

Wrestle Fest: Wrestle Fest II

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: July 20, 2010
Location: Reliant Arena — Houston, Texas

Results

Generals Gather In Their Masses

Segment

==The night begins with all eyes on the CWF Tron, as thousands upon thousands of fans from around the world pack themselves in the Reliant Stadium, and millions more sit in the luxury of their own living room with a bag of popcorn in hand. It is now eight pm Tuesday, July Twentieth. The single biggest day in CWF history, the day we celebrate the one year anniversary of our rebirth, the day that all the dreams of the men and women in the back come true in front of the most excited wrestling fans out there. This is Wrestle Fest II, and the event begins with flashbacks of the 2001 version of CWF. It shows Chris Maverick becoming the first champion of this version of the federation, winning a royal rumble that the Stunner, Homeboy, Lionheart and Big Sexay were also involved in. The Tron shows several highlights of this time, ending it with Cain holding the World championship in Summer 2001 when the fed went under.==

“Generals gathered in their masses

Just like witches at black masses

Evil minds that plot destruction

Sorcerers of death's construction

In the fields the bodies burning

As the war machine keeps turning

Death and hatred to mankind

Poisoning their brainwashed minds, oh lord yeah!”

==Flash forward to February, 2003. On this night the CWF rose from the ashes once again, and surprisingly the federation came back under new ownership as a massive maniac named Morris Scar took control. On the first night back of Thursday Night Annihilation Adam Davis became the new Paramount champion, cementing his legacy in the annals of CWF. A few weeks later Frozen Over 3 took place with Drake Hazard and Caelan Tyler battling it out in the finals of the World tournament. The psychopathic Hazard came out on top, running rampant around the federation until Angel finally ended his tyrannical title reign in a Triple Cage Match. With that glorious matchup, the CWF faded away once more and many thought it'd never be reopened again.==

“Politicians hide themselves away

They only started the war

Why should they go out to fight?

They leave that role to the poor, yeah!

Time will tell on their power minds

Making war just for fun

Treating people just like pawns in chess

Wait 'till their judgment day comes, yeah!”

==And then one glorious day in the year 2009, the landscape changed for the final time. Word came slowly at first, one old fan talking to another, but the word slowly but surely grew and grew until nearly every fan and former wrestler heard

the rumor that CWF was set to return after a six year absence. That rumor was validated in July, when the wrestling company announced it's plans for the first Tuesday Night Massacre. The people came back in droves, whether they had watched CWF as a kid or had heard great things about it, one thing was clear and that was that we were back and better than ever.=/

"Now in darkness, world stops turning
As is where the bodies' burning
No more war pigs of the power
Hand of god has struck the hour

Day of judgement, god is calling
On their knees, the war pigs crawling
Begging mercy for their sins
Satan, laughing, spreads his wings, oh lord yeah!"

=/A World Title tournament took place to get the federation back on the ground, which of course was won by the newest Hall of Famer Chaolin Sahn. Sahn would lose that title to Victor Quinn in a four vs. four End Games match, but because he was fired Sahn was able to fight and then lose to the Cain in a Street Fight for the gold. Cain held the title until he lost to Jarvis King in an Iron Man Match, who later on passed the belt onto Angelica after losing in a massive Career match.

Finally we see scenes from the Angelica vs. Chris Andrews match, with the Sultan of Cool reigning once again on top of the federation that he helped to make famous. Split shots of Chris Andrews and Cain are shown on the CWF Tron, the two biggest names in wrestling history set to collide one last time tonight! Now pyrotechnics, sparks, flashes, and every kind of celebration you could imagine lights up the Reliant Stadium. The fans are on their feet shouting out cheers and showing off the signs, the camera catching a few of them before resting at the specialized announce table of Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash.=/

Jim Gunt: "Welcome ladies and gentleman to the greatest, grandest, most spectacular event in CWF's ten year history! This is Wrestle Fest two, and I can't believe we're finally here!"

Mike Rolash: "It is definitely an exciting night, and I have to say that the Fan Fest last weekend was one of the most fun and entertaining things I've ever been a part of. Truly a one of a kind experience, as tonight will of course be. We open tonight with a Last Man Standing Match for the Paramount Title #1 contendership!"

Jim Gunt: "Ataxia, Marcus Delamere, The Grinch, Chris Ashton, Cris Nightmare, and Joker to battle it out for the shot. Also looking for a shot at some titles are the groups of the XA Express and Bucky and Psycho of the Uprising. Whoever comes out on top of that one will face the winner of Danny B and The Blue Scorpion later for the Tag championships!"

Mike Rolash: "But if we're going to talk about title shots, we should talk about the Make Your Impact tournament! Johnny Champion and Abigail Starr have fought through some tough competition, and the winner will get an opportunity at the Impact Title anytime they want within the next four months! But even better than that match, is the Three Corners Match with Jace Valentine defending against Ronnie McNeil and King Nothing. That one could easily steal the show, Jim!"

Jim Gunt: "How about Colton Mace versus Draco? These two have been at each other's throats, merely because Draco wanted to have a little fun with Mace on his arrival to CWF! And as you said earlier, Danny and Scorpio will face off in an Anything Goes battle, with the winner picking up the Tag championships for themselves and a partner of their choosing."

Mike Rolash: "And then we have our two semi-main events for this evening, both of them sure to be insane bouts. First

Angel will take on the absolutely nuts Elisha in the trademark match of his "Teacher", the devastating Tower. Only one will walk out of that with their health in tact, while the other will be thrown off the damn structure!"

Jim Gunt: "After that we have a match that'll surely be one of the longest in CWF's history. Only the second time this federation has put on this match, as Jarvis King will defend his title against Big Sexay, in a sixty minute Iron Man Match! And these two have no love loss for each other as of late, as they have both found reasons to hate each other despite teaming up just one month ago at Summer Games."

Mike Rolash: "Finally, we have the matchup, the rematch that you have all been waiting for. Alex Cain, the man who was only 68 years old when CWF started ten years ago, will go up against the single greatest superstar to ever come into the business...the Sultan....the amazing CHRIS ANDREWS! Of course not wanting to lose momentum, Cain challenged Andrews to make the main event an Incineration Match, so now we could see both men go down in a heap of fire before this mammoth Wrestle Fest II is overwith!"

Jim Gunt: "Going to be a brutal night, that's for damn sure. But before we head to the ring for the first match of the night, let's go backstage where we have one of our wrestlers doing work for the Make a Wish Foundation."

Fun Time!

Segment

=/=We fade into the back and see some kids all wearing baseball caps that say "Make a wish foundation" on them. We see that they are all getting autographs from...Ataxia??/=

Ataxia: All right kids now you all enjoy your front row seats okay? Hey. Stick around after the show I'll see who I can get that you really like to come and give you guys some autographs.

=/=The kids cheer as they run off with their parents who say their thanks to Ataxia for getting them seats. He starts walking back bag over his head in his suit towards the backstage area where the buffet table is. As he grabs a bottle of water someone puts their hand on his shoulder.=/=

Ataxia: What? What the hell are you doing here?

=/=We see a man wearing a long black coat, black suit, black shades, and a black fidora smirk at Ataxia. His face has a long blonde beard on it and his hair is cut short.=/=

???: I had to see this for myself. God. You've really sunk down low bro.

Ataxia: Who told you?

???: Oh you can fool a lot of people but not a man who knows who well you kick. I knew the minute I saw it on here. Plus when you made your comments to Mr. Draco last week it confirmed it.

Ataxia: Stay out of this.

???: I will if you tell me what exactly this is? What the hell is with the damn getup?

Ataxia: I made a promise. Now get out of here before our mutual "friend" see's you.

???: Oh "The Mean One"? You don't have anything to worry about with him. But I am worried about you. Your slipping. Bad. I can tell. Your one snap away from trying to kill yourself again. That mask isn't going to hide your nature sir. You need to get it off fast.

Ataxia: Can't...won't work if it's me.

???: What won't work?

Ataxia: I made a promise to Hannah. That they'd cheer for me at least for a while. They won't do that if it's me.

???: All right. But you need to stop running. And if you don't do it soon. I will.

Ataxia: Just what are you going to do?

???: If I have to I'll come out of my retirement to put your ass back in it!

Ataxia: You want to settle this weirdo let's go!

???: Why? I came to see a show. So go do it. And stop trying to be a good guy Tax...it doesn't suit you.

=/=With that the mystery man walks away as Ataxia just stands there. He starts to shake with anger as he rares back and kicks the table over. He glares at the camera for a moment.=/=

Ataxia: It's time for a little...FUNNNN TIMMMMMEEEE!!!!!!

A Broken Nightmare

Segment

=/= We cut backstage. CWF staff and employees from the arena mingle together, going about their duties. Suddenly, the quiet hum of the workplace is broken by a woman's scream.

We move through the arena, following the source of the scream, moving down one side-corridor, then another, finally arriving in a small, disused room. Inside it, Cris Nightmare can be seen, kneeling, his head bowed. His hands are cuffed behind his back, his shirt ripped off him.

As we enter, he raises his head to the camera. His body is cut to shreds, covered in tiny lacerations, dried blood caked beneath his nose. His head has been shaved and his ribs are bruised.

The camera turns away from him a moment, point away down the corridor. As it does, we can just make out the figure of Elisha, disappearing through the arena. =/=

The Feeling Is Mutual

Segment

=/= The camera suddenly cuts in to an extreme close up of the grizzled, ageing features of The Blue Scorpion, who looks intensely focused and quietly confident, brow furrowed, face set in a determined show of intensity. The camera begins to zoom out slowly, to reveal the familiar setting of TBS' locker room; as we slowly pan the room, we see that The Blue Scorpion is not alone, and that the locker room is also inhabited by Scorpio's protégé, "The Premiere" Colton Mace. Colton looks pensive, and almost borderline concerned, as he sits and looks across the room at his would-be mentor. =/=

Colton: So...

Scorpio: So...

=/= The two men stand simultaneously, and turn to face each other. Almost a full minute passes, before Colton breaks the tense silence. =/=

Colton: Mitch. I know you're not usually one for sentiment, and God knows I'm probably not the one to dish it out. But I just... I just want you to know that whatever happens after tonight, for both of us, I don't want it to be the end of the road. Y'know... for us...

=/= Scorpio's expression changes very little as he takes in Colton's words, causing Mace's frown and his concern to deepen. After a short pause, however, Scorpio clears his throat gruffly and looks to steel himself for a second, before opening his mouth in response. =/=

Scorpio: The feeling is mutual Colton, let me assure you of that. As much as we've been through, our race is far from run. We've got too much left to do, both individually and as a team. The future's bright Cole, and it's anything but

lonely.

=/= Colton looks relieved at Scorpio's response, as he breaks out into a smile. "The Premiere" runs his hand through his hair, looking like he has been through a great deal in recent times, before extending his hand towards his mentor. =/=

Colton: Best of luck tonight Mitch. Make sure you have the last word.

=/= Scorpio lets out a single, low laugh, before grasping Colton's hand firmly and clapping him on the shoulder. =/=

Scorpio: Oh don't worry about that Cole, I intend to. I'll see you on the other side.

=/= As one, the duo slowly make their way to the locker room door. Scorpio opens the door and lets Colton pass through, before taking a long, wistful look at the locker room. After letting out a small sigh, Scorpio switches off the lights, and lets the door fall closed with an echoed bang. =/=

Grinchy Kins

Segment

=/= Scene opens up to Grinchy Kins walking up to another victim with a bag covering his face. He speaks softly as he contemplates on what to do. =/=

Grinchy Kins :: You just had to do it, didn't you? You just had to leave us hanging. Who the hell do you think you are disgracing our beloved sport in this fashion. You should have your Achilles tendons sliced with newly bought Ginsu knives and stoned to death by Haitian refugees. We don't, or rather.. I don't take this lightly. This absence of yours has annoyed me as I gravitate towards being upstaged by structure driven opinions and other such faggotry. But in the end, I will still reign supreme as the one the only Don of Jargon, the vicious Chief Theif, the infamous Prince of Suspence... Grinchy Kins.. the green fiend, the FUCKING GRINCH that stole the Rising Star title... but there's one more... the... the... the...

=/= The Grinch pulls from his Christmas bag a two tone P226 Equinox with grey laminated wood grips and BLAHM BLAHM BLAMM! to the chest of the victim. Grinchy Kins then uncovers the head of the dead victim now revealing The Joker as his patented smile eats his face. =/=

Grinchy Kins :: ... the Grinch that ended the Joker's career. Fuck a Batman. NOW START THE FUCKING PAY PER VIEW! DUECES!

=/= Fade back to ringside. =/=

Ataxia vs. The Grinch vs. Chris Ashton

Segment

=/= There is but the noise of the crowd building up the room inside of Reliant Stadium in Houston, the site of Wrestle Fest II. Before long, the crowd transitions from 'anticipation' to 'excitement' as the familiar strings behind "You're a Mean One, Mr. Grinch" echo throughout the stadium. =/=

Jim Gunt: And he we are ladies and gentlemen with the opening bout of Wrestle Fest II.

Mike Rolash: This match has had a sort of roller-coater set up, Jim. Booked at the last minute to be a six-man Last Man Standing match, this match now appears to be a three-man match, with Joker and Chris Nightmare having been incapacitated before even getting a chance to make their appearances!

=/= The Grinch appears atop the dimly-lit stage wearing his normal attire plus his red Santa jacket. There are a few children in the crowd who have chosen to sing along to the nursery rhyme, but those more aware of what the song beckons have begun to boo enthusiastically. As he struts down the ramp, the Grinch glares at the fans nearest him; he studies his surroundings and then, finally, finds himself halfway down the ramp and enamored with the CWF ring. =/=

Jim Gunt: And of course, Marcus Delamere announced Saturday that he wasn't going to participate in a match that involved so many competitors – especially competitors like the Grinch who Delamere offended this past week with his comments on CWF.com.

Mike Rolash: Still, he calls it an act of intelligence but I call his retreat an act of cowardice.

=/= The Grinch removes his jacket and drops it on the ramp. He then sprints down toward the ring, slides under the bottom rope, and comes up quick as the noise in the stadium begins to fade.=/=

Ray Douglas: The following contest is a triple-threat, last man standing eeeee-elimination match to determine the nummmmberrrrrr one contender for the Paramount title! Now in the ring, the first competitor, battling out of Whoville USA... he is theeeee GRINCH!

Jim Gunt: Man, look at the Grinch. He looks intense; he looks focused... I think.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, Jim, it's kind of hard to get a read on him.

=/= Without pause, "Die Die Die My Darling" by Metallica cuts over the speakers and the fans give me a much more louder response now, getting to their feet and screaming cheers as pyros begin shooting off the ramp. The mysterious man known as Ataxia comes out with his trademark bag/mask on his head, a mechanical smile somehow still being shown out. Ataxia walks down the ramp, slapping a few of the Wrestle Fest audience member's hands, entering the ring up the steps.=/=

Ray Douglas: And here is the second man coming to the ring for this three-way contest, from an unknown place, he is....ATAXIA!!

Jim Gunt: I know you called Marcus Delamere a coward, but look at Ataxia. If this man came out and told me he was going to bust my skull open with a steel pipe, I think I'd reconsider my participation as well!

Mike Rolash: This is wrestling, not kindergarten! Ataxia is a warrior, a freak of nature, a beast of the most vicious and violent construction! I don't care who you are, fear doesn't have a place in wrestling. Besides, this is Wrestle Fest, you don't turn down a match at the biggest event in wrestling!

Jim Gunt: Just look at Ataxia. Even with that mask on his head you can tell there's something different about him tonight; he's ready for war. He's ready to destroy his opponents, and I think he's got a great chance.

=/= Ataxia and the Grinch turn to each other as the crowd has begun to loosen up. =/=

Jim Gunt: A little bit of a stare down between the Grinch and Ataxia – if you could call it that, considering the masks.

Mike Rolash: Jesus Christ, Jim, always making assumptions.

=/= "Roger That" by Young Money begins to play and the final competitor in the elimination Last Man Standing Match, Chris Ashton, comes out to a mixed response. Most of the Houston crowd doesn't know what to think of him, but he remains brash and cocky as he trash talks no one in particular on the way down to the ring. Ashton slide in to the squared circle and prepares for the match.=/=

Ray Douglas: "Introducing the final competitor in this contendership match for the Paramount title, from Los Angeles, California.... CHRIS ASHTON!!!"

Mike Rolash: Now here's a kid who really sticks out—

Jim Gunt: One of these things is not like the other...

Mike Rolash: Chris Ashton looks like he's in a different world than the Grinch and Ataxia; the look in his eyes – he's got nothing on his mind but victory. This young man made some bold statements this week about this match, and if he can back up half of the talk then he can really break through tonight as a top prospect.

Jim Gunt: Well this is Wrestle Fest, this is where legacies are built and careers legitimized.

=/= The Grinch, Ataxia and Ashton are standing in the ring now, standing equidistantly in a sort of makeshift-triangle formation. =/=

Jim Gunt: The room looks so empty now with only three men; it's a real disappointment that we lost so many competitors before the match even started.

Mike Rolash: Let's not focus on what we've lost – let's just focus on—

=/= Suddenly, the lights in the stadium go out. =/=

Mike Rolash: What the hell is this?

Jim Gunt: Did we blow a fuse?

=/= A large countdown appears on the CWF Tron. It is the only illumination in the arena, flickering in and out as the numbers pass down from "45" to "44" and so-on. =/=

Jim Gunt: What is this now?

Mike Rolash: I don't know but apparently we're going to find out in about forty seconds.

=/= A woman's voice over the P.A. begins to echo throughout the stadium. =/=

The way we reach you...

Is the way you go...

Caused by our music...

We cannot explain...

We can only tell.

=/= A loud bass begins to swell. =/=

We. Speak. Music.

=/= The countdown hits "0" and, following the words, a loud, thunderous electronica beat begins to play and a single spotlight shines down atop the moonroof of a long, white limousine which has made its way onto the stage. The crowd begins to cheer as the moonroof opens and a man leaps up from inside the limo on to the roof. =/=

Mike Rolash: That's Marcus Delamere!

Jim Gunt: He isn't supposed to be here!

=/= Marcus is wearing crimson tights, brown boots and green elbow pads. On his face is a pair of black, Ray-Ban sunglasses, and he has a look on his face as if to say 'Here I am. You're welcome.' Marcus begins to stroll down the roof of his limo until he reaches the windshield. He slides down to the hood and struts toward the front, near the hood ornament. The music begins to swell. =/=

We. Speak. Music.

=/= Marcus leaps off the hood as the limo's tires begin to screech and smoke. The limo backs up quickly and, as Marcus hits the ramp, the techno begins to blare louder and a single, repeating bass beat literally shakes the entire arena. With each beat, pyrotechnics shoot up from the stage and down from the top of the set. =/=

Jim Gunt: Oh God, this music is of the devil!

Mike Rolash: Marcus Delamere has arrived after all! And what an entrance it is!

=/= Marcus continues to hop in place as the pyros fire off, one after another with each time his feet hit the ground; once they stop, Marcus begins to sprint toward the ring. He leaps over the apron and glides through the middle and bottom

rope. When he lands, he rolls to his feet and glares at Ataxia. =/=

Marcus Delamere: I wouldn't miss this party for the world, princess.

=/= Marcus shifts his view to the Grinch and smiles. He nods his head to him and then quickly turns and throws his sunglasses into the crowd. The music begins to fade and Marcus is now hopping in place, warming up. =/=

Jim Gunt: That sneaky son of a--

Mike Rolash: It was all a ploy! He wasn't going to skip the show!

Jim Gunt: Well, all ploys aside, let's see if this kid can actually wrestle, because Ataxia looks like... well he's wearing a bag over his head, so he doesn't look like anything, but you have to assume he's not pleased to see Marcus in the ring.

=/= Ashton has found himself standing nearest to Delamere, the focus of both Ataxia and the Grinch. He glances at Marcus, then at the Grinch and Ataxia, and he takes a large step backward, toward the turnbuckle. Referee Pamela Skye calls for the bell, and Wrestle Fest's first match of the night gets underway. Immediately, Grinch and Ataxia sprint toward Marcus; Delamere drops to the canvas and slides to the outside, but that doesn't stop the Grinch and Ataxia. The Grinch goes through the middle rope and catches Marcus high with a diving spear; Ataxia leaps up to the top rope and then flies into the air with an Asai shooting star press! =/=

Jim Gunt: Flying bag man! Look out below!

=/= The Grinch is able to spot Ataxia and rolls out of the way, but Marcus is caught flush as Ataxia plummets onto the young Delamere chest first. =/=

Mike Rolash: And that's why you don't make enemies in wrestling! Divide and conquer!

=/= Chris Ashton is considering exiting the ring, but instead of following his three opponents he saunters over to the opposite side of the ring and slides to the outside. =/=

Jim Gunt: What the hell is Chris Ashton doing?

=/= Ashton retrieves a steel chair from beneath the ring and races around the outside, toward the three other wrestlers. =/=

Mike Rolash: And that's our first weapon citing of Wrestle Fest II.

=/= Ashton steadies his steel chair as the Grinch stands and takes notice of him. Ashton freezes, then points to Delamere, then extends the chair toward the Grinch. =/=

Jim Gunt: I think Ashton is trying to help the Grinch and Ataxia eliminate Marcus Delamere.

Mike Rolash: See? Ashton is a smart kid; he divides, he conquers. He knows the easiest way to weaken his opponents is to—

=/= The Grinch takes the chair, then whacks Ashton upside the head with it. =/=

Mike Rolash: Oh my God!

=/= Ashton collapses on the outside of the ring as Ataxia mounts Marcus and begins showering him with rights and lefts. Marcus tries to shove him off, but he's unable to coordinate his limbs before being rocked by yet another shot. The Grinch approaches Ataxia and motions to take over the beat down, but Ataxia shoves him off. Ataxia begins to punch Marcus again, but the Grinch grabs his left hand and pulls him off the prone Delamere. =/=

Jim Gunt: The Grinch wants some.

=/= Ashton has returned to his feet now as the Grinch attempts to attack Marcus, but Ataxia grabs the chair from the Grinch before he can use it. The two men turn now, and they are face to face. =/=

Ataxia: Wait your turn, freak!

≠/≠ Marcus has begun to stir, but neither men have noticed. The Grinch approaches Ataxia and the two are jawing back-and-forth, incoherently. The Grinch shoves Ataxia, then Ataxia shoves back, using the chair. The Grinch winds up to take a swing at Ataxia but he's interrupted as Chris Ashton sprints over and dropkicks both men to the ground! Ashton is the first to get back to his feet, and Ataxia is right behind him. Ashton turns and whips Ataxia upside the head with a stiff lateral kick, then he turns and hits Grinch in the shoulder with another kick.

He turns to catch Ataxia with an elbow to the head which drops him to the floor, and now the crowd is beginning to come alive for the first time all night. Ashton attempts a Pele-backflip kick on the Grinch, who catches him in mid-air and drops him with a makeshift piledriver on the outside! The crowd is beginning to get into the match as Referee Skye begins to count from inside the ring. ≠/≠

1 – Ataxia is beginning to stir. The Grinch notices him and approaches.

2 – Ataxia is on one knee, and the Grinch is helping to lift him by the throat.

3 – The Grinch is face-to-face with Ataxia, grinning.

4 – Marcus re-emerges with Ashton's steel chair and hits the Grinch and Ataxia in one thunderous swing!

5 – Marcus is the only man standing. Ashton is the first to roll over onto his stomach and try to stand.

6 – Marcus picks Ashton up and hits him with a European uppercut.

≠/≠ Marcus takes Ashton and, with his free hand, whips him into the nearby steel post. He steadies Ashton's steel chair and watches as Ashton stumbles backward toward him. Ashton turns just in time to catch a powerful chair shot to the forehead, which immediately rips his forehead open. The crowd is screaming now; they're getting their fix of blood. ≠/≠

Marcus Delamere: Oh this is what you want? You want blood? You want carnage?

Ataxia: They want me.

≠/≠ Marcus turns around in time to catch a spinning kick from Ataxia; Marcus instinctively uses the chair to block the kick, but this only makes the impact worse as the kick sends the steel chair into Marcus' head. Marcus drops the chair and stumbles backward, toward the apron. Ataxia picks up the steel chair and Marcus rolls into the ring. Ashton is on one knee and of no threat to Ataxia, so he begins to enter the ring in pursuit of Marcus. From behind, the Grinch grabs him by the ankle and keeps Ataxia trapped beneath the ropes. Ataxia turns to glare at the Grinch and begins to scream, but there's nothing he can do as Marcus rips the chair from Ataxia's hands and raises it high into the air. ≠/≠

Jim Gunt: This steel chair is getting more use than Jenna Jameson's triangle!

Mike Rolash: Highly inappropriate, Jim.

Jim Gunt: What? Dr. Jenna Jameson. Invented the right-angle triangle.

Mike Rolash: That's not—really?

Jim Gunt: Moron.

≠/≠ Marcus brings the steel chair crashing down onto Ataxia's covered face, and the Grinch watches with glee. Marcus lifts the chair and again hits Ataxia, and then again, and again, and now he is pummeling Ataxia from above like a carpet bomb. ≠/≠

Jim Gunt: The Grinch and Marcus are teaming up on Ataxia, who would've ever expected that?

≠/≠ Ashton is back to his feet now and is witness to the carnage. Insecure, he again goes under the ring and retrieves a steel chair of his own. He slides into the ring behind Marcus and drives the edge of the chair into Marcus' spine. Marcus drops his chair and collapses to his knees, and Ashton raises his chair to crack him upside the head. Before he can, Marcus throws himself backward, rolls between Ashton's legs and trips him from behind. Ashton collapses

forward, narrowly missing Ataxia with the hair as he plummets, and Marcus quickly takes advantage by attempting an STF.

The Grinch drags Ataxia outside the ring and begins to beat him with body blows and stiff shin kicks. Ataxia, who is visibly shaken from the repeated chair shots from Delamere, make a last-ditch effort to destroy the Grinch's momentum by lunging at him and trying to tackle him low, but the Grinch simply leap frogs him and shoves him from behind into the nearby security barricade. =/=

Jim Gunt: Ataxia is on dream street. I don't know if he's going to hold on much longer!

=/= Meanwhile, back in the ring, Chris Ashton has reversed Delamere's attempt at an STF and the two are rolling apart. They stand in unison and stare each other down; the audience, whose attention is split between the two men in the ring and the Grinch, stalking Ataxia on the outside, applauds the two as prepare to resume battle. Ashton makes the first move, lunging high with a Superman punch, but Marcus goes low and catches him with a sharp punch to the gut.

Marcus stands and loops one arm behind Ashton's head and prepares to bring him down for a DDT, but Ashton wraps his own arm around Marcus and attempts a leg-sweep facebuster. Neither man is able to gain advantage, but Delamere lets go and ducks out of Ashton's hold and opts for a simple kidney shot instead of continuing the grappling struggle. Outside, the Grinch is stalking Ataxia who has finally returned to an upright position. Pamela Skye is outside monitoring Ataxia's movement, concerned for his health. Ataxia turns in time to see the Grinch leap into the air and attempt a hurricanrana, but Ataxia has enough energy left to block his momentum and attempt a running powerbomb.

The Grinch pushes off Ataxia's shoulder and falls behind him, and turns around in time to catch a solid forearm from Ataxia. The Grinch takes a staggered step backward, and Ataxia catches him with a knee lift, then an elbow to the back of the head, then another, then a kidney shot, then he braces the Grinch in a DDT grapple. Ataxia cackles loudly with a roaring laugh so loud that the cameras are all able to pick it up. Ataxia raises one hand in the air and then throws himself backward, spiking the Grinch off the padded area outside with a stiff, spike DDT! =/=

Mike Rolash: This is madness. This is sheer madness!

Jim Gunt: And none of these competitors seem to have taken the edge.

=/= Delamere lifts Ashton up and headbutts him abruptly in the brow; he kicks him low, in the shin, then whips him backward with a snap suplex. Once Ashton hits the mat, Marcus rolls across him and slaps him in the face. He lifts him up once more and kicks him in the hip, then quickly transitions into a T-Bone grapple position. Marcus steps back, toward the ring ropes, and T-Bone suplexes Chris Ashton high into the air!

Outside, Ataxia is taunting the Grinch from above. Upon hearing the tormented shrieks of a falling Chris Ashton, he turns in time to catch Ashton's hips with his forehead. Ataxia collapses to the ground beneath the weight of Chris Ashton, and the crowd goes wild! =/=

Jim Gunt: A T-Bone suplex from Marcus Delamere has sent Chris Ashton ass-over-tea kettle, and onto a waiting Ataxia! The Grinch is out, Ashton is out, Ataxia is out, and Marcus Delamere is – what the hell?

Mike Rolash: Marcus Delamere is climbing the top turnbuckle!

=/= Inside the ring, Marcus is atop the turnbuckle nearest the three men on the outside. Marcus wobbles for a moment, but only for a moment, and soon is standing upright and poised with excitement. Suddenly, something beyond the three men, at the top of the ramp, catches Marcus' attention. =/=

Jim Gunt: What is he waiting for?

Mike Rolash: Hey, wait a minute!

=/= At the top of the ramp, King Nothing is watching the match. The crowd cheers at his arrival, and the King motions for Marcus to continue with his evening. =/=

Jim Gunt: King Nothing is here, and he's got Marcus Delamere distracted.

=/= Beneath Marcus, the Grinch has begun to stir. Delamere looks away from King Nothing and leaps from the top rope for a leg drop, but the Grinch stands up and clotheslines him on his way down! Delamere hits the ground with a thud, landing partially on Chris Ashton, and immediately rolls over and clutches his tailbone. The Grinch begins to cackle and turns to the crowd, which has begun to grow even louder. =/=

Jim Gunt: What an opening match, and we haven't even had our first elimination yet!

=/= The Grinch could care less about Referee Skye, who has begun to count ALL THREE of his opponents out, and he races around the ring. =/=

1 – Nobody is moving; Marcus is still growling in pain, Ataxia has a hand on his forehead and Ashton is swallowing his own blood as it seeps from his forehead.

2 – The Grinch dives under the ring and vanishes. The crowd is scared and confused.

3 – Marcus has gotten to a knee, and Referee Skye is motioning that she is no longer counting to eliminate him.

4 – Marcus searches for the Grinch, then turns back to Ataxia, who has begun to stir.

5 – Ataxia gets to a knee and Marcus lunges at him, striking him with a sharp right hook.

6 – Marcus drops to his knee. Ataxia is on both of his knees now.

7 – The Grinch re-emerges on the same side of the ring as his opponents; he is carrying a crow-bar which has crudely been spray painted green and red.

8 – Marcus picks Ataxia up and prepares yet another right hook; the Grinch is simply watching and waiting for the perfect moment.

9 – Ashton rolls onto his stomach and pushes himself to a knee. The Grinch leaps forward and takes a golf swing with the crowbar, cracking Ashton in the ribs! Ashton lets out a sharp howl of pain, but the Grinch's interference stops the referee's count.

=/= The thud from the crowbar has alerted Delamere to the Grinch's return. He turns in time to see the Grinch take a large, baseball-esque wind-up. =/=

Grinch: Greetings from Who-Ville!

=/= The Grinch swings with all his might, but Marcus ducks the crowbar and the Grinch winds up swinging for Ataxia. Ataxia, who is barely standing, hurls himself backward and catches the Grinch with a drop toe hold. The crowbar bounces off the entrance ramp and bounces away from the Grinch, and now all four men are down. =/=

Jim Gunt: This is absolutely crazy, and Referee Skye is having no luck trying to convince these men to get back in the ring!

=/= The Grinch gets up and is turned around by a waiting Marcus Delamere. Marcus takes a quick shot to the Grinch's ribs and then locks him up with a fisherman's suplex hold. Before he can execute, he is grabbed from behind by Ataxia, who puts him in a sleeper hold. Ataxia chokes Marcus out with glee as Chris Ashton pursues the nearby crowbar. Ataxia notices him, and in his moment of pondering whether to continue harming Delamere or to pursue Ashton, he loosens up his hold just enough for Marcus to connect with a low-blow mule kick. Ataxia grimaces, then collapses to a knee. Marcus shoves him over with the heel of his boot, then prepares to suplex Grinch on top of him.

Before he can, Chris Ashton returns and slams the crowbar into Marcus' kidney. Marcus immediately drops the Grinch, who staggers to turn and face Ashton. Ashton takes a swing at the King of Who-Ville, but the Grinch ducks and gets behind Ashton. Ashton turns to face him, lunges forward but is caught by Grinch in a fireman's carry. Delamere watches in horror as the Grinch grabs Ashton's arm, refusing to let him take a swing with the crowbar, and, with Ataxia

and Delamere watching from the ground, sets Ashton into a cradle piledriver position. =/=

Jim Gunt: No! Not on the ramp!

=/= In fact, the Grinch does not drop Ashton on the ramp. Instead, he leaps off the ramp and brings Ashton crashing down on to the small area of concrete separating the crowd from the stage! The crowd lets out a staggering 'Ooh' and those near the site of the piledriver begin the inevitable "holy shit" chant. =/=

Mike Rolash: Chris Ashton is dead! He's simply dead!

=/= Grinch stands and is applauded by the nearest fans who appreciate the small slice of carnage, but before he can soak up his applause he is caught from behind by Ataxia who drags him back toward the ramp by the hair. Ataxia turns Grinch around as Referee Skye approaches and checks on Chris Ashton. Grinch pulls Ataxia down from above and drags the masked man to the area between the ramp and the barricade. Marcus, still favoring his kidney, is of no concern at the moment. Neither is Chris Ashton though, as he has not moved since receiving the piledriver on the outside. Referee Skye studies Ashton for a moment, then immediately motions for him to be eliminated, foregoing the standard ten-count. =/=

Jim Gunt: What the – Chris Ashton has been eliminated without a count!

Mike Rolash: That's not good. Somebody, get an EMT out here!

=/= As if on cue, an EMT crew races out from backstage, past King Nothing who is still watching and now applauding. They approach Chris Ashton but are unable to reach him as the Grinch and Ataxia have blocked their path to the downed youngster. Exchanging punches, neither the Grinch nor Ataxia have taken notice of the crew, but Marcus spots them. He motions for the EMT crew to take a step back as Ataxia grappled the Grinch and holds him back against the steel barricade separating the fans from the stage. =/=

Jim Gunt: What the hell is Marcus Delamere doing?

=/= The EMT crew backs up as Marcus Delamere lunges from the ramp, dropkicks Ataxia and sends both him and the Grinch tumbling over the steel barricade and into the crowd! The crowd begins to retreat from the area, aided by security, and Marcus returns to the ramp, allowing the EMT crew to reach Ashton. Ataxia is the first to stand, and he is also the first to turn and witness Marcus fly once more, diving off the ramp and into the crowd, tackling Ataxia from above! The Grinch is able to avoid the tumbling tandem and quickly joins the fray from above, choking Marcus with one hand from behind and punching Ataxia with his free hand from above.

Ataxia is able to block one of Grinch's punches and quickly locks him into an armbar. The Grinch attempts to step back, but Ataxia only latches on harder, and now Marcus is trapped between the Grinch who is strangling him from behind and Ataxia who is holding onto Grinch's arm as if he were trying to triangle-choke his elbow into unconsciousness. Marcus kicks Ataxia in the ribs, then throws himself backward, ramming the Grinch into the barricade. He turns to take another shot at the Grinch but Ataxia grabs him from behind and throws him into the Grinch, sending both of them men back over the barricade, toward the ramp, and only nearly avoiding the unconscious Chris Ashton. =/=

Jim Gunt: Those medics need to get Chris Ashton out of here ASAP!

=/= No sooner does Jim Gunt make his decry than the EMTs load Ashton onto a stretcher and rush him toward the backstage area. Marcus stands to his feet and glances over the barricade in time to catch a leaping kick from Ataxia which sends him straight back into the ramp. Ataxia then leaps the barricade and clotheslines Marcus in the throat, crushing him against the ramp. The Grinch stands up now and catches Ataxia's attention. There is a moment of silence as Ataxia holds Marcus against the ramp and the Grinch stands to his feet. After a moment, without speaking a word, the two men begin pummeling Marcus in unison! =/=

Mike Rolash: The two lone wolves have become united once more, taking Marcus Delamere to task for his fancy words and arrogant disposition!

=/= Marcus' mouth begins to bleed profusely as the Grinch catches him with a shot flush to the jaw. Ataxia begins to work Marcus' ribs, and soon Marcus is unable to stand on his own. He falls into the arms of Ataxia and the Grinch who look at each other with a look of casual success. Ataxia looks past the Grinch, toward the ring, and soon the Grinch catches on and helps Ataxia drag Marcus back toward the posts and canvas. =/=

Jim Gunt: I tell you what, forget the six-pack abs, forget the million-dollar smile, there's not enough in this world to make me switch places with Marcus Delamere right now.

=/= The Grinch and Ataxia roll Marcus into the ring and study him for a moment. They share a glance at each other, and then the Grinch raises a finger as if to say 'Give me a moment.' Ataxia rolls into the ring and keeps Marcus subdued with a few mounted punches, and the Grinch, outside by the announcer's table, retrieves a wooden table of his own. Ataxia turns to watch the Grinch set the table up outside, and even through his mask the audience can sense a bitter smirk reaching across his face. =/=

Jim Gunt: That table's a bit too close for comfort, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Well, I think it's about time for me to be hitting the olld dusty trail...

=/= The Grinch returns to the ring and motions for Ataxia to pick Marcus up. Ataxia does, and the Grinch catches Delamere with a running thrust kick. Marcus drops to a knee and now the crowd is starting to feel empathy for the trapped Delamere who is being thoroughly destroyed by his opponents. Ataxia, sensing their sentiments, motions for the Grinch to move toward the ropes nearest the wooden table. =/=

Ataxia: Let's get this over with!

Grinch: As you wish, bag-faced man.

Ataxia: My name is Ataxia, Mr. Horton Hears a Who-The-Hell-Cares.

Grinch: That wasn't even clever!

=/= Ataxia drops Marcus to the mat and stares at the Grinch. =/=

Ataxia: That was damn clever. More clever than 'Ooh, I'm the Grinch!'

Grinch: Well let me tell you this, Sam I Am, once we eliminate Marcus over there I will make you feel like a doe against a bear, you will feel pain like flames in your hair and if you try to fight back, if you even dare—

=/= Ataxia slaps the Grinch. =/=

Ataxia: No more rhymes. I'm sick of rhymes!

=/= The Grinch glares at Ataxia, and for a moment there is an assuredness that he will retaliate to Ataxia's slap, but instead he grabs Marcus by the hair and drags him toward the ropes nearest the wooden table. Ataxia steps back and begins measuring things out in his mind, trying to figure out the best way to put Marcus through the table, but Marcus gets a second wind and quickly catches the Grinch with an elbow to the gut. He falls forward and brings the Grinch down with a snapmare, then rolls to his feet and leaps up for a spinning kick to Ataxia, but Ataxia is quick enough to dodge out of the way.

No sooner is Marcus back on the ground then Ataxia swings with a roundhouse punch, but Marcus ducks and catches Ataxia with a strong uppercut which sends Ataxia staggering back to the ropes. The Grinch stands now and approaches Marcus as Delamere tags Ataxia with a sharp chop to the chest, then whips around and kicks the Grinch upside the head. Marcus spins back around and catches Ataxia with an elbow, then back around again and hits the

Grinch in the throat with a knife-edged chop, then attempts a Superkick on Ataxia, but Ataxia ducks, catches Marcus by the leg and lifts him up before throwing him back down with an improvised standing spinebreaker! =/=

Jim Gunt: A valid attempt by Marcus Delamere, but the numbers game proves to be too much!

=/= Ataxia is furious now, and he begins pummeling Marcus from above with punches. The Grinch doesn't even try to convince Ataxia to give him a chance to step in, and instead he approaches the nearest turnbuckle. He steps up to the top rope and crouches down, watching Ataxia from above and waiting for his chance. =/=

Jim Gunt: Come on! They're just dominating Marcus Delamere now; the Grinch is just waiting atop his perch for yet another chance to hurt this kid!

Mike Rolash: Hey, maybe it'll make this rich kid think twice before opening his big mouth!

=/= The Grinch is so focused on Ataxia's attacks on Marcus that he doesn't even notice Chris Ashton, who has sprinted down the ramp and slid into the ring behind Ataxia. By the time the Grinch notices him, Chris Ashton leaps up to the top turnbuckle, grabs the Grinch, and takes him over the top with a running RKO! Ashton flies outside the ring and takes the Grinch with him, sending him face-first through the wooden table! =/=

Jim Gunt: OH MY GOD! Chris Ashton, who has already been eliminated, just came out from the back and caught the Grinch with the S2K!

Mike Rolash: No! That can't count! They can't eliminate the Grinch based on outside interference!

=/= Referee Skye is thinking these very words in her head as she watches the Grinch, prone and motionless, but is unable to count. Ashton stands to his feet and stares down at the Grinch, blood dripping from his head, and begins staggering away, toward the ramp. =/=

Jim Gunt: Well, Chris Ashton has come out and made his point quite clear – you don't get the best of me and live to talk about it! The Grinch is out cold!

=/= Ataxia rushes over to the ropes and checks on the Grinch, who has still yet to move, and this only gives Marcus time to recover. Delamere is quickly back to his feet, but Ataxia turns around in time to subdue him with a sharp knee lift to the abdomen. Marcus bends forward and Ataxia catches him with another knee lift to the chest this time. From beneath, Marcus attempts to lift Ataxia with a fireman's carry, but Ataxia knees him in the head, pushes off, and lands with a sharp dropkick to Marcus' shins. Marcus collapses to the ground like a ton of bricks, and Ataxia stands to let Referee Skye begin the ten count. =/=

1 – Marcus doesn't move except for the moments where he's elevated off the mat by his own breathing.

2 – Ataxia leans back against the nearest turnbuckle to catch his breath.

3 – The Grinch has begun to move on the outside, but he is now bleeding profusely.

4 – Marcus is trying to push himself up from the ground, but he is only able to lift his upper body.

5 – Marcus tries to get his knees under him, but Ataxia catches him with a running kick to the face.

=/= Referee Skye stops the count and rushes over to Marcus. =/=

Referee Skye: Do you want to quit?

Marcus: Get out of my face, you plebeian.

=/= Ataxia shoves Skye out of the way and leaps into the air for a flying knee drop, but Marcus rolls out of the way. Ataxia tries to stand to maintain his advantage, but his knee gives way and he finds himself on his back, clutching his leg. All three men are down now, but the Grinch seems to be the nearest to standing up. =/=

Jim Gunt: Words cannot describe the massacre that we are witnessing. All three men are down. The Grinch is a bloody mess. Delamere is showing discoloration on his chest and is bleeding from a cut on his lip. Ataxia seems to have

injured his leg on a botched knee drop, and none of these men seem to have an advantage.

Mike Rolash: You know, you have to wonder where we would be if Chris Ashton hadn't decided to come down and get his petulant little revenge on the Grinch. Marcus Delamere might not even be in this match right now if it weren't for him!

=/= The Grinch is now upright, albeit from his knees, and catching his bearings. By the time he remembers where he is, he has realized that both of his opponents are out of commission. He begins to laugh on the outside uncontrollably, and he dives back under the ring. =/=

Jim Gunt: Oh God, what now?!

=/= Quicker than the last time he ventured under the ring for his candy-cane crowbar, the Grinch has returned with two sacks of unknown substances and a large bamboo stick! He places the objects on the apron, then reaches back under the ring and retrieves a roll of electrical tape. =/=

Mike Rolash: Well. That's not. That's not good at all, Jim.

Jim Gunt: Not at all, Mike. Not at all...

=/= The Grinch rolls into the ring and rushes toward Delamere. He begins lifting Marcus from above, then wrapping the electrical tape around Marcus' arms and chest. =/=

Jim Gunt: What, no duct tape?

Mike Rolash: Duct tape triumphs over all other forms of tape, Jim.

Jim Gunt: That sentiment is echoed by white people all across America.

=/= The Grinch now has Marcus' arms pinned to his body, and he helps Marcus to his knees. =/=

Grinch: Marcus, you seem to read a lot of Dr. Seuss with all of your clever little rhymes. May I ask, mother ****er, have you ever read the one called "One Fish, Two Fish, Dead Fish Is You, Bitch!"

Marcus: What the hell are you doing – and that's not even proper English!

=/= The Grinch stands and returns to his corner of goodies and retrieves the bamboo stick. Ataxia seems to be feeling better now, and he is beginning to stand. He watches as the Grinch takes a running swing with the stick at Marcus, but Marcus flops onto his back to avoid the shot. The Grinch tries to hit him from above like a hammer, but Marcus rolls out of the way. The Grinch continues to chase him, swatting from above, and Marcus is barely dodging each strike until finally he rolls into Ataxia, who stares down at him and smiles. =/=

Ataxia: They teach you how to handle this in business school, rich boy?

=/= Ataxia places his boot on Marcus' face and then strokes it forward, racking Marcus' eyes and nose. The crowd is in a frenzy now, neither cheering nor booing, they are simply enthralled in the carnage. The Grinch finally gets his long-awaited swack at Marcus with the bamboo stick and the shot, which connects flush on Marcus' chest and arms, makes a thunderous cracking noise that echoes through the entire arena! Even Ataxia seems appalled by the shot, and he leaps backward, away from the Grinch. The Grinch raises the stick again and takes another shot at Marcus, this one making such a loud noise, creating such a loud impact, that few people notice the red welt that immediately appears on Marcus' chest and arms. =/=

Jim Gunt: This isn't wrestling! This is BTK!

=/= Ataxia, curious, has now begun to investigate the Grinch's large stocking bags. Upon opening the first, he begins to giggle uncontrollably; he then begins to skip in place, cackling. He opens his hand and pours the contents of the first bag into his palm – a pair of brass knuckles. The crowd lets out an immediate 'Oooh.' =/=

Mike Rolash: Look, I'm all for hardcore, but this is getting out of control! Somebody needs to stop this!

=/= The Grinch realizes that Ataxia has stolen his first goody bag, and he stands Marcus up as if to ensure that Ataxia has an immediate target with which to test out his new toy, lest he get bored and strike the Grinch impatiently. Grinch turns Marcus around and holds him up by the throat as Ataxia approaches, equipped with the brass knuckles. =/=

Ataxia: Well Marcus, after all your talking, and all of your bragging, here you are. Pinned between a Grinch and a hard place. Did you ever think your career would end so soon after it began? Searching, wasting all of your time, money and effort trying to find out the questions to life's mysteries – who are you? What can you do with your meaningless life? Are you as bad as you think you are? Well if that's your question... here's your answer.

=/= Ataxia brings his arm back and then backhand chops Marcus in the chest with the brass knuckles. Whereas a normal chop makes but a clapping noise, this brass-coated chop makes only a loud, appalling 'thud.' Marcus immediately collapses to his knees, and the Grinch retreats toward the ropes, grinning. =/=

Jim Gunt: This is Wrestle Fest, this is where young wrestlers give it their all to kick off their careers, but this is quickly turning into a mugging. This isn't poetry in motion, this is a felony in motion!

Mike Rolash: This is what they signed up for.

=/= The Grinch steps out to the apron and throws his bamboo stick to the outside. Ataxia watches him, and the Grinch motions up into the sky. Ataxia smiles and lifts Marcus to his feet. =/=

Ataxia: Now this is the end, Mucus. The end of our career.

=/= Ataxia backs away from Marcus as the Grinch lunges to the top rope. Marcus catches what Grinch is doing on the large SuperScreen at the top of the ramp, and turns to face the Grinch before he even takes flight. The Grinch, sure the Marcus is unable to retaliate with his arms pinned, leaps high into the air for a flying spear, but Marcus quickly does a 360-degree spin and catches the Grinch with a bone-splitting roundhouse kick to the jaw! The Grinch is stopped in his tracks like a bird hit with buck shot, and he falls to the ground in a lump. The crowd, immediately, goes ape shit. =/=

Jim Gunt: OH MY GOD!

Mike Rolash: With his arms pinned, Marcus Delamere has just connected with what almost looked like a modified Go 2 Sleep!

Jim Gunt: He calls it the 'Marcus Aurealiest.'

Mike Rolash: Well isn't he effing clever?

=/= Ataxia looks on, stunned, as Marcus slowly turns to face him, grinning. Referee Skye begins her long-awaited count on the Grinch. =/=

- 1 – Marcus is looking confident.
- 2 – Ataxia motions to Marcus, reminding him that his arms are still pinned.
- 3 – Marcus isn't looking so confident.
- 4 – Ataxia lunges at Marcus with a lariat, but Marcus ducks, falls to the ground and rolls out to ringside.
- 5 – Ataxia begins pursuit.
- 6 – Marcus is running past dozens of fans in the front row.

Marcus Delamere: Someone cut the tape! Cut the tape! Cut the tape! For the love of all that is holy, don't any of you Neanderthals know how to cut tape?!

- 7 – Ataxia has caught up to Marcus, grabs him by the shoulder and spins him around.
- 8 – Marcus headbutts him and stumbles backward against the barricade. While there, a drunken fan begins to howl to the camera and his friend, trying to catch the spotlight, rips at the electrical tape on Marcus' arms.

9 – Ataxia stands in time to see the tape weaken, and Marcus break free of the ties that bind.

10 – Ataxia bails back into the ring.

Jim Gunt: Marcus is free, and now the Grinch is eliminated!

=/= Marcus glares at Ataxia and the cut on his lip has begun to seal up. He takes several deep breaths and it appears as if he has gotten his second (third?) wind. As Marcus approaches the apron, Ataxia puts his brass knuckles back on his hand. Referee Skye removes the Grinch from the ring and shoves him to the outside, where he remains motionless, as Marcus watches Ataxia carefully. =/=

Jim Gunt: And then there were two! Ataxia and Marcus Delamere, two of the most talked about entrants into this match, are now facing each other down.

Mike Rolash: But can Marcus Delamere put up a fight after the amazing beating he's endured?

=/= Marcus approaches the broken wooden table outside of the ring and begins pulling at one of its metal legs. He continues to tear at it until the metal leg comes detached from the table, and now he has a weapon to match Ataxia's brass knucks. =/=

Jim Gunt: It's like "Quest for Fire" out here. But with infinitely more awesometude!

=/= Marcus slides into the ring and Ataxia bails. =/=

Marcus Delamere: Why are you running?! I thought you were a monster; a beast! Come on and face me!

Ataxia: Don't you find this so fitting, Mucus? You, the most flamboyant, and me the most talented, the most entertaining. After all the words we've exchanged, doesn't it just feel right that we're the last two men standing?

Marcus Delamere: Quit talking! That's all you do is talk; get in the ring and show me that you can put some substance to your words, you bag-wearing, intellectual cataclysm.

=/= Ataxia smiles, and he approaches the barricade. Here, as it is with the rest of the barricade, a layer of padding is meant to protect the wrestlers from the metal of the barricade. Ataxia rips at the padding and stuffs his hand behind the rubber, never once taking his eyes of Marcus. =/=

Ataxia: What was it you said, Marcus?

=/= Ataxia begins to retrieve weapons from behind the rubber. =/=

Ataxia: Bring my steel pipe. My sledgehammer... leave nothing behind?

=/= Ataxia has now retrieved his steel pipe, his sledge hammer and the Marcus Delamere mask from his promo. He cackles and places the dummy Delamere mask over his own, now a caustic and eerie reflection of the bloodied man in the ring. =/=

Ataxia: Now show me what you've got!

=/= Ataxia sprints forward and tosses his sledge hammer over the top rope as he lunges into the ring. Before he can stand, the sledge hammer nearly hits Marcus who has to dodge, giving Ataxia time to get into his fighting stance. The sledge hammer bounces into the far corner of the ring away from Marcus, and now both men are standing, unhampered, with their own weapons – Marcus with his metal table leg, Ataxia with a steel pipe in one hand and a pair of brass knucks coating the other.

Outside, the Grinch has gotten to his feet and he has begun to walk up the ramp – the walk of shame. As he does, a snide member of the crowd has begun to sing the opening lyrics to 'How the Grinch Stole Christmas.' The Grinch glares at the fan, then turns back to Marcus and Ataxia in the ring. After a moment, he begins to pace toward the ring, perhaps planning to attack the remaining competitors as Chris Ashton had attacked him. From behind, King Nothing

sprints down the ramp and grabs him. =/=

King Nothing: Hey, Grinchy, how about you take your loss like a man.

=/= The Grinch turns and glares at King Nothing. King Nothing glares down at the Grinch, then, after a moment, emits a beaming smile. The Grinch, too tired to fight him, instead shoves him out of his way and marches up the ramp, to the exit. =/=

Jim Gunt: Since when is King Nothing a peacekeeper?

Mike Rolash: Where the hell was he when Chris Ashton came out?!

=/= Neither Ataxia nor Marcus have taken their eyes off one another long enough to have noticed that King Nothing just protected them. Instead, they are now pacing about the ring, circling each other, waiting for a moment to strike. Marcus acts first, lunging forward but quickly retreating as Ataxia swats at him with his steel pipe. =/=

Jim Gunt: Ataxia blinked first!

=/= Marcus drops his metal leg and instead decides to tackle Ataxia, forcing him back into the turnbuckle and causing him to drop the steel pipe! Marcus stands and begins hammering at Ataxia with a series of gut shots, then rib chops, then quick kicks to the legs and abdomen, and then finally he gives him a quick eye rake for good measure! Marcus backs up and sizes Ataxia up, then sprints forward and leaps into the air for a running bicycle kick, but Ataxia counters with a punch with his brass knucks.

The punch deflects off Marcus' boot, and Ataxia screams in agony as the brass compounds onto his knuckles. He drops the pair of knuckles to the outside, and Marcus quickly gets up to regain momentum. He drives a shoulder into Ataxia's gut, then attempts another but this time Ataxia is prepared and drops down, connects with a drop-toe hold and sends Marcus colliding face-first into the middle turnbuckle. =/=

Jim Gunt: Oh my God! Wrestling!!!

=/= Ataxia rushes to the outside as Marcus' face remains buried against the turnbuckle. He begins to undo the bottom turnbuckle in a rush, trying to remove it before Marcus regains his composure. He fails, and Marcus swings wildly from above, barely connecting with a weak left cross off Ataxia's shoddy doll mask. Ataxia ducks and finishes ripping the turnbuckle from the post, then slaps Marcus across the cheek and lunges back into the ring. Marcus turns to face Ataxia, but he's unable to get his weight beneath him and only ends up on his back, with his chest propped up by the bottom turnbuckle. Before he can move, Ataxia connects with a sharp stomp to the sternum, and then another, and another, and he continues to repeat the stomps as Marcus' spine bounces off of the exposed metal.

Ataxia stops only when his leg has grown tired, and now Marcus' back has begun to bleed. Ataxia backs up and now takes his time in sizing Marcus up as Marcus had done to him but moments ago. He sprints forward and lowers his knee for a running knee-drop, but Marcus slides out of the way. Ataxia is able to avoid racking himself only by inches, grabbing the middle rope and using all of his strength to slow his descent. Behind him, Marcus is having trouble getting to his feet, and Ataxia is able to recover before Marcus can take advantage of the fight. Ataxia grabs Marcus by the hair and punches him square in the jaw. He begins to laugh as he does. =/=

Ataxia: Try as you might, Mucus, this is your swan song!

=/= Ataxia takes yet another swing at Marcus, but Marcus counters by going low and flipping Ataxia head-over-heels with a northern lights suplex. Marcus rolls backward and mounts Ataxia, and soon punches begin raining down! =/=

Jim Gunt: You begin to wonder if either man even realizes that this match is for the number one contendership of the Paramount Title, but both are putting every inch of their strength into this match!

Mike Rolash: What an opener to Wrestle Fest, these men are truly stealing the show!

=/= Ataxia blocks what punches he can, but Marcus soon grabs his forearms and pins them to the ground. Ataxia, confused, is helpless as Marcus propels himself into the air and then collapses, bringing both knees into Ataxia's jaw. He does this once more, but Ataxia is able to get his legs up and shove Marcus into the air and away from him.

Marcus lands several feet away after the improvised pseudo-monkey flip, but he's still able to connect with a shining wizard on Ataxia as the man in two layers of masks gets to a knee. Marcus collapses to the ground behind Ataxia, gasping for air, and all Ataxia can do is roll onto his chest. He extends his finger tips, trying to find the ropes so as to pull himself up, but all he can find at his fingertips is the Grinch's second bag of goodies. =/=

Jim Gunt: Oh no.

=/= Marcus stands and continues gasping for air. He uses the turnbuckle to support himself, and when he turns to face Ataxia, Ataxia retrieves a handful of whatever is inside of the bag and hurls it at Marcus. The contents of the bag is shiny, and it flies through the air and causes Marcus to recoil in horror. Marcus begins to scream immediately, and as the contents hit the ground, everyone in the arena discovers what was inside the Grinch's second goody bag. =/=

Jim Gunt: Oh my God! Are those – those are thumbtacks!

=/= Marcus hits the ground and covers his face, and now Ataxia has the upper hand. He gets to a knee and begins to raise the bag over his head, laughing maniacally. After several attempts he is able to stand, and then he empties the remaining thumbtacks into a small pile beside Marcus' head. He grabs Marcus' hair, lifts his head, and then drops it onto the pile. Marcus is able to cover his face, but he is still not moving. =/=

Mike Rolash: What was it Marcus was saying this week about hating human pin-cushions?

=/= Ataxia stands and prepares to stomp Marcus' face into the thumbtacks... but something stops him. He turns slowly, and he romantically gazes at an object across the ring from him.

His sledgehammer.

The crowd is at a fever pitch. They are screaming in fear, in excitement, in horror and with glee. Ataxia races to his sledgehammer and picks it up. He turns back to Marcus, and he raises it high above his head. Ataxia takes several leaps forward and brings the sledgehammer crashing down, but Marcus rolls out of the way and Ataxia only succeeds in bringing the hammer down on the pile of thumbtacks! Upon impact, the thumbtacks explode into the air and catch in Ataxia's mask.

Ataxia recoils in pain and drops the sledgehammer immediately. He falls to his knees and begins crawling blindly for the ropes, for anything to give him a sense of location and grounding. Marcus stands to his feet now, and we find that there are no marks on his face except for his earlier cuts and bruises. There are no thumbtacks on his face, or even thumbtack cuts. =/=

Jim Gunt: Wait... Marcus was playing possum with Ataxia!

Mike Rolash: What would you do when a man has a handful of thumbtacks and no restraint in using them?!

=/= Ataxia crawls to the nearest turnbuckle and holds on for dear life as, with his free hand, he begins ripping thumbtacks out of his Marcus Delamere and normal masks. What he doesn't realize is that the post beneath his chin is the same post which he earlier removed the protective padding from. Marcus watches him from above and is glaring down with immeasurable hate. Marcus glances down at his feet and finds Ataxia's steel pipe.

He grins, like a child at Christmas.

Marcus bends down and lifts the steel pipe casually, weighing it in his hands. He raises it and glares down at Ataxia, ready to bring it crashing down... but something stops him. He turns and notices an object in the distance.

The Grinch's electrical tape.

Marcus approaches the tape and then a nearby turnbuckle. He kicks his foot up onto the second post and begins to tape the steel pipe to the bottom of his boot. =/=

Jim Gunt: What the—oh no.

Mike Rolash: Marcus Delamere is ready to get revenge for nearly twenty minutes of nonstop pain, and he's about to take it all out on Ataxia!

=/= Marcus turns back to Ataxia and takes a wobbly step forward, with the pipe causing him to stumble only slightly. =/=

Marcus: Hey, Ataxia.

=/= Marcus stands above Ataxia, who has his jaw resting on the exposed turnbuckle. =/=

Marcus: Well if that's your question...

=/= Marcus leaps into the air, whips around and comes crashing down on the back of Ataxia's head with a spinning roundhouse kick, curb stomping Ataxia into the exposed steel with the steel pipe resting on the sole of his boot!!! The crowd emits a 'Holy Shit' chant before the move even connects, and the noise only grows louder after it does. Marcus stumbles backward and watches Ataxia roll, lifelessly, off the turnbuckle and onto the mat. =/=

Marcus: Then that's your answer! You son of a bitch!

=/= Marcus rips the pipe off his boot, and the tape with it, and watches as Referee Skye begins her count. =/=

- 1 – Ataxia is motionless.
- 2 – Marcus puts his palms on the mat and prays silently that the match will end.
- 3 – the crowd is completely torn between the awesomeness of the match and their disdain for the likely winner.
- 4 – King Nothing is beaming, impressed.
- 5 – Ataxia begins to move.
- 6 – Marcus is getting concerned.
- 7 – Ataxia raises his hand into the air.
- 8 – Marcus stands and steadies the steel pipe for another blow.
- 9 – Ataxia collapses one final time.
- 10 – Marcus is the new number one contender!

Jim Gunt: It's over!!!

=/= Marcus leaps into the air, turns, and then lunges to the top of the nearest turnbuckle. He raises his hands into the air, then places his palms squarely over his face as he begins to laugh uncontrollably. =/=

Mike Rolash: Marcus Delamere has pulled it off; what a match!

Jim Gunt: I can't believe it. That match belonged to anyone, but somehow Marcus found it in himself for one last push, and he used Ataxia's own weapon, his own strength against him.

Mike Rolash: All four competitors, from Chris Ashton to Ataxia, they all made a huge impact here tonight, and we have ourselves a new number one contender for the Paramount title!

=/= EMTs have come out to check on Ataxia, but once Marcus removes his hands from his face and descends back into the ring, he finds that they are not the only people that have invaded the ring. Standing behind him, like a brick wall, is King Nothing. Marcus turns to him and then slowly, fearfully, petrified, looks up to King Nothing who glares down with a stone-cold glare. =/=

Jim Gunt: Uh oh. As if Marcus Delamere hasn't had enough tonight – King Nothing looks like he's here for business!

Mike Rolash: Marcus Delamere has been toying with King Nothing and making snide comments since the moment he walked through the door – this is only karma.

=/= King Nothing smiles. =/=

King Nothing: I can take you out any day. Any time. Whenever I want. Know that. Let that linger in your mind as I look at you and say... 'not today.' Keep looking over that shoulder of yours, Marcus.

=/= King Nothing turns and begins to leave, checking every few moments to make sure Marcus isn't going to take a cheap shot. By the time he reaches the ropes, Marcus has sat down on the middle rope and given the King some room to exit. King Nothing turns to Marcus and smiles. =/=

Marcus: Ladies first.

=/= King Nothing shakes his head, then leaves the ring. =/=

Jim Gunt: Wow. What an amazing match, and what the hell is going to happen later on if King Nothing wins the Paramount title?

Mike Rolash: We're going to have to get some extra security out there for that match. After what transpired over the last half an hour, I really don't know if I trust Marcus Delamere, or anyone else for that matter, to keep themselves out of that title match.

Jim Gunt: Well, what an amazing start to Wrestle Fest II; let's send you backstage for an update on the biggest night in CWF history.

Together We Are Greater

Segment

=/= Chris Xtreme is in his locker room, on his knees, with his elbows on a chair. He holds a rosary in both between his folded hands. He bows his head down and begins to cite the Lord's Prayer in Latin =/=

Chris Xtreme: Pater Noster, qui es in caelis, sanctificetur nomen tuum. Adveniat regnum tuum. Fiat voluntas tua, sicut in caelo et in terra. Panem nostrum quotidianum da nobis hodie, et dimitte nobis debita nostra sicut et nos dimittimus debitoribus nostris. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem, sed libera nos a malo. Amen.

Chester Taylor: *knocks on the door* Chris, do you have a minute?

Chris Xtreme: *opens his eyes and lifts his head* Come in. *he rises*

Chester Taylor: Chris in just a few moments...Billy Anderson and yourself will compete against the Uprising to determine the Number One Contenders for the CWF Tag Team Championships. What comes to mind heading into the match?

Chris Xtreme: Chester...a lot of people on the CWF roster dream of this moment. To have some match at WrestleFest is a great honor. Now for the past weeks, I had family members, friends and fans come up to me to say they are gonna be watching...as if the match didn't give me enough to worry about. But I realized that no matter what happens out there Chester...I know in my mind that I came here to give the people a show. I will not let these people down and most importantly....I will not let my team down.

Chester Taylor: Chris, do you also feel you have the veteran advantage to compete considering this is your second WrestleFest and your partner & the Uprising will compete in their first?

Chris Xtreme: I know what's it like to be in front of a WrestleFest crowd. The energy in the arena is overwhelming. These guys haven't experienced the feeling but they will very shortly. They will understand why we risk so much to be here.

Chester Taylor: Any last comments before the match?

Chris Xtreme: Just one...The XA Express is here in Houston, Texas. The Uprising has nothing against us. Alone we are great...together we are greater.

=/= Xtreme gives a final nod to Chester before grabbing his signature kendo stick. Xtreme exhales a deep breath and walks out. =/=

I'm Starving

Segment

=/=Psycho Ninja is preparing for his match by mediation just like normal, when his hot valet Cristina comes in and starts talking to him and he tries to ignore her, but no luck as she keeps bothering him.=/=

"So how are feeling for your big match?" asked Cristina.

"Pretty good it should be ok." Psycho Ninja says as his friend Ramsey comes in with cheer of the audience could be heard since he hadn't been since in a long time.

"Hey dude do know where your food is because I am starving." Ramsey complains as Psycho rolls his eyes,

"In the back by the shower room." Psycho tells him as his another friend Rave comes in looking pale.

"Hey bro do know where the doc is because I don't feel too good." Rave question Ninja cause Ninja to blown a gas leak.

"I am of picking I have a match come on Cristina." Psycho Ninja says as they leave for and Rave falls down and Ramsey comes out with a sandwich.

"What I miss?" Ramsey asked dumbfounded.

Gonna Be A Great Match

Segment

=/=When the scene comes on the air it shows Billy, Stormee and Jasmine in Nashville, Tennessee in a hotel as begin talking.=/=

Stormee Bright-Anderson: Honey I can't believe you brought us here, and this is gonna be great. Are you ready to start filming your first music video?

Billy Anderson: Of course I do, and when I am done I will come back here then the three of us will go out on the town. I am glad I brought the both of you here, and we needed this. I got to go, but I will be back as soon as I am done.

=/=He kisses his wife and daughter, and walks out of the room. He shuts the door behind him, and Stormee locks the door. He went to the first place of the music video, and done the scene there. After they got done where they went to the last location, and done the final scene of the music video. He talked to Carson, and when it is edited they will set a date where it will debut on both CMT & GAC. He left, and went back to the hotel. He changed his clothes, and the three of them went out to see Nashville.

After they got back Billy packs his stuff, and Stormee packed her stuff as well as Jasmine's stuff knowing that he had to get back in time to leave where the PPV is taking place at. They got in his pick up truck, and he drove all the way back to Rincon, Georgia. When he got to the house they took their stuff inside, and he helped his wife unpack everything as they talk again.=/=

Stormee Bright-Anderson: Are you excited about being in a # 1 contender match for the CWF Tag Team Championship?

Billy Anderson: Of course I am, and it is gonna be a great match. The Uprising will not know what hit them, and I

worked out for this match.

≠/≠ Billy kisses her again, and walks up to their bedroom. He packs his wrestling stuff even the new outfit he is gonna wear out to the ring, and a change of clothes that he will put on after the match is over. He comes down, and hugs them both and kisses them. He walks out of the door, and shuts it. He gets in his pick up truck, and throws his traveling bag to the other side as he drives to Houston, Texas for the biggest PPV in CWF history.≠/≠

XA Express (Chris Xtreme & Billy Anderson) vs. Psycho Ninja & Bucky Johnson

Segment

≠/≠ The lights in the arena go off. "Remedy" by Seether begins to play. The titantron shows in big orange letters...Alone we are great...together we are greater.≠/≠

"Throw your dollar bills and leave your thrills...all here with me."

≠/≠ A orange pyro shoots off in a line in-ward then a final blast of pyro shoots off. The lights begin to flash white. The XA Express walks out onto the stage with Psycho Ninja holding the arm of his valet Cristina. Both men stand on the stage raising their right hand up. The XA Express continue down the ramp and enter the ring at the same time. Both men climb up onto the turnbuckles. Xtreme crosses his hands to make an "X" as Anderson maneuvers his hand to make an "A". Both men climb down from the turnbuckles and stand on the mat waiting ≠/≠

Ray Douglas: Making their way to the ring at a combined weight of 440 pounds...the team of Chris Xtreme & Billy Anderson and they are...THE XA EXPRESS!!

Jim Gunt: And here comes...at team almost as strange as the first one.

Mike Rolash: We got a ninja, a retard, a country boy, and a xtreme fanatic. Oh yeah. This has what the "f" written all over it.

≠/≠ Psycho Ninja and Billy Anderson start off the match going into a collar and elbow tie up. Billy gets the upper hand and goes for a headlock as Ninja goes to the ropes and bounces off of them. Billy goes with it and lets go of the headlock and goes bouncing off the other ropes. Both men miss each other and Ninja stops. Billy goes for a rebound and Ninja leaps up and dragon spin kicks Billy Anderson in the face. Anderson goes down for the count for a moment as Ninja runs to the ropes and executes a perfect Asai Moonsault. Anderson is covered by Ninja.≠/≠

Referee: 1.....2....

≠/≠ Xtreme leaps on top of Ninja from the turnbuckle with a shot to the back of the head with a elbow. The ref yells at Xtreme as Bucky Johnson grabs Anderson and pulls him over to "The Uprising's" corner.≠/≠

Jim Gunt: That save may have done more harm than good Xtreme just cost his partner valuable ring position to make a tag.

Mike Rolash: Oh your actually watching this?

Jim Gunt: That is our job Mike.

Mike Rolash: Okay...when do the clowns come out of the ninja costume?

Jim Gunt: What?

Mike Rolash: Well I figure if we're in a circus with these sideshow freaks we might as well see some real clowns.

≠/≠ Ninja makes the tag to Johnson and he picks up Anderson. Anderson goes for a ride via a tilt-a-whirl slam into Bucky's knee followed by a leaping leg drop from Psycho Ninja. Tag from Johnson and Ninja is back in putting the boots to Anderson. Xtreme is getting fed up not being able to get in the ring but he doesn't jump in for fear it will get Billy into a even worse position. Ninja lets Anderson start to get up and then leaps on top of his back going for a

sleeper hold variation!/=

Jim Gunt: The ninja is going to take Anderson out in a old school fashion.

Mike Rolash: Either that or he's just trying to emphasize how tired I am of this. (yawn).

=/Xtreme gets the crowd going to try and cheer Billy out of the sleeper hold but his arm goes limp. The ref checks him. Once. Twice. He goes for the third but Billy somehow gets his foot on the ropes. Ninja doesn't want to break the hold but the ref is starting his count. Ninja lets go and tags in Bucky. Bucky leaps to the top of the turnbuckle and rockets himself towards Anderson. Leaping clothesline to the back of the head actually makes Anderson flip before he hits the mat. Johnson picks up Anderson and tosses him into the ropes.

He leaps over Anderson and goes for a standing drop kick but Anderson grabs a hold of the ropes and stops himself. Johnson hits the mat and Anderson launches himself from the ropes hitting a elbow to the chest on Johnson. Ninja leaps off of the top rope going for a dropkick to Anderson who runs forward and leaps up grabbing Ninja's leg and relaunching him into the opposing turnbuckle post! Ninja bounces off of the turnbuckle like a ragdoll as the fans start a "holy shit" chant! Anderson just falls down with that adreniline rush taking a lot out of him.=/

Jim Gunt: He just swung Ninja like a baseball bat into the turnbuckle post across the ring!

Mike Rolash: Where the hell did he get that idea from!

=/Anderson is still struggling to get up as the fans cheer loudly as Xtreme is barely hanging onto the corner to tag in. Anderson almost gets to him when Johnson grabs Anderson by his leg and pulls him up. Anderson with a explosion of strength by desperation just nails Johnson in the side of the head with a enzuguri kick!

In mid fall Anderson tags the waiting hand of Chris Xtreme! Ninja starts to get back up just as Chris leaps to the top of the turnbuckle and comes in with a missile dropkick to Johnson's chest as Anderson falls to the mat like a ragdoll.=/

Jim Gunt: The Xtreme One is ready to clear house!

Mike Rolash: About damn time to! Anderson looks like he just went ten rounds with a bull and got the horns.

=/Ninja charges at Xtreme only to get faked out by Xtreme and hit from behind with a inverted ace crusher! Johnson is back up and grabs Xtreme from behind as Xtreme was stomping on Ninja. Xtreme goes for a punch but Johnson hits him square in the mouth with a headbutt. Xtreme goes down to the mat as the ref tries to get order back in the ring as Ninja gets up and goes for Anderson who is still down on the ground. Bucky yells at Ninja and they both slingshot their opponents into each other.

"XA Express" grab each other's arms and slingshot themselves around in a circle. Anderson goes to splash Johnson as Xtreme goes for a high leg clothesline on Ninja. They both connect sending "The Uprising" down to the mats. Anderson yells at Xtreme who leaps up to the ropes and starts running across them. Anderson sets up Bucky for a piledriver! He hits it! Xtreme flies off the ropes and lands on top of Johnson hitting "The Xtreme Cycle"! Here is the cover.=/

Referee: 1.....2.....Ninja is trying to break the count but Anderson tackles him to the mat! 3!!!!

Ray Douglas: Here are you winners and the number one contenders for the CWF Tag Team Titles...Billy Anderson and Chris Xtreme...The XA EXPRESS!!!

Jim Gunt: Now that was a good tag team match.

Mike Rolash: Well XA better enjoy it while they can cause if I know The Uprising they're not done with them yet.

Jim Gunt: Really?

Mike Rolash: Ehh probably. They don't take losing well.

JELLY!

Segment

“JELLY!!”

=/= A high pitched male voice screams down the corridor. Angelica doesn't even turn round; she like every other member of CWF knew the voice of Burly Bob Anywhere. =/=

Bob: “I heard you were here, but I didn't believe it, are you sticking around or you heading off now?”

=/= Angelica slowly turns round trying to act as pleasant as possible. =/=

Angelica: “Hello Bob...”

=/= She painfully grins, Bob begins to rub his hands together nervously. =/=

Angelica: “I have to stay for the night. I might not be able to wrestle but Rish made damn sure I was around for the evening.”

Bob: “What are you doing here?”

Angelica: “It's the biggest event for CWF, I had to at least show my face...”

=/= A coughing from the corridor causes them both to turn round. Roger Fence walks towards them a cocky smile on his face. =/=

Fence: “Alright guys. Long time no see, great to be back on CWF soil isn't it Angelica?!”

=/= Angelica looks at him almost speechless. =/=

Fence: “Don't worry guys it happens all the time the whole being lost for words in my presence. I get used to it.”

???: “Oi, Fence. I want a word with you.”

=/= 2Shady appears behind them, grabbing hold of his arm. =/=

Fence: “Get off me you Eminem reject.”

2Shady: “You think you got this whole prez thing wrapped up don't you dawg? Me and Rish go way back, you don't stand a chance.”

Fence: “Yeah slim shady whatever, when I make my announcement tonight I will wipe that smug grin right to the other side of your face.”

2Shady: “Sure you will.”

=/= Shady shoves Roger Fence into the wall as he walks away; he stumbles and knocks into Angelica who is caught by an open mouthed Bob. =/=

Fence: “I will show him, I will show you all.”

=/= He shouts as he chases after Shady. Angelica grabs hold of Bob's hand pushing it away from her. =/=

Angelica: “BOB, Get off me!”

Are You For Real?

Segment

=/=The scene opens in Ronnie's dressing room. His fiancée' Toya is there as well, as they both are sitting down, having a bit of a discussion.=/=

RM: Are you for real? Are you for real?

TE: Yes...I got the job!!! Brand new house in Atlanta. 200 grand to sign on, and a full partnership once McDaggett retires at the end of September. This is my dream baby. MY DREAM!!!

RM: Wow. I am so proud of you darling. I know we haven't really set a date, but I think this would be a good time to do it. Before we move to Atlanta, let's get married. Whatever type of wedding you want.

TE:do you really mean that Ron? I know your schedule stays hectic with the travel and all...I'm used to it. But this is something I really want baby. This is the opportunity of a lifetime.

RM: I know baby. And you're gonna take it, and you're gonna be the best you can be...and I'm gonna be right there with you.

TE: What do you mean?

RM: I mean that you've stood by me and sacrificed jobs and opportunities I know you wanted to let me live my dream. No because you felt you needed to, but because you love me, and you wanted to see me live my dream. I'm willing to do the same for you. If I end up being the one getting pinned out there or I have to tap out, then I'll walk away. I can commute to B'Ham as I need to, but maybe it's time to step back and let you shine now baby.

TE: You're serious? What brought this on?

RM: I'm 34...been doing this since I was 18, going to college in the morning, and training and wrestling at night. I've broken bones, shattered an elbow....and I've gotten to travel the world many times over. I've made money the likes of which I never ever dreamed about. I've won tournaments in Mexico and Japan, won titles in every place I've ever been...but right here, right now....the body is starting to move slower than the mind wants it to. Biggest event of the year. Seems like a good time to walk away....if I don't manage to push the sun back up in the sky one more time...squeeze just one more piece of glory out of this career of mine. It's time baby.

TE: You want me to wait for you?

RM: Nah. Walk me over to the gorilla position. After that, I'll meet you back at the hotel. Have the jacuzzi running, get your favorite bottle of wine, and wait for me. We're celebrating tonight, no matter what happens out there. I love you, Lyntoria Evans.

TE: And I love you, Ronnie McNeil. Go get em, tiger.

The Host With Most meets The Living Legend

Segment

=/= Cain is shown back in his locker room, taping up his wrists in preparation of the huge main event coming up. With the tape done, Cain turns his attention to his boots, lacing up the strings. Suddenly, the door springs open, and his head shoots up to get a look at his intruder.

It's Jace Valentine. =/=

Jace Valentine: "Hey, uhh...big guy. Have a good week?"

Cain: "What the hell do you want, Jace?"

Jace Valentine: "Why are you always so...hostile? I was just checking up on you! Making sure that you were ready for this match coming up. I mean, you have a chance to be champion! Not a champion like Jace Valentine, mind you, you need months and months of domination to achieve that level...but at least you'll have a large chunk of gold to carry around for a while."

Cain: "Get out of here."

Jace Valentine: "You're an angry man, Alex Cain. Maybe it's the testosterone, maybe it's the steroids. I don't know, but

I hear that those things can shrink the size of your "little guys". Now we have a clue to why Angel no longer has any use of your "services".

Cain: "I said get the fuck out...before you regret ever coming in here in the first place."

Jace Valentine: "Cuss words, profanities. Why is it that such a big man like yourself partakes in such childish acts? Oh, boo hoo, my on-screen girlfriend left me, now I have to burn shit. Some psychotic lunatic is hurting all my friends, I guess I should throw shit around in angsty rage! Don't worry, don't worry. I get it. Death can really turn someone's life around, or death can be just a very minor inconvenience. I learned that first hand. But am I shitting bricks? Am I going around acting like a three year old muscle head. I don't cry over what I can't have. I just take it, simple as that..."

=/= Cain has had enough of Jace's ranting, as he pushes him into the wall with wicked force. Jace doesn't hesitate for a second, and he responds with a swift and vicious slap across the face of Alex Cain. =/=

Jace Valentine: "You do not put your hands on the "World's Gre..."

=/= Cain doesn't let him finish, as he is now in a fury that could only be fueled inside the body of Alex Cain. He slams Jace into the wall again, and Jace crumbles to the ground in a heap of body weight. =/=

Cain: "I told you to leave, Jace. And at that particular period of time, that was the "World's Greatest Advice".

=/= Camera cuts out. =/=

Abigail Starr vs. Johnny Champion

Segment

=/"Where's The Weed At?" By Kottonmouth Kings begins playing over the loudspeaker. Abigail Starr appears from under the Tron, which reads, "Former Three-Time Impact Champion!" She puts the beginning of her cigarette to her mouth and takes a puff. She looks around at the fans, and then the pyrotechnics in colors of pink, green and white begin shooting stars in the air.=/

"Liar, Liar, pants on fire. Liar, Liar, pants on fire, ain't nobody get no higher."

=/She walks towards the ring, stopping and handing her lit cigarette to a random fan along the entrance wall, kissing him or her on the cheek.=/

"We got the Southern Cali shit that make ya eyes bleed."

=/Abigail runs toward the rings and slides in under the bottom rope.=/

"Where's the weed at? Yo, where's the weed at?

It's in my backpack, but you can't touch that."

=/The song continues playing while Abigail goes to each corner of the ring and climbs up onto the bottom rope, blows kisses to the fans, and gets them hyped up and ready in anticipation for the match to come.=/

=/ Eighteen kicks in and as Alice Cooper's vocals begin to kick in, Johnny Champion can be seen walking through the curtain onto the entrance ramp. He admonishes any fans that make any reference - either by signs or via chants - to his Death Mach past. Just before he enters the ring Johnny gives his "little friend" to a member of the CWF staff standing near the ring, and has to be told several times that nothing will happen to the rat before he slowly gets onto the ring apron, and again checks that his "little friend" is okay before finally entering the ring.=/

=/ Johnny walks right up to Abigail Starr. He smacks her right in the face. Starr falls down onto one knee. The referee rings the bell. Johnny Champion walks away from Starr and gloats to the crowd to the ropes. Abigail Starr gets up and grabs Johnny Champion and rolls him up for the pin. =/

Referee: 1.....2.....3!

Ray Douglas: Erm...the winner of this contest and the Make Your Impact Tournament....ABIGAIL STARR!!!

Jim Gunt: Holy Shit! I didn't even get a chance to talk about the match!?!

Mike Rolash: Holy Shit! Jim Gunt didn't even get a chance to go over the match!! Yippie!

Jim Gunt: In probably one of the quickest matches in CWF History, Abigail Starr has won the Impact Title Tournament. She is going to be getting a title shot against ether Jarvis King or Big Sexay. Whenever she wants, she can have her title match!

≠/≠ Johnny Champion is outraged. He starts waving to the back. The members of the Uprising run out and slide into the ring. Abigail Starr looks scared. They start to surround her. Johnny is screaming at them to attack her and they start to threaten her. Bucky Anderson, Psycho Ninja and Ronnie McNeil start to swarm at her and feel like they are going to pounce at any second. Johnny Champion is standing back directing traffic.

Johnny is saying screaming at the Uprising to attack now but Bucky Johnson is just standing their motionless and the Uprising group are just waiting. Abigail Starr then looks at Bucky and runs right at him but fakes out and jumps onto Johnny Champion. The uprising group grabs her and pulls her off Johnny Champion. They separate the two.

All of a sudden Ronnie McNeil kicks Johnny Champion goes to the ropes and hits the Long Kiss Goodnight! Psycho Ninja picks up Champion and hits Psycho Strike. Johnson nails the Buckeroo. Abigail Starr goes up to the top rope. Ronnie McNeil and Psycho Ninja pick up Johnny Champion, hand him to Starr and she hits High Flyer! Johnny Champion is laid out on the mat. Everyone starts high fiving each other. ≠/≠

Jim Gunt: Wait just a second folks, does this mean Abigail Starr has joined the Uprising?

Mike Rolash: Hell to the YES!

Jim Gunt: We have witnessed the demise of their former leader, to all of a sudden what looks like a new member in Abigail Starr!

Mike Rolash: The Highest Princess in CWF is now going for more gold AND has a group to back her up instead of always backing up other people!

Jim Gunt: She isn't just a pretty face anymore folks. She's on a mission for domination. I think we have a new Angelica in the making.

Mike Rolash: But prettier.

Clash of Many Titans

Segment

≠/≠Backstage, Jarvis King is standing with Chester Taylor, ready for an interview. King is in full in-ring garb, towel around his neck, Impact Title fitted firmly on his waist and his hair tied back in a loose ponytail.≠/≠

Chester Taylor: "Ladies and Gentlemen, tonight is the clash of many titans, but our semi-main event might just be the most anticipated. Two men, two hall of famers, taking to the ring for the Impact Title and respect in a 60 minute iron man match! I'm joined by the Impact Champion, Jarvis King, and Jarvis, I'm curious what your thoughts might be heading into this match."

≠/≠Jarvis looks off into the distance, hearing the crowd cheer for him from the arena.≠/≠

Jarvis King: "Tonight...Tonight is the night, Chester. See, two nights ago, I was inducted into the Hall of Fame, but tonight is the night that I celebrate. For weeks now, I've had this big, black cloud sitting over my head, mocking me, toying with me...tonight that goes away."

≠/≠Jarvis points to his belt and pats it, smiling.≠/≠

Jarvis King: "See...tonight isn't about this. I'll admit it, win or lose, I'm not going to be unhappy. Tonight is a night where I earn the respect that I deserve. Tonight I step into that ring and show the world...but most importantly, Alex Johnson, who Jarvis King is. Tonight, Alex...tonight your career revival is over. See, I said on KingCast that I've been the one doing the resuscitation when it comes to your career, Alex. Tonight, you flat-line. Tonight, I pull the plug. Tonight you bow down."

=/=Jarvis walks off, leaving Chester Taylor by himself.=/=

"Five of the biggest names in CWF history walk into a ba(r)ckstage area..."

Segment

=/= The camera's pan to Big Sexay warming up in his locker room. All of a sudden two CWF Legends walk into the room. CWF Hall of Fame wrestler The Stunner and former World Heavyweight champion Andy Murray. =/=

Sexay: Hey guys, what's going on?

Stunner: Not much. We are just trying to get a job as an agent since obviously we're not going to be president. Even though I deserve it.

Murray: What are you talking about John? You haven't done anything exciting since 1999.

Stunner: I've done more exciting things in 1999 than you have in your entire career combined.

Sexay: Calm down kiddos. Neither of you were any good.

Stunner: Why I ought to...

Sexay: Ought to what? Play Checkers? Scrabble? Horse shoes? Cribbage? Ping Pong?

Murray: Ha-ha.. Good one Alex.

Sexay: And who the blue fuck are you?

Murray: You know who I am. I'm Andy Mur---

Sexay: I know who the fuck you are. I'm asking what are you doing here? In fact, what are you both doing here?

Murray: Well, we just wanted to talk to you before your match with Jarvis King.

Sexay: Oh great.

Stunner: Now, now. It's not what you think. We just want to make sure you're limber and good to go. I mean it's an hour. I've done many many iron matches in my day and let me tel--

Murray: yeah, back in 1998.

Stunner: Such a dumbass.

Sexay: Listen, I don't need your advice. I know there's only one thing for me to do and that's beat the living day lights out of King. But you know you're right. I should get a little more limber. Angelica was saying that she used to play Twister before her matches. She happened to send me Twister today. Weird how that stuff happens during a segment.

Murray: She uses it because she's a slu--

Sexay: Hey now. That's a friend of mine. We don't talk about her personal life. Whoever she wants to fool around with is her business. But I'm going to give you guys a tryout.

Stunner: What do you mean tryout?

Sexay: Here's the deal. I need to make an impact. So I need the best wrestler to walk with me down the ring. To intimidate Jarvis.

Stunner: Well that's me.

Murray: That's not you. Your name is the only thing that's intimidating. Your face looks like a school bus ran over it, backed up and had all of their kids on the bus jump on it.

Stunner: Seriously? Why did I even bother? Who's it going to be Alex?

Sexay: Well we'll play twister.

Stunner: Twister? No. I'm not doing it. I'm far abov--

Sexay: Do you guys want to be road agents or not? Because the only person that can tell Rishel who to hire and him be intimidated by it would be me. So whoever wins gets the job. And they get to help me out in my match

Murray: Fine.

Sexay: Good. Right hand red.

Stunner: What?

Sexay: RIGHT HAND RED MOTHER FUCKER! GO!

=/= Both men put their hand on red. =/=

Sexay: Left hand Blue.

=/= Both men put their hand on blue. =/=

Sexay: Right Leg Green.

=/= Both men put their leg on green. =/=

Sexay: Left Leg Yellow.

=/= Both men put their leg on yellow. =/=

Sexay: So do you guys know who won between Champion and Starr? Because I have no idea. Don't usually watch the show before my matches. Trying to get prepared. Left Leg Blue.

=/= Both men put their left leg on blue. =/=

Murray: Yeah, Abigail Starr won. It was a very quick match.

Stunner: Yeah, and after the match Th---

Sexay: Do I care what happened after the match? Did I ask that?

Stunner: No.

Sexay: Exactly. Left hand Green.

=/= Both men put their hand on green. =/=

Sexay: So it looks like if I beat Jarvis tonight I'll be facing Abigail Starr. That'll be fun. She's a great wrestler.

Murray: Yeah. But Alex there's something you should kno--

Sexay: Nope. Don't care. Right Hand Blue.

Stunner: I can't....move there.

Sexay: Why?

Murray: BECAUSE HE'S OLD!!

Stunner: No... Because it puts me in a position I don't want to be in.

Sexay: What?

Stunner: It's going to put my face in Andy's ass. And I really don--

Sexay: Do you want the job or not?

Stunner: Yes... but...

Sexay: DO YOU WANT THE JOB!?!? Seriously, we are in a recession and you are worrying about what it looks like having your face right next to Andy Murray's ass? You want to be an agent, do it!

=/= Stunner puts his face in his ass to get his Right hand on blue. The crowd starts laughing. =/=

Sexay: Hey guys, I have to get going for my match. Have to talk to the video guys about my new entrance.

Murray: Cool, so who wins?

Sexay: Nobody's fallen yet. So I guess nobody so far.

Stunner: WHAT!?!? Alex... This is ridiculous.

Sexay: Hold on. You guys play the game for a second, I'll be right back.

=/= Sexay walks out of the room. Andy grabs the twister spinner and hits it. =/=

Murray: Left hand green.

Stunner: Left hand's already on green. Idiot.

Murray: Oh... ha-ha. Yeah. Sorry about that.

Stunner: Should we tell him that Abigail is in the Uprising?

Murray: No. He wouldn't want to know. Left hand Green.

Stunner: AGAIN... ALREADY ON THE GREEN!

Murray: Sorry...

=/= Sexay walks back in. =/=

Sexay: Hey guys, haven't changed positions? What's going on? Oh yeah, by the way. Since you guys have been a pain in my ass when I was a rookie, I was just thinking. I have no real reason to help you and even if Justin wanted to hire you I'd tell him not to. You guys are complete douche bags. But I wanted to make it seem like I could just so I could go out and get a camera to keep this for everyone that you guys have pissed off. So....

=/= Sexay takes a picture of them in the compromising position. =/=

Sexay: Say cheese! See you later fuckers.

=/= Stunner and Murray get up. They look pissed and start walking over to the door. Sexay laughs and starts to run. Stunner and Murray walk right outside the door and both men get hit by chair shots. The camera pans over to Alex Cain and Angelica. =/=

Cain: God that felt good!

Angelica: You have no idea.

Cain: Even if I lose to Andrews tonight, I'll remember this day for awhile.

=/= Sexay walks over. =/=

Sexay: Hey guys? Wanna go do something....else?

Angelica: Sure.

Like A Birthday

Segment

=/= We're joined backstage with Chester Taylor, who has a wide smile on his face and a microphone up to his mouth.
=/=

Chester Taylor: "We're joined backstage with the "Host with the Most", the "King of Canadian Controversy", the "World's Greatest Advice...accompanied by Ogloff Krumm, the Paramount champion, Jace Valentine!"

=/= Jace slings the Paramount championship over his shoulder with an arrogant smile. =/=

Jace Valentine: "Thank you for that heart felt introduction, Chester my boy, it's always great to hear. I hear it when I do interviews in the back, I hear it when I walk to the ring. I hear it when I walk the streets, and I have to say...it never gets old. See, when you've held a title as long as I have, people start to notice you. People start to recognize you. People start to sing your praise. Well, people...I would like to bring you back to one fateful day in May. The 11th, a day that will forever be known in infamy. A day that will be remembered as "Valentine's Day". The day that I took this title from the vile hands of the Janitor, the day I set my path before me."

Chester Taylor: "That was a while ago..."

Jace Valentine: "Yes it was, and that is exactly my point. That was seven matches ago. That was five victories ago. Since then I've walked down to that ring four times with this championship on the line, and all four times I walked out of that match with it still rested safely on my shoulder. Wrestlefest is a big event, but behind all the hoopla and extravagance, it's just going to be more of the same. More of Jace Valentine's hand held high, more of the jealousy from the fans and the superstars in the back. All, except for one thing."

Chester Taylor: "And that is?"

Jace Valentine: "Today is a special day, almost like a birthday of sorts. Not because it's Wrestlefest, not because it's the CWF's celebrated one year anniversary. It's something much bigger, something much better. Today is the day I pass Dan Highlander's record of longest running Paramount championship reign. Today is my seventy-first day of being champion. Today is the day that I pick apart King Nothing and Ronnie McNeil, and I cement my place in history. The best Paramount champion that this place has ever had to offer. Then in two meager weeks, I eliminate the 'Paramount' distinction. Two weeks from now, I pass Cain's title reign record of 85 days. Leave it to Cain to have the record of doing something the longest."

Chester Taylor: "Cain was a true champion."

Jace Valentine: "That's where we disagree, little Chester. See, in that entire time that Cain was World Heavyweight champion, he only managed to defend his title two times. Once against Chris Andrews, and once against Anubis, some freak who legitimately thought he was an Egyptian god. I've already successfully defended my title four times. Against cowboys, against ninjas, and twice against a man who calls himself King Nothing. This match, tonight, is going to be my fifth defense. Again I'm going to put the King into the ground, again I'm going to prove that Ronnie McNeil is simply inferior. It doesn't matter how many corners they make the ring into. It doesn't matter who's at ring side. Not Bucky Johnson, not Mama Valentine, not even Ogloff Krumm."

Chester Taylor: "Speaking of your mother, Vivian Valentine...what can we expect to see when you two come face to face tonight?"

Jace Valentine: "I just have one thing to say to my mother...Look, ma! I'm the King of the World!!"

=/= Jace Valentine walks away from the interview laughing hysterically. Chester Taylor just looks on with an awkward stare, before raising the microphone back up to his mouth. =/=

Chester Taylor: "That was Jace Valentine, with some very confident words. Back to you guys, Jim."

Paramount Title Three Corner Match- Jace Valentine vs. Ronnie McNeil vs. King Nothing

Segment

Ray Douglas: "Ladies and gentleman the following match is set for one fall, and will be the very first Paramount Title, Three Corners Match! As you can see our great staff has constructed a three sided ring during the breaks, in which three competitors will each bring an ally to stand in their corner for the match. Introducing first..."

=/=The crowd pops, some cheers, mostly booing, as "King of My World" by Saliva begins to play. As the song moves into the opening verse, Ronnie McNeil steps out from behind the curtain as he just stands there in his hooded vest, hood over his head, bouncing from side to side. Standing beside McNeil is his Uprising stablemate Bucky Johnson, smiling brighter than ever.=/=

I'll never see any side of heaven

I walk for miles to a place in hell

It doesn't matter what you think i'm supposed to be

Because I myself know all too well

I'll open your eyes and make you see

I'm the king of my world (king of my world)

I'll break down the walls around you now

I'm the king of my world (king of my world)

I'll break down the walls around you (the walls of Jericho)

The walls of Jericho

=/=Ronnie and Bucky make their slow walk to the ring, ignoring the booing fans that line the aisle. Ronnie slowly walks up the ring steps, and steps through the ropes. He then stands on the middle rope, holding one arm above him, before stepping down, and leaning over in a corner.=/=

3,2,1

Here I come again

Here I come

3,2,1

Here I come

HERE I COME!

=/=Ronnie McNeil takes the hood from off his head, then takes the vest off completely, tossing it to the floor, awaiting the beginning of the match while Bucky stays outside cheering him on.=/=

Ray Douglas: "The first challenger in this Paramount Title match is accompanied by Bucky Johnson, from Birmingham, Alabama, give it up for....RONNIE MCNEIL!!"

Jim Gunt: "Ronnie McNeil is looking as confident as ever tonight, accompanied by Bucky, here at WRESTLE FEST~!"

Mike Rolash: "He better have a lot more than confidence if he plans to actually defeat Jace Valentine one time in his career."

Jim Gunt: "McNeil has been waiting for his moment to shine here in CWF, and there would be no bigger time to walk out with the W than here tonight on pay per view!"

Ray Douglas: "And the second challenger in this bout..."

≠/≠Metallica's King Nothing blares over the speakers and the arena begins to fill with a red, misty fog. The mist creeps from under every seat in the arena, and becomes nearly opaque. The fans recognize the entrance and hit their feet with anticipation of the man who is stepping out from behind the curtain.

King Nothing walks out onto the stage with Jace Valentine's mother Vivian Valentine. He stops in the middle, scans the audience and watches the smoke disappear. He cracks his neck from side to side and walks toward the ring with an intent look on his face.

He passes the barrier and slides under the rope and into the ring, then springs to his feet. Valentine follows him down, slapping a few of the cheering fan's hands. Dark red flames shoot out of the ring posts as his feet hit the mat. He raises his hands in the air and gives a sinister smile to signal he's ready to go to war. ≠/≠

Ray Douglas: "Introducing the second part of this three corner matchup, accompanied by Vivian Valentine, and from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania....KING NOTHING!!"

Jim Gunt: "King Nothing hasn't exactly had the best of weeks leading up to this gigantic triple threat match."

Mike Rolash: "He got drugged by a woman, literally beat the shit out of here, got put into jail, and then got bailed out by the newcomer and now #1 contender Marcus Delamere. Quite eventful, but maybe not the best way to train for a huge match."

Jim Gunt: "Nevertheless, King and Ronnie both look to make an impact and get back to the winning ways by defeating the man who'll be coming out next!"

Ray Douglas: "And the third and final competitor in this Three Corners bout..."

"Hey are you okay? You look pretty low. You look pretty low. Pretty Handsome Awkward."

≠/≠The camera switches to the side of the stage where the multi-platinum selling rock band The Used stand with their instruments in hand. Bert, the leader singer, continues the beginning of the song as the guitars kick in and flashing images of Jace Valentine light up the CWF Tron. The "Overnight Submission Specialist" appears through the curtain accompanied by his bodyguard and trainer Ogloff Krumm.

Jace stops after walking over to the band, rocking out for a few seconds before slapping the guitarist's hand. Making his way to the ring, "the one with the World's Greatest Advice" looks at the three sided ring, continuing to bob his head on the way down to the ring.. The audience members shower him with boos, but that does nothing to offset his attitude as he slaps the Paramount Title on his shoulder.≠/≠

Ray Douglas: "Now from Montreal, Canada, weighing in 205 pounds, accompanied to the ring by Ogloff Krumm, the reigning and defending Paramount champion....JACE VALENTINE!!"

Mike Rolash: "Here he is, Jimmay! The Host with the Most, the Overnight Submission Specialist, the greatest champion in CWF history!"

Jim Gunt: "You do realize that you'll be spouting pretty much the same sentiment later on when Chris Andrews comes down to the ring."

Mike Rolash: "Well...we have some pretty good champions at the moment? All except Jarvis King anyway, I think the Impact Title ought to be stripped off him and have his match with Big Sexay be a retirement match. I hate those bastards."

Jim Gunt: "Erm, anyway. Valentine is accompanied of course by Ogloff Krumm, who will act more like an outside enforcer than ever in this Three Corners Matchup."

≠/="Big" Denny Davidson waddles over and raises his arms to call for the bell, looking awkward as he tries to get used to the newly designed three-sided ring. Ogloff Krumm, Bucky Johnson, and Vivian Valentine all stand outside the ring, watching as the action is about to ensue, all of them looking on intently for various reasons. King Nothing is the first to go on the move, going right for Jace Valentine and cracking him in the face with a big rising knee to knock him in the corner.

Ronnie McNeil turns Nothing around to hit him with an uppercut, lifting up the Ultimate Opportunist to split him on his knees with a Backbreaker. Ronnie and Valentine now square up in the center of the ring, the Houston fans popping loudly as they lock hands. The much bigger Angelic Enigma pushes back Valentine, twisting around him and locking in an arm lock. The Host with the Most breaks out quickly and sends him into the ropes, grabbing McNeil on his return and sending him right into the rising King Nothing with a Back Body Drop!≠/="

Jim Gunt: "Ronnie McNeil's momentum took him right into King Nothing, as Valentine wiped out both of his challengers with one swipe!"

Mike Rolash: "That's why Jace Valentine is the greatest Paramount champion of all time, Jimmy. He may not be the most well rounded of these three competitors strength-wise, but he's definitely the smartest."

Jim Gunt: "Well I have to agree with you that he has surprisingly become a good champion, even if he's played dirty on almost every occasion."

≠/="Jace Valentine surveys the slow rising of both men, grabbing Nothing first and blasting him with a front kick to the chest. King Nothing comes back angrier however, running at full speed towards the Paramount champion and taking him over the top rope with a flying Clothesline! Bucky Johnson walks over towards the fallen Valentine quickly, but Ogloff Krumm stands massively in his way, shaking his brute head back and forth at the Retarded Beast.

Inside the ring King Nothing and Ronnie McNeil lock up with each other, King attempting to send him out of it with an Irish whip but McNeil reverses it and swings his opponent across the triangle shaped ring, his head spiking off the top turnbuckle pad seconds later! The Ultimate Opportunist staggers backwards into the waiting arms of Ronnie, who lifts him up only momentarily before sending him down hard with a Facebuster. McNeil lifts Nothing up one more time, this time swinging him over with a Side Slam that he calls the Fall From Grace! Denny drops down to make the count as McNeil covers.≠/="

Referee: 1.....2...No!

Jim Gunt: "Jace Valentine back in the ring with the save there; with triple threat rules, it's going to take a lot of watching behind your back to win this one."

Mike Rolash: "I don't know, I think ole "Big" Denny Davidson made more of an impact on the ring than that Side Slam did! That guy is FA-AT!"

Jim Gunt: "Yeah and you're in the best shape of your life aren't you, Mike? Anyway, back to the action as Valentine and McNeil are trading shots seconds after Jace broke up the pin in this special Three Corners match!"

≠/="The electric Houston crowd show their appreciation for the greatest event of the CWF year, as Ronnie McNeil and Jace Valentine nail each other with stiff and effective right hands. The challenger switches it up by hitting a spinning heel kick, before grabbing Valentine and taking him over with a Vertical Suplex. McNeil holds onto the move and pops his hips, bringing the Overnight Submission Specialist up and connecting with yet another powerful suplex!

Before Ronnie McNeil can even go for the cover however, King Nothing comes across the ring and takes him out with a Big Boot to the jaw! The Ultimate Opportunist takes McNeil over to the ropes, pushing down his head and choking him with them as the managers look on from outside the ring. Ronnie kicks Nothing in the gut to get away, rolling himself out and telling Bucky Johnson to get him a weapon underneath the ring. Johnson obliges and pulls out a

wooden baseball bat, but just as he turns back towards the squared circle himself and McNeil are met with a Suicide Dive attack from King Nothing!/=

Jim Gunt: "King Nothing putting his body on the line there, and he took out both McNeil and Johnson in the process!"

Mike Rolash: "But the idiot probably did just as much damage to himself. That's why I never could understand these "hardcore wrestling" guys. All they're good for is a few high end spots."

Jim Gunt: "Oh get over it, the CWF fans love to see dangerous moves and that is exactly what we give them!"

=/=
Vivian Valentine checks on King Nothing and begins helping him to his feet, not even looking back at her son Jace as he slides out of the ring. The World's Greatest Advice whips his mother around by her shoulder, facing her with anger and telling her to get out of his way. Instead the mother of the defending Paramount champion swings her right leg forward, shocking her son by blasting him in the midsection with a kick! Jace doubles over in pain, holding his groin while falling to his knees and yelping out. The Texan audience however love what they just saw, cheering aloud for the mother Valentine!/=

Jim Gunt: "Vivian Valentine just knocked her son in the gonads!"

Mike Rolash: "Gonads? Come on Jimmy this isn't 1999, that bitch just knocked our Paramount champion in the balls!"

Jim Gunt: "Can you blame her after everything Jace has done over the past couple of months? Because of him, her husband is de.."

Mike Rolash: "Enough, I've heard it dozens of times. Jace had nothing to do with his father's death, where it be mentally or physically; do you think he'd be wrestling here tonight if he did?"

=/=
King Nothing grabs onto the Host with the Most by his head, pulling him back up to his feet and sending him running with an irish whip. Valentine attempts to stop his momentum, but he is unable to as he goes headfirst into the steel turnbuckle. Before King can go back after the champion he is grabbed from behind by Ronnie McNeil, who spins him around and cracks him painfully down with a Tilt a Whirl Backbreaker! "Big" Denny Davidson attempts to get McNeil's attention and get him back into the ring, but because of the triple threat rules he cannot count out any of the competitors.

The Angelic Enigma instead turns around to grab onto the baseball bat, taking it into the air as he sprints over and knocks Jace Valentine right back off his feet with a hefty swing to the chest! McNeil slides him into the ring and enters in himself, still with the bat in hand, but Jace rolls out of the way when he attempts to swing down at him. Valentine is able to get to his feet just as Ronnie runs at him again, but this time the Paramount champion springs onto the ropes and soars through the air, colliding the bat right into the skull of McNeil with a beautiful springboard Dropkick! Jace goes immediately for the cover, not sensing King Nothing beginning to enter the squared circle.=/

Referee: 1.....2.....No!

Mike Rolash: "Damn it Nothing, what the hell are you doing!?"

Jim Gunt: "Coming in to break up yet another pinfall, what would expect him to do?"

Mike Rolash: "I don't know, lay down and play dead or something."

Jim Gunt: "I'm not quite sure I understand exactly what you mean. Could you please show me?"

=/=
King Nothing stomps his boot into the lower spine of Jace Valentine, knocking him off the cover before kicking him again, and again, every shot taking more of a toll as the Overnight Submission Specialist tries to roll away. KN grabs Valentine by his shoulders and attempts to pull him up, but doesn't see the bat that he pulled up from the canvas until it's stabbing him right in the gut! The champion then proceeds to use it as a choking device, pulling the bat up the neck of King Nothing and pulling upward as a wad of saliva comes flying out. CWF official Denny Davidson checks to see if

Nothing is losing consciousness, ready to call the match off if he is.

But before he can raise the arm of King Nothing, McNeil jumps off the top rope and back into the scene, miraculously grabbing onto the neck of Valentine on the way down to execute a huge Flying Neckbreaker! The crowd are entirely on their feet now, cheering as loud as they can as all three competitors lay on their backs in pain. McNeil begins to crawl over to Jace for the cover, but King Nothing is up and runs at him at full speed, swinging his boot wildly and nearly taking the Angelic Enigma's head right off! Once again the audience pops with cheers, watching in excitement as Nothing goes for the pin attempt.=/=

Referee: 1.....2.....KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: "We nearly had a new Paramount champion there, as King Nothing was just a millisecond away from getting the three count!"

Mike Rolash: "But yet the match continues, and as of this moment Jace Valentine is still the rightful title-holder. Just like he will be when this is overwith."

Jim Gunt: "Possibly, and I'm sure that is what Valentine is hoping for also, but there are two very worthy challengers in this one who have just as much of a chance of walking out with the Paramount Title."

=/=King Nothing rolls off of Ronnie McNeil and immediately pulls himself back to his feet, this time going over to Valentine to sit down on his chest to measure him up. Nothing proceeds to drill his fist into the jaw of Jace once, twice, before the Host with the Most throws him off to the side and rises up to meet him with a Shoulder Block. King Nothing is only stunned for a second however, coming right back at Valentine with a kick and then lifting him up into the air, holding him for a few seconds as he struggles to get out of the Ultimate Opportunist's grip.

King Nothing continues to hold Valentine dangerously high in the air, ready to pounce him down to the canvas for a Military Press until he hears yelling behind him. Just as he turns around towards the third corner of the ring, the camera shows Ronnie McNeil catching his balance on the top rope. Nothing motions to dump Jace over but it's too late, as McNeil leaps like a madman through the air, an absolutely magnificent Shooting Star Press sending him right into the other two men! The impact is like a fly hitting a brick wall, as all three men collapse to the canvas within inches of each other! Seconds go by with no movement, but finally McNeil slowly makes his way over and puts an arm over Jace Valentine.=/=

Referee: 1.....2.....NO! His shoulder's up!

Jim Gunt: "How in the hell!? I could have sworn Ronnie just knocked out both King and Valentine, but apparently Jace had just enough life in him to save him from defeat one more time!"

Mike Rolash: "This is what champions are made of, Jimmy. Jace Valentine has proven once again tonight that he is BY FAR the best Paramount title holder we have ever had in CWF."

Jim Gunt: "Yeah yeah, we hear you. But I do have to admit that Valentine, along with both Ronnie McNeil and King Nothing, may have stolen the entire Wrestlefest show with this great match!"

=/=Ronnie McNeil rolls over onto his knees, wiping the sweat off his face in shock after he put everything he had into the beautiful Top Rope maneuver. McNeil breaths in a heavy breath, pulling himself to his feet and springing off the ropes, but from out of nowhere King Nothing comes in from the ground and takes him down with a Toe Hold. The Ultimate Opportunist pulls Ronnie in towards him, grabbing onto his left ankle and bending it to the side. The look on Nothing's face scares a few of the kids in the front row, as anger takes over him and causes him to nearly snap the foot right off McNeil!=/=

Jim Gunt: "Why isn't Denny Davidson stopping this? King Nothing is going to permanently injure Ronnie McNeil with that Ankle Lock"

Mike Rolash: "Do I really have to answer that pointless question for you? It's a LEGAL submission, until McNeil taps out on the canvas, there is nothing to stop Nothing from tearing him apart!"

Jim Gunt: "Maybe you're wrong, here comes Jace Valentine back into the fray!"

King Nothing is pulled off the leg of Ronnie from behind, surprised as Jace Valentine turns him around and sends him headfirst into the top turnbuckle pad. With Nothing backed against the corner, the Paramount champion lays into him with a knife edge chop, and another, a third, and a fourth that gets loud boos from the audience instead of the famous "WOO!". King Nothing's chest is now a blistering shade of red, but this doesn't stop Valentine from going for another stiff chop, but this time it is dodged as Nothing executes a Russian Leg Sweep that sends his face into the turnbuckle!

King Nothing hoists Jace up for a moment, hitting his boots back down to the canvas with an Atomic Drop. The Ultimate Opportunist then proceeds to take the defending champion up onto the top rope, perching him in a seated position and giving him a hard uppercut to the jaw. Valentine tries to fight back as Nothing goes up to the top rope with him, but he is struck again with a right hand and then set up for a Superplex.

Ronnie McNeil comes sauntering over however, pulling himself under the body of King Nothing and pushing forward. As the fans come to their feet in unison, the Tower of Doom is hit to full perfection as McNeil Powerbombs the set of men down to the canvas! All three men now lay helplessly with the Houston fans erupting in cheers, it is McNeil who eventually goes for the cover on Jace Valentine, crawling inch by inch over to him. But as he goes for the pin, Valentine somehow sprints to life and pulls him sideways for a quick rollup!/=

Referee: 1.....2.....3!?NOO! HE KICKED OUT!!

Jim Gunt: "What a match this has been! My god these three men are putting both their hearts and bodies on the line here at Wrestle Fest two!"

Mike Rolash: "I haven't seen the Tower of Doom done that well since before the days TNA tried doing it every other week!"

Ronnie McNeil rolls out of the ring as soon as he narrowly kicks out of the pin attempt, walking back and forth as his enforcer Bucky Johnson tries to calm him down. Bucky and McNeil talk back and forth amongst each other, but suddenly the mammoth Ogloff Krumm runs up behind them and blasts them across the back with a Double Clothesline! The manager of Jace Valentine stomps down on Bucky Johnson, not seeing his good friend's mother pick up a steel chair just a few feet away. Vivian swings the chair at the back of Krumm, but it doesn't do a bit of damage!

He angrily turns around to face her, shaking his head "No" as he snatches the chair from her hand. The Host with the Most exits the ring and walks the outside apron while staring right at his mother. Ogloff Krumm grabs onto Vivian Valentine as Jace dashes across the apron and leaps off, but his mother somehow pushes out of his grip at the last second, leaving Valentine diving right through the steel chair onto his gigantic bodyguard! The only man left standing is King Nothing inside the squared circle, but even he looks to take the stakes as high as ever as he heads up the top rope. The Ultimate Opportunist walks across the top rope of the three-sided ring like a trapeze artist, stopping at the middle of it to catch his balance before hurling himself like a missile at the rising Ronnie McNeil!

The two combatants collide into each other hard, leaving them flying backwards against the steel guardrail! The Houston crowd are now going nuts, cheering as loud as they can to show their appreciation as the three men lay on their backs in heaps of agony. Jace Valentine and King Nothing compete with each other rising back to their feet, both men sliding back in the ring at nearly the same time. Nothing rises up to take a right hand, but stings Valentine with a head butt. Nevertheless Jace swings his opponent over to try to sink in the Cupid's Chokehold, but King breaks free instantly, pulls Valentine in to swing him upside down and spike him right on his head with The Crown jumping Piledriver! A mixture of cheers and boos come from the crowd, but not one person watching Wrestlefest live remains

silent as King Nothing crawls over for the cover.=/

Referee: 1.....2.....3!

Ray Douglas: "The winner of the Three Corners Matchup and NEW CWF Paramount Champion....KING NOTHING!!!"

Jim Gunt: "What a huge night for King Nothing! Ronnie McNeil and the former champion Jace Valentine put one amazing performances themselves, but through everything it was Nothing who came out on top!"

Mike Rolash: "Damn it, we need to get someone to check on Jace!"

The Fire In Your Belly

Segment

=/The murmur of a raucous crowd serves as a backdrop as Chester Taylor is shown, standing ready with a CWF branded microphone and wasting no time.=/

Chester Taylor: "Evening everyone and on behalf of CWF we hope you're enjoying the show. Can you believe we're not even half way through yet? I know I can't and I'm sure you're all just as excited as I am to see what's yet to come. Anyway, for those of you who may have missed it something big happened at our recent fan fest. Why don't we take a look?"

=/A piece of video begins to play and shows Cain as he stands behind a podium upon a stage at the second day of the Wrestle Fest II Fan Fest. There's passion in his eyes as he speaks emphatically to the assembled crowd. The white text in the corner of the screen reads "July 18th, 2010."=/

Cain: "But I do get the feeling that this match is lacking in something, we have The Tower, we have an Iron Man match, it seems to me that the CWF Championship deserves to be a match that is equally as special, and so Chris, if you have the guts to agree, I'm challenging to make this match, an Incineration match!"

=/There is an audible shock amongst the crowd who become a lot more animated as they begin talking to each other. Reporters who had been sitting quietly in the wings rush to the front of the auditorium to record Cain's challenge.=/

Cain: "The Incineration match has only been seen once before in CWF, it is a brutal and dangerous match, and it seems apt that this is the way it has to end. So what say you Chris Andrews, have you got the fire in your belly to accept this challenge? I await your answer, and even from a snivelling cowardly egocentric like you I expect a yes."

=/The video ends and the feed returns to Chester Taylor doing his best to look professional on CWF's biggest night.=/

Chester Taylor: "After a huge challenge from the equally huge number one contender; and what I'm sure has been an agonising two day wait for our fans. I have here with me, our Champion Chris Andrews..."

=/The crowd take a moment to express their well established feelings about the Sultan of Cool, much to the surprise of nobody.=/

Chester Taylor: "Who has an answer for us. So Chris, will we be seeing you versus Cain in an Incineration match for the World Heavyweight Championship?"

=/As Chester is talking the camera pulls back to show Chris Andrews standing along side him, ready in his ring gear and with the title resting around his waist as he takes a quick drink of water from his bottle.=/

Chris Andrews: "Well Chester, what's a snivelling, cowardly and egocentric person to do? If Cain wants to turn me into an arsonist too then I guess... Well as they say, a picture is worth a thousand words so..."

=/Chris leans out of shot for a moment and returns as he holds a ball of pristine white material. He fumbles around with it for a moment before placing it carefully on top of his head, a chef's hat now sits there perfectly and the Champ

smiles.=/=

Chris Andrews: "Cain flambé anyone?"

=/=The roar of the crowd is heard in the background as they finally receive the answer the wrestling world has been waiting for.=/=

Chester Taylor: "So I take it that means you're accepting the challenge?"

Chris Andrews: "Take it however you want Chester, it's a free country. Just don't cry to me when you see a guy burning alive in the middle of the ring later tonight. It's a shame though Chester."

Chester Taylor: "What is Chris?"

Chris Andrews: "Well for all the preaching he's done I imagined Cain would want to fight me like a man, without resorting to these little tricks and gimmicks. I thought he was all about respecting the title and actual wrestling and stuff, you think you know a guy eh? Well whatever, he challenged, I answered and so I guess I'll see everyone later. Now if you'll excuse me I have to go see what's made Alex so fire retarded all of a sudden."

=/=The Sultan of Cool leaves the shot and Chester Taylor chuckles nervously into the camera.=/=

Chester Taylor: "I'm sure he meant fire retardant there."

=/=He chuckles again although a voice quickly shouts back before the feed cuts away to the next part of the show.=/=

Chris Andrews: "I know what I said!"

The Uprising Gains Numbers

Segment

=/=The camera cuts back to the ring, where Psycho Ninja, Bucky Johnson, Ronnie McNeil and Abigail Starr are already standing there with smiles on their faces. The crowd cheers as Bucky goes for a microphone.=/=

Jim Gunt: 'The Uprising back again, after turning on Johnny Champion during the night.'

Mike Rolash: 'You know, when you put it like that, they almost sound like bad guys, Jim.'

Jim Gunt: 'I didn't say Champion didn't deserve it!'

Bucky Johnson: 'So as you can see, things are a little different here in the Uprising. In with the old, out with the new!'

Ronnie McNeil: '... I think it's the other way around, Bucky.'

Bucky Johnson: 'Oh yeah! But anyway, we've gotten rid of Johnny Champion and we now have the lovely Miss Abigail Starr – '

=/=The crowd cheers and Abigail curtseys.=/=

Psycho Ninja: 'But we still don't have a leader yet... or do we?'

=/=He looks shiftily from side to side.=/=

Ronnie McNeil: 'See, guys... there's one more person to join us tonight.'

=/=The other three make looks of mock surprise.=/=

Ronnie McNeil: 'This is a man who's going to lead us to be the most powerful stable in CWF!'

Bucky Johnson: '... we're the only stable in CWF.'

Ronnie McNeil: 'Well, anyway... when we started this out, it was just a bunch of guys, not one of us above Paramount level. We thought that Champion could lead us, but we were wrong.'

=/=The crowd vaguely boos.=/=

Ronnie McNeil: 'And then someone else called us. A man who knows what it's like to fight the big fight, and a man who was ready to lead us, and make The Uprising one of the great stables in wrestling history.'

Mike Rolash: 'Oh, just tell us who it is already!'

Jim Gunt: 'It's called suspense, dumbass.'

Abigail Starr: 'I can tell you're all itching to find out who we're talking about. So, without further ado... it's time to meet the new leader of The Uprising!'

=/=There are a few seconds of silence.=/=

Mike Rolash: 'Ha! They don't really have anyone!'

Jim Gunt: 'Ssh. Suspense.'

=/=The lights in the arena go a deep blue and "Let The Hammer Fall" by Hammerfall blares. The crowd erupts with excitement.=/=

Jim Gunt: 'It's Highlander! Dan Highlander is making his return tonight!'

=/=Dan "The Hammer" Highlander walks out onto the stage, wearing his black trenchcoat, and the crowd cheers wildly at the returning fan favourite. In the ring, the Uprising members work the crowd, getting them into a frenzy. Highlander walks down the ramp, giving various fans high-fives. He gets to the ring and gives quick hugs to the members of the Uprising.=/=

Jim Gunt: 'I can't believe what I'm seeing! Dan Highlander has come back to the CWF, and he's taking over as the leader of the Uprising!'

Highlander: 'Well... let me just say this: damn, it's good to be back!'

=/=The crowd cheers wildly and Highlander grins.=/=

Highlander: 'Now, as you all know, I haven't competed in the CWF since April. You've probably been wondering where I was: after all, I didn't have an elaborate retirement ceremony with hours of teary hugs and video montages to "Leave The Memories Alone"... but that's because I knew damn well that I'd be wrestling again in a few months!'

Mike Rolash: 'That's Ric Flair he's making fun of, kids.'

Highlander: 'What I've been doing is helping out an old friend, something that would take me a few months. I asked Rish for the time off and quietly slipped out. The family banner, as it were, was held up by my... extraordinarily competent bedridden cousin-in-law, Mark. But none of that matters now. Right now, what matters is that I'm back in the CWF!'

=/=The crowd cheers.=/=

Highlander: 'And unfortunately, I don't have a match tonight. There was brief talk of a rematch between me and Angelica, but we didn't have time to RP for it, so – '

=/=Abigail elbows him in the ribs.=/=

Highlander: 'I mean, our agents couldn't get in contact in time. So I didn't have anything to do on the greatest stage this sport can offer – Wrestlefest 2!'

=/=The crowd laughs at the cheap pop, but cheers nonetheless.=/=

Highlander: 'Now, I've been away for a while now, and not really able to follow what's been happening. But I heard that there was a new stable in town. The Uprising. So, being the diligent wrestling fan that I am, I went straight to YouTube

and checked these guys out – imagine my surprise when I saw them beat the living daylights out of two legends, Chris Andrews and Big Sexay!

So obviously this is a team to be taken seriously. But when I got a call from them, I was surprised. The gist of it was that they wanted to be taken more seriously, as seriously as they deserved. To do that, they needed someone who knows what it's like to be at the top, to fight for the big prizes. And seeing as I was about ready to make my return... the timing of it was just perfect.

And now the Uprising numbers five. Hmm... how many belts are there in CWF?'

=/=The crowd cheers.=/=

Highlander: 'I'm just sayin'. But what you're looking at right here is the new and improved Uprising. And we've got our eyes on the prize.'

=/=“Uprising” by Muse blares, and the five members of the Uprising leave the ring.=/=

Jim Gunt: 'Well, what a night for the Uprising! Johnny Champion kicked out, and Abigail Starr and Dan Highlander joining up!'

Video Package

Segment

=/= The CWF screen fades to black as Prayer of the Refugee by Rise Against starts to play. With each chord that is played a single word flashes up on the screen. =/=

“CWF

Wrestlefest II.

A

New

Chapter

A

New

Beginning”

Warm yourself by the fire, son,
And the morning will come soon.
I'll tell you stories of a better time,
In a place that we once knew.

=/= Chris Xtreme is seen stomping on the head of Frankie Matos. As the camera slowly focus in on Matos, blood begins to slowly drip down his face pooling on the mat. Extreme is pulled away by a referee and in one quick move Extreme has picked him up into a Tilt-a-Whirl Tombstone Piledriver. Matos lifeless body hits the mat as he is rolled up for the three count. =/=

Before we packed our bags
And left all this behind us in the dust,
We had a place that we could call home,
And a life no one could touch.

=/= Victor Quinn has Cain hooked by both arms driving him upside down onto his head with a “Clarity” spike piledriver.

Quinn quickly rolls the CWF's big man over hooking both of Cain's legs. The referee appears out of nowhere slamming his hand down for the 3 count becoming the new World Champion. =/=

Don't hold me up now,
I can stand my own ground,
I don't need your help now,
You won't let me down, down, down!

=/= The screen shatters as Angel is dropped on to a car windshield by Abigail Starr. She screams and contorts in pain. Abigail jumps on the hood of the car, screaming for the pinfall as the 3 count is called. =/=

We are the angry and the desperate,
The hungry, and the cold,
We are the ones who kept quiet,
And always did what we were told.

=/= J.Rish storms down to ringside with a sledgehammer in his hands, he slides into the ring coming face to face with Angelica. He swings the hammer down towards Angelica, who kicks up towards GCWA's Lurrr hitting him in the groin. He falls slowly right into the path of the hammer. As he falls he lets go of Angelica who grabs hold of Rish smashing his face into the mat with a DDT.=/=

But we've been sweating while you slept so calm,
In the safety of your home.
We've been pulling out the nails that hold up
Everything you've known.

=/= Faces of CWF superstars past and present flash on the screen. Lionheart, Angel, Stunner, Noah Sweet, Cain, Bucky Johnson, Rodger Fence, Angelica. Each face morphing into the next, each star a legend in their own right. The music cuts out and the words of J.Rish echoes around the arena.

"At Wrestlefest II, on the biggest stage of them all, I will be introducing the new president of the company..."

Don't hold me up now,
I can stand my own ground,
I don't need your help now,
You won't let me down, down, down!

=/= Former CWF President Chaolin Sahn is stood in the ring, he looks as if he is ready to leave. The camera cuts to the crowd who are up on their feet cheering. Former CWF Commissioner Jarvis King steps out from behind the curtain. He stops at the top of the stage adjusting his tie, looking down at Sahn as the screen fades to black.

Jarvis sits a sheet of glass down in the corner of the ring, and waves to Sahn. Sahn turns and swings a steal chair at Jarvis' head, he misses, and swings again. Jarvis steps to the side as Sahn flings the chair right in the face of Jarvis. Hitting him with a roundhouse kick the body of Jarvis King falls back onto the glass. The shot of Jarvis falling back fades into a slow shot of Chaolin Sahn landing on the entrance ramp, Jarvis drops down from the cage and goes for the cover. =/=

So open your eyes child,
Let's be on our way.
Broken windows and ashes
Are guiding the way.

=/= More faces of CWF stars flash up. "Superstar" Ian Hawk, Highlander, Billy Anderson, Abigail Starr, Jarvis King,

Danny B, Chaolin Sahn, Jace Valentine and Andy Murray.

Keep quiet no longer,
We'll sing through the day,
Of the lives that we've lost,
And the lives we've reclaimed.

./= The faces fade to leave a black screen with the red writing of "CWF 2010"=./=

Colton Mace vs. Draco

Segment

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the following match is scheduled for one fall and introducing fir-

./=The CWF announcer is abruptly cut off by the opening cords of a song not heard before in the CWF, "Crawling in the Dark" by Hoobastank.

The lights flicker on and off as "The Premiere" Colton Mace makes his way onto the stage with a microphone in hand./=

"I will dedicate
And sacrifice my every
Thing for just a second's worth
Of how my story's ending
And I wish I could know
The directions that I take
And all the choices that I make
Won't end up all for nothing!"

Colton Mace: So sorry for the interruption Ray but I thought since tonight is such a big deal, than perhaps we should do things a little differently. Nothing personal, I love your work but please sit back, relax and allow me to take over.

"Show me what it's for
Make me understand it
I've been crawling in the dark looking for the answer
Is there something more
Than what I've been handed
I've been crawling in the dark looking for the answer!"

./=The Hollywood Hot Shot takes his time getting to the ring, pausing to interact with the overly excited fans, even handing out signed photos. Finally he climbs into the ring and motions for a stunned Ray Douglas to take a seat by the commentary table./=

Colton Mace: No, no, it's alright. It's all over your Facebooks and your Twitters, I even went old school and checked out your Myspace and I get it, I really do. You guys are excited to see me! Right here in the Reliant Stadium in Houston, Texas! Trust me when I say you are all in for a treat tonight, you are about to witness something like the passing of a comet, it only happens so often.

Mike Rolash: Well actually WrestleFest happens once every year

Jim Gunt: Oh lighten up Mike, it is Colton after all.

Colton Mace: The man you see before you is not the Colton Mace of old. The man you see before you is a new and IMPROVED Colton Mace, the Special Edition if you will and believe me this is one remake that is so much better than the original. Now seeing as this is a special occasions, I have prepared a little something for you. Thank me later.

...

Ahem, tech crew if you please.

./=The arena is suddenly bathed in darkness with the only source of light coming from three spotlights all at different angles, but all aiming their bright beams at the same location.

Right where Colton Mace is standing.

He remains silent, always loving to build up a moment, his eyes are closed and the microphone is held up, resting against his lips. ./=

Colton Mace: Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls, tonight's Grudge Match is proudly brought to you by Great American Dream Productions, starring the Hollywood Hot Shot, the Squared Circle Superstar, the Action Hero of Professional Wrestling, at a weight of 221 lbs and hailing from Hollywood California...That's in LA. The Premiere...Colton Colton Colton...Alistair Alistair Alistair...Wait for it...wait for it...MAAAACE!"

Jim Gunt: "Well, ladies and gentlemen, this is going to be a hell of a match. Two men who simply can't stand one another going one on one here."

Mike Rolash: "I don't know what you're going on about, Jim. This is going to be nothing short of a showcase for Colton Mace's excellence."

./=Mace tests the ropes as "Indestructible" by Disturbed starts to play, and the crowd explodes for the entrance of Draco. As The Hellacious One steps through the curtain, the crowd explodes with cheers. Draco walks down to the ring, his eyes trained on the ring and his opponent therein. Slapping hands with a number of fans, Draco rolls into the ring and gets into Mace's face, the two jaw-jacking with each other as referee Big Denny Davidson tries to keep them separate. ./=

Ray Douglas: "His opponent hails from Whitesboro, New York. Weighing in at 204 pounds, he is "The Hellacious One", DRACO!!"

./=Big Denny Davidson calls for the bell and the hotly anticipated grudge match between Mace and Draco is underway. The two combatants circle each other, each trying to get a feel for the other's movements before they come to the center of the ring and lock up, collar and elbow, for the first time. The two jockey for position, each trying to gain that extra bit of leverage on the other man.

It's Draco who first gains an advantage, powering Mace backwards into the ropes and then into a neutral corner, drawing calls for a break from Davidson. Mace attempts to power Draco back, but The Hellacious One does not relent, instead opting to slowly remove the hold in a very tentative manner. Immediately, Draco puts his fists up in preparation to defend himself, but Mace doesn't attack, instead walking down the side of the ring away from Draco and into the center of the ring.

Confused, Draco shrugs and comes to the center of the ring, meeting Mace for another collar and elbow test. This time, it's Mace who gains the advantage, opting to not go for a pure power game, but instead controlling Draco's head and neck, locking in a side headlock as a result. Draco manages to power through, pushing Mace backwards into the ropes in a hope to shoot him off in a modified Irish Whip. Unfortunately, Colton simply wrenches on the hold a little bit tighter, and as a result uses the momentum against Draco, slamming The Hellacious One matward with a bulldog headlock. ./=

Jim Gunt: "Well, we're off here, and I think that Mace might be catching Draco off guard with that side headlock here, altering his usual game plan and going with old-fashioned wrestling moves."

Mike Rolash: "It's all well and good to try and switch things up, like I did last night, but there's nothing wrong with using tried and true methods. Mace can't be afraid to take the advantage that'll give him the easy leg up in this match, Jimbo."

Jim Gunt: "Decent insight there, Mike, but I mean...really? Another mom joke? It's all night, every night with you."

Mike Rolash: "No, you see, THAT'S a good opportunity for a mom joke. I was just talking about how I switched from hard liquor to beer last night. Saved me a wicked hangover."

Jim Gunt: "Oh dear lord..."

Mike Rolash: "That's what your mom said later that night, except a bit...breathier."

=/=Mace presses the advantage, quickly pivoting around on Draco's downed body. He locks both arms in a butterfly hold and turns Draco over, looking for a cradle pin. Before Davidson can even register a one-count, however, Draco kips out and hits a kneeling Mace with a quick roundhouse back-kick, dazing the Squared Circle Superstar. Quickly, Draco bounds off the ropes, criss-crossing to gain momentum before hitting an enormous seated dropkick that sends Mace sprawling and tumbling to the outside.

Colton tries his best to recover as quickly as possible, but Draco doesn't afford him much of an opportunity. Quickly sling-shotting himself over the top rope and onto the apron, Draco lays in wait until Colton gets to his feet and turns towards him, at which point Draco springboards himself off the middle rope, arches backwards and hits a textbook Asai Moonsault.=/=

Jim Gunt: "Enter the Dragon!"

Mike Rolash: "What the hell are you talking about? That's Draco, not Ricky Steamboat!"

Jim Gunt: "I was referring to that beautiful Asai Moonsault, Mike; a move innovated and popularized by Japanese sensation, Ultimo Dragon."

Mike Rolash: "Bullcrap! I bet that move was innovated by some guy named Asai. Get your facts straight, Jimbo."

=/=Draco tumbles backwards, quickly recovering to a standing position as his opponent crumples to the floor. Davidson demands that Draco bring the action back into the ring, and so The Hellacious One gruffly takes hold of Colton and sends him back into the ring by the neck. Mace rolls as far away from Draco as possible and attempts to use the ropes to force himself to his feet. Draco follows him like a shark who smells blood in the water and grasps at Mace's head and neck once again, attempting to bring him up to a vertical basis. Suddenly Mace perks up, sending shots to Draco's ribs, sending The Hellacious One reeling.

Mace pounces while he's on top, Irish Whipping Draco into the ropes. Bounding off the opposite side himself, Mace rushes in and hits a huge running clothesline. Lifting Draco back up, Colton locks in a front facelock and lifts Draco up with a vertical suplex before allowing him to drop back, followed by a snap neckbreaker known as the Red Carpet Treatment! Mace quickly turns Colton over and hooks a leg.=/=

Referee: 1.....2.....No, kickout!

Jim Gunt: "Two count there after that vicious neckbreaker, and Mace is on top here."

Mike Rolash: "What a surprise, what a surprise."

=/=Colton pounds the mat, obviously hoping for a three count on that exchange. Big Denny informs him that the count did in fact stop at two, and as such Mace gets into his face, threatening the ref for a moment. Mace then composes himself, seemingly thinking better of it and turns back to Draco. Colton lifts Draco up and tosses him into the corner, rushes in with him and immediately leaping up onto his knees and grasping the back of his neck, flipping him backwards with a monkey flip.

Unfortunately for Mace, Draco manages to land immediately on his feet, and as Mace turns around he's caught with a "Momentum Shift" superkick! Colton stumbles around as Draco catches him with a straight right hand, sending him reeling into the ropes. Draco whips him off into the opposite set of twine and hits a picture perfect standing dropkick on

the rebound, sending Mace crashing to the ground.

Draco doesn't relent in any way, shape or form, immediately pouncing on Mace with a sleeper hold. Immediately Mace starts to fade, doing his damndest to get to the ropes. Mace can't get to his feet and suddenly his wildly flailing arms start to slow and droop, until they fall. Denny Davidson checks on Mace and determines that he's on the brink of unconsciousness. Lifting his left arm, Davidson lets go and allows it to droop to the mat.=/

Referee: 1!

Jim Gunt: "Well, this may just be over here, Mike! Mace is fading faster than..."

Mike Rolash: "Faster than your mom did after I slipped that Forget-Me-Now!"

Jim Gunt: "What?"

Mike Rolash: "It's a little pill that magicians use in their act...it simulates a certain...forgettiness."

Jim Gunt: "Mike, that's a roofie."

=/Draco wrenches on the hold harder, further cutting off the flow of blood, and thus oxygen, throughout Mace's body. Davidson lifts Mace's arm a second time before releasing it and allowing it to drop lifelessly to the mat.=/

Referee: 2!

=/Big Denny motions that the match is over if the arm droops once more, prompting Draco to wrench on the hold as tight as possible. Davidson first checks Draco's grip, ensuring that his arm hasn't slipped around Mace's windpipe. Satisfied that the hold isn't a choke, Denny lifts Mace's A-List arm one last time and lets it go...where it stays, vertical!

Mace again wildly swings his arms in the air, grasping at empty space in hopes of catching a rope, but instead manages to use the increased bloodflow to work his way to his feet. Davidson maintains his position, asking if Mace wants to give it up, allowing Mace to raise his foot up towards Draco's groin...but he doesn't take the low blow. Instead, Mace walks Draco over to a corner, and using the turnbuckle to propel himself backwards, flips back into a modified pinning situation.=/

Referee: 1.....2.....Kickout!

Jim Gunt: "What a reversal by Mace there, and just like that, this match was almost over!"

Mike Rolash:"Yeah, a decent enough reversal, but Mace could've been on top there, Jimbo. How many times do I have to say it - if the ref doesn't see it, it doesn't count!"

=/Mace, gasping for air, gets to his feet first, followed slowly by Draco. The Hellacious One advances on Colton but catches him quickly with a spinning lariat, known as the Shout Out. Draco crashes to the mat, and Mace decides he's gonna fly. Climbing to the outside, Mace slowly ascends the turnbuckle to the top and lays in wait.

Draco slowly gets to his feet, and as he turns around, Mace leaps for a cross-body. Unfortunately, Draco has the shot scouted, and manages to catch the flying A-Lister with dropkick to the gut, sending him sprawling towards the mat. Mace grabs at his stomach, but isn't offered any real chance to recover as Draco quickly goes in for the cover.=/

Referee: 1.....2.....No!

Jim Gunt: "What a great, back and forth match!"

Mike Rolash: "Come on, Mace! You've gotta take advantage!"

=/Mace rolls around in pain, but Draco calls for the end. Lifting Colton to his face, Draco lifts him up and places him on the top turnbuckle, facing the crowd. Motioning for the Hellacious, Draco climbs up with him and wraps his legs around Mace's head and neck before arching back and going for the reverse rana.

Unfortunately for Draco, Mace's weight advantage comes into play, as Mace manages to hook his legs on the middle rope and holds himself, and Draco, up. Sitting up, Mace brings Draco back onto his shoulders and, plummeting backwards, hits a super electric chair drop! Both men are completely spent, but it's Mace who manages to drape an arm over Draco first, going for a pin.=/

Referee: 1.....2.....NO! His shoulder's up!

Jim Gunt: "Unbelievable! Mace managed to reverse The Hellacious with that huge electric chair drop, but Draco still managed to kick out!"

=/Mace slowly gets to his feet, using the ropes, followed by Draco, who sends a stiff chop at Mace's chest. The pectoral region of the Squared Circle Superstar turns a light pink immediately, and before Mace can even catch his breath, Draco sends another shot at his chest. Draco goes for another chop, but Mace manages to block the shot this time, countering with a stiff right hand to his temple.

Draco reels, and Mace kicks him in the gut before running off to the ropes, looking for a running Great American Dream. Colton flips forward, but Draco manages to evade being flipped forward, instead opting to springboard off the middle ropes before flipping backwards and catching Mace with the Lights Out! He goes for the cover.=/

Referee: 1.....2.....3!

=/The bell rings and Draco rolls to the outside as "Indestructible" by Disturbed begins to play. Denny Davidson rolls to the outside and raises Draco's hand as Ray Douglas makes the official announcement.=/

Ray Douglas: "Ladies and gentlemen, your winner..."The Hellacious One" DRACO!!!"

Jim Gunt: "What a match, ladies and gentlemen! Everyone, this is what WrestleFest is all about - two top-tier superstars going at it in an instant classic...and there's still more to come!"

Mike Rolash: "WHY DIDN'T YOU CHEAT, MACE?!"

A Special Message

Segment

Chester Taylor: My guest at this time..."The Xtreme One" Chris Xtreme.

Chris Xtreme: Hey Chester.

Chester Taylor: Chris, you had something to say.

Chris Xtreme: Yeah. *grabs the mic* WrestleFest has already past expectations and it continues to get better. But at this time, I would like to give a special message to my WrestleFest opponent last year. Elijah, your one hell of a superstar...it sucks that you are not here. We had a hell of a match last year...you would've done great this year. I hope you sort out everything you have to before coming back. In the words of yourself...Be seeing you.

Chester Taylor: Nicely said Chris. Now...

=/ Before Chester could say anything...Chris' friend, Damien is seen running down the hall. =/

Chris Xtreme: *stops him* Whoa where you going?

Damien: No where...just enjoying the show.

Chris Xtreme: Why are you running?

Damien: Running? What are you talking about?

=/ Security guards are seen rushing down the hall =/

Damien: Well I better get going...see ya. *runs off*

≠ Security chases him down the hall as he exits into the parking lot. Chris laughs a bit then walks off.≠

A Pleasure As Always

Segment

≠ The camera cuts it to see The Blue Scorpion walking slowly down a dark corridor inside The Reliant Stadium. As we are currently halfway through the biggest wrestling extravaganza of the year, the area is obviously choc-full of various wrestling alumni, road workers and other such people. As such, it takes interviewer Chester Taylor a huge amount of time to battle through the crowd and make his way over to The Blue Scorpion. Eventually, Chester manages to stop Scorio in his tracks, and pull him to a quieter corner of the corridor to commence the interview. ≠

Chester Taylor: Scorio! The Blue Scorpion! Could I take two minutes of your time to conduct a special WrestleFest interview for the millions of CWF fans watching at home?

Scorio: Since you asked so nicely, I can't see why not.

Chester Taylor: Excellent! So Scorp, first off, with all the history between you and your opponent tonight, "The Ripper" Danny B, do you have any final words for your former tag team partner, as you prepare to go into battle for the gold that you once held as a cohesive unit?

Scorio: What's done is done, Chester, and what has been needed to say had been said. Maybe Danny was right when he said I was all mouth and no trousers. Then again, maybe he wasn't, and maybe he's gonna pay for his mistake the hard way in front of millions here tonight. Either way, the time for talking has passed. Cliché though it may be, I intend to make my points in that ring, and prove myself worthy of the gold. Not just to Danny. Not just to the millions of fans worldwide. But to myself as well.

Chester Taylor: Thought-provoking stuff. We can all see that you're clearly focused on the present, Scorio, but what about the future? What does the future hold for The Blue Scorpion? Win or lose, d'you have a particular plan that you'd like to put into action in the coming weeks and months?

Scorio: Success, Chester, does not need to be sought out. Success follows greatness, and follows those who aspire to greatness. I am one of those people, Chester, and with my newfound power, The Power of the People, I am confident that my future holds all new heights which I have as of yet failed to reach.

Chester Taylor: And will that success be sought alone, Scorio? Or will you be looking to continue your dominance as part of another, new and exciting team?

Scorio: You must not have heard me correctly, Chester. "The Power of the People". What kind of man would I be, if I didn't practice what I preach? My greatest success will come, not personally, or individually, but in inspiring success for others, and ensuring that my torch is passed on, and not allowed to slowly flicker, and burn, and die away.

Chester Taylor: Thank you Scorio, and good luck in your match tonight.

Scorio: It's been a pleasure as always, Chester.

Love The New Door

Segment

≠ Abigail is seen by Chester Taylor walking in the hallway towards the Uprising locker room, and he runs somewhat quickly to catch up with her.≠

Chester: "Abi! May I get a word with you?"

Abigail: "Sure, what's up Chester?"

Chester: "Well, just as I'm sure everyone is wondering, why did you decide on joining The Uprising? Isn't that a team of

the lower card wrestlers? Why are you getting into that sort of thing?"

Abigail: "To be honest Chester, I joined up with The Uprising because they're all about helping each other do better and succeed further and further up the roster together. I am honored to be a part in that, and I would love nothing more than to have Highlander, Bucky and Psycho at my side through everything."

Chester: "Yeah, but wasn't it Bucky and Psycho that "blew up" you know who?"

Abigail: "Well, now that you mention it; yes. But honestly, I feel that it was all a ploy by Champion, I think he manipulated and convinced them into doing it."

Chester: "But, weren't you facing Ninja the week it happened?"

Abigail: "Yeah? C'mon, you honestly think Ninja would be capable of thinking this up on his own and then getting Bucky to go do it with him?"

Chester: "Possibly, he is a ninja after all."

=/=I grab the microphone from Chester, leaving a small grunt of frustration and annoyance. I place it up to my mouth and begin to speak.=/=

Abigail: "Look Chester, I don't know what you're trying to do here, but it's not going to work, I overheard Johnny talking to Bucky about everything last week when I walked past his locker room. He's lucky I didn't plant him face first into the ground right then and there. He had it coming this entire week and I think I managed to show him that this week when I completely annihilated him in front of every CWF fan in the nation.

Am I glad that I embarrassed him? Duh! I'm so fucking happy that I have found the people, wait no, the person responsible for the one I love's injuries. Skyler might not love me anymore, and he might not want to ever talk to me again, but that's fine. I was willing to fight this week for the love that we shared and I think I got that through Champion's head. There was nothing holding me back and there wasn't a single thing that I would have done differently this week either. Well, maybe I could have kicked and punched him a lot more when he was unconscious, but I figured what the hell, I don't want him to have to suffer through what Skyler did.

It was a horrific event and no one should have to endure that, even if they were the one's responsible for it. Call me whatever the fuck you want, but I'm trying to make my Impact again in CWF, and this is the way I'm doing it. I'm doing it with my team at my side, and I will back my team up with whatever endeavors they become involved in and need help with. I joined the Uprising help us all become better wrestlers and to make the impact that we're all supposed to make in CWF. Nothing more, nothing less. If anyone has a problem with that, then you feel free to talk to me about it. But just know, if any problems arise, I have the guys to back me up, and honestly, I believe they would really be able to fuck you up."

=/=I hand the microphone back to Chester signaling that I'm done with my small rant.=/=

Chester: "Wow, my how you've been able to open up about things since the last time you were here. I have to say it's nice to see this side of you again!"

Abigail: "I'm trying to better myself again Chester, and honestly, I'm thinking that me trying to become the forgiving one, the one that is capable of forgetting what's happened in the past with those that have hurt me greatly, that I am going to get my love back in the end."

Chester: "What makes you so sure of that Abi?"

Abigail: "I know him. He's going to miss me, he's going to die without me. Watch, he'll be back before you know it."

Chester: "You seem really confident in saying that."

Abigail: "I am confident. I know Skyler and I know that he may be mad at me right now, and although the reason is still unknown to me at this current moment, I will always love him, and he will always love me. It might take months, even years for him to come back, but I'm confident when I say that he will come back."

=/ Chester looks over Abigail's shoulder at something in the distance, and then quickly focuses back to their conversation. =/

Chester: "What makes you think it's going to take even that long?"

Abigail: "What do you me--"

?: "ABI! I'm sorry Abi, I love you so much!"

=/ Abigail's eyes widen when she hears the familiar voice. She turns around to see the sight of Skyler wheeling himself towards her in a wheelchair. Without hesitation she dashes towards him and wraps her arms around his chest and literally lifts him out of the chair. Once reality sets in she notices the wheelchair. =/

Abigail: "Why are you in a wheelchair?" she says while sitting him back down.

Skyler: "The doctor's said I'm paralyzed from the waist down, but rehabilitation might help me get partial to most of my feeling back, but most likely I will have to always use a cane."

Abigail: "Whatever it takes Skyler, I will do it with you."

Skyler: "I know sweetie, thanks for being there for me when I was at my most vulnerable, and completely unconscious state of mind. Alex reminded me of that when you guys stopped by before you moved back home."

Abigail: "Speaking of which, that has been complete hell with a capital 'h'."

Skyler: "I'm sure it has. I will arrange for your stuff to be shipped back to my place immediately."

=/ Abigail gets a big smile and leans over to hug him again, whispers "Thanks Sky" in his ear and then pushes him towards her locker room. =/

Skyler: "Oh, by the way. I love the new door."

Abigail: "Thanks!"

Angelica Becomes CWF President

Segment

Jim Gunt: "Ladies and Gentlemen we are hours into the Wrestle Fest two event, and we still haven't heard who our new president is."

Mike Rolash: "My moneys on Shady the guy has everything; previous experience, the right attitude..."

Jim Gunt: "Andy Murray is still on that list as well you know. A guy that has achieved everything within CWF can surely run the place."

=/ Suddenly Cinderella Man by Eminem hits and the lights dim. =/

"Guess I'm lucky,
Some of us don't get a second chance.
But I aint blowing this one."

=/ CWF's very own former president 2Shady steps out on to the stage, the crowd unite in a deafening cheer. Dressed in his trade mark baggy jeans and white wife beater top he smiles before strutting down to the ring. =/

"Naw man, haha,
Shit.. I feel like I can do anything now"

=/= The lights come up as he is handed a mic, he opens his mouth to speak but as he does Wont back down by Fuel blast out around the arena, once again the fans are up on their feet cheering another CWF legend. Lionheart stands at the top of the ramp staring down at 2shady. =/=

"I won't back down
I will not bow
(I've come to bring you hell)"

=/= without losing eye contact he makes his way down to the ring, sliding in and standing up face to face with 2Shady.
=/=

Mike Rolash: "Fight...Fight...Fight!"

Jim Gunt: "These two men have a hell of a lot of history together and by the looks of it both think they have something to offer this new CWF in way of presidency."

=/= The two men begin to argue and it is faintly picked up from the mic. =/=

2Shady: "What are you doing dawg. You need to get the hell outta my face."

Lionheart: "Are you actually kidding me, you think you are gonna get this. You had your chance and ran CWF to the ground."

2Shady: "I am going to give you one more chance dawg, back the fuck up."

=/= Out of nowhere Rodger Fence jumps over the audience barricade and straight into the ring, followed closely by The Stunner. =/=

Mike Rolash: "The Stunner is once again in a CWF ring guys this is history right here."

Jim Gunt: "We have four of CWF's finest alumni in the ring at our massive PPV event. Can it get any better?"

=/= The lights once again cut out and the crowd fall silent, a single spot light lights up the entrance as Andy Murray walks out to a huge cheer from the crowd. He stands at the top of the ramp with a mic in his hand and no music. =/=

Murray: "What the hell are you losers arguing this out for? We all know who is going to get picked and it aint none of you rejects."

=/= He begins to walk towards the ring as he continues to talk. =/=

Murray: "Come on tell me, exactly, what have you done Stunner since you left CWF, apart from become bald and grossly overweight? And Fence when was the last time you held a title belt? And don't even get me started on you Shady."

=/= He steps up onto the apron before climbing into the ring. =/=

Murray: "You all have less than nothing to offer CWF, Cris Nightmare is a better choice as president than any of you losers, at least he has some sort of sticking around power. You guys all seem to run at the slightest bit of a challenge. Which is why I am the new CWF president."

=/= The five men in the ring begin to shout and push at each other at Andy Murrays announcement, as The Little Guy crawls out from underneath the ring. =/=

Jim Gunt: "ANDY MURRAY IS THE NEW CWF PRESIDENT, you heard it here first folks."

=/= Masterpiece by Bayside hits as CWF Owner J.Rish steps out on to the stage to a very mixed reaction. The fighting in the ring stops as they look up towards him. =/=

J. Rish: "Seems like I got out here just in time. Now, it looks to me there has been a tiny bit of confusion here."

Lionheart: "Just tell him that you choose me Rish, I signed those papers, now tell him."

2Shady: "Shut up dawg, you know it aint you."

Stunner: "He flew me half way round the world to sign the papers, he did do that for a giggle."

J. Rish: "Seriously, you girls are giving me a headache all the squealing and yapping."

=/=The crowd begin a loud chant of Murray as Rish motions for them to quieten down. =/=

J. Rish: "You see, I HAVE chosen my new president, and they are here tonight it's just, how can I put this...it's none of you."

Jim Gunt: "Wow! This really has been a great evening; I can't wait to see who he brings out. I am super excited."

Mike Rolash: "Alright gay."

=/= J. Rish smiles and steps to the side. =/=

J. Rish: "Ladies and Gentlemen. Allow me to introduce your NEW CWF PRESIDENT..."

=/= The lights turn to red as white pyros begin to shoot off around the stage Make Me Wanna Die by the Pretty Reckless begins to echo around the arena.

Take me I'm alive

Never was a girl with a wicked mind

But everything looks better when sun goes down

=/= J. Rish smiles widely and sways side to side it almost looks like he is dancing to the music. =/=

I had everything

Opportunities for eternity

And I could belong to the night

Your eyes, your eyes

I can see in your eyes

Your eyes

=/= The red lights fade to black as an unsure crowd don't know if they should be cheering or not. Suddenly the lights come back up as fireworks and pyros shoot off wildly from every direction. =/=

You make me wanna die

I'll never be good enough

You make me wanna die

And everything you love will burn up in the light

Every time I look inside your eyes

Make me wanna die

=/= Stood in the centre of the ramp as the lights come up is former CWF Champion Angelica, she is dressed in a tailored black suit. She smiles as the music cuts out and all that's left is the deafening cheers from the packed out arena. She stands uneasily without her crutches and smiles at the men fighting in the ring before taking the mic from Rish. =/=

Angelica: "Now guys this whole arguing thing is great, and imme let you finish, but let me just make one thing incredibly clear...Get the hell out of my ring."

=/= No sooner have the words left Angelicas mouth CWF security seem to appear from every direction pulling the men out of the ring. She smiles as a battle erupts before her. Once the last man is dragged backstage Rish begins to clap

for the new president. =/=

Angelica: "Now that the rubbish has been taken out, my first act as president will start with next week's matches. When the card for next week goes up, a lot of the roster will find they are left off. Giving them plenty of time to recover from tonight's battles. I want to see what the rookies of CWF can do given the chance."

=/= Rish extends his hand out to Angelica, but she just shakes her head and walks away. As her music once again blasts out into the arena. =/=

Jim Gunt: "There you have it; CWF has its FIRST ever female president! Things just got a lot more interesting around here."

Mike Rolash: "Long live the queen!! Angelica's back, finally something to look at!"

Jim Gunt: "Cain not your type anymore?..."

The Tower- Amber Ryan vs. Elisha

Segment

Jim Gunt: Now we come to a match that has been months in the making, a match perhaps more personal than any other we've seen so far as Angel goes head to head with Elisha in the Tower, one of the most sadistic matches in CWF history.

=/= We cut to the ring. In its centre, an enormous structure rises to the heights of the arena, filling most of the ring with a small gap around the sides. Looking up from the base, the Tower stretches high into the air, boasting four levels each more brutal than the last. Stop signs and kendo sticks, barbed wire and thumbtacks, glass and fire; and from the top of the Tower, only gravity, one combatant to plummet to the hard arena floor below. Ladders are attached to the sides of the Tower, allowing passage from one level to the next, the platforms hard and unforgiving.

The arena lights dim and the opening notes of "In the Air Tonight" begin to play over the speakers, soft with an undertone of menace. The crowd get to their feet and start to boo, some throwing garbage as a group of security guards step through the entrance curtain. =/=

I can feel it coming in the air tonight

Oh, lord

Well I've been waiting for this moment for all my life

oh lord, oh lord

=/= In the midst of the security guards, standing head and shoulders above the tallest of them, is Elisha. His eyes are locked on the Tower as he make shis way down the ramp, security keeping a watchful eye on the audience as they scream obscenities in his direction. He ignores them, making his way onwards down to the ring. In his left hand he carries a crowbar, gleaming darkly under the dim arena lights. =/=

Well if you told me you were drowning

I would not lend a hand

I've seen your face before, my friend

But I don't know if you know who I am...

=/= They arrive at the ring, Elisha stepping up onto the apron as the security march away to the backstage area. Elisha begins to pace round the Tower, gazing up at it contemplatively. =/=

Ray Douglas: "The following contest is the Tower match. Introducing first, from Reading, England, weighing two hundred seventy five pounds...Elisha!"

=/= There is a moment's silence, the crowd waiting expectantly for the arrival of Angel. Suddenly, "I Won't Tell You" by

Lacuna Coil hits the speakers and Angel steps out onto the entrance ramp. =/=

I cannot tell you, you're falling apart
Open your eyes if you wanna survive
I want to tell you, your love is a lie
But I won't tell you, I won't tell you

=/= In her right hand she carries a lengthy barbed wire chain. She stands motionless a moment, taking in the crowd, her eyes travelling to the ring. Elisha stands within it, crowbar in one hand, their eyes locked across the arena.

Angel begins to march forward, paying no attention to the fans around her, the chain dragging behind her across the ramp. =/=

I can't leave this, I am fine inside it
I don't feel bliss and I just keep hiding
I've been burnt so bad but I still play with fire
Sometimes naked truth is what I don't believe in

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Dallas, Texas, weighing in at one hundred sixty pounds...Angel!

=/= As Angel approaches the ring Elisha steps out of it, leaving his crowbar in the ring and charging at Angel as she makes her way to the ringside area. The two of them begin brawling, trading lefts and rights, punches and kicks, before Elisha grabs Angel and hits her with a brutal Irish whip into the ring stairs. She collides painfully, her knee taking the brunt of the assault, flips over and collapses on the arena floor. =/=

Jim Gunt: They've not even made it to the Tower and already they're tearing one another apart!

Mike Rolash: Tactical move here by Elisha, target that wounded knee of Angel's, make it harder for her to climb up the Tower later on. Smart move.

Jim Gunt: You almost sound like a fan...

Mike Rolash: To hell with that, I hope she sends Elisha home in a bodybag.

=/= Elisha walks over to the prone Angel, slowly, methodically, measuring her out like an animal hunting its prey. He grabs her by the hair and pulls her to her feet, going for another Irish whip, this time into the guard rail. At the last moment, she reverses the move, sending Elisha crashing painfully into the metal.

The crowd begins to chant for Angel as she picks up her chain once more, grabbing Elisha by the hair and holding him still. She grinds the wire into his skull, gouging out flesh. The blood begins to flow and Elisha screams, doing his best to resist and break free. Finally he manages to hit Angel with a boot to the stomach, sending her staggering back. He follows up with a huge clothesline, sending the hardcore bitch crashing into the ring apron.

Elisha pulls himself up onto the apron and immediately steps into the ring, making his way to the Tower. Angel grabs her chain and does likewise, grabbing Elisha as he attempts to climb one of the ladders. She pulls him down and hits him with a series of kicks to the stomach, finally hitting him with a huge knee to the face as he bends over, gasping for breath. Angel grabs Elisha by the head and smacks him face first into the side of the Tower, his skull echoing off the hard metal.=/=

Crowd: 1.....2.....3.....4.....5.....6 -

=/= Before Angel can inflict more damage, Elisha leans his head back, screams and shoves her back before smashing her with an enormous headbutt to the skull, then another, and a third. He steps back, making his way along the side of the Tower before crouching and picking up his half-forgotten crowbar. Elisha smiles evilly before raising the crowbar high in the air as the fans begin to rain down abuse. =/=

Jim Gunt: This doesn't look good, Elisha is here for one reason and one reason only, to injure, to maim, to make an example of Angel in front of the world.

Mike Rolash: Isn't that, like...three reasons?

Jim Gunt: Creative license?

≠/≠ Elisha approaches Angel, smirking sadistically, before swinging out the crowbar and nailing her with a brutal shot to the ribs. The crowd audibly groans as the metal makes contact with bone, Elisha getting in another shot before returning his attention to the Tower. The big man approaches one of the ladders and pulls himself up, pausing a moment to wipe blood out of his eyes before continuing upwards, crowbar in one hand, the other pulling him up onto the first level of the Tower.

As he climbs, Angel somehow finds the strength to continue, pulling herself upright and making her way to the other side of the Tower. She grabs one of the ladders and makes her own way up, the barbed wire chain trailing behind her, its jagged metal teeth already coated in blood. Elisha arrives first, turns, gazes out over the crowd with contempt. He raises his fist in the air, the other holding the crowbar by his side, smiles as the audience responds with boos and profanity, the odd piece of garbage hurled at the ring. ≠/≠

Jim Gunt: I don't think he knows Angel is -

≠/≠ Elisha turns his attention from the audience, just in time to see Angel as she pulls herself onto the platform. She charges at him, limping slightly from her injured knee, swings out the barbed wire chain in front of her wildly. It connects with Elisha's stomach, ripping open skin, leaving a trail of small cuts over his skin like an attack from a rabid animal. She pulls the chain back and swings out again, this time connecting with his knee, forcing the big man down.

Angel grabs a stop sign hanging from the side of the Tower and swings, smashing Elisha in the skull with the hard metal, once, twice, three times before shoving him onto his back. She places the sign over his face and stomps on it, the metal caving around his head as she stamps on it with a smack that seems to echo through the arena.

She pulls up the sign and tosses it over the side of the Tower where it lands, bent out of recognition, with a small smack on the ring mat. Angel grabs Elisha by the hair and pulls him up, forcing him up to his knees.

Elisha's face is a mess of cuts and abrasions, blood flowing down his cheeks, gushing out of his nose, his lips open in a barely visible smile. Angel goes to slap Elisha across the face but he reaches up with one hand, holding hers back. With his free hand he smacks the hardcore bitch in the face, smirking as bone connects with bone, pulling himself to his feet with her.

Moving with sudden quickness Elisha boots Angel in the stomach, grabs her head and sets her up for a huge powerbomb. He smirks, raises two middle fingers to the crowd to a chorus of boos before flipping her up onto his shoulders. Elisha sends Angel crashing onto the platform with a resounding smack, resulting in further abuse from the audience and a deafening "LET'S GO ANGEL!!" chant. ≠/≠

Mike Rolash: Good god! He snapped her in two with that one.

Jim Gunt: This match is known for its brutality, when you add in the level of hatred these two competitors have for one another, they'll be lucky to walk out of this arena at all.

≠/≠ Elisha grabs a kendo stick hanging from the edge of the Tower and steps back, measuring out the distance before beginning a rapid flurry of shots to the stomach of the prone Angel. The kendo stick cracks off her flesh like a gunshot, deafening, each blow more brutal than the last, welts beginning to appear on Angel's body as Elisha beats her like a man possessed.

With one last shot the kendo stick gives in, the wood beginning to splinter and fray. Elisha tosses it to one side and leans down, grabs Angel's face, screaming at her incoherently from inches away. Finally he returns to his feet, kicks

her once, twice before grabbing his crowbar once more, preparing to assault her injured knee. As he goes to swing it at her she manages to raise a leg, knocking it out of his hand. She lashes out once more and connects again, this time in the stomach, sending the big man staggering back.

She pulls herself up onto her elbows, just in time to see Elisha charging towards her, preparing to inflict more damage. At the last moment she manages to flip her legs and catch him with a drop-toe hold, sending him crashing painfully face-first onto the hard platform's surface. The two of them lie there a moment, wounded and hurt. =/=

Jim Gunt: The hatred between these two is palpable, the way they're going they won't even make it to the top of the Tower. Which may not be a bad thing, that's a thirty-five, forty foot drop from up there with no safety net.

Mike Rolash: Not a necessarily bad thing Jimbo, unless it's Angel that is.

Jim Gunt: And if it's Elisha?

Mike Rolash: Then I'm putting it on YouTube.

=/= Slowly, both Elisha and Angel begin to move, crawling in opposite directions across the platform. Elisha grabs his crowbar en route, Angel likewise taking her chain as the two of them painfully make their way to the edge of the Tower. Moving as one, they climb up the opposite sides, making it up to the second level simultaneously.

Angel and Elisha pull themselves to their feet and approach one another, meeting in the centre of the platform. Immediately they begin to trade blows, Elisha nailing Angel with a boot to the stomach, a chop to the back of the neck, Angel pulling herself upright and fighting back with a knee to the crotch and another to the face as Elisha doubles over in agony. She takes her barbed wire chain and wraps it around Elisha's throat, the wire cutting painfully into his skin as the crowd thunders its approval.

Elisha shoves Angel, managing to force her away, taking the chain with her. Roaring in anger, he charges towards her and smacks her into one of the corner poles holding up the Tower. He holds her there with one arm while the other grabs a pair of spiked brass knucks hanging from the edge of the structure. Elisha suddenly smashes forward, embedding the knucks in Angel's skull, grinding them down painfully.

Blood begins to flow down Angel's face and Elisha's eyes suddenly glow, filled with a mixture of rage and lust. He leans forward and extends his tongue a little, licking up some of the blood trickling down her cheek as she struggles to free herself. =/=

Jim Gunt: I think I'm going to be sick.

=/= Angel manages to hit Elisha with a chop to the throat, breaking his grip. She follows up with a forearm to the chest and a flurry of punches to the stomach, sending him back across the platform. She surges forward and tackles him to the ground, mounting him and bombarding the sociopath with punches to the face before wrapping her hands around his neck, choking the life out of him.

Elisha struggles to free himself but Angel's grip remains strong, the big man beginning to fade as the lack of oxygen takes its toll. Finally Angel breaks her grip and gets to her feet, stomping Elisha's knees, boots connecting painfully with bone. She reaches to one side and takes down a bag from the edge of the structure, revealing - =/=

Jim Gunt: Thumbtacks!!

Mike Rolash: Party time.

=/= Angel wipes blood out of her eyes, tosses her hair back and smiles grimly as she pours the bag out over the platform's surface. Before the bag is emptied, she pauses, returning to Elisha. She pours out the remainder of the bag close to him and drags him by his hair, placing his head over the tacks to rest on them gently.

Angel raises her arms to the crowd, who roar their approval as she smacks down one huge boot on the side of Elisha's

face, smashing the other side into the tacks. =/=

Jim Gunt: Horrible. Just horrible.

Mike Rolash: Wonderful. Just wonderful.

Jim Gunt: Agreed.

=/= Angel grabs Elisha by the hair once more and pulls him to his feet, positioning him with his back to the larger pile of tacks. He seems unsteady, some of the tacks still stuck in his face, others falling aside, leaving tiny bloody holes in their wake.

Angel charges at Elisha, going for a running clothesline. At the last second, Elisha rushes forward, grabbing her and scooping her into the air. He spins around and drops to the mat, sending Angel back-first into the tacks with a thunderous spinebuster. Elisha pulls himself to his knees and spreads his arms wide, crucifix-style, leans his head back and screams. =/=

Jim Gunt: One thing is for certain, neither of these two is going to be the same after tonight.

Mike Rolash: And there's no use crying over spilt milk.

Jim Gunt: What?

Mike Rolash: Sorry, I thought we were trading cliches.

Jim Gunt: ...I hate you.

=/= Angel lays in the tacks, barely moving, desperately trying to get her breath back. Beneath her, the tacks cut painfully into her skin, more blood flowing, leaking out onto the platform. Elisha gets to his feet and takes another bag hanging from the side of the structure. He pulls the bag off and smiles sadistically as his latest toy is revealed, a baseball bat wrapped in barbed wire. The wire comes in thick strands, the wood barely visible beneath layer after layer of jagged metal.

Elisha smirks as he approaches Angel, swinging the bat before him, large, sweeping passes as he gets closer and closer. Finally he approaches her and raises the bat high in the air before swinging it down thunderously at Angel's head.

At the last moment she manages to roll to one side and the bat collides with the platform with a resounding smack, the wire cutting into the platform's surface and refusing to give. Elisha pulls back on the bat but as he does so, Angel pulls herself to her feet, using the side of the Tower for support. She charges at him and nails him with a huge clothesline, sending the big man staggering towards the edge of the structure. =/=

Jim Gunt: Good god! Could this be it right here?

=/= Elisha stumbles towards the edge of the Tower, teetering dangerously at its side before managing to regain his balance, taking a few unsteady steps back to the centre of the platform. Before he can get any further, Angel comes steaming towards him one more time, her face furious, ready to send Elisha tumbling over the edge. As she approaches, Elisha dodges, grabs Angel and uses her own momentum to send her off the side. =/=

Mike Rolash: NO!

=/= Angel is sent hurtling off the side of the Tower, about to plummet to the arena floor. At the last second she manages to hook her left arm onto a ladder on the side of the structure, putting her descent to a painfully sudden halt. She winces as her arm is yanked nearly out of its socket, but manages to swing her body, clinging onto the ladder fully and climbing up with careful deliberation.

Meanwhile, Elisha makes his way across the platform, thinking Angel gone and preparing to make his descent. As he

makes his way down, he sees her opposite, and the two of them begin to make their way up the Tower on opposite sides once more. Elisha moves faster in spite of the pain, arriving on the third platform first. Angel pauses on the second platform, retrieving both her barbed wire chain and the baseball bat before continuing upwards.

As she arrives, Angel and Elisha approach one another, staring eye to eye, inches apart in silent hatred. Angel moves first, wrapping the chain around her wrist and nailing Elisha with a massive punch to the chest, leaving behind a mess of cuts and scratches in her wake. Before she can capitalise, Elisha hits her with a boot to the stomach and scoops her into the air, hoisting her onto his shoulders before nailing her with a Death Valley Driver.

The crowd boos as Elisha hits Angel with a boot to the stomach, then a second, then a third, before picking up the barbed wire bat, running a fingertips down its surface. He smiles, his face a mess of blood and cuts, before swinging the bat down. This time he connects, the wire ripping into Angel's stomach, fresh blood flowing. =/=

Jim Gunt: This does not look good, not good at all.

Mike Rolash: You're telling me.

Jim Gunt: Actually, I'm telling the people at home.

Mike Rolash: Oh piss off. You're such a pendant.

Jim Gunt: Don't you mean pedant?

Mike Rolash: Case in point.

=/= Elisha goes for another blow with the bat but this time Angel gets a boot up, sending the bat rebounding into the big man's face. She pulls herself painfully upright, cradling her left arm painfully. With the right, she pulls down a bag from the side of the structure, smirking evilly as she pours its contents over the platform's surface.

The glass gleams brightly under the arena lights. Angel approaches Elisha and the two of them begin to brawl, punches, kicks, knees, chops, laying into one another in a flurry of blows. Finally Elisha manages to grab Angel and scoop her into the air in a suplex position. He turns, Angel still held aloft, stands with his back to the glass, ready to send her crashing painfully down onto it back first.

Before he can hit the move, Angel shifts her weight, manages to smack Elisha in the ribs with one fist, finally managing to swing her whole body backwards. She nails Elisha with an enormous DDT, the big man's skull rebounding painfully off the platform's surface.

Angel pulls herself to her feet, standing unsteadily, seeming to sway as she stares down at Elisha beneath her. =/=

Jim Gunt: She's lost a lot of blood, you can't help but wonder just what Angel, what either of them, can have left at this point.

=/= She stumbles forward and grabs Elisha as he lays motionless, dragging him to his feet and pulling him towards the glass. She stares out at the crowd as they begin a deafening "THIS IS AWESOME!!" chant which echoes through the arena.

Angel boots Elisha, forcing him to double over, and takes his head in her arm. She folds his arms over his back and jumps backwards, nailing Elisha with a picture-perfect Original Sin double-arm DDT, sending him smashing face first into the glass. =/=

Jim Gunt: That was just sickening, I hate Elisha as much as anyone but that's still a human being in there dammit, a human being with a face torn up like nothing I've ever seen.

Mike Rolash: On the other hand though...it is Elisha.

Jim Gunt: Fair point.

=/= Angel stares down in satisfaction as Elisha writhes around in the glass, pulling shards of it out of his face. Before she can follow up, she begins to stagger backwards, leaning on the structure for support before regaining her balance. =/=

Jim Gunt: I only hope there's a medical team on standby because believe me, these two are going to need it.

=/= Angel rests on the side of the structure, wiping blood off her face, breathing heavily as Elisha slowly gets to his feet. She leans down to pick up the barbed wire bat, and as she pulls herself upright, their eyes meet for a moment.

Elisha grabs a black bag hanging from the side of the Tower and makes his way to the edge, pulling himself up the ladder and rolling onto the very top of the Tower. Angel takes the bat and does likewise, the two of them arriving as one.

They stand on opposite sides of the platform, staring one another down at forty feet above the arena floor. Above them, the arena lights shine down, illuminating the two enemies in stark shapes and shadows. Both of them are covered in blood, both of them cut to shreds, both of them regarding one another with a silent, grim determination.

Elisha places the bag to one side. Angel does likewise with the bat and the two of them approach one another. Elisha swings out at her with a fist but she dodges; Angel lashes out with a boot to the stomach but Elisha does likewise, managing to connect with a chop to the chest as he moves. Angel responds in kind, her hand connecting with his chest and coming back bloody.

Finally they lock up, inches apart, struggling for supremacy. Elisha manages to hit her with a boot to the stomach and tucks her head between his legs. He raises his arms apart, cross-style, before folding her arms over her back and scooping her into the air, sending her crashing skull-first into the platform with a sickening Tiger Driver '91. =/=

Mike Rolash: Please, just let this end soon.

Jim Gunt: Agreed, this is just sick. These two need help, and now.

=/= Elisha makes his way across the platform, walking on unsteady feet, and retrieves his small black bag. He opens it up and raises its contents to the crowd: a lighter and a bottle of lighter fluid.

Moving quicker now, he pours the bottle out over the centre of the platform, splashing it carelessly, dousing the structure in liquid. He shakes the bottle, emptying it out, and turns to Angel. Suddenly, Elisha pauses and crouches down, picking up the barbed wire bat and placing it in the centre of the puddle.

Elisha grabs Angel and pulls her to her feet, smashing her in the face with one fist, then another, before crouching once more. He flicks the lighter and the crowd begins to boo incessantly, a deafening chorus of hatred and abuse as the centre of the Tower catches light. =/=

Jim Gunt: NO!

Mike Rolash: This has gone too far, we need somebody to -

=/= Elisha grabs Angel by the neck, hoists her into the air and, in one motion, sends her crashing onto the flames with an enormous, thunderous chokeslam.

There is the sound of cracking wood as the centre of the Tower gives way, the entire structure shaking as Angel's prone body is sent crashing through the platform down to the one below, ashes and still-burning fragments of wood falling down around her.

She collides with the platform below with an almighty smack, the Tower shaking once more. Elisha remains on the top, smoke still swirling around him, doing his best to stand upright but staggering dangerously close to the edge of the structure. The crowd breaks into huge "CWF!! CWF!!" and "HOLY SHIT!!" chants. =/=

Jim Gunt: Fuck me!

Mike Rolash: Took the words right out of my mouth.

≠/≠ Elisha stares down at Angel's motionless body as she lies amid the wreckage. Moving slowly, carefully, he makes his way to the hole and crouches down, dropping into the third level, landing beside Angel. He bends down, staring at her intently, his expression unreadable behind the mask of blood. Slowly, painfully, he pulls himself upright, bringing Angel with him. He pulls her across to the edge of the Tower and leans in, whispering something in her ear. He leans back and grabs the hardcore bitch, getting ready to throw her off.

There is no fear in Angel's eyes as she looks down at her fate below, the ground unspeakable amounts of feet away, but somehow she still digs her fingers up into the eyes of Elisha and breaks his grip. Angel grabs the face of Elisha and tears into his teeth, ripping away at his bloody flesh before pushing him off to the side. She moves past him and grabs onto a sheet of glass, waiting for Elisha to slowly rise to his feet before swinging wildly with the glass, busting it through his face and causing him to fly all the way off the Tower! A screaming "OOHHH!" echoes through the crowd, as they all watch in horror and amazement as Elisha's body soars through the air and thunderously down to the mats below!≠/≠

Ray Douglas: "The winner of the Tower Match....ANGEL!!!"

≠/≠Angel ignores the sound of the announcement, looking down over the edge of the Tower with the most menacing eyes ever seen. The Hardcore Bitch throws herself off the edge, the fans screaming no as loud as they can as she flips and maneuvers herself through the air like a bullet looking right at it's target. Elisha lays prone to the attack as Angel lands a miraculous 720 Splash, her body landing against that of the Student with an amazing thud! Angel lies motionless as medical staff charge down the ramp, going to check on the injured superstar as she remains flat on her back at ringside.

The crowd is silent. As the medical team arrives by her side, check her pulse and do their best to talk to her, there is a sudden sound as, nearby, Elisha begins to stir, slowly pulling himself to his feet. Elisha approaches the fallen Angel, shoving the medical team out of the way as he approaches her. His hair is matted with blood, plastered to the side of his face, his body torn apart with countless cuts and abrasions. He walks on unsteady feet, slowly, painfully.

One of the medical team gets in front of him, doing his best to talk Elisha back, but Elisha simply shoves him with one bloodied arm, sending him tumbling into the guard rail. ≠/≠

Mike Rolash: "Oh for god's sake! Enough's enough!:"

Jim Gunt: "You've got to wonder what's going through the mind of Elijah and Omega at a time like this, watching one of their closest friends and allies get taken apart by this monster."

≠/≠ Elisha gestures to one of the ring staff, who passes him a microphone, hands shaking as he hands it over to the human wreckage before him. Elisha leans down to Angel, their faces inches apart, staring at her a moment as she lays unconscious. He raises the microphone to his mouth and begins to sing, a low, deranged warble, his breathing ragged, his voice a harsh whisper, words coming out in painful, unsteady bursts. ≠/≠

Elisha: "We'll meet again
Don't know where, don't know when
But I know we'll meet again
Some...sunny...day...."

≠/≠ He leans closer, his mouth pressed against her ear. ≠/≠

Elisha: "I win."

≠/≠ He throws the microphone to the floor and makes his way from the ring, walking slowly, painfully up the entrance

ramp as the medical team continue to check Angel. =/=

Jim Gunt: "Well folks, even though Angel won the match you have to think that Elisha looks to have won the war. What a sick bastard. For now, let's head to the back while we try to get Angel some help."

A Long Time Coming

Segment

=/=The screen goes black as a string quartet begins to play a melody that sounds familiar but few of the people watching would know the name of it. As they sit and scratch their heads, trying to think of what the bloody title is golden text fades into view, text which reads: "La Maison de Andrews présente:". The text fades out and is replaced with blocky red text which reads: "A look back at Alex Cain: Hall of Famer (Unedited Alternate Take)".=/=

Chris Andrews: "You want me to be the guy that honours Cain?"

=/=The image of a plain background begins to fade in as the CWF Champion continues to talk.=/=

Chris Andrews: "How much am I getting paid for this? ...What do you mean nothing? Screw this I'm out of here! ...He's doing the same for me? Oh there's no way I'm letting him be the bigger man! Figuratively I mean, cause I'm not wearing stilts again."

=/=The Sultan of Cool sits down in front of the background wearing a charcoal coloured suit and his usual shades, his gaze not looking into the camera as he seems to be talking to someone else.=/=

Chris Andrews: "Why isn't he doing this himself anyway? ...Too humble? Alex?"

=/=Chris takes a moment to start laughing.=/=

Chris Andrews: "The only reason Alex Cain comes off as humble is because he knows better than to say anything. Alex Cain is no emcee so he'd rather just keep quiet; it's like that saying 'It's better than to be silent and have everyone think you're an idiot than to open your mouth and remove all doubt'. At least I think that's how it goes, you'll have to forgive me as I've fallen behind with old proverbs. That's more Big Sexay's territory now anyway."

=/=He pauses for a moment to take a drink of water as he looks towards the unseen person, appearing as if he has just been asked a question.=/=

Chris Andrews: "To be honest, I can't really answer that. To tell you what I think about Cain would imply that I think about him, and short of match prep stuff I find him so bland and uninteresting that I can't think about him. So it's not my fault, it's his parents...or perhaps the environment. But that depends on which side you take in the whole nature versus nurture debate."

=/=Chris leans forward for a moment as if he's having a bit of trouble hearing.=/=

Chris Andrews: "Yeah, I know what I'm supposed to be doing but you try thinking about Cain and telling me anything about him that hasn't been seen on CWF TV in the past year. Ouch...OK, got me there. Yeah I know we were supposed to be buddy buddies from the old days. The way Sexay tells it makes it sound like the four of us - that's him, me, Cain and Angelica - were like some tight-knit stable team...thing. If there's one thing Cain and I have never been it's close. But what the fuck was I supposed to do? I joined the federation and he was close with Angelica and fighting for the main title, I wanted to hang out with my friend so I had to take Cain too. It was a package deal! Admittedly we had some fun times but...well I think the present state of affairs can tell you everything you need to know. Besides, alcohol does funny things to you and as we all know, what happens in Vegas stays in Vegas."

=/=Chris leans back and seems to be trying to recline as he mentally jogs down memory lane.=/=

Chris Andrews: "Sexay on the other hand... Man I really looked up to him. Still do I guess, how could I not? He whooped my ass quickly enough."

=/=He takes a moment to chuckle although it quickly subsides.=/=

Chris Andrews: "I think I wanted to be his protégé, be the next big thing and wrestle up there with him. It may sound cheesy now but you guys have seen him wrestle, you can do far worse than wanting to follow in the footsteps of Big Sexay and you can't do much better. Huh? Oh right, supposed to be talking about Cain. Um...Cain is one of the tallest motherfuckers I've ever seen? Not THE tallest of course, I think Street Shark still takes that one, but Cain's pretty close. Can I go now? I'm pretty sure I left my oven on or the gas running or something. No? OK then I hear someone stealing my car. Oh yeah, Cain destroyed it...I'd forgotten that, thanks."

=/=He lets out an exasperated sigh as he lets his head fall backwards, leaving it there for a few moments before he snaps it back and continues to talk.=/=

Chris Andrews: "Fine, I'll give you something you can use so I can get the hell out of here. You may be surprised to hear this but I don't hate Alex Cain. Truth be told I don't hate anyone, not even Elisha - although I have an intensely strong dislike for a few people including him. Alex likes to make mountains out of molehills, wait that's no good, um... Cain is one of those competitors you always look forward to facing and I can see why a lot of people like to tell me how much they respect him. Besides, Ang likes him and while she may be Silly she's not stupid. If he wants to hate me that's fine and if he thinks I hate him then that's fine too. But in this respect he's like me, a competitor, he's not in this for the title no matter how much he claims otherwise. It's a shame he never quite got the hang of playing the game though, Cain's all about the ending and not the journey, it's a real shame."

=/=The Champ sighs and starts to stand up, he barely moves from the seat before he looks confused and sits back down.=/=

Chris Andrews: "I guess I am looking forward to the match. It's a rematch that's been a long time coming and I'll be interested to see which way it goes. Although with my history in CWF title matches I'm sure Cain thinks he already has it in the bag. But I'm as aware of my losses as anyone, more so probably, and I've learnt a LOT from each one of them. But I know what's happening, I know his legacy and what I'm up against. There's a reason everyone calls him the Living Legend and I look forward to seeing if that holds up. From one big man to another, good luck Alex Cain."

=/=The image starts to fade out as Chris stands up and leaves the shot, his parting words drowning out the sound of the returning string quartet music.=/=

Chris Andrews: "See that? I was totally magnanimous and shit."

???: "Thanks Chris that was great. Say, you don't have Big Sexay's number do you?"

=/=The music plays over the black screen as the fancy looking golden text returns, the word "Fin." being displayed in the middle of the screen with "© MMX, House of Andrews." written in small white text at the bottom of the screen. The music draws to a close and text disappears as we move to the next part of the show.=/=

Touché

Segment

=/= Sexay walks around right before his match in the back. He's on his cell phone. =/=

Sexay: Yeah babe, I'll be down there in a bit. I'll make sure to make it special for Sam. It's her first Wrestlefest and big PPV she'll be able to recall. Trust me, I'll make it special....ok. Love you. Gotta go, someone's coming over to speak with me...Bye. Why hello El Presidente?

=/= President Angelica walks into the screen. =/=

Angelica: Hey Sexay, Thanks for letting me get a good chair shot in against Andy Murray and Stunner. It made Cain and I feel real good. Good luck on your match tonight.

Sexay: Yeah. Thanks. Somehow I'll have to defeat the golden boy.

Angelica: I'm sure you'll do fine.

Sexay: Thank you. Hey, thanks for telling me that you became President. Since when were you a good secret keeper. Usually you blabber all over the place.

Angelica: Well I was thinking about spilling the beans to you in private after the wrestling show we put on at Fan Fest, but you had me speak to this 'Dino' Dike for over 2 hours.

Sexay: Haha, sorry about that. I had to keep it a secret. It was too good.

Angelica: Seriously. Something was wrong with that girl. I think she had some sort of serial killer mentality. She wanted a lock of my hair to show her friends.

Sexay: Haha, for real?

Angelica: Yeah. She wanted my phone number and gave me hers.

Sexay: That is awesome.

Angelica: No it wasn't you twat. I have a stalker now thanks to you. Probably someone that's crazier than Elisha.

Sexay: Yeah. I'm sorry. But at least I got you to be able to hit Stunner and Andy Murray with a steel chair?

Angelica: True...

Sexay: So we're cool?

Angelica: Yeah.

Sexay: Alright. Can you hand me the kneepad over there?

Angelica: I'm the president now. Do that yourself!

Sexay: Seriously?

Angelica: Yes...haha, no I'm kidding. Here you go. Good luck on your match. You'll need it if you're going to be able to kick his ass.

Sexay: Well if you could do it, I know I could.

Angelica: Yeah, but I did it under an hour.

Sexay: Touché.

Angelica: So I heard that if you won you'd be facing Abigail Starr.

Sexay: Yeah, that's the rumor.

Angelica: Did you see what happened earlier tonight? After the match?

Sexay: Nope. You know I don't watch the show. I'm in game plan mode.

Angelica: Are you sure you don't know. It might be important.

Sexay: I'm too focused on Jarvis King to worry about Abigail Starr. Plus, she's not as good as you are and I've beaten you hundreds of times.

Angelica: Whatever Alex. I'd kill you in the ring now.

Sexay: But you're not IN the ring anymore are you?

Angelica: Touché.

Sexay: Good luck with your presidential stuff. I'm up next.

Angelica: See ya.

=/= President Angelica leaves the area. =/=

Sexay: What's all this about Abigail Starr about? Eh, can't worry about that right now. I have too much on my plate with the "Chosen One."

Dateline: Summer Games

Segment

=/=Dateline: June 15th, 2010. Summer Games. The end of the main event, the international phenomenon known as End Games is played. Jarvis King and Chaolin Sahn, both a bloody mess, stand atop the cage, and as Jarvis twists Sahn upwards and then back with a devastating Swissplex off the stage.=/=

Jim Gunt: "I don't believe it!"

=/=Jarvis hurries down the cage, and quickly hooks a leg, getting 1...2...3! The crowd erupts as Jarvis gets up, lifting the twisted Sahn to his feet and slapping him across the face. Suddenly, out of nowhere comes Big Sexay, pulling Jarvis off of Sahn, who collapses to the floor as the Metallica classic "Enter Sandman" starts to play over the video.=/=

Jarvis King: "You don't respect me Sexay. You stepped into my business. Big mistake."

=/=Jarvis and Sexay trade shoves and words, back and forth as the lyrics to the song start up.=/=

Say your prayers little one

Don't forget my son

To include everyone

Big Sexay: "I couldn't stop but think there's someone else that I've been helping ever since I got here. Jarvis King. Ya know, I gave the kid nothing but compliments since I came back. I've helped him out in so many ways. But the MINUTE it looked like I needed some help, when four guys were attacking me in the same ring he was standing in, he turned his back on me."

Jarvis King: "Now, Sexay...I know that you've been around the block a couple times, ut frankly what happened at the end of End Games doesn't concern you..."

=/=A shot of the accidental superkick from Jarvis is shown next, as Sexay crumples to the floor.=/=

I tuck you in, warm within

Keep you free from sin

'Til the sandman he comes

Jarvis King: "You say that you've had nothing but compliments for Jarvis King since you entered the CWF, but all I've heard is disrespect. So, let's just get it over with, Alex – Jarvis King. Big Sexay. One on one, mano-a-mano. WrestleFest II."

Sleep with one eye open...

Big Sexay: "Well then, I guess there is only one match that will take us both to the limits. One match that separates the men from the boys."

Grippin' your pillow tight...

Big Sexay: "An Iron man Match."

Exit light

==Shots from the contract signing come up next, with Jarvis flipping the table over just as the two start to brawl, Scores of security enter the ring to break the fight up.==

Enter night

==After some struggling, the two combatants are separated, leaving Jarvis in the ring as Sexay is extricated from the ring.==

Take my hand

==Jarvis and Sexay, shaking hands from the week before. The argument is clearly getting more heated, and as Sexay tries to pull away, Jarvis hauls off and slaps him across the face. Sexay checks his mouth for blood quickly but soon kicks Jarvis in the gut and lifts him up in suplex position.==

We're off to never-never land

==Sexay plays to the crowd momentarily, allow Jarvis a chance to struggle out and drop behind him, locking his hands around Sexay's wrists and crossing them over Sexay's chest. Jarvis hoists him backwards, going for a huge release Straightjacket Suplex. Sexay manages to flip out and land on his feet, and as Jarvis gets up and turns around, the two men stand-off. Jarvis points at Sexay, motions that he's watching him.==

Mike Rolash: "Jarvis King and Big Sexay, one on one at WrestleFest!"

Jim Gunt: "The CWF's own version of Ali/Tyson, folks. We get to see it; I just wish that the match wasn't marred by such unfortunate bad feelings."

We're off to never-never land...

==Back live to Houston, where the crowd is positively abuzz with the rest of "Enter Sandman" is playing.==

Jim Gunt: "It is a big-fight feel here in Houston! Sixty minutes between two Hall of Famers for the CWF Impact Championship!"

Iron Man Match- Big Sexay vs. Jarvis King

Match

== Generic CWF music hits as the superfan Jesse St. Peter walks down the ring jumping and giving people high fives down the ring. He rolls in and jumps around the ring in excitement. The announcer hands him the microphone. ==

J St. P: Ladies and...Gentleman...this...uhh is scheduled to be an IRON MAN MATCH~! First welcome the guy that's going to lose to Jarvis King. He comes hailing from Grand Rapids, Michigan. The CWF Hall of Fame and first ever Grand Slam Champion, BIG SEXAY~!

== "Last Resort" hits by Papa Roach and the video board shows the younger 18-24 year old Big Sexay and some highlights of his old matches to his old theme music. It shows Sexay winning multiple world championships and some of the biggest accomplishments he had 8 years ago. The music stops and "I Stand Alone" By Godsmack hits and the video board shows Sexay's return at Golden Intentions and some of the accomplishments he's had since his return in May. The music stops and the complete darkness hit the arena. The video board shows in white letters "It's time for a new beginning" and "Headstrong" by Trapt hits.

The video board shows an animation like a broken screen and Sexay walks out of the back. He is wearing a Detroit Tigers hat backwards and a Detroit Lions jersey with the #7 on it. The back of his jersey says "Sexay" on it. He gives a couple high fives to his fans and stops at the ring. He walks over to a little girl and lady that were in his promo two weeks ago. It is his wife and daughter. He takes off his hat and puts it on his daughter's head. He kisses her cheek and gives his wife a kiss on the lips. He slides into the ring and pumps up the crowd. ==

J St. P: And his opponent, from Halifax, Nova Scotia. He is 6'1 and weighs in at a glorious 235 pounds. Probably the greatest Hall of Famer EVER TO GRACE the CWF ring. The immaculate, the pristine, the Egonomical Celebrity I know everyone loves, JARVIS KING~!

=/=The arena lights go down as "Shining Down" by Lupe Fiasco ft. Matthew Santos begins to play. The CWF tron shows a beautiful cityscape at night. Thousands of lights dot the night sky as the camera pans closer to a tall skyscraper.=/=

Thought I was gone
You thought I was gone
Thought I wasn't around
Thought I left you alone

=/=The camera gets closer and closer to the building to reveal that there's a solitary individual standing on the building's rooftop. Barely visible, he holds his arms out, as if he holds the whole world in his arms.=/=

But look up in the sky

=/=The camera comes closer. The figure's hair becomes more visible. Black, long. He has a beard.=/=

Just look up in the sky.

=/=The camera's slow pan begins to speed up.=/=

See that I'm everywhere, everywhere
Shining down on you

=/=The pan gives way just as it becomes clear who the figure is to the individual's name in big, block letters: JARVIS KING.=/=

=/=The crowd get to their feet and cheer the International Icon as a single spotlight comes on at the mouth of the stage. Smoke begins to pour in front of the curtain, obscuring its view. The crowd goes entirely insane, as Jarvis King steps out from the smoke with a towel around his neck and his trademark cocky grin on his face. He saunters down the ramp a few yards before lifting his left fist in the air, bringing down a shower of sparks around him. Once the pyro stops, the lights come back up and King resumes his deliberate pace towards the ring. Rolling into the ring, he climbs to the top turnbuckle of the nearest corner and looks out onto his adoring public before dropping down and doing some last-minute preparations for his match.=/=

=/= The bell rings as Big Sexay and Jarvis King Lock up, Sexay grabs the advantage and brings him to the ropes, he pushes Jarvis to the other side of the ropes and nails a hip toss. King tries picking up Sexay but he kicks Jarvis to the face and hits drop toe hold to have Jarvis land on the mat. Sexay puts him in a headlock on the ground. King gets while in a headlock and pushes Sexay to the corner. With a couple of rights Sexay gets jolted back and King throws him into another turnbuckle with force. Sexay gets reeled as Jarvis hits a splash in the corner. After a couple of shoulder thrusts in the corner Jarvis hits a couple chops to the chest of Sexay. =/=

Jim Gunt: This is going to be a great match. I can just feel it.

Mike Rolash: Seriously? This is going to be a horrible match. I can't stand either of these guys.

Jim Gunt: Are you kidding me? This is going to be an hour of pure athletic ability.

Mike Rolash: The only good of this is that I get to see two people I despise beat the hell out of each other for an hour. Where's my popcorn?

Jim Gunt: Fatty.

Mike Rolash: WHAT!?!?

Jim Gunt: Go get some butter for your popcorn... Fatty McButterpants!

Mike Rolash: Why you little...

Jim Gunt: And back to the action.

=/= Jarvis sits Sexay up on the top rope, he climbs up but Sexay hits a couple punches to Jarvis as he falls on the mat. As Jarvis gets up Sexay jumps off for a diving spear. Both men are brawling back and forth on the ground as the referee tries to break it up. He finally does so as Jarvis gets back to his feet he goes for a punch, Sexay blocks it and nails a couple rights. Jarvis gets reeled to the ropes and Sexay hits a clothesline over the tope rope as Jarvis falls outside the ring to the ground. Jarvis quickly gets up as the crowd roars in applause for Sexay and both men have a smile on their faces. =/=

Jim Gunt: For as much as these guys can't stand each other, they seem to be very familiar about each other.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, just as familiar as I am with your mother.

Jim Gunt: Seriously! That's enough with the mother jokes.

Mike Rolash: NEV-ARRR~!

=/= Sexay rolls out of the ring as Jarvis slides back in to get the advantage. Sexay rolls back in and Jarvis starts to kick Sexay on the back. Jarvis picks Sexay up and hits a couple European Uppercuts which rocks Sexay back into the corner. King grabs Sexay by the head and throws him to the ground. He jumps on the middle rope and hits a small moonsault onto Sexay. He goes for a quick pin =/=

Referee: 1.....2KICKOUT!

=/= Jarvis picks Sexay up by the head and gives a couple knees to the midsection. He grabs Sexay and hits a belly to belly suplex. Jarvis picks Sexay up again and hits a body slam and follows it with a leg drop. King picks Sexay up and throws him to the ropes, Sexay ducks the clothesline attempt and comes back from the ropes with a forearm smash. Sexay picks up Jarvis and throws him to the corner. A couple punches and kicks to the midsection and Sexay he puts Jarvis on the top Turn buckle and throws him down to the mat. Sexay climbs up to the top rope while King gets up and Sexay jumps and nails a missile drop kick to the face of Jarvis. Sexay goes for the pin. =/=

Referee: 1.....2.....KICKOUT~!

[54 Minutes]

Jim Gunt: Already a back and forth match up between the two wrestlers.

Mike Rolash: Thank you captain obvious. How much time do we have left? We have the Sultan of Cool coming up!

Jim Gunt: Can you please get back into the match you idiot?

Mike Rolash: Sultan of Swat, King of Krash, the Big Bambino, the Colossus of Clout!

Jim Gunt: Someone watch the movie Sandlot last night?

Mike Rolash: Shut up.

Jim Gunt: Simmer down smalls.

Mike Rolash: Huh?

Jim Gunt: Sorry, that would be an inappropriate nickname for you. You're anything but small.

Mike Rolash: Zing Gunt. Zing. You're good. Call the match before I beat you like Chris Andrews will do Alex Cain

tonight.

≠/≠Sexay looks to the referee, seemingly unable to comprehend the fact that Jarvis even still got up. Trent Robbins holds up two fingers, indicating that the fall was incomplete, drawing more arguments from Sexay. The legendary superstar gets into the ref's face, giving Jarvis enough time to recover, hitting a chop to the back of Sexay's left knee, bringing him to the mat.

Jarvis immediately goes on the attack, grabbing onto Sexay's left leg and lays into it, stomping underneath the knee. Soon afterwards, he drops an elbow, stretching Big Sexay's hamstring to a near breaking point. The big man cries out in pain, but Jarvis doesn't force the issue, deciding instead to get up, quickly drop another elbow before locking on the Canadian Cloverleaf.≠/≠

[50 Minutes]

Jim Gunt: "Well, I just checked the clock - we're ten minutes in and we may just see our first fall here, folks! Jarvis has the Canadian Cloverleaf locked in tight, arching back on..."

Mike Rolash: "Whoa, Jimmy...I know I talk about your mother and me, but we don't need to get graphic."

Jim Gunt: "What? I'm talking about the submission hold!"

Mike Rolash: "Oh...I heard the word 'arching' is all..."

≠/≠Jarvis wrenches back on the hold, ratcheting the hold in tight in hopes of Sexay tapping. The legendary star doesn't tap, however, electing instead to crawl towards the ropes for the break. He manages to get there and Trent Robbins puts on the count. ≠/≠

Referee: 1.....2.....3.....4....

Jarvis King: "HEY, REF, I'VE GOT TILL FIVE!"

Mike Rolash: "Ha. I get it."

≠/≠ Jarvis goes for Sexay's legs and starts to kick the knees and ankles. He puts him in the ankle lock and Sexay is in an incredible amount of pain. The referee checks for him to tap out. Sexay is shaking his head no and is crawling to the ropes for a break but just as he gets close Jarvis drags him back to the middle of the ring. Sexay is screaming in pain as Jarvis keeps twisting the ankle. Sexay starts beating the mat in pain as the crowd starts to clap with every slam Sexay has on the mat in pain. ≠/≠

Jim Gunt: Why wouldn't he just tap out and give the point to Jarvis King? There's plenty of time to recover.

Mike Rolash: Jesus Jim. Don't you understand? If he gives up the point, there's no way he will recover. Sexay's old. He's brittle. He probably didn't take his arthritis medication. Once he's down, he's out. As much as it pains me to say it, Jarvis King wins.

Jim Gunt: Wow. Actual comments about a wrestling match from Mike Rolash. I think we should write this down---

Mike Rolash: I said that because I have plenty experience with Arthritis. Your mom has arthritis in her neck whenever she goes down on---

Jim Gunt: Never mind. Forget I asked.

Mike Rolash: Done...and Done.

≠/≠ Sexay continues to pound the mat, but this time he starts to hit himself! He's hitting himself while Jarvis holding the ankle lock on him ≠/≠

Mike Rolash: What the hell is he doing? I think he's lost it!?!

Jim Gunt: In a first, Jarvis King's opponent isn't just getting beat up BY Jarvis King... he's handicapping against himself! =/= Jarvis seems to realize this and pauses for a second and loosening up the ankle lock grip. Just enough time for Sexay to stop hitting himself and flip his body enough to kick Jarvis out of the ankle lock and roll out of the ring to recover. =/=

Jim Gunt: WHAT A SMART MOVE BY SEXAY! THE LEGEND SHOWS THAT HE'S GOT SOME TRICKS UP HIS SLEEVE! I'VE NEVER SEEN THAT BEFORE!

Mike Rolash: I have. Back in 1984, it was raining that day...

Jim Gunt: You're such a reh-tard.

Mike Rolash: A what?

Jim Gunt: A Reh-tard. Seriously? Didn't you watch the Hangover?

Mike Rolash: No. I have a life. I go outside Jim. I have friends.

Jim Gunt: You go to Dairy Queen, Taco Bell and Kentucky Fried Chicken. That's where you go outside. And the only people that talk to you outside of me and the production team are on the other side of the microphone saying, "Can I take your order?"

=/= As Sexay starts to slowly get up from the pain in his ankle outside the ring, Jarvis King jumps to the top turnbuckle and dives for a cross body block onto Sexay! Jarvis King gets up, grabs Sexay and throws him into the ring post.

1.....2.....3.....4.....5.....6.....

[41 Minutes]

=/= Jarvis rolls into the ring to get the quick count out victory but by the time gets to 9 Sexay rolls back into the ring. Jarvis picks Sexay up and throws him to the ropes, but halfway there Sexay's ankle gives out and he falls down on the ground. Jarvis goes to pick him up but Sexay grabs his head and goes for a small package pin =/=

Referee: 1.....2.....KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: What a clever move by the crafty veteran. Sexay knows what he's doing. He was playing possum!

Mike Rolash: I have to hand it to him; I didn't think he was that smart. I still don't, but that was a good move. Have to give it to him.

=/= Jarvis quickly gets up and hits a vicious clothesline on Big Sexay landing him back on the mat. Jarvis picks him up and throws him to the corner. After a couple of punches he sets Sexay on the top turnbuckle and hits a Pedigree from the top rope! Loud, echoing "Holy Shit" chants begin to sound through the Reliant Stadium, as both competitors are laid out. Jarvis slowly crawls over for the pin.=/=

Referee: 1.....2.....KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Jarvis is pushing Sexay to the limit like we've never seen!

Mike Rolash: That's funny, because we've never really seen Big Sexay in what... 8 years?

Jim Gunt: You know what I mean. For a guy that's only been back a month, he's hanging in there with the King of CWF.

Mike Rolash: For someone that's only been here a month he's getting his ass kicked by the wrestler who thinks he's better than Chris Andrews.

[37 Minutes]

=/= Jarvis picks Sexay up and tries for Sexay's own finisher, the Jackhammer but Sexay gives a couple punches to the mid-section of Jarvis King and hits his own DDT. Both men are trying to get up, but Sexay gets up a little quicker than Jarvis and goes for a clothesline, but Jarvis ducks and as Sexay turns around Jarvis goes for a standing side kick. Sexay ducks it and he hits the referee! The referee falls to the mat knocked out. =/=

Mike Rolash: Wow. Jarvis has a thing about hitting referees with a super kick doesn't he?

Jim Gunt: I guess so?

Mike Rolash: I mean it's like a magnet. BANG! POW! KAZZAM!

=/= Sexay turns back around and Jarvis hits 2 kicks to the mid-section. He goes for a third but Sexay grabs his legs, looks like he's about ready for a standing clothesline of his own but Jarvis nails an Ensiguri to the back of Sexay's head! Jarvis rolls out of the ring and walks over to the time keeper. Grabs a chair and slides it into the ring. He slides back in and while the referee is passed out nails three chair shots to the ankle of Big Sexay! He picks Big Sexay up and gives him a brutal chair shot to the head. He throws the chair to the side of the ring, wakes up the referee who is half unconscious and goes for the pin =/=

Referee: 1.....2.....3NO! KICKOUT~!

=/=Jarvis seems completely unable to believe that Sexay kicked out, but he tries his best to not allow it to change the complexion of the match. King lifts Sexay to his feet as the referee tries to recover. As Jarvis lifts Sexay, however, the wily veteran grabs the chair and smacks Jarvis across the face with it, crumpling both the chair and the International Icon in the process. Sexay tosses the chair and goes for the cover, just as Trent Robbins manages to turn around.=/=

Referee: 1.....2.....No!!

Jim Gunt: "Unbelievable! Jarvis managed to kick out of the chair shot! This is amazing...we're not even half way through, and...

[30 MINUTES]

=/= Jarvis King is laying there on the mat. Big Sexay goes up to the top rope and hits a five star frog splash! Jarvis writhes in pain. Sexay gets up and picks Jarvis up as well. He gives King a Stunner! He picks up King again and hits a power bomb! As Jarvis lies on the mat, Sexay goes to King's legs and puts him in the Sharpshooter! Jarvis is on the mat in pain as the referee checks on him to see if he's like to tap himself. After he shakes his head no he tries to push Sexay to the ropes for the break. He gets close and before Sexay has a chance to move him Jarvis grabs the ropes and the referee goes for the break. =/=

Referee: 1.....2.....3.....4.....BREAK!

=/= Big Sexay releases the hold and walks away for a moment in frustration. Jarvis tries to get up by using the ropes and Sexay see's this. He runs and hits a knee to Jarvis King's forehead to land him in the Turnbuckle. Sexay flips King over for the Tree of Woe. Sexay climbs up the turnbuckle across the ring from him. He jumps off the top rope and nails a Missile dropkick to the head of Jarvis King. He drags Jarvis to the middle of the ring and goes for the pin. =/=

Referee: 1.....2.....3?! NO! KICKOUT~!

Jim Gunt: Whatever Sexay does, Jarvis has been kicking out!

Mike Rolash: I have to hand it to them. For someone that doesn't like either of these people, at least it's entertaining.

Jim Gunt: Yeah, it's a pretty close match for both of these guys. Probably one of the best we've had in a long time!

Mike Rolash: It's entertaining because one of these guys are going to get so beat up we hopefully won't see them on TV for a long time. I can't wait! Get 'em! RAWR~!

Jim Gunt: Did you just....RAWR?

Mike Rolash: RAWR I SAY~! It's DA-GRINCH~!

Jim: Gunt: He's in CWF for real man.

Mike Rolash: Oh yeah, damn... have to be careful for copy write infringement now.

=/= Sexay picks up Jarvis and throws him to the turnbuckle. He walks over and Jarvis hits Sexay a couple times in the head. He grabs Sexay with his legs on the head and locks him into an MMA-type submission hold. Sexay tries to strength out of it by picking up Jarvis and hitting him on the ground power bomb like fashion. After the third time Jarvis finally breaks the hold and Sexay falls to one knee being dazed. Sexay gets up first and Jarvis hits a drop toe hold making Sexay fall on the ground Jarvis grabs Sexay and tries for a STF, but Sexay rolls over and rolls out of the ring. =/=

Referee: 1.....2.....3.....4....

=/= Sexay is catching his breath but Jarvis runs and jumps over the top rope and hits a diving body splash on Big Sexay outside the ring. Jarvis picks Sexay up and hits a pile driver on the mat outside the ring. He rolls Sexay inside the ring resetting the referee's count, but grabs his legs, drags him over and ties Sexay up for a Sharpshooter outside the ring. =/=

Referee: 1.....2.....3.....4.....5.....6.....

=/= Jarvis lets go of the hold and rolls into the ring. He grabs Sexay and picks him up, Sexay fights with a couple punches, and Jarvis kicks Sexay in the midsection, hits the ropes and nails a scissor kick on Sexay. He goes for the pin. =/=

Referee: 1.....2.....KICKOUT!

=/= Jarvis picks up Sexay and goes for a body slam but Sexay wiggles out of it. He pushes Jarvis to the ropes and grabs King by the neck and hits a Choke slam. Sexay looks around and walks over to the turnbuckle but before he gets ready to jump Jarvis jumps and shakes the ropes. Sexay falls to sitting on the turnbuckle. King hits a super kick on Sexay as he falls off the turnbuckle and onto the mat. King struggles to crawl over, but eventually goes for the pin. =/=

Referee: 1.....2.....KICKOUT~!

Jim Gunt: My god, I can't believe this! We're over halfway through this match, and neither Hall of Famer has been able to pick up a pinfall!

Mike Rolash: Thirty minutes and these two idiots haven't been able to score a pinfall or submission? This may go down as the most boring Iron Man Match of all time!

Jim Gunt: I don't think so! These two world class athletes are putting on a spectacle that'll be forever in the history books of CWF. They are putting on a match of the year candidate right here!

Mike Rolash: If you say so.

=/= Both men get up and Jarvis goes for a clothesline but Sexay ducks runs to the ropes and tries to hit a clothesline himself but King ducks, Sexay comes back from the ropes and hits a belly to belly suplex on Sexay. Jarvis picks him up and gives Sexay couple kicks to his knee. He tries for the Cross Legged Boston Crab but Sexay is able to force out of it. Jarvis picks up Sexay by the head but Sexay hits a couple punches. He pushes Jarvis King to the ropes and Jarvis comes back as they both hit clotheslines on each other! They are both laid out on the mat. The referee starts the count out. =/=

Referee: 1.....2.....3.....4.....5.....6.....7.....8.....

=/= both men get up and Sexay grabs the advantage, grabs Jarvis and throws him shoulder first into the turnbuckle post. Sexay grabs Jarvis and Picks King up for a Military Press Slam but instead of throwing him or dropping him converts it into a spine buster! Sexay picks up Jarvis and hits a power bomb on King. Sexay grabs King and puts on a Camel Clutch Jarvis King. The referee checks to see if he wants to tap... =/=

Referee: Yes...? No....? Yes...? No!!

[25 Minutes]

Jim Gunt: Jarvis King refuses to submit, but he seems to be in the wrong part of town, Mike.

Mike Rolash: No shit, Sherlock. Camel clutch in tight and Jarvis is nowhere near the ropes!

=/=Jarvis struggles, slipping his arms underneath Sexay's legs. Doing so, he relieves some of the pressure and manages to reach a leg to a rope, breaking the hold. Sexay relinquishes the hold without much prodding from the ref and quickly does his best to plot his next move. Lifting Jarvis to his feet, he sends him into the ropes, hitting a big boot on the rebound. Sexay looks at the ropes, bounds off them and hits an enormous leg drop before going for the cover! =/=

Referee: 1.....2.....NO!

Jim Gunt: I don't believe this! Jarvis just kicked out of one of the biggest moves in wrestling history!

Mike Rolash: I don't know...it's just a leg drop...it's not like it's an elbow or anything.

=/=Sexay wastes no motion, picking Jarvis up immediately, leaving Jarvis out on his feet. Sexay goes into the ropes, sending another big boot King's way. This time, however, Jarvis has the move spotted, and manages to duck under the boot. Big Sexay spins around and is caught by a slap to the face, followed by a second, a third, and - after spitting on his palm - Jarvis sends a fourth, devastating shot to Sexay's face.

Sexay stumbles around before being caught up with an Uranage Suplex, courtesy of Jarvis King, who collapses next to his opponent. Both men gasp for air, trying their best to recover and get to their feet. It's Jarvis who does so first, kipping up to a vertical basis and walking to the top of Sexay's head. Jarvis kicks Sexay's leg over and slowly peels off his elbow pad before tossing it into the crowd! =/=

Jim Gunt: No way...

Mike Rolash: "Oh man! I've always wanted to say this!

Jim Gunt: It's the most electrifying move in sports entertainment, the People's Elbow!!

Mike Rolash: No! I wanted to say it!

=/=Jarvis bounds off the ropes once, twice and finally drops an elbow deep into the heart of Big Sexay! Jarvis goes for the cover, hooking the outside leg! =/=

Referee: 1.....2.....3!? No!!! HIS SHOULDER'S UP!

[13 Minutes]

=/= Jarvis looks to the referee and shakes his head. He picks up Sexay and throws him to the ropes, Sexay leap frogs over Jarvis and hits a flying forearm smash. He quickly grabs Jarvis King's legs and puts Jarvis in HIS OWN finishing move the Cross legged Boston Crab! Jarvis is screaming in pain and Sexay is holding the move. The referee is looking again at Jarvis asking him if he wants to tap out. =/=

Referee: YES....NO? YES.....NO!

=/= Jarvis is about to tap, but Sexay releases the hold. He looks down at King and spits in his face. King doesn't move.

He climbs up to the top rope and jumps off and hits an elbow drop! Instead of going for the pin he picks Jarvis up. He picks him up and NAILS THE JACKHAMMER~! And finally goes for the pin. =/=

Referee: 1.....2.....3!? NOOO!!! KICKOUT!!

Mike Rolash: I'm not a huge fan of Big Sexay, but why on earth didn't he just let Jarvis tap out and take the easy submission?

Jim Gunt: You heard him at Fan fest. He doesn't like submissions. He calls them a cheap victory! He likes to take people out!

Mike Rolash: The guy is an idiot. He should have taken the fall and go ahead.

Jim Gunt: Possibly something Sexay wishes he would have done himself right now. Especially since Jarvis just kicked out of his finisher!

=/= Sexay looks absolutely livid. He lays down on the mat in absolute exhaustion. Jarvis slowly rolls out of the ring and onto the ground to catch his breath. Sexay gets up. He looks around for Jarvis King. Jarvis is starting to get up near the entranceway. They pause and look at each other for a minute and Sexay runs, jumps over the top rope and goes for a body splash but Jarvis catches him and hits a huge power slam outside the mat and onto the concrete! Both men are lying there on the ground in pure exhaustion. =/=

Jim Gunt: Oh my god. In one fluent motion Jarvis took a huge advantage. Sexay landed on the concrete with that Power slam! The back of his head is busted wide open!

Mike Rolash: THERE WILL BE BLOOD~!

Jim Gunt: I bet Big Sexay is really wishing he took that submission earlier.

Mike Rolash: Lying there on the concrete. Lying there on the concrete! Ha Ha mother Fucker. That's what you get for being a douche.

Jim Gunt: So are you for Jarvis King in this match?

Mike Rolash: No. I hope they kill each other and we never have to see them in CWF again. We need more Jace Valentine in the world.

=/= Jarvis King gets up first and tries to go for the pin over a non-moving Big Sexay. The referee waves off the pin request because it can only be in the ring. Jarvis shakes his head and picks up a bloody Big Sexay, giving him another hard right hand to the face. The International Icon rolls him into the ring and slides in himself to cover Sexay for the pin. The crowd is one again on their feet expecting to see the first successful pinfall of the match.=/=

Referee: 1.....2.....KICKOUT!

=/= Jarvis gets up with a look of pure frustration, dragging Sexay out of the ring so that his head hangs over the apron with his feet placed inside the ring. He rolls and grabs Sexay's head and gives him a DDT to the outside floor! Jarvis picks him up and rolls him back into the ring. He goes for the pin.=/=

Referee: 1.....2.....3!? NO!! KICKOUT!!

[6 Minutes]

Jim Gunt: How can Big Sexay even be conscious let alone be able to kick out from this?

Mike Rolash: It's easy. He's an idiot. Instead of letting Jarvis get the victory and let him get a 30 second break he doesn't even get a chance to beat him. Jarvis will just beat the shit out of him until he's dead and then pin him 20 times.

Jim Gunt: Whatever. All I have to say is this is the most even match I've seen Jarvis King and Big Sexay be in a long

long time. Most of their matches are lopsided.

Mike Rolash: Well Sexay's always fighting jobbers like Chris Nightmare and Psycho Ninja. At least Jarvis King fights main event wrestlers.

Jim Gunt: I think you're becoming a fan of Jarvis King.

Mike Rolash: I'll be a fan of anyone that isn't Big Sexay.

=/= Jarvis picks up Big Sexay. Throws him into the turnbuckle. The He turns him around and gives smashes his head into the turnbuckle. The fans start to chant along with him. =/=

1.....2.....3.....4.....5.....6.....7.....8.....9...10!

=/= Jarvis King throws Big Sexay into another set up turnbuckles. Jarvis runs and jumps in the air for a Body Splash but Sexay catches him. He gives King a couple bloody head butts and throws him over his shoulders down and hit's the King of CWF's back on the steel steps! Sexay falls onto the mat catching his breath and Jarvis is in pure agony on the floor. The crowd starts to chant "Holy shit!" throughout the arena. =/=

Jim Gunt: That could have just killed Jarvis King.

Mike Rolash: That was...AWESOME!

Jim Gunt: Folks there's no way to stop the match, but this is getting out of control! Big Sexay is bleeding profusely and Jarvis King probably just broke his back on the steel steps!

Mike Rolash: Their careers are finally ending while we are watching. Now that they are both in the Hall of Fame. We never have to see them again!

=/= The referee starts to count out Jarvis King. =/=

Referee: 1.....2.....3.....4.....5.....6.....7.....

=/= Big Sexay tells the referee to stop counting. After a couple arguments with the referee Sexay rolls out of the ring stopping the count. He picks up the nearly dead Jarvis King, dragging him over and rolls him back into the ring. =/=

Mike Rolash: Again, Sexay is a huge dumb ass. He could have gotten a count out victory on Jarvis King! That's the second time he stopped that.

Jim Gunt: Like I said earlier, you have to respect that even though it doesn't make much sense. I get it now, doesn't want any cheap victories. He doesn't want excuses if he beats Jarvis King.

[1 Minute 53 Seconds]

=/= Looking at the clock Sexay slides back into the ring. He grabs King, but Jarvis hits a drop toe hold and Sexay hits the floor. He crosses Sexay's legs and hits the Cross Legged Boston Crab. Sexay is screaming in pain as blood continues to poor from the back of his head. He starts to crawl to the ropes but just before he gets to the ropes Jarvis drags him back into the middle of the ring. Sexay gets ready to quit but sees the clock get down to 15 seconds. King noticing the time on the clock starts to wrench in the hold and Sexay is not giving up. =/=

Referee: 5.....4.....3.....2.....1....TIME IS UP!

Jim Gunt: I don't think CWF has ever had this happen before; we have officially had a tie!

Mike Rolash: No shit Sherlock. This is bull crap. We all wanted to see a winner and these fuckers tied!

Jim Gunt: Ladies and gentleman, I don't know where we go from here. We weren't prepared for in the event of a tie. We figured there would be 5 or 6 falls between the two... Is the match just...over?

Mike Rolash: If it is, this is bullshit. I wanted to see complete destruction of one of these two idiots!

=/= Jarvis King releases the hold and is complaining to the referee. Sexay is laying there on the mat in a pool of blood. He grabs slides out of the ring and grabs his Impact Title and starts to walk to the entrance ramp. Suddenly the music hits on the sound system and the CWF CEO Justin Rishel walks out. =/=

J. Rish: You know, this has been one exciting match for everyone to bare witness to. We have two hall of fame legends actually killing themselves in the ring. I mean, I was watching this thinking this might be one of the biggest ratings matches we've ever had. Our corporate sponsors love it in the back. And if they love it, I love it. So there's only one thing left to do. Sudden Death. There will be a winner. We are going to make SURE there is a winner. And to do that, we're going to have a special guest referee.

=/= The crowd goes crazy. Not sure who is going to be the special guest referee, but just that the fact that there is going to be a special guest referee in sudden death makes people go crazy! =/=

Jim Gunt: This is crazy folks. But business is about to pick up!

Mike Rolash: Oh my god. Thanks a lot JR. But who is it? Angelica? Roger Fence? Psycho Ninja?

=/= Rish loosens up his tie and takes off his jacket. He starts to walk down the ring. Sexay is still laying there in the middle of the ring barely moving. Jarvis drops his title and slides into the ring.=/=

J. Rish: If there's anyone that's going to make it more interesting to watch is to have someone that hasn't stepped into this ring in a long, long time. These two hall of famer's can only have someone else that is a hall of fame superstar in his own right. And I'm not talking about Bill Brasky. I'm talking about me....JUSTIN RISHEL!

=/= The crowd erupts in cheers! Justin hasn't heard cheers for his name in a long time. He asks the referee for his shirt and the ref has no choice to oblige. Rishel puts it on and waves to the time keeper to restart the match. =/=

Jim Gunt: Here we go folks, overtime! Free wrestling.

Mike Rolash: Finally, we're going to have a winner.

=/= Jarvis King picks up Big Sexay. He throws him to the turnbuckle. He walks over there and gives Sexay three punches to the head. He picks up Sexay and climbs up for a superplex but Sexay gives King a couple punches of his own. He knocks Jarvis down to the ground. Jarvis grabs his back which was hurt earlier in the contest. Sexay stands up on the top rope and jumps off for a diving head butt! =/=

Jim Gunt: The guy is bleeding profusely from your head, and he delivers a diving head butt!

Mike Rolash: Sexay's an idiot.

=/= Sexay gets up looks around at the crowd. He picks Jarvis up from the mat and throws him to the ropes, he comes back and Sexay picks him up for a power slam. He drags Jarvis over to the ropes and sets him on the middle rope with his head hanging outside the ring. He jumps over the top rope and onto the floor but grabs Jarvis' head and Jarvis' has his throat jolted on the ropes. He flies backwards onto the mat. Sexay slides in. Signals to the crowd and goes for the Jackhammer! He hits it and goes for the pin. Rishel goes down on the mat. =/=

J. Rish: 1.....2.....3!

=/= The crowd goes crazy Sexay rolls onto his back in pure exhaustion. Jarvis rolls out of the ring and onto the floor. The referee outside the ring helps Jarvis to his feet and then starts to help carry him to the back. The timekeeper hands Sexay the Impact Championship while he's on the mat. =/=

Jesse St. Peters: Ladies and Gentleman, much to my chagrin, your winner and NEW IMPACT CHAMPION....BIG SEXAY!!!

=/= Justin Rishel helps Sexay up to his feet. Sexay looks at the title and lays it on the mat. He gets to his knees and

points to the sky. He gets up and steps onto the top turnbuckle and raises the belt over his head and waves to the fans in the arena. He walks over to another turnbuckle and does the same thing. Sexay drops the belt and rolls outside the ring and grabs his daughter from ringside and helps his wife jump over the guard rail. They all get into the ring. Sexay hands his daughter the Impact title and puts her over his shoulders. The crowd is cheering in celebration.

All of a sudden, "Purple Haze" from Jimi Hendrix hits and Abigail Starr walks out onto the arena. She starts clapping for Sexay and is walking down to the ring. Sexay smiles at her and starts clapping as well. All of a sudden, the Uprising stable comes from the crowd and jumps over the guard rail and line the ring. Sexay's smile turns into a stern bloody look as he looks around and starts to protect his wife and daughter. Abigail Starr rolls into the ring and so does all of the Uprising Stable. =/=

Abigail Starr: Big Sexay, congratulations on your match tonight. You went through an hour and 6 minutes of pure hell with Jarvis King. Now, you are going to be facing me and my friends here. See, I can cash in my match ANY TIME I want. It would sound like a perfect time to do it here wouldn't it? In front of your wife and daughter. On the biggest stage of them all at Wrestle fest two. Wouldn't that be...well there's no better way to say it...an impact?

=/= Sexay starts to look around, shaking his head and in a lightly audible way we're able to hear him say 'Do not touch my family.' =/=

Abigail Starr: But you know what Alex? I'm not going to do it. Not tonight. It's too obvious. I'm going to let you have this moment in time and let you sweat it out a little bit longer. We will capture the Impact title, but on my terms, not yours.

=/= Bucky Johnson tries to grab Sexay's daughter but he pushes him and Ninja tries after his wife. Sexay pushes him too. He turns around and Abigail Starr gives him a low blow. Sexay gets to his knees. Psycho Ninja hits the Psycho Strike and Sexay lies there motionless on the ground. Ninja kicks him to the face and says in an audible tone "Ninja Vanish that you stupid mother fucker." Abigail Starr picks up the Impact championship and raises it high into the air.

She walks over to Sexay's wife who is crying in the corner holding their daughter and threatens to attack. After a couple of flinches she walks back to a laid out Sexay and drapes the Impact championship on his body. She slides outside the ring with the Uprising group and they walk out. A ton of workers in the back and medical people run out to Sexay. They grab his body and drag him out of the ring. His wife and daughter escort him to the back with tears in their eyes.=/=

Jim Gunt: Ladies and gentlemen, what we witnessed here tonight is unreal. After probably one of the best and longest matches we've ever had in CWF by both competitors, a celebration by a CWF legend turned into a nightmare.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, I'm not a big fan of Big Sexay at all, we all know that. But I'm not a fan of seeing what just happened in front of his wife and daughter.

Jim Gunt: The Uprising group has been a lighthearted joke of Big Sexay for weeks now and we thought it was over when he beat Psycho Ninja a couple weeks ago. But I guess when Sexay continued he just added fuel to their fire.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, now that Dan Highlander and Abigail Starr are leading the way, this is a different group. And these guys look like they mean business. Psycho Ninja definitely got his revenge and they all put him on notice. Like I said, I'm all for watching Big Sexay getting his ass kicked, but not in front of his family.

Jim Gunt: Folks, we'll keep you updated on the situation, but we're going to have to continue the show.

A Funeral

Segment

=/=We fade in on Ataxia walking backstage towards the office area of the arena. =/=

Ataxia: WHERE THE FUCK IS HE!!!

Aid: Now. Sir. You can't!

≠Ataxia grabs the aid and tosses him into a road box. Like head first with his legs still kicking at the top of it. Ataxia finally gets to the office labeled "Rishel". He doesn't knock he just opens the door.≠

Ataxia: We need to talk.

J. Rish: I'll call you back. Look if this is about your match, I don't have time to talk about it. In just a few short minutes I'll be announcing the new President of CWF..

Ataxia: Your damn right it's about my match fucker! What the hell is wrong with you? I ask for a simple match and you go and fuck it up adding those four idiots to it? Were you that worried I was going to kill your pathetic excuse for a hall of famer?

J. Rish: Look, listen.

Ataxia: No. You listen. You fucked me, Rish. Bad. Your boy fucked with me enough in the past few months for you to know what that means. You've seen what I did to Lorenzo Demarco.

J.Rish: Yeah but that isn't CWF.

Ataxia: Insert random idiot here your going to have to pay for who I put in traction. You fucked with what I asked for Rish. That don't fly well with me.

J. Rish: So just what are you going to do about it? I don't know who the hell you think you are and I don't care who you are under that mask Tax. Nobody talks to me this way and gets anything but my contempt so just what's your issue?

Ataxia: I want a redo.

J.Rish: Excuse me?

Ataxia: I want something in exchange for that clusterfuck. Please?

J. Rish: Why should I?

Ataxia: Because I'll do something for CWF that will make you a lot of money.

J. Rish: What's that?

Ataxia: I want a unsanctioned match next week. I want a match that will have no repercussions for what I do.

J. Rish: And just who am I going to be stupid enough to let you go after with no rules restraining you.

Ataxia: I want Elisha.

J. Rish: What? Have you lost your mind? He'll kill you.

Ataxia: Look Rish. I know you may not give a fuck about who I am or what I've done in the past and I thank you for the opportunity I have here to change that. But this guy. He's walking around like I use to. He's walking around like he owns the place and doesn't care who he hurts to get it. You want to deal with this monster. You let me have him. I'll teach him some manners.

J. Rish: And what if he takes you out?

Ataxia: Then you still get one hell of a match. If you don't think I've earned it that's fine to Rish. I just want the match. I want the big guy. I want to take him down. I want to finish him off. I want to end it.

J. Rish: I'll think about it. That's all I can tell you.

Ataxia: Don't think about it to long. The longer he's let loose the longer your going to have to deal with his bullshit.

./=Ataxia turns to leave./=

J. Rish: Why are you doing this? You don't strike me as someone concerned for his fellow wrestler's.

Ataxia: Let's just say I'm going to do one right thing in my life. It's going to be taking this guy down. Work it out with who you need to. I've got to prepare.

J. Rish: Prepare for what?

Ataxia: A funeral...mine or his.

./=The CEO of CWF looks really confused as Ataxia walks away as the door shuts./=

Double Meetings With The Living Legend

Segment

./= A completely drained and exhausted Jarvis King knocks softly on a locker room door, no answer comes from within but he opens the door slowly anyway. He steps in to a dimly lit room, wiping the sweat off his forehead with a towel as he sees Alex Cain is sat on the bench in his room, his eyes closed./=

Jarvis: Hey man.

./= Cain opens his eyes and looks over to Jarvis, his face shows no emotion, he simply nods and stands up, walking to the full length mirror, staring intently at himself. ./=

Jarvis: You aren't gonna start talking to yourself again are you, cos that would be a bit weird considering I'm in the room.

./= Cain simply turns to him and gives him a dirty look, Jarvis holds his hands up and nods, turning and strolling to the bench and sitting down. ./=

Jarvis: Any news on Angel?

./= Cain's head drops at the mention of her name, he shakes his head, eyes closed, feverently trying to push thoughts of her terrible accident and the worries about her wellbeing to one side until the end of his match. He had tried to go with her to the hospital, but the paramedics had told him that there was no point just yet; he wouldn't be able to do anything anyway. A short conversation with Angelica later and Cain was persuaded to stay and compete in the main event as planned. Whether his head was in the game or not, was another question. ./=

Jarvis: Well, just....put it out of your mind, you know. Focus on the match, on Andrews. I already slipped earlier.

./= Cain opens his eyes again, his hands gripping the edges of the mirror; the sound of the name "Andrews" jolts him from his thoughts about Angel. His face becomes visibly intense, his eyes focusing now on the job in hand. ./=

Jarvis: So, you ready?

./= Jarvis stands up and walks next to Cain, looking at the mirror, at Cain's reflection, Cain's eyes shift to Jarvis' reflection, he stares at him and simply nods. ./=

Jarvis: Good, then go do it.

./= Jarvis pats Cain on the back and turns around leaving the locker room; Cain watches him leave and sits down on the bench. He pulls his bag over to him and unzips it, pulling out a blue bandana; he looks at it, memories of giving it to Angel a long time ago flood back to him as he closes his eyes, fighting back the emotions. He sighs heavily and pushes it back in his bag, as he does; the door opens again and in walks the new Impact Champion Big Sexay. Sexay has a big smile on his face despite being physically tired himself. ./=

Big Sexay: Can you believe that bitch, punking me out like that in front of my damned family, what the hell gives her the

right! I mean sure she's the #1 contender but have some respect for fuck sake! How you doing? You bout ready?

=/= Cain turns to Sexay and smiles to himself, typical of Sexay to storm into a room uninvited but still manage to put a smile on his face. =/=

Big Sexay: Did I interrupt something? Were you taking your dentures out?

=/= Cain bursts into laughter as Sexay smiles and cuffs him gently on the back of the head. =/=

Cain: You are a cheeky son of a bitch you know that, you're not much younger than me you know.

Big Sexay: Maybe, but I still look young.

Cain: Young? Dude you only look young because you have had Botox, does it hurt when people punch you in the face? Oh no of course it doesn't, because you have paralysed yourself. Smart move dumb ass.

Big Sexay: I don't need Botox, this is all natural baby.

Cain: Oh yeah, so why do you have a constant look of surprise on your face?

Big Sexay: That's only because I'm still amazed you aren't dead yet Methuselah.

Cain: Enough with the Methuselah jokes.

Big Sexay: Why? It suits you.

Cain: Well thanks Moses. Congratulations by the way. Quite the impact you are having since your return.

Big Sexay: I see what you did there, word play, nice, thought that dinosaur brain of yours barely stretched to talking let alone clever things like that.

Cain: I've been learning myself clever things, help me to make good in my life.

Big Sexay: Yeah, whose been teaching you? Ramsey?

Cain: Nah, he said I was a lost cause; hey thanks for letting me nail The Stunner with a chair. Always fun times.

Big Sexay: No problem, I think Angelica enjoyed herself too.

Cain: Yeah she likes hitting things with chairs, you have to be careful though, she gets carried away, Scott once handed her a stool and asked her to bring it from the kitchen to the living room. He regretted that, hasn't asked since. In fact we tend to hide the chairs when we know Jelly is coming round, it was starting to get expensive.

Big Sexay: Ill bear that in mind next time. So you ready for tonight, who knows, by the end of the night we might be sharing a drink over two shiny belts.

Cain: Maybe, although ill probably be going to the hospital.

Big Sexay: So you're confident then? Jesus, Alex talk about glass half empty kind of guy.

Cain: Not me you fucking spastic, I'm not going to be in the hospital, I'm going to see how Amber is.

Big Sexay: Oh!! Yeah, helluva fall, hope she's alright, I like that kid, she's got balls. Not in that way, you know what I mean.

=/= Cain laughs and nods his head, his mood brighter now than it was, his thoughts of Amber less intense now as he seems to be focusing more on the match, and getting the job done so that he can get to the hospital. =/=

Big Sexay: Well, I'll leave you be, let you get your head on before the big one, good luck man, you will need it.

Cain: I know, thanks Alex.

=/= Sexay leaves the locker room, leaving Cain to prepare himself for his match. =/=

Main Event Hype Video

Segment

≠/≠The feed cuts to a video dated December 8th, 2009 as a haunting melody that introduces I Dare You by Shinedown begins to play.≠/≠

"Hello, let me introduce you to
The characters...in the show,"

≠/≠Chris Andrews walks out onto the stage at CWF Confliction to face the Champion, the images fade out and in quickly as CWF Champion Cain rides out on his Harley, he raises an arm into the air and fire engulfs the stage.≠/≠

"One says yes, one says no.
Decide - which voice in your head you can keep alive."

≠/≠The music builds to a crescendo and the two trade blows in the middle of the ring, the blows seeming to hit in time with the music as the two competitors collide for the CWF World Heavyweight Championship.≠/≠

"Even in madness, I know you still believe."

≠/≠CWF Champion Cain scoops up Chris Andrews and nails him with The Annihilator.≠/≠

"Paint me your canvas so I become,"

≠/≠The Sultan of Cool locks in a camel clutch on the Living Legend who refuses to quit, the sheer force of will clear in the expression of Hall of Famer.

"What you could never be!"

≠/≠Andrews nails The Breaker and wonders just what it'll take to beat the champ as Cain kicks out leaving Chris to pull at his hair in disbelief.≠/≠

"I dare you to tell me to walk through fire
wear my soul and call me a liar.
I dare you to tell me to walk through fire
I dare you to tell me
I dare you to."

≠/≠The music continues and so does the match as Chris Andrews misses hitting a huge elbow drop. Cain nails his challenger with a huge blow to the temple that sends him right down to the mat. Moments later Cain launches the Tag Champion magnificently through the air with an awe inspiring overhead belly to belly suplex, the force enough to send the Champ down too. Finally, after one of the most hard fought matches that night Cain finally Annihilates the challenger and raises the CWF title in the air. The video ends and shows an image of the two shaking hands before the picture fades and the melody continues.≠/≠

"Hello, are you still chasing"

≠/≠The lyrics are held as the melody continues and a new date is shown - May 18th, 2010 leading us to the Golden Intentions Pay Per View. CWF Champion Angelica goes for the Shadows Whisper despite her injured knee but is caught by her challenger, Chris Andrews, who hits The Breaker.≠/≠

Ray Douglas: "Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner and NEW CWF World Champion...CHRIS AAAAAAANDREWS!!"

≠/≠The two friends embrace in the ring as Andrews is handed the title he spent almost a year chasing.≠/≠

"The memories, in shadows?"

≠/≠The lyrics are held once more as we're shown Jarvis King and Angel standing tall on the apron of the ring in the

Golden Intentions match as Cain watches from inside the ring. Out of nowhere the Living Legend charges forward and ends the match for all three of them. He stands in disbelief watching his friends as the bell rings.=/=/

Ray Douglas: "And the winner of the gigantic thirty-competitor Golden Intentions rumble, and the new #1 contender going into Wrestle Fest II...CAIN!!!"

"Some stay young, some grow old."

=/Chris sits near Cain's Hall of Fame statue with a sledgehammer by his feet as he look upwards.=/=/

"Come alive, there are thoughts unclear
You can never hide!"

=/Cain flings Chris head first into a plasterboard wall which cracks from the sheer force of the impact.=/=/

"Even in madness, I know you still believe."

=/An angry Cain throws a molotov cocktail into a locker room, snapping the handle of the door before walking away calmly.=/=/

"Paint me your canvas so I become
What you could never be!"

=/Blood gushes from Cain's head as Chris Andrews shoves him away, sending him crashing downward and leaving Elisha to stand over him in the middle of the Summer Games ring. He stands and watches as Elisha brutalises him with a barbed wire wrapped kendo stick.=/=/

"I dare you to tell me to walk through fire
wear my soul and call me a liar."

=/As Elisha pauses Chris seizes an opportunity and stomps down on the head of his challenger, ending his efforts to rise up. The scene changes and Elisha strikes down the Champion leaving him alongside Cain as the two of them are doused in gasoline and a lighter is held above them.=/=/

"I dare you to tell me to walk through fire
I dare you to tell me
I dare you to."

=/As the lyrics fade and we're treated to a slightly extended solo we see some of the video of Chris' match with Billy Anderson, Cain enters the ring and grabs the Champion by the throat, pushing him into the turnbuckle. Cain strikes Chris' face with some huge forearms before he's dragged off of the Sultan of Cool by his security team. He takes two of them out with thunderous blows but the numbers get the better of him and force him out of the ring.

Cain: "This is just the beginning Andrews!"

=/Chris stands before the statue of Cain and looks up towards it.=/=/

Chris Andrews: "I want you to know that I'm sorry Alex - for what I'm about to do and everything that will follow until our battle is over. Remember, this isn't personal for me, I'm just being what you all expect of me."

Cain: "He has lit a fire inside me and it's burning out of control now. He has done something I didn't think he would ever do, even in my wildest imaginations...He made me hate him. With every bone in my body, I despise that man."

"Hello."

=/Cain stands before his locker room door as a bandana falls, he eyes close themselves tightly before he erupts in vengeful rage and bursts through the door.=/=/

"Hello!"

≠/≠The condescending grin plastered onto the face of the CWF Champion is shown as Chris holds his title belt high for all to see as the chorus begins once more.≠/≠

"I dare you to tell me to walk through fire"

≠/≠The two collide in the centre of the ring as they simultaneously nail their respective clotheslines.≠/≠

"Brand my soul and call me a liar."

≠/≠Cain tries to hit The Annihilator as he stands with Andrews ready on an announce booth, only to have Chris stand up and send Cain down with a huge back body drop.≠/≠

"I dare you to tell me to walk through fire,"

≠/≠Cain nails a standing leg drop on Andrews before locking in a triangle choke that has Chris clawing at the air in agony.≠/≠

"I dare you to tell me
I dare you to."

≠/≠As Cain lays in the ring and Chris stands outside of it, Chris climbs onto the apron and springs off of the top rope nailing a magnificent moonsault leg drop across the chest of Cain.≠/≠

"Hello...!
Hello...!"

≠/≠Chris Andrews rebounds from the ropes and meets the massive boot of Cain, face first.≠/≠

"I dare you to tell me
I dare you to."

≠/≠The two competitors trade fists in the middle of the ring as a match ending bell is rung, neither wanting to stop as their hatred flows.≠/≠

"I dare you to tell me
I dare you to."

≠/≠The song draws to a close and we see the faces of the two competitors, Chris grinning as he stands in the ring with his shades on. Cain, staring intently at his opponent as if awaiting the start of a match.≠/≠

Jim Gunt: "Chris Andrews and Cain both may have won countless World Championships in the past, but it's about the here and now. Right now we have two of the most widely known names in wrestling fighting it out in a hell of a battle!"

CWF World Heavyweight Championship Incineration Match- Chris Andrews (c) vs. Alex Cain

Segment

Ray Douglas: "The following match is the MAAAAIN EVENT OF THE EVENING! CWF version 2009/2010 turns one year old tonight ladies and gentleman, and what better way to do it with a World Title Incineration Match! Introducing first, the challenger..."

≠/≠ The lights in the arena dim, as the opening riffs to "All Along The Watchtower" begin to play over the PA system. The crowd erupt into cheers, the loudest cheers of the night so far as the imminent arrival of CWF's Legendary Big Man is about to enter the arena. ≠/≠

"There Must Be Some Kind Of Way Outta Here
Said The Joker To The Thief"

=/= As Jimi begins singing the spotlight flashes around over the crowd, then red spotlights join it, circling randomly over the thronging masses in the arena. =/=

"There's Too Much Confusion
I Can't Get No Relief"

=/= The ring lights up, there is a Union Jack flag draped over the apron, the roar of a motorbike is heard and the crowd erupt into cheers again. =/=

"Businessmen they drink my wine
Ploughman dig my earth
None will level on the line, nobody offered his word, hey!"

=/= As the guitar riff rips into the speakers the stage erupts into flames, the flames run down the ramp and then to the ring, surrounding the ring with a wall of fire. Cain rides out onto the stage on a custom made motorbike, with a union Jack on the petrol tank and the frame fabricated into flames, he rides down to the ring, between the flames on either side of the ramp.

He parks the bike next to the ring and steps off. The crowd nearest to him stretch their hands out towards their hero, but he focuses on the ring, not looking at the crowd at all, just staring and walking towards the ring. He breaks into a run and slides through the flames and into the ring. The flames die down and he stands in the ring, pacing but focusing on the stage, awaiting the arrival of the champ. =/=

Ray Douglas: "Introducing first, he is a multi-time former CWF World Heavyweight champion, and one of the very first entrants to the Hall of Fame. He is respected and loved by fans all around the world, and is looking to once again reign on top of the mountain here tonight against his greatest rival. From London, England, he is....CAIN!!"

Jim Gunt: The Big Man looks ready tonight, I've never seen him look so focused, he didn't even greet the fans.

Mike Rolash: Lucky for them, it must take that ages to get that "Cain" stink out of your hands.

Jim Gunt: Not as long as it would take to get the Rolash stick out.

Mike Rolash: How would you know, I never touch you.

Jim Gunt: Chester told me, he says he has awful trouble getting it off his back.

Mike Rolash: Oh right.....wait.

Ray Douglas: "And now, introducing his opponent, the CWF World Heavyweight Champion..."

=/=The arena goes dark and the murmurs of the fans get louder, cameras flash as they try to catch something in the dark but find nothing.=/=

Jim Gunt: "Well this is embarrassing, err, sorry folks. Just give us a moment and we're sure everything will be sorted out."

Mike Rolash: "Yeah and I sorted your Mom out last night! Zing! Still got it!"

Jim Gunt: "I look forward to seeing what you come up with between now and Wrestle Fest Three I really do..."

=/=A single small spotlight shines down on the stage as an arc of lightning quickly circles overhead. Mere moments pass and the rumble of thunder follows it as a man in darkness taps a high hat. Another small spotlight begins to flash over the drummer as the rumble continues. The CWFTTron starts to flash an image of lightning in time with the quick beats as the thunder continues.

Parts of the audience begin to clap in time, the rhythm spreading until everyone in attendance claps in near unison. Then, as the image of thunder changes to the logo of a more than well known band am man a schoolboy's blazer,

shorts, cap and tie steps into the light and begins his solo as he stomps his feet and nods his head.=/

“Ha-ha-oh-ah-ah-oh-ah-ha-ah!

Ha-ha-oh-ah-ah-oh-ah-ha-ah!

Ha-ha-oh-ah-ah-oh-ah-ha-ah!”

=/The guitar climbs and cascades as parts of the audience pull in others to begin the chant until the whole arena is calling. It continues until the bass drum beats twice and the chant changes.=/

“THUN-DER!”

“Ha-ha-oh-ah-ah-oh-ah-ha-ah!

THUN-DER!

Ha-ha-oh-ah-ah-oh-ah-ha-ah!

THUN-DER!

Ha-ha-oh-ah-ah-oh-ah-ha-ah!

THUN-DER!”

=/The bass guitar finally kicks in under a third spotlight as the fourth shines and waits for its entrant. Finally Brian Johnson rushes out into his spotlight and all four members of AC/DC are assembled.=/

Brian Johnson: “Thunder!”

=/As he sings thunder rumbles and every light on the stage flashes and stays on while the CWF tron gives all of the fans a closer view of the performance as the frontman leads the audience to continue chanting.=/

“THUN-DER!

THUN-DER!

THUN-DER!

Brian Johnson: “I was caught
In the middle of a railroad track.”

“THUN-DER!”

Brian Johnson: “I looked 'round,
And I knew there was no turning back.”

“THUN-DER!”

Brian Johnson: “My mind a raced
And I thought what could I do-oo?”

“THUN-DER!”

Brian Johnson: And I knew
There was no help, no help from you.”

“THUN-DER!”

Brian Johnson: “Sound of the drums
They're beatin' in my heart
The thunder of guns!
Tore me apart
You've been - thunderstruck!”

=/Power chords punctuate the arena as the fans cheer wildly.=/

Brian Johnson: "Went down the highway
Broke the limit, we hit the town
Went through to Texas,"

./=The Texan crowd cheers at the sound of their state being mentioned./=

Brian Johnson: "yeah Texas
And we had some fun.
We met some girls,
Some dancers who gave a good ti-iiiime!
Broke all the rules, played all the fools,
Yeah, yeah, they, they, they blew our mi-inds.
And I was shakin' at the knees.
Could I come again please?
Yeah the ladies were too kind!
You've been - thunderstruck, thunderstruck
Yeah yeah yeah, thunderstruck
Thunderstruck, yeah yeah.
Yeah."

./=The music continues and Chris Andrews makes his way onto the stage as the fans continue to cheer the band and are polite enough not to boo him while they play. He wastes no time going to the ring and instead heads straight over to where AC/DC are playing and drops to his knees in worship of the Australian rock band./=

Brian Johnson: "Now we're shaking at the knees!
Could I come again please? Yow!"

./=Angus Young begins his second solo as the Sultan of Cool returns the CWF title to his shoulder and applauds the scottish born, cheery red Gibson SG wielding guitarist as he duck walks across the stage while playing. Finally the champ makes his way down towards the ring and slaps a few fan's hands on the way for old times sake./=

Brian Johnson: "Oh-ah-oh-ah-oh-ah-oh!
Oh-ah-oh-ah-oh-ah-oh!
Oh-ah-oh-ah-oh-ah-oh!
Oh-ah-oh-ah-oh-ah-oh!"

./=The guitar climbs down a scale and the music kicks back in as Chris Andrews stands before the ring, taking everything in as he anticipates the tough match ahead./=

Brian Johnson: "Thunderstruck, thunderstruck
Yeah yeah yeah, thunderstruck.
Thunderstruck, yeah, yeah, yeah."

./=Chris moves around to the steps and climbs them up onto the apron, moving through the ropes and into the ring with grace and his usual grin as he takes a moment to drink in the atmosphere from the crowd at the main event of CWF's biggest ever show./=

Brian Johnson: "Said yeah, it's alright,
We're! Doing fine
Yeah, it's alright
We're doing fine, so fine Thunderstruck,
Thunderstruck, yeah, yeah, yeah,

Thunderstruck, thunderstruck!

Well you've been thunderstruck, yeah yeah."

./=The crowd cheer wildly one more time as the last big power chord finishes the song and the band plays to the crowd while the CWF Champion applauds them in the ring./=

Ray Douglas: "Introducing the second competitor in this monumental Wrestle Fest two MAAAIIN EVENT! He is also a member of the Hall of Fame, and both one of the most celebrated and now most hated men to have come through the roster. The reigning and defending World Heavyweight champion, from Boston, Massachusetts, this is the Sultan of Cool....CHRIS ANDREWS!!"

Jim Gunt: "AC/DC playing Chris Andrews to the ring there, a big honour for the champ to have his favourite band play him in."

Mike Rolash: "Well on a big night like this he deserves nothing less. Besides, what better way could he have to go into the match where he'll finally take out the Living Legend Cain?"

Jim Gunt: "I wouldn't be so sure. Our former commissioner has been on fire lately, in and out of the ring."

Mike Rolash: "I got that too, must have caught something from your Mom. Boo-yeah! Got you again!"

Jim Gunt: "It's a miracle you didn't get that raise you wanted."

Mike Rolash: "I get one every time I see your Mom dude, it's cool."

Jim Gunt: "...Let's try actually calling a match, shall we? Because this one's going to be brutal. Two of CWF's legends in one of the most dangerous matches in wrestling history, the Incineration Match! There are all kinds of fire starters around the ring, and before the end of this giant main event I'm sure both men will be just a little bit...hotter?"

Mike Rolash: "You would say that, Jimmy."

./=The atmosphere in Reliant Stadium has never been more magical for Championship Wrestling Federation, as wrestling fans from all around the globe clamor as close as possible as they can get to the steel barriers separating them from the squared circle. The two biggest titans of CWF history are padded down by head referee Trent Robbins, the official has a huge smile on his face as he hears a few words from each competitor.

He then brings the both of them to the center of the ring, telling them both the changes to the rules from the first Incineration Match; that the man being set on fire will not stop the match. Only pinfalls or submission can get them the biggest victory of all time. Chris Andrews hands over his World championship and Robbins holds it in the air for both men and the frenzied crowd to see, before bringing it over to the side of the ring to hand it off and then call for the bell. It's at this point in time that the moment truly sets in for the legends inside the ring, as Andrews stands eye to eye with Cain just inches away from each other, each and every fan eating the face-off right up./=

"LET'S GO CAIN!"

"LET'S GO ANDREWS!"

"LET'S GO CAIN!"

"LET'S GO ANDREWS!"

Jim Gunt: "Wow, isn't this incredible Mike? Although the Houston crowd are clearly not fans of Chris Andrews, everybody here happily awaits one of the biggest rematches in the history of CWF!"

Mike Rolash: "It doesn't get any bigger than this. Old Man Cain once again get his shot at the big time, and not only does he square off for the World Title, but he goes one on one with the greatest superstar to ever hit the wrestling business. Chris Andrews will defeat Cain tonight, rest assured."

Jim Gunt: "Myself, I'm rooting for the Living Legend Cain in this one. He has ran through some rough times in the recent weeks, losing Angel and then actually DIEING, it doesn't get any scarier than that."

Mike Rolash: "Exactly my point, Cain is not in the best shape tonight and I think that is pretty clear to everyone, including Chris Andrews. He is going to exploit the weaknesses and it's not going to be pretty."

≠/≠With a glimmer in his eyes, Chris Andrews trash talks Cain and immediately tries to put it inside his head that the Big Man is inferior to him. Cain smiles back at him for just a moment, before starting the match off with a quick kick right to Andrews' stomach. The challenger grabs onto to the Sultan of Cool by his neck, throwing him backwards into the corner before moving in for a lariat. Chris Andrews however ducks underneath and meets Cain with a right hand to the side of the head, hitting him with another jab before finally taking him down with a Forearm Smash.

The CWF World champion basks in his own glory, ignoring the thunderously loud jeers from the crowd as he places his boot between Cain's neck and shoulder, shoving it in deep to choke him out. Trent Robbins tries to push Andrews off, but there is nothing he can do to disqualify him as the Sultan continues to choke out his long time rival. Cain pushes his boot away with all his might, rolling out of the ring and showing his frustration as he swears aloud. He looks around the ring seeing a wooden table set up with a small container of oil placed above it, sitting next to it is a steel chair with a box of matches. Cain instead chooses to go back in the ring himself, rolling in and tackling Andrews with a Lou Thesz Press and heavy right punches!≠/≠

Jim Gunt: "The Living Legend got his first glimpse of all the fire-starting weapons around the ring, but he chose to use himself to take out Chris Andrews instead!"

Mike Rolash: "And those huge fists are weapons in of themselves! The Sultan of Cool needs to get back to his feet, every single punch is taking a lot out of the champ."

Jim Gunt: "I can barely hear you over this phenomenal crowd, I haven't heard more excited wrestling fans in my life than right here tonight at Wrestle Fest two!"

≠/≠As Jim said, the fans inside Reliant Stadium are screaming aloud as Cain lays fist after fist down on the face of Chris Andrews. Trent Robbins comes over to the two Hall of Famers trying to check on Andrews, and at that point he makes a last ditch struggle to toss Cain sideways right into the official! Robbins goes down hard and immediately points his right hand on his head trying to shake the cobwebs out, meanwhile Cain gets up to his feet just to be leveled with a High Kick to the chest, causing him to stagger forward right into a Belly to Belly Suplex by Chris Andrews!

The Sultan of Cool grabs onto Cain stopping him from rising up to his feet, shoving his left knee into the back of the Big Man's head to grind his face into the canvas. Andrews attempts to ignore the explosive boos from the crowd, but it takes his attention just enough to allow Cain to slip out. The two competitors move towards each other simultaneously, Andrews swings his leg in the air to take out the challenger but Cain runs right underneath and hit's the ropes. Before the Sultan can even turn around he's grabbed from behind and ran face-first to the canvas with a running Bulldog! The Living Legend turns Andrews onto his back, going for the first cover of the match.≠/≠

Referee: 1.....2.....Kickout!

Jim Gunt: "Both of these competitors have already gotten in some powerful offense here in the first ten minutes of this matchup, but that was only the first cover of the match!"

Mike Rolash: "We haven't seen either man use the plethora of weapons around the ring, if they don't soon grab something I'm going to go in there swinging a steel chair myself!"

Jim Gunt: "Oh how I would love to see that actually take place."

≠/≠Cain rolls off of Chris Andrews towards the ropes, pulling himself up to his feet and looking around one more time outside. Instead he turns around to lift up the former Hero of CWF, but Andrews comes back and hits him with a Low

Blow to the crotch! The Living Legend goes down to his knees in pain, yelling out loud as the official attempts to warn Chris Andrews. The Sultan just laughs back at him, pushing Robbins out of the way and sprinting towards Cain to knock him down with a flying Dropkick. Andrews rolls himself out of the ring and goes for the nearest weapon outside, pushing a small bottle of Motor Oil off of a wooden table and taking the legs out from under it.

The defending World Heavyweight champion hoists the table into the air to bring it back over to the ring, pushing it under the ropes and heading up the apron to the very top. Chris Andrews jumps just as Cain is about to rise to his feet, hitting him in the back of the head with a Double Axe Handle Smash. The Sultan pulls Cain up and tucks his head backwards under the champ's arm, swinging him sideways and crushing him with a varied Reverse DDT! The crowd uneasily boo as Andrews hooks both legs of Cain for the pin attempt.=/

Referee: 1.....2....No! His shoulder's up!

Mike Rolash: "Beautiful reverse DDT there from the champion, Andrews is certainly on his top form tonight at Wrestle Fest!"

Jim Gunt: "That is what has been truly amazing about tonight's show, it seems like EVERY single competitor that has fought in this one year anniversary celebration event has put their heart and soul into their performance."

Mike Rolash: "It's their one shot to show the new "president" Angelica just how good they are. With her being as crazy as she is, she'll probably go on a spending spree to celebrate at the local mall and end up having to fire half our talent!"

=/Chris Andrews shakes off the near fall and pulls himself up to his feet, immediately turning back towards the wooden table and lifting it off the canvas. Andrews heads over to the corner closest to him, bring the table up into a diagonal position and sitting it up with the legs pointed towards the outside of the ring. The Sultan of Cool springs off the ropes, running over to Cain and hitting him with a Leg Drop to make sure he doesn't regain his composure.

Cain rolls onto his side and tries to get up anyway, but the World champion is on him immediately pulling at his lengthy hair while driving his left knee into the center of the Big Man's spine. Chris Andrews climbs onto the back of Cain, pulling his arms upward and locking in a Camel Clutch! The Houston fans come alive quickly to try to revive Cain, but the Living Legend seems unable to fight back as Andrews pulls back harder and harder on his head while putting all his weight on the back of him.

Somehow, Cain struggles through it all, moving up to his knees, and then to his feet with Andrews still on his back! The crowd, official, and especially Chris Andrews are astonished as Cain stands on both feet, running like a freight train towards the wooden table. At the very last second he ducks down under, whipping Andrews up over his head and through the wood with a sickening thud! Frenzied cheers now from the crowd, as Cain slowly moves to pull Chris out of the wreckage and go for the pin.=/

Referee: 1.....2.....3KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: "Chris Andrews was literally just SMASHED through that wooden table there! It looked like he was seconds away from making Cain submit to the Camel Clutch, but that obviously was not meant to be!"

Mike Rolash: "How in the hell did Cain do that? He must be bulking up on those steroids again, sooner or later the juice is going to give that old man a heart attack."

Jim Gunt: "Please, don't go spreading rumors that our wrestlers take steroids. We are tested for drugs and alcohol once a month here in CWF!"

Mike Rolash: "Bullshit. How do you think we still have people like Ataxia, the Grinch, and Abigail Starr still around? The backstage area is like a Druggie's favorite corner, they all just know well enough to stay away from you Jimmy."

=/Cain grabs Chris Andrews by the shoulder and hoists him back to his feet, sending him into the ropes with a hard

Irish whip and moving swiftly with him, catching the Sultan just as he comes back around with a rising Shoulder Tackle to take him over the ropes! Cain rolls out of the ring and lands a stomp to the chest of Chris Andrews, but the champion catches his second attempt and takes him off his feet with a Leg Whip. He gets onto the top of Cain's chest, swearing out loud as he grabs ahold of the Big Man's neck and deeply chokes him. Cain quickly pushes him off though, sending him into the steel steps!

Chris Andrews recovers fast after just having his arm hit the steel, getting back up to his feet at the same time as Cain and going in for a collar tie up. The Big Man overpowers the World champion, pressing his strength through his shoulders and arms to push Andrews down to his knees. The Sultan of Cool uses this to his advantage however, pulling the arms of Cain suddenly to swing him over with a Samoan Drop. Andrews hurries over to the weapons in the far corner of the outside, grabbing onto some gas to pour it over a Kendo stick. He pulls out a Bic lighter with a smile on his face, but from out of nowhere is smashed in the back of the head with a steel chair shot from Cain!

Chris goes down hard, however this doesn't stop Cain from nailing him with three more excruciating shots with the weapon, each one causing Andrews to bounce off the outside mats awkwardly. Finally Alex Cain pulls the World champion up onto his knees, setting up the chair and placing his head onto the seat. The Big Man goes up to the top rope, ready to literally kill his long time enemy with one shot. Cain dives off the ropes looking for an elbow drop, but Andrews slides off just in time to have Cain go right through the chair! It only takes three seconds for the fans to realize what their eyes just saw, as they immediately start up a "Holy Shit!" chant. The Sultan crawls on his hands and knees over to Cain, going for the cover.=/

Referee: 1.....2.....NO! HIS SHOULDER'S UP!

Jim Gunt: "What a machine Alex Cain is! He just decimated that steel chair, but it wasn't enough for Andrews to retain his title!"

Mike Rolash: "The same could be said about Chris Andrews kicking out after being put through that table earlier. It's going to take a lot of violence, a lot of destruction to put down one of these old dogs. Maybe they ought to start bringing the fire into play?"

Jim Gunt: "I think that's what Chris is about to do right now..."

Mike Rolash: "Fire! FIRE!"

=/Chris Andrews gets off the cover and punches Cain across the jaw, and then a second punch right near the temple of the Big Man. Andrews climbs to his feet and moves back towards the doused kendo stick, grabbing the lighter off the mats and lighting the tip of it ablaze! The small children near the ringside area are told by security to move as far backward as they can, as Andrews swings the stick that has a wet towel tied halfway down it to allow the fire to not overtake the entire weapon. The Sultan moves towards Cain, swinging the swing downward rapidly but not quick enough as Cain rolls away. Chris Andrews shakes his head, continuing to step forward and whip the stick down, but again all he smacks is the safety-guarded mats.

Alex Cain crawls to his feet while keeping his eyes on Andrews, running around the corner of the ring just as the champion swings and hit's the steel turnbuckle. Finally Cain is hit with the stick however, as Andrews swings and lands a nasty shot into his lower back! Alex Cain drops immediately down to the mats, patting the fire away as fast as he can, but this just leaves him prone to the Sultan slicing him with an even more dangerous shot, as he brings the blazing stick into Cain's chest! The head official has seen enough, as he grabs the stick away from Andrews and immediately has them extinguish the flame away. Chris Andrews looks beyond angry at Trent Robbins, but instead of taking his angst out goes down for the cover on the heaving Cain.=/

Referee: 1.....2.....3!? NOO!!! HE KICKED OUT!!

Mike Rolash: "It's over! It's over!"

Jim Gunt: "No it's not, Cain somehow kicked out!"

Mike Rolash: "What do you mean, how could he have!?"

Jim Gunt: "I have no clue, but the match continues regardless!"

=/=Chris Andrews raises both of his hands over his face, in utter disbelief as the official flashes the count of two with his fingers. The World champion shakes his head, looking down at Cain who doesn't even have his eyes open, pulling himself up before booting the Big Man in the side of the head. Andrews walks over to the gas container again, as he lifts it up into his hand a smile once again comes over his face. The Houston fans are booing and swearing at him, but they are unable to stop him as he begins to pour the fluid all over the chest and lower body of Cain.

Chris Andrews pours out the entire container of gas, the smooth but strongly suffocating liquid coating the skin of the Living Legend. The Sultan pulls up on the ring apron, looking underneath the ring with frantic eyes. He sees a blowtorch and his eyes light up like a kid at a Candy Buffet, but as soon as he pulls the torch out he's battered with a jumping Double Curb Stomp to the back of the head! Cain staggers around on his feet after hitting the stinging stomp, moving right for the torch with his eyes targeted on it. The Big Man grabs onto the torch, turning around and flicking the trigger to shoot out an immediately burst of fire, catching Andrews leg briefly as he tries desperately to roll out of the way! The Sultan is able to roll the flame off him, but he is still screaming in pain as Cain comes over and smashes the torch down over his face! The Big Man throws the weapon to the side, going down for the cover.=/

Referee: 1.....2.....3!? NOO!! HE KICKED OUT!!

Jim Gunt: "My god, what is there left to say about this match! Two of the biggest stars in CWF's ten long years going at it in quite simply the most hardcore, the most brutal match we've ever seen!"

Mike Rolash: "It doesn't get any better than fire, and we have seen of these men burn a little bit brighter here at Wrestle Fest two!"

Jim Gunt: "But how much more can these two take? I guess we're about to find out, Cain just pulled out a two by four wrapped with line after line of razor wire!"

=/=The Living Legend looks down at the weapon in his hand, pulling the ring apron back down and walking back over to the downed Chris Andrews. Cain moves to drop down to his knees, but just as he does Andrews twists his body around and blasts the barbed wire right into his face with a spinning kick! Cries of pain come from Cain as he pulls the wired wood block away from his forehead, several cuts exposing themselves as a crimson flow drips down his face.

As Cain attempts to recover, Chris Andrews takes ahold of the 2x4 and lashes out at the ribs of Alex once, twice, three disgusting times as blood begins to fly enough that you would think this was a horror movie set! The Sultan of Cool finally has had enough of the beating on his biggest enemy to date, dropping the 2x4 beside the bloody body of Cain and going back for another container of gas. As soon as Mike and Jim see the direction he is going for, they immediately scramble out of the way as Andrews begins to pour gas onto the announce table!=/

Jim Gunt: "Take cover Mike, I think our commentary booth is about ready to go up in flames!"

Mike Rolash: "Oh shit! I hope Andrews burns that old man alive once and for all!"

=/=Chris Andrews lets the final drippings of gas flow onto the table, allowing nearly half of it to pour over the sides and leak down onto the floor. A few of the staff members run onto the scene trying to clean up as much as they can, but the Sultan of Cool is adamant about dealing as much pain as possible as he literally begins to shove and throw the young men away from the dangerous scene! After throwing four different men away, Andrews turns back around to see a brutalized Cain, blood draining from him but a holding the 2x4 laced with razor wire!

Chris Andrews shakes his head back and forth at Cain, trying to hold him back but as the Big Man swings forward

Andrews dashes to the side and connects with a Superkick to the side of his head! Cain drops the 2x4 to the side as he collapses down to the mats, breathing heavily and seemingly out of it as the World champion walks over him and heads for the blowtorch. Andrews directs the announcers and staff members far away from the table as he pushes the trigger and shoots the table ablaze! He quickly drops the gun to the ground, the job done as the table burns a bright red in seconds.

Chris Andrews drags Cain up to his feet, both men defeated after such a lengthy and hardcore battle, but the Sultan is still able to set him up for the Breaker. No, Cain breaks out with a side elbow to the gut, turns him over, and blasts Andrews right through the fiery announce table! The fans blow the roof of the building with "Oh my god!" chants mixed with cheers, as the crew members immediately extinguish the flame around Andrews. Cain pushes them away from helping the champion, instead going down for the cover.=/

Referee: 1.....2.....3!

Ray Douglas: "And the winner of the Wrestle Fest II main event and NEEEW World Heavyweight champion....CAIN!!!"

=/"All Along The Watchtower" begins to play aloud again as Douglas walks over and grabs the World Title from the sound keeper, walking around the remaining crew members and placing the title across the bloody chest of Cain. The Big Man looks down at the title with a magical look in his eye, realizing just how much this championship win means for him after what he's gone through. Cain pulls himself to his feet, celebrating the victory with the cheering fans.=/

Jim Gunt: "Well folks, we had one hell of a one year anniversary, we have a brand new Impact, Paramount, Tag Team, and World champion...what an event to remember! We'll see you next Tuesday for Massacre, goodnight!"

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