

Wrestle Fest: Wrestle Fest V

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: August 8, 2026
Location: TD Garden — Boston, Massachusetts

Results

The Biggest Night In CWF History Begins

Segment

The screen is completely black. For several seconds, there is nothing. You watch your screen, knowing the time has come but still...nothing. Is Wrestle Fest V really going to air late? Is the greatest wrestling company on earth going to fail us on their most important night?

Hardly.

THUMP.

The sound of a heartbeat.

THUMP.

Another.

THUMP.

A third.

Suddenly, the sound of nearly twenty thousand people inside the TD Garden begins to bleed through the darkness.

The heartbeat stops.

BOOM!

The entire screen erupts into a montage of CWF history. Championships being raised, bodies crashing through tables. Golden Intentions victories. The first CWF PPV all the way back in 1999. The biggest moments that the fans will not soon forget. The biggest stars in professional wrestling. The biggest failures, the biggest comebacks. Then the screen cuts to a single image.

BOSTON.

The Boston skyline.

Fenway Park.

The Charles River.

TD Garden.

And then the Wrestle Fest V logo crashes onto the screen.

WRESTLE FEST V

The opening chords of the CWF Wrestle Fest theme explode through the arena.

BOOOOOOOOOM!

An absolutely monstrous wall of fireworks erupts from the stage. Red, white, silver and gold pyro fires from every

corner of the entranceway as flames shoot upward from the stage and fireworks cascade from the rafters. The TD Garden becomes a sea of noise as the crowd rises to its feet. The camera sweeps across the sold-out arena. Signs are everywhere, people are screaming, babies are being raised in the air. It's Wrestle Fest V, baby.

"BOSTON OWNS WRESTLE FEST!"

"CHAOS STARTS HERE!"

"DANNY B FINISH THE STORY!"

"GORDY KING IS STILL KING!"

"PEACOCKS FLY TONIGHT!"

"EIGHT YEARS. ONE MORE FIGHT."

"MIA OR SILAS — SOMEBODY DIES TONIGHT!"

"BRING THE VIOLENCE!"

"CWF! CWF! CWF!"

The camera finally settles at ringside where Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash are standing in front of the announce desk.

Jim Gunt: "BOSTON!"

The crowd erupts again.

Jim Gunt: "WELCOME TO CWF WRESTLE FEST V!"

Mike Rolash: "Listen to this place, Jim! The TD Garden has been waiting for this night!"

Jim Gunt: "The biggest event on the CWF calendar. The fifth Wrestle Fest. And tonight, Boston becomes the battleground for some of the biggest matches in company history."

The Wrestle Fest logo appears on the massive video wall.

Jim Gunt: "Eight matches. Championships. Careers. Identities. Rivalries that have lasted years...and one Hell in a Cell main event that will determine whether Gordy King remains the two-time CWF World Heavyweight Champion or whether The Ripper, Danny B, finally completes the journey he's been on."

Mike Rolash: "And that's our MAIN EVENT!"

The crowd cheers loudly.

Mike Rolash: "But before we get there, Dangerous Dan puts the Paramount Championship on the line against Jared Holmes in a ladder match!"

Jim Gunt: "The CWF Tag Team Championships are also at stake as #BeachKrew defend against HVW's The Regulators, Adam Hansen and Lex Collins."

Mike Rolash: "And we've got Unstoppable Force against HVW's Brat Pack! Billy and Tyler Anderson against Adrian Ward and Leyla Martinez!"

Jim Gunt: "JD Riot makes his CWF debut against Kyle Bright tonight, while Mia Rayne puts her identity as Forsaken Psychotic on the line against Silas Artoria's career in a match where Silas can change the stipulations as the battle unfolds."

Mike Rolash: "Which sounds completely insane."

Jim Gunt: "Because it is."

The crowd laughs and cheers.

Jim Gunt: "And then there's the match eight years in the making."

The screen changes.

CALEDONIA

MJ FLAIR

The TD Garden erupts into cheers.

Mike Rolash: "Caledonia and MJ Flair. Eight years later, they're finally doing it again."

Jim Gunt: "And somehow, that's only the beginning."

The screen abruptly goes black. A low, distorted carnival melody begins playing as the Chaos Championship appears, then four names proceed it.

AZRAEL CADUCEUS

ESMERALDA VON KRAUSS

PAUL FREEDOM!

WADE MOOR

The crowd reaction changes immediately.

Jim Gunt: "Because Wrestle Fest V begins with the birth of a championship."

Mike Rolash: "The Chaos Championship."

Jim Gunt: "Amelia has brought us the House of Fun."

The video wall briefly flashes images of twisted rooms, hallways and strange objects.

Jim Gunt: "Four competitors. One championship. And every fall will have its own stipulation."

Mike Rolash: "Starting with the lumberjack match that Esmeralda von Krauss demanded two weeks ago on Infernalía."

Jim Gunt: "Azrael Caduceus. Esmeralda von Krauss. Paul Freedom! Wade Moor."

The four competitors appear across the screen.

Jim Gunt: "And Wade Moor has an additional reason to survive tonight. He's defending the CWF Tag Team Championships later tonight alongside Jared Holmes."

Mike Rolash: "So he's got two matches."

Jim Gunt: "And we're about to find out whether he can survive the first one."

The camera cuts toward the entrance stage. The lights throughout the TD Garden suddenly drop. The crowd rises as another enormous burst of pyro fires from the stage.

BOOOOOOOOOOM!

Jim Gunt: "Boston..."

The crowd stands from their seats.

Jim Gunt: "Wrestle Fest V..."

Another explosion.

Jim Gunt: "...IS UNDERWAY!"

The opening music hits and the camera swings toward the entranceway as the first competitor of the night prepares to make his way toward the ring.

Mike Rolash: "LET'S GET CHAOTIC!"

The Wrestle Fest V logo fills the screen one final time.

CWF WRESTLE FEST V

The opening match graphic appears.

CHAOS CHAMPIONSHIP - HOUSE OF FUN - AZRAEL CADUCEUS vs. ESMERALDA VON KRAUSS vs. PAUL FREEDOM! vs. WADE MOOR

The bell has not even rung yet, and the TD Garden is already deafening. Wrestle Fest V has begun.

Azrael Caduceus Vs. Esmeralda Von Krauss Vs. Paul Freedom! Vs. Wade Moor

Match

The lights inside the TD Garden drop until the enormous building is almost completely swallowed by darkness. A low, distorted hum rolls through the arena speakers, followed by flashes of violent purple light illuminating the massive video wall. The screen displays the words CHAOS REIMAGINED, the letters appearing to twist, break apart and reform as footage from the four competitors plays across the screen: Azrael Caduceus bending an opponent into an impossible position, Paul Freedom flying through the air, Wade Moor dropping an opponent with The Deep End, and Esmeralda von Krauss smiling coldly while driving a palm strike into the jaw of a fallen opponent. The footage suddenly cuts to the image of the purple-and-silver CWF Chaos Championship, the spinning plate rotating slowly before the entire graphic shatters into static.

The camera cuts to ringside, where the championship itself sits on a pedestal beside the timekeeper's table. The belt is every bit as strange as the division it represents, a violent purple strap wrapped around a silver centerpiece covered in haphazard lettering, the words CWF CHAOS CHAMPION scrawled across it while the plate itself spins lazily in place. Around the ring, however, there is something considerably less ordinary. The normal ringside area has been cleared, replaced by several stacks of wooden crates, steel chairs, trash cans, tables and lengths of chain. Four ladders are positioned at various points around the floor, while hanging above the ring is an enormous metal structure that looks like the skeleton of a cage waiting to be lowered. The TD Garden crowd is already roaring before anyone has even entered.

Jim Gunt: "Ladies and gentlemen, we have reached the first of many championship matches this evening, and I don't think there is a single person in this building who can tell us exactly what we're about to witness."

Mike Rolash: "That's the point, Jimbo! It's the Chaos Championship! Nobody knows what's happening! Not even Amelia knows what's happening, and she's the one who booked the damn thing!"

Jim Gunt: "That's... actually a pretty fair assessment."

The arena lights suddenly shift again, this time into a deep sapphire blue as the haunting opening of "The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed and Cambria begins to echo through the Garden. A lone spotlight finds the entranceway and Wade Moor emerges beneath it, Hawaiian shirt hanging open, fedora sitting comfortably on his head and sunglasses covering his eyes despite the darkness. He pauses at the top of the ramp, slowly looking across the enormous Boston crowd before offering them the slightest grin. He removes the sunglasses, tucks them into the front of his shirt and begins the long walk toward the ring without any urgency whatsoever. The former world champion reaches ringside, climbs onto the apron and wipes his boots before stepping through the ropes. He takes one look at the collection of weapons surrounding the ring and simply nods to himself as though he's walked into a bar where somebody has

already started a fight.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first, from the Everglades of Florida, weighing 247 pounds...GAWDNILLA....WADE MOOR!!!"

Wade climbs onto the second rope and looks around at the crowd, two fingers curling toward himself in that familiar come-on gesture. The smile remains. The music fades as the Garden is immediately plunged into darkness again, only this time the opening chords of "Help Save the Youth of America From Exploding" explode through the speakers. The video package begins playing on the screen, showing Paul's career from his earliest days all the way through his bloody debut and his adventures on the Pollo Road. The Boston crowd reacts loudly to the sight of their hometown representative, and when Paul finally bursts through the curtain, he comes to an immediate, awkward stop on the stage.

Joey Garcia: "And his opponent, first, from right here in BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS! (the crowd cheers wildly), weighing 195 pounds...THE ASTERISK....PAUL FREEDOM!!!"

He looks at the massive crowd, looks at the ring, looks at the ladders, chairs and cages, and then seems to realize he has made a terrible mistake by thinking about it too much. Paul shakes his head, sprints down the ramp and slides into the ring before immediately wandering over toward Wade Moor with a huge smile.

Paul Freedom!: "Hey! Good luck!"

Paul extends his hand. Wade looks at it, up at Paul, then back at the hand.

Wade Moor: "You sure about that, kid?"

Paul Freedom!: "Absolutely."

Wade laughs and shakes his hand.

Mike Rolash: "I don't think this is going to go any better for Paul than their match at Infernalía."

Jim Gunt: "You say that like it's some sort of revelation."

The music suddenly cuts out. The arena erupts into a wall of boos as "Silver Blade, Steady Hand" by Katherine McDaniels and the Imperfect Eternity begins to play as Esmeralda von Krauss steps onto the stage in her extravagant black evening gown, an ornate cigarette holder resting between her fingers. She slowly raises the holder to her lips and takes a long drag, allowing the smoke to curl around her face before she begins walking toward the ring with the same regal confidence she displays every time she enters an arena.

Joey Garcia: "And their opponent, from the Cologne, Germany, weighing 145 pounds...THE LEADER OF JUSTICE....ESMERALDA VON KRAUSS!!!"

She reaches ringside, hands her gown to a ringside attendant and leans through the ropes, eliciting a mixture of boos and catcalls before she steps into the ring. The gown slides from her shoulders, revealing her black wrestling gear beneath it.

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

She turns toward the other three competitors, smiling coldly.

Jim Gunt: "Esmeralda von Krauss has been talking about this match for weeks."

Mike Rolash: "And she got exactly what she wanted, Jimbo. She wanted her gauntlet. She wanted chaos. She wanted something nobody had ever seen before. I can't wait to see how quickly she regrets asking for it."

Esmeralda simply smiles. The final entrance begins with an almost oppressive silence. Then a low, orchestral note fills the building as the lights shift toward a dim crimson. "—" plays as Azrael Caduceus emerges onto the stage, his eyes fixed on the ring. There is no grand gesture, no theatrics, no acknowledgement of the crowd. The Fallen simply walks

toward the ring, focused entirely on the three people waiting for him. He climbs onto the apron and steps through the ropes, immediately beginning to stretch his arms and neck as his eyes move from one opponent to the next.

Joey Garcia: "And finally, from Paradise, California, weighing 225 pounds...THE FALLEN....AZRAEL CADUCEUS!!"

The music dies down as the four competitors stand in their respective corners. Then, to the surprise of everyone, a completely casual voice comes through the arena speakers.

Amelia: "Oh, one more thing."

The camera cuts to ringside. Amelia is standing there in the referee's shirt, holding a microphone.

Amelia: "You forgot to mention that I am your referee."

The Garden erupts.

Mike Rolash: "Oh, this is going to be a disaster."

Amelia: "You're welcome."

She tosses the microphone toward the timekeeper, climbs into the ring and walks directly between the four wrestlers.

Amelia: "You all remember the rules, right? Good. Because I don't."

She grins.

Amelia: "Let's make some history."

DING DING DING!

The bell rings and the four competitors immediately scatter. There is no traditional opening exchange. No collar-and-elbow tie-up. Esmeralda instantly rolls out underneath the bottom rope and stands at ringside, pointing toward Paul Freedom and Azrael as though she is directing traffic. Wade steps through the ropes after her, apparently deciding that if this is supposed to be her gauntlet, then he might as well make her deal with it. Paul, meanwhile, looks at Azrael and then toward the crowd, taps his finger against his temple twice and immediately tries a cartwheel. Azrael simply watches him complete the cartwheel before stepping forward and leveling him with a forearm. Paul folds in half and tumbles through the ropes. The Garden erupts as the first wave of violence begins, with all four competitors now fighting around ringside as Esmeralda's proposed "everyone outside as lumberjacks" concept effectively becomes reality.

Jim Gunt: "This is already completely out of control!"

Mike Rolash: "No, Jimbo, this is exactly what Esmeralda asked for! She's created her own nightmare and now she's trying to referee it from the outside!"

Wade grabs a steel chair and immediately throws it into the ring rather than using it, choosing instead to catch Azrael with a rolling elbow as The Fallen comes around the corner. Azrael absorbs the blow, responds with a hard elbow of his own and catches Wade's arm, twisting it behind his back before transitioning into a standing joint manipulation. Wade grins through the pain and throws himself backward, smashing Azrael into the ring apron. On the other side, Paul Freedom is being chased by Esmeralda, who catches him around the waist and drives him backward into the barricade. Paul rebounds, throws a headbutt, and somehow manages to escape. He runs three steps, plants a foot on the barricade and attempts a moonsault back toward Esmeralda. She simply steps aside. Paul crashes onto the floor and immediately rolls onto his back, blinking at the ceiling.

Paul Freedom!: "That was almost really good."

Esmeralda von Krauss: "It was almost something, dahling."

Esmeralda grabs Paul's ankle and drags him toward the ring while Azrael and Wade continue trading blows on the opposite side. She lifts Paul's leg and drives it against the steel ring post before wrapping it around the post and applying a twisting leg lock. Paul screams and reaches toward the ring, but there is nobody there to save him. Esmeralda releases the hold only when Wade comes flying toward her with a clothesline. She ducks, and Wade catches Paul instead, flattening him with the discus clothesline. Wade looks down at Paul and shrugs.

Wade Moor: "Sorry, kid."

Paul Freedom!: "It's okay!"

Paul immediately tries to shake Wade's hand. Wade stares at him, and Paul simply grins back at him.

Azrael suddenly comes charging from behind and throws Wade into the ring steps. The Fallen grabs Esmeralda by the wrist, drags her toward him and fires off a rapid combination of strikes before catching her arm and wrenching it into a Nikajo wrist lock. Esmeralda drops to one knee but immediately twists her body, reverses the hold and drives her elbow into Azrael's jaw. She follows with a Superman palm strike that sends The Fallen stumbling backward. Azrael recovers and attempts a high-angle dragon suplex, but Esmeralda flips through the motion and lands on her feet. Azrael turns, only to be caught by a brutal backhand that drops him to one knee.

Esmeralda sees the opening and runs.

JUSTICE!

The leaping palm strike catches Azrael directly beneath the chin, snapping his head backward. He collapses to the floor. Esmeralda covers. Amelia slides across the floor.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

The crowd explodes.

Jim Gunt: "AZRAEL IS OUT! THE FALLEN HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!"

Mike Rolash: "And Esmeralda von Krauss just won her gauntlet! She wanted one person to enter, one person to leave, and she's the first person through!"

Amelia rises and points toward Azrael, who sits against the barricade trying to clear his head. Esmeralda gets to her feet, smiling as though she has just completed the first step of a plan she has been rehearsing for centuries.

Amelia: "Congratulations, Essy!"

Esmeralda bows sarcastically.

Amelia: "Now we make it harder."

The crowd begins roaring as Amelia points toward the ring.

Amelia: "LAST PERSON STANDING!"

The reaction is enormous.

Jim Gunt: "And there is the second stipulation!"

Mike Rolash: "Pinfalls are gone! Submissions are gone! Now these three have to beat each other down badly enough that one of them can't answer a ten count!"

Azrael is helped away from ringside as Esmeralda, Paul and Wade slowly climb back into the ring. The bell rings again.

DING DING DING!

Wade and Paul immediately collide in the center of the ring, with Wade catching Paul by the throat and launching him across the ring with a release uranage. Paul lands hard and rolls beneath the ropes. Esmeralda rushes Wade from behind, catching him with a series of rapid palm strikes before whipping him across the ring. Wade rebounds and attempts a clothesline, but Esmeralda ducks and Wade nearly runs through the ropes. He catches himself, turns and gets hit by a headlock driver. Esmeralda immediately follows with the leg scissors choke, wrapping herself around Wade's head and neck. Wade's face turns red as he powers upward, lifts Esmeralda off the mat and simply throws her into the corner. He follows with a running corner clothesline, catches her on the rebound and plants her with a release German suplex.

Jim Gunt: "That was an absolutely tremendous combination by Wade Moor!"

Mike Rolash: "He may be the only man in this match who actually understands that this is supposed to be wrestling!"

Paul suddenly appears from the top rope and immediately flashes double peace signs.

Jim Gunt: "Paul Freedom!"

Paul launches into a moonsault just as Wade Moor turns. The Asterisk's knees crash across Wade's shoulders. The two men tumble apart.

Paul Freedom!: "YES!"

Paul points at his head, but his eyes go wide as Esmeralda grabs him from behind. He immediately mule-kicks backward, catches her in the stomach and somersaults away. The Asterisk springs off the ropes, runs toward her and hits the Paul Flip, running up her torso and backflipping off her face. Esmeralda staggers backward, and Paul hits a bulldog. The crowd erupts as he scrambles to his feet and climbs the turnbuckle.

Paul Freedom!: "LET'S GO, BOSTON!"

He throws up the peace signs. Wade, still kneeling, suddenly gets to his feet and shoves Paul off the turnbuckle. The hometown boy lands awkwardly on the top rope, somehow manages to stay upright, and then immediately attempts a corkscrew flipping neckbreaker from the precarious position. Wade catches him as the Garden gasps.

Wade swings Paul around and plants him with a Pop Up Sit Out Powerbomb! Paul hits the mat hard. Wade turns toward Esmeralda, and suddenly gets hits with Justice! Wade drops to his knees. Esmeralda goes for another strike, but Wade catches her wrist. He headbutts her. Esmeralda staggers, and the Gawdnilla catches her around the waist.

FIVE FOR FIGHTING!

The pumphandle powerslam shakes the ring. Both competitors are down. Paul Freedom begins moving. He sees a ladder outside the ring, looks at Wade, looks at Esmeralda. Finally he takes one more look at the ladder and comically shrugs.

Paul Freedom!: "That's probably a terrible idea."

He grabs the ladder anyway.

Jim Gunt: "He's got a point."

Mike Rolash: "For once, Jimbo, I agree with the kid!"

Paul slides the ladder into the ring and unfolds it in the center. He begins climbing as Wade slowly rises and Esmeralda rolls toward the ropes. Paul reaches the top and looks upward. The enormous cage structure above the ring suddenly begins descending. The Garden erupts at the unbelievable sight.

Jim Gunt: "WHAT?!"

Mike Rolash: "THE CAGE IS COMING DOWN!"

Paul stares upward as the multi-tiered steel structure lowers around the ring. He looks toward Amelia.

Paul Freedom!: "Is this legal?!"

Amelia: "Apparently!"

The cage slams into place around the ring. Paul Freedom! is already near the top of the ladder when Wade reaches him. The Tag Team champion grabs his ankle, but Freedom! kicks wildly, catching Wade in the face. Moor stumbles backward, and Paul climbs higher and attempts to leap from the ladder to the side of the cage, catching the steel with both hands. He begins climbing.

Jim Gunt: "Paul Freedom is trying to scale the cage!"

Mike Rolash: "Of course he is!"

Wade climbs onto the ladder after him. Paul reaches the side of the cage, but Wade follows and grabs him around the waist. The two men begin fighting halfway up the steel wall, with Paul throwing elbows backward and Wade trying to drag him down. Paul gets one hand over the top of the first tier. Wade catches him by the back of the neck. Wade pulls him in, but Paul swings wildly. The Asterisk's feet lose their grip. For one terrifying moment he hangs from the cage, then Wade rips him loose. Paul falls from the side of the cage and crashes onto the canvas.

Jim Gunt: "GOOD GOD!"

Paul doesn't move. The entire TD Garden falls into silence. Amelia begins counting.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Wade drops down from the cage, landing on the mat beside Paul. Esmeralda slowly rises in the corner, watching the count with a smile.

FIVE!

SIX!

Paul's fingers twitch.

SEVEN!

Paul rolls onto his stomach.

EIGHT!

He pushes himself onto his hands and knees.

NINE!

Paul desperately tries to stand.

TEN!

DING DING DING!

Jim Gunt: "PAUL FREEDOM IS ELIMINATED!"

Mike Rolash: "He climbed a cage during a Last Person Standing match! I don't even know whether to call him stupid or brilliant!"

Jim Gunt: "Probably both."

Amelia points toward the fallen Paul as officials begin moving toward the cage. Paul finally manages to sit up, looking dazed and confused.

Paul Freedom!: "Did I win?"

Amelia: "No."

Paul Freedom!: "Okay."

Paul gives her a thumbs up before falling backward again. The crowd laughs and cheers. Esmeralda and Wade remain standing as Amelia looks upward. The cage lights flicker and two platforms begin descending from above, creating multiple levels within the cage. Ladders are positioned along the sides, while two large burlap sacks are lowered from the highest level and left dangling near the top.

The crowd slowly realizes what they're looking at.

Jim Gunt: "What in the world is this?"

Mike Rolash: "This is the finale, Jimbo."

Amelia picks up the microphone.

Amelia: "FINAL STIPULATION!"

The TD Garden explodes.

Amelia: "MULTI-TIERED CAGE MATCH!"

Esmeralda's smile slowly disappears.

Amelia: "The championship is hanging in one of those sacks."

She points upward.

Amelia: "The other one contains something else."

The crowd begins buzzing.

Amelia: "First person to retrieve the championship wins."

Jim Gunt: "So this is essentially a race to the top of the cage!"

Mike Rolash: "With Wade Moor and Esmeralda von Krauss fighting through three levels of steel between them and that championship!"

Amelia grins.

Amelia: "Choose wisely."

She throws the microphone away as the final bell rings.

DING DING DING!

Wade Moor and Esmeralda von Krauss immediately collide. Wade gets the advantage with sheer strength, driving Esmeralda backward into the cage wall before catching her with a running corner clothesline. Esmeralda responds with a vicious palm strike and begins hammering him with short, precise hand strikes. Wade absorbs them, grinning even as blood begins to appear at the corner of his mouth. He answers with a discus clothesline that sends Esmeralda

sprawling. Wade doesn't rush. He looks upward at the hanging sacks, then back down at Esmeralda.

Wade Moor: "You know, this is probably the weirdest match I've ever been in."

Esmeralda von Krauss: "And you haven't even seen the worst part yet, dahlings."

Esmeralda springs upward and catches Wade with the Omoplata, twisting his shoulder violently. Wade rolls, catches her legs and attempts to transition into The Deep End, but Esmeralda slips free. She lands on the second level of the cage and immediately begins climbing toward the third. Moor follows, but Esmeralda reaches the second platform first, but Wade catches her ankle. She kicks, he catches her foot. She spins and hits a cracking backhand. Wade Moor drops to one knee. Esmeralda climbs the cage frantically as Wade grabs the railing and pulls himself upward.

Jim Gunt: "This is unbelievable! Neither one of them is willing to give the other even a second!"

Wade catches Esmeralda from behind and drives her into the cage wall. She rebounds, spins and hits a Superman palm strike. Wade's head snaps back. Esmeralda follows with another. Then another. Wade is rocked but refuses to fall.

Wade Moor: "That all you got?"

Esmeralda smiles and kicks his knee. The Florida Man drops. She kicks him again. Wade catches her leg. He pulls her in, and Esmeralda falls directly into the cage wall. Moor rises and grabs her around the waist.

Release Uranage!

Esmeralda crashes onto the steel platform as the Florida Man looks upward. The two sacks are only one level above. He starts climbing.

Jim Gunt: "Wade Moor has the advantage!"

Mike Rolash: "He's got the experience, Jimbo! This is exactly where that veteran instinct comes into play!"

Wade reaches the final platform and begins pulling himself upward. Esmeralda crawls behind him, grabbing the railing and forcing herself up. Wade reaches the top tier first. The two burlap sacks hang directly in front of him. One has a purple ribbon, the other has a black one. Wade looks at them, before taking a peak back down at Esmeralda who is still climbing as quick as she can.

Wade Moor: "You know, Essy..."

He grabs the black-ribboned sack.

Wade Moor: "You probably should've put a label on these."

Esmeralda von Krauss: "I thought the mystery would be more entertaining."

Wade laughs and pulls the sack toward him.

Jim Gunt: "Wade Moor has one!"

Mike Rolash: "OPEN IT!"

Wade reaches inside and pulls. Something enormous and black shoots out of the bag. Wade jerks backward and the object unfolds. It is a gigantic inflatable crow. Not a normal inflatable crow. A grotesquely oversized, cartoonish, raven-like creature with enormous red eyes and a beak almost the size of Wade's head. It springs outward from the sack and smacks Wade directly in the face.

Jim Gunt: "WHAT IS THAT?!"

Mike Rolash: "I HAVE NO IDEA!"

Wade staggers backward, trying to tear the ridiculous inflatable bird away from his face.

Wade Moor: "WHAT THE HELL?!"

The crowd is absolutely losing its mind as Esmeralda reaches the top. She looks at Wade, at the inflatable crow, at the other sack. Then she smiles.

Esmeralda von Krauss: "Oh, dahling."

She grabs the purple-ribboned sack. Wade finally rips the bird away. The enormous inflatable creature tumbles down the cage, bouncing off one of the lower platforms. Wade looks at Esmeralda.

Wade Moor: "You knew!"

Esmeralda von Krauss: "Of course I knew."

She opens the sack, and the CWF Chaos Championship drops into her hands. Wade lunges forward frantically, but Esmeralda ducks through. The Florida Man slams into the cage wall. Esmeralda von Krauss pulls the championship free and swings the belt into the side of Wade's head. Wade collapses, but Esmeralda doesn't stop. She grabs him by the head and drives him face-first into the steel. Again. Again. The Tag Team champion slumps against the cage. Esmeralda looks at the championship in her hands, emotion clearly running through her. She smiles, then she raises it above her head.

DING DING DING!

The Garden erupts.

Jim Gunt: "ESMERALDA VON KRAUSS HAS DONE IT!"

Mike Rolash: "SHE'S THE CHAOS CHAMPION!"

Jim Gunt: "From the gauntlet, through the Last Person Standing match, through this insane multi-tiered cage, Esmeralda von Krauss has survived everything!"

Mike Rolash: "She wanted chaos! She wanted unpredictability! She wanted a match nobody had ever seen before! And somehow she was the one person who actually understood how to survive it!"

Amelia climbs through the tiers of the cage and reaches Esmeralda. She looks at the championship, then at Esmeralda.

Amelia: "Well..."

Esmeralda slowly lowers the championship.

Amelia: "You actually did it."

Esmeralda smiles.

Esmeralda von Krauss: "I told you I was going to."

Amelia looks down toward Wade, who is slowly stirring.

Amelia: "Congratulations, dahling."

Esmeralda raises the CWF Chaos Championship high above her head, the purple-and-silver plate spins beneath the lights. The crowd rains down a mixture of boos and cheers as Esmeralda stands atop the highest level of the bizarre steel structure, championship held proudly overhead. Wade Moor finally gets to his feet several levels below, staring upward at the woman who just outsmarted him.

Esmeralda looks down at him and taps the spinning championship plate.

Esmeralda von Krauss: "Chaos, dahling."

She smiles.

Esmeralda von Krauss: "It's all about knowing where to stand when everything falls apart."

The cage begins to rise slowly toward the rafters, revealing the destruction left behind below. Paul Freedom is still sitting against the ropes looking confused, Azrael Caduceus is being helped toward the backstage area, and Wade Moor stands in the center of the ring staring up at the new champion. Esmeralda remains on the highest platform as the championship rests against her shoulder.

Jim Gunt: "What a way to crown the first-ever CWF Chaos Champion."

Mike Rolash: "I don't even know what we just watched, Jimbo."

Jim Gunt: "I don't either."

Mike Rolash: "Good. Then they got it right."

Esmeralda von Krauss raises the championship one final time as the TD Garden lights explode into violent purple and silver. Confetti rains down from the rafters while the new champion stands above the wreckage, smiling coldly. The camera pulls back and the CWF Chaos Championship spins. Esmeralda von Krauss stands beneath it, and Wrestle Fest V continues toward its final moments with the newest champion in CWF looking down upon everyone else.

JD Riot vs. Kyle Bright

Match

The camera sweeps across the TD Garden, capturing a sight that only happens once a year in CWF.

Thousands upon thousands of fans fill the historic Boston arena, signs raised high, championship banners hanging above the crowd, and the unmistakable energy of Wrestle Fest filling every inch of the building. The biggest night on the CWF calendar has arrived once again, and every single competitor walking through that curtain knows they are stepping into a moment that can define their career forever. The pyro erupts above the entrance stage, sending waves of fire and light into the air as the cameras continue to pan around the sold-out crowd.

Jim Gunt: "Ladies and gentlemen...welcome to WRESTLE FEST V!"

Mike Rolash: "The biggest night of the year, Jim. The night where careers are made, legends are born, and where some people find out very quickly that they might not belong on this stage."

Jim Gunt: "Every competitor tonight has earned their place here, Mike. This is what Wrestle Fest is all about. The best of CWF, the biggest matches, and the moments that fans will be talking about for years to come."

Mike Rolash: "Sure, sure. Inspirational speech number one of the night from Jim Gunt. Write it down, everybody."

Jim Gunt: "You know what? I'm actually surprised you aren't too busy talking about your favorite group tonight."

Mike Rolash: "The Unstoppable Force? Why would I not be talking about them? Billy Anderson and Tyler Anderson are walking into a huge tag team match later tonight against HVW's Brat Pack, and now their newest member Kyle Bright gets to introduce the world to exactly why that group has become one of the most dangerous forces in professional wrestling."

Jim Gunt: "Kyle Bright has been impressive since joining The Unstoppable Force, but tonight he faces something different. A debut. A first impression. JD Riot has never stepped inside a CWF ring before, and his first opportunity comes at Wrestle Fest."

Mike Rolash: "Which is either the greatest opportunity of his life...or the worst possible decision he has ever made."

The camera cuts back toward the ring where referee Trent Robbins is standing in the center, checking the ropes and making sure everything is ready for the next contest. The longtime CWF official receives a strong ovation from the crowd before turning toward the entrance stage.

Joey Garcia: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall!"

The TD Garden crowd rises, waiting to see who will be the first competitor to make their Wrestle Fest debut. "Die With Me" by Gemini Syndrome hits. The lights dim throughout the arena as a dark red glow spreads across the entrance stage. The opening notes echo through the TD Garden before JD Riot appears at the top of the ramp. For a brief moment, he simply stands there, taking it all in. The massive stage. The thousands of fans. The Wrestle Fest banner hanging above him. This is the moment he has waited for.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first...making his CWF debut tonight...from Nashville, Tennessee...standing at 5'8" and weighing 215 pounds...The Infamous One...JD RIOT!"

The crowd gives a mixed reaction, but there is a noticeable appreciation from the Boston fans as JD starts walking toward the ring. There is no arrogance in his expression. No overconfidence. Just focus. Trained by Wolfie D, JD Riot knows exactly what kind of opportunity is in front of him. Every step down the ramp feels like another reminder that he has arrived.

Jim Gunt: "What a moment for JD Riot. His first match in CWF, and there are no smaller stages here tonight. There's no easing into things. There's no waiting for a later opportunity. He is standing across from one of the biggest members of The Unstoppable Force at Wrestle Fest."

Mike Rolash: "And that's the problem, Jim. You keep saying opportunity. I see a young man who just walked into the deep end of the pool without knowing how deep the water is."

Jim Gunt: "JD Riot has trained for this moment."

Mike Rolash: "Everybody trains until they get hit by a 6'6", 230-pound problem."

JD slides into the ring and climbs onto the second turnbuckle, looking around the TD Garden as the fans continue reacting. He lowers himself back down, removing his entrance gear before stepping into his corner.

The arena lights suddenly fade and the reaction changes instantly. Boos begin pouring down from the Boston crowd as "Last Man Standing" by Trailer Choir hits. The entrance stage fills with gold and black lights as Kyle Bright slowly steps onto the stage. The Nashville Prince, the newest member of The Unstoppable Force. Kyle takes a moment at the top of the ramp, looking around the arena with a confident expression. Unlike JD Riot, there is no disbelief. No need to soak in the moment. The Nashville Prince believes he belongs here.

Joey Garcia: "And his opponent...representing The Unstoppable Force...from Nashville, Tennessee...standing at 6'6" and weighing 230 pounds...The Nashville Prince...KYLE BRIGHT!"

Kyle begins his walk toward the ring with a slow, deliberate pace, never taking his eyes off JD Riot.

Jim Gunt: "You can feel the confidence coming from Kyle Bright."

Mike Rolash: "Because he knows exactly what he is. The biggest member of The Unstoppable Force. The muscle. The guy who can walk into any situation and change the entire dynamic."

Jim Gunt: "That may be true, but JD Riot has speed and unpredictability on his side."

Mike Rolash: "Speed doesn't mean much when you're flying directly into a brick wall."

Kyle climbs onto the apron and steps through the ropes, immediately moving toward JD. The two men stand across from each other as the size difference becomes obvious. JD looks up at his opponent, Kyle looks down. Neither man

backs away.

Trent Robbins steps between them, giving both competitors final instructions before calling them back to their corners.

Jim Gunt: "The first match of JD Riot's CWF career. The biggest stage possible. And across from him, one of the most physically imposing competitors on this roster."

Mike Rolash: "Welcome to Wrestle Fest, JD."

Trent Robbins checks both corners. The crowd rises for the first singles match of the evening. Finally after taking a moment to look out at the massive sold out crowd packed into the TD Garden for CWF's biggest PPV of all time, the head official calls for the bell.

DING DING DING!

JD Riot immediately refuses to let Kyle Bright dictate the pace.

The Nashville native explodes out of his corner, ducking underneath a massive right hand from Kyle before firing back with a rapid series of forearm strikes to the body. Kyle takes a step backward, surprised more than hurt, as JD continues pressing forward with a forearm. Another.

JD follows it with a sharp knee strike to the midsection that forces Kyle to bend slightly, and the debuting competitor quickly grabs the arm and sends Kyle toward the ropes. Kyle rebounds, running at full speed. JD drops down just in time. Kyle leaps over him. JD turns around and catches him with a slingblade! The TD Garden crowd comes alive as Kyle rolls across the mat and JD quickly moves in, looking to capitalize.

Jim Gunt: "JD Riot came here tonight to make an impact!"

Mike Rolash: "Okay, I'll admit it. The kid has some fire."

Jim Gunt: "A strong opening from The Infamous One. He knows he cannot allow Kyle Bright to get comfortable."

JD charges forward as Kyle rises to his feet and catches him with another forearm smash, rocking the bigger man back into the corner. JD continues the attack, driving shoulder strikes into Kyle's ribs before grabbing his arm and whipping him across the ring. JD follows him in.

Running knee strike!

Kyle hits the turnbuckles hard. The crowd erupts as JD climbs quickly to the middle rope, looking down at the man from The Unstoppable Force. For a brief moment, Wrestle Fest is watching the birth of a potential new CWF star. JD launches himself through the air.

DIVING CROSSBODY—

NO.

Kyle Bright catches him out of the air. The entire arena gasps as Bright holds JD across his chest, standing completely upright as if the smaller man weighs nothing.

Jim Gunt: "OH MY GOD!"

Mike Rolash: "There's the problem I was talking about!"

The Nashville Prince takes two steps forward and launches JD Riot across the ring with a violent fallaway slam. JD crashes to the canvas as Kyle stands over him, the momentum of the match changing in an instant.

Jim Gunt: "Kyle Bright just changed everything with one move."

Mike Rolash: "Welcome to The Unstoppable Force, JD Riot."

The impact of the fallaway slam sends JD Riot rolling across the canvas, clutching at his back as he tries to get his bearings. The TD Garden crowd, which had been firmly behind the debuting competitor moments ago, watches as Kyle Bright slowly rises back to his feet.

The Nashville Prince doesn't rush. Standing at 6'6", Kyle looks down at JD like a man who has already figured out the answer to the equation in front of him.

Jim Gunt: "Kyle Bright has taken control of this match in a hurry. JD Riot came out with a tremendous amount of energy, but all it takes is one mistake against someone with the power and size of Kyle Bright."

Mike Rolash: "And that's why experience matters, Jim. JD Riot has all the heart in the world, but heart doesn't stop a 230-pound man from throwing you halfway across the ring."

JD pushes himself up to one knee, shaking his head as Kyle begins stalking toward him. The Nashville Prince reaches down, grabbing JD by the arm and pulling him up to his feet before launching a heavy forearm across the chest.

JD stumbles backward, right into another forearm. Another. Kyle backs JD into the corner, unloading with a series of hard body shots that force referee Trent Robbins to step in and demand a clean break.

Trent Robbins: "Come on, Kyle! Break it up!"

Kyle Bright raises his hands, backing away with a confident smirk. JD tries to use the opportunity to catch his breath, but Kyle isn't giving him any time. The moment JD steps away from the corner, Kyle charges forward.

BIG BOOT!

JD ducks underneath at the last possible second. Kyle turns around. JD fires back with a desperation forearm smash, then another.

The crowd begins rallying behind The Infamous One as he strings together strikes against the much larger opponent. JD hits the ropes, looking for momentum, and connects with a running knee strike that catches Kyle flush under the jaw. The Nashville Prince staggers in a daze. JD sees the opening. He moves quickly, grabbing Kyle's head and dropping him down with a slingblade for the second time in the match.

Jim Gunt: "JD Riot refusing to stay down! This young man is fighting with everything he has!"

Mike Rolash: "I'll give him credit. He's tougher than I expected. The problem is, Kyle Bright is still standing."

JD knows he needs to keep moving. He climbs back to his feet and immediately heads toward the ropes. The TD Garden crowd rises as JD points toward the turnbuckle. He's going airborne. JD Riot climbs rope by rope quickly before launching himself through the air.

MOONSAULT!

NO!

Kyle rolls out of the way!

JD crashes onto the canvas, the momentum carrying him across the ring as Kyle uses the opening to recover.

Jim Gunt: "Nobody home! JD Riot took a huge risk there!"

Mike Rolash: "And Wrestle Fest is where risks become either career-defining moments or career-ending mistakes."

Kyle moves toward JD, pulling him back up by the arm. JD throws a wild right hand, but Kyle catches the wrist and spins him around. The Nashville Prince drives a knee into JD's midsection. He hooks him.

PEPSI PLUNGE!

JD is planted into the canvas. The TD Garden crowd gasps as Kyle rolls JD onto his back and hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The arena explodes as JD Riot gets the shoulder up.

Jim Gunt: "JD Riot survives!"

Mike Rolash: "Survives is the key word there. He isn't winning this match right now. He is surviving."

Kyle Bright looks down at JD with a mixture of frustration and respect. He expected the match to already be over, but the debuting competitor continues refusing to stay down. Kyle grabs JD Riot by the hair and pulls him back to his feet. JD barely has enough time to stand before Kyle blasts him with a massive right hand. He drops back to the mat as Kyle Bright steps over him, looking out toward the crowd as the boos rain down.

Mike Rolash: "Look at that. That's the confidence of a guy who knows exactly who he is."

Jim Gunt: "Kyle Bright has been impressive tonight, but he cannot afford to become complacent. JD Riot has shown he only needs one opening."

Kyle grabs JD again, lifting him up and pulling him toward the center of the ring.

He hooks the arms, but JD fights back. The debuting competitor throws elbows backward, trying desperately to escape.

One elbow. Two. Three.

Kyle releases the hold. JD turns around immediately.

SUPERKICK!

NO!

Kyle Bright catches the leg. JD's eyes widen as the massive Unstoppable Force member spins him around.

CHECKMATE!

The spinning bulldog connects with full force. JD Riot is completely planted. Kyle rolls him over and hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

The bell echoes throughout the TD Garden as "Last Man Standing" begins playing over the speakers.

Joey Garcia: "Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner by pinfall...KYLE BRIGHT!"

The crowd rains down boos as Kyle Bright pushes himself back to his feet. Trent Robbins raises his arm, and The Nashville Prince looks down at JD Riot, who is slowly beginning to sit up. For a moment, Kyle simply stares at him, then he gives a small nod. Not out of friendship or respect, out of recognition.

Jim Gunt: "A hard-fought debut for JD Riot, but tonight belonged to Kyle Bright."

Mike Rolash: "And that is exactly what The Unstoppable Force needed. Their newest member just walked onto the biggest stage in CWF and proved he belongs."

Jim Gunt: "JD Riot showed tremendous heart tonight. He showed he can hang with the best this company has to offer,

but Kyle Bright's size, power, and experience were simply too much."

Mike Rolash: "The Unstoppable Force has already made an impact tonight, and remember, Billy Anderson and Tyler Anderson still have a major tag team match later against The Brat Pack."

Jim Gunt: "A statement victory for Kyle Bright here at Wrestle Fest V."

Kyle steps through the ropes and climbs onto the turnbuckle, looking out over the TD Garden crowd as the boos continue. He raises one arm into the air, soaking in the reaction. On the outside, JD Riot sits against the bottom rope, disappointed but determined. His first night in CWF did not end the way he wanted.

But Wrestle Fest V has officially introduced The Infamous One to the CWF Universe, and it has officially announced the arrival of Kyle Bright.

The camera fades away from the ring as Wrestle Fest V continues.

#BeachKrew (c) (Jared Holmes & Wade Moor) vs. The Regulators (Adam Hansen & Lex Collins)

Match

The lights inside TD Garden dim as the enormous Wrestle Fest V stage disappears into darkness, the roar of more than eighteen thousand fans rolling through the building like a living thing. The CWF Tag Team Championships are held high at ringside as the camera sweeps across the audience, signs raised everywhere from the lower bowl to the rafters. The biggest show in CWF history has already delivered one unforgettable moment after another, but the atmosphere changes when the ring announcer steps into the center of the ring.

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

Jim Gunt: "We have talked about this match for the last few weeks now, Mike, and I don't think anybody could have predicted just how much this particular championship contest has grown. Two weeks ago, The Regulators walked into CWF and challenged #BeachKrew to this match, and tonight they have the opportunity to leave Boston as CWF Tag Team Champions."

Mike Rolash: "And I still maintain that walking into somebody else's company, challenging the champions and then actually having to back it up is the stupidest possible way to make an introduction."

Jim Gunt: "They've backed it up pretty well in Heroes & Villains Wrestling."

Mike Rolash: "That's HVW. This is CWF."

Jim Gunt: "Well, tonight we find out if the difference matters."

The opening notes of "obedear" by Purity Ring begin to echo throughout TD Garden. Booming pours down from every section of the arena as golden light floods the entranceway and a procession of golden balloons and streamers begins appearing around the stage. Finally, beneath the glow, comes The Peacock King.

Jared Holmes emerges wearing his extravagant yellow-and-blue Versace-inspired robe, jeweled mask covering his face and the CWF Tag Team Championship draped proudly over his shoulder. The Peacock King pauses at the top of the ramp and spreads his arms wide, soaking in every ounce of hatred as though it were applause.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first...the champions! First, from La Jolla, California, weighing 235 pounds, he is one half of the reigning and defending CWF Tag Team Champions #BeachKrew...THE PEACOCK KING....JARED HOLMES!!"

Jim Gunt: "There is perhaps nobody in CWF better equipped to make eighteen thousand people hate him than Jared Holmes."

Mike Rolash: "And there is perhaps nobody more deserving of it."

Jared slowly walks down the ramp, removing the championship from his shoulder just long enough to raise it toward the crowd before placing it back. He reaches ringside, hands the title off to an official, then removes the mask and robe, revealing the lean, athletic frame beneath. He steps through the ropes and immediately climbs the nearest turnbuckle, raising one hand toward his forehead and displaying the Eye of Providence tattoo on the back of it. The booing gets louder as Jared drops down and turns toward the entrance.

The lights fade as a deep sapphire blue washes over TD Garden. "The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed and Cambria hammers over the speaker system. The response changes completely as Wade Moor appears beneath a lone spotlight, and for perhaps the first time tonight there is a noticeable difference in his presentation. The Hawaiian shirt is open over his gear. His fedora sits low over his head. Sunglasses cover his eyes as he scans the sold out crowd. The crowd immediately cheer the ring veteran.

Jim Gunt: "There he is. The Florida Man!"

Mike Rolash: "He's looking a little worse for wear after that Chaos Championship match earlier."

Jim Gunt: "He certainly does, and folks, I cannot emphasize this enough, Wade Moor went through hell trying to win that championship just two matches ago. That was one of the most physically demanding, absolutely brutal, truly WEIRD matches we've ever seen! House of Fun, four competitors, and Moor made it right to the end before losing to Esmeralda von Krauss, who became the new Chaos Champion!"

Mike Rolash: "And now he's got to defend the Tag Team Championship immediately afterward. Whoever made this schedule should probably be investigated."

Joey Garcia: "And his partner! From the Everglades, Florida and weighing 247 pounds... THE GAWDNILLA... WADE MOOR!!"

Wade stops at the top of the ramp, looking around the enormous arena with the same easy grin he always carries, but the camera catches the details that the smile doesn't hide. His face is bruised. One eye is slightly swollen. There is tape across his ribs, dried blood around one shoulder and visible wear across his body from the war he just survived. Wade starts walking with no dramatic sprint. No attempt to hide the fatigue. He simply makes his way toward the ring as though he has done this a thousand times before.

At ringside, Wade climbs onto the apron and wipes the soles of his boots against the edge before stepping through the ropes. He rolls his shoulders, wincing ever so slightly before the grin returns. The Peacock King watches him closely from the corner. Wade takes a second to look over and Jared nods at him. The Florida Man nods back.

Jim Gunt: "I think Jared Holmes understands exactly what kind of night this could be for his partner."

Mike Rolash: "Jared has a Paramount Championship ladder match later tonight against Dangerous Dan. He's got a championship match to worry about himself. Wade just survived House of Fun. These two have every reason in the world to conserve energy."

Jim Gunt: "Except they made a mission out of making sure this match wouldn't play second fiddle to anything else on this card."

Mike Rolash: "That's the problem with ambitious people."

A familiar guitar riff suddenly tears through the building. "Wanted Dead or Alive." Red light floods the entrance, and the crowd erupts again as Adam Hansen steps through the curtain, cowboy hat resting on his head, vest hanging from his shoulders. He stops beneath the Wrestle Fest V logo, looks out across the TD Garden crowd and gives a loud...

Adam Hansen: "YEEHAW!"

The response is enormous.

Joey Garcia: "And their challengers! First, from The Long Road Ranch, weighing 229 pounds...THE CAROLINA COWBOY....ADAM HANSEN!!"

Adam slaps hands all the way down the ramp, stopping several times to point toward fans wearing his merchandise. At the ring he hops onto the apron, scrapes his boots against the edge and flips over the top rope. He removes his hat and vest, placing both in the corner before turning toward his partner.

The lights drop again as the heartbeat-like opening of "Re-Education (Through Labor)" by Rise Against begins. The response is thunderous as Lex Collins steps onto the stage. He does not pose, nor taunt, he just stands there still. Just a battered veteran standing beneath the lights, taped up and limping slightly, staring toward the ring with the same look of grim determination that has defined more than two decades of his career.

Joey Garcia: "And his partner! From The Open Road, weighing 202 pounds...THE OUTSIDER....LEX COLLINS!!"

Lex presses his right fist against his chest and nods once toward the ring, then starts walking right toward it.

Jim Gunt: "Lex Collins has been doing this for twenty-three years, and tonight he has the opportunity to add another chapter to one of the most remarkable careers in this business."

Mike Rolash: "He's also got a chance to make me look like an idiot for doubting The Regulators."

Jim Gunt: "That happens more often than you would think."

Mike Rolash: "I heard that."

Lex reaches ringside, shrugs off his battered vest and hands it to a fan at ringside. He hops onto the apron, springing over the ropes despite the slight limp, and immediately begins warming up. Adam and Lex meet in their corner. Across the ring, Jared and Wade stand together. Lex looks across the ring at his opponents for this massive CWF vs. HWV showcase Tag Team Championship match, and a confident Jared Holmes stares back. Adam looks toward Wade, who gives him a little smile. The Carolina Cowboy returns it.

The referee takes the championships from the officials and holds both titles high above his head. The camera lingers on the gold, then the titles are handed off. Wade and Adam step forward as the bell rings.

DING DING DING!

Adam and Wade meet in the center of the ring first, circling each other before locking up. The TD Garden crowd immediately reacts to the collision of two powerful wrestlers, with Adam getting the initial advantage by driving Wade backward a few steps. Wade's boots skid across the canvas before he drops his weight and reverses the momentum, pushing Adam toward the ropes. The referee calls for the break and Wade releases immediately, taking one step backward and raising both hands. Adam gives him a small nod out of respect, which Wade returns.

The two lock up again, this time Adam dropping his weight and twisting into a side headlock. Wade works his hands between Adam's arms, trying to create space, but Adam keeps the pressure tight. Wade eventually shoots him off into the ropes and drops low for a back body drop, only for Adam to grab the ropes and stop himself. Wade turns around and gets rocked by a big boot!

Jim Gunt: "Big boot from Hansen!"

Mike Rolash: "That's what happens when you assume the cowboy is going to cooperate."

Adam pulls Wade up and immediately drives him down with a snap powerslam. He hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Wade rolls onto his side, shockingly the smile is still there. The Carolina Cowboy sits up and looks down at him. Moor gives him a little nod.

Wade Moor: "That one's gonna hurt tomorrow."

Adam Hansen: "Probably."

The GAWDNILLA starts getting up. Adam Hansen grabs him and launches him across the ring with a fallaway slam! Wade lands hard and rolls toward the ropes, clutching his back. Adam doesn't rush after him. Instead, he waits for Wade to rise before stepping in with another big boot attempt.

Wade Moor ducks. He comes around behind Hansen.

Rolling Elbow!

The Carolina Cowboy staggers, nearly losing his footing. Wade grabs him from behind and immediately snaps him over with an Exploder Suplex! His body spikes hard against the canvas, and immediately the crowd come to their feet.

Jim Gunt: "That's the veteran Wade Moor! No wasted motion, no unnecessary theatrics, just waiting for the opening and taking it!"

Mike Rolash: "He's moving pretty well for a man who was being thrown through furniture half an hour ago."

Wade sits up, rubbing the back of his neck, then turns toward Jared for the tag. Holmes reaches through the ropes, and his #BeachKrew teammate slaps his hand. The Peacock King enters, and the crowd immediately rain boos down upon him. Jared wastes no time running toward Adam, only for Hansen to square up. Jared stops short, smiles, and circles around him instead. He approaches from the side and lands a sharp knife-edge chop across Hansen's chest.

WHACK!

Adam barely moves, as the Carolina Cowboy invites him in for another.

WHACK!

Still no effect, as Adam Hansen just smiles back at the normally cocky Peacock King. Jared's smile disappears for half a second. Adam fires back.

WHACK!!!

Jared staggers backward, clutching his chest.

Mike Rolash: "HAHA! Welcome to the Carolina countryside, Jared!"

Jared Holmes responds with a dropkick that catches Hansen squarely in the chest and sends him stumbling into the ropes. Jared is on him immediately, landing a series of rapid punches before whipping him across the ring. Hansen reverses, and Jared hits the ropes and comes flying back with another dropkick! This time Hansen goes down.

Jared springs back to his feet, stalking Adam before grabbing him by the arm and wrenching him into a wristlock. He twists the arm, drops underneath and transitions into a standing arm wringer before snapping a knee into the ribs. Adam doubles over and the champion hooks him.

Butterfly Suplex!

NO!

Hansen blocks it, muscles Jared upward and drops him with a front powerslam!

Jim Gunt: "Carolina Stampede!"

Adam hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Adam Hansen immediately grabs the Peacock King's wrist and drags him toward his corner. Lex reaches out and makes the tag. The Outsider enters and instantly drives a stiff elbow into Jared's jaw. Another. A third. Jared tries to cover up, but Lex changes levels and drives him down into a side slam backbreaker.

MIND KILLER!

Lex Collins doesn't cover. Instead, he grabs Jared's arm and starts working it over, twisting the wrist and then transitioning into a hammerlock. Jared tries to roll through, but Lex follows him and drops a knee across the shoulder.

Lex Collins: "You're not gonna get out of this by being pretty."

Jared responds by kicking Lex directly in the thigh. The Outsider stumbles, immediately grasping for his leg. An opportunistic Holmes scrambles up and lands a sudden superkick to the stomach! Lex doubles over. Jared grabs his head.

Cliché Kick!

Lex catches the leg. Jared twists away! He catches Lex with a leaping DDT from the second rope! Both men crash down as the crowd once again come to their feet.

Jim Gunt: "What a counter!"

Jared Holmes rolls toward his corner. Lex Collins does the same. Both men reach, desperation in their eyes.

TAG!

Wade and Adam enter simultaneously. The crowd are rocking the TD Garden as Wade charges first. Adam meets him. They collide in the center with a double clothesline! Neither falls. Another! Still neither falls. Wade smiles, Adam smirks back at him. Then both men throw their big shots simultaneously. They hit each other again, this time much harder. This time Wade staggers. Adam fires a right hand, Wade answers.

Adam.

Wade.

Adam.

Wade.

The two veterans stand toe-to-toe trading shots as TD Garden gets louder with every strike until Wade suddenly ducks underneath a right hand and catches Adam with a discus clothesline! Adam flips inside out! Wade crawls over for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Adam kicks out! Wade sits up and simply stares at Hansen for a moment, studying him.

Mike Rolash: "There it is. That's what Wade Moor does better than almost anybody. He doesn't panic."

Jim Gunt: "He just studies the problem."

Mike Rolash: "And unfortunately for Adam Hansen, he's the problem."

Wade Moor gets the Carolina Cowboy up and pulls him toward the corner. He fires him hard into the turnbuckles before charging after him with a running corner clothesline! Adam slumps forward, and the Florida Man immediately grabs him.

German Suplex!

Adam lands hard, but Wade keeps hold of him. He pulls him up for another attempt, but Adam blocks! He turns!

Ushigoroshi!

Wade's back crashes across Adam's knee!

Jim Gunt: "Ushigoroshi! Wade's back has been a target since the opening minutes!"

Adam pulls Wade up as the crowd begin a loud "REG-U-LATE-ERS!" chant through the TD Garden.

LONG ROAD HOME!

The ripcord knee catches Wade flush in the face! The Florida Man drops like a sack of bricks. Adam drops with him, going right for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

JARED BREAKS IT UP!

An angry Peacock King drops an elbow across Adam's back, then grabs him by the head and begins throwing punches. Adam shoves him off. Holmes comes right back with a running shooting star press!

At the last possible second, Adam Hansen rolls away!

Jared crashes to the canvas, his body awkwardly thumping against it chest first. Adam grabs him by the waist, yanking the larger Holmes up with ease and twisting him through the air.

Turnpike Powerbomb!

Jared Holmes lands hard on the canvas. The Carolina Cowboy hears the crowd screaming all around him. He knows the time is now to make a statement, and he looks to do just that by dropping down for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Wade breaks it up!

The crowd erupt into boos as Adam gets to his feet, frustrated but controlled.

Mike Rolash: "This is becoming a problem."

Jim Gunt: "For whom?"

Mike Rolash: "Everybody!"

The referee gets between the competitors as Jared rolls toward his corner. Jared pulls himself to the apron, breathing heavily. He reaches out and makes the tag. The Florida Man enters and Adam Hansen immediately charges. Moor ducks a clothesline and hits the ropes. He comes back with a running knee. Adam drops to one knee! The Florida Man hits another! Hansen staggers backward, leaving Moor to make another quick tag out to the Peacock King.

Jared Holmes comes in and grabs him by the head to send him into the ropes. Adam rebounds off the ropes and Jared catches him!

Airplane Spin Toss!

Adam Hansen goes sailing across the ring and lands hard on his back! Jared Holmes sits down on the mat, breathing heavily, before slowly rising.

Jim Gunt: "The Peacock King is taking over here!"

Mike Rolash: "And he's going to need every ounce of energy he has because he still has a Paramount Championship ladder match later tonight!"

Jared pulls Adam up, but he fires a right hand. The Tag champ blocks it.

European uppercut!

Adam rocks backward, and Jared follows with another! And another! Adam finally catches him with a knee to the stomach. Jared doubles over and The Carolina Cowboy wastes no time in hooking him.

Fallaway Slam!

Jared flies across the ring. Adam rolls toward his corner.

TAG!

Lex Collins enters as the Peacock King struggles to get up. Lex blasts him with a stiff elbow! Jared spins, looking for one of his own, but the Outsider grabs him.

AD HOMINEM!

The headlock driver plants Jared into the canvas!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Peacock King kicks out! Lex doesn't react emotionally. He simply sits up, takes a breath and grabs Jared by the wrist.

Lex Collins: "Again."

He pulls Jared up, but his opponent suddenly fires a forearm! Lex answers! Jared! Lex! Jared! Lex! The exchange becomes increasingly violent until Jared catches Lex with a knee and follows with a superkick. Lex stumbles backward as the Peacock King dashes towards him. Lex ducks through, and Holmes lands on the apron. Lex turns and Jared launches himself back through the ropes.

RUNNING SHOOTING STAR PRESS!

Lex rolls at the last second. Jared crashes! Lex immediately grabs him from behind!

DAMAGED GOODS!

The snap sit-out Uranage sends Jared crashing into the canvas. The Outsider hooks the leg, hoping to start off his massive weekend of pro wrestling PPVs right.

ONE!

TWO!

WADE BREAKS IT UP!

Wade is immediately back on his feet, but the exhaustion is beginning to show now. His breathing is heavier. His movements are just a little slower. His face is bruised from the House of Fun match and the Chaos Championship still sits at ringside, a reminder of the war he already survived tonight. Jared crawls toward him, and Wade reaches through.

TAG!

Wade enters just as Lex rises. The Florida Man catches him with a rolling elbow! Lex staggers, nearly losing his footing. Wade grabs him!

Snap Powerslam!

Wade doesn't cover. He looks around, the TD Garden crowd is roaring. The GAWDNILLA points right at Lex Collins.

Wade Moor: "Come on."

Lex nods at him, and the two charge each other. Wade ducks under a punch and catches Lex around the waist!

Release Uranage!

Lex lands hard! Wade rolls through and immediately grabs him again.

Pop-Up Sit-Out Powerbomb!

NO!

Lex slips free. He lands behind Wade! Moor turns, already knowing what's awaiting him.

STIFF ELBOW!

Wade staggers back several feet. Lex grabs the arm to pull him back in. Kimura attempt, but Moor rolls through. He gets to his knees.

BLACKWATER KNEE!

NO!

Lex ducks at the last moment. Wade spins around, but Adam Hansen reaches through the ropes!

TAG!

The GAWDNILLA doesn't see it until it's too late. Adam enters behind him and lands a massive forearm across the back. Wade turns around, completely exhausted and beat him as the Carolina Cowboy grabs him.

COWBOY STAMPEDE!

The front powerslam drives Wade into the canvas. Adam drops to his knees, fully exhausted himself, but as he looks out at the sold out crowd cheering him on, a smile comes across his face as he makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Adam Hansen sits back in disbelief, breathing hard. He looks toward Lex, his stablemate is already reaching. Tag. Lex Collins enters. Jared is back on the apron, calling for Wade to move toward him. Wade starts crawling towards him, but the Outsider grabs his ankle. Moor attempts to kick him off, but Lex catches the leg. Suddenly the Florida Man spins out of it, landing right behind his opponent and pulling his head backward toward him.

Dragon Sleeper!

Lex does his best to fight out of it, but Wade rolls through with a gator roll, the Outsider still in hand. Wade Moor yanks his opponent back up, looking for another one, but the Outsider drills him with an elbow to the kidney. Another. The GAWDNILLA shifts, and catches Lex with an arm wringer. Wade yanks him down!

Dragon Sleeper again!

Lex claws toward the ropes, desperately looking to make the tag. The crowd is roaring as he reaches. Looking to put an end to his second match of the evening, Moor tightens the hold as best as he can. It's not enough though, as Lex gets his fingers on the bottom rope! The referee begins the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Wade releases immediately.

Jim Gunt: "Excellent ring awareness from Wade Moor. He didn't need to be told twice."

Wade pulls Lex up and hooks him!

Deep End!

NO!

Lex slips down the side. Wade turns, eyes widening as the Outsider grabs him!

BRICKS!

The sudden right hook catches Wade. The Tag Team champion staggers backward, and Lex moves in!

READY TO FALL!

No, Wade Moor blocks it. He shoves Lex forward. The Outsider crashes into the corner, and Wade follows him right in. Running corner clothesline! Lex's body buckles! Wade grabs him, pulling him in.

Release German!

Lex flips and lands on his feet. Wade turns, and Collins kicks the leg. The Tag champ drops to one knee, the crowd coming to their feet sensing the end may be near. Lex Collins grabs the head!

Leaping DDT from the second rope!

Wade Moor's body twerks through the air at impossible velocity before his head spikes right on the canvas. Lex covers!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

NO!

Wade Moor kicks out at the last second, and the crowd erupts. Lex sits up, breathing heavily. He doesn't complain or argue, he simply looks down at his opponent.

Lex Collins: "You are one stubborn son of a bitch."

Wade slowly rolls onto his side, the grin returning.

Wade Moor: "You too."

Lex Collins almost laughs, then he yanks Moor up. Adam reaches out.

TAG!

The Carolina Cowboy enters, and Wade is barely standing. Adam grabs him.

Ushigoroshi!

Wade's back crashes against the knee. He rolls away, but Adam Hansen doesn't let him get far. He grabs Wade by the wrist.

Long Road Home!

The ripcord knee smashes into the back of Wade's head. Wade drops to his knees, and Adam pulls him up again!

Turnpike Powerbomb!

Wade is launched upward before he crashes down. The TD Garden crowd comes unglued! Adam covers!

ONE!

TWO!

JARED BREAKS IT UP!

Jared dives into the ring and catches Adam with a knee to the back! Adam rolls away, and Holmes immediately begins throwing punches. Adam does his best to cover up, but Jared grabs him.

Butterfly Suplex!

Adam blocks. He drives Jared backward. The Tag Team champion hits the ropes, rebounding at full speed, but the Carolina Cowboy catches him! Fallaway Slam! Jared crashes! Adam turns to see Wade is slowly getting up. He charges toward him.

BIG BOOT!

Wade ducks, and Adam's leg catches the ropes. The GAWDNILLA spins!

DISCUS CLOTHESLINE!

Adam falls hard immediately. Wade drops onto one knee himself, as his partner reaches out. Wade crawls, Adam crawls. Both teams are reaching!

TAG!

Jared enters, Lex enters, and the two collide in the center. Lex throws a punch, but Jared ducks! Holmes lands a chop. Lex Collins answers with an elbow. Jared catches Lex with a dropkick!

Lex hits the ropes, Jared charges. Lex sidesteps and Jared crashes into the turnbuckles. The Outsider grabs him from behind!

MIND KILLER!

Jared lands spine first across the backbreaker. Lex covers!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jared Holmes somehow kicks out. Lex immediately transitions into the Fujiwara armbar. Jared screams!

Jim Gunt: "Fujiwara armbar! Lex has that arm trapped!"

Jared twists, trying to get out of the submission hold, but the Outsider keeps the pressure. Jared crawls, desperately digging into the canvas until his fingers find the bottom rope. Lex releases and Jared rolls away, clutching his arm. Collins gets to his feet and Holmes suddenly springs forward!

Cliché Kick!

Collins catches him. Holmes twists!

BABYMAKER!

Electric chair drop into the punt! Lex crashes in an unconscious heap! Jared falls on top, barely able to make the count but luckily enough to have fallen right onto it.

ONE!

TWO!

ADAM BREAKS IT UP!

Mike Rolash: "That might have been it!"

Jim Gunt: "It absolutely could have been! Adam Hansen saved The Regulators!"

Jared Holmes rolls away and pounds the mat in frustration. Adam helps his stablemate to his feet. Holmes turns toward them and charges. Hansen catches him with a swinging neckbreaker!

Wade comes in. Adam Hansen swings wildly toward him, but Wade ducks. He catches the Carolina Cowboy with an Exploder! No, somehow Adam lands on his feet! Wade turns, shock written all over his face. Lex is waiting!

BRICKS!

The right hook catches the Florida Man. He stumbles backward and Collins grabs him. Wade tries to fight out of it one more time, but Lex drives an elbow into his face. Wade drops to one knee. Lex goes for the Fujiwara, and again Wade rolls through!

Both men scramble up Wade catches Lex!

THE DEEP END!

NO!

As Wade Moor goes to lift his opponent up, his legs buckle. His back gives out. For the first time all night, the smile disappears as Wade drops Collins. The Outsider lands on his feet!

Jim Gunt: "Wade's legs gave out!"

Mike Rolash: "That House of Fun match is finally catching up with him!"

Wade turns and Adam Hansen is already there!

CAROLINA STAMPEDE!

The front powerslam absolutely plants Moor onto the canvas. Adam Hansen doesn't cover immediately, instead, he grabs Wade and hauls him upright!

TURNPIKE POWERBOMB!

Wade is launched into the air before crashing violently onto the canvas. Adam finally covers!

ONE!

TWO!

JARED BREAKS IT UP!

The TD Garden crowd erupts again! Jared pulls Adam off Wade and begins throwing punches, but Adam catches him with a forearm. Jared staggers but the Carolina Cowboy pulls him right back in. No, Holmes reverses out of it. The Carolina Cowboy is sent toward the ropes. He stops himself half way there, and Jared huffs and charges in. Adam ducks, Jared goes over the top rope. But Jared catches the top rope and lands on the apron!

Adam Hansen turns as Holmes springs back! The Carolina Cowboy catches him!

Fallaway Slam!

Holmes lands hard! Hansen turns back toward Wade Moor. The GAWDNILLA is still on his knees. Adam Hansen grabs him, as his partner is already climbing to the second rope!

Jim Gunt: "The Regulators have Wade exactly where they want him!"

Mike Rolash: "And look at Lex!"

Hansen grabs Moor around the waist as Collins launches! A flying forearm catches Wade in the face at the exact moment Adam drives him backward with the Cowboy Stampede, creating a brutal tandem collision that sends Wade crashing onto his back!

Jim Gunt: "WHAT A DOUBLE TEAM MOVE!"

Mike Rolash: "That's it! That's gotta be it!"

Adam immediately rolls toward his corner!

TAG!

Lex is in! Wade Moor barely moves as the Outsider stands over him. The crowd realizes what's coming as Collins backs into the ropes. He waits patiently as Wade slowly rises to his knees. Finally the Regulator charges!

BRICKS!

The sudden knockout right hook catches Wade flush Wade's body goes limp, but Lex doesn't let him fall, pulling him in yet again!

READY TO FALL!

The swinging reverse STO drives Moor face-first into the canvas. Lex Collins hooks both legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

For a moment, the entire building seems to freeze. Then the TD Garden ERUPTS.

Joey Garcia: "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN... YOUR WINNERS... AND NEEEEEEW CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS... THE REGULATORS!"

The reaction is deafening.vAdam Hansen slides into the ring and immediately grabs his partner around the shoulders. Lex Collins doesn't celebrate wildly. He simply sits on the canvas for a moment, breathing heavily, looking

at the championship belt being handed toward him. Adam reaches for his, the two men stare at the titles for a moment before Adam lets out a laugh. Lex shakes his head. The Carolina Cowboy raises his championship high, and the Outsider follows.

Fireworks explode from the stage.

Golden pyrotechnics erupt from both sides of the entranceway as silver sparks cascade from the Wrestle Fest V set. The TD Garden crowd is standing as one, roaring as The Regulators stand in the middle of the ring with the CWF Tag Team Championships raised above their heads.

Jim Gunt: "THE REGULATORS HAVE DONE IT! ADAM HANSEN AND LEX COLLINS HAVE DEFEATED #BEACHKREW AND THEY ARE THE NEW CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS!"

Mike Rolash: "I don't believe it!"

Jim Gunt: "You said you didn't believe they'd win!"

Mike Rolash: "I know what I said!"

Jim Gunt: "Well, you're going to have to believe it now!"

Mike Rolash: "I hate this job."

Jim Gunt: "Look at these two men!"

Adam Hansen stands with one foot on the bottom rope, championship held high, his cowboy hat placed back on his head. Lex stands beside him, bruised, battered and exhausted, raising his own championship with a much quieter satisfaction.

Jim Gunt: "Think about how far The Regulators have come! They walked into CWF two weeks ago and told the champions they wanted the biggest opportunity they could possibly find, and tonight, on the biggest night in CWF history, they have delivered!"

Mike Rolash: "And they didn't sneak their way into this! They didn't steal it! They didn't get lucky! They beat the Tag Team Champions!"

Jim Gunt: "And what a performance from #BeachKrew. Wade Moor came into this match having just survived House of Fun for the Chaos Championship. He was visibly beaten up before the bell even rang, but he and Jared Holmes made damn sure they gave The Regulators everything they had!"

Mike Rolash: "And Jared Holmes has to go through a Paramount Championship ladder match later tonight!"

Jim Gunt: "Which makes what we just witnessed even more impressive. Those two men could have treated this like an obligation. They didn't. They treated it like the CWF Tag Team Championship match at Wrestle Fest V deserved to be treated."

The camera cuts to Wade Moor, still seated against the ropes, looking up at the new champions. The newly won Chaos Championship is brought over to him by an official. Wade takes it, looks down at it for a moment, then looks toward the center of the ring. Jared Holmes is beside him. The Peacock King looks furious as he stares at the two new champions. Wade says something to him that cannot be heard over the crowd. Jared looks back. After a moment, the Peacock King gives a reluctant nod.

Mike Rolash: "I don't think Jared Holmes is going to forget this."

Jim Gunt: "No. But tonight belongs to The Regulators."

The camera returns to the center of the ring as Adam Hansen and Lex Collins are standing shoulder-to-shoulder, their championships held high as fireworks continue exploding behind them.

Jim Gunt: "And this weekend may just be getting started for these two men!"

Mike Rolash: "Oh, don't remind me."

Jim Gunt: "Adam Hansen has another huge challenge coming up at UPRISING's Solstice IV: The Longest Shadow on night two, where he'll step into Total Anarchy Rules against Chad Gilchrist in 'Careful What You Wish For.'"

Mike Rolash: "That is going to be absolute insanity."

Jim Gunt: "And Lex Collins?"

The camera cuts to Lex.

Jim Gunt: "Lex Collins has perhaps the biggest match of his entire weekend tomorrow night, August 8th, at the United Center in Chicago! He will challenge the undefeated HVW World Heavyweight Champion—and CWF legend—Dan 'The Hammer' Highlander in the main event of night one!"

Mike Rolash: "You want to talk about blockbuster weekends? Adam Hansen just became a CWF Tag Team Champion. Lex Collins just became a CWF Tag Team Champion. And tomorrow night Lex Collins gets a shot at Dan Highlander and the HVW World Heavyweight Championship!"

Jim Gunt: "It could be a weekend neither man ever forgets!"

Mike Rolash: "Well, it has already started pretty damn well!"

Jim Gunt: "It certainly has."

The camera pulls farther back, showing the enormous TD Garden standing and cheering while Adam Hansen and Lex Collins continue to hold their new championships overhead. Two men from Heroes & Villains Wrestling. Two veterans who walked into CWF looking for an opportunity. Two challengers who asked for the best team in the division. And now?

The Regulators are the CWF Tag Team Champions.

Jim Gunt: "From The Long Road Ranch and The Open Road...from Heroes & Villains Wrestling to the very top of the CWF Tag Team Division...Adam Hansen and Lex Collins have arrived."

Mike Rolash: "And everybody else just got put on notice."

Another massive burst of fireworks erupts over the Wrestle Fest V stage. The camera fades on The Regulators standing together in the center of the ring, championship gold held high, as the TD Garden continues to shake around them.

SOLSTICE IV

Segment

UPRISING PRESENTS SOLSTICE IV LIVE FROM THE UNITED CENTER IN CHICAGO, ILLINOIS OVER TWO NIGHTS! Aug. 8th & 9th, catch it LIVE!

The Unstoppable Force (Billy & Tyler Anderson) vs. The Brat Pack (Adrian Ward & Leyla Martinez)

Match

The cameras sweep across the packed TD Garden in Boston, Massachusetts, the Wrestle Fest V set glowing around the ring as thousands of fans remain on their feet following the previous contest. The energy inside the building has barely had time to settle when the familiar opening guitar riff of "I Could Kick Your Ass" by Justin Moore hits the speakers.

Jim Gunt: "Ladies and gentlemen, we continue Wrestle Fest V with another showcase match, and this one has become

considerably more personal over the last two weeks."

Mike Rolash: "That's one way to put it. The Brat Pack invaded CWF, embarrassed the Andersons on their own show, then beat them again on Tuesday night in Heroes & Villains Wrestling. At this point, I'm not sure bragging rights even covers what's happening here."

Billy Anderson steps through the curtain first, followed by his younger brother Tyler. Billy immediately raises one fist toward the TD Garden crowd while Tyler looks much more focused, his eyes fixed on the ring. There is no playing around from either man tonight. They slap hands along the barricade as they make their way down the ramp, with Billy occasionally pointing toward the ring while Tyler never takes his eyes off the opposite entrance.

Joey Garcia: "The following match is a showcase match between CWF vs. HVW! Introducing first, the tag team of Billy and Tyler Anderson....THE UNSTOPPABLE FORCE!!"

Jim Gunt: "The Unstoppable Force have had enough. Billy and Tyler Anderson have been wrestling together for years, they've been champions together, they've been through just about everything a team can go through, and they have made it very clear that they are not leaving Boston tonight without evening the score."

Mike Rolash: "Except they have to actually win this time. That's usually the difficult part."

Billy climbs onto the apron and raises his fist again before stepping through the ropes. Tyler follows, and the brothers meet in their corner, exchanging a quick nod. The lights suddenly change as the opening of "Burn In My Light" by Mercy Drive gives way to a chorus of boos. The Brat Pack emerge. Adrian Ward walks out first with that same smug expression he carried into their HVW victory, while Leyla Martinez follows closely behind, smiling as she looks around at the hostile Boston crowd. Neither seems remotely bothered by the reaction.

Joey Garcia: "And their opponents, representing Heroes & Villains Wrestling, the tag team of Adrian Ward and Leyla Martinez....THE BRAT PACK!!"

Jim Gunt: "And here come the men and woman who have made it their mission to get under the skin of the Anderson family."

Mike Rolash: "They've succeeded."

Adrian and Leyla slowly make their way down the ramp, occasionally pointing toward the Andersons as though reminding them exactly what happened Tuesday night. Adrian climbs onto the apron and steps through the ropes while Leyla slips underneath the bottom rope. The two teams meet in the center. Billy looks toward Adrian and extends his hand. Adrian stares at it before turning to Leyla. Leyla shrugs, and Adrian turns away. The crowd erupts in boos.

Jim Gunt: "Well, so much for sportsmanship."

Mike Rolash: "Did you honestly expect Adrian Ward to shake his hand?"

Jim Gunt: "No. I was hoping he'd surprise me."

Referee Trent Robbins gets between the four competitors, giving both teams a final warning before sending them to their respective corners before calling for the bell.

DING DING DING!

Tyler Anderson and Adrian Ward begin the contest, and Tyler immediately steps toward the center of the ring. Adrian circles him, measuring the younger Anderson before the two finally lock up. Tyler gets the initial advantage, driving Adrian backward toward the ropes and forcing him to break. Trent Robbins calls for the clean separation, and Tyler obliges immediately. Adrian raises his hands. Then, as Tyler turns away, Adrian drives a sharp forearm directly across his upper back.

The crowd boos as Adrian immediately grabs Tyler around the waist and fires him backward with a German Suplex, rolling through and staying attached before pulling him back up for a second. Tyler manages to plant his feet before the third attempt, throwing an elbow backward into Adrian's jaw, but Ward answers by driving a knee into Tyler's stomach and immediately following with a Snap DDT.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: "Tyler Anderson out at two, but Adrian Ward is wasting absolutely no time going back to what worked Tuesday night—attack the body, attack the back, and make Tyler carry his own weight."

Mike Rolash: "It's smart wrestling. Ugly, but smart."

Adrian pulls Tyler up by the back of the neck and deliberately backs him toward the corner. Trent Robbins orders him to break, but Ward holds Tyler there just long enough to drive a shoulder into his stomach before stepping away with his hands raised. Adrian turns toward Leyla and makes the tag. Leyla Martinez flies into the ring and immediately changes the pace.

A Basement Dropkick catches Tyler in the chest, sending him stumbling backward. Leyla springs to her feet, races into the corner and drives a Running Hip Attack into the side of Tyler's head. She backs away, watches him slump into a seated position, then takes another running start. Another hip attack! Tyler's head snaps sideways. Leyla wastes no time and immediately climbs the ropes.

Jim Gunt: "She's going upstairs already!"

SPRINGBOARD MOONSAULT!

TYLER MOVES!

Leyla crashes hard onto the canvas. The crowd erupts as Tyler rolls onto his stomach, crawls toward his corner and reaches, but Adrian grabs his ankle.

Mike Rolash: "Oh, come on!"

Adrian yanks Tyler backward and immediately drops a knee into his spine. Tyler reaches again, but Ward drags him toward the center of the ring and hooks him for another suplex. The Mysterious One blocks it. Adrian tries again. Blocked! Tyler fires a series of elbows into Adrian's ribs before finally breaking free, turning around.

GEORGIA FLAME!

The Stun Gun catches Adrian and sends him staggering across the ring. Tyler dives toward his corner and makes the tag! The TD Garden rises as Billy Anderson comes through the ropes like a man shot out of a cannon.

CLOTHESLINE!

Adrian Ward goes down. Leyla charges frantically into the ring.

ANOTHER CLOTHESLINE!

She gets planted. Adrian tries to recover and gets caught by the arm.

CHECKMATE!

Billy spins Adrian around and drives him into the mat with the Spinning Bulldog!

Jim Gunt: "BILLY ANDERSON HAS CHANGED THE ENTIRE MATCH!"

Mike Rolash: "That's what experience will do for you!"

Billy pulls Adrian up and immediately drills him with a Georgia Rip! The superkick rocks Ward backward. The Unbreakable One backs into the ropes.

SPEAR!

NO!

Adrian Ward twists away at the last possible second and Billy crashes shoulder-first into the turnbuckles. Adrian immediately grabs the ropes, and when Billy turns around, Ward drives a forearm into his face before sending him chest-first into the exposed corner where the top turnbuckle pad has shifted loose.

Jim Gunt: "Adrian Ward using that exposed turnbuckle!"

Mike Rolash: "Exactly what his scouting report says he'll do! Work smarter, not harder!"

Adrian smiles as Billy staggers backward. Ward hooks him.

OLYMPIC SLAM!

The eldest Anderson brother hits hard, and Adrian quickly covers.

ONE!

TWO!

TYLER BREAKS IT UP!

The crowd erupts as Tyler dives across the ring. Adrian immediately begins arguing with Trent Robbins, gesturing toward the ropes and insisting Tyler was illegal. Leyla uses the distraction to grab Billy by the ankle and pull him toward their corner.

Mike Rolash: "Look at Leyla!"

Jim Gunt: "That's not exactly legal!"

Mike Rolash: "I didn't say it was!"

Leyla tags herself in and climbs to the middle rope as Adrian holds Billy in place. She looks out at the screaming crowd for a moment, scoffs, and launches herself through the air.

FLYING CROSSBODY!

No, at the last second Billy twists away. Leyla crashes into Adrian, and The Brat Pack collide!

Billy rolls away and reaches for his brother.

TAG!

Tyler enters! Adrian stumbles forward and Tyler meets him with a Piledriver! He immediately covers.

ONE!

TWO!

LEYLA BREAKS THE COVER!

Tyler gets up immediately, but Leyla Martinez blasts him with a Thrust Kick that catches him across the jaw. She follows with a Hurricanrana, sending Tyler tumbling toward the ropes. Leyla turns toward the corner. She points to Adrian and he nods. The Brat Pack begin setting up a double-team maneuver. Tyler pulls himself up, but Leyla charges first. Tyler catches her!

GEORGIA LIGHTS!

The Lou Thesz Press sends Leyla crashing down as Tyler rains down punches. The crowd comes alive as Adrian rushes in, but the Mysterious One sees him.

GEORGIA ROUNDUP!

RKO!

NO!

Adrian shoves Tyler away and catches him with a European Uppercut. Tyler staggers and Adrian hooks him!

BACKSTABBER!

ONE!

TWO!

BILLY BREAKS IT UP!

Jim Gunt: "BILLY SAVES HIS BROTHER!"

Mike Rolash: "And that might have been the match if he didn't!"

Billy Anderson grabs Adrian and starts throwing heavy punches. The HVW stalwart fires back. The two begin trading blows in the center of the ring while Leyla and Tyler recover on opposite sides. Adrian lands a forearm, and Billy answers with a right hand. Adrian fires another. Billy catches him with a Clothesline From Hell! The TD Garden erupts as Adrian rolls toward the ropes. Billy follows him in, grabbing Ward by the back of the head and starts dragging him up.

Adrian suddenly drives a thumb into Billy's eye!

Jim Gunt: "Oh!"

Mike Rolash: "There it is!"

Billy stumbles backward, covering his eye. Adrian immediately shoves him through the ropes and turns around.

TYLER ANDERSON!

Adrian Ward doesn't see him coming. Tyler drives him backward with a brutal Georgia Kick! The Brat Pack member collapses. Leyla charges Tyler from behind, but he turns just in time to see her.

GEORGIA ROUNDUP!

RKO!

No, Leyla escapes and lands on her feet. She immediately springs onto the ropes!

LEY 'EM DOWN!

Tyler Anderson catches her! He spins her around and drops her with a Georgia Flame! Leyla rolls under the bottom rope, trying to escape. Tyler turns back toward Adrian Ward. Adrian is on his knees as the younger Anderson brother slowly walks toward him. The crowd begins to rise.

Jim Gunt: "Adrian Ward has nowhere to go!"

Adrian reaches for the ropes, but Anderson grabs him. Ward fires a desperate European Uppercut, and Tyler absorbs it. Another! Tyler stays standing. Adrian swings again, but this time Tyler Anderson ducks out underneath. He grabs both arms.

Mike Rolash: "OH NO!"

Tyler drives Adrian into the corner and begins absolutely stomping a mudhole into him!

GEORGIA BLOOD!

The crowd counts along with every stomp.

"ONE!"

"TWO!"

"THREE!"

"FOUR!"

"FIVE!"

Tyler drags Adrian out of the corner. He is barely standing as the Mysterious One hooks both arms.

Jim Gunt: "GEORGIA BOMB!"

DOUBLE UNDERHOOK DDT!

Adrian Ward is planted directly on the canvas! Tyler rolls him over and hooks both legs!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

The TD Garden erupts.

Joey Garcia: "Ladies and gentlemen, your winners by pinfall...BILLY AND TYLER ANDERSON...THE UNSTOPPABLE FORCE!!"

Tyler rolls onto his back, exhausted, staring up at the lights for a moment before sitting up. Billy slides back into the ring and immediately grabs his brother, pulling him to his feet. The crowd continues roaring as the camera cuts to ringside. Stormee Bright Anderson is standing and applauding wildly. Beside her, Dakota Bright is cheering, while Kyle Bright, fresh off his own victory earlier tonight over the debuting JD Riot, is shouting toward the ring.

And then there is Jamie Bright Anderson. Tyler's pregnant wife is standing at ringside, absolutely beaming. Tyler spots her, his exhausted expression breaks into a huge smile as he points toward Jamie. She points back at him. Tyler taps his heart. Jamie places one hand over her stomach and raises the other toward him. The moment draws a massive reaction from the Boston crowd.

Jim Gunt: "Look at that scene at ringside. That means everything to Tyler Anderson."

Mike Rolash: "He just won a grudge match at Wrestle Fest against a team that embarrassed him Tuesday night, and the first person he's looking for is his wife."

Billy raises Tyler's arm as Kyle climbs into the ring. Dakota follows. Stormee enters last, and suddenly the entire Anderson family is standing together in the center of the Wrestle Fest V ring. The crowd cheers them on.

Jim Gunt: "The Anderson family came to Boston looking for redemption, and tonight they got it!"

Mike Rolash: "The Brat Pack thought they were walking into CWF and taking over. They beat the Andersons once in HWW, they invaded Infernal, they talked their trash, and tonight Tyler Anderson just pinned Adrian Ward in the middle

of the ring!"

Jim Gunt: "And that's what this was about. No championship. No tournament points. No number-one contendership. Just pride. Just bragging rights."

The camera finds Adrian Ward and Leyla Martinez at the top of the ramp. Neither looks pleased. Leyla has her hands on her hips while Adrian stares back toward the ring, jaw clenched.

Mike Rolash: "The Brat Pack aren't going to like this."

Jim Gunt: "They don't have to like it."

Tyler climbs onto the second rope and raises both arms while Billy, Stormee, Dakota and Kyle celebrate around him.

Jim Gunt: "Because tonight belongs to The Unstoppable Force!"

The crowd rises as the Anderson family continues celebrating together in the center of the ring.

Mike Rolash: "One win doesn't make the war disappear, Jim."

Jim Gunt: "Maybe not."

He pauses as Tyler looks toward the Wrestle Fest V crowd, his family surrounding him.

Jim Gunt: "But tonight, in Boston, the Andersons got the last word."

The camera pulls back on the entire scene—the Anderson family celebrating beneath the Wrestle Fest V lights while the Brat Pack disappear up the entrance ramp. The crowd continues to roar as Wrestle Fest V rolls on.

Dangerous Dan (c) vs. Jared Holmes

Match

The atmosphere in the TD Garden is absolutely electric at this point. Four matches into the biggest pay per view Championship Wrestling Federation's ever put on and the crowd hasn't died down one bit yet. Joey Garcia scans the ringside area where nearly a dozen ladders of different shapes and sizes litter the area like a violent car crash just waiting to happen. Fans from around the globe stand up off their seats, ready to get a bird's eye view of what is sure to be another historic match.

Joey Garcia: "Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is a LADDER MATCH...and it is for the CWF PARAMOUNT CHAMPIONSHIP!"

Jim Gunt: "Look at this place, Mike! We've got everything from step stools to twenty five foot ladders."

Mike Rolash: "Apparently Amelia rented out a whole stock of Lowe's hardware this evening."

Jim Gunt: "Something is getting broken here tonight, and I don't think it'll just be the aspirations of one of these two men."

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

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first, the challenger...from La Jolla, California, weighing at 235 pounds and standing at 6'2...THE PEACOCK KING....JARED HOLMES!!!"

No members of the House of Balloons emerge carrying golden balloons and multi-colored streamers tonight. The Peacock King is not in the mood for fun and games after how the Tag Team Championship match went earlier tonight. Several seconds pass with the heavy bass pumping over the TD Garden's speaker system, and finally Jared Holmes appears.

The Peacock King is draped in his trademark robe, jeweled mask covering his face. The CWF Tag Team

Championship that normally hangs arrogantly over one shoulder? Now sits in the locker room of Adam Hansen and Lex Collins of the Regulators.

Jim Gunt: "This was already a high pressure, high stakes match, Mike. Following what a lot of CWF fans, and not a lot of fans around the world who really know them would say was an upset victory by the Regulators earlier tonight, Jared's obviously not coming into this match at a 100%. Mentally or physically."

Jared smirks beneath the mask as he slithers his way down the entranceway, weaving left and right as he seems to breathe in the atmosphere like fuel to get him ready for the massive match ahead. He gives Mike and Jim a cold death stare before sitting down his mask, robe, and jewelry on their table carefully and turning back to the ring.

Mike Rolash: "I mean Jared didn't take the fall, Wade did, and that was only after he went through a brutal House of Fun match earlier tonight and nearly walked out as the inaugural Chaos champion. Relax, Jimbo, #BeachKrew have everything under control. Jared walks out of Wrestle Fest the new Paramount champion, and I'm sure they'll soon get back the Tag Team titles that belong to them as well!"

With a handful of ropes, Holmes launches himself up to the apron, looking back to the booing crowd with a coy smile on his face before abruptly turning back to the ring and entering quickly. He slowly makes his way around the ring taking a look at all the ladders surrounding it before going to his corner, a smile immediately coming to his face as his music begins to die out. He's ready to put an ENDD to the Dangerous One.

Jim Gunt: "Yeah...not if Dangerous Dan has anything to say about it. Our Paramount champion has been unstoppable with the gold on the line since winning the title all the way back in April."

The lights go out as a strobe of red and blue begin flashing across the arena. The fans that traveled from all over the globe to see their Hall of Fame hero immediately get to their feet.

"I wake up to the sounds of the silence that allows

For my mind to run around with my ear up to the ground

I'm searching to behold the stories that are told

When my back is to the world that was smiling when I turned

Tell you you're the greatest

But once you turn, they hate us"

Dangerous Dan, accompanied by Chris, slowly walks onto the stage. He glances over the crowd both to his left and right, the Paramount Championship normally draped over his shoulder also no longer there, as it hangs twenty feet high above the ring. Dan stops his brother at the top of the ramp, taking in the massive moment as the cheers rain down on him louder and louder. He slowly begins making his way down towards the ring with Chris following behind.

Joey Garcia: "And his opponent...from Smithville, Tennessee, weighing at 225 pounds and standing at 5'11"...THE DANGEROUS ONE.....DANGEROUS DAN!!!"

Jim Gunt: "April 3rd...erm...2326. That was the date that Dangerous Dan won the Paramount Championship, and the Dangerous One hasn't looked back ever since."

Mike Rolash: "Some would disagree. He has been looking over his shoulder ever since Jared eliminated him from the Golden Intentions rumble, Jimmy."

Jim Gunt: "Regardless, Dan has fought through and come out victorious in challenge after challenge for his title, over several months. But I do have to agree, tonight feels different."

"Everybody wants to be my enemy

(Look out for yourself)

My enemy (look, look, look, look)

(Look out for yourself)

But I'm ready"

Dan acknowledges several fans at ringside, smiling and embracing the crowd, though ensuring that his emotions are in check as well.

Jim Gunt: "Clearly an emotional night for our champion, but he's wearing it well."

Mike Rolash: "Wearing it well? It looks like Dan's already sweat out an ounce before the match has even started! Even the nerves are hitting or he's been hitting the treadmill pre-match."

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

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

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

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

Tell you you're the greatest

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

Dan now climbs the steps and heads up to the turnbuckle. He raises his arms in a globe like manner, hands arched out, bringing the fans to an even more intense level.

"Oh, the misery

Everybody wants to be my enemy

Spare the sympathy

Everybody wants to be

My enemy (look, look, look, look)

(Look out for yourself)"

He turns to look right at the Peacock King and lip syncs "My enemy (look, look, look, look) (Look out for yourself) enemy ..." from his theme song lyrics.

Dan slowly climbs down the turnbuckle and stands in the middle of the ring fighting the urge to look up at his championship for several seconds before finally breaking and doing so, as the lights dim and a spotlight shines on him. He looks back down and falls to his knees, before glaring up one final time at the Paramount Championship dangling in the air.

"Big" Denny Davidson is the official with the task at hand, and after he goes over the rules with both challenger and champion he brings them to the center of the ring. Dan is already staring a hole right through Jared Holmes, but the Peacock King smiles back at him, turning from the staredown and looking left and right once again at all the ladders around ringside. Denny calls for the bell.

DING DING DING!

Jim Gunt: "Here we go!"

Mike Rolash: "Time to see who can climb a ladder faster. A Danger (skater?) boi or a peacock!"

Jim Gunt: "How many times do I have to tell you this, Mike? Jared isn't literally a peacock."

As soon as the bell rings, Jared turns for the ropes looking like he wants to get the match over with quickly, but Dangerous Dan isn't going to let him outside to go for the ladders that easily, taking ahold of his left arm and blasting him with a right hand. Holmes recoils, holding onto his jaw as he backs up, the smile gone from his face. The Peacock King now meets Dan in the center of the ring, ignoring the screaming fans starting a "DAN! DAN! DAN!" chant throughout the TD Garden.

The two men lock hands center ring, the Peacock King showing his three inch size advantage by shoving Dan back to the corner easily, giving him a light tap across the cheek for good measure. The Dangerous One does not smile, he does not react, instead he leaps up and hits a Snap Hurricanrana!

Jim Gunt: "There's the Dangerous One we all know and love!"

Mike Rolash: "It was one move, Jim. And the impact of it sent Jared Holmes rolling to the outside to regroup."

Jim Gunt: "You say regroup, I say find a new advantage. Jared has a hold of one of the steel ladders!"

A handful of steel, Jared snaps the ladder's hinge upward to close it, holding it up to shove it underneath the bottom rope just as the Paramount Champion suddenly leaps up overtop.

Jim Gunt: "CORKSCREW PLANCHA SENDS THE LADDER CRASHING INTO HOLMES!"

Mike Rolash: "And right into the barricade. This one has gotten violent in a hurry!"

Slapping a couple hands from the excited fans lucky enough to get a front row seat to the greatest show on earth, Dangerous Dan turns around from the crowd and right back to his opponent, pushing the ladder off his contorted body and stomping down on him even as he tries to struggle back to his feet. A shoulder to Dan's gut stops him in his tracks for a moment, and a second leaves him gasping for air.

Suddenly Dan's eyes light up and he springs back into action, taking a deep breath before a rising knee strikes Holmes right in the jaw. He turns around and within seconds is up on the barricade doing his best to hold his balance.

ENDDING TO REMEMBER!

Jim Gunt: "Leaping Springboard DDT off the barricade spikes the challenger right on the top of his head!"

Mike Rolash: "First the Regulators steal the Tag titles, now Jared might have a concussion? Wrestle Fest V is going to go down as the worst night in CWF history!"

Taking the folded ladder, Dangerous Dan immediately muscles it up and shoves it hard underneath the bottom rope, taking one last push to get the bottom of the ladder underneath the ropes. He pulls himself up to the apron with the help of the same set of ropes, but out of the corner of his eye sees Holmes once again recovering. A sly smirk comes across the Dangerous One's face as he holds the ropes, preparing himself to take flight yet again.

ASAI MOONSAULT!

....

MEETS NOTHING BUT A STEEL CHAIR!

CRACK!

Dangerous Dan's body gets intercepted through the air at the last second by the steel frame of a house chair, better known as pro wrestling's favorite weapon. Jared stands over the contorted and suddenly broken body of the Paramount champion with the mangled steel chair in hand and the most evil of smiles on his face.

BOOO!

Mike Rolash: "Looks like the Peacock King just put an ENDD to the LIFE of Dangerous Dan there!"

Jim Gunt: "That was one of the sickest chair shots I've ever seen, and I've called some of the best matches in pro wrestling for over twenty five years."

Mike Rolash: "Off and on."

Jim Gunt: "Oh shut up, Mike."

CRACK!

Jim Gunt: "Another shot."

CRACK!

Jim Gunt: "Another!"

There is barely anything left of the steel chair other than dents and the smeared blood that's already pouring out a gash in the back of Dangerous Dan's skull. Jared holds the crushed and bloody chair in the air for a moment to a resounding set of boos, before the Peacock King throws it several feet away, discarding it completely before rushing into the ring underneath the bottom rope, never taking his eye off the swinging championship as he sets up the ladder in the middle of the ring.

Mike Rolash: "Jared Holmes is going for the Paramount Championship! The champion is in a bad way outside the ring, already losing a lot of blood after just being broken up the hard way only a matter of moments ago."

Jim Gunt: "No! Dan is somehow getting right back up to his feet, and is once again back on the apron!"

Mike Rolash (sarcastically): "You gotta love the Danger Boiz' never say die attitude."

Jim Gunt: "And with one amazing leap...the champion jumps right onto the ladder with the challenger! It's a battle to the top now!"

Jared does nothing but scoff at Dan as he lands on the ladder, only moving a step quicker as he launches himself upward toward the Paramount Championship. The champion isn't going to let him have his moment in the sun so easily, however, sprinting up towards the top of the ladder as quick as he can himself.

Right hand by Holmes meets him at the top. Elbow to the jaw of Holmes nearly takes him off. He holds on, blasting Dan with a headbutt that sways not only him but the ladder itself. Another headbutt leaves him seeing cuckoo birds. Dan is putty in the hands of Jared Holmes now as the Peacock King easily pulls him up to his level on the top of the ladder.

Gasps can be heard all over the TD Garden as the two men stand over fifteen feet above the ring, the ladder dangerously swaying with them as Holmes hooks both arms of Dan and takes one look downward before leaping off with him.

BUTTERFLY SUPLEX OFF THE FUCKING LADDER!

The ring shudders with the impact! The bodies of both Dan and Jared land hard, bouncing off violently before landing yet again, both men hardly moving as they already begin to take deep breaths in and out.

The crowd is on their feet. Whether it's Boston, Massachusetts or the entire world packed into the TD Garden, every single fan that came to see Wrestle Fest V are screaming their hearts out. Jared moves first, just his right hand stretching outward towards the ring's canvas as his fingernails dig in, aiding the mysterious #BeachKrew member to his feet slowly but surely. He turns to the center of the ring where the ladder has fallen onto the ropes, but is shocked to see his opponent also somehow beginning to come to. Jared grunts, turning away from the Dangerous One to quickly pull himself up. He takes the ropes, gathering full momentum before charging right at Dan.

Jim Gunt: "Stinger Splash...THE ENDD IS NEAR!"

Mike Rolash: "What a reversal! Dan just kicked Holmes' head clean off!"

Jim Gunt: "A headless Peacock King, that'd be a sight to see."

Somehow, despite receiving a jaw-dropping Superkick from the Paramount Champion, Holmes remains barely standing, albeit barely. Dan turns and heads towards the ropes yet again, but this time the challenger sees him coming and back body drops him right onto the ladder! Spine on steel, Dan lands on the ladder and immediately is flung off it to the canvas, his body twisted as it hits.

Jim Gunt: "My God!"

Mike Rolash: "I don't know what took more damage there, the ladder or the champion's back!"

Jim Gunt: "And Holmes is relentless, going right back for Dan and not giving him even a second to rest. He hoists up the dead weight of the champion onto his shoulders..."

Mike Rolash: "BABYMAKER! Sorry, I've always wanted to say that!"

The punt kick immediately wakes Dangerous Dan from his slumber, the open foot of Jared Holmes drilling him right between the legs and leaving him crashing right to his knees. Jared turns, quickly going back out to the ring to bring another ladder inside. Closing it shut, he shoves it up underneath the top and middle rope hard, splitting the forehead of Dan instantly with the impact of steel on flesh!

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Jim Gunt: "This is a bloodbath out here! Dan is bleeding out the front AND back of his head, and it's going to take an entire team of janitors to clean this place up when this match is over!"

Entering the battle ground with the ladder hanging by itself half inside and half out of the ring, the challenger grabs the back of Dan's head looking to cause even more damage to his bleeding face, but a suddenly spinning backfist stops him in his tracks!

Taking a deep breath, Dan wipes a handful of crimson flow from his face and flicks it towards the canvas as the crowd gasps. He turns towards the ladder, struggling to pick it up and placing it horizontally through the ropes, almost like it's a stairway up to the top rope. He turns around, and receives another low blow!

BOOO!

Jim Gunt: "Oh come on!"

Mike Rolash: "What, Jim? Everything is legal in a ladder match, including making sure our idiotic Paramount Champion never has any kids!"

His entire forearm up over the midsection of Dangerous Dan, Jared pulls it away and looks at his arm in disgust, wiping it off the canvas before shoving the incapacitated Dan from behind, right to the canvas. Jared goes back for the original ladder, realizing the center of it is bent when he stands it up, the ladder not standing at perfect positioning.

The Peacock King huffs, turning to the ladder in the corner and then the ones on the outside, before shrugging and deciding to go up the damaged ladder anyway. One rung, two, three, four, he quickly makes his way up, but the legs of the ladder are not staying in place, and just as he's a little over halfway there it begins to sway on him.

Jared takes a second to look downward, trying his best to hide the frightening look in his eyes as the ladder begins to fall. Just as he goes tumbling through the air, the Dangerous Dan is somehow back to his feet and springs off the ropes.

SPRINGBOARD SPEAR OFF THE ROPES LEAVES BOTH MEN CRASHING ONTO THE TWISTED LADDER!

THEIR BODIES ARE DAMN NEAR BROKEN IN HALF!

“HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!”

Jim Gunt: “This match is one car crash after another...call it the demolition derby!”

Mike Rolash: “I would rather not, thank you.”

Jim Gunt: “...Neither man has moved an inch. Whoever gets up first could have the Paramount Championship easily for the taking!”

It takes nearly a minute’s time before either the champion or challenger even rolls to their side, but slowly and surely they both begin to come to yet again, bringing the crowd to their feet with them. Jared is struggling to get up, but Dan is somehow already outside of the ring going for yet another ladder.

This one is painted specially for him, with aquas and bright greens and all kinds of neon paintwork specifically made by the Dangerous One for this evening’s big match. Despite the blood that has mostly congealed at this point on both the back of his skull and forehead, Dangerous Dan grunts and hoists the ladder high in the air, getting a massive response from the TD Garden as he does so.

As Dan is lifting the ladder in the air getting that response, however, Jared has finally made it outside himself, albeit to the opposite side of the ring. He brushes his arm up in the air to not allow one of the nearby ringside fans to touch him, snarling at him before walking around looking for any nearby ladder in the area. When he can’t find one, he pulls the apron up and searches underneath the ring. A grunt follows, and the ladder comes next, Jared pulling backward and finally gets it out just as he notices Dan already has his set up in the ring!

Jim Gunt: “Dangerous Dan is going for the title!”

Mike Rolash: “Get back in the ring, Jared!”

Contemplating keeping ahold of his own ladder and tossing it aside to go after Dan, Jared finally decides to keep ahold of the ladder and do his best to roll underneath the rope with it. The sting of his own body pressing it against it on the way in leaves him wincing, pressing his knees as he gets to his feet and attempts to rub away the pain for just a moment. He looks up and notices the Dangerous One already halfway up the neon painted ladder.

Jared moves in a flash now, quick as a shark and twice as devastating as one, pulling the ladder up with him as he springs to his feet and spinning with it.

WHACK!

Jared looks out at the booing audience, shrugs, and places the ladder over his head like a crown. He spins again with the ladder sprawled out on both sides of his head.

CRUNCH!

This time the impact of the ladder stops the Dangerous One in his tracks, somehow holding on to the top rungs of the ladder but barely able to keep himself atop of it as he sways back and forth. Jared shakes his head in disbelief before running fast against the ropes, coming back with the ladder propped up against his body as he leaps.

Jim Gunt: “Stinger Splash with the ladder...right across the lower back of Dangerous Dan!”

Mike Rolash: “He might’ve broken the champ’s tailbone! ...I love it!”

Dan finally falls off the ladder, but he does not hit the mat. Just as the Dangerous One’s body falls through the air seemingly in slow motion, Jared Holmes props the horizontal ladder up over his head using all his strength to hold it in place and catch Dan’s falling body on the way down. With one deep grunt, he shifts backwards and sends the ladder and Dan crashing over the top rope with a Fallaway Slam!

The ladder springs, bounces, and lands on Dan on the way down. The champion is motionless. The challenger is already on the move.

Mike Rolash: "Here we go! This is the opportunity Jared needs!"

Jim Gunt: "That was absolute destruction. This entire match has been!"

Mike Rolash: "And now the Peacock King is using Dangerous Dan's own ladder to climb! Go Peacock go!"

Jim Gunt: "Again, he's not an actual peac..."

Mike Rolash: "GO!"

The fans boo aloud as Jared takes one last look outside the ring at the still lifeless Paramount champion, finally turning the ladder fully upright and making his climb. He wastes no time, up towards the middle and then the top within less than a minute's time.

Dangerous Dan is still down.

BOOO!!

The Peacock King stands twenty feet in the air, high above the sold out crowd screaming jeers at him at the top of their lungs. The loss from earlier tonight no longer haunts him as he unstraps the Paramount title and takes it off the rung. The bell rings, and the boos get even louder.

DING DING DING!

Joey Garcia: "Your winner and NEW CWF PARAMOUNT CHAMPION..."THE PEACOCK KING"....JARED HOLMES!!"

"Obedear" hits once again, the bass beat playing heavy over the arena as the gold lights return throughout. Wade Moor makes his way down the ramp with a smile on his face despite taking two hard losses earlier in the night, the Florida Man clapping and still clearly happy for his friend and teammate in #BeachKrew. He enters the ring from the steps, Jared slowly coming down the ladder as again Dan somehow remains motionless outside, ringside attendances and medical checking on the former champion as Moor enters the ring.

Before Jared can drop off the ladder, the Florida Man catches him on his shoulders, raising Holmes high in the air as the crowd gives a mixed...oh I'm lying...very heated booing response. The two men pay them no mind, celebrating Holmes' victory for a moment longer before making their way out and up the ramp, Jared making sure to step on Dan's chest on the way out with a sly smile once again painted on his face.

Jim Gunt: "What a match, Mike, and we have ourselves a brand new Paramount Champion!"

Mike Rolash: "New Tag Team champions, a new inaugural Chaos champion, and now a new Paramount champ? Could ole Gordy be in trouble later tonight?"

Jim Gunt: "There's only one way to find out...stay tuned!"

The Next Generation

Segment

We cut backstage to Caledonia's locker room, where the English Rose is waiting for her match to begin. There's nothing more to do, not really, and she looks like a caged animal.

... well.

There is ONE thing left to do...

There is a knock at the door.

Stagehand: "They're here."

Caledonia nods.

Caledonia: "And they don't know why they're here?"

Stagehand: "Indeed."

Caledonia: "Send 'em in."

The stagehand withdraws, and after a few seconds a familiar face comes into view.

Caledonia: "Evening, Angelica."

The crowd roars at the sight of the former World Champion.

Angelica: "Well. That explains that."

She glances behind her.

Angelica: "I take it this means you watched my interview at the Fan Fest?"

Caledonia: "Naturally."

Angelica: "For the record, this isn't going to get me back in the ring any faster!"

Caledonia: "No...but it might encourage her that way, if she's so inclined...in a few years' time, of course."

Around the door peers a young girl, her face in a shy grin.

Angelica: "Come on over here, Mila."

Caledonia kneels down to be at eye level with Angelica's young daughter Mila.

Caledonia: "It's nice to meet you."

Mila (shyly): "N..nice to meet you too."

Caledonia: "You excited for the show tonight?"

Mila: "Uh-huh."

Caledonia: "Who do you think's gonna win – me or MJ?"

Mila: "Ummm... MJ!"

Caledonia and Angelica laugh.

Caledonia: "Yeah, MJ's pretty great. "

They take a selfie, and Cali signs Mila's ticket.

Caledonia: "Right, you two had better get to your seats! Don't want to miss the show!"

She stops, thinking briefly of Jared Holmes'... less-than-child-friendly discourse.

Caledonia: "...and you might want to take a loo break around the tag title match."

Mila waves as she and her mother depart the room. Angelica stops in the door frame a moment, and looks back at Caledonia.

Angelica: "Thanks, Cali. I mean it."

Caledonia: "Any time, old friend."

Mia Rayne vs. Silas Artoria

Match

"Arousal" off of the original soundtrack to "Dark Dreams Don't Die" begins to play as the fans begin to boo the arrival of Silas Artoria.

Jim Gunt: "Might not be the biggest match on the card, but this next one is set to be one of the most personal that the CWF has ever seen!"

Mike Rolash: "You got that right Jimbo! I hope Mia beats Silas' butt!"

Jim looks at his broadcast partner quizzically.

Jim Gunt: "You feeling ok Mike? You're usually more of a Silas guy, aren't you?"

Mike Rolash looks around him and shrugs his shoulders, satisfied that he is alone.

Mike Rolash: "I really just don't feel like being thrown through time again, so I'm trying to be as unbiased as possible."

Jim Gunt: "What if I told you that Mia had to suspend her position and all implied and concrete privileges that come with it for the evening, since she's competing?"

Mike looks around him as a smile appears on his face.

Mike Rolash: "I'd say that I can't wait to see Mia get what she deserves. I mean, putting a moniker against a career?! I knew she was crazy, but that's just... Just..."

Jim Gunt: "Psychotic?"

Mike nods enthusiastically as they both turn their attention back to the entrance way. Still no sign of Silas as his music has been playing for the last full minute. Several more seconds that feel like minutes tick by and the two commentators exchange looks.

Jim Gunt: "This is taking longer than it needs. I knew The Aristocrat enjoyed taking his time, but this is getting ridiculous."

Mike Rolash: "Give the guy a break! He runs on his own time and he's probably still partying with his Coalition! The Lost Boys throw one hell of a party! Have you ever had shrimp and a barbie?! You'd know ALL about it if you hung out with the right people. Tell you what, I'll get you a pass into the next soirée. That's what they call a party in sophisticated groups."

Just then, a voice breaks through the noise of the music, high pitched and filled with hatred.

???: "It's TIME! It's finally FUCKING time!"

A loud crash can be heard as Silas comes flying out of the entranceway, falling unceremoniously in a heap at the top of the ramp. A bloodthirsty Mia Rayne steps out, much to the crowd's delight. She's fuming, her breaths rapid and deep, as she stalks toward her prey.

Mia Rayne: "You want to attack someone from behind? Nah man. THIS is how you attack someone from behind!"

Mia runs forward and punts Silas in the gut, making him roll down the ramp.

Jim Gunt: "Sophisticated you say? I guess you missed the fun that was had at Mia's party after the Fan Fest, huh?"

Mike Rolash still seems to be seething as the Psychotic Aristocrat takes another vicious move from Mia, this time a running knee to his jaw!

Mike Rolash: "I... This is barbaric! How does she still have fans? Why is she our boss? Who writes this stuff?! Wait..."

Mike looks over at Jim who casually raises the sleeve of his suit, a rubber, Forsaken wristband around his wrist.

Mike Rolash: "She actually had a party? I... I was busy..."

CRASH!

With a sickening thud, Mia tosses Silas' body into the videoscreen on the apron of the ring. The crowd groans as Silas slumps down to the floor, but Mia doesn't give him a chance to breathe. She picks him up and rolls him under the bottom rope. She follows suit and stands up, giving the ref a modest bow, her eyes never leaving the still moving body of Silas. The official calls for the bell and The Forsaken Psychotic versus The Psychotic Aristocrat begins! Silas groans and Mia rolls her eyes at him. She backs up to the corner and plops down on the top turnbuckle, gesturing to the ref to go check on her opponent, but please hurry. The ref heads over to check on Silas and kneels down beside the fallen Aristocrat. He whispers to Silas, who nods and whispers back. The ref shrugs and goes to stand up, before Silas pulls himself up to a kneeling position, a smirk on his face, using the ref's pant legs. He raises a hand and gestures to the ref to come closer, cupping his hand around the ref's ear, he whispers again before standing up and gestures toward Mia that he's finally ready to continue.

Jim Gunt: "That was weird, but ok."

Mike Rolash: "Weird, or ingenious! Silas always has a plan, even when it comes to someone as random as Mia. I'm sure he's already using that swiss cheese logic she uses against her!"

Mia smiles back at Silas and hops down to the mat, circling Silas who steadies himself as he follows her movements. The two slowly circle closer together, the air beginning to get so thick, that a metaphorical knife could cut through it. Silas goes to make the first move, a quick elbow strike to Mia's jaw, but she's ready and quickly deflects his arm and rolls around to his back, grabs him by the waist, and delivers a German suplex, bridging herself for an early pin attempt! The ref slides in to make the count...

ONE!

Jim Gunt: "And just like that, this could be the quickest ending to a career I've ever witnessed!"

TWO!

Mike Rolash: "Kick out! You can't let her win this way!"

THREE!

Jim Gunt: "YES!"

Mike Rolash: "NO!"

Mia rolls to her feet and backs up to the ropes, her eyes still on Silas. The fans erupt in a chorus of cheers but Mia still isn't celebrating. She tilts her head, as if listening for something, and then finally, her gaze leaves Silas long enough to watch the ref whisper in the Joey's ear.

Joey Garcia: "Ladies and gentlemen! I have just been informed that Silas is making this a two out of three falls match!"

Jim Gunt: "And there it is..."

Mike Rolash: "Darn skippy! BOOM goes the dynamite! Look at the look on Mia's stupid face! Look!"

For her part, Mia shrugs her shoulders as if expecting it, bouncing on her feet and waiting for Silas to get to his, a confident smirk the most illuminating of his features. Mia shakes her head, unwilling to let the sudden change get to her. After all, she was the one to give Silas that power. Silas once again gestures to the ref who can only follow. Mia rolls her eyes and motions for him to get on with it. The ref once again delivers a new message as Joey once again gets to his feet and brings the mic to his lips.

Joey Garcia: "Ladies and gentlemen! For the remainder of this match, Mia Rayne must abide by all traditional rules of the wrestling ring in order to win. Silas Artoria..."

He pauses for dramatic effect.

Joey Garcia: "Can no longer lose via disqualification!"

Mia once again rolls her eyes and throws her arms up in exasperation. Silas laughs at her, but makes his move quickly, crossing the ring and whipping Mia to the other side with surprising force! Mia runs to the other side, bounces off the ropes, but Silas catches her off guard with a Class Check, connecting right under her jaw!

Jim Gunt: "Dang, that... That looked like it hurt."

Mike Rolash: "Don't undersell it Jimbo! That's the Class Check, reminding Mia where she is in the grand scheme of things!"

Mia stumbles backwards, slumping against the ropes, as Silas rolls to the outside, searching under the ring for...

A spool of barbed wire.

He grabs hold of the end and tosses the spool across the floor, before wrapping his dominant hand with it and cutting the excess off. He rolls back into the ring and crosses over to Mia briskly, driving the wire cutters, points first right into her forehead!

Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash: "HOLY SHIT!"

The crowd shares the announcer's sentiment, but Silas doesn't stop there, grabbing Mia in a side headlock and repeatedly stabbing her head with the cutters. He licks them clean and lets her body fall to the mat, before tossing the cutters out to the floor. Mia gets to her knees and Silas measures her up before dropping the fist wrapped in barbed wire on the back of her neck! Mia goes down, hard, and Silas only rains down more barbed wire wrapped fists into the back of Mia's head. After what seems like several minutes too much, Silas slows, straddling Mia's back and unwrapping the wire from his hand. With a sickening snicker, he wraps the wire around her neck and pulls as hard as he can! The ref has no choice but to raise Mia's limp arm.

Once...

Her arm falls limply and Silas only laughs with glee, pulling back harder on the wire wrapped around her neck.

Jim Gunt: "Oh god, I feel sick."

Mike Rolash: "Can you blame him though? Really? Because based on what we saw, he was PUSHED by Mia to this point!"

Twice...

Mia's arm once again falls, motionless, her body no longer struggling as Silas only pulls back harder. The ref quickly raises Mia's arm and Silas barks at him to keep holding her arm up so he could pull back even harder on the wire. The ref quickly drops Mia's arm, almost hoping that she wasn't still conscious. With a snarl, Silas finally relents as Mia's arm falls limply for a third time.

Jim Gunt: "Looks like Silas gets the second fall in this impromptu two out of three falls match!"

Mike Rolash: "Darn skippy he did!"

Jim Gunt: "You used that already. I thought you were allergic to nuts, and now you're the spokesperson for peanut butter?"

Mike Rolash shrugs his shoulders.

Mike Rolash: "I have expensive tastes Jim and for whatever reason, Amelia won't pay me more than what I was getting paid in 2326... Which was nothing because I was in fear of my life and I thought I would commit to doing the job so I

didn't die some horrific death in the future."

Mike looks like he's going to rant, but Mia finally stirs as Silas backs up to a corner, waiting with anticipation as Mia staggers to her feet, falling toward the ropes, but catching herself. The wire is still wrapped around her neck, now wearing a crimson mask, and bleeding from various cuts from her neck up.

Jim Gunt: "If I wasn't an atheist, I'd be worried about this imagery."

Mike Rolash: "What does food preferences have to do with anything?"

Jim rolls his eyes but both of the announcers suddenly stiffen as a shrill noise, a noise unlike any that has been heard for a time, echoes throughout the arena.

Jim Gunt: "Is Mia..."

Mike Rolash: "GIGGLING?!"

Silas' smile turns to an expression of complete shock as Mia continues to laugh and the ref crosses himself, having seen a vision of death in the ring with him. Mia tilts her head, the crowd groans as one of the cameras catch a close up angle of the wire still digging into her neck, which only makes her laugh louder. In fact, she doubles over in laughter, but quickly looks up at Silas, her expression deadly, her tone acidic, her gaze as unsettling as her voice.

Mia Rayne: "You STUPID, ARROGANT, prick!"

She straightens up at the last word and points, laughing all the while.

Mia Rayne: "You still don't get it do you? Allow... US to show you the error of your ways."

Mia laughs again as a mirror appears under her feet. She waves at Silas.

Mia Rayne: "You're going to wish you didn't do that..."

The mirror shatters under her and Mia drops down. The mirror disappears and just as quickly as it happened, the same mirror appears above where Mia was standing. It shatters, the glass raining down upon the ring, and the jester known as Loki Synn drops down to the mat. The barbed wire around her neck is still there, but it seems more like decoration now than anything else. The jester cracks her neck and snaps her fingers. With one fluid motion, she makes a throwing motion and a ninja star appears and lodges itself in Silas' shoulder!

Jim Gunt: "Woah!"

Mike Rolash: "Who the hell throws a ninja star?! And hey! She's disqualified now!"

Silas agrees and motions for the ref to ring the bell, while at the same time looking frantically around for a doctor, preferably one who has experience with ninja stars. The ref goes to call for the bell.

Mike Rolash: "Yes! Justice has been served!"

However, Loki glares at the ref who quickly backs down and stares at a very interesting part of the mat that wasn't anywhere near Loki.

Loki Synn: "I believe your chosen stipulation is Mia could be DQ'd. You didn't say anything about her personas..."

Silas stammers and desperately tries to get the ref's attention. However, he doesn't get a chance to change the rules again as Loki closes the distance and quickly clotheslines him over the top rope! The demented jester quickly follows Silas and doesn't give him a chance to stand, deadlifting him and dropping him on the back of his neck with another German suplex! Loki claps her hands as she sits up and an army of chairs slide out from under the ring, quickly erecting themselves up to form a very dangerous looking pyramid. Loki admires the handiwork and then turns her attention to Silas. To his credit, while Loki was distracted, he rolls to his feet and grabs whatever he can get his hands

on from under the ring... A fire extinguisher.

Jim Gunt: "That can't be good."

Mike Rolash: "This will be sure to extinguish Mia's chances..."

Jim Gunt: "That was bad, even for you."

Silas sprays the foam chemical in Loki's direction and charges into the cloud, smashing the extinguisher over the head of Loki! A sickening clang echoes throughout the arena as Loki crumbles to the ground. Silas tosses the extinguisher away and rolls the motionless Loki back into the ring. She starts to stir and Silas backs up, making sure he has a running start before...

Mike Rolash: "BOOM! CLASS CHECK, BABY!"

Jim doesn't say anything but quickly makes sure his Forsaken wristband is covered by his suit sleeve. Silas goes for the cover, but as he drops to his knees to pin Loki, he is surprised to discover that she is casually sitting on a turnbuckle, her mask up around her nose as she is casually eating an apple.

Loki Synn: "Cute."

Her tone is anything but sincere as Mike and Jim can barely pick their jaws up off the floor. The crowd cheers as Silas roars in rage, charging at Loki's perch! Loki tosses her apple to the side and stands on the second rope, beckoning for Silas to come get it. He gets to her, looking for a knee strike, but she catches him and throws him up and over her, right into her pyramid of chairs! With a thunderous ovation, the chairs all collapse upon the Psychotic Aristocrat as Loki shrugs and turns her attention to the pile of chairs which Silas is lying at the bottom of. The ref can barely believe it and he quickly glances at Loki, who gestures for him to do his job and start issuing a ten count for Silas to get back into the ring. It was, after all, a traditional rule of wrestling.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The ref does his job as the crowd in attendance get to their feet, not sure if Silas will make the count in time. Another apple appears in Loki's hand and she takes a juicy bite. She keeps an eye on the pile, but all was quiet on the western front.

Jim Gunt: "That... That was an incredible feat of strength by Mi... I mean Loki Synn!"

Mike Rolash: "Is that what I looked like when she threw me through time and space?"

Jim Gunt: "Kinda. Only you were a bit more pathetic and Silas fell with a hint of class."

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

Loki savors another bite as anxious fans all over the world join together to collectively bite their nails.

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

NINE!

The ref goes to call for TEN! but suddenly a chair flies toward the ring, right at Loki! She ducks and takes another bite

of apple, but unlucky for the ref, he takes the chair shot right to the head! Loki sucks her teeth and puts her mask back down, watching as Silas gets up from his knees, and makes his way back toward the ring. She takes careful aim, and throws her half eaten apple at Silas, with all of her might! Silas manages to side step it, as the apple whizzes past his head, and explodes from force, against the barricade! Loki shrugs and backs up, gesturing for Silas to get into the ring again. He paces back and forth, bending down to search for, something, anything to even the odds, but Loki doesn't give him the benefit, reaching over and grabbing Silas by the hair! Silas yelps, reaching his hand into a sack that he pulled from under the ring and throwing a white powder into Loki's face! The jester shrieks and lets go of her prey. Silas collapses to his knees and shakes the cobwebs clear as Loki attempts to do the same. The Psychotic Aristocrat, crazed now looks under the ring again, grabbing a bottle of clear liquid and opening the cap, taking a whiff. He prances over to the announce team and invites them to smell what he pulled out from the ring.

Jim Gunt: "Oof..."

Mike Rolash: "What does he need vinegar for?"

Silas rolls into the ring, keeping the bottle open, stalking over to where Loki is still trying to get the white powder out of her eyes.

Silas Artoria: "I hear you need to wash your eyes with some water? How's some vinegar instead? When regular acid is hard to come by..."

With glee, Silas begins to pour the liquid over the wounds still fresh around Loki's neck. She shrieks as the open wounds begin to bubble, never a good sensation. He soaks in her shrieks of pain as she rolls on the mat and then a sick idea comes across his mind. With a fervor akin to a psychopath's most wonderful day ever, he goes to the closest corner and rips off the second turnbuckle pad with one pull!

Jim Gunt: "We really need to look into why that was so easy to tear off."

Mike Rolash: "Does it matter at this point? How far will these two push each other to get the final fall?"

Silas goes to Loki and drags her across the ring to the now exposed steel of the turnbuckle. He props her motionless head against it and backs up to the opposite corner, a running start and he goes to hit another Class Check on the prone Loki!

Jim Gunt: "I don't care who you are or what powers you have, that could end someone's life!"

Mike Rolash: "Mia pushed Silas. You'll do well to remember that when Mia has to put her tail between her legs and accept the fact that Silas is in a class way above her!"

Whether it is luck, will, or exhaustion, we may never know, but Loki slumps to the mat, and gets out of Silas' way at the last moment, causing him to crash into the exposed steel, knee first!

Mike Rolash: "That wasn't supposed to happen! Redo!"

Jim Gunt: "Holy crap! Someone or something is watching out for Loki right now!"

Silas rolls backwards in pain as Loki snarls, her eyes on Silas. She rips her mask off her face, and the bloodstained face of Mia Rayne glares at her quarry. The colors and whimsy of Loki Synn, the demented jester fades away as Mia rises to her feet.

Mia Rayne: "Vinegar? Really? I think it's time we turn the tables some..."

She tilts her head to one side as far as it will go, and yet, it somehow goes further. Her devilish smile turns itself upside down and the entirety of people witnessing the phenomenon can only stare in awe and confusion. Mia Rayne was now upside down in space, her feet high in the air, her head floating in midair, still looking at a panicked Silas, clutching his knee in agony. With a poof, Cheshire lands before Silas with a heavy thud. Her opalescent morph suit topped with a

mask that only has two things on it.

A semi colon.

A right parenthesis.

The classic winking emoji, Mia Rayne made synonymous with her brand of chaos, stares at Silas and tilts her head from side to side, examining Silas as if it was the first time she's seen him before. She inches closer, slowly, surely, Silas unsure what to make of it all, but backing up all the same. He manages to get to his feet as Cheshire makes it to him, standing nose to nose with her nemesis. Without a moment's hesitation, she headbutts him across the nose! He slumps to the ground and she holds out her hand, the wire cutters from earlier now appearing in it. She repays the favor from earlier, plunging the points into...

Jim Gunt: "Wait... What?"

Mike Rolash: "Wait... No... NO! That's cheating! We need a new ref pronto!"

Cheshire holds her boot against Silas' neck as she uses the wire cutters to cut around Silas' tights, the same knee that was just rammed into the steel turnbuckle! He tries to struggle, but Cheshire only increases the pressure against his neck, as she rips his tights away from his knee and cuts off the knee pad protecting it. She whistles and the barbed wire takes itself from around her neck, and replaces the wire cutters. Complete with a professional knot, somehow, Cheshire has wrapped Silas' injured knee in the barbed wire that was previously around her neck! Another whistle later, and a steel chair now occupies her hands.

Cheshire: "Class check this... BITCH."

With sadistic fervor, Cheshire brings the chair down on the wrapped knee of Silas. Once. Twice. Three times and more. Each time bringing a sickening crack against Silas' knee, each one driving the barbed wire further into Silas' skin.

Jim Gunt: "I can't imagine Silas being able to check many classes after this one Mike."

Mike Rolash: "I... I thought this was going to be a regular match... I WANTED this to be a normal match. I... NEEDED this to be a regular match Jim. Why can't we just have regular things happen in CWF?"

Jim Gunt: "Because then this wouldn't be much of a fantasy."

Mike Rolash: "What?"

Jim Gunt: "What?"

Silas finally pushes Cheshire's foot away from his neck with all of his might and rolls away, trying to land on his feet outside of the ring, and instead collapsing as he frantically tries to work the barbed wire off and out of his knee! Cheshire watches Silas, spinning around and taking position in the center of the ring, the emoticon staring a hole right through Silas' soul. Silas snarls back and gets to his feet. Shaky and barely able to put any weight on his right foot, he rolls back into the ring and uses the ropes to stand back up again. He limps over to Cheshire and with defiance that is characteristic of the one and only Silas Artoria, slaps Cheshire right across the face! Cheshire's head cracks to the right, but no sound comes from. Instead, her head turns back to Silas and nods in agreement. She pivots her weight to her back foot, ready to throw a massive elbow in response, but Silas is ready and picks his moment, dropkicking the knee of Cheshire!

Mike Rolash: "Brilliant! No one but Silas could have pulled off such a wonderful revers..."

Silas goes to follow up with a lunging elbow drop, but Cheshire dodges, allowing Silas' momentum to work against him and carry him right to the mat! Cheshire follows up with an elbow drop, with the point of her elbow, right into the back of Silas' neck!

Jim Gunt: "You were saying?"

Mike Rolash: "Weren't you listening? What kind of journalist are you Jim? I can't expect to remember your lines AND my lines, jeez..."

Cheshire goes to drop another one, but Silas manages to roll out of the way just in time, lashing out at Cheshire's face with a kick with his good leg! Cheshire takes it to the face, but grabs his foot and twists as hard as she can, turning Silas around and forcing him to wonder if he'll walk away from this match with two bad knees or one... If he is able to walk away at all.

Mike Rolash: "This is crazy! Neither one can get the upper hand on the other!"

Jim Gunt: "I'd imagine they're both pretty drained at this point as well. Who knows what kind of energy Mia has to expend every time she changes personas and she lost A LOT of blood in the early parts of this match."

Cheshire gets to her knees and Silas follows suit, though he is gingerly holding his right leg at an awkward angle to keep from putting too much pressure on it, and the barbed wire kneepad he still has around his knee. The two butt heads, neither one willing to relent, pushing against each other until they are both forced to stand up. They trade rights and lefts and with a sudden burst of adrenaline, Silas backs up to the ropes, and runs at Cheshire, leaping and wrapping his legs around her neck!

Mike Rolash: "That's it Silas! Hurry up and hurricanrana her ass right back to crazy town!"

Jim Gunt: "Might want to check again..."

Sure enough, Cheshire has managed to stop Silas' momentum so he is kind of just hanging limply from her shoulders. He sits up and just as he does so Cheshire drops him down into a modified Gonzo bomb!

Jim Gunt: "Holy... That... That was brilliant!"

Mike Rolash: "No fair! That's not in her repertoire!"

Cheshire remains on her knees briefly before collapsing onto her side, having expended so much energy to drop Silas as she did. Silas for his part hasn't moved from his excellent position in observing the lights of the arena. Cheshire's body starts to heave and sizzle before Mia Rayne is back lying on the mat, doing her best to catch her breath. She gets to all fours and goes to cover Silas, who grabs her arm and pulls her toward him in an attempt to roll her up! Finally, mercifully, another ref has made their way down to the ring in the nick of time, rolling into the ring and quickly making the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...NO!

Mia manages to kick out, rolling out of Silas' grasp. Silas gets up to his feet and turns to Mia, running at her with another Class Check! Mia takes this one in the chest, bounces off the corner, turnbuckle, and explodes out of it with a lariat! The two fall down, both exhausted beyond the likes of which have been seen recently. The two meet each other's gazes and Silas nods, content that he has done everything he has been able to. With a hop, he runs at Mia again, who times it right and hits her own version of the Class Check, her knee coming up right under Silas' jaw! Silas stumbles away, surprised by his own move being employed against him, before Mia grabs him by the arm and pulls him in tight, bending him over backwards, and bringing him across her, and dropping him head first on the mat with a modified, swinging DDT! The crowd cheers as Mia rolls her arm over top of Silas and the ref makes the count!

ONE!

TWO!

...

...

...

THREE!

The ref calls for the bell as Mia rolls off of Silas and stares up at the lights, barely able to believe the battle that she just went through. With the assistance of the ref, Mia is helped to her feet, her arm raised in victory, her eyes still on the body of Silas, who has made it back up to his feet. Mia stares hard at Silas who returns her gaze. With sudden speed, she rushes Silas!

Jim Gunt: "I thought better of Mia!"

Mike Rolash: "That savage bitch! Ref, stop her!"

However, instead of violence, Mia has chosen peace, reaching her hand out, and helping Silas up to his feet. She gives him the once over, and with a snap of her fingers, the barbed wire around his knee has graciously fallen away and turned into proper medical dressing. Silas breaks away from her though and glares at her.

Jim Gunt: "If looks could kill..."

Mike Rolash: "Mia Rayne would finally get what's coming to her!"

The crowd falls silent and again, the tension falls heavy into the air. Silas is the first to move though and thrusts his hand out to Mia, a handshake. Mia quickly swats it away and in a fluid move, embraces Silas! The cameras zoom in, and professional lip readers everywhere can see that Silas is either telling Mia about the new vacuum he's planning on purchasing, or thanking her for an incredible match and a now shared, mutual respect. He breaks apart from her and takes off his boots, leaving them in the center of the ring as Mia backs off and gives him a round of applause. He lays down gingerly and rolls out of the ring, slowly making his way back up the ramp before turning back to the crowd and giving one, final bow. As he leaves, the tron above him proudly displays, "Silas Artoria, The Psychotic Aristocrat, CWF World Champion, CWF Paramount Champion."

One More Time...?

Segment

We cut to the main entrance to the Garden, and see that the red carpet has been rolled out for some of the more illustrious guests... ... and family.

"YO! ELI! NEW YORK SUCKS!"

"ANGEL I LOVE YOU!"

MJ Flair's family: her father, wrestling legend Eli, and her mother, musical legend - in - the - making Angel, emerge from a rented 2025 Mitsubishi Montero Sport. Eli Flair gives a semi - sarcastic wave to the fans, still amused that the New York - Boston rivalry extends to himself, even a dozen years after retirement. But everyone loves Angel. She's already off, signing Valerian's Garden albums for the closest people.

Loud voice, just off-screen: "Hey! Flair! Eli pointedly ignores the voice."

Loud voice: "Oh, don't act like you don't hear me!"

Eli rolls his eyes and walks over to the source of the noise - Eddie "The Viper" Baker. A handful of old-school territory fans yell with delight at the facedown.

Eli: "Whaddaya want, Eddie?"

Eddie: "You know what the fuck I want. Same thing as your daughter wanted tonight. One. More. Time."

Eli sighs. Out of the corner of his eye, he sees Angel's neck tighten. He remembers the stress his most brutal matches put on her.

Eli: "Thirteen years late, man. My time's up. From the look at it, your time's up, too. Don't do this in front'a my family."

Eddie: "Oh, I get it, you don't think you can take me anymore, is that it? Because I've been training and you've been hangin' out as a house husband to Morticia Addams?"

He gestures towards the small Goth singer five feet away. Eli sighs again.

Eli: "Two things, Eddie. You don't... EVER... talk about my wife when we're talkin' about this business. And does this even LOOK like my goddamn ring gear?"

Realizing he crossed one line, Eddie holds up his hands in partial surrender.

Eddie: "Fair enough, Just... you weren't together when we faced off, there weren't any rules. But when has a lack of ring gear stopped you?"

Eli: "Just let it go, man. We fought. You lost. Get over it."

Eddie: "Try telling that to MJ..."

Eli: "Wow."

He steps up to Eddie. Angel now moves to stand between them; a certain intensity burning from this woman, almost a foot and a half (and close to two hundred pounds) smaller than either of these men.

Eli: "You really wanna know the difference, Eddie? My daughter's still got at least twenty years of a career IN FRONT OF HER, if she wants it. That's different and you know it, asshole!"

Angel: "..."

He takes her hand, and his voice seems to steady. He gestures his hand between himself and Eddie.

Eli: "Last time we fought, Eddie... all I had was this."

And now he holds up Angel's hand.

Eli: "Now I've got this. And I've got the kid. Fightin' in the main event."

A smile forms on his face.

Eli: "But after this little display, the biggest difference? The kid challenged Caledonia to another fight... because she respects her."

And Eli and Angel step back, Eli handing the car keys to a valet.

Eli: "Let it go."

They turn to enter the arena. Eddie scowls.

Eddie: "That's what you think..."

Caledonia vs. MJ Flair

Match

Jim Gunt: It's been an incredible night so far, Mike, and there's just our two main event matches left.

Mike Rolash: Don't say it's time to check in with Statler and Waldorf over there.

Jim Gunt: Not right now, Mike - we can leave the Flair and Highlander families alone for the time being; they're going to be focused on this next one.

Mike Rolash: I'm terrified as to what Eris might be focused on.

The lights dim slightly as the video wall lights up with the promo image of MJ Flair vs Caledonia, to a massive pop from the fans.

CUE UP: "Frequency" by AL1CE. The lights dim all the way as the video wall fades completely, and suddenly pops up three familiar letters.

M J F

Watch the clock tick, tick by,
Endless hours and my mask is slipping

The tension builds... the fans have already begun their chant of "EMM JAY EFF" over the music. Red and white spotlights frame the area just in front of the entrance.

Here we are with our words run dry,
And yet our hands keep on gripping

Not waiting nearly as long as her famous father used to, MJ steps out into the arena, dressed, not for war, but athleticism: hair pulled back into a single tight braid. Sleeveless T-shirt advertising MJF as "Original Nobody 2.0". Heavy boots and sturdy pants.

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

As the chorus kicks in, she starts the long walk down the aisle, slapping hands as she goes.

Jim Gunt: The returning hero looking for that one last fight, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Anyone who considers her a hero needs to reevaluate their life.

Jim Gunt: Sounds like something Peacock Jerry would say, personally.

Don't breathe in this haunted hall

(Too many voices)

MJ reaches the lip of the aisle, where the entrance ramp meets the ringside area, and she looks around for a moment - then makes a beeline to her family.

The demons dance, and my soul is dipping

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

With the entire arena on their feet, she is easily able to lean forward and entwine her pinky finger with her fiancé's, as they touch foreheads together. There is a clear, wide, genuine smile on her face as they quickly kiss, and she moves to her right.

Count the seconds, one by one

(The skip skip record's skip skipping fast)

A quick handshake and hug from Dan Highlander, a lingering hug from Eris, and she moves to the left.

My faded smile keeps on slipping

(Tuning in to find you again and again and again)

She saves the biggest hug of all for her tiny mother, all five foot two of her, obviously lifting her off her feet. MJ stops in front of her father, who towers over everyone in the arena. He nods his head in approval, and they embrace as well.

Mike Rolash: Now she's just wasting time. We have a Canadian to pluck in less than an hour.

Can you hear me, Can you hear me now?

All we have is just our words we're whispering

Can you hear me, Can you hear me now?

Is anybody out there listening?

MJ continues halfway around the ring, stopping in front of the commentary table.

Jim Gunt: Great to see you tonight, MJ.

Mike Rolash: "Yeah, good to see you!"

Jim Gunt: "You're really brave when she's in front of you, aren't you?"

Can you hear me now?

(Were you ever listening?)

Breaking the glare, MJ walks to the ring and climbs to the top turnbuckle from the floor, raising a hand in victory, and tapping her chest with her fist in appreciation to the welcome the Boston fans are giving her.

Can you hear me now?

(Were you ever listening?)

Mike Rolash: "I just don't want to embarrass her in front of her mom."

Jim Gunt: "Sure."

Can you hear me now?

The music fades out as MJ gets comfortable sitting on the top turnbuckle, facing the entrance. Through the arena, the consistent, unified chant of "EMM JAY EFF" has slowly started to morph.

"CA-LE-DO-NYA...CA-LE-DO-NYA..."

They don't have to wait long.

CUE UP: "Day and Night" by Billie Piper

The lights fade again, and the fans explode in cheers.

All of the day, all of the night

You do the things that make me feel so right

My shining star, my (guiding) shining light

And that's the day and night, babe!

As focus centers on the entrance, the video wall lights up with The Best of Caledonia: between the battles fought with Eris at her side, or Dan at her side, to the World Title defenses, to the neverending battles with the SSRI, to the surrealist survivalism of The Year 2326.

Caledonia has more highlights than most wrestlers have total time spent in the ring.

It just ain't the same when you're away
You were my inspiration
I'm hanging on to every word you say
'cause you were my motivation

Finally, she emerges. The Empress. The Goddess. The Woman who Ripped Danny B.

You make me feel so right every day and night

We cut to a close up, looking at Caledonia from below. MJ Flair is clearly seen on the video wall towering ten feet above her, standing on her feet applauding.

The fans in the arena can clearly see MJ and Caledonia's eyes are locked on each other.

'cause the only time I think of you
Is everyday and all night through

Whenever I breathe, you're on my mind
Every day and night, babe!

Finally, Caledonia raises her arms to soak in the cheers as fireworks go off all around her.

Jim Gunt: "The two-time former CWF World Champion lighting up the arena, Mike!"

Mike Rolash: "You're really gonna need to describe these two differently, Jimmy boy."

All of the day, all of the night
You do the things that make me feel so right
My shining star, my (guiding) shining light
And that's the day and night, babe!

She slaps hands all the way to the ring; the pressure looks lifted from her shoulders. Caledonia has been fighting for her life, her career, her integrity for six straight months. As she stops walking at the connection between the aisle and the ringside area, she can't help but allow a smile to form on her face.

Tonight's fight isn't about survival. It's about the love of the game.

I need you tonight, but you're not around
I need to hear your voice baby
Something feels strange, there's not a single sound
I wish you were at my door babe!

Caledonia takes the same path that MJ took around the ringside area, greeting the family in reverse. A hug and a kind word for Angel. A handshake-hug for Eli Flair. A hug for Kevin LaCroix. A suspicious look at Eris, but the two have had enough history between them that Caledonia can't help but hold onto them tightly. Finally, a lingering hug and kiss for Dan Highlander, her biggest fan and partner in life.

You know you make me feel so right every day and night
'cause the only time I think of you
Is everyday and all night through
Whenever I breathe, you're on my mind
Every day and night babe!

Finally, she walks up the ringsteps and enters through the top and middle rope. The music dies down, the house lights normalize, and the ring is illuminated by twenty thousand flashbulbs. MJ drops to the mat and approaches her, with Joey Garcia looking uneasy as he steps between them.

Joey Garcia: "Ladies and gentlemen! This next contest is scheduled for one fall, with a sixty minute time limit... and it is the first of our huge Double Main Event!"

Jim Gunt: "These fans are primed and ready, Mike! You know, there's a lot of people saying that the only thing that could keep these women from closing the show was the World Title - and I think the fans are saying they agree!"

Mike Rolash: "If only this match took place in an apartment."

Jim Gunt: "Have you seen MJ's dad? Do you really want him to give you some undivided attention?"

Joey Garcia: Introducing first... a two-time, former CWF World Champion...

Mike Rolash: "Don't they just cancel each other out?"

Joey Garcia: "From London, England... weighing in at one hundred thirty pounds..."

THE HIGH... PRIESTESS... CAAAAAAAAAAAALEDOOOOONIAAAAAA!!!"

The fans rise to their feet in a standing ovation - MJ Flair joining them from her perch in the corner - she is keeping her balance with her boots on the middle turnbuckle - as Caledonia raises her arms towards the hard camera, taking a bow.

Joey Garcia: "AND HER OPPONENT... ALSO A TWO TIME, FORMER, CWF WORLD CHAMPION..."

Mike Rolash: "See? Why can't they just say "Two chicks, two titles each" at the start, and leave us alone?"

Joey Garcia: "From Warwick, New York... weighing in at one hundred forty pounds..."

THE SECOND COMING..."

Flair hops down to the mat a half second before Garcia - and the entire arena - chants along.

Joey Garcia: "EMM... JAY... FLAAAAIR!!!!"

MJ stands up on the bottom rope, bracing herself at the waist on the top, and raises a fist in the air to another standing ovation - including from Caledonia. They circle each other, listening to a few last minute instructions from the referee Trent Robbins, and just before the bell sounds they shake hands.

Jim Gunt: "We've been waiting for this one for months, Mike - and you could say we've been waiting for years for these two to lock up one more time!"

Mike Rolash: "Speak for yourself, Jim. There's no reason two former world champions should be facing off at the biggest event of the year, with nothing on the line."

Jim Gunt: "Pride? Sportsmanship? Unanswered questions?"

Mike Rolash: "You know who wrestles for pride and sportsmanship? Wrestlers that don't win World Titles."

MJ and Caledonia circle each other in the middle of the ring, sizing each other up, not wanting to make the first mistake. They lock up, to the approval of the fans, and MJ backs Cali up into the corner! Trent starts the count, and she breaks on two.

Jim Gunt: "Taking a look at the tale of the tape here, Caledonia stands five foot five at about a hundred and thirty pounds, MJ at five foot seven and a hundred forty five. Size - wise, they're pretty well even, so this one will be won on the mat."

Mike Rolash: "Gee, scooter, that's insightful. Don't forget to tell the humanoids that it'll take a three count for a pinfall."

Caledonia checks her wrist guards and moves forward, just as MJ backs off to allow her to return to the middle as well. Another lock up, and MJ muscles Cali into the ropes! Another rope break at three this time.

Mike Rolash: "You were saying?"

Jim Gunt: "Clearly, MJ Flair packs some serious power in her lower body, and she might have the overall strength advantage. Caledonia, on the other hand, is more apt to take some high risk maneuvers."

Mike Rolash: "Serious power in her lower body? You're really sitting here with your full face, telling MJ Flair she's got thick thighs and a fat ass?"

A third lockup, and Caledonia spins, keeping MJ from being able to power her right back. She twists, left and right, in an attempt to get an advantage in leverage. MJ tries to hold her straight up, but Cali is moving too erratically!

Jim Gunt: "CALEDONIA STEPS BACK ONTO THE MIDDLE ROPE! Great leverage move by Caledonia, and she pushes back, flipping Flair with a modified armdrag! Armbar on Flair!"

Mike Rolash: "And to the ropes. These chicks know the fans want a catfight."

Jim Gunt: "You don't speak for the fans."

Mike Rolash: "I don't even know what language they color in."

MJ remains on one knee while Caledonia stands over her, pressing into her right shoulder - the same arm she uses to hook her opponents with the Morning Star. MJ pounds the mat with her fist, either in frustration for getting stuck in a basic wrestling hold, or over the increased pressure Caledonia is applying.

Jim Gunt: "MJ powers to her feet - NO! Caledonia increases her leverage and gets her back down!"

Mike Rolash: "Right where I like her, on her knees."

Jim Gunt: "Seriously, Mike!? Her entire family is sitting there and they look like they could all put you in the hospital."

Mike Rolash: "I could probably take her mom."

While Caledonia presses down, MJ snakes towards the ropes, but is pulled back to the middle of the ring. She attempts another angle, but Caledonia hangs on tight! MJ attempts to bend her elbow and muscle Caledonia's grip loose, but they appear to be at a stalemate.

Mike Rolash: "This is the problem with friendly wrestling matches. Punch the knee, bite the calf, pull the hair. Free."

Jim Gunt: "You're hopeless."

Twice more, MJ tries to stand up; twice more, Caledonia forces her back to the mat. The veins in her arms are starting to push out, the result of the incredible strain

Referee Robbins continues to ask MJ if she wants to give; she's no longer getting a response other than an occasional shake of the head. She's waiting. Measuring.

MJ suddenly twists her body towards Caledonia, wrenching the High Priestess forward by the trapped arm, and low roll blocking her off her feet, MJ pulls her arm free, holding it gingerly, as Caledonia springs back to her feet and runs at her opponent, looking to maintain the advantage—ONE ARMED MODIFIED SAMOAN DROP! MJ with a quick cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: "Kickout at two!"

Mike Rolash: "This early? Not even I have a low enough opinion of either of them to think it'd end that soon."

Caledonia rolls towards the ropes after her kickout and uses them to speed her rise; MJ does the same on the other side of the ring and is on the High Priestess first, clubbing her with a pair of left forearms to the back, and she whips

Cali into the ropes! Cali with a reversal, and an armdrag takedown by Caledonia puts MJ back on the mat with another hammerlock!

Jim Gunt: "Caledonia certainly showing her experience here, Mike!"

Mike Rolash: "Sure, if you can call an armbar experience."

Jim Gunt: "Caledonia knows how to wear down a body part, and she's chosen well with MJ's right arm."

On the mat, MJ rolls through to her side, then again to her back, and kips up to her feet! Caledonia is ready for this, spins MJ's arm once, and flattens her with a hard forearm to the chest.

Quick cover by Caledonia this time!

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: "Kickout by Flair! She immediately rolls to the ropes to give herself a moment's breather."

Mike Rolash: "Again, in a match that one of these two actually wanted to win, grabbing the ropes would just mean you've got five seconds to do as much damage as you can."

As MJ pulls herself up on the ropes, Caledonia grabs her from behind and rolls her up into a modified small package, but MJ goes with the momentum and rolls all the way, doing a full reverse somersault out of Caledonia's grip. She kips up again and runs to the ropes, rebounding off and hopping over Caledonia as the High Priestess rises to her feet - EXPLOSIVE DROPKICK FROM MJ FLAIR!

Jim Gunt: "What an impact! Looking at the replay, you can see Flair coming off the ropes, planting her stance, and leaping up, pulling both boots in front of her to make contact with Caledonia's upper chest, and the High Priestess is staggered to the ropes and out of the ring!"

"CAAA-LEEE-DOOOO-NNNNYA!!"

"EMM JAY EFF!"

"CAAA-LEEE-DOOOO-NNNNYA!!"

"EMM JAY EFF!"

The fans have risen to their feet, cheering for both women while MJ paces inside the ring, rolling her right shoulder and Caledonia paces outside, hands on her hips.

Jim Gunt: "I'm gonna put you on the spot, Mike - Who do you think has the advantage so far in this match?"

Mike Rolash: "Neither of them."

Jim Gunt: "Your cynicism isn't going to help you here."

Mike Rolash: "Ye of little faith. Caledonia has shown more wrestling talent so far, Flair has been able to counter her with strength moves and weird leverage things. But Caledonia has also softened up Flair's shoulder - you can see she's rolling it in the ring right now - so at the moment it's a toss up. But I think, despite Flair's admitted stamina, the longer this match goes I think the edge shifts to Caledonia."

The referee already started the count; TWO... while MJ paces the ring, rubbing her right shoulder and attempting to stretch it out. On the floor, THREE... Caledonia also paces, looking down, evidently trying to get her head back in the game.

FAN: "CALEDONIA!"

Jim Gunt: "Oh, wait a second. There's a man in the front row trying to get Caledonia's attention; I'll remind our great CWF fans that you should never try to physically accost any of our athletes."

Caledonia looks at him, skeptically, with a dismissive look on her face.

FAN: "You suck, Caledonia! Get your husband in there to fight a better fight!"

A rising "OOOOOOOO" emanates from ringside around the fan, as MJ Flair steps towards the ropes, only to be stopped by the official - who resets his count. Caledonia steps up to the fan, and looks him in the eye.

Jim Gunt: "CALEDONIA GRABS THE BEER OUT OF THAT MAN'S HAND!"

As the fans around them erupt in cheers, and the heckler looks on in disbelief, Caledonia holds his nearly - full cup of beer in front of him and chugs it. She takes her time, allowing the fans in the vicinity to start chanting "CHUG CHUG CHUG" - with most of the arena eventually egging them on.

Caledonia drains the cup to about a quarter inch of depth, and throws the cup at the heckler, soaking him with just enough cheap beer to be annoying. She walks up the ringsteps to a standing ovation, her opponent joining in with the rest of the crowd to applaud her handling of an asshole.

Jim Gunt: "Caledonia climbing those steps with purpose!"

Mike Rolash: "She's pissed, James. That will either make her better or make her worse."

Caledonia reenters the ring, with MJ giving her plenty of space. They lock up, but Cali immediately drives a knee into her stomach, and backs MJ up a few steps! Forearm to the chest! Another to the face! MJ hits the corner, and Cali whips her across the ring, following up with a hard clothesline that snaps Flair's head back on impact.

Jim Gunt: "MJ falls forward, holding onto the top rope as she sinks to her knees! Caledonia with an aggressive streak here that we haven't seen in..."

Mike Rolash: "In three hundred years?"

Jim Gunt: "Don't get cute."

As MJ rises, Caledonia hooks her head and drops her with a DDT! MJ's grip rips off the top rope as she hits the mat, and Caledonia rolls her over! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Jim Gunt: "You can bet that fan riled Caledonia up, she's pulled MJ to the middle of the ring and she drops a leg on the back of her neck!"

Mike Rolash: "Between catching disrespect from a fan, the questions over the last fight these two had and the fact that, after beating Danny B at the last Infernal, a win here would definitely put Caledonia back in the role of number one contender for the CWF World Title."

Another scoop by the High Priestess, and she drops MJ on her knee, shoulder first, exacerbating the damage done. Cali stalks behind her opponent and looks like she's trying to lock in the Bed of Roses, but MJ is able to hook the ropes before too much damage can be done. Caledonia releases on the two count, and she backs off.

Mike Rolash: "Girl, you've got five! Use it!"

Caledonia moves back in after MJ steps away from the ropes, but Flair drives an elbow backwards that catches her on the side of the head! Caledonia staggers, and MJ picks her up and plants her with a spinebuster! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

“CAAA-LEEE-DOOOO-NNNNYA!!”

“EMM JAY EFF!”

MJ rises to her feet a few seconds faster than Caledonia, and she pulls the High Priestess up by the hair, hooking her head for a suplex. She readjusts to the middle of the ring and hooks Cali's waistband– Denied!

Jim Gunt: "Flair couldn't execute! She shakes out her right hand and rolls the shoulder again and tries.. Caledonia struggles back! The women are in a makeshift grapple again... Caledonia lifts Flair and drops her ribs first across the top rope!"

Mike Rolash: "Go back to school, honey... the adults are working."

As MJ pushes back and settles down on the outer ring apron, holding an arm across her ribs, Caledonia approaches to bring her back inside - MJ with a sudden slingshot over the top rope! She somersaults down Caledonia's back and runs to the other side, rebounding off the ropes and taking the High Priestess down with a hooking clothesline! Caledonia's head bounces off the mat as they land!

Jim Gunt: "Nice reversal by Flair, though she used her right arm for that clothesline and appears to be paying the price for it!"

In the middle of the ring, the referee counts both women down, from ONE... to TWO... to THREE... by the time MJ Flair rolls to her knees. She sees Caledonia with her hand to her sternum, and gives a clap on the shoulder in solidarity. MJ pushes back to her feet and pulls Caledonia up, and she turns her around to hook her by the head - CALEDONIA MUSCLES MJ UP AND OVER FOR A BODYSLAM! She holds her back in pain for a few moments due to the dead lift, but remains on top of her opponent, who pounds the mat with her fist from the impact.

Jim Gunt: "Caledonia grabs Flair by the ponytail and pulls her up to her feet... Cross corner whip, MJ HITS CHEST FIRST! Caledonia with a hard clothesline and MJ Flair flips over the top rope and onto the floor!"

MJ crumbles to her knees on the floor, holding her arm in obvious pain.

“CAAA-LEEE-DOOOO-NNNNYA!!”

“EMM JAY EFF!”

Caledonia, in the meantime, paces the ring, catching her breath. The referee's count is at three when MJ gets to her feet, and staggers to the barricade, gesturing to her father?

Mike Rolash: "This ain't a tag match, what gives?"

FOUR...

Jim Gunt: "MJ's father, the legendary Eli Flair stands up, and they have a brief conversation. What's happening here?"

FIVE...

Caledonia leans on the top rope, watching with fascination as Eli grabs MJ by the wrist, and she braces herself against the barrier.

SIX...

A CRACKING SOUND FILLS THE RINGSIDE AREA.

Mike Rolash: "...I think I'm gonna be sick."

Jim Gunt: "I think MJ had managed to dislocate her shoulder, and her father just helped her pop it back into place! That arm is going to pain her for the rest of this fight, but she might be able to use it more effectively again!"

SEVEN...

MJ rolls back into the ring and Caledonia immediately lands a diving dropkick to the ribs, stunning the Second Coming again and stopping her forward slide. She lifts her with a modified fireman's slam, putting her back on the mat, writing in pain. Caledonia studies the scene for a moment; she looks out into the cheering crowd, looks back at MJ, and she climbs to the top rope.

Jim Gunt: "Are we about to see it?"

Mike Rolash: "Flair looks demolished, that shoulder is clearly going to remain a problem. It might be too early for a Fall from Grace, but it also might not be."

The fans rise to their feet as if to meet Caledonia on the top, and she takes a deep breath, leaping with everything she's got...

Jim Gunt: "FALL FROM GRACE! NO!!!! MJ ROLLS BACK OUT OF THE RING! CALEDONIA HITS THE MAT HARD!"

It was a perfectly executed Shooting Star Press, but Caledonia unfortunately belly flops on the mat as MJ returns to the floor. Caledonia rolls to the middle of the ring, holding her own ribs now. The referee counts ONE... TWO...

MJ paces on the outside, breathing heavy, and she looks in the ring to see Caledonia on the mat.

THREE...

Deep breath.

"CAAA-LEEE-DOOOO-NNNNYA!!"

"EMM JAY EFF!"

FOUR...

She slides under the bottom rope, hands on knees, sucking in oxygen. MJ stalks behind Caledonia, who is also staggering to her feet... BRIDGING GERMAN SUPLEX!

ONE!

TWO!

THKICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: "Caledonia's not done yet!"

Mike Rolash: "She could be close, that missed Queen's Gambit really took the wind out of her."

Jim Gunt: "Both women down on the canvas, the referee starting his count... MJ FLAIR HOOKS CALEDONIA BY THE ANKLE! TOTAL ELIMINATION! TOTAL ELIMINATION!"

In a move not seen in more than twenty years, MJ Flair shoves one of Caledonia's boots behind the opposite knee, and locks the other boot under her arm, pulling back tightly into the same deadly, devastating submission hold that her father pioneered before she was even born.

The fans rise to their feet, cheering for both women, wanting to see the submission, wanting to see the escape.

"CAAA-LEEE-DOOOO-NNNNYA!!"

"EMM JAY EFF!"

"CAAA-LEEE-DOOOO-NNNNYA!!"

"EMM JAY EFF!"

Jim Gunt: "Caledonia must be in serious agony right now as her knee is being wrenched apart by her own ankle, but she's nowhere near the ropes! The referee asking for the submission!"

Mike Rolash: "Caledonia won the CWF World Title from Flair at Paradise via submission, this could be a poetic end to this fight."

Caledonia pounds her fist on the mat in pain, but she is clearly not 'tapping out.' She claws at the canvas, but MJ has her weight properly distributed to put more pressure on her knee if she attempts to move forward. She tries to push herself up, but MJ, in addition to the pressure on her knee, is resting her body squarely in the small of Caledonia's back.

As a last resort, Caledonia reaches back to feel for any kind of weakness that she can exploit; unfortunately the previously injured shoulder is too far away.

Jim Gunt: "Caledonia trying to rock her body back and forth?"

Mike Rolash: "That's just going to cause more damage to—Never mind."

With no way out of the submission hold in the traditional sense, Caledonia employs the only real weakness of the hold, and she rolls her entire body to the side, pressing MJ's shoulders to the mat!

ONE!

TWO!

MJ gets a shoulder up, but Caledonia presses back!

ONE!

TWO!

THR—MJ releases the hold!

Mike Rolash: "No real choice there, Caledonia's got too much core strength, she could hold her there indefinitely, and Flair would only be able to lift a shoulder from that position so many times."

Jim Gunt: "Astute observation, Mike."

Mike Rolash: "Of course it is, Jimbo - I'm better at this than you are."

Trying to press the advantage, MJ immediately moves forward to hook Caledonia's head, but she scrambles towards the ropes, causing a rope break.

This time, MJ holds on until three.

She backs off and rolls to her knees, hands up, to signal that she's waiting for Caledonia to rise again. Breathing heavy, MJ sets herself up for whatever comes next; Caledonia appears to be favoring her right knee ever so slightly.

Jim Gunt: "Dropkick to the back by Flair! Caledonia knocked into the corner!"

Mike Rolash: "Backstabbing; it gets the job done."

The dropkick staggers Caledonia forward into the corner, and as she pushes herself around, her knee seems to weaken as she falls to the mat, breathing heavily with her eyes closed in pain.

MJ sees this and staggers herself to next corner, and climbs on unsteady legs to the top turnbuckle. The fans rise to their feet along with her, as the volume increases ever louder.

"EMM JAY EFF!"

"EMM JAY EFF!"

"CAAA-LEEE-DOOOO-NNNNYA!!"

"EMM JAY EFF!"

"CAAA-LEEE-DOOOO-NNNNYA!!"

Jim Gunt: "We're about to see Flair hit the Van Terminator on Caledonia, who remains prone in the corner. This could do it, Mike."

Mike Rolash: "Did it work at Paradise? It did not."

Jim Gunt: "COAST TO COAST! NO!!"

Steadying herself on the top turnbuckle, MJ leans forward and pushes off; a half second before Caledonia kips up on a knee that appears to be less injured than it first appeared. She steps forward, half catching, half guiding MJ's legs into a modified powerbomb!

"CAAA-LEEE-DOOOO-NNNNYA!!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"CAAA-LEEE-DOOOO-NNNNYA!!"

clap clap clapclapclap

"CAAA-LEEE-DOOOO-NNNNYA!!"

"EMM JAY EFF!"

"CAAA-LEEE-DOOOO-NNNNYA!!"

"EMM JAY EFF!"

Playing a bit of possum herself, Caledonia nonetheless is still out of breath and walking with the slightest bit of favor to her knee; the submission hold did its damage, but not as severely, it would seem. She covers!

ONE!

TWO...

THREEKICKOUT!

Taking no time to spare, Caledonia rolls to her knees and stands, as MJ slowly pushes herself up onto all fours. Caledonia backs up into the corner, measuring MJ just as MJ measured her scant seconds ago.

Jim Gunt: "I think she's ready for it, Mike."

Mike Rolash: "I'm ready for another round of drinks."

Jim Gunt: "MJ Flair staggers to her feet, Caledonia climbs the corner... QUEEN'S GAMBIT!"

The entire arena audibly gasps at the sound of Caledonia's boot hitting MJ's head, and the Princess of Extreme collapses to the mat like a house of cards. Caledonia wastes no time, she drops down and covers!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Trent Robbins gestures no to Caledonia, and points to MJ's foot draped over the bottom rope!

Jim Gunt: "This match continues! Flair had nothing left, except to grab the ropes! Caledonia rubs her hands over her face, and gives Robbins a look of sheer disbelief!"

There's nothing the referee can do but shrug his shoulders; there was a rope break.

Caledonia pulls MJ away from the ropes about a foot, and covers again!

ONE!

TWO!

THREEKICKOUT!

Those precious few seconds evidently gave her just enough to escape. Caledonia shakes her head and struggles up, leaning down to grab MJ and pull her up as well - MJ BREAKS CALEDONIA'S GRIP AND FIRES AN ELBOW TO THE JAW!

It seems to be all MJ had in the tank at that moment; the elbow rocks Caledonia backwards into the ropes, but MJ staggers back and nearly falls over, bracing herself on the opposite ropes. Caledonia shakes her head vigorously to loosen the cobwebs, just in time for MJ to run at her with a suicide clothesline that takes both women over the top rope! Caledonia lands in a heap just outside the ring while MJ cartwheels, knocking her head against the barricade!

Mike Rolash: "Take a look at where they're at, Jimbo. Are we gonna see the Hatfields and the McCoys go at it, too?"

Jim Gunt: "Caledonia and Flair are both on the far side of the ring, having landed right in front of their respective families at ringside. Trent Robbins has started the count, but both women are stirring and I certainly don't see a double countout happening here tonight!"

ONE...

Caledonia grabs the ring apron and pulls herself to her knees, while MJ does the same on the barricade. When MJ's face rises above, however...

MJF: "...Oh Hi."

She's face to face with her entire family. Her mother points at her head, just above the ear. MJ puts her hand to her head and comes back red: the hit to the barricade was apparently harder than she thought.

TWO...

Mike Rolash: "Can this girl ever have a wrestling match without bleeding all over the place?"

Jim Gunt: "Complaints can be mailed to Michael Rolash, c/o The CWF--"

As if seeing her own blood provides a shot of adrenalin, MJ pushes herself to her feet several seconds before Caledonia. She smiles at her parents, winks at her partner, and leans over the barrier... coming up with two unopened bottles of water.

Jim Gunt: "I'm not sure if that's a legal move here."

Mike Rolash: "It's the Air Bud law, Jimbo - nobody says you can't take water from someone in the crowd."

THREE...

MJ staggers to ringside, places one bottle of water on the apron above Caledonia, and helps the High Priestess to her feet.

Caledonia looks at her.

Looks at the blood.

Looks at the water.

MJ Flair shrugs.

MJF: "Here's to ya, girlypop."

FOUR...

A smirk forms on Caledonia's face as she cracks the water bottle, they toast, and take a long drink of ice cold water.

"CAAA-LEEE-DOOOO-NNNNYA!!"

"EMM JAY EFF!"

"CAAA-LEEE-DOOOO-NNNNYA!!"

"EMM JAY EFF!"

MJ slides under the bottom rope, breaking the count. She backs Trent Robbins up to give Caledonia room to do the same.

As the two women face off against each other; sore, bruised, and bloodied, the fans applaud.

Jim Gunt: "Once more, they lock up!"

Mike Rolash: "It's like the last half hour didn't even happen. Except for the blood and sweat. Kinky."

The lock up isn't quite as smooth as before. MJ immediately transitions to a headlock while Caledonia counters with a teardrop suplex! She rolls MJ over to make a pin attempt, but MJ fires an elbow backwards into her face! Caledonia lands on her knees after the impact, and MJ rolls away to stagger back to her feet. They move towards each other again, and Caledonia with a boot to the abdomen! Irish whip!

Jim Gunt: "Flair ducks a clothesline attempt... CALEDONIA SPINS HER AND LOCKS ON THE BED OF ROSES! Right in the middle of the ring! This is how she won her first CWF World Title against this very opponent!"

Mike Rolash: "It's over. That shoulder was damaged from the start, and it's only gotten worse."

Again, the fans are on their feet as MJ struggles to stay on her feet while Caledonia holds on tightly, trying to muscle her down.

Jim Gunt: "This hold has got to be pure agony on Flair right now. To her credit, she's doing a great job of staying up, but once Caledonia gets her on the mat and locks on that body scissors, she's going to have to tap out or risk serious injury."

Mike Rolash: "Why not both?"

Jim Gunt: "You can see at ringside, Dan Highlander and Kevin LaCroix standing up, watching with bated breath. You know they just hope this match ends soon so their loved ones can end the fighting."

Every time MJ gets a step towards the ropes, Caledonia pulls her back and tries to pull her down again. MJ's core strength seems to be holding out, but her knees are starting to buckle. Trent Robbins is right there, asking if she wants to quit, but MJ shakes her head no.

Jim Gunt: "She's too proud to give up, Mike."

Mike Rolash: "What an idiot. She gives up years ago to drop the World Title, but now, with nothing on the line, she's too good for a tap? Talk about skewed priorities."

MJ spreads her feet a bit, centering her balance, all the while Caledonia has the hold cinched in tightly, trying to pull her down.

"CAAA-LEEE-DOOOO-NNNNYA!!"

"EMM JAY EFF!"

"CAAA-LEEE-DOOOO-NNNNYA!!"

"EMM JAY EFF!"

Jim Gunt: "These fans are cheering for both women, Mike... they've earned the fans' respect all over again and then some!"

In the ring, MJ closes her eyes tight. Tears squeeze out the side of her eyelids, just as Caledonia's forearm is beginning to stain red with blood. She looks like she's concentrating; or perhaps trying to block out the pain shooting through her neck and shoulder at this moment.

Jim Gunt: "MJ STEPS BACK AND BENDS OVER! CALEDONIA LEAVES HER FEET!"

Mike Rolash: "What a dumb move! Caledonia wraps her legs around MJ's waist, and now she's got it fully cinched-WHAT?!?"

As the slightly shorter Caledonia leaves her feet, she does lock in the body scissors around MJ's waist, but no sooner does she do so than MJ kicks her own feet out from under her and drops both women to the mat, Caledonia sandwiched between MJ's body weight and the unforgiving ring! The hold breaks, and MJ rolls away, holding her shoulder as immobile as possible!

Jim Gunt: "It looks like Caledonia might have gotten the wind knocked out of her on that impact, Mike - she's breathing hard! Up on one knee - MJ HOOKS HER FROM BEHIND!"

Doing her best to hold her right arm still, MJ hooks Caledonia around the neck from behind with her left arm, and pulls her backwards to her feet.

MJF (inaudible; lip reading): "Thank you for this, girl."

Jim Gunt: "MORNING STAR! MORNING STAR! MJ COVERS!"

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

...

DING DING DING!

The only movement in the ring itself as Trent Robbins calls for the bell is MJ letting Caledonia's hooked leg drop to the mat. She remains prone, lying half her body on top of the High Priestess', completely drained.

Joey Garcia: "Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner..."

EMM... JAY... FLAIR!!!!"

CUE UP: "Frequency" by AL1CE

Jim Gunt: "This was a hard fought battle for these women; I don't know if you say anything other than they survived!"

Mike Rolash: "They might be leaving some body parts in the ring there, Jimbo."

Trent Robbins raises MJ's arm in victory, even as she barely comprehends what just happened. Both Dan and Kevin climb the barricade to enter the ring to check on their respective partners; Caledonia is still lying on the mat with the palms of her hands pressed into her eyes, Dan speaking inaudibly with her, shielding his mouth from the hard camera. MJ has managed to roll to a seated position, leaning on the ropes as Kevin - an outsider to the world of professional wrestling - simply rubs her back.

Jim Gunt: "This is what the CWF is all about, Mike."

Mike Rolash: "Two women beating the hell out of each other while their boy toys make me a sandwich?"

Jim Gunt: "You're hopeless."

Mike Rolash: "Long as I get my sandwich."

The women are helped to their feet as the arena gives them yet another standing ovation. MJ and Caledonia stare at each other for a long moment, stepping towards the middle of the ring; beaten up but not beaten down. Bloodied and bruised, but not broken.

MJ offers Caledonia a handshake.

Caledonia steps forward and embraces MJ, holding the young woman tight to another raucous round of applause. After nearly a minute, Caledonia raises MJ's hand in victory.

Jim Gunt: "Two of the absolute best to ever compete in this sport; showing the world the power of respect. MJ holds the ropes for Caledonia, and these two spectacular athletes walk to the back arm in arm, talking to each other the entire way. Fans, we'll be back in just a moment for the other half of our main event, don't go anywhere!"

Purgatory

Segment

We're taken backstage, moments before the Hell in a Cell main event. Gordy King, adorn with his CWF World Championship, sits with the replica Stanley Cup, flattened some weeks ago by The Ripper, in his lap.

Gordy King: "I heard what you said, bud."

He takes a deep breath and looks at the camera, fire in his eyes.

Gordy King: "Saw you at Fan Fest, Danny. Heard what you said about me. Said I'm good for a joke, but this is serious business. Here's the thing, bud - I'm not laughing, eh? Sure, I'm good to bust balls, crack a joke and play around just as easy as an old lady playin' the VLTs is at lightin' a dart, but when time comes...I bring a seriousness that you ain't ready for, bud."

He stands.

Gordy King: "It's not the cage you gotta worry about, eh? Tonight, I bring the Hell, Rip."

He tosses the trophy aside and shoulders the world title.

Gordy King: "Keep your stick on the ice."

Gordy King (c) vs. "The Ripper" Danny B

Match

The lights inside the TD Garden slowly begin to fall away, the enormous arena in Boston becoming darker and darker until the whole building is almost black. The Wrestle Fest V logo remains illuminated on the CWF Tron as well as the digital video walls throughout the arena, a low rumble beginning to roll across the building. The camera zooms across

the packed arena to catch signs raised in the air, fans on their feet, the excitement is palpable and the moment couldn't be any bigger.

Thousands of the most dedicated wrestling fans on earth wait to see the final match of the biggest night in CWF history. Zooming through the packed house of screaming fans, the camera finally comes to the center of the ring where Joey Garcia adjusts his tie, smiles, and gets ready to bring out two of Championship Wrestling Federation's biggest names.

Joey Garcia: "Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is your...MAAAIIINN EVENT!"

The crowd are already on their feet.

Joey Garcia: "A HELL IN A CELL MATCH...FOR THE CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!"

The crowd noise only dies down for a moment before "For I Am Death" by Pretty Reckless hits. A deep ominous guitar riff begins to echo through the TD Garden. There is a mixed reaction from the Boston crowd, a substantial portion of the building standing to applaud while another section rains down boos. A single white spotlight catches Danny B as he walks onto the stage. He stands there center stage for the longest of times, the spotlight shining on him as the ovation grows.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first, the challenger...from Brighton, England, weighing 210 pounds...a former two time CWF World Heavyweight Champion...a two time Golden Intentions rumble winner including the 2026 rumble...THE RIPPER....DANNY B!!"

The former two-time CWF World Heavyweight Champion slowly starts walking toward the ring, no smile on his face tonight. No playful arrogance. Whatever jokes the Ripper might have made in the weeks leading to this match are gone. Danny reaches ringside and stops directly in front of the Cell. He looks up at the steel roof then slowly walks around the structure, examining it from every angle. He eventually finds the entrance door and steps inside the Cell as the door is closed and locked behind him.

Jim Gunt: "We've seen Hell in a Cell matches before, Mike, but there is something different about this one. These two men have tried for weeks to one-up each other, but tonight there is nowhere to run. There is nowhere to hide. And there's absolutely no way for anyone from the outside to get involved in this match. One fall to a finish, for the greatest prize in professional wrestling."

Mike Rolash: "That's just the way it should be, Jimbo, because I don't want anybody ruining this for Danny B. The man's waited long enough for this opportunity."

Jim Gunt: "You mean the same Danny B who attacked Gordy with a steel chair, destroyed his championship trophy with a sledgehammer, and watched haplessly as Gordy used a Zamboni to flatten his Lamborghini?"

Mike Rolash: "All of that is completely irrelevant."

Jim Gunt: "You say that every time something happens to Danny."

Mike Rolash (whispering): "I can't say anything bad about Danny B."

The lights around the arena dim to a golden hue, save for a soft spotlight at the top of the stage. The muted bass solo and light percussion of The Tragically Hip's "Blow at High Dough" start up as the arena's lights change to a softened red and white glow.

"They shot a movie once, in my hometown

Everybody was in it, from miles around"

At the periphery of the light, a shadow, unmistakably that of the Gordy King.

"Out at the speedway, some kind of Elvis thing

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

As the guitars crescendo, the lights come back up, and Gordy, grin on his face, hoists a hockey stick over his head.

"Yeah, I can get behind anything!"

Red and white confetti explodes from the sky and showers the CWF fans packed in attendance for the biggest show of the year as they give The Most Canadian Man Alive a rousing ovation. Gordy, all smiles, trudges down to the ring with the World Championship proudly draped over his shoulder, slapping hands on the way.

Joey Garcia: "And his opponent, from Cole Harbour, Nova Scotia, weighing 250lbs, he is the REIGNING AND DEFENDING CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...THE MOST CANADIAN MAN ALIVE....GORDY KING!!"

Gordy doesn't bother to mimic the slapshot as the introduction is made, tonight is different.

Tonight is serious.

Tonight is the most important match in the twenty seven years that the Championship Wrestling Federation has dominated the professional wrestling scene.

He looks into the ring where Danny B stretches against the top and middle rope from the far side of the ring, the two men making eye contact for the first time in the evening. Ripper gives him a confident, cocky smirk, but Gordy simply doesn't respond to it. He isn't here for the games that the challenger has been playing the last several weeks, the champion has his game face on as he steps through the massive Cell surrounding the ring, taking one step on the steel steps then another.

The crowd around the Most Canadian Man alive are on their feet screaming his name, the moment literally stops him in his tracks before he enters the ring, Gordy holds onto the ropes and looks out to the crowd before a smile finally comes across his face. The challenger rolls his eyes at the showboating, waving his fingers as if to tell Gordy "let's go" before he finally steps into the ring.

Gordy goes right for Ripper, walking towards him and immediately getting in the challenger's face. Neither man back down as the stare runs a mile wide. It lasts several seconds before Gordy turns to his left and Danny turns to his right, taking in the ovation from the thousands of fans packed into the TD Garden as head official Trent Robbins comes to the center of the ring to go over the rules with both men.

Jim Gunt: "There is a tremendous amount of history between these two men in an incredibly short period of time. Danny B won the 2026 Golden Intentions Rumble, guaranteeing himself this opportunity, and he has made it very clear that he believes this championship belongs to him."

Mike Rolash: "And Gordy has spent the last two shows destroying Danny's property."

Jim Gunt: "Danny destroyed his trophy first."

Mike Rolash: "We're going to have to agree to disagree."

Trent Robbins takes the championship from the official outside the ring and raises it high above his head. The lights catch the gold, and the TD Garden crowd erupts. Robbins hands the championship away and checks both competitors. The Cell door is locked as Gordy cracks his neck. Danny wipes his mouth with his thumb.

DING DING DING!

The atmosphere inside the Hell in the Cell is different than any other match in all of wrestling. The massive cage locks the competitors within it like prisoners with a life sentence. In the biggest match in CWF's history, neither man moves immediately. They simply stare at one another. Finally, Gordy King steps forward. Eventually, Danny B does the same.

The two collide in the center of the ring with a furious lock-up, Gordy immediately using the weight advantage to drive Danny backward. Danny manages to plant his feet and twist around, attempting to take Gordy down with a waistlock, but the champion drops his hips and clubs backward with an elbow. Danny releases the hold, only for Gordy to catch him with a European uppercut that sends the challenger staggering into the ropes.

Danny B rebounds and fires back with a forearm of his own, and suddenly the opening exchange becomes a slugfest as both men trade strikes in the middle of the ring. Gordy's shots are heavier, but Danny is quicker, using short elbows and sharp kicks to the thigh to keep the champion from planting his feet. Gordy King finally catches one of the kicks, yanks Danny toward him and drills him with a short-arm clothesline that turns the challenger inside out.

Jim Gunt: "There's the power of the champion!"

Gordy drops down for the first cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Ripper kicks out, but Gordy doesn't waste any time. He grabs Danny around the waist and muscles him upward, looking for the gut-wrench powerbomb, but Danny fights the grip immediately, throwing a series of elbows backward into Gordy's head before landing behind him.

Danny catches the champion from behind and snaps him down with a takedown, immediately transitioning into a front facelock. The Most Canadian Man Alive powers upward, but Danny peppers the side of his head with elbows before twisting into a quick neckbreaker. He immediately covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Gordy powers a shoulder up.

Mike Rolash: "See? This is why Danny is a former two-time champion, Jimbo. He doesn't need to overpower you. He just needs to find the opening."

Jim Gunt: "He also knows Gordy's back is going to be a major target. Danny's ground game has become much more methodical as he's gotten older."

Danny sits up and looks down at Gordy. The Ripper smirks as he stomps down on him.

Danny B: "Come on, Gordy. Get up."

Gordy slowly pulls himself to his feet. Danny drives a knee into his stomach. Another. The champion is doubled over, easy pickings for a sharp elbow across the jaw.

Gordy King stumbles backward into the corner, and Danny follows with a series of hard kicks to the ribs before grabbing him by the wrist and whipping him across the ring. Gordy hits the turnbuckles hard, and Danny charges in steadfast after him and gets caught.

Gordy hoists him, changes the challenger's position, and explodes out of the corner with a running powerslam. Danny's body bounces off the canvas before the champion pulls him in, hooking his legs for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Danny kicks out, the crowd rising to their feet as the match continues. Gordy rolls to his knees and immediately starts throwing heavy right hands. Ripper does his best to cover up, but Gordy keeps swinging.

Jim Gunt: "Gordy King has gone from smiling and waving to the fans to trying to knock Danny B's head off."

Mike Rolash: "That's what happens when you put a hockey player inside a cage."

Gordy drags Danny upright and whips him toward the ropes. Danny rebounds, and Gordy ducks for the lariat. Ripper leapfrogs as Gordy turns.

RIPPER KILL SHOT!

Danny catches Gordy with the RKO out of nowhere! Gordy crashes flat onto his back. Danny hooks both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO!

Gordy kicks out!

The TD Garden crowd erupts as the reigning World champion kicks out at the last second. The fans are stomping on their feet, lights are flashing, and Gordy just kicked out of Ripper's finishing maneuver.

Jim Gunt: "GORDY KING KICKED OUT OF THE RIPPER KILL SHOT!"

Mike Rolash: "I thought that was it!"

Danny sits up in disbelief, staring at Trent Robbins.

Danny B: "That was three!"

Trent Robbins: "Two!"

Danny shakes his head before looking down at Gordy. The challenger grabs the champion by the hair and begins talking directly into his face.

Danny B: "You're tougher than you look, aren't you?"

Gordy suddenly grabs Danny by the throat. Danny's eyes widen as the Most Canadian Man Alive throws him backward with a violent shove. Ripper crashes into the ropes. Taking a deep breath in and out, Gordy looks out the cheering sold out crowd and charges.

Danny ducks.

Gordy stops himself before crashing into the Cell. Danny immediately comes from behind and kicks Gordy's knee out. The champion drops to one knee. Danny grabs his head and runs him toward the ropes. Instead of throwing Gordy through them, Danny abruptly changes direction and launches him shoulder-first into the steel turnbuckle.

Gordy's back arches in pain, writhing around like a worm pulled out of a cardboard cup.

Danny sees the opening and smiles. He grabs the champion's arm and sends him toward the opposite corner, but Gordy reverses it. Danny B slams into the turnbuckles. Gordy charges...no, Ripper gets a boot up. Gordy catches the foot, but Danny tries a thrust kick.

Gordy ducks, Danny turns.

FIVE FOR FIGHTING!

The pumphandle powerslam connects. Danny folds onto the canvas, the crowd rising to their feet ready for the finish but Gordy doesn't cover immediately. Instead, the champion grabs Danny by the ankle and starts dragging him toward the ropes.

Jim Gunt: "Gordy is taking this fight to the outside."

Gordy pulls the ropes apart and steps through. Danny is barely moving as the CWF World Champion grabs him and pulls him up. Ripper suddenly rakes his fingers across Gordy's eyes. The crowd boos as he shoves Gordy into the side of the Cell.

CLANG!

The champion's back hits the steel. Danny grabs Gordy's head and drives it into the Cell again.

CLANG!

And again.

CLANG!

Gordy stumbles away. Danny grabs him from behind and sends him face-first into the steel.

Jim Gunt: "The Cell has already become a weapon!"

Mike Rolash: "That's what it's there for, Jimbo!"

Danny drags Gordy back toward the ring and rolls him underneath the bottom rope. Danny follows, climbs onto the apron and drops a knee directly onto Gordy's back before pulling him up by the hair. He hooks the World Champion's arms.

COMPLETE SIN!

Gordy blocks it. Danny tries again. Gordy drives him backward into the turnbuckles, and finally the Ripper releases the hold. The champion fires an elbow, but Danny ducks. Gordy turns, and Danny catches him.

COMPLETE SIN!

This time it connects. Danny covers, the crowd packed into the TD Garden watching on stunned.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Gordy kicks out at the last possible second. Danny rolls onto his back, staring at the ceiling.

Mike Rolash: "THAT WAS THREE!"

Jim Gunt: "It was two and a half!"

Mike Rolash: "That's the most Canadian thing I've ever heard."

Danny gets back to his feet and begins stalking Gordy. The champion pulls himself up using the ropes as Danny rushes in. The momentum takes him just a step too far, as Gordy catches him. BULLDOG!

Danny is driven face-first into the canvas. Gordy pulls him up and hits a blasting European uppercut. Another. Another. Danny tries to answer with an elbow, but Gordy blocks it and fires a short-arm clothesline. Danny ducks through it, rebounding off the ropes. King catches him around the waist.

GUT-WRENCH POWERBOMB!

Danny crashes hard, the sound of his body hitting the canvas like an anvil hitting concrete from a fifty foot plunge. Gordy hooks the leg, ready to retain his championship on the biggest night in CWF history.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE?

NO!

Right as CWF's head referee hand's is about to hit the canvas for the final count for the most important match in CWF history, Danny turns his body just enough to kick out. The crowd are beside themselves as Gordy looks toward Trent Robbins. The referee holds up two fingers. Gordy takes a deep breath and nods. His eyes move toward the corner, he knows what he wants. Gordy pulls Danny upright.

Pendulum Backbreaker!

Danny screams as Gordy's knee drives into his back. Gordy maintains the hold for several seconds before throwing Danny down. The champion backs into the corner and pounds his chest. The crowd knows what's coming.

Jim Gunt: "Gordy King is setting up the Crosscheck!"

Danny slowly begins to rise, not realizing what's coming. Gordy soaks in the moment for just a second before charging in at the challenger.

CROSSSSCHECK!

NO!

Danny moves just in time, sidestepping Gordy and saving himself from taking quite possibly the finishing shot. Gordy can't stop his own momentum and hits the turnbuckles. Danny grabs him from behind.

RIPPER KILL SHOT!

NO!

Gordy shoves the Golden Intentions 2026 winner away. Danny backs up and once again rebounds off the ropes. This time the World champion catches him.

RUNNING POWERSLAM!

Danny's back hits the canvas with a thump before Gordy quickly covers.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Again, Danny kicks out! Gordy stares at him, a twinkle in his eye that says he's genuinely surprised.

Jim Gunt: "Danny B just kicked out of the Running Powerslam! The impact of the challenger hitting the canvas was enough to put any normal man away, but tonight is NOT a normal night!"

Mike Rolash: "This is what Wrestle Fest is supposed to be! This is what the World Championship is supposed to mean!"

Taking a look at the standing fans, Gordy shifts his attention to the task and hand and grabs Danny to pull him upright. Ripper suddenly fires a straight fist.

Gordy answers with one of his own.

Danny.

Gordy.

Danny Gordy (lol).

The two men stand in the middle of the ring throwing everything they have left into each punch. Danny lands a snapping rising knee. Gordy answers with a European uppercut, backing him up. Danny flails his hands forward, and fires a shining wizard. Gordy staggers, his feet barely keeping him afloat. Danny rebounds.

DESTIN-KNEE RIGHT TO HIS JAW!

The champion drops haplessly to a knee, and the challenger is crazed now, mumbling to himself as he measures Gordy up one final time.

A SECOND DESTIN-KNEE!

The Most Canadian Man Alive collapses. Danny immediately hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NEW WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION!

HOLY SHIT!

NOOOO!

Gordy King kicks out just as the fingerprint of the official damn near makes it imprint on the canvas. Danny B sits up, the emotion taking over as he runs both hands through his hair, the face paint on half his face worn nearly completely off at this point.

Danny B: "What the hell?!"

The crowd is now completely alive as Danny rises and grabs Gordy by the wrist. He pulls the champion toward him.

RIPPER KILL SHOT!

Gordy catches the RKO attempt, pulling his opponent in with ease. Danny scrambles, trying his best to fight out of it. The World Champion doesn't let him, hoisting him in the air.

FIVE FOR FIGHTING!

NO!

Danny slips free just as Gordy turns right into it.

SHINING WIZARD!

Danny B connects with the massive kick, hitting the side of the champion's face and dropping him immediately. Danny climbs to the second rope, looking toward the roof of the Cell then back down at Gordy King.

Mike Rolash: "Oh, don't you dare."

Jim Gunt: "Danny B is going upstairs!"

Danny climbs higher and higher before reaching the top rope. He looks down, seeing that Gordy is motionless. The Ripper stands at full-staff and sways momentarily before retaining his balance. He takes one last look at his opponent before leaping into the air.

DEMON OF DEATH!

But Gordy moves at the last possible second, and Danny crashes chest-first into the canvas! The crowd explodes as Gordy rolls over, gasping for breath. Both men are down, the crowd are on their feet, and Trent Robbins begins checking on them. Neither moves.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

Gordy gets one knee underneath him as Danny pulls himself toward the ropes. The champion rises first. Gordy grabs Danny, but the Ripper suddenly grabs the champion's head.

THE COLOUR RED!

Gordy blocks it! He shoves Danny away. The Ripper bounces off the ropes chest first, turns and rebounds. Gordy catches him around the waist as he returns. Danny B elbows backward, but Gordy King refuses to let go. The challenger elbows again, missing completely. Gordy spins him through the air.

Jim Gunt: "GUT-WRENCH POWERBOMB PLANTS RIPPER HARD ON THE MAT!"

Danny lands hard flat on his back, but the champion doesn't cover. With the thousands of fans standing on their feet waiting to see the end of the biggest match in CWF history, he instead looks down at Danny. The champion backs into the corner again. He pounds his chest as the TD Garden crowd rises.

Jim Gunt: "He wants it again!"

Mike Rolash: "Danny B may not have enough left to get out of this one!"

Danny slowly gets to his feet, swaying back and forth in a daze as Gordy charges.

CROSSCHECK!

The challenger will not let it happen, though, as Danny catches him! Destiny seems to truly be on his side tonight as The Ripper twists at the last possible instant, causing Gordy to stumble past. Danny grabs him from behind.

THE COLOUR RED!

The Sister Abigail connects! Gordy drops face-first onto the mat. Danny collapses beside him. The challenger doesn't cover. Not because he doesn't want to...he can't. Danny rolls onto his back, breathing heavily.

The TD Garden crowd is roaring as Danny slowly crawls toward Gordy. He drapes one arm over the champion as Trent Robbins drops.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

For one moment, an odd silence rains over the arena, then TD Garden explodes.

Joey Garcia: "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...HERE IS YOUR WINNER...AND THE BRAND NEW CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION...THE RIPPER.....DANNY B!!!"

At first, Danny B doesn't move. He simply lies there with his arm still across Gordy's chest. Trent Robbins gently pulls him away. The referee looks toward the championship official outside the Cell. The cage begins to rise as Danny finally rolls onto his side. He looks toward Gordy, at the official, then finally at the championship.

His eyes begin to well up as the World Heavyweight Championship is handed through the ropes. Trent Robbins walks over and places it in Danny's hands. The Ripper stares down at the gold.

For perhaps the first time since he returned to CWF, there is no arrogance on Danny B's face. There is disbelief. He presses the championship against his forehead. His entire body is shaking. Danny tries to stand, his legs nearly give out. Trent Robbins catches him.

The crowd gives him a strange mixture of cheers and boos, but the cheers are getting louder and louder as the seconds pass. Each and every fan within the TD Garden knows damn well what this moment means. Not only to The Ripper. Not only to Danny B, himself. To all of Championship Wrestling Federation, to all of professional wrestling as a whole.

Jim Gunt: "Danny B has done it."

Danny slowly gets upright.

Jim Gunt: "After everything these two men have done to one another, after the Golden Intentions Rumble, after the chair attack, after the destruction of the trophy, after the Lamborghini, after the Zamboni, after everything that brought us to this moment..."

Danny lifts the championship.

Jim Gunt: "...The Ripper is once again the CWF World Heavyweight Champion."

Mike Rolash: "I hate saying it, Jimbo..."

Mike pauses.

Mike Rolash: "...but that was one hell of a fight."

Danny turns toward the hard camera. He can barely stand as he raises the championship above his head. Fireworks erupt from the stage. Confetti begins raining down from the ceiling. The entire Wrestle Fest V set explodes with light.

Danny looks completely overwhelmed.

He slowly walks toward one side of the ring, holding the championship against his chest as the crowd gets louder. He raises it to another roar. He turns toward the second side and raises it again. Louder. Danny turns toward the third side, wiping his eyes before lifting the title. The crowd is now almost deafening.

Finally, he turns toward the hard camera side. He raises the championship high above his head. The mixed reaction has become overwhelmingly positive.

Jim Gunt: "Listen to this place!"

Mike Rolash: "Boston has officially accepted The Ripper."

Danny lowers the championship and hugs it against his chest. He looks around the building. He can barely stand, but there's no way in hell he's going to let his feet deceive him tonight. Then suddenly, behind him, movement.

Gordy King is getting to his feet.

The champion who walked into Wrestle Fest with the World Heavyweight Championship around his waist is now bruised, exhausted and barely able to remain upright. Danny doesn't notice at first, but the crowd begin to react.

Danny B turns as Gordy is standing. The two men look at one another. Danny holds the championship proudly

between them. Neither man says anything as Gordy slowly walks forward. Danny's grip tightens around the belt.

Gordy reaches out and rips the championship out of Danny's hands. The crowd gasps.

Mike Rolash: "Oh, here we go!"

Taking an immediate step toward him, Ripper's eyes lit up, showing he's ready to go another round. Gordy holds the championship at his side. For several long seconds, the two men stand eye-to-eye. Danny looks furious, Gordy looks exhausted. It seems as though the fight is about to start all over again.

The World Heavyweight Champion grabs Danny by the shoulder and spins him around. Danny turns back toward the crowd as Gordy takes the championship and slowly wraps it around Danny's waist. The TD Garden crowd erupts as Danny looks down at the championship being placed carefully around his waist, then turns to look back at Gordy. The Most Canadian Man Alive stands directly in front of the new champion.

The two men stare at one another for several moments before Gordy extends his hand. Danny looks at it for several more. After a long moment, Danny accepts. They shake hands, the crowd cheering the emotional moment as Gordy then grabs Danny's wrist.

He raises the new champion's arm into the air. The building absolutely comes unglued.

Jim Gunt: "GORDY KING IS SHOWING THE WORLD WHAT A CHAMPION LOOKS LIKE!"

Mike Rolash: "And after everything these two have been through, he's putting over the new World Champion!"

Danny stands beside Gordy, the championship around his waist and his arm raised. The fireworks continue exploding above the entrance stage. Confetti covers the ring. Gordy releases Danny's hand and gives him a final nod before stepping back. Danny looks down at the championship once more. He places both hands over it, then he raises his arms.

The biggest moment on the biggest night, and Danny B has finally removed the chip off his shoulder. The camera pulls farther and farther back, showing the entirety of TD Garden, the wreckage of the Hell in a Cell surrounding the ring, confetti covering the canvas and the brand new CWF World Heavyweight Champion standing in the middle of it all.

Jim Gunt: "What a night."

Mike Rolash: "What a Wrestle Fest."

Jim Gunt: "And what a way to close out the biggest night in CWF history. Danny B is the World Heavyweight Champion."

Mike Rolash: "And somehow, Jimbo, after everything that happened tonight, I'm actually looking forward to seeing what comes next."

Jim Gunt: "Before we get there, though, we want to remind everyone that CWF will be taking a summer break. There will be no Infernalía two weeks from tonight as the company takes some time to prepare for the next CWF Tour."

Mike Rolash: "Which means you've got two weeks to recover from Wrestle Fest V, Jimbo."

Jim Gunt: "I'm going to need it."

Mike Rolash: "So will Danny B after the celebration I'm sure he's going to be having all night long following this victory."

The camera finds Danny one final time. He is still standing in the center of the ring. The Ripper raises the CWF World Heavyweight Championship above his head.

Jim Gunt: "Stay tuned to CWF.ewplace.com for the Infernalía 11 card coming soon."

Mike Rolash: "From Boston, Massachusetts, for everyone here at CWF... goodnight!"

Danny B stands alone in the ring with the World Heavyweight Championship held high as the final fireworks erupt one last time. The camera slowly fades to black.

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