Ascension: Ascension 2326

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: May 29, 2026
Location: The Collosium

Preview

The culmination of the Amoralist block! Good versus evil in the most brutal of fashions. CWF brings to you Ascension, live May 29th, 2326!

Results

Ascending To Greatness

Segment

The screen is black. Static bleeds through your screen, faint at first, but soon enough to give you a migraine within seconds. A low mechanical hum follows, slowly vibrating throughout the broadcast feed. The sound builds into a deafening industrial pulse before…

BOOM.

A wall of fire erupts across the stage as “Starless” by LYLYC (featuring Bobby Amaru of Saliva)'s heavy beat explodes over the speaker system pumping all throughout the Colosseum. The cameras burst open into a sweeping aerial shot of Anthropolis as thousands upon thousands of fans explode into cheers beneath towering holographic skyscrapers surrounding the arena. Massive crimson spotlights cut through the night sky while drones circle overhead projecting giant rotating Ascension sigils above the stadium dome.

Pyrotechnics scream from every corner of the arena in synchronized blasts as giant LED towers pulse with flashing imagery from the war between The Major Arcana and The Amoralists.

Bodies crashing through glass. Skulls nearly bursting in two. Cities burning. Bloodied faces. Championships raised.

It all comes down to this.

The logo finally slams onto the screen:

ASCENSION

The music crescendos into violent orchestral chaos as silver sparks rain from the rafters.

Joey Garcia: “LADIES AND GENTLEMEN…WELCOME TO ASCENSION!!!”

The crowd explodes into cheers inside the Colosseum, the atmosphere is bigger, better and darker than anything leading up to this point. Giant floating holograms drift above the crowd displaying faction insignias while armored security patrols the barricades below. Neon flames ripple across the entrance stage as enormous mechanical pillars rise from beneath the floor. The cameras pan across screaming fans holding glowing signs:

“END THE AMORALISTS!”

“RIPPER FEARS NOTHING, NOT EVEN ROLASH”

“DANGEROUS FOREVER”

“THE ARCANA RISES”

“JACE DID NOTHING WRONG!”

A gigantic rotating steel structure hangs ominously above the ring itself.

Jim Gunt: “For months, this federation has been consumed by war, violence, betrayal, and absolute chaos…and tonight it all comes to a head here inside the battleground at the heart of Anthropolis…the Colosseum!”

Mike Rolash: “Jimbo, look around us! This place is electric! We got drones flying around, lasers melting my retinas, twenty-foot holograms of Anhellica glaring into my soul…this is what the future is supposed to look like!”

Jim Gunt: “And somewhere amidst all this spectacle are careers, championships, and perhaps even lives hanging in the balance. Ascension is not just another pay per view, Mike. This is a defining night in CWF history.”

Another explosion of pyro erupts from the stage.

Mike Rolash: “And hopefully a defining night for THE AMORALISTS, baby! History is written by the winners!”

Jim Gunt: “You may not like hearing this, folks…but tonight could truly determine the future of our world as we know it.”

The camera transitions to a towering ladder suspended above the ring as the crowd cheers loudly.

Jim Gunt: “We are kicking things off with absolute insanity as Dangerous Dan defends the CWF Paramount Championship in a six-person Ladder Match!”

Quick cuts flash across the screen. Dangerous Dan diving off a balcony. Bia knocking someone unconscious with a spinning strike. Brooke Hernandez training in pouring rain. Marva Duke deadlifting absurd weight. Sabrina Taylor flipping off a ladder. Yuri laughing maniacally while wielding a steel chair.

Mike Rolash: “Dangerous Dan’s a psycho, Jim! The man literally invited the entire world to come take his championship!”

Jim Gunt: “And tonight five elite competitors intend to do exactly that. One mistake in a Ladder Match changes everything. Gravity does not forgive.”

The screen suddenly glitches violently. Static once again fills the holo-screens before a burst of distorted Amoralist imagery flashes across the broadcast. Alex Cain appears for a split second staring directly into the camera.

Then…

CRASH!

A flaming Highlander crest appears onto the holo-screen.

Jim Gunt: “And the war between The Highlanders and The Amoralists escalates beyond containment tonight in a Falls Count Anywhere Tornado Tag Team Match!”

The crowd erupts again as clips roll rapidly across the holo-screen. The wars between the Highlanders and the Amoralists leading up to the Frozen Over five way World Title match as well as the recent tag team matches between the two sides. The war truly coming to a breaking point at Infernalia 7 as Alex Cain and “Cyborg” Franklin Fredrickson answered their challenge.

Mike Rolash: “No tags! No rules! No escape! Franklin Fredrickson might actually kill somebody tonight!”

Jim Gunt: “This issue has spiraled far beyond competition. The Amoralists have left destruction everywhere they go…and The Highlanders are willing to fight through hell itself to stop them.”

The Colosseum lights suddenly dim, a single spotlight shines upward. High above the crowd hangs a narrow scaffold platform. The fans roar nervously as they crane their necks up to look on at the structure.

Jim Gunt: “And perhaps the most terrifying match of the evening…”

Slow dramatic footage appears on the holo-screens. Billy Anderson and Tyler Anderson as young brothers, standing side by side every step of the way. Tag team victories, championships, celebrations. And betrayal. Arguments, blood, violence. It all came to a head when Billy Anderson attacked Tyler following their match against Harlan and Gordy King at Infernalia 7, finally laying out the challenge for their Ascension match ahead.

Mike Rolash: “I hate heights, Jim. I’m sweating already.”

Jim Gunt: “Billy Anderson. Tyler Anderson. Brothers once united…now consumed by hatred. Tonight they fight suspended high above this arena in the dreaded Scaffold Match.”

The camera angle looks downward from the scaffold to the ring far below, shaking purposefully to portray the fall from above. The audience gasps.

Jim Gunt: “One mistake changes lives forever.”

The feed cuts sharply to gold. The World Heavyweight Championship Stanley Cup rotates slowly onscreen.

Jim Gunt: “And then…a dream match years in the making.”

Massive cheers from the sold out Anthropolis fans as Gordy King appears holding the World Championship Cup over his shoulder. Then Harlan Moretti, the House with his own hands on the Cup. The two men stand face to face in silence.

Mike Rolash: “Now THIS is a main event anywhere in the world.”

Jim Gunt: “Two pillars of The Pact. Two dominant forces. Two men who know each other better than anyone alive. Gordy King versus Harlan Moretti for the richest prize in the industry.”

Mike Rolash: “No hatred. No betrayal. Just ambition.”

Jim Gunt: “Sometimes ambition is the most dangerous thing of all.”

Suddenly the arena goes pitch black. The crowd buzzes as a low female choir begins echoing through the stadium. Then a massive eye symbol appears across every screen in the building.

END GAMES.

The audience explodes as rapid cinematic cuts begin firing across the screen.

Mitaxia screaming battle orders. AnHellica sitting upon her crimson throne. Danny B covered in Jaiden Rishel’s blood. Jace Valentine laughing hysterically. Lilliana Primrose wielding a steel pipe. Mark Carlton draped in the Albion crown. Xander Owen pulling off his hood. Freddie Styles stomping someone unconscious. Silas Artoria emerging from shadows. Jared Holmes spreading his arms theatrically beneath gold light.

The music builds into overwhelming intensity.

Jim Gunt: “For months…this war has consumed Championship Wrestling Federation.”

Mike Rolash: “And tonight we END IT!”

Jim Gunt: “The Major Arcana versus The Amoralists inside END GAMES!”

The structure lowers slightly from the rafters as the fans lose their minds.

Jim Gunt: “Hope versus corruption. Identity versus manipulation. Good versus evil.”

Mike Rolash: “Or as I call it…winners versus losers.”

Jim Gunt: “Bodies will break tonight. Careers may end tonight. And when Ascension is over…one side will stand atop CWF 2326.”

The camera slowly pans across the screaming crowd one final time as pyro erupts in a full-circle blast around the Colosseum.

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

Jim Gunt: “Anthropolis…”

Mike Rolash: “ARE YOU READY?!”

The crowd roars thunderously.

Jim Gunt: “THIS…”

Mike Rolash: “IS…”

Both together: “ASCENSION!!!”

An earth-shaking wall of pyrotechnics engulfs the stage as the broadcast transitions toward the opening contest.

Dangerous Dan (c) vs. Bia vs. Brooke Hernandez vs. Marva Duke vs. Sabrina Taylor vs. Yuri

Match

Jim Gunt: “Six competitors. One championship hanging high above the ring. And Mike, I don’t think there’s a sane person among them.”

Mike Rolash: “Good! Sanity is boring, Jimbo. This is Ascension! Give me broken ladders, broken teeth, and broken dreams!”

The camera pans across the Paramount Championship dangling above the ring, illuminated in gold against the darkened Colosseum. Around ringside, ladders of varying sizes are scattered like weapons awaiting a battlefield. Joey Garcia stands in the center of the ring, ready as ever to start the night ahead.

Joey Garcia: “The following contest is a LADDER MATCH scheduled for one fall! The only way to win is by climbing the ladder and retrieving the CWF PARAMOUNT CHAMPIONSHIP hanging above the ring!”

The crowd roars their approval as the opening riff of “Enemy” by Imagine Dragons blasts through the speakers as red and blue strobes flood the arena.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing first…accompanied by Crazy Chris…from Smithville, Tennessee…weighing in at 225 pounds…he is the reigning and defending CWF PARAMOUNT CHAMPION…DANGEROUS DAAAAAAAN!!”

Dangerous Dan steps onto the stage with calm confidence, the Paramount Championship around his waist. He stares upward at the title hanging above the ring before smirking.

Jim Gunt: “Dangerous Dan requested this match himself. Five challengers all at once.”

Mike Rolash: “That’s either confidence or brain damage.”

Dan hands the championship to the referee before entering the ring and pointing directly up at the title.

One by one the challengers make their entrances.

Bia marches to the ring with “Built to Last” by Twisted F8 playing like a warrior entering battle, red pyro erupting from the posts.

“WTCH” by Royale Lyn cuts over the speakers, bringing out Brooke Hernandez, who receives a thunderous ovation as she slaps hands with fans on the way down.

Sabrina Taylor comes out next to “I’m Gonna Show You Crazy”, dancing around and smirking to the crowd on her way to the ring, finally making it down to the ring to show the peace sign toward Dan.

Yuri sprints down the ramp at full speed before their theme can even play, sliding into the ring and immediately springboarding off the ropes to hype up the crowd.

Finally, “The Kingdom” hits. Marva Duke slowly struts onto the stage with arrogant confidence dripping from every step. The crowd rains boos down upon her.

Joey Garcia: “And his opponents in this Paramount Title Ladder Match. Introducing them in the respective order that they entered…BIA! BROOKE HERNANDEZ! SABRINA TAYLOR! YURI! AND MARVA DUKE!”

Mike Rolash: “Now THERE is greatness. Look at the specimen that is the marvelous Marva Duke.”

Jim Gunt: “That woman has spent this entire buildup claiming she’s above everybody else in this match…she better hope she can back up those words tonight.”

Mike Rolash: “She is above them. Have you seen her quads?”

Marva smirks arrogantly before entering the ring and staring directly at the championship. The referee, Abigail Starr, raises a hand to call for the bell.

DING DING DING!

Chaos erupts instantly as the six competitors in the ring quickly look for any advantage over their opponents. Dangerous Dan and Yuri immediately sprint toward opposite ropes at the same time. DOUBLE SPRINGBOARD CROSSBODIES colliding into Bia and Sabrina!

Brooke ducks a wild clothesline from Marva Duke and fires off a Pele Kick that staggers the powerhouse backward into the corner. Dan is already moving, pacing around the outside like a mad man as the crowd are already up on their feet cheering the Paramount champion on.

Jim Gunt: “Dangerous Dan wasting absolutely no time!”

Dan baseball slides a ladder into the ring before immediately ramming it into Bia’s ribs. Yuri follows up with a running dropkick that sandwiches Bia against the barricade! Meanwhile Sabrina Taylor rakes Brooke across the eyes from behind.

Mike Rolash: “That’s strategy!”

Jim Gunt: “That’s cheating!”

Mike Rolash: “There is no cheating in a god damn Ladder match, Jim!”

Sabrina blows a kiss before delivering a stiff slap across Brooke’s face. An intense Brooke just looks back at her before answering with a Superkick! The crowd erupts as Sabrina spills through the ropes to the outside. Marva Duke suddenly grabs Brooke from behind and launches her overhead with a huge release Powerbomb onto a ladder bridged in the corner!

CRASH!

The head and spine of Brooke Hernandez come down hard against the steel as her body bends awkwardly on the fall.

Jim Gunt: “GOOD GOD!”

Mike Rolash: “That’s why Marva Duke belongs at the top of the mountain!”

Marva flexes arrogantly to a chorus of boos before beginning to set up a ladder in the center of the ring. But Dan flies in from nowhere with a Leaping Snap Hurricanrana! Marva tumbles across the canvas as the Dangerous One kips up to a huge ovation.

Jim Gunt: “The champion is on fire tonight!”

Dan goes right for the ladder, setting it up to begin climbing as quickly as he can. Bia grabs him by the ankle, waving her finger at him with a solemn look on her face. Dan kicks wildly but Bia muscles him off the ladder entirely before hoisting him onto her shoulders.

THE MAELSTROM—NO!

Dan escapes behind her and nails THE ENDD IS NEAR Superkick! Bia staggers but doesn’t fall!

Mike Rolash: “How is she still standing!?”

Dan rebounds off the ropes…

DOCK BLOCKER!

Bia nearly cuts Dan in half with the running shoulder tackle! The crowd explodes as she roars back, arms in the air taking in the ovation. Suddenly Yuri springboards into the ring with a missile dropkick into Bia’s chest, finally knocking the powerhouse down. Yuri races up the ladder with incredible speed.Sabrina tips it over! Yuri crashes throat-first across the top rope before tumbling violently to the floor outside.

Jim Gunt: “That landing was ugly!”

Sabrina cackles to herself before beginning her climb. Brooke Hernandez springboards off the ropes.

BLOCKBUSTER NECKBREAKER OFF THE LADDER!

The crowd roars as both women crash to the mat. Outside the ring, Marva Duke begins dismantling the announce table. Marva grabs Yuri and gorilla presses them high into the air before SLAMMING them spine-first through the announce table!

CRAAAAASH!

Jim Gunt: “Our table!”

Mike Rolash: “Not my drink!”

Marva dusts off her hands smugly before dragging a massive ladder into the ring. Dan is back on his feet though. Right hands from the champion to the massive opponent! Marva fires back!

Dan!

Marva!

Dan!

Marva catches him with a knee to the gut…

PEDIGREE!

NO!

Dan counters mid-move into a back body drop onto the ladder! The crowd chants wildly.

“DAN! DAN! DAN! DAN!”

Dangerous Dan feeds off the energy and begins scaling the ladder at incredible speed. He gets fingertips on the

championship…before Bia shoves the ladder forward! Dan leaps off at the last possible second and lands on the ropes.

ENDDING TO REMEMBER!

Springboard Diving DDT onto Bia! The crowd explodes again!

Jim Gunt: “Dangerous Dan is wrestling the match of his life!”

Bodies are broken and scattered everywhere along the ring now. Brooke Hernandez is first to move, crawling upward using the ropes to stand. Sabrina smashes a ladder into Brooke’s ribs. Marva boots Sabrina directly in the face. Yuri dives off the top rope onto Marva with a flying crossbody. Bia military presses Yuri over her head and launches them onto everyone outside the ring!

“HOLY SHIT!”

“HOLY SHIT!”

“HOLY SHIT!”

Jim Gunt: “This is absolute carnage!”

Only Dangerous Dan remains standing. The champion slowly rises, breathing heavily as he stares up at his championship title with a sparkle in his eyes.

Mike Rolash: “Go get it, Dan! Cement your legacy!”

Dan sets the ladder up one final time in the center of the ring. He climbs slowly up, the match clearly taking a lot out of the Dangerous One.

One rung, two, three, four.

But Marva Duke storms back into the ring. Dan tries to move at a quicker pace but it’s too late. She tips the ladder slightly before climbing the opposite side herself.

Jim Gunt: “Here we go! It’s come down to these two!”

The crowd rises to its feet as Dan and Marva meet at the top of the ladder, trading punches high above the ring. Marva rakes the eyes of the champion..

“BOOOOOOO!”

Mike Rolash: “GENIUS!”

Dan nearly falls off the ladder but somehow hangs on, the crowd hanging on right there with him. Marva grabs the championship, Dan blasts her with repeated right hands. Marva answers with a headbutt! Both competitors wobble dangerously atop the ladder.

Marva tries to shove Dan off, but the Dangerous One hooks her arm.

TWIST OF FATE OFF THE TOP OF THE LADDER!!

MARVA CRASHES THROUGH A LADDER BRIDGE BELOW!!

The Colosseum absolutely erupts.

“HOLY SHIT!”

“HOLY SHIT!”

“HOLY SHIT!”

Jim Gunt: “SHE MAY BE BROKEN IN HALF!”

Mike Rolash: “THAT WOMAN HAD A FAMILY!”

Dan barely keeps himself balanced atop the ladder. Below him the ring is nothing but wreckage and bodies. Slowly…painfully…Dangerous Dan reaches upward. His fingertips grab the Paramount Championship. Finally, through the struggle and pain, he unhooks it.

DING DING DING!

Joey Garcia: “HERE IS YOUR WINNER…AND STIIIIIIIILL CWF PARAMOUNT CHAMPION…DANGEROUS DAAAAAAAAAN!!”

“Enemy” blasts through the speakers as the crowd erupts into deafening cheers.

Jim Gunt: “What a performance! What a war! Dangerous Dan survives five challengers and somehow walks out of Ascension STILL the Paramount Champion!”

Mike Rolash: “I can’t even hate on it, Jimbo. The man backed up every single word.”

Dan sits exhausted atop the ladder, clutching the championship tightly against his chest while chaos and broken ladders surround him. One by one the fans rise to their feet in respect. Dangerous Dan raises the Paramount Championship high above the carnage. Ascension belongs to him.

I Win Regardless

Segment

We cut to backstage where Alex Cain and AnHellica are watching the evening unfold from high above the Colosseum.

Alex Cain: "Are you all set?"

AnHellica: "Like you wouldn't believe. Whatever happens this isn't the end of anything this is just the beginning. Whatever happens, I win regardless."

Alex Cain: "Ooookay. Bit much like, but you keep on doing the dark-and-moody-evil-being right to the end line."

AnHellica rolls her eyes and gives the look your mother gives you seconds before she whacks you round the head. Off camera we hear a loud crunching noise.

AnHellica: "It's a lifestyle choice now..."

Crunch

AnHellica: "...Are you ready to defend...."

CRUNCH

AnHellica: "...Because those Highlanders..."

CRRRUUUUNCH!

AnHellica: "...What the hell is that God forsaken crunching noise?"

No sooner had the words left AnHellicas lips we see Gordy King slowly walk into shot with an open packet of crisps in his hand. He looks slightly startled to see the two of them just stood backstage. He looks down at the packet of crisps, then back to AnHellica and Alex Cain.

Gordy King: "Salt and vinegar anyone?"

AnHellica looks slightly bemused at him as Alex steps forward.

Alex Cain: "You know what mate, don't mind if I do."

AnHellica stares at him in disbelief as he reaches his hand into the bag.

AnHellica: "I am surrounded by idiots."

Alex Cain: "Totally worth it though."

Like Old Times

Segment

Cutting backstage, Jace Valentine and a group of his Vanquishers of Valentine are already celebrating the End Games match ahead, glasses of champagne high in the air as a smug Valentine clinks his glass with one of his most trusted men. Mia, Jaiden and the Major Arcana think that some great change is in the air but the only thing floating through the skies is their bad breath stinking up the Colosseum. It is Valentine's time baby, ain't nothing stopping this Ascension.

If you'd like, I could show you a bit of an Ascension later tonight, if you know what I'm sayin'.

Back to the segment, Jace is happy and merry and all of a sudden not as the Ripper strolls into the party room, a smug smirk on his face.

Jace Valentine: "Look guys...it's Mr. Bad Breath himself, Danny letter."

Danny B ignores the ignorant quips coming from the former Host with the Most, his smirk ever remaining.

The Ripper: "Oh Jace, just like old times, huh buddy?"

Jace snaps, throwing his champagne to the floor breaking the cheap glass instantly.

Jace Valentine: "I'm not your buddy, friend."

Ripper snickers.

The Ripper: "Yeah well...I'm not your friend, pal."

Jace is incensed, stomping down on the broken glass pieces.

Jace Valentine: "You're gonna pay for that. Your "legendary" career ends tonight...amigo."

A simple nod of the head and the Vanquishers are off with Jace leading the way. Ripper is left behind, the same smirk still on his face as he shakes his head.

The Highlanders (Dan & Caledonia Highlander) vs. The Amoralists (Alex Cain & Franklin Fredrickson)

Match

The voice of CWF, Joey Garcia, stands center stage ready to call another brutal match in front of the raucous Anthropolis crowd.

Joey Garcia: “The following contest is a FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE TORNADO TAG TEAM MATCH! There are NO disqualifications… NO count outs… and the match can end ANYWHERE inside or outside the Colosseum!”

“Let the Hammer Fall” by Hammerfall explodes across the speakers as blue and silver lights pulse throughout the massive arena. Dan Highlander storms out onto the stage first, intense and battle-ready, immediately scanning toward the ring like a man heading into war.

A second later “Day and Night” by Billie Piper hits and Caledonia steps out beside him to a thunderous ovation. The

Highlanders stand together beneath the lights for a long moment before marching toward the ring side by side.

Jim Gunt: “This isn’t wrestling anymore, Mike. This is survival. And things couldn’t have gotten more personal between these two sides heading into this match with the Amoralists seemingly putting a thwart in the plans of the Highlanders at every step of the way.”

Mike Rolash: “And frankly? I love it. Tonight it is Falls Count Anywhere, baby! No rules means Franklin gets to explore his art.”

Jim Gunt: “His art is aggravated assault. He’s no longer a stand up comedian, Mike.”

Mike Rolash: “The finest art always brings the most critics.”

Joey Garcia: “Introducing first… the team of DAN and CALEDONIA HIGHLANDER… THE HIGHLANDERS!”

The crowd chants loudly as the legendary pair enter the ring together.

“HIGHLANDER! HIGHLANDER! HIGHLANDER!”

The arena lights dim suddenly. “Crawling” by Linkin Park begins echoing throughout the Colosseum. Alex Cain slowly emerges through the haze first, cold-eyed and emotionless beneath the flickering lights. Beside him stomps the monstrous Franklin Fredrickson, cybernetic components twitching beneath his gear as fans hurl abuse toward the ramp.

Mike Rolash: “Look at this beautiful disaster duo, Jimbo.”

Jim Gunt: “Alex Cain may be one of the greatest competitors in CWF history… but standing beside Franklin Fredrickson turns this into something far uglier.”

Joey Garcia: “And their opponents… representing THE AMORALISTS….ALEX CAIN and ‘CYBORG’ FRANKLIN FREDRICKSON!!”

Franklin immediately points toward the ring and screams.

Franklin Fredrickson: “I’M GONNA TURN YOUR SPINES INTO ZIP TIES!”

Jim Gunt: “…What does that even mean?”

Mike Rolash: “NOBODY KNOWS!”

CWF’s resident troll, Neezletoe, barely has time to signal for the bell before all four competitors explode into motion.

DING DING DING!

The tag team match starts off in complete disarray as Dan Highlander blasts Alex Cain with forearm strikes to the jaw of the big man, while Caledonia launches herself directly at Franklin Fredrickson with a flying knee strike! Franklin crashes backward into the corner as Dan clotheslines Cain over the top rope to the floor.

Jim Gunt: “And this match is underway in a hurry!”

Caledonia unloads with rapid kicks to Franklin’s ribs while Dan and Cain immediately begin brawling around ringside. After taking a number of right hands, Cain rakes the eyes of the Hammer to stop any further onslaught.

“BOOOOOOOOO!”

The veteran grabs Dan by the back of the head and hurls him directly into the steel ring post!

CLANG!

Mike Rolash: “Cain wasting absolutely zero time in taking it to the Hammer!”

Inside the ring Franklin suddenly catches Caledonia by the throat and launches her overhead with a massive Biel throw that nearly sends her clear across the canvas. Franklin pounds his chest screaming wildly before charging forward.

LOW DROPKICK TO THE KNEE!

Caledonia cuts the giant down instantly before springboarding off the ropes.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT!

The springboard roundhouse catches Franklin flush across the jaw and sends the massive cyborg tumbling through the ropes to the floor below! The crowd explodes, cheering on the former World Heavyweight Champion on their tippy toes. Outside the ring, Dan Highlander fights back desperately against Cain with heavy body shots before smashing the legend face-first off the announce table.

Jim Gunt: "Dan Highlander bringing the fight!"

Dan grabs Cain, placing both feet down to get perfect balance before launching the Living Legend up into the air.

SUPLEX ONTO THE FLOOR!

NO!

Cain slips behind him and drives Dan spine-first into the barricade instead. Meanwhile Franklin drags himself back upward only for Caledonia to come flying off the apron.

DIVING METEORA TO THE FLOOR!

Caledonia rollls off Franklin following the massive Meteora, taking in the cheers from the crowd momentarily before turning to see the Cyborg already crawling back to his feet. She goes back to him just to take a hard shoulder block and then a back body drop landing her against the barricade. Dan comes back as Cain punches him down against the barricade, eventually getting the upperhand on the Big Man and whipping him into the barricade hard back-first himself.

Mike Rolash: "This has already completely fallen apart and we're like two minutes in!"

Franklin suddenly rips a steel chair away from a fan near the barricade.

Jim Gunt: "Oh no…"

CRACK!

Franklin blasts Dan Highlander across the spine with the chair so hard the shot echoes throughout the arena.

Another shot!

Another!

Caledonia charges in but Alex Cain intercepts her with a brutal AA Spinebuster directly onto the ringside floor!

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

Mike Rolash: "CALEDONIA JUST BOUNCED OFF THE FLOOR LIKE THE SACK OF ROTTEN POTATOES THAT SHE IS!!"

Cain and Franklin begin systematically dismantling Dan Highlander near the barricade. Cain holds him in place while "Cyborg" Franklin hammers him repeatedly with rough looking right hands.

Jim Gunt: "This is exactly what the Amoralists wanted. Isolate Dan Highlander and beat him beyond recognition."

Franklin suddenly grabs part of the steel ring steps. The crowd gasps as the former Facetious One raises the steel high

in the air.

Mike Rolash: “Poor wittle Dan, Frankie's about to turn his lights out!”

Franklin charges…BUT DAN MOVES! Franklin crashes shoulder-first into the steps with a horrific metallic clang! An eruption of cheers from the fans as Dan turns and immediately grabs Cain.

SOUTHERN CROSS AGAINST THE BARRICADE!

Cain folds violently against the steel wall and collapses to the floor. Dan dives for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

FRANKLIN BREAKS IT UP BY FALLING ON EVERYBODY!

Jim Gunt: “GOOD GOD!”

Bodies scatter everywhere as Franklin rises back up roaring aloud like a banshee. Back up to her feet, Caledonia suddenly springboards off the barricade.

FLYING FOREARM TO FRANKLIN!

The former funny man stumbles backward into the crowd itself! Fans scatter in every direction, Watchers doing their best to hold them back as the fight spills into the Colosseum seating area.

Jim Gunt: “This has become absolute anarchy!”

Alex Cain slowly rises behind Dan Highlander with blood running down the side of his forehead now. Cain grabs a production cable, wraps it around the neck of the Hammer and immediately begins choking him with it violently.

Mike Rolash: “Old school Cain! He’s trying to murder his Australian rival once and for all!”

Caledonia spots it and sprints across the arena floor before drilling Cain with Such Is Life directly to the side of the head! Cain collapses instantly, the Big Man making a huge thud as his body hits the canvas. Caledonia checks on Dan briefly, but Franklin suddenly CRASHES through a row of chairs into both Highlanders like a runaway truck. The crowd loses their minds, a mix of boos but mostly cheers coming from the appreciative Anthropolis fans. Franklin drags Dan upward by the shoulder.

THE PUNCH LINE THROUGH A MERCH TABLE!

The table explodes everywhere as Dan crashes through it violently.

Mike Rolash: “HE JUST TURNED DAN HIGHLANDER INTO CLEARANCE INVENTORY!”

Franklin hooks the leg of the Hammer amidst the wreckage.

ONE!

TWO!

CALEDONIA DIVES IN TO BREAK IT UP!

The crowd erupts again as Caledonia begins unloading on Franklin with furious strikes. Franklin laughs through half of them before shoving her backward into a concrete support pillar.

Jim Gunt: “Franklin Fredrickson is practically unstoppable tonight!”

Franklin charges forward looking to end things, but Caledonia side steps. Franklin crashes directly through a production equipment crate!

SPARKS BURST EVERYWHERE!

Mike Rolash: “HE JUST GOT ELECTROCUTED IN 4K!”

Alex Cain suddenly returns again from behind and drills Caledonia with a Cradle Piledriver directly onto the concrete floor! Cain crawls over for the cover, the Colosseum fallen silent following the possible career ending piledriver to Caledonia Highlander.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO! THE HAMMER MAKES THE SAVE!

Dan and Cain begin wildly trading punches while Franklin slowly drags himself upward amongst the smoking wreckage of the production crates. Dan ducks a Cain clothesline attempt.

FALLING HAMMER!

The scissors kick nearly takes Cain’s head off! Cain crumbles against a nearby equipment case. Dan turns, and Franklin grabs him by the throat! But Caledonia suddenly leaps onto Franklin’s back!

BED OF ROSES!

Mike Rolash: “THE BED OF ROSES! THE MOST DANGEROUS SUBMISSION HOLD IN ALL OF CWF!!”

Franklin stumbles wildly around the backstage entryway area trying to shake her loose while Dan unloads repeated punches directly into Franklin’s ribs. The Cyborg finally collapses to one knee, then both. The crowd begins roaring louder and louder, but suddenly the lights throughout the Colosseum flicker strangely.

Jim Gunt: “Wait…”

Caledonia slowly rises off Franklin’s back. Her expression begins to change instantly. A look of cold, focused, determination. Her gear completely changing before the eyes of the sold out Anthropolis crowd.

Jim Gunt: “THE HIGH PRIESTESS!”

The fans are right in the palm of Caledonia’s hands as her transformation is complete, but Alex Cain looks to end the party quickly, charging desperately with a steel chair in hand.

CRACK!

Caledonia kicks the chair directly back into Cain’s face with a spinning roundhouse! Cain collapses unconscious, the Big Man's head smacking against the wall on the way down. Franklin roars and swings wildly just to have Caledonia catch him with a brutal spinning backfist that sends sweat flying across the concrete floor.

Another strike!

Another!

Franklin staggers helplessly. Dan Highlander watches in stunned awe nearby as Caledonia suddenly sprints forward, leaps off a production crate and flips through the air.

Jim Gunt: “FALL FROM GRACE THROUGH A TABLE!”

Mike Rolash: “That was awesome!”

The Shooting Star Press drives Franklin Fredrickson through a catering table in an explosion of wood and debris. Caledonia hooks the leg amongst the wreckage.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Joey Garcia: “The winners of this match by pinfall… DAN AND CALEDONIA….THE HIGHLANDERS!!”

“Day and Night” blasts throughout the Colosseum as the crowd erupts into deafening cheers.

Jim Gunt: “What a war! What an unbelievable statement by the Highlanders heading into End Games!”

Mike Rolash: “I don’t like this at all, Jimbo. The Amoralists just got demolished in their own kind of match!”

Dan slowly pulls himself up beside Caledonia amidst the wreckage of broken tables, shattered equipment and unconscious Amoralists. Then the camera cuts toward the top of the arena staircase. Several hooded Watchers stand silently looking on. And between them, The Peacock King Jared Holmes. Beside him…

The Archon of Amorality, Anhellica herself. The High Priestess slowly raises her head toward them. The crowd erupts even louder at the massive standoff.

Jim Gunt: “The message has been delivered loud and clear.”

Mike Rolash: “End Games is going to be pure apocalypse!”

Confronting Each Other

Segment

Tyler is seen walking around backstage and runs right into his older brother, and they have a staredown before they get talking.

"Mysterious One" Tyler Anderson: "Listen older brother...tonight, I am going to show you that you're wrong about me. When I bust you wide open, you will not question me again. I miss who you used to be, not this verison of you, I don't even know you anymore. You ended us, and I don't think I can fully fogive you for that...not right now. I will show you stuff from me that you won't expect, so come match time you will go down, Billy."

"Unbreakable One" Billy Anderson: "You're not ready to go up against me, and I will prove it when I bust you open. If I am going down,, then I am going to take you down with me, little brother. I did what I did to prove a point that you really need more experience as a singles superstar cause all you are is a tag team superstar. You rely on that hot tag every time the chips get down, and that's not the way the world works today. I can't wait to show you that you are just not on my level, and I will be the one standing over you with my hand raised."

They have harsh words towards each other, and the tension is still there between them as several Watchers come into the scene to break it up.

You'll Know What To Do

Segment

May 30th, 2010

Kleiner Institute for Mental Wellness, Camano Island, Washington

The scene opens up to show flashback footage that most thought was lost to the sands of time. The Kleiner Institute of Mental Health and Wellness in the Camano Islands, off the coast of the state of Washington.

Sitting in a ratty t-shirt and a pair of well worn jeans that look like they haven't been washed in months, Jaiden Rishel sits at the center of a bed with bright white bed linens neatly folded underneath him, scribbling down his answer to a crossword puzzle. The Heir to CWF is clearly much younger at this time but doesn't look any worse for wear, his time spent in the GCWA destroying both his body and mind from the inside out.

He vowed to his father that no matter what he was going to enter the wrestling business. Hell or high water he was going to make his own name on this game, and if Rish wasn't going to let him do it within the walls of CWF then he was just going to have to make a splash at a rival's house. Win after win came for Jaiden in the early going, the training being done in secret with some of CWF's greatest fighters right under his father's nose.

But then Survival of the Fittest came. The GCWA pay per view that saw all the competitors in the federation aligning themselves with stables in a massive survivor series type elimination style event that left only the sole winner becoming the new number one contender to their World Championship. Much to the disdain of Rish, Jaiden led a group of CWF loyalist into enemy territory and nearly took the entire contest for himself.

In the end, the Big Bifford flattened him and any hopes for a future in the wrestling business.

Jaiden was a broken man; physically, mentally, emotionally and spiritually. That big motherfucker broke damn near every rib of his in half like a chicken wing bone he forgot to take the meat off of. It was months that he lay in a hospital bed being worked on, bones put back together but his mind never became right again.

A shell of his former self, Jaiden took it upon himself to check in to the Kleiner Institute. Friends of his recommended the place as a center for spiritual awakening…and they weren't kidding. Every hour spent at Kleiner was a new experience. Teachings several times a day, different topics scoping from the inner mind to politics to fighting off your inner demons. The mind was like putty in the hands of Kleiner's staff, his thoughts a melting pot just waiting to be stirred.

Jaiden Rishel: "Redemption. That's the word I've been looking for!"

Scribbling out the letters he already had down, Jaiden begins to write out the word "redemption" in the bubbles provided on his page. Just as he writes the final letter he begins to feel an odd presence around him, and when Jaiden arches his head to the left he sees the most beautiful young woman clad in a black lace dress, dark red long hair flowing as if she had her own personal wind machine.

She was the most striking sight Jaiden had ever seen.

The woman somehow both looking off into space and into the very soul of Jaiden, takes the Book from his hands gently.

Lilliana Primrose: "Hi, I'm Lilliana."

The words come flowing out of the mouth of the mysterious woman in front of him, but as their hands touch Jaiden can hear so much more. Feel so much more. Soundwaves hit every corner of his ear drums leaving him nearly incapacitated as he finally has to grip both sides of his head with his ears.

"When the time comes…you'll know what to do."

The soundwaves dissipate and Jaiden looks up to find the woman completely vanished.

Fade.

Billy Anderson vs. Tyler Anderson

Match

Burn In My Light by Mercy Drive plays as Tyler Anderson emerges from backstage and begins making his way down to the ring. As he walks, he stops midway to take in the scaffold, dangling precariously fifty feet above the ring.

This is where it will all come to a head; where he and his brother will go to war.

Ray Douglas: "The following is a Scaffold Match – the only way to win is to toss your opponent from the scaffold to the ring below. Making his way to the ring first, from Rincon, Georgia – “THE MYSTERIOUS ONE” TYLER ANDERSON!!"

Jim Gunt: "The tension between the Anderson brothers has been building for months at this point, and it has all come down to this: which of them will have the nerve to throw his flesh and blood fifty feet to the ring below?"

Tyler reaches the base of the ladder up to the scaffold. He places one hand on it and seems to hesitate. But after a deep breath, he begins to ascend. As he takes his place atop the scaffold, "Don't You Wish You Were Me?" by Chris Jericho plays.

Ray Douglas: "And his opponent, from Rincon, Georgia....“THE UNBREAKABLE ONE” BILLY ANDERSON!!"

Unlike his brother, Billy shows no hesitation as he strides to the ring, a scowl on his face as he sees Tyler atop the scaffold. He reaches the ladder and begins to climb.

Jim Gunt: "Look at the faces of the Anderson brothers – these men have been through seven kinds of hell together, and this is what it’s come to."

Mike Rolash: "So, we taking bets, or…?"

Billy reaches the scaffold and vaults off the ladder with force. Tyler, across from him, continues to hesitate. The Mysterious One enters a fighting stance.

Tyler Anderson: "You sure about this, brother? "

Billy Anderson: "It’s too late for talking, Tyler. Time for you to learn some respect."

Billy charges across the scaffold, and it sways beneath the force of his boots. Tyler’s fighting stance tightens, and he meets Billy’s charge with a big right hand. The Unbreakable One takes the blow right in the face, and spits out blood. Tyler hesitates before following up, and that’s all that Billy needs.

The older Anderson lays into his brother with vicious rights and lefts, knocking Tyler to the ground and beginning to add stomps to the horrific beating he’s laying down.

Jim Gunt: "Such ferocity from Billy Anderson!"

Mike Rolash: "If he’d brought this last week, maybe he and Tyler could have taken down Gordy and Moretti…"

Tyler coughs after a particularly vicious kick to the ribs, and Billy’s eyes glint like a madman.

Billy Anderson: "I was always better, Tyler!"

He stomps furiously, focusing on Tyler’s ribs.

Billy Anderson: "All those years, all those towns, one ring after another me carryin’ your worthless ass."

He stands back and looks down into the ring.

Billy Anderson: "Imagine what I could have been if I hadn’t been carryin’ the dead weight of my useless baby brother. I could have really been unstoppable."

Tyler slowly begins to rise to his feet, and Billy scowls again. Tyler staggers forward with a big right hand, but Billy

ducks backwards, and Tyler falls on his face.

Billy Anderson: "Even now… you don't have the balls to do what you have to. Everything I've done to you, everything I've said to you… and you still think there's a "good Billy." I'm gonna tell you, the "good Billy" is dead!"

It's like a switch flips, and Tyler launches upwards with a massive uppercut. He clips Billy in the chin, and The Unbreakable One staggers backwards. Tyler regains his feet and mounts an offensive, trying to capitalize on Billy being knocked off balance…

… but it does no good. Billy blocks Tyler's strikes, and a single hard strike to the solar plexus brings The Mysterious One to his knees once again.

Billy Anderson: "Time for me to show you why I'm the Unbreakable One."

With a roar, he launches towards Tyler in the Georgia Rip Superkick.

Jim Gunt: "This looks like the end!"

Mike Rolash: "No, no, that's the other pair of brothers who's a tag team…"

But at the last second, Tyler throws himself to the ground, and Billy's kick goes high! The Unbreakable One staggers off balance for just a second…

… and that's all Tyler needs.

Jim Gunt: "GEORGIA KICK!"

Billy Anderson seems to fall through the air forever, the older Anderson reaches out one last time trying to save himself but to no avail. Tyler stands tall atop the scaffold, his boot having connected squarely with his older brother's jaw; he watches as The Unbreakable One plummets to the ring far below! His expression is inscrutable, the war is over.

Ray Douglas: "Your winner...."The Mysterious One"....TYLER ANDERSON!!"

Billy plunges through the tables that have been set up in the ring below, his body impacting with a sickening crunch. He moans in pain as he clutches at his ribs. Tyler comes down the ladder and enters the ring.

Jim Gunt: "The victorious Tyler Anderson – what's going to happen next?"

Billy scowls up at Tyler before his eyes begin to flutter, and he winces in pain. Tyler walks over to his brother, kneels down and embraces him.

Mike Rolash: "Wasn't expecting that…"

Tyler Anderson: "Even after everything you've done, Billy, you're still my brother. I love you."

Billy looks like he wants to object, but he's tired and in pain. He leans into his brother's embrace, and closes his eyes.

It Isn't The Wrestling Friendship...

Segment

Backstage, we catch up with CWF Champion Gordy King, who is particularly madcap as he is wandering through the halls of the backstage area.

Jim Gunt: "Oh man."

Mike Rolash: "...What is he doing?"

Jim Gunt (slightly off microphone): "We have him?"

Gordy stops and seems to catch eyes with the camera with a look of recognition in his eyes, as if he could hear Gunt speaking.

Jim Gunt: “Folks, we’re live with Gordy King right now – Gordy, can you hear me?”

Gordy King: “Is that ole Jimmy Jam Gunt? How’s your mother, eh?”

Mike Rolash: “Ha!”

Jim Gunt: “...uhm, yes – Gordy, you’ve got a major match tonight against your Pact stablemate Harlan Moretti this evening; are you...doing something in particular to prepare here, or…”

Mike Rolash: “Gordy, you seem like you’re off your rocker, pal.”

Gordy cocks an eyebrow and shrugs.

Gordy King: “Well, guys – don’t get me wrong, I’m focused on the Game Seven-sized match between me and The House, but I’m concerned – I haven’t seen Ian anywhere! I was hoping to catch him for a little one-on-one street hockey to warm up, eh?”

Jim Gunt: “Uh, Gordy...I think Ian is probably hiding from you if he’s at work at all tonight.”

Gordy King: “Hiding? Why the heck would he be hiding? Buddy’s one of my best pals!”

Mike Rolash: “Holy hell Champ, look out!”

With that, a hulking figure bursts into frame, taking Gordy out from behind, smacking the Champion in the back of the skull and knocking him to the ground. The camera struggles to regain focus for a second, before the operator catches their balance and focuses to see none other than the Number One Contender, Harlan “The House” Moretti. The House, not yet ring-ready, adjusts his suit jacket and looks down at Gordy with barely masked disdain.

Harlan Moretti: “Sorry, Gordy. Nothing personal. It’s just business.”

Jim Gunt: “My God – Gordy has a bit of time before his title defence but...that’s going to have massive implications for his chances!”

Harlan walks off, leaving a dazed King in his wake.

This Is Water

Segment

The crowd outside of the Coliseum had become anxious with energy and anticipation, buzzing like bees around the perimeter, waiting to be let in or catch the glimpse of an arrival. The first glints of gold upon the horizon, reflecting the setting sun’s rays like crawling flames, sent the masses into an even more excited frenzy, lurching in its direction and towards its likely destination: an entrance portal on the western side. As the convoy approached, music began to fill the air: the sound of four cars and one convertible limousine loudly playing a sludgy, reverb-heavy remix of “Paparazzi” by Lady Gaga.

Onlooker: “It’s him!”

This proclamation was enough to give security the excuse they sought, no matter how flimsy — the first tear gas canister shot into the crowd, and a loud scream erupted as masked police ran forward with shields and clubs to beat them back.

At the head and rear of the convoy were four black Escalades, the windows of each tinted to an opaque black. Between them was a vintage Lincoln Continental limousine, plated in gold and with the roof retracted. Andre Aquarius

sat on the trunk, a spliff clenched between his teeth and his eyes shifting with sneering suspicion behind his Cartier frames, a gold-plated and sapphire encrusted assault rifle laying on his lap. Inside the vehicle's interior, Howe Grimm looked about at the crowd and ensuing police violence with nervousness, sitting beside a cold looking Freddie Styles. And across from them, reclined on the crushed velvet-upholstered seats, sat the Peacock King and a young woman attendant.

He wasn't presently wearing his mask but a pair of Saint Laurent sunglasses perch on his face as he had his head tilted back to enjoy the sun. He tilted the glass in his hand to his lips and finished the liquid contents before holding it back to the attendant — from a bucket of ice, she withdrew a glass bottle bearing the label "WATER 2.0" and unscrewed the lid, refilling his glass.

Jared Holmes: "You know how I still look this good?"

Freddie replied with a dry, deadpan voice.

Freddie Styles: "Blood magick?"

A frown twitched across the King's lips, but it was soon erased and returned to the serene half-smile.

Jared Holmes: "Nah. Too Wiccan. But close — there's something they understand: the power of this."

He wiggled the glass in his fingers, causing the contents to slosh.

Jared Holmes: "I was in Egypt once — a long, long time ago — and I was touring the pyramids. Ever seen 'em before?"

Freddie Styles: "I got a lotta shit to do."

Jared Holmes: "Take a vacation sometime. All this power and prestige, and nothing to show for it?"

Freddie Styles: "Power and prestige is what I have to show for it."

Jared Holmes: "Leisure, my guy. That's what real power looks like. But. Speaking of. As I was saying."

He takes another long, slow drink from the glass.

Jared Holmes: "They say the pyramids were built by slaves, but that's bullshit. Just a modern framing of ancient times. It was laborers — they were just paid with rations rather than money. Just as valuable, if not more, back then. We even know exactly what the wage was: ten loaves of bread and a couple jugs of beer a day, maybe a sheep or goat if Khufu was feeling generous that day. Know what they didn't get paid in?"

Another long sip and a swirling of the glass.

Jared Holmes: "Water. Back then, drinking fresh water was a gamble: it was probably dirty, potentially had harmful algae, could have bacteria, whatever. They fermented beer or wine to make it potable. Man thinks, man innovates, man survives, man evolves. Believe it or not, it wasn't until the early 20th Century that pure, potable water became commonplace. Before then? This —"

He shakes the glass once more.

Jared Holmes: "And especially this —"

He gestures to the ice bucket, holding the glass bottle of Water 2.0.

Jared Holmes: "— epitomized status. Water was for royalty. The basic building block of life — the womb of creation. Water is what separates us from them."

He gestures out to the crowd being beaten to hell by security. As the limousine comes to a halt, the passenger door of one of the black SUVs opens up, and Howe Grimm scrambles over to open the Continental's door.

Freddie Styles: "So you gonna give me a bottle?"

Mister Ballgame asked the question with a dark, distrustful smirk across his lips. Jared's own smile curled up like the grin of a shark.

Jared Holmes: "You don't need water, Fredburger. You need a vacation. We all deserve a vacation: Carlton, Jace, Anhellica, you. And when this little annoyance is over, I think we're going to be getting exactly the vacations we deserve."

Jared snapped his fingers, and the woman turned to open a compartment on the wall of the limousine's interior: a refrigerator full of Water 2.0 bottles. She withdrew one and offered it to Freddie. He reached out to accept it, but as he drew it away, The King's own hand snapped forth like a snake to catch the end.

He held the bottle firm as he made contact with Freddie from over the top of his Saint Laurent sunglasses, his piercing blue eyes seeming to drill through the other man.

Jared Holmes: "Us from them. Royalty from the peasantry. The haves from the have-nots. This is a hot commodity Freddie — the first taste isn't always free, even to friends. And we are "friends", aren't we?"

His grin never wavered, wide and toothy. Styles didn't flinch.

Freddie Styles: "Yeah. Friends."

Jared Holmes: "Yes…"

As the King released the bottle, Freddie regarded his hand with the distinct image of a spider retreating to the center of its web after having ensnared a fly.

Andre Aquarius: "Let's go, bruh — Anhellica's probably pissin' up a fuccin storm on us takin' our time."

The King looked over to his DJ, who now stood beside the open door, rifle in hand. He gave him a nod, then glanced over to his attendant.

Jared Holmes: "Ely, put the Krug on ice. Fuck it, put two. Champagne for the real ones, and real pain for the ShamWows."

Exiting the car, the CWF Tag Team Champions strode into the Colosseum flanked by security. Walking a few paces behind the Peacock King, Freddie Styles opened the bottle of Water 2.0 and gave it a sniff — it smelled curiously bitter. He hesitated as he raised it to his lips: if it tasted as bitter as it smelled, he knew he may gag or spit it out, but to do so would only further provoke the man whose leash Anhellica had instructed him to hold.

But it was now months later, and Freddie understood there was no leash: to attempt to hold onto the Peacock King was to be dragged by him. And this had been both his and Anhellica's ignorance. "That freak?" Anhellica had first called him — and she'd been correct in that assessment. But neither had listened to their instincts. Too much had been on the line.

He looked down at the open bottle of water in his hand. And he decided whether or not to take a sip.

Gordy King (c) vs. Harlan Moretti

Match

Joey Garcia: "The following is one of your co MAAAAAIIIINN EVENTS! A CWF World Heavyweight Championship Title Match set for one fall!"

"ONE FALL!"

The arena lights dim. No pyro. No spectacle. Just "House of the Rising Sun" by Five Finger Death Punch beginning to play over the dozens of speakers sprawled throughout the Colosseum. Harlan Moretti walks out alone, gold chain resting heavy on his chest. He does not rush, he does not acknowledge the screaming crowd. He steps onto the apron with deliberate care, wipes his boots, and pauses before entering. Once inside the ring, he removes the chain and hands it off wordlessly to one of the Watchers at ringside.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first, originally hailing from Las Vegas, Nevada, standing at 6'8" and weighing 335 pounds, he is the House....HARLAN MORETTI!"

Moretti stands in the center of the ring, arms at his sides, staring forward. He does not warm up, the House maintains perfect posture as he stands still waiting for the champion to arrive.

The pounding bass drum beat of "Heave Away" by The Fables reverberates throughout the arena as spotlights pan all over the darkened crowd. As the music builds, the spotlights all go out for a moment, before flashing to the entrance of the stage, where Gordy King struggles to stand from the attack earlier, World Heavyweight Stanley Cup that he'd normally hold aloft in the air now barely dangling from his side.

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

King winces as he makes his way down the aisle at a much slower pace than normal. The Most Canadian Man slides into the ring, sitting the Cup down before ambling up the turnbuckles of his corner, looking out into the crowd before jumping down, once again wincing and instantly forgetting all about testing out the ropes before the bout.

Mike Rolash: "Here we go, Jimbo. World Title Cup on the line, two of the biggest fighters in CWF history literally and figuratively, this one is guaranteed to be a barnburner!"

Jim Gunt: "Do they even still have barns in 2326?"

Mike Rolash: "You sound like you've been hanging around me too much lately, Jim, let's just take it to the ring..."

The atmosphere is absolutely electric inside the Colosseum as champion and challenger stand in opposite corners of the main ring, the second one still tapered off for the End Games match to come. Trent Robbins has the inevitable task of officiating the Ascension co-main event, and after conferring with and checking on both King and Moretti he paces to the center of the ring, looking out at the Anthropolis crowd who impatiently await the bell.

DING DING DING!

The fans come alive immediately, rocking the entire Colosseum with their anticipation for one of the biggest World Title fights in CWF history.

Harlan Moretti, the literal House.

Gordy King, the Most Canadian Man Alive.

Two of the three puzzle pieces that fit together to form the Pact, with the third Shane Donovan watching intently from a steel chair propped up right beside Gunt & Rolash’s announce table.

The sound of the bell once again snaps Gordy away from his normal playful reverie, the World Champion showing an ice cold face as he comes to the center of the ring still limping from the attack earlier. Harlan stays in his corner with his hands propped up on the top rope, in no hurry whatsoever to walk into the lion's den without full information.

This seems to anger the World Champion, who has had enough of Moretti’s mind games. Changing his tactics quickly, Gordy runs in steadfast for a Big Splash. No! Moretti dodges out of the way just in time, leaving the champion crashing hard into the corner!

Jim Gunt: “Big mistake there from the champion as this massive match between Pact member versus Pact member begins. Harlan Moretti is calculating, easily one of the most thoughtful warriors that has ever stepped foot in a CWF ring. He has been studying tapes of Gordy, watching his so-called friend from afar just WAITING for this moment. All bets are off tonight, Mike!”

Mike Rolash: “You’re damn right all bets are off and Gordy King is damaged goods coming into this match. It may just be a matter of time before we have a new World Champion on our hands…”

Jim Gunt: “BREAK EVEN! The House damn near broke our champion in half with that destructive Backbreaker!”

Following the Break Even, Moretti dumps Gordy off his propped knee, the champion tumbling down to the canvas, clutching his lower back in agony. The challenger sees the opening immediately, targeting a very specific spot on King’s back as he stomps down slowly and deliberately in that spot. A jolt of pain shoots through Gordy as he attempts to wiggle out of the way, but a leg drop across the back stops him in his tracks. Moretti rolls his stablemate right to his now injured back, shoving down on his face with his forearm as he holds him down for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Harlan doesn’t even listen to the call from Trent Robbins, knowing already that the leg drop wouldn’t get the job done as he wastes no time in pulling Gordy up for some more punishment. The champion will not go down without a fight though, a huge European Uppercut surprising the challenger as he pulls King to his feet.

With the crowd mostly him cheering on, Gordy seems to take in the sound from the audience as a painkiller, completely ignoring the pain in his back as he hits Moretti with a quick succession of a forearm, a rising V-Trigger knee, then finally ending things with a brutal Hansen-style Lariat!

The House falls!

Gordy King stands over the massive six foot eight challenger, a glint in his eye as he realizes the advantage has swung in his favor. Grabbing a hold of Moretti by the shoulder, he brings him up and launches him right into the ropes. The House is unable to stop his momentum as he goes flying against the cables just as Gordy takes off at full speed in the opposite direction.

Jim Gunt: “THE CROSSSSCHECK! OH MY GOD THIS ONE’S OVER ALREADY!”

Mike Rolash: “Holy shit!”

The Crosscheck pounce obliterates Harlan Moretti, leaving his enormous body frame snapping up and doubled over in an awkwardly painful position on the canvas. The crowd are on their feet as Gordy pushes Moretti over to his back with a half nelson, transitioning over to put full body weight on his chest as he somehow hooks both legs of his mighty foe.

ONE!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: “WHAT!? Gordy King defeated Caledonia Highlander with the Crosscheck to win the World Championship in his debut in this company and it may as well have been a simple wrist lock here tonight! That was simply NOT effective against the House!”

The Anthropolis fans are just as shocked as Gunt, Rolash and Donovan are at ringside, and by the look on Gordy King’s face he wasn’t much more expectant either. Gordy looks up at Robbins to question the count but reality quickly sets in when Harlan Moretti barrels himself right back to his feet before the champion can even get back to his own.

Headbutt to the top of King's skull! Moretti holds the stunned champion up, an aura of change in the air as he hoists him damn near ten feet high in the air.

THE HOUSE EDGE!

Moretti drops Gordy King out of the air as he tries to wiggle free, catching him on the way down and destroying him with the Falling Powerslam. Donovan begins to move uncomfortably in his seat on the outside, the MANMADEMONSTER clearly not enjoying his two stablemates destroying each other right in front of him.

Gordy is lifeless on the canvas following the House Edge but Moretti does not go for the cover, instead choosing to grab ahold of his opponent and Line Adjustment tosses him hard into the corner. The champion slumps forward but a relentless Moretti holds him upright.

Jim Gunt: "MARGIN CALL! Harlan with those nasty forearm smashes in the corner, and Gordy isn't even fighting back! Robbins might have to call this one, Mike, for the health and safety of our fighters that would be the best call…"

Mike Rolash: "Best call my ass! This is a CWF World Heavyweight Title match, numbnuts, we're seeing this baby through till the end!"

Each forearm across the jaw and side of Gordy's face stings even harder, the champion taking the brunt of the punishment with no fight back whatsoever. Finally after the ninth forearm, the crowd booing as the champion looks to fall before their very eyes, Gordy catches the arm of Moretti. His face an entire novel written in emotions, Gordy shakes his head back and forth as a shocked Harlan tries to break free of his grip.

ARM THROW UP OVER GORDY KING'S HEAD!

Jim Gunt: "My Gods…Gordy King has come alive! I don't know where he found the strength after getting absolutely pummeled from Harlan, but it looks like the champion's right back in this thing!"

Mike Rolash: "For now. How long's that second wind really going to last when he's up against an everlasting tank of a man?"

Jim Gunt: "Good point. How about we find out together!?"

Looking out at the crowd momentarily, Gordy can feel Anthropolis shifting to his side. He turns back around and is shocked as Moretti is somehow climbing back to his feet. Gordy shakes his head at his former friend, the resiliency of Harlan actually bringing a laugh momentarily to King before he snaps back out of it, running at full sprint towards the House and this time hitting the Stinger Splash on target! King keeps the pace by grabbing the head of Harlan before he can readjust, propping his legs up onto the middle rope before taking flight.

SECOND ROPE BULLDOG SPIKES HARLAN RIGHT ON HIS FOREHEAD!

Gordy grunts, shoving his larger opponent over to his back to make the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: "No! Harlan gets his shoulder up at two! This match goes on!"

Mike Rolash: "What a war between these two absolute hosses! I'm always down for a good ole' hoss fight, just wish Neezletoe would have come through with that homemade brew he was talking about for tonight…"

Jim Gunt: "You know… I'm going to see if AnHellica can set up an AA group on one of our days off, I think you could use some help."

Mike Rolash: "Oh fuck off, Jim!"

Gordy rolls off his opponent and pulls himself back to his feet. Harlan does the same, rubbing his forehead with one hand while using the other to prop himself back up with the ropes. The champion comes running in steadfast again but the House ducks under, back body dropping him all the way over the top rope and onto a set of Watchers on the outside, taking the both of them out like dominos!

Jim Gunt: “Rough landing there for the champ…good thing he had those Watchers as a bit of a cushion!”

Mike Rolash: “I don’t know how you call falling through the sky and coming down on two human beings a bit of a cushion…but sure Jim, let’s go with that.”

Several fans at ringside come to the barricade to try to get a look at Gordy as he struggles to roll away from the Watchers he intertwined himself with on the fall. More Watchers quickly come over to make sure they’re held back, but they’re unable to do anything about Harlan Moretti who rolls out of the ring just as soon as the official attempts to count out King.

Harlan measures King, once again stomping down on the champion but this time a little less careful as he doesn’t target the lower back of Gordy but any part of his opponent he can find as he somehow still struggles right back to his feet. Moretti stops any attempt at a come back by splatting his whole body against King’s, flattening him back up against the barricade.

Jim Gunt: “The challenger holding on to the barricade as he presses his full body weight into Gordy now. This is the brutal maneuver he House calls the Debt Press, and we all know what Moretti says about debts…”

Mike Rolash: “Everybody has one. And tonight’s the night Gordy King pays up!”

ONE!

Jim Gunt: “Looks like Robbins has had enough, as our official has now started to count out both competitors on the outside of the ring!”

Moretti pays no mind to the official’s count, continuing to put the pressure of the Debt Press on the champion.

TWO!

A relentless Moretti has a look in his eye like never seen before as he uses his body as a weapon, the sole purpose to take every last breath away from the man he watched rise to fame before him. Gordy slumps forward, but Harlan presses on.

THREE!

EUROPEAN UPPERCUT OUT OF THIN AIR!

Jim Gunt: “Gordy King finds another life yet again! I swear this kid’s playing Mario brothers on easy mode, he just won’t die tonight!”

The uppercut rocks the massive Moretti, but somehow the House remains on both feet.

FOUR!

Short arm clothesline by Gordy, but the House still won’t go off his feet! Grabbing the champion by the neck, Moretti guzzles him and throws him hard across his body into the steel steps. A loud “CLUNK!” can be heard as King’s spine smacks against steel, bringing the sensation of pain right back into the Most Canadian Man Alive as he screams a guttural yell, wriggling around the outside like a fish out of water.

FIVE!

Shane Donovan looks like he’s going to get off his chair to come check on King but the look on the House’s face quickly makes him rethink, the MANMADEMONSTER instead choosing to remain seated. Moretti pulls up the

champion with a hand pressed hard into his lower back, shoving him back in under the bottom rope to break the count.

He follows suit by rolling in under the ropes, going right at King and turning him over into a Boston Crab. The champion is in clear trouble as Moretti stands down on the hold, the agony etched all over his face as he finagles his way somehow to the ropes, breaking the submission before it can fully destroy his spine.

Robbins calls for the break but an intense Harlan doesn't give it to him, instead holding on for the full five count before letting go and tossing the body of his former stablemate to the side like he was yesterday's garbage. Moretti pulls him by his legs away from the ropes, going right for the cover.

ONE!

KICKOUT!

The World Champion immediately kicks out as soon as Robbins hits the canvas for one, the eyes of Gordy widened into a crazy expression. The Colosseum is rocking, sounds of fans cracking their shoe soles against their concrete reverberating around the building.

Jim Gunt: "Now it's Gordy's turn to kick out at one! This is awesome!"

Mike Rolash: "I hate to be like my partner over here and borrow an old cliche, but this one truly feels like an unstoppable force meeting an immovable object. The only problem is that one of these men is going to HAVE to move tonight!"

Yanking his adversary back to his feet, Harlan continues on the assault with a hard forearm shot to the jaw of the World Champion. Gordy comes right back with a European Uppercut, barely phasing the challenger.

Forearm!

Uppercut!

Forearm!

Uppercut!

Gordy smacks his own chest hard, roaring out at his former friend.

Gordy King: "COME ON!"

Huge Forearm!

Incapacitating Uppercut!

Neither man will go down!

The Colosseum explodes in a showing of appreciation for both of the Pact members. Harlan rears back to hit the champion with another nasty forearm but this time King ducks out underneath the shot, heading towards the ropes with a full set of steam. The House turns his body a full one eighty looking for Gordy, but by that time it's already too late.

Jim Gunt: "THE CROSSCHEC-OH MY GOD! MORETTI JUST STRUCK KING OUT OF MID-AIR WITH THE LOADED DICE!"

Mike Rolash: "Goodnight Irene!"

Jim Gunt: "...How did you know my middle name? I've never told anyone that…"

Mike Rolash: "Cover! Focus, Irene, focus!"

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

NO! GORDY KING ROLLS A SHOULDER AT TWO AND THREE QUARTERS!

Showing an uncharacteristic huff of anger, Moretti immediately rolls to a seated position staring a hole right through the head official. Robbins just shrugs back at him, flashing the peace sign, and the showing of authority clearly doesn't ring home for Moretti as he gets right to his feet and to go face to face with Robbins.

The House towers over the official, not saying a word, as he looks back at him cowering down with his shoulders propped, damn near pissing himself in fear of the massive Moretti. Harlan takes a deep breath, steadying himself before turning around right into Gordy tripping his legs out from under him and simultaneously pulling him downward for a school boy pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE?

NO! HARLAN KICKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: "Now it's Gordy's turn to argue with the official, these two need to give poor Trent a break and worry about putting the final nail in the coffin. This match is ripe for the picking if these two would just focus on each other instead of the referee!"

Mike Rolash: "Easier said than done though, Jimbo. This is an emotional night…for all of us. With things coming to a head with the Amoralists and the Major Arcana later, the brutal battle we saw between the Anderson boys earlier before the tear jerker of them getting back together and now this? Two members of the Pact who have literally dominated CWF together since the company's return and now they go one on one with the Cup on the line in the main event of a pay per view…that's stakes right there!"

Jim Gunt: "And just like Harlan caused himself a distraction by arguing with the ref, it looks like Gordy may fall the same fate as the House is crawling to his feet behind him!"

Wrapping both of his heavy mits around the waist of Gordy King, Moretti yanks him up to a horizontal position looking for yet another Break Even. This time the champion is ready for him though, as King blasts him with a rising kick to the eye leaving him falling down to the floor as Moretti holds onto his eye in pain. Before Gordy is even able to kip back to his feet Moretti is already back on his game, grabbing ahold of the rising King and hurling him into the corner with a Line Adjustment!

Gordy bashes into the corner like a crash dummy hitting a concrete wall, and the dummy certainly isn't ever winning. He crumples down in a heap, a complete mess after the destructive head and arm throw. Harlan follows him in to the corner of the ring keeping his eyes on the target the entire time, pulling Gordy up to a standing position before he climbs carefully to the middle ropes and lays into him with slow and deliberate heavy hands, the fans counting along with each shot.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

SEVEN!

In one abrupt motion Gordy King comes alive, using Moretti's uncharacteristic climb to the ropes against him as he places both hands underneath him and somehow pulls the massive frame of his former ally up into the air!

Gordy struggles to keep the much bigger opponent in the air, especially considering the damage to his lower back and the attack earlier on in the evening, but the Most Canadian Man Alive fights through the pain and paces right to the center of the ring with Moretti high in the air.

Jim Gunt: "Gordy takes off to the center of the ring and SIT-OUT POWERBOMB! By god, the entire ring just moved several feet! Could this be the blow that retains the title for Gordy!?"

ONE!

TWO!

THREENO!

Mike Rolash: "Nope, Harlan rolls a shoulder at threeno!"

Jim Gunt: "....."

"LET'S GO HAR-LAN!"

"GOR-DEE KING!"

"LET'S GO HAR-LAN!"

GOR-DEE KING!"

Jim Gunt: "The fans are blowing the roof off this place, and I hope not literally because we don't need another storm ruining things around here for months! Gordy is looking to change up his offense as he tries to get his legs around the jungle of limbs that is Harlan Moretti's legs to put him in a Sharpshooter!"

Mike Rolash: "But Moretti kicks him off, the House isn't falling for those tricks tonight!"

Jim Gunt: "No, Gordy fights on! Stomp! Again! Again! Gordy stomps the living daylights out of Harlan, and now locks him in the Sharpshooter right in the center of the ring! Moretti has nowhere to go and the match has taken a whole lot out of both these fighters. This could be it!"

Dropping down to the canvas to ask Moretti if he submits, Robbins looks on to see the House totally ignoring the request, instead grabbing the official by the collar and awkwardly tossing him up over his head and shoulders to crash into Gordy's back! King falls forward, the submission broken and the referee rolling to his side injured.

Both the challenger and champion crawl to opposite sides of the ring, each of them breathing heavy from the brutality within the battlefield. Harlan grabs the ropes still somewhat in a daze, the big man shaking his head to try to clear the cobwebs unaware that Gordy has doubled back and is coming at him at full speed.

Jim Gunt: "CROSSSSSCHECCCCKKKK!!!!"

Mike Rolash: "Holy shit he just sent Moretti all the way across the ring with that fucking thing!"

Jim Gunt: "What a match! Harlan came at Gordy with everything tonight, but this HAS to be it!"

But Gordy can't immediately make the cover, the Crosscheck pounce the last bullet in the chamber as the World Champion simply crashes to his back beside his former comrade. The Anthropolis crowd once again begin to chant for both competitors, soon willing King to slowly make it inch by inch over to Moretti and just place one arm barely over his chest.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! MORETTI ROLLS A SHOULDER RIGHT BEFORE THREE!

Gordy doesn't even have it in him to be shocked, the Most Canadian Man Alive absolutely spent as he falls back to his back with a damn near lifeless Moretti still somehow breathing beside him.

"THIS IS AWESOME! THIS IS AWESOME! THIS IS AWESOME!"

Gordy King is the first to come to, attempting to roll back over for another cover on Moretti who instead blasts him with a right hand as he tries to cover him. King staggers back into a seated position, but comes right back with a European Uppercut to Moretti on his knees. The House comes up to one leg, nailing Gordy with a stiff headbutt. Hip Toss up over the shoulders of Gordy takes the big man down!

Jim Gunt: "Gordy mounting the challenger now and pounding down on him with thunderous rights and lefts! He's finally getting all the frustration out from being the tagline to Harlan's apparent inside joke the last few months!"

Mike Rolash: "Oh come on, Jimbo, Harlan has been a great pal for ole Gordy every step of the way. What kinda friends do you have that would hold on to a hundred pound Stanley Cup for you while you do some spring cleaning of your locker room?"

Jim Gunt: "He didn't want to do spring cleaning, you idiot!"

The big man pulls himself to his feet, but the even bigger man is right back there himself, the House towering over Gordy as the two men come to blows yet again. Big right hand by Moretti leaves Gordy staggering backward, but he doesn't flinch, coming back with a massive shot of his own. Another right from Moretti meets a savage spinning back fist from the champion!

Moretti is out on his feet! The crowd, however, are entirely up on theirs as they await the next big move. Gordy King looks out at the sold out crowd beginning to chant his name aloud, the sound deafening as he pulls the House in towards him. One arm locked, and then despite Moretti trying his best to fight out of the grip, the second.

Jim Gunt: "Holy shit…are we about to see the Straightjacket Suplex!?"

Mike Rolash: "The trademark move that won the OG Jarvis King so many of his marquee matches…but Gordy can't get him up! His back gave out!"

Indeed Gordy King's back begins to give out on him, the massive body frame too much for his injured body to take as he drops him right back a standing position, the mistake just enough for Moretti to crack him right in the nose with a nasty elbow. Blood spurts out of the nostrils of the champion as he staggers backward.

HOUSE SHOT!

The short arm lariat snaps Gordy sideways, the Most Canadian Man alive twirling through the air before landing very awkwardly on his hip and back. A bound and determined Moretti shoves him down flat on his back before leaping up into the air.

Jim Gunt: "Stacked Odds! That name couldn't be more appropriate because I do believe the odds truly are stacked against the champion at this moment!"

Mike Rolash: "What a sitting splash, though! Moretti just drove all the air out of King and what is the golden rule in professional wrestling, Jimmy? If you can't breathe, you can't fight!"

Jim Gunt: "You're right and there might not be any fight left in our champion because Harlan just easily hoisted him right back to his feet. Oh no…"

The champion maintains total control over Gordy King as he walks him right to the center of the ring, the crowd inside the Colosseum looking on in shock and awe as the reign of the Most Canadian Man Alive threatens to end before them. Thunderous right hand to Moretti stops him in his tracks!

No it doesn't! The House endures!

THE COLLECTION!

Following the career shortening Sidewalk Slam, Moretti sits his entire frame down on the chest of Gordy. He stares right at the recovered Trent Robbins, counting along with the referee and the raucous crowd.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Fear Is Only A Four Letter Word

Segment

The sold out crowd within the Colosseum give a mixed response as Harlan Moretti rolls off the broken body of Gordy King, clutching his ribs while Trent Robbins raises his arm high into the air.

Joey Garcia: "Your winner by pinfall and NEEEEEEWWW CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION….HARLAN MORETTI!!"

Jim Gunt: "What a war! What a battle between two former stablemates. Gordy King threw everything he had at Harlan Moretti tonight, but the House survives and now he stands atop the mountain!"

Mike Rolash: "I can't even talk shit right now, Jim. That match was unreal…"

Moretti remains seated for a long moment, the newly returned CWF World Heavyweight Championship title belt draped across his lap as sweat pours from his beard. Across from him Gordy King slowly rolls onto his side, coughing violently while clutching at his lower back.

The fans begin applauding. Not a polite applause, they get up off their asses and give both Gordy and Harlan the standing ovation they deserve.

Both men hear it immediately, feeling it down to their bones. Harlan finally rises to his feet, limping over toward his fallen stablemate. He looks down at Gordy for a moment, tension still in the air, before slowly extending a hand. The crowd roars their approval, but Gordy stares at the hand of the man he once called a best friend.

Then his eyes move up to the championship, finally right back up at Harlan. The Most Canadian Man Alive SLAPS the hand away! A mixed reaction erupts from the audience as they watch what could be an encore from the Pact members inside the ring.

Jim Gunt: "Oh no…"

Mike Rolash: "Can you blame him!? He just lost the World Title after one of the greatest fights of his entire career!"

Moretti doesn't react aggressively, he simply nods once in complete understanding. Gordy tries to pull himself up using the ropes but collapses back to a knee from the damage to his spine. Moretti instinctively reaches again, and this time Gordy shoves him backward by the chest.

The House stumbles a step. Now the crowd begins buzzing nervously. The MANMADEMONSTER Shane Donovan rises from his chair at ringside, watching everything with a careful eye.

Jim Gunt: “Please don’t do this…not after everything these men have built together…”

Gordy slowly drags himself upright. Face to face, the champion and former champion stand in a heated moment. The air inside the Colosseum grows heavy as neither man says a word. Gordy’s eyes are bloodshot, frustrated, emotional beyond comprehension. Harlan’s expression remains stoic. Then Gordy laughs. Exhaustion exuberates from him, he shakes his head and finally extends his hand.

The Colosseum erupts as Harlan grabs it immediately, the two men pulling each other into a violent embrace.

Jim Gunt: “YES! YES! The Pact stands tall! And perhaps most surprising of all…the fans are loving every second of it!”

Mike Rolash: “As much as it pains me to say it, this is what CWF is all about!”

Donovan enters the ring now as well, placing a hand on the shoulder of each man while the crowd chants.

“PAAAACCT!”
“PAAAACCT!”
“PAAAACCT!”

Harlan raises the World Championship high into the air.

BOOOOOOM!!!

All four turnbuckles suddenly explode with blinding silver pyro. The three men jolt backward in surprise as sparks rain down from every corner post like burning metal shrapnel.

Jim Gunt: “What the hell!?”

The crowd noise shifts instantly into confusion, a low murmur rolling through the Colosseum as they try to quietly figure out what’s going on. Some fans near the entranceway begin standing up. Then more. Then entire sections standing to their feet in unison in the strangest of scenes.

Mike Rolash: “Why’s everybody looking behind them…?”

A quiet calliope tune quietly begins playing somewhere in the distance . Not through the speakers pumping through the soundsystem all throughout the Colosseum. The sound is archaically off-key, as if it’s coming through live and in person. A sound as if it’s trying to escape something, drowned out by the crowd.

“Dun… dun dun-dun…”

A children’s circus melody grows from a whisper to something more within seconds, louder and louder as people near the upper deck begin pointing. Watchers move through the crowd trying to figure out the disturbance, but more and more audience members start recoiling away from something unseen moving through the seating sections.

Jim Gunt: “What is that sound…?”

The camera catches glimpses now. Red balloons…dozens of them. They float upward from random spots in the audience, no strings attached to the end, just rising slowly toward the ceiling.

The melody grows louder.

“Dun… dun dun-dun… dun dun-dun…”

A woman in the front row suddenly screams, true fear written all over her face. The camera swings toward her section where several fans are now stumbling backward over their seats trying to get away from something moving down the aisle.

A clown shoe.

One massive black-and-white clown shoe steps into frame for only half a second before disappearing behind fleeing

fans like a shadow in the night.

Mike Rolash: “No…”

Another section erupts into disarray.

Then another.

Then another.

Everywhere the camera turns people are backing away in terror as if something impossible is weaving through the crowd toward ringside. The tune continues, slow and deliberate.

“Dun… dun dun-dun… dun dun-dun…”

Harlan Moretti steps toward the ropes, staring into the audience trying to locate the source. Gordy wipes blood from his nose while Donovan circles the opposite side of the ring. The temperature inside the Colosseum seems to drop instantly as a strange white mist begins creeping out from beneath the ring apron.

Not smoke, thick dense fog pouring unnaturally fast from underneath the ring. Within seconds it spills across the mat around the boots of both Gordy and Harlan.

Jim Gunt: “I don’t like this…”

Mike Rolash: “Jim…”

The fog keeps rising as Harlan and Gordy look both to their lefts and rights, trying their best to get a grasp of the scene before it’s too late. Suddenly the fog is knee high. Waist high.

The calliope music stops cold. Dead silence rains over the entire Colosseum.

HONK!

A single clown horn echoes somewhere in the building, breaking the silence. Gordy spins around wildly to find nothing but thin air. Donovan steps backward into the corner, damn near pissing himself in fear. Harlan grips the championship tightly in his hands, eyes scanning through the fog. Then the crowd noise changes completely.

Thousands of people making the same horrified whimpering sound all at once. The intense sadness runs through the entire Colosseum as the camera pans directly behind Harlan Moretti.

Motionless within the fog…

Ozric Mortimer.

Jim Gunt: “…”

Mike Rolash: “…”

The camera barely captures him clearly through the dense fog. A tall, deathly thin figure wearing an elegant black Victorian coat hanging from his frame like funeral drapery. White gloves bearing long narrow fingers. A porcelain clown face cracked down one eye with dark lipstick stretched into a smile that doesn’t belong on a human being.

The crowd collectively falls silent as the night. Harlan slowly senses something behind him, a tingling in his spine telling him to turn around quickly.

SNAP!!!

Ozric’s hand violently twists the massive Harlan’s head sideways with a sickening crack that echoes through the Colosseum. The World Champion collapses instantly, a lifeless House demolished before the thousands of horrified fans.

Jim Gunt: “OH MY GOD!!”

Mike Rolash: “THAT MONSTER JUST KILLED THE WORLD CHAMPION!”

Donovan freezes in the corner as Gordy King stumbles backward against the ropes in absolute horror. Neither man moves, neither of them are able to. Ozric Mortimer stands over Harlan’s dead body breathing slowly through his sadistic painted grin.

The fog swirls around his feet as Ozric kneels carefully beside the fallen Moretti, almost lovingly.

Then he slowly picks up the CWF World Heavyweight Championship. The vile clown tilts his head, examining the title like it was a lost artifact he needs to bring home with him. The crowd remains frozen in terrified silence as Ozric rises back to his full height and lifts the championship high into the air!

Jim Gunt: “That’s impossible…”

Mike Rolash: “We haven’t seen Ozric Mortimer in over a decade! The entire landscape of this company has shifted if this psychopath is truly back!”

Ozric’s eyes slowly drift toward Gordy King, The Most Canadian Man Alive looks utterly petrified. Ozric smiles wider, and then the calliope music begins again.

“Dun… dun dun-dun-da-da… dun dun-dun-da-da…”

Ozric Mortimer stands in the center of the ring holding the CWF World Heavyweight Championship over the dead body of Harlan Moretti while Gordy King stares on in absolute terror.

The Major Arcana (Mitaxia, Lilliana Primrose, "The Ripper" Danny B, Xander & Silas Artoria) vs. The Amoralists (Anhellica, Jace Valentine, Mark Carlton, Freddie Styles & "The Peacock King" Jared Holmes)

Match

Joey Garcia: “Ladies and gentlemen…the following contest is your MAAAIIIN EVENT OF THE EVENING! This match will be contested under End Games rules!”

The enormous cage slowly comes to life and begins to lower from the ceiling of the Colosseum, the steel groaning as sparks rain from the corners of the monstrous structure. The sold out crowd immediately come to their feet, a calm before the storm settles throughout Anthropolis’s battleground.

Joey Garcia: “Two teams will enter, one member from each team starting off the match for their respective team. Every five minutes another competitor will enter, alternating between teams until all competitors have entered the match. Then and ONLY then, End Games begins! Pinfalls, knockouts and disqualifications, other than leaving the cage purposefully, are all made illegal. The only way to win is submission, surrender, or death!”

Twisted machinations of steel surround the ring from floor to ceiling- two rings stand side by side beneath the towering End Games cage. Drones fly overhead broadcasting every angle onto the colossal holo-screens above Anthropolis as well as everyone watching back at home in 2026, thinking everything that’s happened throughout the walls of the Colosseum has all been an act of fiction.

Oh how they couldn’t be any more wrong.

Mike Rolash: “Well Jim we already seen our new World Champion Harlan Moretti get murdered in the middle of the ring right after the return of Ozric Mortimer, what else could we expect in End Games?”

Jim Gunt: “This structure has shortened careers, ruined lives, and changed the landscape of CWF forever, Mike. Ten

warriors enter the End Games match, but there's no guarantee all ten of them will walk out."

Mike Rolash: "I know, I just said that! Are you deaf or something? The pyro tonight giving you some ringing in your ears? Wake up, Jimbo!"

The cage doors swing open simultaneously, the crowd roar in anticipation as the Amoralists enter the rings first. AnHellica calmly walks through the steel doorway first, the Watchers surrounding the ring nodding in reverence to their Lord. Jared Holmes follows behind her draped in his yellow Versace robe, sneering at the fans through the jeweled mask over his face. Freddie Styles enters all business, followed by Jace Valentine jaw jacking to a few ringside fans, and finally Mark Carlton walking slowly behind them all with a look of disgust on his face.

Joey Garcia: "First, representing the Amoralists, she is the Archon of Amorality herself....ANHELLICA!!"

The crowd boo their "Lord" as on the opposite side of the massive structure to the corner of the second ring, the Major Arcana proceed out next. Mia Rayne immediately begins discussing strategy with the group while Xander Owens and Silas Artoria stand next to one another listening intently. Lilliana Primrose lingers several feet away from everyone else entirely, the Voice of Reason staring upward towards the drones flying above the cage as if she hears something no one else does.

Jim Gunt: "It looks like both teams are trying to decide who's going to start this thing…End Games is just about to get underway!"

Mike Rolash: "I think it's pretty obvious at least for the Major Arcana that Mia needs to take the lead on this one…"

Mia points to herself while speaking aloud to her compatriots for the evening but suddenly Ripper slips out past everyone, entering through the cage door before anyone notices.

Jim Gunt: "Ripper!"

Mike Rolash: "Oh this should be interesting. Danny had a lot to say about each and every one of the Amoralists heading into this match. Let's see if he can back up those words!"

A furious Mia Rayne spins around.

Mia Rayne: "Danny!"

The Ripper ignores his Major Arcana partner for just a moment as he walks to the center of the ring, finally turning back to his team and shrugging his shoulders with a sarcastic laugh to boot.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first…representing the Major Arcana…standing at 5'10 and weighing 210 pounds, he is the Ripper….DANNY B!!"

Danny finally turns his attention away from his team and back to the center of the ring just as the lights go out. A crimson spotlight shines upon AnHellica as she stands motionless in front of her Amoralists, the cage door swinging open automatically for her. The crowd inside the Colosseum boo in unison, showing their absolute hatred for the Archon of Amorality as she enters End Games.

Mike Rolash: "This right here is cinema, Jimmy!"

Jim Gunt: "These two former World Heavyweight Champions have danced around one another for years throughout the time in CWF, tonight they finally collide inside one of the most dangerous matches the company has to offer!"

Trent Robbins stands in the middle of the ring overlooking the massive End Games structure, the head CWF referee about to call for the bell knowing full well that the Colosseum had already become a war zone long before the bell was ever rang.

Ding Ding Ding!

The Ripper makes his way across the ring on the Major Arcana's side as AnHellica simply awaits him with an evil smile wrapped around her face. As he approaches she finally starts to move from her position, the two competitors circling one another slowly while the atmosphere inside the Colosseum reaches a feverish pitch; thousands of fans waiting in anticipation for the Amoralists to finally get what's coming to them.

Neither competitor reaches out too soon as they continue to measure each other out, finally it is Ripper who stops cold, smirking back at AnHellica.

Danny B: "You know, for being an Archon of Amorality, you don't look like much of a Goddess…"

CRACK!

Jim Gunt: "SUPERKICK!"

Mike Rolash: "AnHellica just kicked Ripper's damn head off! What a start, I may never have to deal with that idiot again!"

AnHellica wastes no time in mounting Ripper following the Superkick, the Archon raining down headbutts and face claws with her lengthy, blood-caked nails. Danny is able to fight her off by shoving her backward, exploding upward with a vicious array of elbow and uppercut strikes in unison. AnHellica swings wildly with another strike but Ripper ducks underneath it, lifting her up and driving her spine first against the steel connector between both rings. The entire structure echoes a "Clang!" as her entire back cracks against it.

Jim Gunt: "Good god, what a sound!"

Mike Rolash: "End Games hurts ME and I'm sitting down here next to you safe and sound!"

Jim Gunt: "You better hope it's safe and sound, this one could get pretty wild pretty quickly!"

AnHellica rises almost immediately, bringing a shocked look to the Ripper and a gasp from the crowd.

BOMAYE KNEE!

The Ripper staggers backwards into the ropes before firing back with a massive Destin-Knee that snaps the Archon's head sideways! Both competitors collapse to the canvas, the Colosseum fans immediately erupting in chants.

"THIS IS WAR!"

"THIS IS WAR!"

"THIS IS WAR!"

The countdown clock appears overhead on the holo-screen.

5…

4…

3…

2…

1…

BUZZ!

Joey Garcia: "Representing the Amoralists….JARED HOLMES!!"

Smirking, The Peacock King takes off his lavish robes and jeweled mask before sitting them carefully in the only empty corner of the Amoralist cell. He walks towards the ring barefoot, looking every bit of the destructive beast that he makes himself out to be. Jared spreads his arms wide while looking out at the crowd who rains hatred down upon him.

Mike Rolash: “Oh this beautiful bastard is about to ruin somebody’s life.”

Jim Gunt: “And now the Amoralists have the advantage, things are about to get pretty dicey for the Major Arcana.”

Jared Holmes immediately springboards up over the top rope, landing perfectly on his feet before coming to a full sprint towards Ripper and hitting a Running Dropkick directly to his chest. Staggering backwards against the cage, Ripper is a sitting duck to Jared as he comes in with heavy knife edge chops.

Chop after heavy, stinging chop lights up the chest of Danny B, but Ripper fires right back with straight right hands. Just when it seems like the former World Champion is about to get the upperhand, Jared digs his fingers into the forehead of Ripper and rakes downward right across his eyes.

Mike Rolash: “That’s veteran instinct! Jared may still be somewhat new to CWF but he’s showing that he’s certainly not new to professional wrestling!”

Jim Gunt: “Call it whatever you want, Mike, but Ripper is in some serious trouble now. Already facing off against a deficit going one on two against Holmes and AnHellica and now he’s been BLINDED!?”

Whipping Ripper hard into the cage wall, Jared charges in full speed.

Jim Gunt: “Stinger Splash! And Anhellica keeps ahold of Ripper…before launching him HIGH in the air with a brutal Uppercut!”

The Major Arcana watch on from their cell with vested interest, Mia Rayne holding the rest of team back to signal to them that she’s not going to let anyone step in front of her ever again. The numbers game inside the ring taking effect already, the Peacock King bellows out laughter as he stomps down repeatedly on Ripper’s ribs.

Jared Holmes: “C’mon legend...entertain me!”

Suddenly Ripper rolls through the next stomp and explodes upward.

Jim Gunt: “Ripper Kill Shot!”

Mike Rolash (snickering): “Out of nowhere!”

Jim Gunt: “Don’t ever say that again, Mike.”

Jared collapses violently to the canvas. Before Ripper can capitalize, however, AnHellica drives him backward into the cage, repeated shoulder thrusts knocking not only the wind out of the legend but the very lifeblood from him. Just in the nick of time, the timer appears on the holo-screen yet again.

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BUZZ!

The crowd explodes as Mia Rayne pushes back the other members of her team and sprints towards the cage door.

Joey Garcia: “Representing the Major Arcana….MIA RAYNE!!”

Mike Rolash: “Oh no…things are about to get bat shit crazy up in here!”

Jim Gunt: “And why would you say that, Mike?”

Mike Rolash: “It doesn’t matter if it’s Loki Synn, Cheshire, Mitaxia, Amelia or the return of Mia Rayne herself. This chick is nobody ta’ fuck with, no matter the personality, and I’m pretty sure she lost a couple screws along the way in coming here to the future.”

Mia enters like a hurricane, running through Jared Holmes with a massive clothesline before he even knew what hit him. AnHellica swings with a heavy right hand but the Forsaken Psychotic is easily able to grab it, as if the Archon’s arm suddenly moved through the air in slow motion. Mia grabs ahold of her forearm, taking AnHellica up and over her head and driving her right on the top of her head!

A fallen and possibly concussed AnHellica rolls away to try to recover, leaving Jared to swing Mia Rayne around. The normally cold, dead blue eyes light up instantly, the Peacock King retracting and backing up as he sees the cast iron skillet materialized within the hands of the psychotic one.

Mike Rolash: “Where in the hell does she keep finding these things!? I thought Home Depot went out of business centuries ago.”

A flash of blue static energy comes from the skillet, but even that is only enough to momentarily detract Holmes, as he runs back at Mia hoping to take her out before she can him.

WHAM!

The Peacock King goes out like a light, crashing to the canvas instantly. The Archon of Amorality has had enough, charging in steadfast herself. Halting her with an open hand, Mia points forward and the fork instantly materializes in her other hand.

Jim Gunt: “Oh my god, that’s Eric Dane Sr.’s fork!”

Mike Rolash: “That’s a name I never thought I’d hear again here.”

The Archon of Amorality does her best to hide the fear in her eyes as she tries to back up to no avail, as Mia slashes the fork downward across her arm and tackles her violently against the cage wall! Ripper slowly rises to his feet, fighting back to back with his ally for one evening as Jared comes staggering in.

COMPLETE SIN!

Jim Gunt: “Future Shock DDT by Ripper onto the steel! That’s gotta hurt!”

Mike Rolash: “Hurt? How is Jared even still alive!?”

AnHellica attempts another Bomaye Knee only for Mia to counter it by hurling the skillet directly at her face. The skillet clangs off the forehead of the Archon, leaving her collapsing backwards in a heap against the ropes.

Jim Gunt: “The Major Arcana have completely swung the momentum!”

The timer starts up, once again leaving the fans feeling uneasy as they know a disadvantage for their heroes is about to be had yet again.

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BUZZ!

Jace Valentine smugly strolls towards the cage door clapping sarcastically.

Joey Garcia: “Representing the Amoralists….JACE VALENTINE!!”

Mike Rolash: “Now HERE comes a champion, Jimbo.”

Jim Gunt: “I mean you’re not lying, Jace is a highly decorated athlete within the four walls of CWF; a multiple time World Champion as well as damn near every other piece of gold he could get his hands on. One thing Jace has never done, though? Step inside the diabolic End Games cage!”

Mike Rolash: “Can you blame him? This shit’s scarier than Jim Gunt at an all you can eat buffet!”

Jim Gunt: “Hey, that’s me!”

Jace Valentine slides into the ring, the in ring tactician showing absolutely no signs of ring rust as he goes right for the back of Ripper’s legs, taking him out at the knee. Valentine grabs the leg and Dragon Screws him hard across the canvas. Keeping ahold of the boot of Danny, the former Host with the Most transitions smoothly over to an Ankle Lock submission. As Ripper screams out in pain looking for the ropes, Valentine just cackles back at him.

Jace Valentine: “Tap...you little bitch! You don’t have much to say now, do you, loud mouth?”

Ripper rolls right to his back, staring up at his former rival.

The Ripper: “Fuck off, you moose lovin’ prick!”

A boot shoots up and connects with the jaw of Valentine, breaking up the grip on Ripper’s boot immediately, but much to the chagrin of the Ripper the World’s Best goes right back on the attack, dropping down and rolling him over into a crossface submission!

Jim Gunt: “Jace Valentine comes in and immediately targets the joints of Ripper Danny B. After the embarrassment of Frozen Over, he’s looking to do whatever it takes to redeem himself!”

Mike Rolash: “Valentine was the laughing stock for weeks. I mean who loses to Lilliana Primrose for God’s sake!?”

Jim Gunt: “I’d love to see you step in the ring with her, Mike.”

Mike Rolash: “Yeah well, no but…nah, that’s okay.”

Ripper screams out in agony, Valentine pulling back the Crossface with all his might. Mia comes in to pull Valentine off just to get a kick directly in the stomach for her troubles.

THE HEARTBREAKER!

The Pedigree leaves Mia doubled over and landing flat on her face, the crowd booing Jace as he rises back to his feet with his hands in the air. The Archon and the Peacock King recover enough to help out as well, Jared blasting a rising Ripper with a Butterfly Suplex while Anhellica runs towards the ropes facing the other ring, leaping up onto the middle one and springing into a beautiful back flip moonsault right onto Mia!

The Amoralists have taken complete control over the match now with the three on two advantage clearly leaving the Major Arcana practically dismantled before they can even mount an opposition. Danny B is caught in the Web of Lies two-legged Boston Crab while AnHellica wraps her legs around the head and neck of Mia Rayne, pulling her back into a triangle submission.

Jim Gunt: “Trent Robbins is checking on both Mia and Ripper, but there’s nothing he can do. This match doesn’t end until all competitors have entered the cage!”

Mike Rolash: “That’s the beauty of End Games. You just get to torture people early!”

The countdown appears once more, illuminating both the holo-screen and awakening the downtrodden crowd for the next Major Arcana entrant.

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BUZZ!

The crowd cheers as Xander Owens steps forward.

Joey Garcia: “Representing the Major Arcana….XANDER OWENS!!”

Xander Owens enters the ring like a house on fire, sprinting right through a clothesline attempt by Jared Holmes and going towards the ropes to leap right onto the steel cage. The ancestor of the Zach Van Owens family springs off the cage like a cat, spiking Holmes with a spinning Disaster Kick!

Jim Gunt: “Xander Owens entering this thing like a human missile!”

Standing dropkick to the rising Jace. Tornado DDT takes out the Archon of Amorality. Cartwheel escape beneath another clothesline attempt from the Peacock King.

COMBO BREAKER!

Jared collapses backwards against the cage wall, dazed and confused from the massive Superkick. Xander kips right back up to his feet.

Xander Owens: “GET OVER HERE!”

The crowd explodes, movie references never growing old despite the sad state of the times within Anthropolis. Grinning ear to ear is Ripper who looks on like an proud older brother watching chaos unfold. He motions his compatriot on, and Xander once again springs to life, heading towards the ropes and bouncing back towards mid-ring.

Jim Gunt: “KEYBLADE! That Corkscrew Superkick just caught Jace flush, right against his jaw!”

Mia Rayne dumps AnHellica over the top rope, leaving the Archon tumbling and crawling backward across the opposite ring. Ripper Bael throws Holmes into the corner before laying into him with heavy boots to the stomach. Just when things seem to be going all too well for the Major Arcana, the holo-screen lights up yet again.

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BUZZ!

Freddie Styles slowly walks towards the cage.

Joey Garcia: “Representing the Amoralists….FREDDIE STYLES!!”

Mr. Ballgame enters the ring calmly before suddenly snapping into action, cutting Xander in half with a High Angled Spinebuster!

Mike Rolash: “The workhorse has arrived.”

Jim Gunt: “The workhorse? Ha! No comment on that one, Mike.”

Mike Rolash: “Freddie Styles is a former CWF World Champion. A bonafide Hall of Famer. Don’t make him come down here and slap the taste out of your mouth, Jimbo.”

Xander Owens rises to his feet just to get a German Suplex. A Tiger Suplex follows suit, taking him right back down with a thud. Massive body splash by Mia Rayne as she leaps over the top rope and takes out Anhellica, both competitors rolling through and springing right back to their feet! Jared Holmes finally gets the advantage over Ripper with a poke to the eye, grabbing ahold of the veteran before he can clear his sight to drive him right down on the back of his neck.

Jim Gunt: “FALCON ARROW! ALL HELL IS BREAKING LOOSE HERE IN THE COLOSSEUM!”

Mike Rolash: “Please tell me you’re not going to start screaming every single word the rest of the match?”

Jim Gunt: “I MIGHT, WHY!?”

Jace Valentine waits for Xander to begin to rise to his feet before kicking him right in the balls, doubling Player Two over and leaving him prone to Valentine pulling him in…From Montreal With Love canadian destroyer piledriver! A completely disillusioned Xander somehow pops right back up to his feet, swaying wildly until Jared catches him.

SONG OF THE HYADES!

Jim Gunt: “Holy shit, two Canadian Destroyers in a row! Good thing all the competitors aren’t in the ring yet, Mike, I think this one might be called right now. Xander is dead!”

Mike Rolash: “That’s…”

The timer cuts Rolash off.

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BUZZ!

The lights dim softly as Lilliana Primrose slowly walks towards the cage, her head tilted strangely towards the drones above the End Games structure.

Joey Garcia: “Representing the Major Arcana….LILLIANA PRIMROSE!!”

Mike Rolash: “Nope. I’m outta here…”

Jim puts a hand out, stopping his partner from moving out of his seat.

Jim Gunt: “Relax, Mike. I think our Voice of Reason is saving all her spells and “words of wisdom” for the Amoralists this evening.”

Lilliana enters the ring slowly, everyone inside the ring stopping to watch her next move. Jace charges in first, but Primrose doesn’t even look at him, simply sidestepping his attack. Peacock King grabs ahold of her and attempts a knife edge chop but is shocked to find her no longer there. He swings back around to find Lilliana looking off into space, fireflies that only she can see flying directly in front of her face.

Jim Gunt: “It’s like she can sense everything coming before it even happens!”

Mike Rolash: “And you really expect me to sit out here with this crazy person in the ring!?”

Screaming out in frustration, Valentine swings wildly, just to have Lilliana suddenly spin towards him.

ROUNDHOUSE KICK!

The Jace Hole collapses instantly, bringing the crowd right up to their feet. An unsettling smile comes from the face of Lilliana as she looks on at her handy work. The Peacock King slithers in looking for an attack from behind…and gets choked right down to the canvas! The Archon of Amorality, after dispatching Mia Rayne with a piledriver inside the other ring, is back in the Amoralist ring and suddenly standing eye to eye with Lilliana Primrose.

Jim Gunt: “Oh boy…here we go! Lilliana finally gets to exact revenge on the Amoralists for “her” Jaiden!”

AnHellica and Lilliana stand nose to nose in the center of one of the rings as chaos unfolds all around them. Neither of the women blink, neither move, both of them cool, calm and collected and awaiting for the other to make the first mistake. Then suddenly…crack! The crowd erupts as AnHellica flails forward and connects with a Headbutt!

Jim Gunt: “These two are trying to cave each other’s skulls in!”

Lilliana answers the headbutt with a stiff palm strike directly beneath the jaw before twisting around into a vicious choke hold attempt, but AnHellica counters with a brutal Hip Toss that sends Primrose bouncing violently across the steel connector between the rings.

Mike Rolash: “I think I heard her spine explode!”

AnHellica stalks towards Lilliana calmly, the Voice of Reason broken between the rings. Before the Archon can reach out to her, however, the timer once again flashes onto the holo-screen.

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BUZZ!

Mark Carlton steps one foot out the cage door, immediately garnering a mixed response from the Anthropolis faithful.

Joey Garcia: “And the final entrant representing the Amoralists….MARK CARLTON!!”

The new King of Albion is apprehensive to say the least to enter End Games, especially on the side of the Amoralist army. Looking over both sides of his shoulder, he takes in the scene in front of him, a deep breath exhaled before he slaps himself across his cold, pasty face to prepare himself for what needs to be done. The Amoralists and the Major Arcana will all fall at his feet.

CLASS CHECK!

Before the cousin in law of the Highlanders can come into the ring and confront AnHellica, Silas Artoria storms into the cage like a man possessed, immediately taking the shocked vampire down with the Class Check high bicycle knee.

Joey Garcia: “And the final entrant representing the Major Arcana….SILAS ARTORIA!!”

Mike Rolash: “That’s not fair…he didn’t even wait for the timer!”

Jim Gunt: “Too bad, Mike! End Games begins….NOW!!”

The massive overhead holo-screen flashes crimson, signifying that the most brutal match in CWF history has finally

begun!

Knife edge chop to Freddie before a Snap Dragon Suplex takes him down. Bicycle Knee to Jared Holmes takes him out at the pass. The crowd cheer on the Psychotic Aristocrat as he becomes a whirlwind, showing even after 300 years of dormancy the legend will never die. Jace attempts to grab him from behind only to get hurled overhead with a release German Suplex into the cage wall. Freddie charges back in.

TWISTED VIRTUE!

The suicide dive tornado DDT spikes Freddie all the way into the second ring.

Jim Gunt: “Silas has completely changed the complexion of this match!”

Mike Rolash: “The man’s wrestling like he snorted jet fuel!”

Jim Gunt: “Unlike the great Mike Rolash, I believe Silas is proudly drug free, thank you.”

Mike Rolash: “What a nerd.”

All hell continues to break loose inside the massive End Games structure, all ten fighters finally coming to blows. Xander and Freddie trade forearms in the second ring. Mia and AnHellica brawl up against the cage wall, both vicious competitors trying to get the advantage over the other as they reach for each other’s throats. Ripper and Jace exchange right hands, neither veteran able to take the other down. Lilliana twists the Peacock King into a horrifying joint manipulation hold. Silas laughs wildly while beating Carlton senseless in the corner.

Mike Rolash: “This is beautiful! This is sick! This is the future we all dreamed about!”

Jim Gunt: “Speak for yourself!”

Freddie catches Player Two charging in.

BALLGAME!

The Lumbar Check nearly folds Xander clean in half. But Mr. Ballgame is not done, transitioning right into an Anaconda Vise on the man the Amoralists call a turncoat. Head referee Trent Robbins checks desperately for the submission but Xander screams, refusing to surrender. Meanwhile Mia has climbed up to the top rope and dives across both rings in an amazing feat.

SKILLET SHOT TO ANHELLICA’S SKULL!

The cast iron pan once again materialized out of thin air and right into her hand mid-flight, a perfect weapon for Mia to crack across the Archon’s forehead. The crowd explodes as she crumples to the canvas in a heap. Jared Holmes slowly rises behind Freddie Styles, an odd look in his eyes as one of them seems to flash green momentarily. Mr. Ballgame is completely unaware as the most demented of smiles begins to graze over the face of Holmes.

Jim Gunt: “Wait a second…”

Jared calmly reaches beneath the ring padding…and pulls out a jagged blade.

Mike Rolash: “Oh no, what are you doing Jared!?”

STAB!

The packed Anthropolis crowd gasps horrifically as Styles screams out in agony, the blade stuck directly in his upper back.

Jim Gunt: “JARED HOLMES LITERALLY JUST STABBED HIS OWN PARTNER IN THE BACK!”

Mike Rolash: “What a snake! I love it!”

Mr. Ballgame collapses forward with his hands pulled over his shoulders, feeling for the wound as Jared kneels beside laughing quietly.

Jared Holmes: “You really thought I followed you people?”

A dark crimson flow begins to pour out the back of Freddie Styles, the Archon of Amorality pausing momentarily from punching down Mia in the corner to look back at the Peacock King. A look of intensity soon transitions to a strange smile, the Amorale leader recognizing the true Jared now. The crowd rise to their feet in anticipation of what looks to be a battle between Holmes and AnHellica, but suddenly the lights once again go out.

Jim Gunt: “Now what!?”

The cage door rattles violently from the outside.

BANG!

CWF “legend” Weapon X rattles against the chain wall.

Mike Rolash: “What the hell is this moron doing out here!?”

Jim Gunt: “Good question Mike, I thought the Highlanders had killed off this ‘relic’ once and for all…”

BANG!

Michael Desfait appears beside him.

BANG!

Now possibly the most shocking one of all, 2ShAdY, former lover of Angelica, the true inner form of the Archon of Amorality herself. The man that hasn’t been seen in decades, finally making his return to CWF to aid his Lord.

“We Are The Champions” by Queen or some other corny theme song cues.

Former World Champion and complete egomaniac Big Sexay storms down the ramp alongside Alex Cain, Franklin Fredrickson and a mob of Watchers wielding chains, pipes, steel rods, and all kinds of other more futuristic pieces of weaponry.

Jim Gunt: “Oh my God, the legends are here!”

Mike Rolash: “I see you’re using the term “legends” pretty loosely these days, Jimbo. Half these people were jobbers at best!”

The crowd rains down deafening boos as the entire End Games structure is surrounded. Trent Robbins rushes toward the cage door attempting to stop them…just to get cracked in the skull with a pipe shot! The head referee crumples instantly, the cage door swinging open and within seconds everything disintegrates into absolute madness.

Weapon X powerbombs Ripper through a table bridged between the two rings. Big Sexay crushes Silas with a running spear against the cage wall. Michael Desfait hands over a steel chain to Carlton who raises an eyebrow at him before turning and using it to choke out Xander Owens in the corner.

Jim Gunt: “Come on…this has completely broken down. This simply CAN’T be the way the biggest battle of good versus evil of all time ends!”

Mike Rolash: “It’s efficiency, Jimbo! What did you think was going to happen when you invited AnHellica and her Amoralists to the party? A fair fight? Ha!”

A distraught Mia Rayne looks around at all the destruction around her. Xander gagged and choked in the corner, Silas barely moving, Lilliana fighting a gang of Watchers all alone. Jaiden screams out to her from outside the cage, trying to psych up the Forsaken Psychotic but yet again getting a massive shot to the back of the head for his troubles, the

Living Legend Alex Cain standing over him once again with a steel chair and a sadistic smile plastered all over his face.

The Ripper fights Fredrickson, Big Sexay and Desfait all by himself, the legend of Anubis clearly one he's learned every lesson of at this point as the Golden God wrecks shop on all three with heavy right hands. Eventually the numbers game gets to even him, however, as Weapon X hits him with a double axe handle from behind. The four of them begin stomping down viciously across every inch of Ripper, Mia doing nothing but looking on with the strangest sense of calmness.

Suddenly something seems to snap with the deepest receding parts of her mind, two deep blinks before she snaps her head to the side and heads right for the cage.

Jim Gunt: "Mia…what are you doing!?"

Mike Rolash: "Looks like she's climbing the cage…duh!"

The crowd rises eagerly to their feet, the Archon of Amorality immediately noticing the ascent of Mia and calling out for some nearby Watchers to climb the cage from the outside. A half dozen of them immediately take heed to her demands, climbing up the cage like wicked spiders in the night. The Forsaken Psychotic shows absolutely no fear whatsoever as she sees the Watchers coming after her on the other side of the cage, and before long she is at the very top of the structure thirty feet high in the air awaiting them.

Wind rips through the hair of Mia, nearly taking her off her positioning as the crowd gasps far below watching on. She gathers herself just in time as a Watcher reaches out for her leg, just to get a materialized fork in the hand! His body soars through the air before crashing down with the most disgusting spine on steel thud right onto the bottom of the ramp.

Weapon X and Desfait are directed to climb after Mia from inside the ring now, but it is Mark Carlton who grabs both of them by the bottom of their shirts, intensity running through him like water as he violently shakes his head back and forth. He suddenly leaps up to the top rope grabbing ahold of both of them and flipping backward.

Jim Gunt: "DOUBLE SPANISH FLY! And with that breathtaking display, Carlton finally shows his true colors, he's really not working with the Amoralists after all!"

Mike Rolash: "God damn…what is wrong with these people!?"

Looking up into the lights, Lilliana wonders over to the cage and places a hand upon it, warmth running through her as she peers up and whispers something to Mia as if she can hear it thirty feet above. When she can't, Lilliana slowly points upward and Mia turns to see Jace Valentine charging across the top of the structure at full speed.

Rayne's eyes go wide, but she is way too quick for the forgotten relic. Holding onto the structure with her legs, Mia sideshifts her body, Valentine dashing over her and missing the kick to her face completely. Somehow Jace is able to maintain balance, turning around in a huff just as his own eyes go wide.

Jim Gunt: "SPEAR OFF THE FUCKING CAGE! BY GOD, THAT WAS INSANE!"

Rayne and Valentine go flying off the cage through a pile of tables, Watchers and steel back inside the ring. Utter destruction reigns supreme in the End Games cage as the crowd comes unglued.

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Medical drones begin to swarm ringside as Xander Owens stares on in horror. Silas Artoria snaps completely, the Bloodletter emerging before our very eyes. He begins destroying everyone and everything in sight; discus clothesline to Big Sexay, Snap Dragon to Alex Cain, repeated elbows to the face of the Peacock King.

The crowd is on the Bloodletter's side, but within a matter of moments the numbers game once again begins to

overwhelm him. Dozens of Watchers jump him from the back, front and all sides and begin stomping down on Artoria like he's a piece of waste.

Once again Lilliana looks on, almost stuck in fear, but it isn't long before she's pulled out of her reverence by the Archon of Amorality herself, the crowd gasping as AnHellica retrieves an ancient looking dagger from one of the Watchers. The symbol of Amorality carved into the blade glows a faint crimson as she rises it high in the air behind Primrose, who is still somehow completely unaware of her surroundings.

Jim Gunt: "Turn around, Lily!"

But it's too late, before Primrose can snap to her senses like every other time AnHellica has a handful of hair pulling her in…and the dagger pressed tightly against her throat.

Jim Gunt: "No, no, no…"

Mike Rolash: "Tell them to surrender! This is too much for even me!"

The crowd are letting the Amoralist queen have it as she presses the dagger ever deeper into the throat of Primrose, blood trickling down her neck which Anhellica immediately swipes up and brings to her lips to savor long and slow, her eyes rolling in the back of her head momentarily as she tastes the blood of Jaiden's Voice of Reason.

Xander Owens attempts to crawl towards them but collapses, the game taking far too much HP from him. Ripper barely moves. Silas Artoria is restrained by multiple Watchers, forced to do nothing but look on as AnHellica threatens to murder Primrose right in front of them. To the shock of many, however, Lilliana doesn't scream. She doesn't panic whatsoever. Instead Primrose looks to ringside, right at her Jaiden.

He stands at ringside a broken, bruised, bloody mess himself who is barely able to stand consciously, but when the two of them make eye contact, Lilliana smiles. This showing of affection angers the Amoralist queen and she presses the dagger even harder, blood pouring faster down the throat and chest of Primrose now. Jared Holmes kneels beside them laughing as he looks out at the pathetic Rishel.

Jared Holmes: "DO IT!"

The crowd screams in anticipation, doing their best to will Jaiden not to do just that. But the Prince is shaking uncontrollably, physically and mentally broken. Finally, he grabs the white towel….and throws it in the ring.

Mike Rolash: "What!?"

The bell rings immediately.

"BOOOOOOOOOOO!!"

The hatred coming from the Colosseum is immediate and it is surely deafening. Not one resident of Anthropolis is pleased with Jaiden after throwing in the towel on the biggest match in CWF history.

Joey Garcia: "Ladies and gentlemen, the winners of End Games…"

AnHellica slowly raises the bloody dagger overhead.

Joey Garcia: "THE AMORALISTS!!"

Jim Gunt: "What a horrifying ending…"

Mike Rolash: "The Age of Amorality goes on, baby!"

The Yeeting of One Michael Rolash

Segment

Medical personnel and first aid droids flood the ringside area as AnHellica and her Amoralists stand victorious over a

sea of broken bodies. Xander kneels beside Mia's unmoving body, absolutely distraught as he does his best to aid her. Ripper barely pulls himself up even with the help of the ropes. The Bloodletter continues fighting the Watchers on the other side of the ring, doing his very best to fight a battle already lost. The Archon of Amorality stands in the center of it all, the dagger raised in the air as she still holds Primrose by the neck with her forearm, a deep laugh bellowing out to all of Anthropolis as the Amoralists once again rule over the world.

Right before Xander's eyes, Mia's body dissolves into dust, much like Ataxia's at Frozen Over. He doesn't have time to react though as Mia reappears to the side of one Mike Rolash.

Mia Rayne: "The Age of Amorality rolls on? Is that what you said? How many times did I warn you all, and you specifically, Rolash, that the outcome of this grandiose display of violence DOESN'T. MATTER."

AnHellica doesn't look impressed as she points to a large group of Watchers who immediately advance forward towards the announce table, going right at Mia. Before they can even get an arm's length away, however, the lights in the Colosseum once again cut completely out.

Mike Rolash: "Could AnHellica pay the damn electric bill already? I know the bill's gotta be sky high in this day and age but…jesus! Ahhh something just touched me! Please tell me that it wasn't Mia? …Help!"

The crowd are on their feet illuminating the night sky with their digital screens and mini lights, doing everything they can to see the commotion going on in the ring. Before long, they no longer need that aid, as a deep purple spotlight shines on the center of the ring, a massive Watcher in an all black armored suit stands with what could be the most important piece of the entire puzzle in his hands.

Jim Gunt: "That's the Book of Beginnings and Endings! The folklore in that book is deep but yet the true text within it has been seen by very few eyes over the history of mankind. The one thing we know for certain…both Jaiden and the Amoralists have done EVERYTHING they could to get their hands on that Book!"

An ancient reading encased in a burgundy frame, the Book of Beginnings and Endings is held tightly against the chest of whatever figure stands before Mia, Anhellica, Jaiden, the Amoralists, the Major Arcana, and the entire watching world. Maniacial laughter can be heard from the Archon of Amorality herself as she steps forward.

AnHellica: "Oh none of this mattered, huh? We'll see about that…"

A smile oozing confidence and bravado stains her face as AnHellica slithers over to the Watcher with her hands out wide. The Archon is shocked to find the Watcher does not relinquish the Book, holding it as tightly as they can as AnHellica begins to quickly get angry.

AnHellica: "Let…go!"

And with that, the Watcher takes the momentum and tight grip of AnHellica pulling on the Book to their advantage, upending the Archon and sending them flipping over the book and landing awkwardly right on their ass. Laughter can be heard coming from the fans, which is quickly cut short as AnHellica peers out at them with sheer intensity. As she goes to raise herself back to her feet in embarrassment and anger, the hood of the Watcher holding the Book drops.

Dez.

The Colosseum explodes as the former best friend of J. Rish stands before his former Lord.

Jim Gunt: "DEZ! We haven't seen him in weeks…maybe months! The last time we saw Dez he told Jaiden himself that not everything was as it seemed. Looks like he wasn't lying after all!"

Mike Rolash: "And now he's handing the Book over to Rishel? That's a BIG mistake!"

Dez slowly paces over to the man that he helped bring to Anthropolis, mouthing the words "I'm sorry" before extending his hands to give the Book of Beginnings and Endings to its rightful owner. Jaiden reaches out for it, but within a flash

AnHellica is right beside him, her own hands on the opposite end.

A Tug of War of literal life and death circumstances ensues. Jaiden nearly has control, but AnHellica pulls the Book back towards her. Just as she’s about to take the book, Jaiden uses all his strength to pull back. With a shrill shriek, AnHellica calls the Watchers over to aid her. What happens next the Archon is not ready for, hell the entire world may never be.

Mia Rayne: “Fuck your book. “

The image of Mia Rayne that everyone sees before them censors itself, just a hazy outline of where Mia once stood, Mike Rolash a shade paler than what he was. The figure turns to him, and an arm emerges from the static of the image, white as death, the nails painted in an acidic green. Suddenly, the image gets clearer and it's no longer Mia Rayne standing in front of the crowd.

It's Amelia.

The long and straight hair of Mia is now wavy, a tangled mess that strangely still moves with the wind. Her eyes match her nails, but where the white of her eyes should be, there is nothing but pitch black. Her face is as white as the rest of her skin, her lips as black as the blackest hole known to science. She's wearing a dress akin to the one Alice wore for her trip to Wonderland, only Amelia's is black, stained by red here and there. When she speaks, her voice is sickeningly sweet, almost as if when you hear her next word, you feel the diabetic coma setting in.

Amelia hops lightly onto Mike's lap and boops his nose, all while her gaze is locked on Anhellica.

Amelia: “I suppose it's time for me to prove exactly why you should have heeded Mia's warning… Congrats Mikey! You've earned the very first trip to a world unlike that which has ever been seen before…”

The last words unfurl from her mouth, almost like a predatory feline waking up from a nap and stretching before it tears the throat out of an antelope. Amelia floats to her feet, unsettling Mike Rolash even more. Before anyone can do anything though, Amelia grabs Mike by the shoulders again, and with one fluid motion, flings him up into the sky, now just a twinkle high above the Colosseum. Amelia's eyes never leave AnHellica's but for when she glances up at the sky herself.

Amelia: “Yep, it's about time I push that big red button I built for this moment…”

A button forms in Amelia's outstretched palm, a smile that illustrates her pure lunacy stretches across her face.

Amelia: “Hope this works, otherwise, we may never hear from Mike fuckin' Rolash ever again.”

She winks up at AnHellica and pushes the button in her palm. Nothing happens. A playful look of shock comes across her face as the Amoles begin to swarm Amelia. She looks around her and shrugs her shoulders.

Amelia: “Suit yourselves.”

She whistles, a high pitched noise that shatters glass. The fork that was named Navi appears before Amelia. She whistles again and the fork takes off, embedding itself into the head of the Alex Cain, coming out the other side with blood splattering everywhere before moving onto the next AMole, in about ten seconds the horde surrounding Amelia was no more.

Still though, nothing was happening. As AnHellica looks though, Amelia gives the command and Navi reappears before her, this time pointing up. Amelia rolls her eyes up, and AnHellica follows suit. Amelia whistles again and Lynk, her trusty skillet appears in her hand. She holds it before her and Navi starts scratching out the most horrendous and ear splitting noise that anyone has ever heard, ever. Lynk and Navi float high into the air, and in the next second, shatter what looks to be glass high above Anthropolis.

Amelia: “Consider this your world raining judgement upon you, AnHellica. I hope all that you did, every sin you

committed against humanity was worth it. 2326? It's over…”

Amelia disappears as shards of the sky begin to fall upon everyone and everything. Some skewered, some flattened, some running and dodging, hoping they'd live to see another day. It didn't matter though, because as the world around her collapses, there is nothing AnHellica, the Amoralists, or anyone else can do, as everything fades to…

Nothing.

…

To be continued?

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