

Paradise

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: July 16, 2019
Location: Showcenter Complex — Monterrey, NLE

Results

Welcome to Hell, uh, Paradise

Match

The camera fades in to the Zona Hotelera of Cancun, which is jam-packed with CWF fans, some of which even are on yachts off the beach. The main ring area is surrounded by bleachers, while a bit off there is another ring set up on top of a swimming pool. The weather is beautiful, warm, but breezy and the camera finally zooms in to another pool area, which has a bar inside the water. As the picture cuts to the bar, Blake Church and Charles State have set up shot behind the bar, sitting on the submerged bar stools, with an array of cocktails in front of them.

Blake Church: Good afternoon and welcome to Paradise! Both literally and figuratively.

Charles State: This indeed is the perfect place to hold our annual beach party and we have a lot of action on offer today, with a lot and quite the unusual stipulations, too!

Blake takes a sip from one very pink looking concoction.

Blake Church: How many PPVs can you name that have a dog chain match, a strong style match, a tables match, a hell in a cell and a coffin match.

Charles State: One.

Blake Church: Add to that two title match and you have yourself one hell of a pay per view.

Charles State: Now we could give you a whole rundown of every match tonight, but you know what? You'll find out!

Blake Church: And it will keep the suspense, too.

Charles State: Yeah. So we're done. Jim, Mike, your turn!

The camera cuts to the announcers, who are obviously unprepared, as Mike is still eating a burrito, while Jim is applying some sunscreen.

Jim Gunt: Uh, ok, welcome to Paradise, I guess, ladies and gentlemen.

Mike hastily gulps down his burrito.

Mike Rolash: Yes, hel--

He starts to choke on his burrito piece and is turning purple by the time Jim is coming to his rescue by hitting him in the back.

Jim Gunt: OK, looks like we might have to take a little time to get ready, so let's get this over to Ray, who seems to be the only one around here that's ready to rock!

Starlight vs. Isaiah Luck vs. PJ Blake

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contest is a falls count anywhere, triple threat match, with no time limit. Introducing first, from Aokigahara, Japan...Starlight!

Two random voices are heard speaking as if in demonic tones over the system, as the lights go out. The camera pans over to the top of the stage area where three red siren lights begin to spin. The voices continue speaking the lights continue to go.

Yeah, Be prepared.

Yeah-heh... we'll be prepared, heh.

...For what?

For the death of the Queen.

Why? Is she sick?

No, fool-- we're going to kill her.

Great idea! Who needs a Queen?

No Queen! No Queen! la--la-la--la-laa-laa!

Idiots! There will be a Queen!

Hey, but you said, uh...

Then a loud scream is heard, as she begins cackling over the system. Then the final line is spoken as a tall woman steps out from behind the curtain. A gas mask covers her face as her long raven hair falls to one side. She is holding a microphone looking up at the crowd her red eyes glowing with the sirens.

I will be Queen!

She cackles as she drops the microphone lifting her arms up the sirens cut out. Poor Unfortunate Souls by Jonathan Young begins playing over the system as her arms go above her head in an X as her hashtag appears on the screen. #Queenslayer appears as blue spotlights appear on the ramp. She walks down the ramp letting her coat flow behind her as she drapes her arms to her side. She looks at the fans as she reaches the bottom of the ramp, She turns then raises her hands and the lights come on, she goes over to the steps slamming her hands down on them hard as she looks into the ring. She growls as she climbs up the stairs standing on the outside of the ring, she climbs through, taking the gas mask off looking at her opponent laughing as she climbs the turn buckle, placing her hands above her head in an X once more as she drops down turning to face her opponent.

Jim Gunt: Starlight is an imposing looking individual and will not be an easy obstacle to overcome for PJ Blake or Isaiah Luck. They've got their work cut out for them.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, from Charlotte, NC, he is Isaiah Luck!

The crowd is on fire in the arena and it's jam packed as usual, but their attention is quickly cut to the stage when "Justice" plays from the PA system. The titantron comes to life flashing and Isaiah comes from the backstage area brushing through the curtain and taking a step out onto the stage. The main spotlight jumps down straight on Isaiah as the other lights around the arena flash and move around between the colors of white and blue. The crowd seeing Isaiah just stand there on the stage, cheer him heavily. A cocky smirk comes across his face as he begins to take a step and walk off the stage onto the entrance ramp. Coming down he acknowledges all of the fans and gives out a few high fives. He runs at the end sliding under the bottom rope into the ring.

The spotlight above the ring shines down on Isaiah as he throws his arms out to the side while holding his head back leaning backwards on the ropes. He walks over to the far right turnbuckle and climbs up and stands there peering out into the crowd looking back and forth for a few seconds. He jumps down and walks to the center of the ring doing a few stretches warming up waiting. The lights turn back to its normal state and "Justice" dies out from the PA system and you only hear the crowd.

Ray Douglas: Introducing next, from Seattle, Washington. She is...PJ Blake!

"Light'em Up" starts to play and not long after PJ Blake throws herself out from behind the curtain and launches a closed fist up towards the sky. PJ makes her way to the ring with a smile on her face and rolls into the ring under the bottom rope. She kicks up to her feet and proceeds to climb up on the middle rope of all four corners throwing a closed fist to the sky.

Mike Rolash: Enough parading, let's get to the fight!

Referee Trent Robbins rings the bell to start the match, yet neither one of the three competitors makes any sudden moves, instead pausing to consider their opponents. Something unspoken passes between Isaiah Luck and PJ Blake, confirmed with a solemn nod, and the two charge straight for Starlight.

Jim Gunt: PJ and Isaiah looking to team up in the hopes they can take down the bigger and stronger Starlight.

Mike Rolash: As we've seen time and again, such alliances are fleeting.

Starlight is ready for her two adversaries however, charging forward to meet them and taking them down with dual running clotheslines. Isaiah Luck rolls under the ring ropes to the apron, leaving PJ Blake alone and at the mercy of Starlight. Starlight hoists up PJ with an elevated chokehold, letting Blake dangle, slowly squeezing the air out of her. PJ struggles against the vice-like grip, her legs kicking wildly.

Jim Gunt: Good god, I think PJ Blake is turning blue.

Mike Rolash: That takes me back to the 90's.

Isaiah Luck, the self-proclaimed Legend of Tomorrow, leaps off of the ring ropes, catching Starlight in the back of the knee with a springboard dropkick, coming to the timely aid of PJ Blake and knocking Starlight down to one knee. Together PJ Blake and Mr All Hustle take down Starlight with a double-team DDT.

Jim Gunt: Starlight is going to be one considerable challenge to overcome.

PJ takes Isiah by surprise with a roll-up pin.

Jim Gunt: Or not.

ONE

TWO!

Isaiah Luck breaks free.

Mike Rolash: Told you, such alliances are never made to last.

PJ Blake knocks Isaiah back with a picture perfect standing dropkick, knocking the Legend of Tomorrow over the ring ropes, landing awkwardly ringside. PJ drops down for the cover on Starlight.

ONE!

TWO!

Starlight kicks out.

Jim Gunt: PJ may come to regret turning on Isaiah so soon.

Coming off the ring ropes for a shining wizard, PJ is taken by surprise as Starlight lifts her up and connects with a powerful spinebuster. PJ Blake's body nearly bounces from the impact. Starlight shows off her considerable strength, lifting PJ up into the air with a gorilla press.

Mike Rolash: What goes up, will invariably have to come down.

Starlight drops PJ over the ring ropes, sending her crashing down on-top of the recovering Isaiah Luck, creating a tangled mess of opponents. Starlight climbs through the ropes to follow. With a hairpull whip she throws PJ bodily into the security barricade.

Jim Gunt: In a Falls Count Anywhere match nowhere is safe; anything can be used to one's advantage.

She switches her focus onto Isiah, setting up for a STO backbreaker, but Isaiah rolls through, taking her off her feet with a barrel roll leg sweep. Isaiah hot-steps to the top of the security barrier and comes down with a moonsault. Mr All Hustle holds on for the cover on Starlight.

ONE!

TWO!

A shining wizard from PJ Blake breaks up the pin attempt. PJ throws the stunned Isiah over the security rail and the two take the fight into the stands.

Jim Gunt: Let's hope the camera crew can keep up.

Mike Rolash: It's their dose of exercise for the day.

As PJ Blake and Isaiah Luck continue to move deeper into the stadium, Starlight recovers and begins to slow but steady pursuit. Having reached the foyer, brawling amidst members of the general public quickly giving them a wide berth, PJ quickly gains the upper hand by over-stepping an attempt at a barrel roll leg sweep from Thee Absolute, and then retaliates with a hurricanrana, sending Isaiah sprawling into a portable popcorn stand.

Mike Rolash: I'll have mine with extra butter.

She locks up her opponent with a crossface and Isaiah is helpless, unable to fight his way free of the submission. His rescue, for what it's worth, comes in the form of Starlight finally catching up, who comes down upon both competitors with a body splash.

Jim Gunt: Starlight is relentless.

Agitated by Isaiah's previous escape, Starlight focuses on him primarily, dropping the Legend of Tomorrow for a backbreaker. Holding him in place Starlight has Isaiah draped over her exposed knee and pushes down.

Mike Rolash: She's also ruthless. I love it.

Just when it looks as if Starlight will break Isaiah in half, a boot catches her full in the face as PJ connects with the Rise. She attempts a cover on Starlight.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Starlight kicks out! PJ attempts a cover on Luck now, hooking the leg of the Carnage Wrestling Tag Team Champion.

ONE!

TWO!

Th

Isaiah rolls his shoulder.

Jim Gunt: What great action to kick off our PPV!

PJ has the Legend of Tomorrow back to his feet, set up for a vertical suplex. Isaiah hooks his leg around PJ's in a bid

to stall the attempt. PJ punishes him with a few quick jabs to the side, but she is unable to complete the suplex as she notices Starlight charging in for a body avalanche. She releases Isaiah and pushes him away. Starlight crashes through the glass front doors of the stadium.

Mike Rolash: Oh shit. Guess that starts off the CWF's list of damages.

Distracted and shocked by the Starlight express's collision course she is taken by surprise by a snap dragon suplex from Isaiah Luck, who rolls through, lifting PJ back up and connects with an Osaka street cutter before making a pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Th-PJ kicks out!

Jim Gunt: Things have spilled out into the carpark. I can't believe this!

Before Starlight can recover any more than she has, Isaiah connects with the Future Glimpse, setting up for the #GiveNOLucks, driving Starlight's face into the concrete floor covered in shards of glass door.

Mike Rolash: Holy Shit!

Before the Carnage Tag Champion can capitulate, making the pin fall that would have most likely won him the match, PJ Blake spins him around and dropkicks him down the entry stairs. PJ slides down the stair well rails, catching him with another hurricanarana that sends him careening onto the bonnet of a nearby parked car. Now in a precarious position atop the bonnet, Isaiah springs to life, catching PJ by surprise with an exploder suplex INTO the car's windscreen, the impact creating a spider-web like lattice of cracks in the glass.

Jim Gunt: Add that to the list of damages I suppose.

The Legend of Tomorrow is slow to get back to his feet, feeling the effects of this harrowing match, but readies himself for the #GiveNOLucks. As he jumps up, PJ acts in the blink of an eye, catching him in the air and using the momentum for a pop-up powerbomb off of the bonnet and onto the unforgiving asphalt below.

Mike Rolash: There will be no getting up from that.

PJ looks back to Starlight, only now beginning to stir at the entryway, and confident there will be no further interruptions, PJ steps onto the roof of the car and leaps off, coming down with the Legacy onto Isaiah Luck. The impact is clearly painful as PJ recoils but she grits her teeth and fights through it to make the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Here's your winner....PJ BLAKE!!

PJ is barely able to pull herself back to her feet as "Light Em Up" once again plays over the speakers. She smiles as the official raises her hand in victory, the Cancun crowd giving her a nice round of applause for her effort.

Nathan Paradine vs. Tom Marrow

Match

Red and Blue lights begin flashing, with sirens sounded. The theme song from Cops begins to play, as Amanda the Game Warden paces out in a beige police costume. She is holding a leash as the song "Who Let The Dogs Out" is mixed in. The other end of the leash, comes Benji, crawling on his hands and knees, wearing his now infamous custom BDSM hood, in the shape of a dog's head and leather pants. As he reaches even with the Game Warden, he stands up

and they walk down to the ring.

Jim Gunt: Welcome back to ringside as we get ready for quite the match. A Dog Collar Match and for anyone that isn't familiar with the rules? Well... We aren't either. Ray has been given instruction though, so no worries there! Mike, what are your thoughts?

Mike Rolash: It's a Dog Collar match Jimmy. Dog. Collar. Last year we had tight ropes, Mia's House of Madness or whatever it was called...

Jim Gunt: Hope on a Rope?

Mike Rolash: Yeah, that. And a FREAKING PIRATE SHIP. Granted Shadow was a part of that, but it was still sweet. This year we have dog collars, a cell, and I get to see Ataxia and/or Shadow be put in a coffin. It's no pirate ship, but it helps take the sting out a little bit.

Jim can only shake his head as the opening riff to "Beat The Devil's tattoo" by Black Rebel Motorcycle Club begins to blast around the arena as Nathan Paradine emerges from behind the curtain, the overhead lights reflecting off of his trademark sunglasses. He smirks as he surveys the crowd for a moment, thumbing the collar of his leather jacket before flicking his hands outwards and approaching the ring. He climbs the stairs and wipes his boots on the outside of the apron before stepping between the ropes. He observes the crowd once more before shrugging out of his jacket, passing it off to a stagehand and backing off into the corner to perform a few light warm ups before the bell rings, never taking his eyes off Benji. Ray heads to the ring, mic in hand and takes his place between the two competitors as Scott Dean collars them both in turn.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen it is time for the, uhm, Dog Collar Match! Each competitor will be attached to the other via a chain connected to the other's dog collar. The winner will be the er...

He glances over at Benji, squatting on all fours, growling lowly at Paradine.

Ray Douglas: The, uhm, person that is able to hit the buzzer on all four posts first! Anything goes in this match. Now, introducing first and standing to my left, he is The Australian Submission Machine...

Mike snickers and Jim elbows him in the ribs.

Ray Douglas: NATHAN PARADINE!

The crowd is split in their reaction but Paradine is too busy to care, glaring a hole into Benji's forehead.

Ray Douglas: And to my right!

Ray is interrupted by The Game Warden who comes up and whispers in his ear. Ray blushes but nods, a smile coming across her face as she returns to Benji's corner.

Ray Douglas: He IS... The... Goodest Boy EEEEEERRRRRRRR!!!! BENJI!

The crowd pops for the nickname and Ray only blushes some more as he exits the ring and takes his seat. Dean calls for the bell and this one is under...

Jim Gunt: Wow! Paradine is not messing around as he steamrolls Benji in the corner and hits the first buzzer!

A flag with Paradine's face on it flies freely above and Paradine is backed up by Dean. The Game Warden hops up on the apron while the ref has his back turned and hits the buzzer for Benji! She quickly reaches down and pulls Benji up, hopping down just in time for Scott to turn his head.

Mike Rolash: And Benji has tied things up at one right out the gate!

Jim Gunt: You can't really give complete credit to Benji for that one Mike. He had some help from The Game Warden.

Mike Rolash: Didn't you hear the rules Jimbo? There aren't any in this match and everything is fair game. She's The Game Warden, and therefore, what she says goes.

Jim only shakes his head as an infuriated Paradine pushes Scott out of the way and delivers a couple closed fist punches to the side of Benji's head before a sick smile comes across his face. He backs up and picks up the slack of the chain before pulling with all of his might, yanking Benji forward and looking for a belly to belly suplex! At the last possible moment Benji is able wiggle free and slide between Paradine's legs!

Jim Gunt: Benji is making a break for a second corner!

Benji leaps and goes to hit his buzzer but is yanked out of the air by a recovered Paradine. Benji yelps as he lands on his stomach but springs right back up again and charges Paradine, taking the bigger man by surprise with a dropkick! Benji howls, but his celebration is cut short as Paradine reaches up from the ground, grabs Benji by the collar and pulls him down, planting his face on the mat!

Mike Rolash: Ya know? I kind of like this side of Paradine. He should wear a dog collar more often!

Jim Gunt: He definitely has been showing some increased aggression, but... Mike are you going to be the one that collars Paradine?

Mike goes to speak up, realizes the corner he put himself in and wisely keeps his mouth shut as Paradine wraps the chain around the neck of Benji! Dean can't do much as there are no rules, so Paradine sits down on his opponent's back, choking him with the chain.

Nathan Paradine: Time to go for a walk!

Paradine leaps up from Benji's back and stomps down hard a couple times for good measure. With a sudden surge of adrenaline The Australian Submission Machine drags Benji by his chain wrapped neck around to the closest corner and hits the buzzer! A second Paradine flag flies high in the air as he picks up Benji and sets him up for a German Suplex! Benji flails and is just able to hit his buzzer as he flies backwards and lands hard on the back of his neck!

Jim Gunt: Wow! Paradine has been hitting Benji with everything under the kitchen sink so far in this match, maintaining control in terms of momentum...

Mike Rolash: But Benji soaks up whatever Nathan dishes out and is able to keep everything tied. He'll have to change his strategy up soon though. He can't be the second person to hit that last buzzer.

This time it's Paradine that growls as he turns away from the flag, angry with the tie. He stomps down on Benji's hand, his side, and then back to his shoulder before picking him up and whipping him toward the opposite side of the ring. With a snarl, he yanks hard on the chain, guillotining Benji and bringing him down to his back. However, as Paradine bends down to deliver another high impact move, Benji is able to deliver a kick right to the top of Paradine's head, stunning him! The big man backs off and Benji rolls to his feet, advancing on Paradine, and wraps the chain around the Aussie's neck!

Jim Gunt: Paradine getting a taste of his own medicine...

Mike Rolash: How so? There are no rules Jim and literally everything goes. Scott is just out there as a formality at this point.

With stunning speed Benji flows around Paradine, making the chain tighter before standing back to back with Paradine and dropping down, hitting him with an inverted jaw breaker! Nathan coughs and fights to unwrap the chain from around his neck as Benji contemplates his next move. The Warden screams at him and he launches himself into action, hitting the third buzzer for himself! The crowd pops but at the same time, Paradine yanks the chain, pulling Benji away from the corner. With a roar Nathan launches himself at Benji, delivering several shoulders into his gut before

lighting him up with a European uppercut!

Jim Gunt: There's that aggression we mentioned and Paradine isn't done!

With a viciousness that few have seen from him recently, Paradine continues to deliver upper cut after upper cut to Benji before lifting him up and dropping him face first on Paradine's buzzer! Benji bounces off and Paradine delivers a Paraplex before wrapping Benji up with the chain and looking to end the match! Benji struggles and Paradine rolls his eyes before once again wrapping the chain around Benji's neck, followed by The Mark of Judas! It doesn't take long for Benji to go limp and Paradine shoves him away before smacking the remaining buzzer.

Ray Douglas: Your winner....NATHAN PARADINE!!

Kyuseishu vs. Silas Artoria

Match

Wind chimes are heard blasting throughout the area; an almost calming sound.

Mike Rolash: That sounds gives me a headache.

Jim Gunt: A perfect day in Mexico!

From the back enters an old Mexican man pushing a two wheeled Paletas popsicle cart. The old man who upon closer look is most likely Japanese has a somber look on his face. The old man is wearing blue jeans, a white shirt, and has a big bushy mustache shadowed by the sombrero on his head. He slowly pushes the cart down the ramp way.

Mike Rolash: It's going to take all night for him to get to the ring.

Jim Gunt: I could go for one of those popsicles right now it is hot here today.

The old man stops, opens the top of the cart, and pulls out ice-cream bars. He starts tossing them to the adoring fans who are all smiles catching them if they are lucky enough to get one. One fan holds a popsicle to the camera with a smile on his face shaking his head "no".

Mike Rolash: What does that say?

Jim Gunt: Oh, for God's sake....it says, "Kyuseishu Holy Water flavored popsicles". It's just a chunk of ice.

Mike Rolash: So thoughtful of him on such a hot summer show.

Jim Gunt: Such a con artist.

White smoke starts coming out of the bottom of the cart as the old man looks up to the skies. He opens a second door on the top of the cart and suddenly a dozen or so doves fly out of the opening and into the sky in a majestic sight.

Mike Rolash: So beautiful, this must be the biblical entrance my spiritual adviser Kyuseishu promised.

Jim Gunt: It's a fight, not a wedding.

Ray Douglas: This following contest is a STRONG STYLE MATCH. About to enter the arena...from God's loins to your salvation...via Tokyo, Japan...making his American residence in Chicago, Illinois...standing 6'5"...and weighing in at

275 pounds...he is the Pontiff of the CWF...God's Champion...and your Personal Jesus...he is KYUSEISHU!!!!

"Reach Out and Touch Faith"

"Personal Jesus" by Depeche Mode blasts the arena, as the crowd breaks out in a massive jeer. Strobe lights flash, smoke fills up right in front of the entrance, and anticipation builds. From the smoke emerges Daisuke Daiki the Japanese powerhouse of a man who stands 7' and is of solid muscle. He is wearing all white and his face is painted with white face paint. In each hand he is holding a large black leash.

Jim Gunt: A monster of a man. I don't know why a "man of faith" needs such a large body guard.

Mike Rolash: Jim, a lot of things are hard to explain in 2019 like the lack of new water slide technology.

As the large man walks further out, we see what's at the end of each leash. Two, very large and beautiful Bangladesh white tigers. Daisuke stops for a second as the tigers let out loud roars to the astonished crowd. Daisuke starts walking again as suddenly the crowd lets out an enormous boo as behind the tigers rides the Kyuseishu wearing robes like Jesus only colored in the American flag. Kyu is enclosed in a bulletproof bubble on a golf cart that's also adorn with the Red, White, and Blue colors. He stands in the bubble holding up the gold-plated "Good Book". His emotional support mean eyed cat Meowru Suzuki sits on the dashboard. Behind Kyu as always stands his personal manager Karen who is dressed like the virgin Mary. She watches to make sure everything goes as planned, or she will talk to the person in charge and have them fired.

Jim Gunt: This is sacrilegious and offensive.

Mike Rolash: No, that's eating at Taco Bell while in Mexico. How cool is it to see the "Kyu-mobile" live and in person? He bought it off the old Pope, it's a refurbished popemobile from the 80's.

Jim Gunt: I can't hold in my "excitement".

Mike Rolash: So sarcastic in the heat!

The Ky-mobile stops, and the bubble opens. The cat jumps out of the bubble and gives the two tigers a nod of approval before hopping up on the timekeeper's desk to watch the match. Kyuseishu exits next, handing the good book to Daisuke, who then walks it over and places it in Kyuseishu's ring corner where the large man waits. Kyu walks over to the two tigers kissing them on their massive heads before rubbing behind their ears. Karen signals for two handlers to come from the back to take the Tigers away. Kyu says a little prayer before walking into the ring and disrobing to a thunderous reaction.

Jim Gunt: Wearing a Red, White, and Blue robe seems odd from a guy who claims to hate what America has become.

Mike Rolash: He's making a statement here tonight.

Jim Gunt: More like a troll job.

BANG!

Lights out. Light string instruments. A female voice whispers, and a male replies. Drums. Lights on. The hook of

“Something Got Me Started” starts blasting out, and from the entrance comes Silas Artoria and Hidetaka Ito, showered with cheers from the crowd in sharp contrast to their reaction to Kyuseishu. A more humble entrance, with very little glitz and glamour, just fun music and equally fitting lights.

But Silas wasn't jovial. He was impressed by the crowd but he did neither smile nor recipitate the compliment. He simply eyes the man in the ring and starts his slow walk down the ramp.

Jim Gunt: Hidetaka Ito in tow, Silas said in his statement to Kyuseishu that he would be more than happy to take him on in this strong style match, but warned that he was being trained by the emperor himself!

Mike Rolash: Not exactly humble, is he?

Jim Gunt: Maybe not, but we are going to find out whom will remain standing in what will most assuredly be an uncomfortable watch.

Silas stops at ringside to glare at the taunting Kyuseishu, before he rolls into the ring.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent. Accompanied to the ring by Hidetaka Ito, from Toronto, Canada, weighing in at two-hundred and twenty pounds, he is the Psychotic Aristocrat...SILAS....ARTORIA!

Silas is quick to disrobe, not even absorbing any of the cheers he was getting, and the buises underneath are clear as daylight.

There was a slight gloss to the two men. The Mexican heat slowly taking effect.

All valets, objects, and Ray Douglas leave the ring promptly as the two, on opposite sides of the ring, glare at each other.

Clark Summits to officiate.

Ding!

The match begins. The two competitors slowly circle around the ring, maintaining eye contact. They examine each other left to right, as the crowd anticipate what the two will do to each other.

The two lock up. Kyuseishu with the initial advantage, successfully controlling Silas and his movements. He tightens up, but Silas is slowly gaining some ground. Kyuseishu keeps in the headlock, but he pushes Silas to the opposite ropes. Silas comes charging towards him! Lariats from both!

SMACK!

The audience reacts enthusiastically as the two competitors stay standing, staring at each other intensely. Silas points to a set of ropes.

Silas Artoria: Well...?

Kyuseishu: I will part the Red Sea!

Kyuseishu tenses his face and charges towards said ropes. Bounce, he charges back for the lariat. SMACK! Silas absorbs it all and doesn't even flinch! Kyu just looks at him in astonishment, but Silas starts to run to one of the edges. Kyuseishu runs to the opposite. In unison they charge towards each other, and their bodies collide!

No words, they again take to opposite sides and return to charge against each other. Their bodies smash into each other, but they repeat the process again. Smack! Smack! They quickly dispace with the ropes and just charge to each other within the space their repeated rebounds created. Smack! They charge again. Smack! And again! SMACK!

No more charging, yet the audience cheers at their display of power.

Jim Gunt: Strong style in action! Pure power, little flash.

Mike Rolash: You think we're going to see some teeth broken?

Jim Gunt: At this rate, they're going to need two full sets of dentures!

The two competitors grit their teeth, and Kyuseishu delivers a hard elbow to Silas' neck! Silas responds in kind, causing Kyuseishu to stagger before he delivers a second elbow with an audible crack. Silas delivers his second elbow, the Kyuseishu delivers his third. Silas' third, Kyuseishu's fourth! Fourth! Fifth! Sixth! Seventh with increased speed! Eighth! Ninth! Tenth! Eleventh! Twelfth!

Silas Artoria: Is that everything you have!

Kyuseishu: Just warming up.

Kyuseishu laughs but wastes no time and delivers another elbow, but Silas delivers his hardest one yet! Kyuseishu cannot respond in kind as Silas delivers a second one! Silas runs for the ropes behind him, and delivers a discus lariat! It hits! Kyuseishu staggers quickly backwards and into the ropes, and delivers a lariat of his own! Silas also staggers backward into the ropes, and charges towards Kyuseishu, but the latter steps forward to deliver another lariat, and finally Silas goes down onto the mat! Kyuseishu catches his breath as Silas clutches his head on the floor.

Jim Gunt: Near fifty fifty back and forth, no man truly getting any advantage at this moment.

Mike Rolash: Silas is on the mat, Kyuseishu is standing. That's fifty fifty to you?

Kyuseishu delivers a quick stomp to Silas' neck. The Japanese native lifts Silas up part way, but sends him back down with an elbow to the head. Kyuseishu wipes his forehead quickly, with the Mexican heat raining down upon the two hard hitting competitors. He again lifts Silas up, and whips him into the corner turnbuckle, with the Canadian turning around just in time for his back to hit the hard padding. The stumble forward is quickly stopped with a boot from Kyuseishu, firmly planting him into the corner. Another one for good measure.

Kyuseishu eyes the opposite corner and grabs hold of Silas arm. He whips--no! Reversed! Kyuseishu hits the turnbuckle! But he immediately charges back to Silas! Scoop powerslam and Kyuseishu goes down! The eagerness of the crowd is noticeable, as the sweating Silas is on his knees, clearly contemplating his next move.

And his next move comes quickly! He jumps up and grabs his opponent to the point that both are on their feet, albeit one clearly towering over the other. Silas lifts Kyuseishu's chin up.

SMACK!

The crowd lets out a cleah "Oooh" as Silas delivers a hard slab to his opponent's chest. Kyuseishu grits his teeth as Silas delivers another one, and one more to send the Japanese man to the mat. Silas grips his hand in pain.

Mike Rolash: They're just slapping each other!

Jim Gunt: Hard hitting, the signature of strong style!

Mike Rolash: I could take those slaps any day!

Hidetaka Ito: You want to test that, Mr Rolash?

The colour commentator quickly pipes down as Silas again lifts Kyuseishu to his feet. Kyuseishu springs to life like Jesus in April, and returns the hard slap to Silas' chest. The Canadian seethes through his teeth with a painful hiss, before Kyuseishu delivers another one. He looks satisfied with what he's delivering, as another one forces Silas to squeeze his eyelids shut to cope with the pain. One more, then a hard knife chop from Silas sends him back to the mat. Kyuseishu's grips his chest, confused even, as Silas walks to the ropes and rest against them. Face turned away from his opponent, the camera clearly catches him gritting his teeth and in clear pain, as the red hand marks start emerging on his chest.

Jim Gunt: Heavy breathing from both competitors. Been going 100mph from the start of the bell, not slowing down.

Silas takes a deep breath, and approaches an irritated Kyuseishu. Little nudge from Silas' foot to his head, clearly making the "Japanese" man more surley. Another nudge, and now Silas is clearly getting annoyed. One more nudge, but Kyuseishu isn't fighting back.

Silas Artoria: Are you afraid of my boot!?

Kyuseishu finally looks at Silas, near infuriated at the equally irritated Silas. He jumps to his feet, a hard slap to Silas, whose mood doesn't change. Silas delivers one back, staggering Kyuseishu, and runs for the ropes behind him.

Kyuseishu sprints to follow, impacting the ropes just as Silas bounces off them. Silas turns to look at Kyuseishi, their arm is extended! Swing from Kyuseishu and a miss. Silas bounces off the ropes again, and aims to go under Kyuseishu. They catch Silas' head between their legs, and grabs hold of them for his Deeds' of the Saints! Silas shuffles his legs wildly, and lands back on the mat! He swings around Kyuseishu and pushes his towards the turnbuckle! Silas sprints for a high lariat, but Kyuseishu ducks under, turns, and delivers a high lariat of his own!

SMACK!

Kyuseishu: Where's all the talk now heathen?

Jim Gunt: IMPACT TO THE NECK!

The audience didn't finish their gasp before Kyuseishu whips Silas hard into the opposite turnbuckle, and sprints after him. Dropkick to Silas' stomach, and he doesn't give Silas the virtue of reacting, as he grabs hold of them quickly. Core strength lifts Silas up, back suplex onto the mat! For the cover!

One--

Quick kick out from Silas, as Kyuseishu looks upon him, a small smile of satisfaction crawling upon him, as the audience applaud the sequence they had just witnessed before quickly booing the savior who looks out at them disdain.

The Holy Samurai got to work, lifting Silas back onto his feet, and places the Canadian's front on his shoulders as he attempts to lift him up. Silas elbows Kyuseishu's neck hard, causing the latter to lose some of his strength. The crowd is getting behind Silas more and more. Another one, and Kyuseishu lets him go, only to deliver a roundhouse kick to Silas' stomach! The Canadian immediately goes down clutching the impact zone! The crowd starts a "Kyu sucks Chant"

Silas leans upward to gasp for breath. Mid-kick by Kyuseishu sends Silas back towards the mat, head touching the canvas itself. Heavy breathing is apparent, before he leans upward again to receive yet another mid kick. Again, he goes down, except he audibly yells with pain.

He bangs his head on the mat, and again, and again and again, before he sharply whips up to let out a primal scream of pain.

Kyuseishu kicks his midsection again...but no reaction from Silas! Kyuseishu kicks him again, but Silas doesn't go back down. He starts quickening his breath, before he finally makes eye contact with Kyuseishu. The Samurai kicks him again, but it just provokes Silas to his feet, as the crowd build up anticipation.

Kyuseishu kicks again!

Silas delivers hard elbow to his face!

Jim Gunt: And down goes Kyuseishu!

Mike Rolash: Kyu needs some of that Holy Water right about now.

The crowd erupted with applause as Silas drags Kyuseishu to his feet, and pushes him against the turnbuckle. Hard elbow to the head before a thunderous clap to the chest of his opponent as the crowd loves every strike. The receipt continues twice more, the sound of impact getting louder with each passing strike. Silas grabs hold of Kyuseishu, and whips him towards the opposite corner. Reversed! Kyuseishu pushes Silas to the turnbuckle! The latter bounces off it as Kyuseishu charges towards them!

Jim Gunt: DISCUS CLOTHESLINE AND THE HOLY SAMURAI GOES DOWN!

The crowd applauded the maneuver as Silas staggers towards the ropes, clutching the red area around his chest and stomach. Sharp exhale, back to Kyuseishu! Drag him back up and positions his own under the Japanese athletes arm while he wraps his own around their waist.

He lifts! But is forced back down as Kyuseishu elbows the back of his neck with hard strikes. One of them lands smack in the middle of the dome, that Silas' arms droop, and staggers back in a daze.

Kyuseishu exhales, then runs for the ropes, but Silas sprints after him! Bounce! Bounce! Kyuseishu turns to meet Silas, but the latter sprints past to run the opposite ropes. Kyuseishu is quick to follow! Bounce! Bounce! Silas turns! Kyuseishu swing his arm towards their head! Silas goes under! Kyuseishu turns, but Silas runs for the ropes behind them! They meet at opposite ropes, and they barrel towards each other! Kyuseishu with a second attempt! Silas ducks again and hits the ropes! Kyuseishu turns around--

AND THE LARIAT HITS!

Kyuseishu staggers momentarily, but goes for the third attempt! Another dodge, and Silas wraps his arms around their waist. GERMAN SUPLEX!

But Kyuseishu jumps back up with a primal scream! Silas stands to meet him and charges!

MID KICK TOPPLES SILAS. HE'S DOWN! FOR THE PIN!

ONE...

TWO--

KICKOUT!

Kyuseishu quickly drags Silas up to his feet, and applies the sleeper hold!

Jim Gunt: What a sequence!

Mike Rolash: Agreed! Have you seen the sheer power of Kyuseishu. Just the simplest of moves pack enough power to put you in the hospital!

Jim Gunt: And those midkicks he's been delivering have been a vital part of his strategy. The question is if Silas is going to pick up that fact, or if Kyuseishu will capitalise before they find out!

The sleeper hold is taking effect! Silas is panting heavily as the blood circulation starts to thin. His eyelids start to fade, and Kyuseishu keeps a firm hold! He's gripping Silas tighter and tighter! The energy is completely sapping from Silas. He's fading! He's losing consciousness! The crowd tries to feed him energy cheering loudly for him to find a way out.

His arms drops, and Kyuseishu keeps hold of him!

Clark Summits holds Silas' arm up to check.

One...

Summits lifts Silas' arm up again!

Two...

Silas isn't responding! Summits lifts Silas' arm up for the final time!

THREE--

A scream bellows out from Silas! His eyes widen, and with pure adrenaline, grabs hold of Kyuseishu's neck! SNAPMARE! AND KYUSEISHU LANDS FLAT ON HIS BACK! The crowd goes wild.

Silas staggers to the side as the oxygen returns to his head, and Kyuseishu jumps straight back up with annoyance, and darts towards Silas for a Lariat!

SMACK!

SILAS IS STILL STANDING! KYUSEISHU GRIPS HIS ARM.

Jim Gunt: The wear and tear of the match is seeping in! Only a matter of time before one of them breaks!

Kyuseishu eyes the ropes, still gripping his arm, and immediately spirits towards it!

SMACK!

SILAS STILL STANDS! BUT BARELY AS HE FALLS BACK TOWARDS THE ROPES! BOUNCE! MOMENTUM HEADING TOWARDS TO KYUSEISHU!

SMACK!

LARIAT! KYUSEISHU STILL STANDS LIKE IT'S NOTHING! SILAS BARELY STANDS AS HE STAGGERS AROUND!

Kyuseishu yells to himself as he heads for the ropes to deliver another lariat!

SMACK!

SILAS STILL STANDS, BUT IT'S WEARING HIM THIN!

Jim Gunt: Silas trying to shrug off the attacks!

Mike Rolash: Kyu needs to pull out the LORDS Lariat to end this thing!

Through droopy eyes, Silas looks upon Kyuseishu with pure determination, as he staggers to near the turnbuckle! Quick dash!

SMACK!

Silas nearly dived forward as he delivers that lariat, and the momentum causes Kyuseishu to stagger backwards! But Silas nearly tumbles backward. One more step might've caused him to fall! Both are refusing to go down!

Kyuseishu replies, and another smack of contact nearly sends Silas and Kyuseishu down! Heavy breathing and sweat cover the two!

Silas delivers another one!

SMACK!

KYUSEISHU COLLAPSES TO HIS KNEES, AND SILAS RUNS FOR THE ROPES! HE SPRINTS BACK TOWARDS KYUSEISHU!

KYUSEISHU WITH A CLOTHESLINE TO SEND SILAS TO THE MAT!

SILAS BACK IN HIS FEET TO DELIVER A STIFF FOREARM TO SEND KYUSEISHU TO THE MAT!

KYUSEISHU BACK ON HIS FEET TO SPRINT TOWARDS SILAS!

DOUBLE LARIAT!

BOTH COLLAPSE LIKE A SACK OF POTATOES!

Jim Gunt: STRONG STYLE AT IT'S PUREST!

Mike Rolash: Do they still have full sets of teeth!?

Jim Gunt: Remarkably yes!

The crowd shared Jim's enthusiasm as they shower the two athletes with loud responses, with neither athlete with enough energy to even react to appreciate the mexican crowd. They were fighting the heat, each other, and their own bodies, and the two are unable to keep the other down permanently!

But Kyuseishu is the first to stand! Barely, but can keep on his own two feet! The crowd is not happy with this. Struggling, he drags Silas back on his feet, and grabs hold of his head! Sleeperhold!

But Silas is quick, flailing his arms and hitting Kyuseishu's head. He got more accurate, and harder, until Kyuseishu had to push him away. Silas turns around.

SMACK!

A simply slap to the face from Kyuseishu to Silas.

And the crowd elicit an "ooh" as the droopy eyes of Silas immediately disappear. Silas glares as Kyuseishu, wide awake, as Kyuseishu widens his own eyes with surprise.

REPEATED HARD ELBOWS FROM SILAS! The crowd cheers each one individually.

Kyuseishu can't even go down, as each elbow strike to his face ensured he will stay standing! He was being forced back into the corner, unable to react, until Silas starts to slow down! Kyuseishu quickly moves for a bell clap--

HEADBUTT BY SILAS! THE FRENZIED ELBOWS CONTINUE! KYUSEISHU IS STUCK IN A CORNER!

CHOP BY SILAS, KYUSEISHU SINKS DOWNWARD!

Silas leans against the ropes in utter exhaustion, wheezing from the physicality. The harder he hit Kyuseishu, the harder they hit back.

With some hesitation, Silas grabs Kyuseishu's head under his armpit, and with some struggle, he lifts Kyuseishu onto the top of the turnbuckle. He climbs to their level, again placing their head under his armpit. He attempts to lift! No! Kyuseishu tangles his feet on the turnbuckle. Silas lets go of the hold, and a hard elbow knocks Kyuseishu silly again! Second attempt!

Kyuseishu goes up!

SILAS HOLDS HIM UP!

DOWN THEY GO!

Jim Gunt: STALLING SUPER BRAINBUSTER!

Mike Rolash: JESUS CHRIST!

Jim Gunt: Summits for the pin! I hope he has him!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE--

KYUSEISHU KICKS OUT WITH A FRACTION OF A HAIR LEFT! The crowd lets out a furious boo.

Silas can barely stand up. Why hasn't Kyuseishu gone down yet! Pure willpower is keeping them going, but neither can put the other away! Kyuseishu eventually leans upward of his knees, level with Silas, and the two stare at each other. Kyuseishu spits to the side, as sweat pours from Silas.

Silas sprints to the ropes! Looking for a Knockout! Kyuseishu jumps up and sticks Silas between his legs for a Deeds of Saints! Silas grabs his arm and twists it, forcing them to release him! Kyuseishu pulls Silas forward! He lifts Silas up! OKLAHOMA STAMPEDE! AND SILAS IS FLAT ON HIS BACK!

Mike Rolash: Shades of Kyu's father "The Malice Man" Duke Williams.

Kyuseishu chuckles to himself as Silas doesn't move an inch, before they eye the referee. Kyu places one foot on the Canadian to pin him, and spreads his arms like Jesus on the cross...

...Summits doesn't count it.

The Holy Samurai realises the silence, and turns to Summits. He screams at the official, demanding that they count the pin. Summits, points to Silas' shoulders, and Kyuseishu grunts in frustration. He lifts Silas off his feet, brutalizing him with a short-arm lariat.

Jim Gunt: The Lord's Lariat! And now the Holy Samurai has Artoria turned upside down....DEEDS OF THE SAINTS!

Mike Rolash: Goodnight Silas!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Your winner by pinfall....KYUSEISHU!!

"Bastard Samurai" replays over the speakers as Kyuseishu slides out of the ring, sneering at the booing crowd as he raises his hands in the air. Silas slowly recovers, sighing as he watches the Samurai make his way back up the sandy rampway.

Horror and Brutality

Match

The scene switches to the backstage area where Tara Robinson stands in front of a CWF Presents: Paradise backdrop. With her mic ready, she gets her cue.

Tara Robinson: Coming up next at Paradise, the Tag Team titles are on the line as this man..

The camera pans back as we now see that Tara is joined by Byron Kaliban and the Most Known Unknowns.

Tara Robinson: Byron Kaliban leads the Most Known Unknowns, Espinoza and Martinez into battle as they challenge Dean Coulter and Sam Braxton, The Lost Boys for the CWF World Tag Team titles..

Tara awkwardly looks over to Espinoza who stands to her right, stoic and unmoving, while she holds the mic up for Byron to her left. A face painted Martinez seems to psych himself up as he paces from side to side behind them all.

Byron Kaliban: Tonight! The era of the Lost Boys come to an end and begins the era of MKU violence! Deano! Sammie! You two have been handpicked champions by this company and have been afforded luxuries and privileges for far too long but that ALL cease to exist right here TONIGHT! These two men are done sitting on their asses while you two coddle those belts! You wanna put me through a table? Well I hope you're prepared for the HORROR and BRUTALITY that these two!

Byson points towards his crew, his focus still firmly on the camera.

Byson Kaliban: The MKU! Are about to inflict upon your feeble existence...

"Givenchy" kicks up inside of the arena as a sinister grin forms on Byson's face..

Byson Kaliban: Gentlemen... it's time....

Tara is taken aback by Byson's laugh that awkwardly creeps out of his body. He walks off screen, Espinoza following menacingly behind.. Tara is almost relieved but Omar stops and eyes her up and down.. She cautiously brings the microphone to his mouth.. He examines it and scoffs before leaving to catch up with his comrades.

The Lost Boys (c) (Dean Coulter & Sam Braxton) vs. The Most Known Unknowns (Omar Martinez & Vince Espinoza)

Match

"Givenchy" continues to play throughout the arena as Ray Douglas stands in the center of the ring, ready to do his job. The camera pans around the ring, displaying tables set up on all four ring posts outside of the ring. Douglas speaks up.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is a Tables for 4 Match and is for the CWF World Tag Team Championships! Introducing first..

Byson saunters from behind the curtain and is soon followed by both Vince Espinoza and Omar Martinez. The fans shower them with disapproval which brings a smile to Byson's face as he casually strolls down the aisle.. The MKU slowly follow suit, Martinez nods his head to the beat as Vince has his focus solely on the ring.

Ray Douglas: They are the challengers... at a combined weight of four hundred fifty five pounds... being accompanied by Byson Kaliban! Vince Espinoza, Omar Martinez....THE MOST KNOWN UNKNOWNNS!!

The three men finally make it to the ring, Byson makes his way up the steps, Vince pulls himself up to the apron and Omar slides under the bottom rope. He's joined in the ring by Byson and Vince as they all stand unmoving in the center of the ring staring out at the crowd.

Jim Gunt: Well this is the first of two title matches that we have scheduled here tonight and what a contest this could turn out to be..

Mike Rolash: Yeah these two teams have been feuding off and on since Evolution 42. But my question Jimbo.. what exactly is a Tables For 4 Match?

Jim Gunt: Well from my understanding, it's an anything goes type brawl where you can only attempt victory on an opponent who's put through a table.

Mike Rolash: Well that'll be an interesting dynamic to pay attention too..

"Become the Enemy" by Like A Storm hits and Sam slides out onto the stage. He remains on his knees and waits for Dean to march onto the stage, standing behind him. Together they look around the arena and to the ring before Sam leaps to his feet, throws back the hood of his jacket

Ray Douglas: Their opponents at a combined weight of four hundred seventeen pounds! They are YOUR CWF WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! Dean Coulter, Sam Braxton....THE LOST BOYS!!

The champs remain at the top of the stage as the fans give them a resounding ovation.

Jim Gunt: Well the champs looking to take a slow approach to this match.

Mike Rolash: That's true.. the last time Sam went racing towards the ring, he was almost knocked out of his boots!

The champions slowly remove their respective ring jackets, the fans become riled up. Coulter looks confidently down towards their challengers as Braxton produces a flask and takes a swig. He offers Coulter a shot, he denies it and both men take off their titles.

Jim Gunt: Well it seems Sam needs something to take the edge off real quick.

Mike Rolash: I don't blame him, the way these two teams have been going at it.. This one isn't going to be pretty..

Byson makes his exit as Vince and Omar stand in the center of the ring, patiently waiting for the champs to make their move. Which they do, dropping the titles on the stage and racing towards the ring. Sliding underneath the rope, they pop to their feet and an instant brawl breaks out between the two teams. Braxton battles with Omar as Coulter slugs it out with Vince. Braxton gets the better of Martinez and throws him out of the ring as Dean has Vince trapped in the corner, throwing huge bombs his way. Braxton is over to help him as he clubs on Espinoza as well.. They take him to the middle of the ropes and whips him across the ring. No, Vince spins through, crossing their arms and drops them both with huge lariats! Not letting up, Vince snags Braxton from the mat and tosses him into a corner, lifting him up on the top turnbuckle.

Jim Gunt: Vince is looking to put Braxton out of this contest early with Diablo's Fury!

Mike Rolash: Anything goes in this match and you're not able to pin your opponent until you put them through a table. But this is a sound strategy, eliminating an opponent from the equation early.

Vince has Sam hooked for the Muscle Buster, pulling him from the corner and walking towards the center of the ring. But Braxton is able to wiggle free, landing on his feet. Vince stumbles into the ropes and turns where Sam and a recovering Dean charges and clotheslines him over the top rope and to the outside. Omar is back on the apron but Sam races to corner and springs off the middle rope before connecting with a dropkick to Omar's face. He crashes to the apron, back down to the floor. Sam pops back to his feet as he and Dean raise their hands in triumph, the Mexican fans cheer them on..

Jim Gunt: This Mexican crowd showing no support for their Hispanic brethren.

Mike Rolash: I hear there's beef between the Boricuas and the Chicanos but that is merely hearsay..

The MKU slowly get to their feet on opposite sides of the ring as the champs hit the far ropes from Vince. Dean suddenly switches direction and bounces off of the parallel ropes as Braxton flies over the top rope, taking Vince out with a plancha. Meanwhile, Dean comes sailing through the ropes, taking Omar back down with a suicide dive! The fans are on their feet, cheering the high flying ability of the champions as they both are quick to their feet and playing to the crowd.

Jim Gunt: STEREO DIVES BY THE TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS, TAKING OUT THE CHALLENGERS!

Mike Rolash: And now it looks like they're ready to introduce the wood..

The Lost Boys quickly strategizes at ringside and look to introduce the tables. Dean grabs one that is resting on the ring post and slides it inside of the ring. Braxton shoots a boot into Vince's masked covered face before introducing his own table into the ring. Martinez attacks Dean from behind as he tries to search under the ring but a chair to the gut sends him reeling. Espinoza is soon back to his feet and nearing Coulter but receives the same fate. Dean slides back inside as his partner throws weapons from under the apron into the ring. Coulter makes his way to one of the tables and begins to set it up in a corner. The MKU have both recovered on the outside and are now searching for their own weapons as Braxton enters the ring and sets the other table up in the corner opposite of Dean's.

Jim Gunt: We had a feeling that this match was going to get brutal and that's exactly what appears to be about to

happen.

Mike Rolash: These two teams have been at each other's throats for quite some time. The Lost Boys wanting a challenge.. the newly renamed MKU stepping up to the plate.

Omar grabs another table that leans against one of the posts and sets it up against the barricade. Vince reenters the ring, cookie sheet in hand. Dean rushes him but Vince jabs the sheet into his midsection before clobbering him across the head! Dean slumps to the mat and Braxton is now over with a trash can lid, crowning Vince with a brutal shot that echoes through the arena. A collective "OHHH!" resonates through the crowd as Vince doesn't go down but stares directly back at Braxton unfazed. Espinoza immediately responds with a shot to Sam's head with the cookie sheet. Dropping the lid, he stumbles into the ropes and a returning Martinez clocks him across the head with his own trash can lid! Dean is up and smacks Vince with another lid but he eats that as well and returns the favor with the cookie sheet, bending it horribly out of shape over Dean's head!

Jim Gunt: What can you do against a man like Espinoza. It's almost as if, he's welcoming the violence.

Mike Rolash: Well whatever that thing is on his head is... it's taking the majority of the force away from those shots.

The challengers now stalk around the ring, surveying the damage they've just done. Going to the corner, Martinez picks up a large chain that he found under the ring and commences to choking the life out of Coulter. Vince brings Braxton upright and tosses him through the ropes and to the outside. Finally done choking Dean, Martinez uses his foot to push Coulter underneath the rope and down to the floor near his partner. The champs slowly get vertical as Martinez steps to the apron and directs traffic. He points to the ropes and then to the Lost Boys. Vince nods and hits the ropes, rebounding he comes full speed at Sam and Dean and launches himself through the ropes, taking them both out with a suicide dive! The crowd can't help but applaud his athletic display just then.

Jim Gunt: Vince is a freak of nature. You see his size and think he can't possibly move the way that he does.

Mike Rolash: For a stocky guy such as him.. I can admit it's a bit impressive.

Vince is back to his feet, staring blankly into the crowd as a fired up Martinez is over to excitedly slap and push him in the chest. Martinez then heads over to Braxton and rolls him inside of the ring. He throws the apron skirt back and pulls out a trash can and throws it in the ring. He follows suit. Martinez is to his feet and has the trash can in his possession as Braxton rises up on his knees. Martinez brings the can violently into the top of his skull, sending Braxton slinking back down to the mat. He now spots Coulter trying to recover on the outside and walks to the ropes, then carelessly throws the trash can at Dean, smacking him in the face! Byron calmly walks near Dean and talks trash to him as Vince climbs back into the ring. Omar tells Vince he has Sam and to focus on Dean. Vince nods and exits the ring again as Omar brings Braxton up. Irish whip into the ropes, no, Sam reverses and takes Omar over on the rebound with a Cyclo-Rana! The force sending Omar sliding out of ring. Vince stops dead in his tracks from the cheers but that proves costly as Dean cracks him across the back of the skull with a steel chair!

Jim Gunt: Oh My Lord! Did you hear that chair shot!

Mike Rolash: Indeed I did but Vince is still standing!

Dean can be seen contemplating his next form of action when Vince suddenly spins and drops him with a huge right hand! Sam looks to go after Martinez who slowly crawls up the aisle. But he's caught by surprise by a charging Espinoza who sends him to the floor with a shoulder block! Martinez pops confidently back to his feet and goes on the attack. He brings Sam up and sends him crashing into the barricade. The Aussie has some fight left in him though as he fires back with a huge punch! Martinez stumbles back and Sam floors him a Jumping Roundhouse Kick! He switches his focus back to Espinoza who stands near the ring. Braxton points and comes charging like a madman at Espinoza. Vince is unmoving as Braxton nears but as soon as he's close, Espinoza ducks his shoulder and tosses Braxton high into the air. He clears the ropes and lands awkwardly on his arm inside of the ring! This would be the

point where the fans would chant, "Holy Shit!" but we're in Mexico so loud bells and bullhorns sound off like crazy!

Jim Gunt: Never in my days as a commentator have I ever seen anything like that!

Mike Rolash: He flung him into the air like an infant child...

Byson can be seen telling Sam to stay down as Vince climbs back inside. Omar soon joins him as well as he continues to bark orders in Spanish. Sam clutches at his left arm, Vince pulling him up by his hair and hooks him in a standing headscissors. Byson cheers them on from ringside as Espinoza lifts him up for a Powerbomb. He holds Braxton up in the air for a moment as Martinez bounces to get a running start. He hits the ropes, rebounds and is intercepted by a returning Dean Coulter, who lifts him off his feet and spins him through the air..

Jim Gunt: TRUE BLUE THUNDER BOMB!

The impact bounces Omar off of the canvas as he flips front first to the mat. Vince sense something awry and lifts Sam high into the air. But Braxton is able to wiggle free again, sliding down his back. Sam shoves him into a Dean Coulter dropkick that makes he stumbles back into a Braxton neckbreaker! Vince sits back up! The Lost Boys can't believe it.. They get back to their feet, rebound off opposite ropes and connect with stereo kicks to his chest and back. He's still unfazed as he rises to his feet. The look of irritation sets in on the tag champs' face when Dean is blindsided by a recovering Martinez. Braxton looks pissed as he hits the ropes again, he charges at Vince and is popped into the air and spiked with a Powerbomb.. Vince rolls him back through to his feet by his legs and creams him a lariat! Sam goes twisting through the air and comes down hard on the left arm, causing him to scream out.

Jim Gunt: Is there going to be any kind of way to take this monster down?

Mike Rolash: Did we ever officially get any backstory into these two men?

Jim Gunt: I don't think so Mike..

Mike Rolash: He's gotta be using performance enhancers.. But we all remember what he did to Elijah..

Dean for his part, is able to get the better of his exchange with Omar, sending him crashing to the outside. Dean switches focus to Vince who still stalks over Braxton. Grabbing the two trash can lids from the mat, Coulter races to his partners aid and claps the lids together around Vince's head. Espinoza pauses but Coulter doesn't let up as he goes ballistic, clapping the lids together repeatedly around Espinoza's head. Vince is dazed and drops to a knee. WIZARD OF AUS BY BRAXTON! VINCE IS DOWN! THE FANS GO NUTS! Espinoza rolls out of the ring as his partners enters into dangerous territory by getting back inside himself. He rest in a corner as all of the men are exhausted from the fight. The Lost Boys are positioned in the corner opposite Martinez as Coulter whips a still reeling Braxton towards him. Martinez sends Braxton up and over the top rope where he lands on the apron but he doesn't have enough time to recover as Dean barrels into him with a splash! Omar is out on his feet, Dean quickly lifting him onto his shoulders for a powerbomb, Sam climbs the top, still favoring his left arm but uses his other to take Martinez off Coulter's shoulders with a Somersault Neckbreaker!

Jim Gunt: FINAL DESTINATION 2 BY THE TAG CHAMPS BUT THEY HAVE YET TO PUT A CHALLENGER THROUGH A TABLE!

Mike Rolash: Well they better start breaking some wood if they plan on retaining those belts..

Vince is back up at ringside as Coulter pops back to his feet. He hits the ropes and comes flying at Vince with a suicide dive but Vince catches him with both hands around his throat.. Dean tries to break free but Vince effortlessly tosses him over the barricade and into the front row! A couple of fans catch him but they still go tumbling down to the floor. Vince turns his attention back to the ring where Omar and Sam are both still down and trying to recover. He enters the ring. But Braxton still has some fight as he's back up. He blasts Vince across the chest with a kick! Espinoza stumbles back but presses forward, Braxton connects with another one and Vince stumbles again. Sam then unleashes kick

after kick that backs Vince up into the ropes. Vince is reeling and Sam lets out a guttural yell before hitting the ropes, Vince quickly rebounds off the parallel ropes and meet Braxton in the middle of the ring, destroying him with the Pounce! The impact sends Braxton flying through the air and crashing to the mat as he slides out of the ring. Braxton is still on his feet on the outside as Omar springs to his feet and hits the ropes. Sprinting towards a groggy Braxton, Martinez sails through the ropes with a Tope Con Hilo, connecting with Sam and sending both men crashing through the table perched against the barricade! The fans erupt!

Jim Gunt: The first table has been broken and Sam is now eligible to be pinned!

Mike Rolash: This match is an all-out war right now and I'm enjoying every moment of it.

Both Braxton and Martinez lie still amongst the broken table as Byron is over to shout encouragement in Omar's direction. The Mexican fans are now shown going wild with air horns and other tools that echo throughout the arena. We get a split screen replay of what just took place as Martinez pulls himself from the rubble and crawls to the apron, using it to slowly get vertical. As we come back live, a returning Coulter blasts Vince with a big boot that sends him down to a knee on the outside. With haste, he rolls back in the ring and cuts an entering Omar off with a front facelock and pulls him through the ropes. As his feet dangle across the ropes, Coulter pulls him along the twine and near the table that's still positioned in the corner. As he still has Omar's head hooked, Coulter takes a running start and flips, sending Martinez twisting off ropes and back first through the propped up table with the SUNSHINE DRIVE! Dean's feet get tangled up in the ropes from his momentum and falls victim to a returning Espinoza who deadlifts him out of the ropes and up into a vertical suplex position. Taking a running start himself, Espinoza releases Coulter and he goes crashing backfirst into the other table that was setup across the ring! Dean lies slumped upside down in the table wreckage.

Jim Gunt: It's coming down to the wire and now three of these four men are eligible for pinfall.

Mike Rolash: Yeah but the odd man out is still standing inside of the ring.

Vince is indeed still standing but turns right into a SUPERKICK from Braxton. Vince drops down to a knee and Braxton connects with another Wizard of Aus(Shining Wizard)! Bodies and broken tables fill the ring as everyone is down, the fans cheering to the top of their lungs, Freddie simply waiting for someone to make a cover. However, Sam Braxton and Omar Martinez slowly stagger to a vertical base and back right into each other! Evidence of the brutal battle on display as blood trickle from both of their faces. They slowly turn and face each other as the fans chant, "CWF!" loudly.. They both looked out to the crowd and feed off of their energy as Omar connects a right hand. Braxton returns the favor, his left arm though, now completely limp. The fight however continues as both men exchange right hand after right hand. Braxton stops the exchange with a knee lift to Martinez's gut, he swings wildly again but Martinez blocks it and goes for a cutter. Sam shoves him off and he crashes to the canvas. Omar pops back up and catches a Roundhouse Kick to the head. He's dazed but doesn't go down. Braxton rebound off the ropes and eats a spinning back elbow from Martinez! Omar drops to the mat as Braxton stumbles around and slumps into the corner.

Jim Gunt: These men are fighting everything they have in them.

Mike Rolash: Oh shit! Here comes Vince!

Espinoza is back to his feet and charging across the ring, crushing Sam with an avalanche. He slumps to a seated position in the corner as Omar now charges in a drives his knee violently into Braxton's face! Omar isn't done though, sluggishly pulling Braxton out of the corner and locking him in the Dislocator(Rings of Saturn), pulling violently on his left arm. Dean slowly comes to as Sam's groans of pain awaken him. Trying to clear the cobwebs, a dazed and confused Coulter finds himself handcuffed to the bottom rope. The realization finally kicks in as he looks from his arm to a smiling Kaliban who has his elbows propped on the apron and waving at the restrained Coulter.

Jim Gunt: I think we all were wondering how Byron was going to come into play during this match and now.. I think we

have our answer...

Mike Rolash: He's gotta be the sneakiest son of a bitch, I've ever seen..

Dean shoots a frustrated kick through the ropes, catching Byron across the bridge of the nose when he suddenly hears the bell ring. He looks over at a yelling Braxton who has no other choice but to submit.

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners and NEWWW! CWF WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! MOST KNOWN UNKNOWNNS!

Omar releases the hold as Byron enters the ring holding his nose. Vince stoically moves to his right as Omar comes to his left. He raises their hands in victory to a jeering crowd.

Jim Gunt: And we have new tag team champions as the Most Known Unknowns have stolen their first taste of gold.

Mike Rolash: The way Vince was beasting out there tonight, I doubt Byron being at ringside wouldn't have mattered..

Jim Gunt: Yet he still got involved..

Mike Rolash: Either way.. New Champs bay bay!

Dean slaps the canvas in frustration as Sam holds his left arm on the mat.. The new champions have made their exit from the ring and up the aisle as the fans continue to boo them.. Byron comes to a stop at the top of the stage, picking the tag titles up and handing them to their new owners. The two never look back as the three men exit the arena and head through the curtains.

Autumn Raven (c) vs. Brandon Youngblood

Match

We get a full view of the Hell in a Cell as it's lowered into place around the ring. The Cancun humidity becoming dry as the day slowly shifts into night.

Mike Rolash: It is beyond me, how the crew were able to build support beams strong enough to hold that thing suspended in the air this entire evening.

Jim Gunt: Well we have an excellent ring crew here in CWF and we want to thank them for making this match possible here tonight in this open air stadium.

Mike Rolash: Phenomenal.. but with the cell now surrounding the ring, that can only mean one thing...

Jim Gunt: It's time for our second and final title match of the show as Impact Champion.. Autumn Raven defends against veteran newcomer and Inner Circle member, Brandon Youngblood..

Purple lights shine around the top of the ramp, fog rolling around it as the beginning lyrics of "Somewhere in Hollywood" by Sixx A.M. starts to play. The CWF Tron displaying a purple outlined black raven with her name floating over it.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is a Hell in a Cell Match and is for the CWF WORLD IMPACT CHAMPIONSHIP!

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

Ray Douglas: Making her way to the ring.. From Los Angeles, California! Weighing one hundred twenty five pounds... She is YOUR CWF WORLD IMPACT CHAMPION! "Beautiful Psychopath"... AUTUMN RAVEN!

Jim Gunt: Autumn requested this match as an attempt to keep the Inner Circle from interfering.. Do you think it was a

good idea Mike?

Mike Rolash: I'll give Autumn props on everything she's accomplished since stepping out of Silas' shadow.. However Youngblood is a wily veteran who likes to inflict pain and punishment on his opponents for the sake of just doing it. She may be trapped inside of that cell with a caged lion.

She steps inside of the cell and walks around the ring, glaring at the fans at ringside before sliding under the bottom rope and leaping to her feet, giving the crowd a smug smile. She runs to the corner turnbuckles, climbing to the second one and unstraps her title. She taunts the crowd and flings her arms out to the sides once again before climbing down. She begins to psych herself up as "Black Static" by HEALTH starts up over the speakers and the fans immediately come to their feet to boo. Youngblood steps through the curtain and soaks in the reaction from the crowd.

Ray Douglas: The challenger.. making his way to the ring.. Weighing two hundred eighty five pounds! From Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada! Representing the Inner Circle... BRANDON YOUNGBLOOD!

Confident as ever, he struts towards the cell and enters, soon rolling into the ring where Raven pounces right on him with wild swings! Douglas grabs the discarded Impact Championship and hurries out of the cell as "Big" Denny signals for the bell. Raven unload forearm bombs onto Youngblood who tries to cover up from the assault.

Jim Gunt: The champ getting the jump on the challenger at the onset of this contest.

Mike Rolash: Smart strategy by Autumn as she's gonna have to find a way to keep her bigger opponent down.

Youngblood manages to get vertical in the corner as Autumn continues to swing wildly at him. Carefully picking his spot, Brandon manages to shoot a boot into Autumn's midsection, putting a halt to her onslaught. She stumbles back and he blasts her across the chest with a knife edge chop that sends her reeling and stumbling through the ropes. She lands on the apron and Youngblood is over to bring her upright by the hair. He pulls her throat first across the top rope before getting back to his feet and hitting the far ropes. He rebounds and comes barreling into a recovering Autumn, sending her flying from the ring apron and crashing into the cell!

Jim Gunt: AUTUMN CRASHING HARD INTO THE CELL!

Mike Rolash: That thing has got to feel like a cheese grater.. Autumn Raven's face sliding down the cell and Youngblood now on the outside stalking his opponent.

Youngblood brings Raven upright and goes to slam her face first into the cell but she blocks it and drives an elbow into his gut. He quickly recovers and clubs her with a forearm across the back. She drops to a knee but Brandon brings her back up by the hair and tries his luck on the other side but Raven once again blocks it and now fires a right hand that stuns her challenger. With all her might, she sends Youngblood crashing into the cell by the back of his head. She's not finished as she turns him around and bounces his face off of the ring post. The fans cheer her on as she isn't done, taking him across ringside and bouncing his head off of the steel cell once more. The force of the impact sends him bouncing off of the fencing and into the ring post, crashing to the floor.

Jim Gunt: Autumn is catching fire and can she keep this up?

Mike Rolash: If anyone believes that she can, it's her.. She's been on a roll since becoming Impact Champion and doesn't want that momentum to stop here tonight.

Autumn walks around at ringside as Youngblood uses the fencing to get upright. Autumn throws back the ring skirt and soon pulls out a table. The fans erupt with admiration as she lifts the table and slides it inside of the ring but Youngblood is up on the other side and now grabbing at the table. Autumn is infuriated as she releases her grip and races around ringside towards Brandon but gets dropped with a hard lariat. With an eerie calmness about himself, Brandon brings Autumn up and rolls her into the ring. He then grabs the table and goes to slide it further into the ring but the Beautiful Psychopath pops to her feet and hits the ropes.. Using a baseball slide dropkick, she sends the table,

smacking into Youngblood's chest and he goes crashing back first into the cell!

Jim Gunt: Oh my, how creative is Autumn Raven?

Mike Rolash: Desperate times called for desperate measures right then..

Autumn is on the outside with the apron up yet again as she pulls out a mini ladder! The Mexican fans go crazy as they are really starting to get into the action. She moves along ringside towards Youngblood who now has a chair of his own and drives the ladder into his gut before he's able to swing. The chair clacks off the ground as Raven brutally begins to drive the ladder into Youngblood's midsection repeatedly as he's trapped against the cell. Finally done, Autumn goes to slide the ladder into the ring. This allows Brandon time to recover as he's back to his feet, steel chair in hand and sending it crashing into Raven's back! She slumps against the apron as a still stunned Youngblood leans against the cell wall. Now fully recovered and with a handful of hair, he sends her crashing into the cell. She bounces off and he drops her to the floor with another brutal knife edge chop! The Pariah brings her back vertical as the wall is now her only support. He blisters her chest with another chop. One more for good measure as she slides down the cell to a seated position.

Jim Gunt: Those legendary chops of Youngblood are echoing through this place!

Mike Rolash: Which is a great feat within itself, giving that Autumn is wearing a shirt and we're in an open air stadium.

Youngblood moves along ringside and grabs the chair from earlier. He places it in a seated position and goes back over to Autumn, methodically stalking her as she groggily rises. He hooks her from behind with a Half Nelson.. In a panic, she fires elbows into Brandon's face forcing him to release his grip. With a screaming yell, she uses all of her strength to shove Youngblood past the chair and into the cell. She takes a moment to gather her bearings as she walks in the opposite direction of Youngblood. When she finally gets it together she takes a running start towards Brandon and steps off the chair like a springboard!

Jim Gunt: Cannonball splash by Autumn that sends Brandon hard into the cell!

Mike Rolash: She's willing to do whatever it takes here tonight Jimmy.

For what it's worth, Autumn didn't come out of the encounter unscathed as she's upside on the floor, her legs propped on the cell. Davidson is quickly outside of the ring to check on both competitors to make sure they are able to continue and gets a positive response from them both. He moves out of the way as they both use the cell wall to get vertical. The fans are firmly behind Raven as she's the first to her feet. She's over to Brandon and shoots a boot to his gut, doubling him over. Going back to the ring, she moves the ladder and table out of the way before struggling to get Youngblood back in the ring. She finally does and follows suit. Youngblood staggers to a vertical base but is quickly dropped with a Superman Forearm Strike. She goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Brandon kicks out.

Jim Gunt: The champion almost pulling out the victory just then but Youngblood able to get the shoulder up.

Mike Rolash: You'd have to think, maybe Youngblood came into this overconfident.. Autumn has been impressive so far in this match.

Autumn breathes heavily as she slowly rises to her feet, she goes to the corner and begins to ascend to the top as the fans cheer her on. Youngblood is back vertical and stops her with a right hand to the face. Another has her slumped over on the top turnbuckle. Youngblood takes advantage and butterflies her arms. With amazing strength, he deadlifts her from the corner and sends her crashing into the mat with a suplex! Autumn arches her back in pain as Brandon's

quickly over to hook her legs for the pin..

ONE!

TWO!

Autumn gets her shoulder off the mat! The force of the impact does a bit of damage to Youngblood as he now clutches at his midsection. Meanwhile, Autumn takes the chance to crawl across the ring and use the corner ropes to help her to her feet. Youngblood pops to his feet and charges at Autumn but she gets a boot up to stop him. He staggers back and she hurriedly springs to the top and twists backwards through the air, taking Brandon down with a Corkscrew Body Splash! She stays on top for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: And a kickout by Youngblood!

Mike Rolash: Couldn't have gotten any closer without the bell ringing as Raven almost defeated the Last Diamond to retain.

Raven rolls out of the ring and searches underneath again. She ends up pulling out another chair. She opens it up and places it in a seated position as she goes back to Youngblood who's rolled her way. She pulls him out of the ring and hooks him for a suplex. She's unable to bring him up though, due to his size and the pain shooting through her back. He suddenly takes control, breaking free of her grasps and snatches her off her feet.. Carrying her towards the chair, he drops her spine first across it with a modified Backbreaker! Raven screams out as the chair collapsed and bends horribly under her weight. Youngblood is emotionless as he stares out at the crowd who boos him relentlessly. We then get replay after replay of the brutal move as back live, Youngblood pulls Raven to her feet.

Mike Rolash: This has gotta be over.. Brandon just needs to get her in the ring and finish this thing.

Jim Gunt: Whatever Autumn had in mind, Brandon Youngblood just put an end to it, proving he was one step ahead.

Youngblood has Raven rolled back inside of the ring and goes for the cover as Davidson over make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Raven's able to kick out. Youngblood rolls out of the ring and grabs another chair. He gets back inside and stalks the Beautiful Psychopath as she crawls on her hands and knees. He brings the chair up and cracks her across the back violently. She drops to the mat. Youngblood stalks her again as she tries to rise again and begins to slam repeated, methodical shots to her back with the chair! Finally done as the chair begins to bend out of shape, the Last Diamond tosses it aside, Raven lies sprawled on the mat. He shoots the half and goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Right now, Youngblood is doing whatever he wants to the Impact Champion.

Mike Rolash: He's made her back his target of choice and executing this game plan perfectly.

Youngblood is back up and drops a knee directly into her skull, he connects with another just to be sure. Youngblood

turns his attention to the ladder in the corner and goes to retrieve it. Brandon ignores the fans as they try to rally behind the Impact Champion. Brandon has the ladder down on the mat, pulling one side up and locking it in place. He then heads back for Raven, pulling her towards the ladder and placing her body between it. He compresses the ladder down on top of Raven as her head pops through one of the rungs. She yells in pain as he moves around, leaps up and stomps down on the end of the ladder, driving it forcefully onto Raven! He frees her and attempts another pinfall.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Frustration starts to set in on Youngblood's face as he begins to wonder what's it gonna take to keep her down. He doesn't waste time though as he locks on a side headlock and begins grinding and wrenching on her neck. The fans start to clap in unison and Raven feeds off of the energy, starting to fight for her release. She wills her way to her feet and fires elbows into Brandon's gut. He lets go of his grip and Autumn starts swinging right hands that bring the fans up to their feet. She backs Youngblood into the ropes and shoots him across. No, reversal by Brandon but Autumn explodes off the ropes with a clothesline. Brandon hits the mat but is quickly back up, only to be dropped with another clothesline! Youngblood pops to his feet again but Raven spins around his body and drops him with a Sling Blade! She goes for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Autumn almost pulled it off with that one but Youngblood refusing to stay down.

Mike Rolash: She's finally caught a break but will she be able to capitalize?

Autumn sits on the canvas, clutching her back in pain as she tries to get upright. Brandon rolls to the ropes and uses them to get vertical as Raven is finally up. She's move in on Youngblood, looking for the beginning stages of Nevermore as she leaps onto his back for a Backstabber! Brandon has a firm grip on the ropes and Raven smacks the canvas back first. She arches up in pain once more, rolling to her stomach. He moves in and locks his arms around her waist and deadlifts her off the mat and plants her into the canvas with a German Suplex, holding on for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Youngblood sits up beside Autumn's downed body, a smirk almost forming on his face. It's almost as if he's impressed. He gets to his feet and brings Autumn up by her hair, she shoves him off and sends a swift kick straight to his groin. Grabbing his nuts, Brandon falls to the mat and Autumn lets a banshee like scream roar from our body. The fans cheer her on as she goes to get the chair that Brandon used earlier on her. She slams it across his back with reckless abandon as he was trying to get vertical. Spasms shoot through his back and Autumn drills him with another shot. With malice in her eyes, she now repeatedly connects with chair shots to his back. Youngblood drops his to hands and knees as Autumn clocks him one final time before going for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: And Youngblood able to kick out after the relentless assault by Raven with the steel chair.

Mike Rolash: Look at her eyes man, they're glossed over.. I think she's gone to a darker place within herself.

Autumn goes to the corner and slowly begins to climb to the top. When she finally makes it, Youngblood is right there to hit the ropes, forcing her to lose balance. She crashes and burns horribly, landing on the mat. Youngblood takes the time to collect himself, then moves in on Raven. He lifts her up onto his shoulders, he flips her off and drives her back first into his knee. Brandon slumps to the canvas, exhaustion starting to set in, making him unable to go for the pin right off the bat. Instead he slowly gets to his feet, using every bit of free time that he has. Once up to his feet, he begins to stalk Raven as she staggers to her feet and backs right into Youngblood's clutches. He hooks her for his patented Half Nelson Suplex but she quickly reverses with an arm drag. They both roll through to their feet and Brandon charges forward with a lariat.. Raven ducks behind him.

Jim Gunt: AUTUMN CONNECTS WITH THE FIRST PART OF NEVERMORE! BUT SHE CAN'T ROLL THROUGH TO FINISH THE SIGNATURE HOLD!

Mike Rolash: She usually flips her opponent over into a crossface but the damage done to her back is making it nearly impossible at the moment.

Autumn however isn't deterred as she staggers back upright and then drags Youngblood towards a corner. Now going across the ring, she picks up the chair and slams it down hard on top of the Pariah's chest when she returns.. She climbs the corner and sizes Brandon up as the fans are too their feet.. She leaps off and flips through mid air beautifully as she connects with the Anti-Hero onto the chair covered chest of Youngblood! She screams and clutches at her back upon impact but quickly falls back on top of her challenger with the backpress.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Autumn along with the Mexican fans are in disbelief that that wasn't it. She looks Denny in the eyes as he confirms the count, a look of disappointment now on her face. She lies flat on her back, trying to gather herself. She finally does, rolling to the apron and placing her feet on the floor. She grabs the table that was pushed out to ringside and slides it back inside of the ring. She rolls back in herself and begins to set the table up in a corner.

Jim Gunt: What could Autumn be thinking about going for right now?

Mike Rolash: I have no clue but Youngblood has taken all that she's got and still keeps kicking.

Autumn's chest heaves up and down heavily as he makes her way towards a rising Youngblood. Grabbing him by the back of the head, she slams him face first into the table and sets him up against it. She races across the ring, comes charging it at Youngblood. He gets the boot up and sends her staggering back. Brandon pulls himself from the table and moves in on Raven.. CLAW OF THE NIGHT! The superkick from Raven sends Brandon propped back against the table. Raven races towards the opposite corner again and charges at Brandon with no regards. Youngblood himself recovers, explodes out of the corner, meets Autumn in the center of the ring and lifts her up off her feet, spins through the air and plants her with a SPINEBUSTER! He isn't done though as he's looking for the overkill. Still having ahold of Autumn he gets back to his feet, deadlifting her lifeless corpse up along with him. He easily twists her in the air and now has her hooked in a half nelson and drags her near the table. Without a care in the world, he flips her violently neck and shoulders first into the table as it explodes into splinters. Deafening boos resound through the open air arena as Youngblood drags her out and falls on top for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Davidson signals for the bell.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner and NEWWWW! CWF WORLD IMPACT CHAMPION! BRANDON YOUNGBLOOD!

The cell begins to rise as the ringside attendant ducks underneath it to hand the title to the Davidson. "Black Static" kicks back in as an exhausted Youngblood rises off of Raven and receives his newly won Impact Championship. He looks at it as Davidson tries to raise his hand in victory. Youngblood snatches away and examines his new hardware. He scoffs and tosses it out of the ring where it crashes to the floor. He then rolls out of the ring and picks it back up and drags it along the steel rampway as he makes his way to the back.

Jim Gunt: Well ladies and gentlemen we've witnessed our second title change, in our second and last title match of the evening. It seems there are big changes on the horizon for Championship Wrestling Federation.

Mike Rolash: Impressive win by Brandon Youngblood but you can't discredit the former champ as she fought with everything she had.

Jim Gunt: Indeed she did, I'm just disappointed that now we have a champion who could care less about being the champion.

Mike Rolash: The Last Diamond has made a career on simply beating people up and he continued that trend here tonight.

Ataxia vs. The Shadow

Match

Jim Gunt: And now a...Buried at Sea match?

Mike Rolash: I'm not even going to ask...

The camera switches to Blake Church, who is sitting in a floating blow-up chair.

Blake Church: Thank you for the opportunity to answer you, Mike. Basically take an olympic size pool and put a ring on top of it on floating platforms.

A bird's eye view of the pool shows the ring in the middle of the pool.

Charles State: There are several coffins strapped to the side of the ring, so Ataxia and The Shadow have a choice of coffins, and there also are a few ladders strapped to them.

The camera now shows the utilities on the side before moving upwards.

Blake Church: Above we have some rigging and two yet to be uncovered structures, I have absolutely no idea what is up there.

Charles State: And over at the edges of the pool you have a complete arsenal of weapons, so either man will have to swim there to get and use them.

Blake Church: I think that's the match in a nutshell, back to you folks!

Jim Gunt: Alright, so now we know this, too.

Mike Rolash: The matches between those two are getting weirder and weirder...

Jim Gunt: So Ray Douglas is in the ring, well, on the side of the ring, so let's see what this is going to be like.

Ray is at the edge of the pool, ready to go.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, our next match is a Buried at Sea match. The goal is to get the opponent into one of the coffins on the side of the ring, close the lid and then have it sink to the bottom of the pool!

Mike Rolash: What? How?

Ray Douglas: There are anchors attached to the side of the pool and they have to affix one of them to the bottom of the coffin, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Oh, OK.

Ray Douglas: First to the ring, hailing from Burlap City, he is the Messiah Pariah - ATAXIA!

His trademark cackle sounds across the Zona Hotelera and "Dangerous Tonight" by Alice Cooper starts to play. The cameraman turns this way and that, but there is no movement anywhere. Suddenly a periscope emerges from the pool, swiveling around before the conning tower of a submarine breaks through the water surface.

The camera switches to Mike, who is standing on the announce desk is looking over at the pool incredulously.

Mike Rolash: Where the hell did that come from??

The hatch opens and Ataxia climbs out, arms spread wide, with the crowd's reaction being more than just mixed. He nimbly jumps down onto one of the coffin pontoons and poses for the crowd.

Jim Gunt: You can think about Ataxia what you want, he knows how to make an entrance!

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, hailing from Calgary, Alberta, Canada. He is the Weaver of Dreams - THE SHADOW!

Primordial's "Wield Lightning to Split the Sun" begins to play and once again the cameraman is trying to find the man and once again he cannot find him. Suddenly the lid of the coffin Ataxia is standing on flies open throwing the Masked Menace off balance and The Shadow sits up in it.

Jim Gunt: Whoa! And so does The Shadow!

As The Shadow stands up in the coffin, Ataxia is steadying himself against the edge of the ring. Referee Nicky McArthur is motioning for Sal Giardino to ring the bell.

Jim Gunt: And now we are officially off! Ataxia with a kick to the chest of The Shadow that sends him into the pool! This is going to be a wet one.

Ataxia climbs into the ring and takes off his raven mask and coat, while The Shadow swims over to the edge of the pool. As the Messiah Pariah deposits his accessories in one ring corner, he suddenly gets hit in the head by bolas, the rope wrapping itself around his neck.

Mike Rolash: Holy! He might suffocate before the match really starts! He is down!

The impact knocks Ataxia off his feet and he frantically tries to untangle the bolas' rope from around his neck. All the while The Shadow is swimming back to the ring with a kendo stick in hand.

Jim Gunt: Looks like The Shadow is not giving Ataxia any room to breathe tonight, pun not intended!

Mike Rolash: No kidding! Ataxia still doesn't have the rope all the way untangled and The Shadow is already on him!

A dripping Shadow is standing over the Messiah Pariah and brings down the wet kendo stick hard across the back of his former friend and ally, briefly halting all attempts at getting rid of the bolas. Not wasting any time he brings the weapon down again and again until it finally breaks. Carelessly tossing aside the remnants, The Shadow walks over to one of the coffins and opens its lid.

Jim Gunt: He really is not wasting any time, he wants this to be done and over with!

Mike Rolash: Jim...

Jim Gunt: Yes?

Mike Rolash: Something under that black cloth just moved.

Jim Gunt: Above the ring?

Mike Rolash: Y-y-yes. I don't like this!

The Shadow has Ataxia by the scruff of his neck and is dragging him over towards the opened coffin, but a hit to The Shadow's face with the bolas puts an end to this effort. Seizing the opportunity, Ataxia grabs The Shadow and slings him towards the ropes.

Jim Gunt: He goes through the ropes and crashes into the lid of the coffin, breaking it right off its hinges and like that Ataxia has gained the upper hand!

Mike Rolash: Not necessarily, he's still in the ring trying to regain his breath. That was a close one for him! But where's The Shadow now?

Ataxia seems to be wondering the same as he leans through the ropes to see, where his opponent is at. The ring rocking slightly alerts him to something happening behind him, but before he manages to come back into the ring and turn, The Shadow already nails him with a running drop kick!

Jim Gunt: Hammer of the Gods! He swam under the ring and came in on the other side, ingenious move!

Mike Rolash: Ataxia bounces back from the ropes and beautiful transition into a tilt-a-whirl slam by The Shadow! He is on fire, I must say.

He is about to grab Ataxia again when something above the ring, under the black canvas gets his attention.

Mike Rolash: Finish him off, for God's sakes!

Jim Gunt: He is going for a ladder!

With a little difficulty he unclamps the ladder and drags it up into the ring. He sets it up to the side and begins to ascend towards the rigging above the ring. Standing right on top of the ladder he barely manages to reach one corner of the canvas. He manages to grab a hold of it when suddenly the ladder is taken out from underneath him by Ataxia pushing it over! Barely holding on to the canvas, The Shadow comes tumbling down into the ring hard, taking the canvas with him and the crowd lets out a loud gasp!

Jim Gunt: Oh my God!

Mike Rolash: I cannot believe this!

Crowd: HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Jim Gunt: Ladies and Gentlemen, above the ring in a cage we have a bound and gagged Myfanwy, undoubtedly brought there by Ataxia to taunt The Shadow!

Mike Rolash: And he doesn't even know it yet, both him and Ataxia are trapped under that canvas and from the looks of it are having a real slugfest!

Under the heavy canvas no details can be made out other than the two men tearing at each other, while referee Nick McArthur tries to get the heavy fabric out of the way. Eventually he manages to show Ataxia having his hands around The Shadow's neck, pounding his head repeatedly into the canvas of the ring. A muffled scream from above briefly distracts both men and as The Shadow sees Myfanwy in the cage above, he lets out a primordial roar and pulling Ataxia down by his collar plants a hard headbutt right into his forehead.

Jim Gunt: I see blood on his eyebrow!

Mike Rolash: Could have been the headbutt, could have been the fall, who knows?

He plants an uppercut right into Ataxia's jaw, sweeping him aside, as he scrambles to his feet, trying to get the ladder set up again. He only gets halfway up this time, though, as Ataxia hits the ladder with full force, sending the ladder into the top rope, where it bounces back and The Shadow goes over the rope, landing on top of a coffin. Immediately Ataxia takes to the ropes and runs across the ring.

Jim Gunt: Dropkick through the ropes and both men are in the pool now!

Mike Rolash: This reminds me of the games in the lake, when you would try to push your friends under water.

Jim Gunt: Well, they kind of try that, too, but I really hope that you guys never hit each other like that!

Mike Rolash: Hm. From what I remember, I think I was the only one that got hit in the head all the time.

Jim Gunt: That explains things.

Fans are now pushing towards the pool for a better view and security has their hands full to keep them from reaching the weapon stashes or even the pool itself. Ataxia and The Shadow have disentangled themselves and are climbing onto the edge of the pool, just separated by one of the weapon stashes. They both dive for the stash immediately and pull out...

Jim Gunt: Pool noodles? Seriously?

Mike Rolash: Who put those in there?

After two harmless swats Ataxia jumps at The Shadow, taking him by surprise. He wraps the pool noodle around his neck, trying to cut off the air flow, but the rigidity of the noodle proves to be inefficient. Bringing his legs up, The Shadow vaults Ataxia over him. As Ataxia hits the side of the pool hard and slides into the water, The Shadow runs over to one of the pillars of the rigging and begins to climb up.

Mike Rolash: He should follow up with Ataxia!

Jim Gunt: Well, his priorities are clearly with someone else!

As he reaches the top, he balances across the trusses towards the cage. He tears at the lock, but it does not budge, the precarious foothold not helping. A flash of yellow streaks through the air, hitting The Shadow in the temple, enough to throw him off balance.

Mike Rolash: And down he goes into the water! But he hit the cage with his head first! What was that to begin with?

The camera zooms in on a rubber chicken bouncing into the ring as Ataxia climbs back off a coffin into the ring. Seeing that The Shadow is nowhere to be seen, Ataxia grabs the ladder and sets it up underneath the second canvas-covered structure. Reaching just the corner as well, he pulls on the black fabric and a second cage appears, holding a motionless DJ.

Jim Gunt: Wow, all of this says endgame right here, with all the puzzle pieces right here!

Mike Rolash: What happens, if one of them just doesn't surface anymore?

Jim Gunt: We have divers at the bottom of the pool with oxygen for that case.

Mike Rolash: Oh, someone thought of everything!

Jim Gunt: Yeah, our insurance company....

Ataxia jumps off the ladder, barely reaching the rigging. He is trying to pull himself up, but his wet hands cannot find a grip and he slides off, letting himself drop back into the ring. As he turns around, The Shadow is at the edge of the ring

the wound on his eyebrow now having expanded to his temple and the water of the pool and the blood forming a crimson flow. Immediately Ataxia launches himself forward, but The Shadow avoids the punch and instead drops down, leveling Ataxia with a leg sweep from under the bottom rope. As the masked man goes down, The Shadow jumps up and using the top rope jumps off and brings both knees down hard into Ataxia's stomach, who yells in pain upon the impact.

Jim Gunt: Yeah, there is no love lost between these two men.

Rolling through and jumping to his feet, The Shadow right away rushes in and pulls Ataxia up.

Mike Rolash: Swinging neckbreaker! I don't think I've ever seen The Shadow this intense!

Jim Gunt: No kidding. Ataxia is back to his feet, but he clearly is not all there right now. Another Hammer of the Gods right to the head!

The running drop kick hits Ataxia square in the head and the Messiah Pariah goes flying out of the ring and over the coffins right into the water, where he sinks.

Mike Rolash: Is this the end?

Jim Gunt: It could be, what is that?

Something black and yellow can be seen in the water and suddenly Ataxia pops back to the surface, an inflatable life preserver around his waist with a duck head wearing a burlap mask!

Mike Rolash: Oh good Lord...

Jim Gunt: Hahaha, now this is genius! And why am I not surprised either??

Ataxia is barely stirring floating in the water and The Shadow swings himself into the ropes and runs across the ring, jumping off with a suicide dive that aims right at Ataxia, but just before the impact Ataxia brings up his fist and nails The Shadow right into the jaw with an uppercut! Ataxia paddles himself back to the ring while The Shadow struggles for a moment to resurface.

Jim Gunt: I really don't see how anybody is going to get anyone into a coffin here...

Mike Rolash: Like I said, someone is going to drown here.

The Shadow drags himself to the edge of the pool, while Ataxia lays in the ring, trying to catch his breath, coughing and choking. He walks over to the edge of the rigging and climbs up again, slowly making his way past the first cage and coming to a stop right above Ataxia. He looks down at his downed opponent, closes his eyes and spreads his arms.

Mike Rolash: Oh no, he is not going to...

Crowd: Jump! Jump! Jump!

As if heeding the crowd's wishes The Shadow takes a deep breath and jumps off with a swanton bomb, connecting hard with Ataxia, who is just getting to his hands and knees.

Jim Gunt: FLIGHT OF THE NIGHT DEMON!

Crowd: HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Mike Rolash: I stand corrected, they won't drown, but kill each other instead!

Both men are down and barely moving from the impact.

Crowd: This is awesome! This is awesome!

Jim Gunt: I must agree, when these two get into the ring, permanent damage is a definitive possibility!

The Shadow is the first to stir, using the ropes to pull himself to his feet. After a brief look at Ataxia he ducks between the ropes, opening one of the coffins.

Mike Rolash: He's getting ready!

As he straightens back up and turns, though, all he sees is a ladder coming his way. Ataxia has come to in the meantime and spinning with the ladder on his shoulders, nailing The Shadow right in the side of the head with it, sending him back down, opening him up above the ear.

Jim Gunt: And he throws the ladder into the pool, looks like he is getting ready to end this!

Cackling like a madman he drags The Shadow to his feet and over towards the coffin. But just as he tries to sling him through the ropes, The Shadow puts his arm over the top rope, stopping Ataxia in his track, eliciting a cheer from the crowd that has moved in all around the pool by now. Still bleeding profusely, The Shadow grabs Ataxia and delivers a German suplex that drives the masked man's shoulders and back of head into the mat. Immediately he pulls him back up, pushing him back up onto the top corner before climbing up himself.

Mike Rolash: This will NOT end well for someone!

With some great effort he moves Ataxia and positions himself for what appears to be a back suplex.

The Shadow: And this shall be - the end...

With these words he lets himself fall backwards, pulling Ataxia with him. Ataxia hits the inside of the coffin hard while The Shadow kind of bounces off its edge. The crowd let's out a pained "oooh", but The Shadow manages to cling onto the side of the coffin for a moment, then laboriously hoists himself back up onto the apron. He slams closed the lid of the coffin and jumps into the water again, diving down. An underwater camera catches him as he hooks the anchor to the bottom of the coffin and then releases the latch that was holding the anchor in place underneath the ring.

Mike Rolash: This could be the end!

Jim Gunt: Well yeah, he exactly said so!

The coffin quickly sinks to the bottom of the ring and The Shadow drags himself back into the ring, barely able to get himself out of the water. The referee quickly checks over the edge of the ring and then signals for the bell to be rung as The Shadow collapses.

Ray Douglas: And the winner of the Buried at Sea match - THE SHADOW!

One of the divers in the pool unhooks the coffin after not being able to open the lid and together with two others brings the coffin back to the surface. With great effort they manage to pry the coffin open, but it is empty!

Mike Rolash: WHAT??

Jim Gunt: He is - GONE!?

The crowd is murmuring at these news, but The Shadow, who has managed to catch his breath just enough is back on his feet. He takes the ladder and sets it up. With shaky legs he drags himself up the rungs. Myfanwy is yanking at the ropes, the sound of which seemingly giving The Shadow just enough energy to make the last leap from the ladder to the rigging. On the edge Sanford Thibodaux is climbing up the edge of the rigging with a bolt cutter, handing it over to The Shadow, who cuts the lock off the cage and then proceeds to cut the ropes holding Myfanwy. He gently takes out the gag and the camera fades out as they share an embrace after her long captivity.

Inner Circle (Dan Ryan (c) & Lindsay Troy (c) vs. Mia Rayne & Duce Jones

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is a tag team match set for one fall with no time limit and is tonight's MAAAAIIIIINNNNN

EVENT!

Mike Rolash: Here we go, Jimmy! Been a wild night so far, to say the least, but it's time for the Inner Circle to prove a month ahead of time that Duce and Mia have no shot in hell at taking the titles off the them!

Jim Gunt: That remains to be seen, Mike, but we're about to either see that or see Rayne and Jones tear a couple of chunks out of the asses of CWF's first family!

The opening of "Committed" by One-Eyed Doll blasts over the PA as the lights all go out, plunging the entire arena into pitch darkness, save for one, lone, icy blue spotlight that shines bright on the stage. A lone figure comes dancing out into the spotlight, skipping frantically to the beat and collapsing in the middle of the spotlight as the music crescendos.

Ray Douglas: First, from Tonawanda, she is the One Woman Party Favor. The Two Thousand and NIIINETEEN GOLDEN INTENTIONS RUMBLE WINNER....MIIIAAAA RAYNE!!

Mia Rayne hops up to her feet and curtsies to the delight to most in the crowd. She skips down to the ring, her arms swinging freely at her sides and pauses once she gets to the ring, placing her hands on the apron and gazing up at nothing in particular with a mad expression in her eyes and a maniacal smile on her lips. She licks her lips savoring the moment and slides into the ring, laughing as she rolls under the rope and crawls over to the closest corner, rocking back and forth to the music and laughing at anyone who dares make eye contact with her.

Jim Gunt: Cancun is in love with Mia Rayne!

Mike Rolash: They're all probably just as high as she is...

The fans are buzzing as a voice begins to speak through the PA system.

"And the whole world loves it when you sing the blues... Da. Da.. Da. Da. Da...."

The opening sounds of "Godspeed" by Don Trip begins to play as the lights inside of the arena turn a crimson hue color, soon the stage filling up with smoke. After about a minute of waiting, Duce Jones slowly emerges through the fog, instantly inciting a mixed response, but mostly cheers from the Cancun crowd.

Ray Douglas: And her partner, from Memphis, Tennessee, he is the Kid That Never Dies....DUCE JONES!!

Slowly making his way towards the ring, Jones takes in the beautiful atmosphere of the Cancun Beach setting, as he soon makes it to ringside. Climbing onto the apron, Duce goes to the corner to his right, climbing onto the second rope and peering out into the crowd. Finally done, he jumps over the top rope, landing inside of the ring and removes his hooded vest. Jones hands the vest over to the timekeeper and goes back to Mia Rayne, conversing with her about the match ahead.

Jim Gunt: Duce Jones and Mia Rayne, quite the interesting tandem when you think about it, Mike. Duce was part of the reason that Mia went on hiatus after delivering a horrendous head shot to her, eventually turning her into Loki Synn. But after everything that happened, tonight they go full circle and team against arguably the most decorated team in CWF today.

Mike Rolash: Arguably? You realize Brandon Youngblood won the Impact Title from Autumn Raven earlier tonight, right, Jim? Or were you asleep that entire match? EVERY SINGLE MEMBER of the Inner Circle is holding singles gold now, there is literally no other stable in professional wrestling that can hold a candle to those three.

The opening clap-stomp beats of "Watch Me" by The Phantoms hit the speakers as the fans jump to their feet. There's a decidedly negative reaction as they wait for Lindsay Troy to step through the curtain. The Queen of the Ring doesn't keep them in suspense for too long; as soon as the lyrics kick in, she strides out onto the stage with a smirk on her face.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents, first from Tampa, Florida, she is the Queen of the Ring....LINDSAY TROY!!

Mike Rolash: You're damned right she's the Queen of the Ring and...she's the queen of my heart as well.

Jim Gunt: Aww Mike, are you getting emotional?

Mike Rolash: I can't help it Jim, LT is just SO good!

Jim Gunt rolls his eyes as Troy basks in the ovation and the pyro before marching down the ramp. At the bottom, she jumps flat-footed onto the apron, then catapults herself up and over the top rope with a flip. She scales a corner to pose a bit before hopping down and turning in mid air to face Mia and Duce with a sarcastic smile on her face.

The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of the song plays. When the riff audio kicks it up a notch, Dan Ryan steps out and pauses, looking into the audience, then heads down the aisle as pyro blasts behind him. The video on CWF Tron behind him shows clips from his career: defeating Zach van Owen in Modern Warfare and again to successfully retain the CWF World Championship, pinning Duce with a boot on his chest, and other really cool things that totally don't make Dan Ryan look like he's obsessed with himself. Finally Ryan looks back from the video with his trademark smirk, peering out of his glasses at the title over his shoulder before heading down the ramp.

"My reflection, dirty mirror
There's no connection to myself
I'm your lover, I'm your zero
I'm the face in your dreams of glass
So save your prayers
For when we're really gonna need 'em
Throw out your cares and fly
Wanna go for a ride?"

Ray Douglas: And her partner, from Houston, Texas, he is the Ego Buster, THE CURRENT, REIGNING CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION....DAAAAAN RYAN!!

Dan finishes walking down the ramp, ignoring some of the younger fans who have their arms stretched out for him. The Ego Buster makes his way over to the announce table and sits the World Championship upon it, saying something to Rolash before sliding under the bottom rope and taking to the nearest corner to raise his arms in the air to even more boos. Ryan jumps off the ropes, waving the fans off before heading over to LT to talk strategy.

Jim Gunt: Here we go, Mike, the much anticipated tag team match pitting CWF World Heavyweight Champion and Paramount Champion Dan Ryan and Lindsay Troy and their Wrestle Fest Five opponents, Mia Rayne and Duce Jones.

Mike Rolash: Like you said, Jim, this match is one that the fans can't wait to see, with the Inner Circle and Duce n' Mia being at each other's throats for weeks now. With the biggest show of the year looming, there is no better time to snag some momentum than in the main event of tonight's pay per view.

Jim Gunt: And with that, let's send things down to Trent Robbins who has done his check ups on all four competitors involved in this match and looks to be ready to get this thing started.

The atmosphere is unlike any other for Paradise, with the stars now assisting the bright spotlights to light up the ring as CWF's head official calls for the bell after Mia Rayne and Lindsay Troy make their decisions to start the match off together. Lindsay immediately goes low for the left leg of Mia but Rayne sidesteps and kicks her right in the chest. Troy backs off, holding her chest with a half smile/half look of pain on her face. LT turns back as Dan Ryan has his hand in the air, asking to get into the ring with his Wrestle Fest opponent. Troy obliges, tagging in Ryan and back kicking Mia in the gut as she approaches.

Jim Gunt: Troy and Ryan already showing their experience as a tag team, as Ryan holds the arms of Mia Rayne from

behind, leaving her prone to a NASTY Spinning Roundhouse Heel Kick.

Mike Rolash: And now the pair trade boots to the body of that worthless Mia, stomp her down!

Jim Gunt: Come on ref, get Troy out of there already!

An irate Duce Jones makes an attempt to enter the ring, showing frustration with the officiating of Trent Robbins with his hands in the air. With Robbins back turned to the action admonishing Duce, Lindsay Troy picks Mia off the canvas, eating a right hand to the face before delivering a shot of her own and then quickly sending Rayne up overhead.

Jim Gunt: Back Body Drop- AND DAN RYAN CATCHES MIA OUT OF MID AIR WITH A SIT-OUT POWERBOMB!

Mike Rolash: AMAZING!

Jim Gunt: It was a pretty incredible double team maneuver, but the official has GOT to do something about LT continuing to be in the ring. This is not a Tornado Tag Team Match, for God's sakes!

Dan Ryan holds on for the pinfall, but Trent finally fully notices LT remaining in the ring and yells at her that she must leave before making the count. At this point she gladly does, dusting herself off as Duce screams out from the other side of the ring. Troy rolls out and Ryan again yells for Robbins to make the count.

ONE!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Way too long holding on for the pin there, there was no way Ryan was keeping Mia Rayne down all that time.

Mike Rolash: Mia is wearing down, Jim. She has not been able to make the tag out to her partner yet, and Duce is clearly yearning to get into this thing. That is the power of the Inner Circle though. Isolate and dominate!

Pushing the legs of Mia Rayne away from him, the CWF World Heavyweight Champion pulls himself back up to a vertical base and bounces off the ropes. Before Mia can fully regain her bearings she is booted hard in the chest by a missile dropkick. Ryan is right back up and once again against the ropes, using all of his body mass as he ascends towards the One Woman Party Favor.

Jim Gunt: Sliding Lariat! Dan Ryan damn near sent Mia's head into the third row there!

Mike Rolash: That'd be one hell of a souvenir to take home to the wife.

Jim Gunt: ...And you wonder why you're divorced. But back to the match where Ryan now has Mia up with a handful of hair, or you know...what's left of it.

Mike Rolash: That's right, we did see Mia snip off that ponytail earlier this week on Wired. Doesn't make her any prettier, I assure you.

Jim Gunt: Mike!

The Cancun fans are letting the World Champion have it as he drags Mia around the ring by her hair, a wide open smile on his face as he takes her over to his corner and drives her face first into the turnbuckle pad. Ryan tags out to Lindsay Troy, turning Mia around and attempting an Uppercut. But Mia Rayne catches the arm of the champ, eliciting cheers from all those clamoring around ringside. Rayne shakes her head no at Ryan, her face reddening by the second as she whips his hand downward.

Jim Gunt: Looks like the fun and games are over for Mr. Ego Buster, wait LT is on the top rope...Mia turn around!

Mike Rolash: INVERTED ALL HAIL THE QUEEN! Troy just spiked Mia on the fucking back of her head! That was beautiful, sadistic, everything I could have ever hoped for!

Jim Gunt: But will it be enough to get the cover on the One Woman Party Favor, Mike? Duce is LIVID on the outside of the ring, not being able to get into this match yet as Troy makes the cover on Mia.

ONE!

TWO!

THR- *STOMP!*

Duce Jones stomps down on the back of Lindsay Troy like a madman, making sure that his rabid kicks are enough to knock the Queen of the Ring off of Rayne. He bypasses Trent Robbins who attempts to admonish from for interfering, bouncing off the ropes and coming at Troy like a bullet.

Jim Gunt: KRAYZED KNEE! That Busaki Knee Strike connects hard with damn near the entire face of Troy as she tries to get back to her feet.

Mike Rolash: Come on Trent, Duce shouldn't be allowed to get in the ring and do this! Disqualify the man!

Jim Gunt: After everything Robbins has allowed with the Inner Circle, I'm pretty sure he's officiating this one as loose as it gets, Mike. We want a clean win here, no matter what the outcome is.

Duce gets back to his feet and immediately comes face to face with the referee, who raises a hand to begin counting him out for being in the ring. Jones simply sneers back at Robbins, turning away from him and running full speed before leaping up at an unknowing Dan Ryan, taking him out with a Flying Cross Body Block that sends both men crashing to the outside.

Jim Gunt: Now we can regain some order in this thing, as both Mia Rayne and Lindsay Troy are our legal competitors.

Mike Rolash: How can you say order, when Mia now has free reign to get back into this thing thanks to a cheap shot from Douche!

Jim Gunt: Because Ryan and Troy have been doing the same damn thing!

A crazed Mia Rayne is finally back on both feet, looking to both her left and right as the Cancun crowd screams out for her. Rayne dashes towards Troy like a banshee. Shining Wizard! The One Woman Party Favor pulls herself off of the Paramount Champion, pulling her up with her but shockingly being pulled in by LT instead. SPINNING FISHERMAN'S SUPLEX! Neither women are able to move initially, sending the crowd into a frenzy as they begin tapping and clapping. Troy turns and begins crawling over to Mia, turning Rayne onto her back to cover her.

ONE!

HEADBUTT!

HEADBUTT!

HEADBUTT!

Jim Gunt: Oh my god, what a way to get out of a cover Mike, as Mia Rayne repeatedly uses her head as a battering ram, headbutting Troy over and over!

Mike Rolash: There goes the last of Mia's brain cells...

Mia is back up to her feet, barely, as she sways back and forth holding onto the side of her head dizzily. The One Woman Party Favor turns to her corner where Duce is just pulling himself back up onto the apron, and then turns back to LT. She sees the Queen of the Ring somehow getting back to her feet and knows what she has to do. Jones lets out a sigh as Mia runs at Troy at full speed. SUPERMAN PUNCH- is dodged with Troy catching Rayne's arm on the way down and whipping her down awkwardly onto her shoulder.

Jim Gunt: Ouch! Bad landing there for Mia Rayne, she really needs to make the tag out to Duce.

Mike Rolash: She had the chance, Jimbo, I told you Mia doesn't have any brain cells left.

Jim Gunt: I'm sure she still has plenty, Mike, but nevertheless Troy now has a perfect opportunity to work on what could now be an injured left shoulder, and she looks to do just that as she hooks Mia into the Divine Right!

Mia Rayne tries to fight out of the Koji Clutch but LT is quick to lock it in, her legs and body wrapped around the shoulder and head of Mia as she squeezes with all her might. Duce stomps down on the canvas from the apron, doing his best to cheer his partner on as Ryan simply looks with interest on from the other side. Pushing upward with her lower body and feet, Mia does her best to inch her way over to the nearest ropes. Troy is relentless, however, pulling back on the head and neck of Rayne to full capacity.

Jim Gunt: Mia Rayne is in some major trouble here. She has been in this match on her own now for a good ten, twelve minutes, and despite Duce Jones' willingness to get into the ring, Rayne is going to have to give up on her pride and let Jones see what he can do.

Mike Rolash: Probably not much more, but you're Jim. Mia is spent, and hopefully she's about to tap out!

Jim Gunt: No, rope break! Mia got her feet on the ropes! LT won't let go of the Divine Right though, even as Trent Robbins counts all the way to four. And now Dan Ryan tug back into the match, things could have just gone from bad to worse, Mike.

Lindsay Troy turns back to Duce following the tag to Ryan, waving at him as she makes her exit over to the apron, which of course incenses Jones even further. He gets up onto the ropes, shouting out as Robbins hurries over to him, allowing Troy to hurry back into the ring and join Dan Ryan in taking Mia over with a Double Snap Suplex. She rolls out of the ring as quick as she came in, Robbins turning around just to see the CWF World Champion standing over his Wrestle Fest challenger. Ryan spins just slightly as he travels downward toward her shoulder, bringing an elbow drop right into her joints. The Ego Buster uses both arms to push her fully down to her back, going for a cover without hooking either leg.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: No! Mia is not going to go down without a fight!

Mike Rolash: Well maybe she oughta make the tag out to Duce, she's not in this fight alone ya know?

Jim Gunt: Tell that to her, not me!

Dan Ryan looks back at Mia with a look of mock shock on his face, on his knees as he calls the One Woman Party Favor up to her feet for a free shot at him, knowing that if she takes it it keeps her in the ring all the longer. Mia looks back and forth from Ryan to Jones, quickly hitting Ryan with an Enziguri before backflipping right back onto her feet and making a long dash towards Duce.

Jim Gunt: HOT TAG TO JONES! HERE WE GO!

Mike Rolash: Cool it, Jim!

Duce Jones enters the ring, the Cancun fans exploding in cheers as the Kid That Never Dies finally gets his first taste of action, inverted hip tossing Ryan as he comes at him. And then nearly turns his lights out with a knee strike right to the face!

Jim Gunt: Being IntroDUCED! Duce is going wild right now, and can you blame the guy as he sat on the apron

salivating to get into this tag team match for over fifteen minutes!

Mike Rolash: Duce Jones is certainly the most fresh competitor in this match, and as much as I hate to say it, that is now a clear advantage on the side of the Wrestle Fest five challengers.

Jim Gunt: And one Duce looks to capitalize on quickly, as he goes right for the cover on Ryan.

ONE!

TWO!

No, Duce pulls up on his own cover, smiling as he pulls his former rival up by the back of his head and nails him with a stiff forearm shot to the face. Duce mounts the World Champion, striking out with repeated lefts and rights at such quick succession that Trent Robbins has no choice but to come over and intervene, putting a hand up to stop the punches of Jones and immediately getting a ton of dirty looks for it.

Jim Gunt: Head referee Trent Robbins isn't getting any love from Duce here tonight, but I have to say I sorta agree with the way he's officiating this match. As much as this tag means heading into Wrestle Fest, seeing this match ended in a disqualification would be less than stellar.

Mike Rolash: You're damned right it would be; and we don't want these crazy, drunk Mexicans rioting on their way out!

Choosing to take a deep breath and collect himself, Duce Jones gets back to his feet and uses both of his hands to call the World Champion back to his feet. Seeing a D-Trigga Knee on the horizon, Ryan takes the high road and instead rolls under the bottom rope. The Ego Buster paces back and forth, the smirk that he had plastered on his face for much of the match now removed and replaced with a look of slight trepidation. As Ryan looks towards the ring at the beginning of Trent Robbins count, he cannot expect what comes flying at him.

Jim Gunt: TOPE SUICIDA! Duce lays it all on the line there, and hits the jackpot!

Mike Rolash: And here comes Mia and Lindsay, throwing fists like wild women, this one is breaking down fast!

Mia Rayne and Lindsay Troy roll around throwing punches at one another while Duce and Dan lay in a heap, Robbins having no choice but to count both men out of the match.

ONE!

TWO!

Duce rolls over to his side, the sold out crowd packed around the Cancun Beach cheering as he gets back to his feet with Dan Ryan in tow.

THREE!

FOUR!

Jones tosses Ryan into the ring, following him in under the ropes as Troy and Rayne continue throwing heavy shots with no regard for each other's safety. The Kid That Never Dies looks down at the man who ended his second World Title reign, launching a leg drop right across his neck. Jones grabs the Ego Buster up, Tiger Suplexing him to the canvas. He drags Ryan to the corner, looking for his patented Yakuza Kick but Ryan is able to leap up in time and pull Jones right into the corner, spiking him face-first into the middle turnbuckle! The Ego Buster grabs onto his former rival from behind, whipping him like a sack of potatoes into the canvas.

Jim Gunt: Release German Suplex! Jones can hit a Suplex like a champ, but I'm not sure anyone quite hits one like the Ego Buster, Mike. And that one may be enough to put away Jones.

ONE!

Mike Rolash: Jarvis King may have something to say about that conversation, but I do have to agree with Dan Ryan is in a class of his own.

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Incoming Mia!

RUNNING FOREARM SMASH TO RYAN!

Mia jumps right back to her feet, bounces off the ropes, and turns Dan Ryan INSIDE OUT with a massive running clothesline! The One Woman Party Favor reels back her arms, letting out a guttural scream. She turns around out of instinct and sees Lindsay Troy leaping onto the ropes from the apron. FRONT FLIP NECKBREAKER! Troy picks Mia up and tosses her like a sack of bricks through the ropes, her body thumping against the sandy mats as Troy follows her right out.

Jim Gunt: Dan Ryan and Duce Jones are still the legal men in this match, just making sure everyone watches at home knows that since there has been so much interference going on in this match.

Mike Rolash: Maybe Jaiden should hire some new referees? Because Trent Robbins sucks!

Jim Gunt: I won't go over the stakes of this match and why he's most likely being loose with his officiating again, Mike, because there's no time. Duce and Dan are back on their feet, and throwing heavy shots!

Heaving his large paw of an arm into the chest of Duce, Dan Ryan smacks him with a hard knife edge chop. Duce Jones however comes right back with a D-Trigga knee. Ryan shakes the cobwebs, nailing Duce with yet another chop. Bicycle Knee Strike from the Kid That Never Dies! Ryan is rocked, and Jones nods to the cheering crowd before backing into the ropes and bouncing off right into the arms of Dan Ryan who lifts him up and Spinebusters him like a child to the floor.

Jim Gunt: What a spinebuster there from the reigning CWF World Champion, but it's hard to take your eye off the outside of the ring right now as Lindsay Troy and Mia Rayne have begun battling through the crowd!

Mike Rolash: I hope that psycho Mia doesn't hurt anyone out there, we can't afford another lawsuit!

Mia Rayne German Suplexes Troy, several members of the crowd hurrying out of the way as LT's back crashes through a pair of steel chairs. Dan contemplates exiting the ring to help his sister-in-law, but instead turns back around and takes a Pele Kick from Duce Jones! The Kid That Never Dies kips up to his feet, the Cancun crowd screaming in approval as he lifts Ryan up for a Suplex and spins it into a neckbreaker. Duce repeats the process yet again, lifting Ryan up and snapping his neck, and a third time as the Ego Buster can do nothing but take the pain.

Jim Gunt: Eye of the Hurricane! Three repeated Suplex Neckbreakers, and now Duce goes for the cover on the current World Champion.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO!

Mike Rolash: No! Ryan rolled his shoulder at the last second, the Inner Circle are still in this thing!

Jim Gunt: Not for long though, as Duce has Ryan back up to a vertical base. FINAL TIC 2.0!

Mike Rolash: NOO!!

Following the Fireman's Carry spun into a Knee Facebreaker, Duce forcefully shoves the Ego Buster onto his back and hooks both legs, smiling as he watches the Mexican fans chant along with Trent Robbins in Spanish.

ONE! (UNO!)

TWO! (DOS!)

Jim Gunt: They've done it, Mike!

THREE! (TRES!)

CRACK!

Right as Robbins is lowering her arm for the three count, a steel chair smacks him in the back suddenly knocking the official completely unconscious. Brandon Youngblood stands above the paper referee with a curled smile on his face, and a chair raised high in the air.

Jim Gunt: Oh COME on! You've got to be kidding me here!

DING DING DING!

Jim Gunt: Good! It's about time our head official Trent Robbins comes to his senses and calls a spade a spade. The Inner Circle have been cheating this entire matchup, and it couldn't have been more apparent than with that blatant interference by Brandon Youngblood!

The Cancun audience is a mixture of cheers and boos as Youngblood looks on at the official with a coy look on his face.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, this match has been ruled a disqualification! As a result...your winners are....DUCE JONES AND MIA RAYNE!!

"BOOOOO!!"

Jim Gunt: I can't say I blame the crowd here in Cancun, Mike, a helluva main event spoiled by repeated dirty tactics by a group that just can't seem to keep their hands to themselves as of late, the Inner Circle.

Mike Rolash: Oh come on, Jimmy, Youngblood was just looking out for his own. You wou...

"Broken" by Coheed and Cambria blasts over the P.A system, bringing the crowd immediately back up to their feet but not in a positive way. The CEO walks out with the most malicious intent, a microphone in hand and a smile already plastered on his face as he listens to the booing audience. Jaiden raises his right hand, shushing the crowd the best he can so that he can speak.

Jaiden Rishel: Please...I have something to say...

"BOOOO!"

Jaiden Rishel: SHUT THE HELL UP!

"BOOOOOO!!!"

Jaiden Rishel: Whatever, I'll just talk over you buncha sunburnt idiots.

Jim Gunt: He did not just say that. The boss needs to think about what he's saying before he makes such a racis...

Mike Rolash: Shush, Jim. Let the boss speak.

Jaiden Rishel: Now, as I was saying before I was interrupted, this match is NOT going to end like this!

That actually elicits a cheer from the Cancun audience, who excitedly anticipate the match to be re started.

Jaiden Rishel: Thanks to the shoddy officiating of one Trent Robbins, my Paradise main event has gone completely into disarray. Trent, you have missed call AFTER call here tonight! And then when the time finally comes for you to allow this match to continue long enough to see who will be the FAIR winner? YOU BLOW IT AGAIN! God damn it

Trent...you know what? YOU'RE FIRED!

Trent Robbins is in a state of shock in the ring, looking on at the new CEO with his mouth wide open as Jaiden continues parading around the makeshift ramp on the beach, showing his authority the best he can.

Jaiden Rishel: Now this match WILL continue, with a referee of my choosing. And there will no longer be disqualifications OR countouts, as this match will now be re-started under no holds barred rules! So Clark Summits, get the hell out here before you're the next one out the door...

Referee Clark Summits hurries out from the backstage area, fixing the striped shirt back over his body as he walks out as quick as he can. A completely deflated Trent Robbins passes by Summits and all Clark can do is say sorry with a tear in his eye, Robbins shaking his head as Summits heads up the steel steps and into the ring. Jaiden nods, and Summits calls for the bell to restart the match.

Jim Gunt: Well ladies and gentlemen, as you saw and heard, Jaiden Rishel has restarted tonight's main event and changed it to a no disqualification, no count out, no holds barred match!

Mike Rolash: And switched in an official that can hopefully do his job a hell of a lot better than Trent Robbins ever did. Arrivederci, Robbins!

Brandon Youngblood raises the steel chair, looking to give Duce another lashing.

BUT MIA RAYNE GRABS AHOLD OF THE CHAIR! SHE'S MADE HER WAY BACK TO THE RING!

Youngblood turns around, his hands up in the air but not in time as he takes a horrendous swing from Mia, the steel connecting with flesh as he flies several feet in the air, doing a backflip before landing awkwardly on the canvas. Mia now drags Duce over to her side of the ring, escaping to the ring apron only momentarily to tag back into the match!

Jim Gunt: Here we go, Mike! Mia is back, and better than ever! This match is no dq now baybay, and Mia has free reign to do whatever the hell she wants!

Mike Rolash: Oh this is not going to be good!

Mia Rayne re-enters the ring, picking the steel chair off the canvas and raising it above her head as Dan Ryan raises his own arms in the air to plead for leniency. Mia will have none of it though, as she swings the chair right down across his head! The One Woman Party Favor stands over the now bloodied Ryan, propping the chair up and pulling the deadweight of Dan Ryan up to drape his neck into the open part of the chair. Mia backs into the ropes slowly, raising her hands in the air wildly to get the fans on their feet. She springs off, heading towards Ryan to Curb Stomp him to his death...but instead takes shuriken to the back!

Jim Gunt: OH...MY...GOD! Lindsay Troy is back into action, and just threw a freaking throwing star into the back of Mia!

Mike Rolash: GO LT!

Rayne falls to her knees screaming, her right arm immediately going to her back in an attempt to pull the throwing star out. Instead Troy pulls her right into a double underhook, the smile growing ever wide as the Cancun fans continue to boo.

Jim Gunt: FINAL JUDGMENT! Troy just planted Mia, and now her brother-in-law can reap the spoils.

The Queen of the Ring turns Mia onto her back and then turns around to valiantly pull her stablemate out from between the chair, placing the unconscious body of Dan Ryan atop of Mia as Clark Summits is quick to do his job and drop to the canvas to make the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: NO! DUCE JONES OFF THE TOP ROPE TAKING OUT RYAN WITH A 630 SPLASH!

Mike Rolash: That was breathtaking, I've got to admit, but you gotta think Mia took some of the damage there as well Jim.

Jim Gunt: Regardless, Duce is heading back to his side of the ring, and he is looking for the fresh tag!

Mike Rolash: And so is Lindsay Troy!

Ryan and Rayne look each other in the eye momentarily, looks of disdain but furthermore pure exhaustion, as neither have it in them to fight each other. Both the CWF World Champion and his Wrestle Fest challenger instead decide to head towards their respective corners, the Cancun crowd cheering momentarily as both Jones and Troy tag into the match. Duce ducks under a running clothesline from Troy, catching her with a neckbreaker on the way out. The Kid That Never Dies turns around, slamming his knees as the crowd goes even wilder.

Jim Gunt: Here we go, Mike. Duce is calling for the finish!

Mike Rolash: Get up, LT!

Jim Gunt: Oh she's getting up, with the assistance of Duce. Ripcord Headbutt. Knee strike. Duce of Clubs KILLS Lindsay Troy!

Mike Rolash: God damn it!

The former two time CWF World Heavyweight Champion turns over his Wrestle Fest V opponent, making the cover on her with both legs hooked. The Cancun fans scream and chant along.

ONE! (UNO!)

TWO! (DOS!)

THR (TR-)...

Dan Ryan grabs Duce right off of Lindsay Troy, heaving him high into the air and SLAMMING him to the canvas with the Humility Bomb! Ryan goes right for LT to lift her atop of Duce but instead is drilled by a Spear from Mia Rayne, driving him right through the ropes! Mia and Dan fight hand in hand as Troy gets back to her feet, a cocky smile on her face as she just kicks the lifeless body of Duce Jones.

Jim Gunt: Oh come on, that's enough.

Mike Rolash: Stop it, Jim. LT can have her way with Duce now as Dan Ryan has Mia distracted on the outside. It's her game to play!

Lindsay Troy lifts the body of Duce up by his dreadlocks, slapping him across the face. The Cancun fans let her have it, booing the living shit out of her. Troy turns around and flicks every single one of them off. RAYNES OF CASTAMERE!

Jim Gunt: Talk about a knee strike, Lindsay Troy just mutilated Duce with one of her own! And by god, this could finally be it!

ONE!

TWO!

Mia leaps up from her tumbling fist fight with Dan Ryan, attempting to get into the ring to save her partner, but it's too late.

THREE!

DING DING DING!

“BOOOO!!!!”

Ray Douglas: And your winners by pinfall, Dan Ryan and Lindsay Troy....INNER CIRCLE!!

“Zero” plays over the speaker, and Mia cuts herself short from interfering with the match, knowing that she was too late to make a difference. The One Woman Party Favor grabs at her hair, half of it cut off by her own accord and much of it torn out as she begins to yank and pull out of frustration. LT rolls out of the ring to join Dan Ryan, massive smiles on their faces as they grab their titles from Summits and retreat up the sandy ramp.

Jim Gunt: Well folks, that was one hell of a main event regardless of the outcome. But god damn it, I sure hope that Wrestle Fest ends a lot differently than this...

Mike Rolash: I'm sure it'll be more of the same, Jimbo. And I wouldn't have it any other way!

Jim Gunt: We'll see you all next week from Atlanta, Georgia where hopefully things will go a lot better for the Kid That Never Dies and the One Woman Party Favor. Goodnight!

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite