewhat surprised as he's able to sync it in even deeper.

The shock rises even further as Anderson attempts to fight out with several elbows to her sternum and ribs, but Paul is able to hold steadfast, running right towards his corner and spiking the Unbreakable One with a running Bulldog! Kip up! Paul Freedom! is right back to his feet with the fans somehow screaming his name throughout the arena. He turns back to his corner, smiling as he makes the tag out to Taylor Rayne!

Jim Gunt: "Here we go, Mike. The in ring debut of Taylor Rayne here at CWF, it will be exciting to see what she brings to the table!"

Mike Rolash: "Well she clearly isn't happy to be teaming with the exuberant Paul Freedom, that's for damn sure. Look at the look of disdain on Taylor's face, Jimbo!"

Jim Gunt: "Are you sure that's not just indigestion? You were mentioning the Little Nero pizzas, maybe Rayne filled up a little too much earlier tonight?"

Taylor's look of disdain quickly switches to focus as she sees Anderson rising to his feet in the corner. She approaches from behind, grabbing ahold of him up over his head and rakes both of his eyes!

BOOO!!

The Buffalo crowd let Taylor Rayne have it but she pays them no attention, turning Anderson around and moving his hands from his face as he desperately tries to get back his vision. Inverted Headbutt! Taylor takes the staggered Anderson and attempts to whip him into the ropes, but no Anderson places a boot down to stop it, and reverses the irish whip sending Rayne flying into the ropes instead.

Jim Gunt: "GEORGIA RIP! Taylor Rayne comes running right back into that sick Superkick, turning her lights out immediately!"

Mike Rolash: "And now something I thought I'd never see again...Billy just tagged his brother Tyler into the match!"

Jim Gunt: "Indeed, these two have been at each other's throats for the better part of the last six months...but their Scaffold match war at Ascension finally has seemed to bring these two back together."

Mike Rolash: "For now."

Tyler Anderson hops over the top rope, taking just a brief moment to look out to the cheering Buffalo crowd before turning back to the rising Rayne. He pulls her up right into an Inverted Backbreaker. Then the Mysterious One transitions right over to a Crossface Chickenwing!

Jim Gunt: "Crossface chickenwing! It's not every day that we get to see the young Anderson put on a good submission hold, but Tyler is actually very well versed in the submission game!"

Mike Rolash: "Right...then why is Taylor Rayne fighting right out of it then, huh?"

The lengthy Taylor Rayne uses his tall body frame to assist her to her feet even with Tyler hanging off of her still trying to keep the submission locked in. Taylor finally shoves him off, right into the ropes.

SPAMMING!

The flick to the forehead catches Tyler on the way through, and he simply looks back at Rayne with a raised eyebrow. She simply laughs back at the Mysterious One before spitting right in his face! The Buffalo fans boo, Tyler charges, but Rayne backs up knowingly...catching him with a Stun Gun on the way through! She turns him over, going right for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Billy makes the save!

Leg drop to the back of Taylor Rayne!

Billy rolls over, nodding in respect to the official as Desfait warns him to get back to the apron. He does just that, both himself and a nervous Paul Freedom slamming their boots on the apron and their hands on the turnbuckle to get the fans on their team's side. Both men are looking for the hot tag, but neither Taylor nor Tyler is quickly moving inside the ring.

Outside Kyle Bright is even louder than the two men on the apron, the newest member of the Unstoppable Force screaming out to try to get the fans to chant for his stablemates. This seems to distract Paul Freedom!, who turns from the match at hand and begins silently waving his hands at Bright as if to say "what are you doing?".

He continues watching in complete fascination as Kyle moves around the outside like a madman, leaving Taylor all alone in the ring as Tyler lifts her back to her feet.

Jim Gunt: "GEORGIA BLOOD! The Double Underhook DDT just drove Taylor Rayne HARD into the canvas, but somehow the impact didn't catch the attention of Freedom one bit! Kyle Bright's antics outside are leaving him distracted as Tyler makes the cover!"

Mike Rolash: "Turn around, you idiot!"

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Joey Garcia: "The winners of this match by pinfall...Billy and Tyler Anderson....THE UNSTOPPABLE FORCE!!"

They Shot a Movie Once...

Segment

A camera does a low-pan of the capacity crowd, before the shot cross-fades into the ring, where announcer Joey

Garcia stands ready.

Mike Rolash: "Nerd!"

Jim Gunt: "...(sighs)"

Joey Garcia: "Wrestling fans, please welcome at this time, the NEW CWF World Heavyweight Champion, "The Most Canadian Man Alive" GORDY KING!"

The lights all over the Broadview Arena fade, save for a soft spotlight at the top of the stage. The muted bass solo and light percussion of The Tragically Hip's "Blow at High Dough" start up as it's clear that which is sitting at the mouth of the stage – the Stanley Cup replica that has stood as Gordy's World Title.

They shot a movie once in my hometown

Everybody was in it from miles around

At the periphery of the light, a shadow, unmistakably that of the World Champion.

Out at the speedway, some kind of Elvis thing

Well, I ain't no movie star but I can get behind anything

As the guitars crescendo, the lights come back up, and Gordy, CWF title belt around his waist, grabs the cup and hoists it above his head.

Yeah, I can get behind anything!

Red and white ticker tape showers the Buffalo crowd as they give the new CWF champion a rousing ovation. Gordy, all smiles, trudges down to the ring, slapping hands on the way.

Jim Gunt: "Well, it's a Canada-sized celebration tonight to kick off Infernal! Gordy King overcoming Ozric Mortimer and Mark Carlton to recapture the CWF Championship!"

Mike Rolash: "Vacant's reign of terror is over!"

The World Champ hoists the trophy over the top rope and into the ring, placing it in the corner before stepping in

himself. Garcia hands him the microphone and vacates the ring as the music fades, leaving Gordy alone with his public. The applause tails off naturally, allowing the World Champion to speak.

Gordy King: "Well, jeez buds. Heck of a way to kick off the ole run with the cup, eh?"

The crowd roars elatedly. Gordy cheeses, and gestures to the title belt around his waist, jostling it up and down.

Gordy King: "Now, they tell me that I gotta hold the belt this time around – somethin' about the NHL's intellectual property... 'course, any league that has Gary Bettman at the head isn't too intellectual if you ask me, eh?"

Shots of several Sabres fans at ringside, cheering along.

Gordy King: "Now, tonight's a big celebration for me – I got my title, I got my fans in Buffalo --"

Cheap pop.

Gordy King: "—and I got a fight ahead of me, not just tonight but down the line against The Ripper Danny B. Now, I knew a guy or two who called emselves The Ripper on account of how many bong hits they could take, but gotta be honest bud – this Ripper's way more impressive in a lot of ways. The hoser won goddamn Golden Intentions, which is no mean feat, just to get the shot against The Most Canadian Man Alive!

"Now Danny – lemme tell ya somethin' bud, you're probably on cloud nine right now, and not just because you're in a country with air conditioning rather than your home in Jolly Ole England. But lemme tell you somethin', bud – the party stops now. You're gonna have to step up and go against Gordy King and when we drop the gloves, bud – it ain't gonna be a walk in Camden Park, eh?"

As Gordy finishes this thought, "For I Am Death" by Pretty Reckless kicks on, signaling the arrival of the Number One Contender, "The Ripper", Danny B.

Jim Gunt: "Combustible elements here!"

Mike Rolash: "If there's one guy I like less than Gordy..."

Jim Gunt: "Brave words, Mike..."

Mike Rolash: "...you don't think he heard me, do you?"

Danny appears in a fine suit and wastes no time, making a bee-line for the ring, grabbing a microphone from a stagehand as he does so, and immediately gets in Gordy's face.

"The Ripper" Danny B: "Does anyone else think this is more than just a little absurd? This man – this jester of a human being – is the World's Champion?"

Gordy laughs, taking a step back.

"The Ripper" Danny B: "What, you think this is a laughing matter? You won't be laughing during the main event of WrestleFest, I can promise you that, King. You're going to be stepping into the ring with The Ripper, and you'll suffer the same fate as your cousin when you do – humiliation."

Gordy King: "Alright bud...well, I was just laughing because honest to god I thought you were taller."

Buffalo laughs at this, and Gordy sticks out a hand for a handshake.

Gordy King: "Listen, bud – let's just call it square and say may the best man win."

Danny B looks down at the champion's hand and rather than accept it, slaps Gordy directly across the face! Gordy recoils, but snaps back, and both men begin firing left and right hands at one another, as scores of security and officials pour out of the back to separate the main event of WrestleFest from one another!

Jim Gunt: "A PIER SIX BRAWL AHEAD OF THEIR WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH AT WRESTLE FEST FIVE ! We have to get some order restored here, we'll be right back after this commercial break!"

Introducing Their Baby Sister

Segment

Billy and Tyler are walking together backstage, and they motion for a woman to join them. She walks over to them, and stands by Billy as they get talking.

"Unbreakable One" Billy Anderson: "I want you all to meet my baby sister...Dakota Anderson."

"Mysterious One" Tyler Anderson: "She wanted to show up, and support us. We are very protective of her, so if you try to hurt her, then you will have both of us after you."

"Georgia Peach" Dakota Anderson: "My brothers will attack anyone who tries to brother me unless they are family, so come at me if you dare and see what happens to you."

The three of them walk off down the hallway, and Kyle sees them as he smile at Dakota as she looks at him.

"Nashville Prinee" Kyle Bright: "Hello there I am Kyle, and I am your brother's Brother-In-Law, since they are married to two of my sisters Stormee and Jamie."

"Georgia Peach" Dakota Anderson: "It is nice to meet you Kyle, maybe we can become more than just friends down the line, as I know your three sisters are friends with Stormee, Jamie and Abigail."

The four of them head down the hallway, and are talking about different stuff as it seems that Dakota and Kyle have developed feelings for each other. For right now they are friends, as both Billy and Tyler seem to be alright with that.

Azrael Caduceus vs. Ozric Mortimer

Match

The arena lights die completely as an old-fashioned calliope melody begins playing somewhere in the distance. No entrance video appears. No spotlight reveals his location. Instead, red balloons slowly emerge throughout the crowd while a dense white fog crawls across the entranceway and beneath the ring itself.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first from Twenty Nine Palms California, standing at six feet five inches tall and weighing in at two hundred and forty five pounds."

As the music grows louder, audience members begin nervously looking over their shoulders. Then Ozric Mortimer appears.

Joey Garcia: "OZRIC MORTIMER!!"

Dressed in a black Victorian funeral coat with cracked porcelain clown makeup stretched across his face, Mortimer slowly walks toward the ring without acknowledging the audience. His expression never changes. His eyes never blink. He simply drifts through the fog as if he has always been there.

Upon entering the ring, Ozric climbs through the ropes and stands motionless in the center while the fog swirls around his boots. The music abruptly stops. Silence follows.

Then a single clown horn echoes throughout the arena.

Jim Gunt: "This guy always gives me the creeps"

Mike Rolash: "Well that is sort of his whole shtick."

Jim Gunt: "Despite that, he was very close to becoming our world champion at Golden Intentions. However he came a bit short against the world's most Canadian Man. He'll be looking to get back on his winning ways here tonight."

The lights stay dimmed but a single spotlight shines down on the stage as The Vampire of Nazareth by Septicflesh haunting echoes on the sound system.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing his opponent, hailing from Paradise, California. He stands at six feet two inches tall and weighs in at two hundred and twenty five pounds. The Fallen....AZRAEL CADUCEUS!!"

From the back into the spotlight steps Azrael in his usual attire. He stands in the middle of the spotlight as the vocal scream of "Ride" comes from Septicflesh. Azrael starts marching towards the ring, his face completely serious and focused. As he gets to the ring he shrugs off his long trench coat and pulls off his dress shirt. He slides into the ring and goes to the nearby corner and starts warming up awaiting the bell to ring.

The two start with a bit of a staredown. Azrael takes a step towards Ozric who simply tilts his head and gives a little grin. Azrael steps closer to Ozric until they are basically face to face. Ozric with a little of a height advantage but neither one seems to be backing off. Ozric out of no where launches a right hand looking for that throat trust but Azrael side steps it and drops low shooting in for a body lock. Azrael reaches down with one arm grabbing onto the inside of

Ozric's leg while the other arm hooks around the front of Ozric. Popping his hips Azrael lifts the Painted Grin up and over with a tbone style suplex. As soon as Ozric lands he pops up, managing to get back to his feet before Azrael. He steps in towards Azrael and grabs him by the throat backing the Fallen one into the ropes.

Jim Gunt: "The slightly bigger Ozric seems to have the power advantage in this one."

Mike Rolash: "He may have the power but Azrael certainly hasn't seemed to be intimidated by the Dear Dead Sparrow. Probably too stupid to know better."

As Ozric has Azrael up against the ropes he takes his free hand and goes to club it down on the chest of Azrael, knocking the wind out of him. Ozric leans Azrael back against the ropes and goes for another clubbing blow. This time Azrael lifts an arm to block and trap the arm in an underhook. He uses his other arm to wrap around and underhook the arm Ozric was using to hold him against the ropes, now having both arms trapped Azrael looks like he might try another suplex, but before he can Ozric launches his forehead forward and smashes Azrael in the face. The headbutt allows Ozric to lock his fingers together as his arms are already around the waist of Azrael. He looks for a belly to belly suplex, releasing Azrael mid throw, The Fallen, finds himself falling half way across the ring.

Jim Gunt: "What a throw by Mortimer there, Azrael looks like he's a bit over his head here."

Mike Rolash: "Actually he was a bit over Ozric's head, at least before crashing down again."

Azrael seems a bit stunned as Ozric makes his way over to him, however he may have been playing possum as Azrael shoots in and takes Ozric down with a double leg take down. Azrael floats over keeping his shoulder in Ozric's midsection while doing so, now in a north south position Azrael is looking to lock his arm around the head of Ozric but The Painted Smile puts an arm in the way keeping him from locking it in.

Ozric manages to get over onto his stomach and start to get up, Azrael quickly puts his hands on Ozric's shoulder blades to help himself back up slightly only to drop a knee right on the back of Ozric's head, then a second and a third one. Azrael pushes himself back up to his feet fully and slips back behind Ozric, as soon as Ozric gets to his feet Azrael charges in with a chop block taking out the left leg of Ozric.

As soon as Ozric falls to a knee Azrael is already back up and grabbing Ozric by the left Ankle, he lifts the leg into the air and drives the knee back down into the canvas. A second and third time before Ozric can even manage to try and crawl away. Azrael still holding onto the ankle flings his entire body in a spiral motion while holding onto the leg torquing the knee with a nasty dragon screw like maneuver.

Mike Rolash: "Caduceus is not giving Ozric even a second to recover. He's like a shark who's smelled blood."

Jim Gunt: "Ozric is far more use to doing the stalking but this time it appears he's being stalked."

Azrael is slowly stalking Ozric waiting for the Dear Dead Sparrow to get to his feet. Meanwhile Ozric is using the rope to get to a vertical base. He's trying to shake out his left leg as Azrael charges in looking to kick the leg out from under Ozric, who manages to jump off his right leg enough height to dodge the kick attempt. He grabs Azrael by either side of the face and with a half step spin launches Azrael Caduceus halfway across the ring. Azrael immediately starts back to his feet but it gives Ozric time to shake his leg out a bit and get the blood flowing through his knee. Ozric steps towards Azrael who is rushing in, he catches him out of nowhere with a throat thrust uppercut.

THE LAST LAUGH!

Azrael is dazed as Ozric kicks him in the stomach and starts hooking his arms looking for the Sparrow's Ascension. However after hooking his arms Ozric goes to life Azrael but Caduceus starts kicking his legs, falls back down to his feet and pulls his head from the tuck position, moves his shoulder to the midsection of Ozric and popping his hips lifts the heavier Ozric Mortimer with a variation of a northern lights suplex.

Jim Gunt: "Impressive counter there by Azrael!"

Azrael is up to his feet while Ozric is taking a little longer, still favoring that left leg. Azrael once again waits for Ozric to get to his feet, as he's almost steady Azrael runs past him bouncing off the ropes and rebounding back towards Ozric's front, he drops down and hits Ozric with a shoulder tackle straight to the knee flipping the big man nearly inside out. As soon as he hits the mat Azrael is back up and pounces on the leg again grabbing it and putting it up and over his shoulders and standing up using Ozric's body weight against him.

Jim Gunt: "Stretch Muffler from Azrael."

Mike Rolash: "I don't know why he keeps going for these submission moves a being like Ozric isn't going to tap out."

After a bit of time Azrael's grip seems to waiver as Ozric tries dragging himself towards the ropes, before he can force the break though Azrael spins quickly while falling onto his back driving Ozric's knee into the mat. Azrael is once again to his feet and stalking Ozric, As Ozric is to his feet Azrael comes up behind him looking to catch him off guard with a dragon suplex, Ozric blocks the suplex attempt and breaks out of the full nelson, slamming his elbow into the face of Azrael.

Ozric turns around and grabs Azrael by the throat, lifting him up off the ground with two hands. Ozric tosses Azrael back a few steps and goes to follow up with a clubbing clothesline, Azrael ducks the attempt and with a quick go behind goes for a body lock, thinking possibly german suplex. Ozric widens his base and throws another back elbow but this time Azrael expects it and ducks, allowing Ozric's momentum to spin him around. Azrael hits Ozric quickly with a toe kick to the knee that causes it to buckle, taking the big man to one knee. Azrael takes off and bounces off the ropes looking to bounce back and possibly go for Fall From Grace, however Ozric gets up out of nowhere while spinning to face Azrael and scoops him up with a big side walk slam that nearly spikes Azrael on his head.

Jim Gunt: "Every time that Azrael looks to put the Dear Dead Sparrow down he comes right back with a powerful move to make Caduceus live up to his Fallen moniker.

Mike Rolash: "I told you, Ozric Mortimer is not human, it's going to take hitting him with a truck to keep him down."

Ozric now in control returns to his more common position of stalking his prey. As Azrael slowly gets up Ozric grabs him by the arm and whips him towards the ropes, however he holds onto the arm and brings him back nearly taking his head off with a short arm clothesline. He doesn't allow Azrael to fall though still holding onto the arm. He sends Azrael off into the ropes, as Azrael bounces back Ozric grabs him up thinking Grace at Ground Zero maybe, Azrael dodges at last second though with a baseball slide between Ozric's leg's, popping up behind him.

Ozric spins around only to get caught with a drop kick to the left knee that sees Azrael fall flat on his back and Ozric flat on his face. Azrael with the kip up, bounces off the ropes as Ozric is slowly getting back to his knees, as soon as Ozric is knelt Azrael comes running up behind him and nails him with a flying knee to the back of the head.

Jim Gunt: "Fall From Grace!"

Azrael with the cover and hooks the right leg leaving the injured leg to do the kicking out.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Joey Garcia: "Your winner of this bout....The Fallen....AZRAEL CADUCEUS!!!"

A Better Script

Segment

Backstage at the Broadview Arena, the atmosphere is noticeably more intense than usual. The main event looms. In just a few hours, the CWF Tag Team Championships will be on the line.

Inside one of the locker room areas, Dangerous Dan sits on a training bench stretching his legs while Crazy Chris works through a series of shoulder rotations nearby. A duffel bag rests open on the floor. Tape, water bottles, championship aspirations. The usual. Chris finishes a stretch and shakes out his arms.

Crazy Chris: "You got any guesses?"

Dan doesn't even look up.

Dangerous Dan: "About?"

Crazy Chris: "The mystery partner."

Dan shrugs.

Dangerous Dan: "Not really."

Crazy Chris: "Come on."

Chris points toward the hallway.

Crazy Chris: "Jared Holmes has been running his mouth about this guy for weeks."

Dan chuckles.

Dangerous Dan: "That's because Jared likes hearing himself talk."

Chris laughs.

Crazy Chris: "Fair."

Dan stands up and rolls his neck.

Dangerous Dan: "Could be anybody."

Crazy Chris: "Former champion?"

Dangerous Dan: "Maybe."

Crazy Chris: "Returning legend?"

Dangerous Dan: "Maybe."

Crazy Chris: "A giant?"

Dangerous Dan: "Hopefully not."

That gets a laugh from both brothers. Chris picks up a water bottle.

Crazy Chris: "Whoever it is, Jared picked 'em for a reason."

Dan nods.

Dangerous Dan: "Doesn't matter."

Crazy Chris: "No?"

Dangerous Dan: "Nope."

Dan smirks.

Dangerous Dan: "Last I checked there's still two of us."

Chris grins.

Crazy Chris: "Math checks out."

A voice suddenly arrives from just outside the locker room doorway.

"Wonderful chemistry."

Neither brother jumps. Neither brother startles. They simply look toward the door. Standing there is a familiar figure. Long black coat, tall top hat, porcelain smile.

Alabaster Enders.

He offers a polite nod.

Alabaster Enders: "I do apologize for interrupting."

Chris immediately groans.

Crazy Chris: "Oh no."

Dan closes his eyes briefly.

Dangerous Dan: "Not another script."

Alabaster's head tilts.

Alabaster Enders: "Actually..."

He reaches into his coat.

Alabaster Enders: "It is another script."

Chris throws his hands into the air.

Crazy Chris: "Of course it is."

Alabaster produces a fresh screenplay, considerably thicker than the last one Danny B had scattered all over the hallway at Golden Intentions.

Alabaster Enders: "I've made revisions."

Dan folds his arms.

Dangerous Dan: "You know, most people would've taken the hint after Ripper turned your last one into confetti."

Alabaster nods.

Alabaster Enders: "Most people lack vision."

The answer hangs in the air. Not threatening, not angry. Just unsettling. Alabaster takes a few careful steps into the room.

Alabaster Enders: "I've been studying CWF."

His voice remains warm, friendly...wrong.

Alabaster Enders: "The stories. The rivalries. The partnerships."

He gestures toward both brothers.

Alabaster Enders: "And I realized my picture was incomplete."

Chris points at himself.

Crazy Chris: "You're making a movie about us now?"

Alabaster Enders: "Not about you."

A pause.

Alabaster Enders: "With you."

Dan and Chris exchange a look. Neither seems particularly interested. Alabaster opens the screenplay.

Alabaster Enders: "Two brothers."

He turns a page.

Alabaster Enders: "Bound by loyalty."

Another page.

Alabaster Enders: "Survivors of countless battles."

Another.

Alabaster Enders: "Heroes standing against the darkness despite every reason to surrender."

Chris raises an eyebrow.

Crazy Chris: "That sounds kinda flattering."

Dangerous Dan: "Don't encourage him."

Alabaster continues as if he hadn't heard either of them.

Alabaster Enders: "The audience would adore you."

Dan finally steps forward. Not aggressively, just directly.

Dangerous Dan: "Alabaster."

The producer immediately perks up.

Alabaster Enders: "Yes?"

Dangerous Dan: "I appreciate the offer."

Chris nods.

Crazy Chris: "Seriously. We do."

Dan places a hand on his brother's shoulder.

Dangerous Dan: "But I think we've got the next few months of our lives pretty well planned out."

Crazy Chris: "Tag titles."

Dangerous Dan: "World titles."

Crazy Chris: "Punching bad guys."

Dangerous Dan: "Getting punched by bad guys."

Crazy Chris: "Mostly that."

Dan smiles.

Dangerous Dan: "Point is, we're good. We bring the ENDD so to speak."

The response finally causes the slightest shift in Alabaster's posture. Not anger, not disappointment. Just a tiny crack in the perfect composure. His fingers tighten around the screenplay, for just a moment, then the tension vanishes.

Alabaster Enders: "Of course."

The porcelain smile remains unchanged.

Alabaster Enders: "I understand completely."

He closes the script.

Alabaster Enders: "Opportunities come and go."

Alabaster begins backing toward the doorway.

Alabaster Enders: "Stories change. Lives change."

His voice grows softer.

Alabaster Enders: "Circumstances change."

The room seems strangely quieter now.

Alabaster Enders: "So if the day ever comes when you require a lifeline..."

He taps the screenplay against his chest.

Alabaster Enders: "Keep me in the back of your minds."

Silence, as Dan simply nods.

Dangerous Dan: "We'll do that."

Chris gives a thumbs up.

Crazy Chris: "Good luck with the movie."

Alabaster pauses, then offers one final courteous nod.

Alabaster Enders: "And good luck with yours."

With that, he turns and disappears into the hallway. The brothers watch him leave. Several seconds pass and neither says anything. Finally...

Crazy Chris: "...That dude gives me the creeps."

Dangerous Dan: "Yep."

Crazy Chris: "You think he's actually making a movie?"

Dan stares toward the empty doorway. A thoughtful expression crosses his face.

Dangerous Dan: "I don't know. But I don't think he's looking for actors."

The camera lingers on the hallway for a moment longer before fading away.

John Obvious vs. "The Ripper" Danny B

Match

Joey Garcia: "The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL!"

Crowd: "ONE FALL!"

Jim Gunt: "Folks, coming up next we have a very interesting matchup. The man who shocked the wrestling world by winning his second Golden Intentions Rumble, The Ripper Danny B, is in action."

Mike Rolash: "Shocked? Jim, half the roster is still filing complaints. He entered late, got lucky, and now he's headed to Wrestle Fest to challenge Gordy King for the World Championship!"

Jim Gunt: "You don't win two Golden Intentions Rumbles by luck."

Mike Rolash: "Sure you do. Just ask my ex-wife."

The opening "DUH!" blasts through the Colosseum speakers. The crowd immediately groans as "Feel Like Makin' Love" by Bad Company begins playing as excessive pyro erupts around the stage.

Mike Rolash: "YES! Finally! The smartest man in wrestling!"

Jim Gunt: "Oh no, more Obvious jokes incoming."

John Obvious emerges onto the stage wearing sunglasses indoors, pointing at himself repeatedly while nodding as though everyone in attendance already agrees with him.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first... allegedly from Las Vegas, Nevada... weighing in at two hundred and thirty-five pounds... THE CAPTAIN... JOHN OBVIOUS!"

John spreads his arms wide, bringing the crowd to their feet. But yet no one moves, nobody cheers. John nods anyway.

Mike Rolash: "Look at that confidence."

Jim Gunt: "Look at that delusion."

Obvious strolls down the ramp, stopping twice to admire his reflection in fans' phone screens before finally entering the ring. He climbs a turnbuckle, flexes, points to himself. And flexes again. He looks out to the sold out Broadview Arena and mouths, "You're welcome."

The crowd boos louder, but suddenly grows quiet as the lights dim. A darker atmosphere settles over the Colosseum as "For I Am Death" hits. The reaction immediately changes, the fans rise right to their feet.

Joey Garcia: "And his opponent... from Brighton, England... weighing in at two hundred and ten pounds... THE RIPPER... DANNY B!"

Danny B steps through the curtain. The atmosphere is electric as the World Championship #1 Contender stands at the top of the ramp, his eyes straight towards the ring. Staring a hole right through John Obvious as he makes his way down the aisle.

Jim Gunt: "Look at the focus on Danny's face."

Mike Rolash: "Well yeah. Everybody keeps saying he's got this huge Wrestle Fest opportunity. He's probably tired of hearing he got lucky."

Jim Gunt: "That's exactly why this match matters."

Danny climbs into the ring. Obvious immediately extends a hand. Danny stares at it, Obvious nods confidently as he tries to get the crowd involved. He points at himself, then gives a thumbs up. Danny turns, shaking his head as he walks to his corner. The crowd laughs.

Mike Rolash: "Rejected!"

DING DING DING!

Obvious circles cautiously, then suddenly stops to raise a finger. He begins explaining something to Danny.

Jim Gunt: "What's he doing?"

Mike Rolash: "Giving him advice."

Jim Gunt: "The match started!"

Obvious keeps talking, fingers waving in the air with every word. Danny finally responds by kicking him squarely in the thigh.

THWACK!

Obvious hops backward holding his leg, hollering out as the crowd laughs along. Danny advances immediately.

Sharp forearm. European uppercut. Body shot. Another uppercut!

Obvious stumbles into the ropes, and Danny grabs ahold of him and whips him across.

Jim Gunt: "BIG flapjack! John just bounced violently off the mat."

Mike Rolash: "Obviously."

Jim Gunt: "...Fast start by the Ripper!"

Danny stays aggressive, never taking his eyes off his opponent as he tries to rise to his feet. A grounded headlock follows, pulling him right back down to the mat. Obvious fights toward the ropes, eventually reaching them. Trent Robbins forces the break, backing Danny off. Obvious immediately points at Trent, then points at Danny and himself.

Mike Rolash: "He's making a compelling argument."

Jim Gunt: "Nobody knows what he's saying."

Obvious turns back around.

RIGHT INTO A HUGE CHOP!

The arena erupts in cheers and laughter. Obvious's eyes nearly leave his head.

Jim Gunt: "Good grief!"

Another chop.

WHACK!

Obvious retreats into a corner, but Danny charges right in, never giving him a second to breathe. Obvious sidesteps! Danny collides with the turnbuckles. The Captain finally finds an opening.

Russian legsweep!

Cover!

ONE!

Kickout.

Obvious pops up immediately, holding up one finger. Then points to his head.

Mike Rolash: "He's outsmarting him!"

Jim Gunt: "One count, Mike."

Obvious continues pressing his advantage with a stalling vertical suplex. The crowd boos as he keeps holding Danny up high in the air. Ten seconds. Twelve. Fifteen. Then drops him hard to the canvas. John immediately flexes.

Mike Rolash: "Beautiful!"

Jim Gunt: "Nobody asked for that."

Obvious stalks Danny.

Spinning backfist!

Danny stumbles.

Float-over neckbreaker!

Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout.

The crowd begins rallying behind Danny. Obvious argues the count with Trent before turning around and randomly arguing with the camera man.

Jim Gunt: "John Obvious may spend more time talking than wrestling."

Mike Rolash: "Communication is important, Jimbo."

Obvious signals for Call The Chiro. The crowd groans as he hoists Danny up. The Captain squats once, twice, three times, spinning in a circle. He flexes his arms for just a moment, then spins again.

Jim Gunt: "This is freaking ridiculous."

Danny suddenly slips free.

KNEE TO THE MIDSECTION!

Forearm!

Forearm!

Uppercut!

The crowd comes alive as Danny fires off combinations. Years of experience taking over. Obvious swings wildly, but Danny ducks.

SHINING WIZARD!

John crashes to the mat. The Buffalo crowd erupts.

Jim Gunt: "Ripper building momentum now!"

Danny drags Obvious up.

DESTIN-KNEE!

The V-Trigger nearly caves John's face in.

Mike Rolash: "OH COME ON!"

Danny covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Obvious survives, barely. Danny nods, not frustrated. Focused, determined. He pulls John upright, looking for Complete Sin. Obvious shoves him away.

Pump Fake!

The crowd bites, but Danny doesn't. John pauses, confused.

Pump Fake again. But Danny still doesn't react!

Mike Rolash: "He's immune!"

Jim Gunt: "Danny's seen too far too much to fall for that."

Frustrated, Obvious spits a few words at him. Danny answers with an echoing forearm. Then another. Then a brutal elbow that leaves Obvious staggering. Danny hooks him.

COMPLETE SIN!

Future Shock DDT!

The crowd are electric.

Jim Gunt: "HE PLANTED HIM!"

Danny doesn't cover, instead he rises slowly. The audience rising with him.

Mike Rolash: "What's he doing?"

Jim Gunt: "Making a statement."

Danny drags Obvious back to his feet, hooks the head, and pulls him in.

THE COLOUR RED!

The Sister Abigail spins Obvious inside out. A confident Danny pulls the lifeless body of Obvious to his back and immediately hooks both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

"For I Am Death" hits once again.

Joey Garcia: "Here is your winner... THE RIPPER... DANNY B!"

The crowd roars as Danny rises to his feet while John Obvious rolls out of the ring looking dazed and offended.

Jim Gunt: "A strong victory for the Golden Intentions winner."

Mike Rolash: "Yeah, yeah, yeah. Very impressive. Can we stop hearing about the Rumble now?"

Jim Gunt: "Not when he keeps proving he belongs."

Danny walks toward the ropes nearest the hard camera, breathing heavily, sweat dripping from his face. The fans continue cheering as Danny points directly into the camera lens. His expression hardens. Somewhere backstage, Gordy King is undoubtedly watching. Danny smirks.

"The Ripper" taps the camera once with his finger, then delivers just two words.

Danny B: "Follow that."

The crowd explodes as the Ripper winks into the camera.

Jim Gunt: "Message sent."

Mike Rolash: "And later tonight, Gordy King has to answer it."

The final image is Danny staring straight into the lens. The Wrestle Fest V challenger standing tall, waiting for the champion.

Let Chaos Reign

Segment

Cut to the catacombs underneath The Colosseum.

A prop door is set up, two letters, stenciled on the glass in oozing black ink:

"GM"

The door slowly creaks open to reveal a lavish desk, carved from the stone around it. Amelia sits behind it, her hands folded in front of her, a look of serenity covering her pale face. She looks ahead, and addresses all.

Amelia: "I'm sure we're all having a ball so I won't take TOO much of your time. However, seeing as no one has really barged in on me, here in my office, to get at the shiny and new Chaos Championship, I thought that MAYBE, I should spill the beans on what I have planned for the Fest of all Fests!"

She giggles to herself and spins in her chair. At least, we're pretty sure she's sitting in something as conventional as a chair.

Amelia: "So... The match to determine our first champion HAS to be something different right? I mean... We can't have a division based on 'chaos' if our first match doesn't have TONS in store for the lucky participants! Behind me..."

Amelia spins so her back is to the door and the air behind her clears to reveal....

Mia's House

Amelia: "You might remember the structure before you where Mia revealed what was in store for Anhellica and the rest of her Amoles. Well... We're repurposing it!"

Amelia spins in a circle on whatever it is she's sitting on and comes to a stop facing the doorway, her hands again folded in front of her. Her voice turns eerily serious and grave.

Amelia: "All contestants will enter, and only one will leave with the belt. There will be as many levels to this match as it takes to determine a winner. In every level, there will be a loser, and every level? Well... It's a new match stipulation. Hehehehehehe..... So chaotic even I don't know what the match stipulations will be yet! Will it be the last blood match? A tack in your shoes and soap in your eyes... Match? We shall see when we get to the Fest... Two of you, Azrael and Esmerelda have declared yourselves for this already, which only begs the question... Who will follow the leader?"

With that Amelia gets up and skips around the desk, before going up the small path to the dilapidated house. She stops and blows a kiss before the scene fades to nothing.

Non Title Match- Gordy King (c) vs. Esmeralda Von Krauss

Match

Joey Garcia: "The following is a non-title singles match scheduled for one fall!"

"Silver Hand, Steady Hand" by Katherine McDaniels and the Imperfect Eternity begins playing as Esmeralda von Krauss walks out from the back to the booing crowd. She smiles in her extravagant gown as she lights up an Egyptian cigarette at the end of an ornate foot-long holder.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first, from Cologne, Germany, standing at 6'3" and 145 pounds....ESMERALDA VON KRAUSS!!"

She makes her way down to the ring where the referee opens the ropes for her. She leans down as she goes through the ropes, eliciting a few catcalls as she does. Once she's in the ring, she slips the shoulders off of her dress and allows it to slip down to the floor to reveal a black singlet. She tosses the dress to the timekeeper.

Esmeralda von Krauss: "Find a good home for it, dahling. I'll never wear it again."

She turns back to the ring and smiles coldly before leaning in her corner to await the start of the match.

Mike Rolash: "How many dresses does this lady have?"

Jim Gunt: "One would assume plenty, Mike. Esmeralda von Krauss doesn't seem the type to have a small wardrobe."

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, CWF World Heavyweight Championship Stanley Cup aloft in the air.

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

Jim Gunt: "What a moment, Mike! The now TWO time CWF World Champion is in the house. The title may not be on the line tonight, but there's still a lot at stake. Esmeralda von Krauss has forced her way into the scene by her appearance at ringside in the Golden Intentions World Title match. She may not have been successful in her quest in killing Ozric Mortimer, but maybe she could bring her own sense of Justice tonight?"

Mike Rolash: "I don't know, this match truly feels like one that neither one of these two can afford to lose. Gordy has a massive championship match coming up at Wrestle Fest against the Golden Intentions rumble winner Danny B, and Esmeralda has to make good on the promises she's been making as of late to not lose face. This one should be very interesting!"

King smiles wide and mimes a slapshot with an invisible puck with the Stanley Cup, dangerously swaying the massive cup in the air before he makes his way down the aisle at a brisk pace. The Most Canadian Man sits down the Cup gracefully on the top step, 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.

Head official Trent Robbins makes his way over to him, trying to talk to Gordy even as he bounces around his side of the ring like a ping pong ball on steroids. He finally sighs and gives up, checking on Esmeralda instead.

He doesn't have any better luck with her as she pulls a tiny upholstery needle from out of nowhere, holding it in her teeth before pulling it out and placing it carefully in a small pouch attached to her thigh. Robbins shakes his head, backing up to the center of the ring and calling for the bell.

DING DING DING!

With the sound of the bell, the reigning CWF World Champion immediately snaps into another gear. Esmeralda von Krauss has seen this song and dance before however, sitting ringside at Golden Intentions allowing her a bird's eye view of the now two time champion. His arms flail backward as he roars out a bellow, the cheering Buffalo fans already on his side.

Gordy runs right at Esmeralda at full speed but she is able to use the top ropes to spring up into the air just in time to leap up over him, delivering a hard double foot stomp to King's lower spine on the way down!

She lands gracefully on her feet, Gordy falling down to one knee as he moves a hand backward to his lower spine in agony. Esmeralda takes the moment to her advantage, running across the ropes and coming back before Gordy can even get back to his feet.

Jim Gunt: "SUPERMAN PALM STRIKE TO THE NOSE!"

Mike Rolash: "Holy shit, did you see that stream of blood immediately shoot out of Gordy's nostril? That crazy bitch HAD to have broken the champ's nose there!"

Jim Gunt: "Cover!"

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Gordy kicks out at two!

And Esmeralda front flip rolls off the cover, and right back to her feet. She looks down in disgust as Gordy tries to pull himself back up to his...and smacks him with a backhand hard enough to bring him right back down to his knees!

Spinning heel kick!

Open palm strike to the already gushing nose!

The shocked Buffalo crowd watches on as Esmeralda takes full control of the match, Gordy barely able to move as he sits prone on his knees in the center of the ring. She takes off into the ropes, springing back at full speed...right into a massive overhead Belly to Belly Suplex from the Most Canadian Man Alive!

He measures her up, already expecting Esmeralda to get right back to her feet. A boot to the stomach stops her from coming back at him, and then Gordy follows it up by armpitting her head and taking off with von Krauss in tow.

Jim Gunt: "Running bulldog plants Esmeralda right on her face!"

Mike Rolash: "NOO! She's going to need years of reconstructive surgery to fix that!"

It is Gordy now looking to keep his momentum flowing, the Most Canadian Man Alive immediately lifting Esmeralda back to her feet, looking for a big Cutter. She's able to push the much heavier competitor off of her, however, a surprised Gordy turning back around just as von Krauss grabs him by the wrist and twists it around.

NIKAJO WRIST LOCK!

The Champion is screaming as the vicious newcomer twists on his wrist and lower arm with all her might, a sadistic flash in her eye as she pulls back with full force. The Most Canadian Man Alive will not go down without a fight though, placing one foot up after another and arm dragging von Krauss right to the canvas. She rolls over, springing right back up to charge towards Gordy King.

Jim Gunt: "Esmeralda von Krauss charging in a little too steadfast, as Gordy catches her in mid-flight with a spine tingling Pendulum Backbreaker!"

Mike Rolash: "Ole Gordy is just getting a little revenge for that double foot stomp earlier. I have to say though, I think it's about time Robbins checked on the nose of the champ...that thing's nasty!"

Streams of blood run down the nose of Gordy King, the champion using his forearm to wipe the iron taste from his lips as he goes right back after his opponent. A sense of excitement runs through the Broadview Arena as Gordy places an arm of von Krauss's up over his shoulder, putting her in Pumphandle position.

FIVE FOR FIGHTING!

NO! Esmeralda slips out of the Pumphandle Powerslam halfway through, landing in a squatting position on the canvas. An unknowing Gordy turns around right as an exuberant von Krauss leaps into the air.

Jim Gunt: "JUSTICE!"

Mike Rolash: "Holy shit, whatta devastating palm strike to the chin of King! Blood flying out of the champ like Niagara Falls and Gordy's out like a light. We could have a HUGE upset on our hands here!"

Esmeralda digs her long legs into the ring to push the body frame of Gordy King over, hooking both legs of the reigning World Champion as the Buffalo crowd watches on in shock.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO! GORDY KICKS OUT AT TWO POINT NINE!

An intense Esmeralda von Krauss places both open palms on the canvas on either side of Gordy, rising just slightly to look head official Robbins straight in the eye. Just as it looks like she's about to get to her feet and argue her form of "justice" with the referee, she instead flips her body bottom forward end over end to transition over into a Leg Scissors Choke Lock!

But Gordy King immediately rolls over to his stomach, desperation in his eyes as he claws at the mat in the direction of the ropes. The merciless von Krauss holds the submission tight, her lengthy overhead as she sinks her legs tighter and tighter until somehow Gordy begins to rise to his feet.

Jim Gunt: "The World Champion looked like he could've had his lights turned out there for a second, but he's right back in this!"

Mike Rolash: "Gordy King has proven himself to be one of the most resilient competitors to ever step foot in a CWF ring. Even when the scary clown Ozric Mortimer was murdering his opponents seemingly left and right, the Most Canadian Man somehow remains on top of an ever-changing, ever-dangerous mountain."

Jim Gunt: "ALABAMA SLAM! Gordy just launched von Krauss like a catapult!"

The Alabama Slam giving Gordy King what seems like his first chance to take a breath the entire match, the World Champion does just that, taking a second as he doubles over for just a moment, bringing himself back up to take hold of Esmeralda, launching her into the ropes. Gordy takes stance as his opponent comes back, catching her on arrival and running back to mid-ring.

Jim Gunt: "Running Powerslam! And the champion has taken control!"

Mike Rolash: "There's no Justice in THAT!"

Esmeralda slowly begins to pull herself back to her feet, striking out a wild punch at Gordy just to realize he's no longer in front of her. She turns to her left, then her right, looking around for the Most Canadian Man Alive before taking a deep breath and turning behind her.

CROSSSSSSSSSCHECK!

The Pounce (PERIOD!) sends the six foot three beast of a woman nearly across the entire ring before flipping, turning, and twisting through the air and landing in a painfully awkward position. Gordy is right on her in a flash, turning over von Krauss before taking her by the boots, dragging her right to the center of the ring and hooking both legs for the cover as the cheering Buffalo fans chant along.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Joey Garcia: "And the winner of the match....GORDY KING!!"

Possession is 9/10ths...

Segment

Backstage, Gordy King is walking with his pride and joy – the CWF Championship trophy – beneath his arm, and the CWF title around his waist. A smile is on his face, until...

WHAM

A steel chair cracks across his back, and the champion, still fatigued from his non title match mere moments beforehand, crumples to the ground. Behind him holding the chair stands The Ripper, a devilish grin on his face. He tosses the chair aside and grabs the cup from Gordy's limp grasp.

"The Ripper" Danny B: "I'll take this for now...and the belt later."

The Ripper walks off, leaving Gordy groaning on the concrete floor.

Tag Team Title Match- Jared Holmes (c) & ??? vs. The Danger Boiz (Dangerous Dan (c) & Crazy Chris)

Match

Joey Garcia: "The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL...and it is for the CWF WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS!"

"ONE FALL!"

The Philadelphia crowd erupts.

Jim Gunt: "Folks, what a night it has been already. We saw Danny B defeat John Obvious earlier this evening and send a message directly to World Champion Gordy King. We know Wrestle Fest V is rapidly approaching."

Mike Rolash: "Yeah, and now we get the OTHER powder keg that's ready to explode. Dangerous Dan and Jared Holmes haven't stopped taking shots at one another since Golden Intentions."

Jim Gunt: "Jared Holmes eliminated Dangerous Dan from the Golden Intentions Rumble. Some have called it payback for Dan eliminating one of Jared's House of Balloons associates. Others believe Jared was simply making a statement."

Mike Rolash: "A statement that says 'I can take your Paramount Championship whenever I want.'"

Jim Gunt: "Perhaps. Though no match between the two has officially been announced for Wrestle Fest."

Mike Rolash: "Not officially. But come on, Jim. You don't need to be a psychic vampire to see where this thing is headed."

The arena lights dim as a strange electronic pulse fills the Colosseum. "obedear" by Purity Ring begins to echo through the speakers. Immediately the crowd begins booing as golden light floods the entranceway.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first...the champions!"

Mike Rolash: "The champions are coming out first? That's weird."

Jim Gunt: "Wait a minute..."

Several members of the House of Balloons emerge carrying golden balloons and multi-colored streamers. Finally Jared Holmes appears. The Peacock King is draped in his trademark robe, jeweled mask covering his face. The CWF Tag Team Championship hangs arrogantly over one shoulder.

He slowly raises a hand, and the boos intensify.

Joey Garcia: "Representing the House of Balloons...he is one-half of the CWF World Tag Team Champions...THE PEACOCK KING...JARED HOLMES!!"

Jared smirks beneath the mask, then stops halfway down the ramp. He doesn't continue walking, instead he turns toward the entrance. The music continues, but nothing happens. The crowd begins to grow confused.

Jim Gunt: "This must be the mystery partner we've heard about all week."

Mike Rolash: "I hate mystery partners. They're either somebody awesome or somebody that makes me feel stupid."

Several seconds pass, then a second figure emerges from behind the curtain. No music change, no special graphics, no fanfare whatsoever. Just a massive silhouette. The man looks to be every bit of six-foot-four and well over two hundred and sixty pounds.

Broad shoulders. Black ring gear. The expression on his face suggests he'd rather be punching somebody than introducing himself. The crowd collectively murmurs.

Jim Gunt: "Who in the world is that?"

Mike Rolash: "I have absolutely no idea."

Joey Garcia glances toward the entrance sheet before shrugging.

Joey Garcia: "And his partner...making his CWF debut...WADE MOOR!!"

The crowd reacts with confusion. Wade simply cracks his neck, then starts walking side by side down the aisle with Jared Holmes. Jared takes one glance to his side, and appears delighted.

Jim Gunt: "We've done our homework all week trying to figure out who Jared's partner would be and I can honestly say I've got nothing."

Mike Rolash: "Neither do I. Which means Amelia probably hired another interdimensional lunatic."

Jim Gunt: "What we do know is Jared clearly trusts this man."

Mike Rolash: "Which honestly makes me trust him less."

Jared and Wade enter the ring. Jared immediately hands his championship belt, mask and robe off and begins talking to the referee as he hands them over to him. Wade says nothing.

The arena suddenly darkens. Red and blue strobes flash throughout the building. The crowd erupts.

"I wake up to the sounds..."

Jim Gunt: "And here come the Danger Boiz!"

Dangerous Dan and Crazy Chris emerge together to a thunderous ovation. Dan raises the Paramount Championship high overhead. Chris is already sprinting around the stage slapping hands.

Joey Garcia: "And their opponents! Challenging for the CWF World Tag Team Championships! At a combined weight of four hundred and forty-five pounds! The team of CRAZY CHRIS and the reigning CWF PARAMOUNT CHAMPION...DANGEROUS DAN....THE DANGER BOIZ!"

The crowd roars as Chris practically vaults down the ramp. Dan follows behind, calm and focused. His eyes never leave Jared Holmes. The Peacock King notices and grins.

Jim Gunt: "Look at that stare."

Mike Rolash: "Yeah. Dan wants Jared. Jared wants Dan. Everybody wants violence."

Dan enters the ring. Jared immediately steps forward, the two stand nose-to-nose. The crowd rises. A Wrestle Fest atmosphere already filling the building.

Neither man backs down. Neither man blinks. Chris suddenly leans between them and waves. Jared slowly turns with a scowl all over his face, and Chris smiles back at him, pointing directly at the Tag Team Championships.

The crowd laughs. Jared looks offended. Trent Robbins calls for the bell and the match to begin.

DING DING DING!

And all hell breaks loose right from the beginning. Dan and Jared immediately start trading punches. Chris launches himself at Wade Moor. The crowd explodes, ready as ever for this massive tag team match.

Jim Gunt: "HERE WE GO!"

Mike Rolash: "Main event time, baby!"

Dan lands forearm after forearm, taking back the Peacock King. Jared answers with knife-edge chops. Chris springboards off the ropes.

MISSILE DROPKICK TO WADE MOOR!

But he barely budes. Chris pops up, confused. Wade immediately grabs him by the throat and launches him halfway across the ring with a Biel throw as the crowd gasps.

Jim Gunt: "GOOD LORD!"

Mike Rolash: "Okay. Okay. I don't know who Wade Moor is but apparently he's built out of industrial machinery."

Jared knocks Dan into a corner. He runs in with a full head of steam...stinger splash!

NO!

Dan moves! Jared crashes chest-first into the turnbuckles. Dan explodes off the ropes.

LEAPING SNAP HURRICANRANA!

The Peacock King tumbles across the ring. Dan kips up, bringing the crowd right to their feet. He points directly at Jared, the Paramount Champion is rolling. The Danger Boiz immediately isolate Jared with quick tags and double-team offense.

Dropkick from Chris followed right in by a Standing Moonsault from the Dangerous One. Cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Jared immediately bails to the outside, which brings immediate boos from the Buffalo crowd.

Mike Rolash: "Strategic retreat!"

Jim Gunt: "Cowardly retreat."

Mike Rolash: "Strategically cowardice."

Outside the ring Jared begins shouting instructions. Wade nods, for the first time all match, and that's when things begin changing. The giant enters and Chris rushes him.

BIG BOOT!

Chris folds inside out. The crowd groans as Dan charges in now. Wade absorbs two forearms. Three. Then floors Dan with a running shoulder block that sends him doubled over halfway across the ring!

Jim Gunt: "That may be the first time all night we've seen the momentum swing."

Mike Rolash: "And it swung HARD."

Jared smiles from the apron as The House of Balloons finally begins to take control. Wade drags Crazy Chris back to his feet with both hands and immediately drives him backwards into the House of Balloons corner.

TAG!

Jared practically slingshots himself into the ring.

STINGER SPLASH!

Chris is crushed against the buckles. The Peacock King immediately follows with a Butterfly Suplex that folds Chris up.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Jared pops up and immediately begins arguing with Trent Robbins.

Jared Holmes: "THAT WAS THREE!"

Trent holds up two fingers. Jared stomps around the ring like a petulant child.

Mike Rolash: "You know, if you yell loud enough sometimes the referee changes his mind."

Jim Gunt: "No they don't."

Mike Rolash: "Shows how much you know."

Jared turns his attention back toward Chris. A knife-edge chop echoes throughout the arena.

WHACK!

Another.

WHACK!

A third.

WHACK!

Chris fires back with a chop of his own. The crowd cheers as Jared's expression immediately changes. He pokes Chris directly in the eye.

BOOOOOOO!

Jim Gunt: "Come on!"

Mike Rolash: "Veteran move!"

Jim Gunt: "Illegal move!"

Jared smirks, then tags Wade back in. The debuting giant continues the punishment with heavy body shots. A massive

Short-arm clothesline nearly decapitates Chris. A crushing sidewalk slam crushes his spirits. The crowd begins rallying behind Chris.

"DANGER BOIZ!"

"DANGER BOIZ!"

"DANGER BOIZ!"

Chris slowly begins fighting upward. Right hand. Another. A third!

Wade simply plants him with a massive headbutt. Chris drops like a sack of bricks and Wade immediately makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Jim Gunt: "Crazy Chris refusing to stay down!"

Mike Rolash: "I think somebody forgot to tell him this giant was supposed to win."

TAG!

Jared hops over the top rope to make his return to the ring. The champions continue cutting the ring in half. Every time Chris gets close to Dan, Jared finds a way to stop him. A chop, a cheap shot, a distraction. A quick tag. The Peacock King is in complete control.

Until he isn't.

Jared charges for another Stinger Splash, but Chris moves!

Jared crashes chest-first into the turnbuckles. The crowd explodes as both men collapse to the mat.

Jim Gunt: "This is it! This is the opening Chris needs!"

Mike Rolash: "Don't let him get there!"

Chris crawls. Jared crawls. The entire arena rises.

TAG TO WADE!

TAG TO DAN!

The building comes unglued. Dangerous Dan explodes into the ring. Running forearm! Running forearm!

Dropkick to Wade! Leaping clothesline to Jared! The Paramount Champion is on fire.

Dan ducks a swing from Wade.

TWIST OF FATE!

The giant stumbles backwards. The crowd roars as Jared rushes in. But Dan catches him.

BLUE THUNDER BOMB!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO!

Jared barely escapes. The fans are electric as the Broadview Arena literally feels like it's shaking.

Mike Rolash: "This place is losing its mind!"

Jim Gunt: "And Dangerous Dan is rolling!"

Dan stalks Jared, just as The Peacock King rises.

THE ENDD IS NEAR!

SUPERKICK!

NO!

Jared catches the leg, and spins Dan around.

FALCON ARROW!

The impact shakes the ring.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

KICKOUT!

The crowd explodes as Jared sits up in disbelief, then immediately starts screaming at Trent Robbins.

Jared Holmes: "COUNT FASTER!"

Jim Gunt: "That's not how this works!"

Mike Rolash: "I think he's got a point."

Dan and Jared rise simultaneously. The atmosphere changes, the crowd knows. These are the two men everybody wants to see.

Forearm by Dan.

Chop by Jared.

Forearm.

Chop.

Forearm!

Chop!

The exchange grows more violent. The audience roars with each strike. Dan suddenly hooks him.

ENDD OF TIME!

NO!

Jared slips free.

CLICHÉ KICK TO THE GUT!

The crowd gasps. Jared tries for Song of the Hyades, but Dan blocks it.

Back body drop!

The Peacock King crashes hard.

Jim Gunt: "Dan had it scouted!"

Mike Rolash: "These two are learning each other in real time!"

Dan heads for the corner as the crowd rises. He points toward Jared, then toward the heavens.

Jim Gunt: "Nightmare on ENDD Street!"

Dan launches himself.

TOP ROPE TWIST OF FATE!

BUT WADE MOOR CATCHES HIM OUT OF MID-AIR!

Dan's eyes widen to the shape of bowling balls as the massive Moor easily hoists him around the ring. Wade powers him up even higher.

AND LAUNCHES HIM OVER THE TOP ROPE!

Dangerous Dan crashes violently to the floor.

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

Mike Rolash: "I THINK HE JUST THREW DAN TO NEW JERSEY!"

Jim Gunt: "What unbelievable strength!"

Wade follows him outside. The two begin brawling around ringside. Dan fires right hands. Wade answers with clubbing forearms. Neither man notices what is happening inside the ring. Crazy Chris has tagged himself in.

SPRINGBOARD CROSSBODY!

Jared gets flattened. Chris kips up, and the crowd erupts. Another springboard.

Flying forearm!

Standing moonsault!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jared survives, but Chris doesn't slow down. He sprints toward the ropes and springboards.

RUNNING SHOOTING STAR PRESS FROM JARED!

MID-AIR COLLISION!

Both men crash hard to the mat.

Jim Gunt: "WHAT A COUNTER!"

Mike Rolash: "Jared just folded him in half!"

Outside the ring Dan finally drops Wade with a Twist of Fate on the floor. Dan slides back toward the ring, but Jared sees him coming. A smile spreads across his face. The Peacock King drags Chris up.

CLICHÉ KICK!

Chris doubles over.

SONG OF THE HYADES!

The Canadian Destroyer spikes Chris directly on his head. Dan dives through the ropes, trying desperately to make the save, but Wade grabs his ankle from outside the ring. Dan crashes face-first against the apron.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

The crowd showers the ring with boos.

Joey Garcia: "Your winners...and STILL CWF WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...JARED HOLMES AND WADE MOOR!"

The House of Balloons members flood ringside. Jared immediately snatches both championship belts. Wade enters the ring behind him. Dangerous Dan finally slides inside, but he's too late.

Chris is already beaten. The Peacock King backs toward the ropes, holding both Tag Team Championships high. Dan rises to his feet, and the two men lock eyes.

Neither blinking. Neither backing down.

Jim Gunt: "Jared Holmes gets the victory tonight, but not over Dangerous Dan."

Mike Rolash: "Nope. Chris took the fall."

Jim Gunt: "And somehow I think that's going to make Dan even angrier."

Jared slowly raises a hand, then points directly at the Paramount Championship around Dan's waist. The crowd immediately erupts. Dan responds by raising the title belt high. The reaction grows even louder.

Mike Rolash: "Tell me that match isn't happening at Wrestle Fest."

Jim Gunt: "It hasn't been announced."

Mike Rolash: "And I haven't announced I'm eating pizza after work either. Doesn't mean it isn't happening."

Jared smirks. Dan glares. The Peacock King backs up the ramp with Wade Moor standing silently beside him, the champions victorious this evening. Dangerous Dan standing in the ring with Crazy Chris, the Paramount Championship raised overhead.

The road to Wrestle Fest V is becoming clearer by the second.

Fade to black.

Show Credits

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