

# Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 19

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**Promotion:** Championship Wrestling Federation  
**Date:** May 1, 2018  
**Location:** 1st Mariner Arena — Baltimore, Maryland

## Results

### Home, Sweet Home

Match

Fade in to the sell-out crowd at the Bon Secours Wellness Arena in Greenville, South Carolina. The fans obviously are excited to have CWF action back in the United States, with signs of "Welcome Home" throughout the crowd. We also see the usual "Marry Me, MJ!" sign, "Silas for President", "Forsaken Go to Hell" as well as a line of signs reading "Go Mora" - "Go Where?" - "Go Home!". As the camera resumes its pan of the arena, it moves to Blake Church and Charles State at the top of the ramp.

Blake Church: Selamat datang di Evolution! Wait, we are back home! Welcome to Evolution!

The crowd cheers.

Charles State: We are back on American soil and we have some great live action ahead, including two title matches, one of which has all the makings of a future classic already!

Blake Church: King vs. King, who will claim the throne?

Charles State: And of course MJ Flair is back to defend hers, Autumn Raven has a maybe once in a lifetime opportunity to truly shine and go for the summit tonight!

Blake Church: Here are our two mainstays on the CWF microphones, Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash, take it away, gentlemen!

### Face to Face

Match

Jim Gunt: Thank you Blake. We are back in the USA, but there's no time to waste! My name is Jim Gunt and I'm joined, as always, by Mike Rolash, and the CWF is hitting the ground running tonight as we're on a collision course with CWF Paradise! And we've got a great show for you here tonight --

CUE UP: "Smash the Control Machine" by OTEP

Mike Rolash: Seriously? For once I'd like to hear you actually tell me why we've got a great show tonight.

Jim Gunt: Really?

Mike Rolash: No, not really - but I prefer your obnoxious voice to hers.

The fans are on their feet to catch a glimpse of the CWF World Champion as she enters the arena. MJ Flair stops at the top of the entrance and looks around. After a moment, she raises her arms in victory and waves her hands in towards herself - gesturing for more cheers. The fans oblige.

Mike Rolash: Check out this bitch's arrogance, Jim!

Jim Gunt: She's the World Champion, Mike! She's just come back from an overseas tour where she successfully defended her title against her oldest rival in this company, you don't think she's earned a little bit of arrogance?

Mike Rolash: Of course not. Champion or no Champion, she's just a girl.

Jim Gunt: A girl who made Jay Mora tap out at Unhinged! To say nothing of the girl who won the Unhinged Cage match!

Mike Rolash: Please. That'll be a bitchfest of hair pulling and high pitched screaming.

As the commentators continue their commentary, the World Champion walks to the ring, title belt over her shoulder and hands outstretched to the fans. Everyone even somewhat close to her reaches out for a high five.

Jim Gunt: I know you've got issues, Mike, but I'm interested in hearing what our Champion has to say after retaining her title at Unhinged.

Mike Rolash: You're the only one. This little slit needs to shut her mouth and open her mouth.

Jim Gunt: Ms. Flair is close enough, I think, to hear you now, Mike... you wanna say it again?

Mike Rolash: ...

Jim Gunt: Exactly.

Indeed, MJ Flair walks past the timekeeper to retrieve a microphone, and she slides under the bottom rope into the ring. The fans continue to cheer as the music dies down, but their cheers transition to a chant of "Emm-Jay-Eff!" and so forth.

MJF: Well. Here we are again.

The crowd pops. MJ leans backwards into the corner, relaxed.

MJF: I gotta tell you, I didn't think I could have a bigger thrill than winning the CWF World Championship, but now? Leading this company on a far eastern tour and returning to the States, still as the CWF World Champion?

She laughs.

MJF: Well, it is like biting into a York Peppermint Patty.

The fans now laugh with her.

MJF: It's been a good month for women, I've gotta tell ya... I held onto my title against Jay Mora. Amber Ryan wins the Unhinged Briefcase match. Tonight? Tonight, Autumn Raven gets her shot at this.

She stands up and holds up the CWF World Title belt.

MJF: With that in mind, I'm looking towards Paradise.

Mike Rolash: She wants to die? She'll get her wish!

Jim Gunt: You're not that foolish, are you?

MJF: I'm not lookin' past Autumn Raven, but I know who I want to see get a shot at this title, whether it's against me or not. Someone that hasn't had a shot at the World in the entire time I've been here... someone that I think is the absolute best overall wrestler on the CWF roster... and it's way past time.

The fans cheer, and they start shouting out their picks for who they think MJ is talking about. She raises the microphone back to her lips, but--

CUE UP: "Sex Metal Barbie" - In This Moment

Jim Gunt: Well, it looks like the Unhinged Briefcase Winner has her own opinion on who the most deserving is!

Mike Rolash: Here's a hint, it's neither of these two!

On cue, Amber Ryan steps through the curtain and stops at the top of the entrance ramp. She looks at the fans - first to the left, then to the right - but betrays nothing of her feelings to their welcome. Finally, her eyes lock on the Champion, standing in the ring and applauding her along with the crowd, and she starts her approach. The Unhinged briefcase is in her hand, almost as an afterthought.

Jim Gunt: Both of these women showed us something incredible at Unhinged, and the proof is in what they're each carrying: the Briefcase and the World Championship.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, yeah, yeah. But they didn't show us enough. Maybe a few less layers...

Jim Gunt: WOW. Wow. It's bad enough you say that with one of 'em at ringside, do you really think both together won't hand you your lungs?

Amber slides under the bottom rope and rolls to her feet, ignoring the "AM-BER-RY-AN" chant, and "YOU-DE-SERVE-IT" chant as well. MJ Flair continues to applaud, and she holds out her hand to shake.

A polite, albeit less than warm handshake occurs as the women no sooner pull away as they had reached out.

MJF: I was almost up to you. Congratulations on the Unhinged match. I hope I can be sincere about that.

She pauses.

MJF: You see, I know what that means. You now have the ability to take a shot at me any time you want, so the way I see it, we can handle this one of two ways. One - you look me in the eyes and announce yourself. Two - you wait until I'm at my most vulnerable, and you pounce.

The Champ steps forward.

MJF: One way, you have my respect... the other, you've got an enemy for life. But it's up to you.

Amber lets out a brief chuckle, brushing off the intended suggestion and equally intended threat before releasing a pent up sigh.

RYAN: Straight into business I see. Gotta admit I'm still deciding whether I'm flattered or offended by the insistence to skip over all the self-congratulatory small talk and overt flattery when it was just starting to get interesting. It's all good though, you're the champ for a reason and I gotta respect where the title sits...

Amber paces casually as she speaks, pausing only to speak directly through the champ.

RYAN: ... just as sure as I'm sure you can respect that threats aren't to be taken lightly around here.

Returning to her pacing, Amber's expression softens slightly.

RYAN: Now personally, I'd hate to see this get ugly before it has to...so consider this my little contribution to the 'pat ourselves on the back' club. You did what you had to in order to keep the belt, I commend that. I also commend that you're essentially calling me out for an answer to a question yet to be asked...

MJF: I just want to lay the cards out, Amber. Wanna know where we stand.

Amber Ryan arches her eyebrows, evidently considering this.

RYAN: Fair enough. I'll say this Flair... soon as I decide?

She smiles.

RYAN: You'll be the first to know.

Jim Gunt: Amber Ryan leaving the ring, and I don't think we've accomplished anything here so far! That was as ambiguous an answer as anything, Mike!

Mike Rolash: If you could steal yourself a World Title shot, would you tell the Champion?

Jim Gunt: ...That was literally what these two athletes were discussing, Mike. Did you pay attention? For even a minute?

Mike Rolash: What?

Jim Gunt: Mike, Ray is ready here...

### **Billy Anderson vs. Freddie Styles**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is our opening contest and is scheduled for one fall!

"Cowboy" by Kid Rock hits, and Billy walks down the ramp, he walks to one of the fans with a Billy Anderson sign. He takes it from them, and rips it up as he gets mixed reactions.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, making his way to the ring, weighing in at two twenty five pounds! From Rincon, Georgia! "Georgia's Relentless Son" BILLY ANDERSON!

He rolls his eyes, and laughs as he makes his way to the steel steps. He walks up them, and gets in the ring before walking over to the turnbuckle, and climbing it. He throws his hands up in the air, and blows a kiss to the fans even though they still give him mixed reactions. He gets down, and walks to the middle of the ring where he poses for the fans, as he ignores the boos, soaking in the hate he is getting.

Jim Gunt: Here's the ONLY Anderson brother left walking around in the locker rooms of the CWF, Mike.

Mike Rolash: That's good news to my ears, I think we all couldn't really deal with two Andersons round here.

The lights go down, and all you see is a silhouette of a man, as the opening riff of "You Know My Name" begins to play.

If you take a life do you know what you'll give?

Odds are, you won't like what it is

When the storm arrives, would you be seen with me?

By the merciless eyes of deceit?

I've seen angels fall from blinding heights

But you yourself are nothing so divine

Just next in line...

As the song moves into the chorus, Freddie steps out from behind the curtain as he just stands there in his hooded

vest, hood over his head, bouncing from side to side, before making his slow walk towards the ring.

Ray Douglas: His opponent, making his way to the ring, weighing in at two hundred twenty three pounds! From Atlanta, Georgia! FREDDIE STYLES!

Arm yourself because no one else here will save you

The odds will betray you

And I will replace you

You can't deny the prize it may never fulfill you

It longs to kill you

Are you willing to die?

The coldest blood runs through my veins

You know my name

Freddie slowly walks up the ring steps, and steps through the ropes. He then stands on the middle rope, holding one arm above him, before stepping down, and leaning over in a corner. He takes the hood from off his head, then takes the vest off completely, tossing it to the floor, awaiting the beginning of the match.

Jim Gunt: This man is making his return after taking a brief break to heal a few minor injuries.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, it's great that he's back, but for the life of me. I don't understand why Billy Anderson.

Anderson and Styles stand in their respective corners, as rookie official, Scott Dean calls for the bell.

Ding!

Anderson and Styles circle the ring, sizing each other up. The two men meet in the middle with a collar-and-elbow tie-up, then jockey around the ring for an advantage. Neither man is able to gain the upper hand. They struggle against each other's strength, eventually tumbling through the ropes, landing on their feet with great balance. Still locked together in the collar-and-elbow, Anderson soon ends that, catching Freddie with a knee to his gut doubling him over. Billy grabs Freddie by the back of his neck, tossing Styles hard into the guardrail!

ONE!

TWO!

Anderson quickly picks Styles up off the floor and rolls him back inside of the ring, breaking Dean's count. Billy slides inside the ring, as Freddie rises to his feet. Anderson runs towards Freddie, looking for an attack. However Styles drops down, grabbing Billy, lifting him high into the air, then slamming him hard into the canvas with a High Angled Spinebuster! Freddie stares angrily at Billy, who grabs at his back in pain.

Jim Gunt: And just like that, Styles able to turn the tables!

Mike Rolash: Billy Anderson, welcome to the big leagues buddy.

Styles stomps on the downed body of Anderson a few times before bringing him to his feet. Once his opponent is to a vertical base, Styles unleashes with a knife edge chop that sends Georgia's Relentless Son reeling back. Freddie stays on the offensive, grabbing Anderson by the arm and whipping him towards the corner, where he crashes into the turnbuckle. Freddie is on his tail, rushing towards the same corner and comes crashing onto Anderson with a Styles Splash! The impact from the maneuver leaves Anderson crumpled in the corner, falling to the canvas. Styles quickly pulls Billy from the corner and goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Billy Anderson just able to get the shoulder up!

Mike Rolash: Freddie has taken full control of this contest, Billy needs to try and mount some sort of offense.

Freddie doesn't waste time arguing with Scott Dean, getting to his feet, bringing Anderson up with him. Styles begins to sting the wife beater covered chest of Anderson as he staggers back into the corner. In one swift tug and pull, Freddie Irish whips Anderson into the opposite side. Styles follows him in looking for an attack, but Anderson catches him with a boot to the jaw that sends Styles staggering back clutching his face. Billy hops to the second and then top rope looking for an elbow to Styles, however Styles catches him offguard with a Dropkick to his feet, sending Anderson crashing down, straddling the middle turnbuckle!

Mike Rolash: After something like that, I really doubt we'll be seeing any baby Andersons in the near future.

Anderson screams out in pain, but his troubles don't end there as Freddie makes a full rotation towards Billy... Catching him across the side of the face with the KING OF THE FALL! Billy is stuck in a dazed state, as the torture doesn't end, Styles leaps up catching Anderson around his neck and DRIVING HIM HEAD FIRST INTO THE CANVAS WITH A DDT! The fans cheer the impressive combination of moves as Freddie pulls Anderson from the corner once more, hooking his leg for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout by Anderson!

Jim Gunt: The Unbreakable One proving that he is unbreakable!

Mike Rolash: We really have to get this guy a new moniker to go by, I mean him and Tyler went by the Unstoppable Force! Seriously, we saw how that went.

Styles looks at Dean in disbelief, who confirms to him that it was two. Styles yells to the crowd that it's over and they cheer him on as he pulls Billy to his feet. He goes behind Billy hooking him for a back suplex, Styles lifts him up looking for the Ballgame, but Anderson flips out landing on one knee. Billy ducks under a clothesline attempt as he hits the ropes, upon his return he tries a clothesline of his own. This time Freddie is the one to duck, as he catches Billy, driving him back first into his knee! In one fell motion, Freddie brings Anderson back full force driving him face first into the canvas!

Jim Gunt: Freddie just nailed DAT REMIX! Billy doesn't know what just got hit him!

Mike Rolash: Look at the transition by Freddie, Jim, he has Anderson locked in the ADDICTION! This all she wrote Jim.

Freddie has the Anaconda Vice locked in tightly around the head and neck area of Anderson, who struggles against the hold. Billy's legs kicks around on the mat, looking for an escape, unfortunately there is none as he eventually is forced to tap out. Scott Dean calls for the bell as Freddie releases the hold, getting to his feet to celebrate his victory!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner by submission... FREDDIE STYLES!

Chris Cornell's "You Know My Name" plays throughout Bons Secours Wellness Arena, Scott Dean raises Freddie's hand in victory.

Jim Gunt: That's a way to make a return Mike, did Billy get any offense in?

Mike Rolash: I mean somebody does call him the Unbreakable One for no reason...

Jim Gunt: C'mon Mike we have to be bigger than that.

Mike Rolash: Hell, his fight needs to be bigger than what was displayed here tonight.

## **Time For a Change**

Match

Freddie Styles steps through the curtains, leading to the gorilla position. He's handed a towel from a attendant, as he begins to wipe the perspiration from his body after his victory over Billy Anderson. Freddie walks towards the hallway area when he's approached from off screen, by none other than Duce Jones. The fans inside the Bon Secours Wellness Arena cheer at the sight of the second generation wrestler.

Duce Jones: Freddie, what's up mane? Can I talk to you for a second?

Freddie gives Duce a side eye as he responds.

Freddie Styles: Sure, what's up?

Duce Jones: It's good to have you back, and congrats on your win over ole boy. But is this really where you want your career to go?

Freddie Styles: What do you mean?

Duce Jones: Jerking curtains open for the rest of your career here. I mean c'mon bruh, you're one of the best technically gifted athletes to step inside a CWF ring. You were once main eventing for the World title, one of the top contenders, might I add. Now you're opening the show and wasting your skills on Billy Anderson!?

Freddie Styles: I see your point.

Duce Jones: Then to top things off, they give me an opponent who has cerebral palsy for crying out loud! Shit isn't right Freddie. We deserve better than this, I think it's time for a change round here.

Freddie Styles: What do you suggest?

Duce Jones: Oh, I got an idea, come take a walk with me.

Duce and Freddie walk off screen as they head to their destination.

Fade.

### **Silas Artoria vs. Dangerous Dan vs. Atticus Rex vs. LX-2656**

Match

Jim Gunt: Styles and Jones working together? We've been waiting for this to happen for months!

Mike Rolash: And they want change, why does everybody want change these days? Isn't anybody happy with what they have?

Jim Gunt: No, Mike, no.

Ray Douglas: The next match is a Fatal Fourway match scheduled for one fall! First to the ring, hailing from SOMEWHERE, what is this, LX-2656?

Nothing is happening, no music, no lights, no movement at the curtains.

Ray Douglas: OK, that is odd, now first to the ring, hailing from Brooklyn, New York - The Popup Chef, Atticus Rex!

Again nothing is happening, no music, no lights, no movement at the curtains.

Ray Douglas: Hm. If the next one doesn't show up, I'm leaving... First one to the ring, one half of the Danger Boiz, hailing from Smithville, Tennessee - Dangerous Dan!

Imagine Dragons' "Thunder" starts to play and Dangerous Dan comes running through the curtains.

Ray Douglas: Finally!

Always a crowd favourite, Dan seems more focused than usual, still doing some high fives, but his usual lightness seems subdued as he comes to the ring. He slides in and climbs the corner, arms wide open, taking in the crowd's adoration.

"Arousal" from the Dark Dreams Don't Die soundtrack begins to play as the lights dim down and fog starts to rise,

illuminated by dark blue light. Silas Artoria saunters out with his cane, looking as dignified as your next-door aristocrat, with a benign yet at the same time somewhat derisive smile on his face.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, unless anyone else actually shows up, from Toronto, Ontario, Canada - Silas Artoria!

The crowd's reaction is mostly negative or not sure what to make of the enigmatic leader of the Coalition, but Silas does not seem to care either way as he makes his way to the ring and up the stairs.

Jim Gunt: Looks like we are looking at a Fatal Twoway...

Mike Rolash: Yes, what is wrong with people? Even if you bail after two seconds, at least have the decency to show up.

As Silas steps between the ropes he points his cane at Dan and makes a throat cutting motion with his thumb, all the while keeping the same smile on his face.

Mike Rolash: Looks like Silas is putting down his forecast for the match.

He puts down his coat and cane without his eyes leaving his opponent or his smile wavering. The two men meet up in the centre of the ring and almost come nose to nose in a stare-off after their numerous run-ins in the past. Silas smiles and brings his hand up to Dan's shoulder, patting it almost sympathetically, but the Dangerous one does not take this lightly and response with a hard head butt to Silas' nose.

Jim Gunt: That went bad fast!

A thin line of blood can be seen trickling down from the aristocrat's nose, who brings up a hand and dabs at the sticky crimson liquid. As he sees the blood, his expression drastically changes. Not a trace of the smile is left, instead his eyes are narrowing and a vein is beginning to pulse on his temple. Suddenly all lights go out.

Mike Rolash: Did someone forget to pay the bill?

Jim Gunt: I don't think so, but we've had this happen before...

Voice: Good evening gentlemen!

Mike Rolash: Aaah!

The lights come back on and The Shadow is comfortably sitting next to the two commentators, complete with a headset.

Mike Rolash: How many times have I told-

The Shadow: Once.

Mike Rolash: What?

The Shadow: You told me once, but shouldn't you rather be looking up there and use words about what is happening there?

Jim Gunt (barely able to keep a straight face): Looks like the brief blackout has brought Silas down a bit again, because he has Dangerous Dan in a side-headlock.

While still not looking happy, Silas seems to have calmed down enough to be himself, cranking Dan's head in a vice-like grip. Obviously it is too early to have any dramatic impact, which is proved by some well-placed elbows into the Aristocrat's ribs, successfully loosening the grip just enough to slip out and give Silas a push towards the ropes. He follows up, but only meets Artoria's quick elbow to the face, quickly followed by another headlock.

Mike Rolash: Somewhat of a rough start for Dangerous Dan here.

The Shadow: You can't let Silas take control, you have to be on the up and up.

Jim Gunt: What brings you here to begin with tonight?

The Shadow: Never hurts to be able to take a closer look at the competitors.

Dan elbows out of the second headlock and immediately goes for a kick to the knee of Silas, then another, bringing his opponent down to one knee. A quick whip into the ropes and a RUNNING DROP KICK brings the Canadian down. Not wasting any time, Dan follows it up with an elbow drop and a leg drop. Cover!

ONE!

TW-

KICKOUT!

Not letting the missed pinfall distract him, Dangerous Dan climbs the ropes and dives off with a SHOOTING STAR PRESS! But Silas rolls out of the way long before Dan gives in to gravity and the Dangerous one hits the mat hard belly first, taking away any breath he had in him. In return Silas slowly gets to his feet, the smile back on his face, jumping off with a hard knee to the back of Dan's head.

The Shadow: Overconfidence has been the downfall of many men and against such a cunning and conniving man you cannot let your guard down for even a moment.

Mike Rolash: Cunning and conniving? Got a beef with Silas?

The Shadow: Why would you think that? I just stated the facts.

Jim Gunt: Ooh, this must hurt!

Silas is sitting on Dan's back and is pulling his head back with all of his might, looking like he is going to snap his neck right in half. Referee Clark Summits goes down to check on Dan, if he wants to give up, but gets a defiant no signalled by the downed man. But there are no signs of letting up by Silas as Dan tries to free himself. As he manages to connect with Silas' knee with one of his elbows, the Canadian winces and briefly loosens his hold, which is enough for Dan to wrest Silas' hands apart and get out of the lock.

The Shadow: He should have made sure Dan could not use his arms.

Mike Rolash: Silas should have made sure- oh, nevermind.

Sensing his opponent's weakness, Dan grabs Silas' leg and bends it to the mat, causing Silas to fall off him with a scream of pain, but he manages to grab the bottom rope, forcing Dan to let go. Both men get back to their feet, Dan massaging and stretching his neck, Silas favouring his knee, but neither of them is letting their respective opponent out of their sights. Dan is the first one to charge in with a last-moment baseball slide, taking out Silas' good leg from under him, sending him crashing back down to the mat. He slides out of the ring and pulls Silas over to the ring post, slamming the injured knee INTO THE POST, Silas crying out in pain.

Jim Gunt: Both men are not holding back, that is for sure, Silas might be in real trouble with his knee here!

After a stern reprimand by Clark Summits, Dangerous Dan rolls himself back into the ring and pulls Silas back into it.

For a second time he climbs to the top turnbuckle and jumps of THE ENDD!

Mike Rolash: He really wants to finish off Silas!

With a grim look on his face, Silas brings up both knees, driving them hard into Dan's back and both men scream out, writhing in pain.

The Shadow: Now we have one man with severe back issues and one with a potentially severely injured knee. Survival of the Fittest...

Jim Gunt: Sardonic, but somehow fitting...

Mike Rolash: What in the world are you two talking about?

Jim Gunt: You wouldn't know.

The Shadow: Darwin award?

Jim Gunt: Oh yes.

Mike Rolash: Wait, wha-

Dan is on his hands and knees, while Silas is pulling himself up by the ropes, his face a mask of both pain and anger. He hobbles over to Dan and ignoring the pain in his knee lands a hard elbow into the lower back area. Using Dan to get back up, he plants a second one and sends Dan flat onto the canvas once more. Still favouring one leg, Silas signals for the end.

Jim Gunt: Looks like it's his turn to bring this to an end now.

With some effort Silas drags Dan to his feet and bends down to take him on his shoulders. As he straightens out it is obvious that his knee is bothering him a lot, but he manages to get up straight and goes for the ELECTRIC CHAIR!

The Shadow: Good decision not to try to add more to this, even if it is not fully his finisher, he'd risk even more damage to his knee.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner - Silas Artoria!

Just as Clark Summits raises the arm of the aristocrat, the lights go out. When they come back on, Silas is out on his back next to Dan, a black rose is on his chest and The Shadow is gone.

Mike Rolash: Again! Can't he just come and go like a normal person?

Jim Gunt: You wouldn't know.

Mike Rolash: What?

## **Ouroboros Rising**

Match

Footage plays from the end of the Higher, Wire, Fire match at Unhinged.

"Rish, Caledonia and Elisha are still atop of balcony as Rish reaches out and pulls the contracts of the match out of Caledonia's nearly unconscious hands. He glances over them for a moment before flashing a smile at Elisha.

J Rish: The CWF is mine again, and mine again FOREVER. The Payback Clause... You know, it's funny. Ryan used all kinds of shady contractual devices to rip this away from me. And I came up with my own to get it back...

Rish hands the SSRI Control contract to Elisha and the two of them extend their hands out for a shake as the entire arena gasps.

J Rish: I wanted my company back. Elisha wanted the Institute. We found a way where we each were satisfied. I call it the Payback Clause. Ryan talked about odding the evens. Team Rish and Team Elisha were one in the same. No matter who won, we both win. One "pays back" the other, and we both get our payback from Ryan. Welcome to the CWF. MY CWF!

Rish smiles. Elisha smiles. The crowd boos.

The arena lights dim, twin spotlights in blue panning over the audience, urgent, searching. "Hope" by Apocalyptica hits the speakers as the two lights converge on the entrance ramp. Elisha stands in its centre, flanked by Cassandra to his left and Choronzon to his right. The Chosen stand behind them, dressed in their immaculate grey business suits, expressions of pure hatred and contempt.

The crowd rains down abuse in the group. They stand a moment, drinking in the audience's hatred like fine wine. Then suddenly, acting as one, they move.

The Chosen go to the left and right of the entranceway, tearing down CWF banners and hanging their own - the atom-in-ouroboros, with the text "50 YEARS OF AMORALITY". They continue on down the ramp, ripping signs out of fans' hands and tearing them to shreds. One fan, a young boy in his teens, tries to grab his sign back from Choronzon; Choronzon spits in his face, shoves him back, daring the fan to try.

Elisha and Cassandra throw out packages to the audience - black shirts featuring the atom-in-ouroboros, a copy of the book *Amorality*, money ranging from a few dollars to a few thousand, mystery boxes containing anything from brass knucks to cyanide capsules.

The group reach the ring. Elisha grabs Jim Gunt, pulls him to his feet, reaches back a fist and laughs as Gunt's eyes widen in terror. Elisha throws Gunt to the floor, Cassandra stepping on him as she climbs onto the announce desk, blowing kisses to the crowd as they continue screaming abuse and profanity.

Elisha, Cassandra and Choronzon assemble in the ring, the Chosen arranged around the outside, forming a human shield. Elisha gestures to the outside; a member of CWF staff throws him a mic.

Elisha: So here we are. I told you people before and I will tell you again: the Moonchild does not lose.

Caledonia and Jace might get a little tick by their win loss record. But at the end of the night, Jace lay unconscious and crippled, Caledonia betrayed and played for a fool. Sahn's desperate bid to be a hero failed as it was always going to, Ryan's little ritual amounted to nothing.

The Moonchild prevails. The Moonchild always prevails.

The crowd strikes up a "VALENTINE!" chant, quickly turning back to open hostility.

Elisha: The Jace That Wastes the Space is gone. And nothing of value was lost.

The hostility intensifies. Elisha smirks, gazing down at the audience.

Elisha: 1st May, 1968. The Founder established the Spirit Science Research Institute, the organisation that would change the world. Today, on the eve of the Institute's fiftieth anniversary, we look not back but forward, to a future glorious and tragic and very, very bloody.

Tonight is a new dawn for the Institute, the Federation and the world. To all those watching, in the arena, in the locker room and around the world, I say this.

I am not J Rish. I am not here to treat you as simple commodities, human resources to be exploited for profit.

I am not Ryan Sunset, to whom others were nothing more than agents for his vanity and pride.

I am not here to flail ineptly against vague conspiracies like Silas Artoria, nor for the hypocritical moral crusades of the Academy, long since turned to ash.

You deserve better. You are better.

Tonight we inaugurate a war that will shake the world. You may oppose us and be destroyed; you may avoid us and seek a peace that will never come. Or you may join us - and become more powerful than you could ever dream.

Freed from constraints of love and Morality, responsibility and compassion. Leaving only Will and the power to crush without remorse, to destroy without regret.

The choice is yours. Choose wisely.

Elisha bows his head, starts to move to the ropes. Before he can, "I Apologise" by Five Finger Death Punch hits the speakers. The crowd give a mixed reaction, some cheers and some boos, as the past and present owner of CWF steps out onto the entrance ramp. He pauses a moment, eyeing up the three in the ring and the Chosen outside, before cautiously making his way down. As he reaches the ring, the Chosen part, letting him in.

Choronzon greets him with a simple glare, Cassandra fakes lunging at him and laughs as he jumps. Elisha smiles broadly.

Elisha: Good evening, Justin.

Rish: Elisha.

Elisha: I suppose celebrations are in order. We make quite the team, do we not?

Rish: You could say that.

Elisha: Now now. You got your company, I got my Institute, we both got to watch our enemies suffer and bleed. What more could a boy ask for?

Rish: Look. The Institute is yours, do whatever you want with it. All I want to know is...

Elisha: Yes?

Rish: This is my territory, the house that J Rish built out of years of strife and struggle. I need to know if you're going to respect that, or if we're going to have problems.

Elisha: I see. You want to know if I'm another Ryan, here to sweep the company out from under you.

Rish: Well...

Elisha: Never fear. Our ambitions are far more grand than that. If you want to keep the peace you just need to keep to two simple rules.

Rish: Yes?

Elisha: Know your place. And stay out of our way.

"Hope" by Apocalyptica hits the speakers. Elisha exits the ring, followed by Cassandra and Choronzon. The Chosen jump the guard rail, taking their seats in the front row, leaving Rish standing alone in the ring, his expression one of deep concern.

Fade.

## **Azrael vs. Kaden Vossk**

Match

Jim Gunt: Wow, this swamp is even deeper than I thought, this is like the mafia!

Mike Rolash: No, all just regular businessmen staking their claims.

Jim Gunt: Now that Sunset is gone you find a new ass to crawl up?

Mike Rolash: Jim! I would never do that!

Jim Gunt: Whatever...

Kaden Vossk is already waiting in the ring as we get back to ringside and "I Am the Fire" by Halestorm comes through the P.A. and the lights go out. A bright spotlight shines at the entrance and Azrael walks through, looking more confident than usual. As the spotlights turn off again, columns of fire shoot up along the ramp as he makes his way to the ring, sliding underneath the ropes and going face to face with his opponent. Referee Clark Summits separates the two competitors before signalling for the bell to be rung.

As soon as the bell rings Kaden charges forward, releasing an almighty bellow. Azrael stands steadfast and is more than ready for his opponent's mad rush, ducking down and placing Vossk into a position on his shoulders and connecting seamlessly with the SPIRALLING DOWN.

Jim Gunt: At least there was some sign of life in Kaden this time...Not that it really worked in his favour...

Mike Rolash: He's certainly not all there these days.

Azrael waits patiently for his opponent, stalking Kaden, looking for the perfect moment to strike. When the opportunity presents itself, Azrael strikes as quick as a snake and connects with the FALLING DOWN, hooking the leg and making the pin attempt promptly afterwards. The crowd is in a frenzy with the quick striking ability of Azrael, cheering along the count as Clark Summits drops down.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner by pinfall....AZRAEL!!

Jim Gunt: Well...that just happened...

Mike Rolash: This must be one of the most underwhelming comebacks I have seen in a long time...

## **A Worn-out Soul**

Match

Suddenly the lights go out and the sound of a heartbeat can be heard over the speakers, rising in cadence, every beat causing dark red light pulsating throughout the arena. Suddenly the sound switches to flatlining and Gregorian chants begin. Druids holding torches file through the entrance, lining the ramp. Another hooded man walks through their midst, the druids falling in rank behind him. As he ascends the steps, the druids surround the ring.

The Shadow places himself near the head of the still downed Kaden Vossk and head bowed spreads out his arms.

The Shadow: Mammon, Prince of Greed, I invoke your spirit to accept this soul, who has been led by greed.

A sudden gust of wind comes up, extinguishing the torches' lights. Just as sudden the a scream fills the void and the chants stop. As the light comes back on, the ring and surroundings are empty save the unmoving body of Kaden Vossk, a heptagram painted onto his chest.

## **Xander Haze vs. Duce Jones**

Match

As we get back to the commentators, Jim Gunt is sitting there alone.

Jim Gunt: Mike, you can come out now, they are done.

Mike Rolash: No! This is where I draw the line!

Jim Gunt: They are gone, it is safe.

Mike Rolash: That's what you think!

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, introducing first...

The arena goes dark and "Fuck The World" starts to play when the chorus hits, a spotlight hits the top of the ramp.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, weighing in at one hundred eighty pounds!! From Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada! XANDER HAZE!

Xander is at the top of the ramp wearing a hooded black sweater with the hood up. He slowly makes his way down to

the ring, the spotlight follows him as he steps into the ring, takes a seat in the corner and waits for the bell to ring.

Jim Gunt: Here's a man whose making his debut against former World Champ, Duce Jones!

Mike Rolash: I'm really intrigued to how this match is going to go, Xander seems to be a bit over the edge.

Jim Gunt: Hey, look who came back!

The lights in the arena dim, as orange strobe lights move all across the venue. "Smiling Faces" by Kevin Gates is blasting throughout the PA system as Duce Jones walks out onto the stage. The fans cheer with admiration as he stands there and surveys the crowd.

Ray Douglas: His opponent, weighing in at two hundred and five pounds! Now residing in Memphis, Tennessee! DUCE JONES!

He then strolls down to the ring slapping the hands of some of the fans who are sitting ringside. Duce hops onto the apron and climbs inside the ring. He sprints to the nearest corner and climbs to the second rope and begins looking into the crowd once again. Duce climbs down from the corner, turns around, and waits for the bell to ring.

Jim Gunt: Here is a man, whose sole purpose is to fight the best wrestlers, just to prove he's the best.

Mike Rolash: Well this match is certainly a step up.

Official Clark Summits calls for the bell as Duce stands there looking unimpressed with Haze.

Ding!

Duce looks at Xander, he seems to be seething with hatred as he stares daggers through the soul of Duce. Duce laughs to himself, as he talks smack to Haze, both men circling the ring. They finally come to a head in the center as Duce goes for a tie-up, which is clearly impossible as Haze barely has control of his right side. However, Haze ducks underneath the tie-up, grabbing Duce from behind and quickly launches him across the ring with a German Suplex! Duce lands hard on his back, flipping over to his knees and glancing over at Xander who's screaming for Jones to bring it.

Mike Rolash: I did not see that coming, you see how far he threw Duce!

Jim Gunt: I think Duce had found that competition he was looking for.

Duce nods his head in respect for Haze as he slowly gets to his feet. Duce analyzes his situation, but Xander is quickly on Duce, driving him back into a corner with a Shoulder Tackle! Xander quickly decks Duce with right hands, sending him slumping to the ground. Once he has Duce in a seated position, he begins to relentlessly stomp away at the Kid That Never Dies! The barrage of vicious stomps is just enough to bring Summits over to make the mandatory five count, as Haze chokes Duce out with his boot. Haze lets off, just as Summits reaches five, garnering him a few jeers from the South Carolina fans.

Jim Gunt: If you would have told me Mike, that Xander Haze would have the upper hand on Duce, I'd call you a liar.

Mike Rolash: Where did Rish find this guy? Cause clearly we shouldn't have judged a book by his cover.

Meanwhile back in the ring, Duce crawls out of the corner lost, trying to figure out what's going on. Summits has Haze backed up, so that Duce can recover, but Haze shoves Summits out of the way with his left arm, looking to inflict more pain on the former World Champ. Xander runs towards, kicking him hard across the jaw, sending Jones tumbling through the bottom and middle ropes. The fans are to their feet in anticipation as Xander jumps up and down, yelling for Duce to get up. When he sees Duce fully upright, Xander runs the ropes, and comes flying full speed at Duce taking him out with a SUICIDE DIVE! The crowd rises to their feet in admiration for the newcomer, who just turns around to the crowd and flips them off, regaining their hatred, as he makes it slowly to his feet.

Jim Gunt: I'm starting to think we were totally wrong about this guy.

Mike Rolash: Did I just witness a man with cerebral palsy perform a suicide dive?

Jim Gunt: Yes Mike, you did, and now he's got Duce back in the ring. He's climbing up to the top turnbuckle!

Mike Rolash: Sweet Jesus, this man really is crazy.

Xander sizes Duce up, before leaping off the top rope with a Frog Splash! But Duce is just able to get the knees up in time, saving him from the high risk move. Haze flails away on the canvas clutching at his stomach as Duce slowly gets to his feet, a look of total frustration plastered across his face. Jones is quick on the attack, diving down on Xander, unloading with Rapid Fire Knee Strikes to his skull! Duce isn't done, bringing Xander to his feet and whipping him hard into the corner! Duce makes his way over to the corner and unloads on Haze with a flurry of punch, chop, punch, chop combinations in the corner! Duce whips Xander towards the opposite corner, but Haze reverses, sending Duce into the corner instead, following up with a Running Big Boot! Duce falls to the mat as Xander goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Xander yells at Clark to count faster next time, as he grabs Duce by his braided hair pulling him to his feet. Xander grabs a hold of Duce's face, and begins to yell at him. "You're nothing, you piece of shit!" With that statement, he spits in the face of Duce!

Jim Gunt: That was so disrespectful...

Mike Rolash: I think he had something caught in his throat Jim.

Xander smiles about his actions as the crowd let's him know exactly how it feels. He then attempts to slap Duce right across the face, but Duce grabs his hand preventing the strike. Duce slyly smiles at Xander, before blasting him with a vicious Headbutt! Xander drops to the canvas into a seated position, as Duce quickly rocks him with a Knee Strike to the face! The Kid That Never Dies isn't finished there, as he hits the ropes and connects with a Flip Senton, staying on top for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Xander gets his shoulder off the mat as Duce gets to his feet, he quickly stays on the attack though, stomping on his downed opponent. Duce brings him back up to his feet, and hooks Haze for a suplex. He lifts Xander up into the air, only to drive him head first into his knee! Duce chooses not to go for the cover though, as he stalks Haze, who's struggling to get to his feet. Using the ropes for leverage Haze is almost to a vertical base, but he doesn't see a rushing Duce who nails him across the back of the head with a D-TRIGGA! Xander slumps over onto the middle ropes. Duce isn't finished there, running the ropes and upon his return, he swings his knee through the middle ropes, catching Xander square across the face, sending him tumbling back into the ring!

Jim Gunt: Duce is so impressive when it comes to striking, he can hit you with his knees from any position. That was almost like a 619!

Mike Rolash: More like 6-1-Knee. It has to be over, Duce on top for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Xander with great ring awareness, able to get his foot on the ropes. Duce is visibly upset as he tells the South Carolina crowd it's over! Duce yanks Xander to his feet by his hair, whipping him into the corner! Duce follows him in, but Xander moves out the way sending Duce crashing into the corner! Haze spins around and blasts Duce across the bridge of the nose with a hard DISKUS FOREARM! Duce slumps a bit, but Xander quickly brings him upright and sends him flying across the ring into the opposite corner. Xander then charges at him full speed, connecting with another Running Big Boot!

Mike Rolash: Xander Haze is really growing on me.

Haze runs back to the opposite corner, planning another kick but Duce recovers quickly and comes at him with a Running Yakuza Kick of his own, which leaves The Gimp dazed in the corner. Duce runs towards the opposite corner himself this time, sliding across the mat as he reaches the corner, then comes back full speed at Xander! He connects with a Corner Crossbody, swiftly going through the ropes and landing on the apron!

Jim Gunt: It could be all over for Haze, that's the first step of one of Duce's signature moves.

Mike Rolash: He better get it together because Duce is springing off the rope!

Jim Gunt: DUCE'S WILD! NO! XANDER HAZE JUST CAUGHT HIM WITH BRAIN DAMAGE!

The European uppercut leaves Duce in a heap on the canvas, as Haze is on the mat as well from the impact of uppercut! He crawls over to Duce throwing his arm across his chest! Clark slides in to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Duce kicks out right before Clark's hand could slap the mat for three! The fans inside of the Bon Secours Wellness Arena come to life as both men lie flat on their backs, staring at the rafters.

Jim Gunt: Xander Haze came to prove a point here tonight, and he's saying he belongs here in the CWF!

Mike Rolash: You have to respect the heart of this man!

Xander surprisingly is the first to his feet, dragging Duce to the center of the ring. He slowly makes his way to the top turnbuckle, once on top, he tries to gain his balance. His efforts are however time consuming as Duce is back to his feet. He rushes towards the corner and catches the bent over Haze with a Step-Up Knee Strike, that sends Xander crashing to the mat! Duce has found a second as he begins to hype the fans up, yelling it's over! The South Carolina fans are to their feet stomping and clapping, as Duce has positioned himself in a corner, begging for Haze to get up. He reluctantly obliges as Duce sprints full speed at The Freak! KRAYZED KNEE! He covers Haze hooking both legs as Clark makes the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Clark signals for the bell as the crowd erupts with cheers for the contest!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, by pinfall... DUCE JONES!

The crowd continues to cheer on admiration as Duce gets to his feet raising his hands in victory. He looks over to Xander Haze who is slowly getting to his feet. Duce begins to give him a round of applause, for the intensity he brought tonight. Helping Haze to his feet and offering his hand in respect.

Jim Gunt: Great show of sportsmanship, by the former World Champ.

Xander glances down at the outstretched hand of Duce before turning his back on Duce. Xander rolls out of the ring and makes his way to the back as Duce just shrugs it off and continues to celebrate his victory.

Jim Gunt: Duce complained about not having decent competition.

Mike Rolash: Well he got that and a lot more against Xander Haze, I see a bright future for this man here in the CWF.

### **Challenge Extended**

Match

Jim Gunt: The action is hot and heavy, Mike, and I'm being told that Tara Robinson is backstage right now with the World Champion, MJ Flair!

Mike Rolash: Tara, MJ... okay, you can't tell me you accidentally said 'hot and heavy,' Jim!

Jim Gunt: I'm telling her you said that.

CUTTO: Backstage, with Tara Robinson standing in front of the CWF Evolution banner. She stands there, microphone in hand, with MJ Flair already in the frame. MJ has the title belt over her shoulder and black hooded sweatshirt: she's evidently prepared for her title defense later this evening.

Tara: MJ, you and Unhinged winner Amber Ryan had a back and forth earlier tonight, and I'm sure we'll get much deeper into you and Amber in the coming weeks, but I wanted to ask you specifically... you were about to tell us who you were pushing to receive a CWF World Title shot at Paradise. Can you make that announcement here?

MJ smiles.

MJF: The contract is in Rish's office, and it's got my opponent's name written down on one end, and "CWF World Champion" on the other - because I'm not taking anything for granted. I fully intend to bust my ass t'keep this title right here when Paradise rolls around, so I expect my name t'be on one half'a that contract. The other?

She looks into the camera.

MJF: Caledonia Highlander.

The pop from the crowd is audible all the way backstage.

MJF: Listen to 'em, chica... the fans - and I - all agree you've earned it. All you need t'do is say yes.

She holds up her hand and Tara fist bumps her, and the Champion walks away.

Tara: Well, there you have it! MJ Flair putting the challenge out there to Caledonia at CWF Paradise, and in just a few minutes we'll see if Autumn Raven can put her name on the other half of that! Jim, Mike - back to you!

### **The Lost Boys © vs. The Forsaken (Mia Rayne & The Shadow)**

Match

Jim Gunt: Now this is big news, Caledonia is the number one contender for MJ's title! The Women's Revolution is in full swing, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, yeah, revolution, shmevolution...

Ray Douglas: The next match is a tag team match, scheduled for one fall! First to the ring - the reigning CWF Tag Team champions, weighing in at a combined weight of 417 lb, from Brisbane, Queensland, Australia - THE LOST BOYS!

"A Slow Descent" by Butterfly Effect sets in and Sam Braxton slides through the curtains, followed by Dean. The spotlights converge on them and Sam leaps to his feet, throws back the hood of his jacket and sprints down to ringside. He waits, kneeling on the apron for Dean, who strides down the ramp to join his partner. Together they look around the arena, then enter the ring and ascend neighbouring turnbuckles. They raise their hands in front of their faces, fingers interlocked for a moment then descend back to the ring.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents - weighing in at a combined weight of 420 lb - The Shadow, Mia Rayne - THE FORSAKEN!

The lights go out in the arena. The opening choir of "O Fortuna" of Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana" begins to sound. Then as the low chanting choir sets in, flames begin to flicker on the CWF tron, fog wafting up from the stage and the entrance. Then images of someone running through a forest with the pale rays of the moon the only light filtering through. Three hooded figures slowly walk out, partially obscured by the fog. The choir rises in intensity and the flames that at first were visible on the tron suddenly shoot up along the ramp and the three figures slowly make their way down to and into the ring. They take position in the ring next to each other and the fire and tron go black until the song explodes into its crescendo, four flames shoot up from the ringposts, casting their eerie glow at the unmoving figures in the ring.

Mike Rolash: This entrance gets me every time, it's even worse now that there's three of them!

Mia and The Shadow are taking off their robes while Ataxia slides out of the ring and Dean Coulter and Mia Rayne are starting out in the ring. While Dean tries to go for the traditional opening lock-up, Mia won't have any of it and instead runs past him, hits the ropes and goes for a low drop kick aimed at Dean's knees. He barely manages to spread his legs to avoid her, instead he lets himself fall down, pinning her to the ground right from the get go!

ONE!

KICKOUT!

She manages to bring her legs up and hit Coulter with both knees into the back, sending him flying off her and into the middle rope. Bouncing right up, Mia does not waste any time and runs the ropes on the opposite side again, but stops dead in her tracks when Dean is standing right there, shooting her a withering look.

Mike Rolash: Definitely not your typical start to a tag match!

Jim Gunt: I guess that comes with the territory here, which match with Mia has been typical so far?

Mike Rolash: There's that.

Mia gives Dean a beaming smile and curtsy and tags in The Shadow. The two men circle each other and the Lost Boy finally gets his lock-up, but The Shadow manages to power his Australian counterpart into the ropes, momentarily letting go and then yanking Dean back into the ring and down with an ARM DRAG. Coulter is trying to twist himself out of the hold, but The Shadow has it locked in well. He is trying to scramble to the rope and manages to barely get the tip of his toe on it, breaking the hold. Both men get to their feet with Dean shaking his arm to get the feeling back, but he does not have much time to recover as The Shadow is coming in for a clothesline that the Australian can barely duck under. Coming off the ropes, The Shadow does not have any time to react, as he faces Dean Coulter with a SHOULDER TACKLE that is as forgiving as a granite block.

Jim Gunt: That very efficiently stopped The Shadow's momentum!

Mike Rolash: Like hitting Ayers Rock!

Jim Gunt: Wow, you did your research on Australia?!?

With The Shadow still down, Dean tags in Sam, who immediately goes for the top rope! Dean grabs him and launches him across the ring, hitting The Shadow with a BIG SPLASH. Cover!

ONE!

TW-

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: This was a close one, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Yes, already two pin attempts and both by the Lost Boys!

Sam Braxton does not dwell on the near fall, though, and drags The Shadow back to his feet. He grabs him from behind and GERMAN SUPLEX! Right away he runs the ropes and plants a hard elbow on The Shadow's chest. And another pin attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-!

Jim Gunt: And Mia Rayne just almost took off Sam Braxton's head with that drop kick!

Mike Rolash: And she's in trouble for it!

Referee Trent Robbins is reprimanding Mia for her interference and the Lost Boys use it for another team move with Dean Coulter lifting The Shadow up for a spin heel kick by Sam. As the referee focuses his attention back to the action in the ring, Sam officially tags in Dean and LOST IN TRANSLATION!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: How did he get out of this one?

Mike Rolash: I have no idea, but the Lost Boys so far have been a very well oiled machine!

The Shadow is still on the ground and Dean pulls him to his feet. Another whip into the ropes and Dean goes for a dropkick, but The Shadow manages to hold on to the ropes, leaving the Australian to drop to the mat, himself sinking to the canvas as well! Suddenly a loud clanging noise can be heard from the top of the ramp.

Jim Gunt: Azrael! What is he doing there?

Azrael stands there, a steel chair in his hand, banging it onto the stage to get everybody's attention. Immediately Ataxia walks up the ramp towards the intruder, telling him that if he sets one foot on the ramp, he is dead meat. Azrael only raises both hands, then opens the chair and sits on it.

Mike Rolash: Looks like he is staking out Mia...

Jim Gunt: Speaking of which, now would be the time to get to Mia for the tag, but he is far away...

The Shadow slowly crawls over towards his corner, but Dean pulls him back into the middle of the ring by his leg, applying an ANKLE LOCK that makes The Shadow scream out in pain. Trent Robbins is right there with him to see, if he wants to give up, but a vigorous shake of his head makes his intentions very clear. He starts to bang his fist onto the mat, joined by Ataxia outside of the ring and Mia. Despite the crowd being mixed in their feelings for The Forsaken, some of them join into the claps and it seems to be working, as The Shadow's breathing slows down and a look of utmost concentration replaces the grimace of pain.

Mike Rolash: Is he passing out?

Jim Gunt: No, I think he is up to something...

Just as he speaks these words, The Shadow twists his body with a very sudden movement and manages to get onto his back, planting his other foot onto Dean Coulter's shoulder and pushing with all of his might. The Australian has to let go and The Shadow resumes his crawl to his corner and as Dean goes for the tag himself The Shadow manages to tag in Mia Rayne!

Jim Gunt: Now things are going to get really interesting!

Mia races across the ring like a bat out of hell, hitting Sam with a RUNNING DROP KICK to prevent him from making the tag. Two hard foot stomps to the upper back keep Dean down and Mia picks him up by his hair and proceeds to pull him up. She whips him hard into the corner and upon his rebound she jumps up for a HURACANRANA, but instead of letting him go, she follows him down and ends up sitting on his chest, raining down punches on him. The referee is starting to count

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

Trent Robbins tries to get her off the Australian and only after he tells her that he will disqualify her, she finally lets off. Dean is groggy on the ground, Sam is just getting back up on the apron and The Shadow is still sitting against the ring post. Since there is not much more to do, Mia swings herself into the ropes and jumps off for a hard elbow drop right onto Dean's chest, but instead of connecting finds herself at the receiving end of a desperately raised arm by the Lost Boy that hits her square in the jaw.

Mike Rolash: This looks more like an infirmary now than a CWF ring...

Jim Gunt: They have been relentless so far, so some relent is probably not bad for them.

Mike Rolash: Maybe we'll see more action after the intermission.

Sam is trying to will his arm to extend a few extra feet to tag in and it looks as if Dean senses his urgency, as he is dragging himself to the corner, while Mia is coming to herself. She is just getting upright when Dean slaps his partner's hand with a loud smack and Sam Braxton stops Mia from tagging herself out with a vicious KICK TO THE HEAD that could have the voices in her head spinning inside her head like on a merry-go-round.

Mike Rolash: Ding go the bells...

Jim Gunt: Really?

Mike Rolash: Oh yeah, bay bay!

Sam brings a visibly shaken Mia back to her feet and pulls her into his corner again, where Dean is back to a vertical base and tags himself in. He lifts Mia up on his shoulders while Sam climbs the turnbuckles and jumps off with a FLYING CLOTHESLINE that turns into a POWERBOMB by Dean Coulter!

Crowd: HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Ooh, they are really putting Mia through the mangler now!

Ataxia is swarming around the sides of the ring, trying to will Mia to get into her corner, but the Lost Boys will not have any of it. Dean pulls her to her feet and sends her into the ropes, but her legs are not supporting her enough and she goes right through them and onto the thin mats outside, with Ataxia right by her side. The masked man reluctantly backs away as the Australian exits the ring, but chooses not to interfere as Dean rolls Mia back in.

Another tag as Sam bounces over the ropes to join his team mate, as Dean whips Mia into the ropes and on her way back Sam sends her spinning with a scythe-like leg sweep, bringing her hard down on her back, but she is closer to her corner than before, just the wrong way. While she tries to peel herself off the mat, Sam goes for the cover!

ONE!

TW-!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: I hope it won't bite the Lost Boys in the ass that they have not yet been able to put away either of the Forsaken here!

Mike Rolash: It's all that demon stuff, I'm telling you!

All of a sudden Ataxia shows up next to Mike and just goes "BOO!", making him jump and almost onto Jim' lap.

Ataxia: AAHAHAHAHAAA!

As he skips away, Mike is shown trying to find napkins to lap up the Diet Coke that is now decorating his shirt and pants. Meanwhile in the ring Sam has Mia in the corner, running up to her and a SHINING WIZARD! Mia is about to go back down, when Sam pulls her back up, but a sudden scream from him gets him everybody's attention.

Jim Gunt: What just happened?

Mike Rolash: It's that bagged buffoon!

Jim Gunt: No, Mia actually bit Sam!

Mike Rolash: At first demons, now cannibals? Where is this leading?

Sam is holding his arm that is showing clear bitemarks and he is showing them to the referee, who claims he has not seen anything. Mia uses the confusion and leaps towards her corner, tagging in The Shadow before rolling out of the ring and off the apron.

Jim Gunt: Hell hath no fury...

The Shadow is like a black lightning, whirling Sam around before hitting with some stiff chops to the chest. A STANDING DROP KICK sends Sam into the corner and The Shadow follows right through, going for a spear, but the Lost Boy manages to side-step it and The Shadow goes THROUGH THE ROPES against the ring post! The Shadow is hanging through the ropes and Sam goes over the rope and delivers an elbow drop to The Shadow on the outside of the ring!

Mike Rolash: Whoa, if the tides in the ocean would turn as fast as in this match, the fishes would be royally seasick!

Sam seems to have hurt himself a bit as well on his way down, for now we have two somewhat damaged men trying to keep each other at bay and get back into the ring.

ONE!

TWO!

Both Sam and The Shadow are trading blows at each other while at the same time trying to get into the ring before the other, but with limited success.

THREE!

FOUR!

Sam grabs the ropes to pull himself up, but The Shadow grabs onto his legs and pulls with all his might. The Australian refuses to let go, so The Shadow does let go and Sam hits the apron ribs first.

FIVE!

SIX!

The Shadow rolls into the ring, breaking the count, with Sam not far behind. As his opponent comes into the ring, The Shadow charges him for a clothesline, but the agile Aussie dodges the attack and tags in Dean Coulter instead. As he comes into the ring, The Shadow uses his momentum coming off the ropes and jumps at Dean with a CRUCIFIX turning into an OCTOPUS STRETCH, taking Dean by complete surprise.

Jim Gunt: And with that the Forsaken are back in the saddle!

Mike Rolash: No, just got thrown off...

The easiest way out of someone hanging off your back is to use gravity to your advantage, so Dean just lets himself fall backwards, turning the Crucifix into some sort of Samoan drop that efficiently breaks his hold on Dean, who slowly gets up, stretching his back and neck. While down, The Shadow kicks and takes Dean down with a powerful sweep that takes the Australian's legs out from under him, sending him tumbling to the mat. Getting to his feet himself, The Shadow plants at first one, then two and finally three elbow drops to Dean's chest before pulling him to his feet. A hard whip into the corner takes even more air out of him as The Shadow tags in Mia. He whips her towards Dean and uses her momentum to a well-placed clothesline and then quickly moves to the side as The Shadow comes in with a hard spear right to Coulter's midsection.

Jim Gunt: Ouch, that was a deadly double move!

The Shadow steps between the ropes, but gets tagged in again right away by Mia. They pull Dean into the centre of the ring and as Mia whips him into the ropes, The Shadow goes into the other direction. As Dean comes off, Mia throws him into the air and The Shadow jumps onto the middle rope, turns and goes for the Nightfall as a springboard DDT!

Crowd: THIS IS AWESOME!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And winners by pinfall - The Shadow and Mia Rayne - THE FORSAKEN!

Jim Gunt: This was an insane finale to a very intense match!

Mike Rolash: Oh yes, both sides really took everything out of each other!

Jim Gunt: The Forsaken show that they seem to be more of a cohesive unit than everybody thought and in this shape could become contenders for the tag titles soon!

### **Gauntlet**

Match

As Dean is still unmoving on the mat and with Sam trying to tend to him, The Shadow asks for a microphone.

The Shadow: Silas Artoria, your Coalition is nothing but a hollow shell of a stable, built solely to further your cause, but look at where it has brought you - the man who so loudly proclaims to shake up the establishment, to bring in a new order, where has it brought you? What success can you claim?

He points at the Lost Boys.

The Shadow: That the Lost Boys hold the tag team titles? They did not need you to get them. That Autumn has a title shot against MJ Flair tonight? It is the Women's Revolution, no offence, but if Autumn was a man, she would be nowhere near that belt. You have dragged her with you, but on her own she would be languishing in the opening matches of any show we do. Or that you have managed to win championships... Hold on - you haven't. The closest you have managed to get to a belt in CWF that was not held by the Lost Boys is when you passed a champion's locker room. Your revolution is not revolving, Silas, unless you count revolving around yourself to be sufficient.

The big reconciliation at Unhinged - I don't buy it. The Lost Boys don't need you. Quite the contrary, you have held them back, you almost cost them the championship, because you let your ego get in the way and felt that you had to interfere on their behalf. No, the Coalition is nothing but a shaky construct that will collapse at the flap of a hummingbird's wings. Get off your high horse and look at it and what it has achieved. The Forsaken have been called a rag-tag band of misfits that do not have any connections other than being outcasts of different kinds. We have proved more than once now that we are as tight of a unit as you can imagine. The only connection you have is that both you and Autumn claim to be psychotic and that the Lost Boys are a tag team. That is the brick and mortar big achievements are built on, hah.

He shakes his head, but he quickly regains his focus and his voice takes on a far more vicious tone.

The Shadow: And Elisha - the Institute may not forget, but neither do I. You can hide behind the construct that is the Institute and your Chosen as much as you want, you cannot hide from the truth. But you have closed your ears and your mind from the truth, you have been indoctrinated from such a young age that you actually believe in all this bullshit that they have been building up around you, which is the worst thing.

You prey on the minds of the weak, of the desperate, telling them what they WANT to hear and use brute force and their broken minds to mindlessly follow you into whatever you make them do. If you need force, violence and brainwashing to get someone to follow you, they will not follow you out of conviction for you or your concept, but purely out of fear and when push comes to shove, this will be your downfall.

With everything that is coming to light, you will pay and no money in the world will be enough for it. You shall be scorched by the black flame and you will experience the place, where darkness is the brightest light and no Amoral or Chosen will be able to help you. I beat you once, against all odds and trust me, I will beat you again. If you are man enough, I throw down the gauntlet and I make a promise: I will make your Paradise your living Hell!

As he drops the microphone, the lights extinguish and when they come back on, the ring is empty.

## **There's Always a Plan B**

Match

J. Rish sits proudly inside of his office, watching the current Evolution on a 55" flat screen television, which is placed on the wall. He seems to be enjoying the show when a knock is heard coming from the other side. He turns off the TV and responds towards the door.

J. Rish: Come in.

The door opens up and both, Duce Jones and Freddie Styles walk into the office, Duce closing the door behind them.

J. Rish: Freddie! Uhm? Byson!? What can I do for you boys tonight?

Duce rolls his eyes as he replies.

Duce Jones: Rish, it's nice to meet you and everything, but the name's Duce.. Byson is my brother...

J. Rish: I thought he was some spirit living in that head of yours or whatnot. But like I said what can I do for you guys?

Duce Jones: Clearly in your absence, you haven't recognized that the CWF has changed a bit.

J. Rish: How so?

Duce Jones: Well for starters, I think the crop of talent that you have put Freddie and I against was totally disrespectful.

J. Rish: I see...

Duce Jones: Now I know this is your first week really back on the job. And if you haven't paid attention to your history books, I'm a former World Champion. Who was never truly beaten for that belt, by the way.

J. Rish: Ok kid, what's the point you're trying to make?

Freddie Styles: What Duce is getting at, is that, there is real talent standing in this room right now. Bonafide main eventers, proving it on many occasions. And we feel the crop around is far better than what you placed us against here tonight.

J. Rish: So. What you two are telling me is that, you want better competition?

Duce Jones: That's all I ever wanted since I first signed my contract with your son.

J. Rish: That's it, I'll be happy to oblige you fine gentlemen.

Duce looks at Freddie and nods his head as J. Rish continues on.

J. Rish: Next week on Evolution in Norfolk, Virginia, it'll be Duce Jones vs Freddie Styles!

A confused look comes across the faces of both Styles and Jones as J. Rish nods and smiles after the announcement.

J. Rish: What you boys think about that for competition?

Duce looks over at Freddie as Styles seems kind of annoyed about the newly scheduled contest.

Duce Jones: That's cool, we'll give you a match you'd never forget...

J. Rish: I'm banking on it.

With that statement, Styles and Jones leave the office, closing the door behind them. Freddie grabs Duce by the arm, stopping him.

Freddie Styles: So...old man Rishel wants to push us to the back burner. Have us break each other for his benefit....for his favorites? Nah....nah...forget that.

Duce Jones: I know, shit happens sometimes. But, there is always a plan b.. It's all gonna work out...

Freddie Styles: I hear ya.

Freddie walks off from Duce slightly upset as Duce just stands there, showing barely any emotion to the situation.

Fade.

## **Caledonia vs. D.C**

Match

Jim Gunt: Now this is something nobody expected, Rish pitting Freddie Styles and Duce Jones against each other at the next Evolution in Norfolk next week, probably not what they have been looking for.

Mike Rolash: Definitely not, even though they ended up getting exactly what they asked for - better competition...

Jim Gunt: But this was a scathing response by The Shadow to Elisha, he does not take these accusations lightly. And to make his Paradise a Living Hell? Looks like we have a match at our PPV and going with the intensity that Moon vs. Shadow match at Confliction packed, this should be another scorcher!

Mike Rolash: And I knew it, he does NOT like Silas!

Jim Gunt: Nope, and I can't blame him...

Mike Rolash: Nobody likes him either...

Jim Gunt: You'd be surprised... But next up comes another lady that has been tearing up this federation of late, Caledonia Highlander, meeting up with the ever cocky D.C., whose stock has been sinking in the last few weeks and he will have to bring his A game to get her down!

"2nd Sucks" by A Day to Remember blares over the speakers as DC emerges from the curtain area wearing a black

and white Mythosaur skull hoodie with the hood up, looking around the arena as he walks slow to the center of the stage. Cali follows closely behind him, resting her left arm on his shoulder. DC kneels down to his right knee, looking at the ring from this position. He rises quickly, shouting the words "You're afraid!" along with his theme music. He then turns to Cali, as the two walk towards the ring, DC backwards, and Cali forward. Exchanging words as they do, psyching DC up. As they near the ring, DC ascends to the turnbuckle, only now removing the hood to glance around the arena. Holding his hands up high in the air. Cali climbs into the ring, posing in the corner that DC is perched on.

Ray Douglas: The first contender to the ring, hailing from Los Angeles, California, accompanied by Cali Sawyer - D.C.!

As DC climbs down from his perch and Cali heads to the ringside area, "Day and Night" by Billie Piper queues up and Caledonia appears at the top of the entrance ramp. She is all smiles as she waves at her fans and pauses to soak in their cheers of adoration. Making her way to the ring, she pauses every now and again to shake hands, hug, and pause for a quick picture with her luckiest of fans and rolls into the ring. She eyes DC as her music dies down, the two never breaking their intense gaze with each other.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, hailing from Atlanta, Georgia, the English Rose - CALEDONIA!

The ref calls for the bell and this one gets under way as DC and Caledonia meet in the middle of the ring to try and gain the upper hand in mind games. DC isn't having any of it and tries to cheap shot Caledonia with a quick and firm push! Caledonia reels backward but is quickly able to catch herself and regain her balance. She smirks at DC as if to say, "If that's how you really want it" and runs at her opponent, jumping up and knocking him down with a Lou Thesz style press!

Jim Gunt: A lot of people in the past have underestimated Caledonia and paid for it dearly.

Mike Rolash: Oh yes, and D.C. is the kind of guy who would do the exact same thing, so it will be interesting to see, how he fares, and here is Cali yelling at Cali... This is getting confusing already.

Cali starts yelling furiously as Caledonia rains fists down upon DC, standing up quickly and yelling at the crowd, obviously fired up. She yells at DC to get up, which he does, using the ropes to pull himself up. Caledonia doesn't give him a second to recover though and hits her patented enziguri, affectionately named "Such is Life!" DC crumbles back to the mat and Caledonia goes for the cover!

Only to be furious to discover that Cali is on the opposite side of the ring apron, distracting the ref! Caledonia howls in frustration and goes over to yell at Cali to hop back down to the floor where she belongs. Cali yells back to mind her own business, but before anything else can happen, DC hops back to his feet and hits Caledonia with a vicious clothesline from behind! Caledonia goes down hard and this time it is DC jumping on Caledonia and raining down brutal fist after fist! Satisfied by this turn of events Cali finally concedes to hop back onto the floor and continue watching the match as the ref now turns to yell at DC to use open fists.

Jim Gunt: Looks like he again has to use help in this one, dirty bugger!

Mike Rolash: Nah, if someone is at the ring, it's just legit for them to come to the aid, no?

Smirking, DC pauses to admire his work and pulls Caledonia up by her chin before locking her into a camel clutch! Caledonia screams in pain and DC looks to be enjoying himself as the ref asks if Caledonia would like to quit. She shakes her head vigorously and DC applies more pressure, causing her to yelp in pain. She shows her tenacity though and is able to just... barely... reach the bottom rope with her fingertips! She grasps and is able to latch onto the bottom rope. The ref yells for DC to break the hold but Cali once again gets involved and smacks Caledonia's hand holding the rope with her heel! Caledonia yelps again and lets go of the rope, but the ref notices and has had enough; yelling for Cali to go to the back before he DQs DC!

Cali stomps angrily back up the ramp, like a scolded puppy going to its bed as DC is helpless to do anything but look on in anger! He yells at the ref that this is completely unfair and an obvious abuse of power, but is rolled up by a now recovered Caledonia!

ONE!

TW....NO!

DC kicks out and springs to his feet, mimicking Caledonia. The two run at each other and Caledonia ducks underneath a clothesline, jumping at the opposite ropes, and launching herself back at DC and hitting him with a springboard elbow! DC is rocked and stumbles backward but Caledonia continues the assault, backing him up into a corner with a flurry of kicks, punches, and knife edge chops! DC does his best to block the onslaught as the ref starts counting to five. Caledonia quickly backs off clean, holding her hands up.

Jim Gunt: Hell hath no fury as a woman scorned...

Mike Rolash: Why are you talking like this? Ith there a problem with your thongue?

DC tries to shake the cobwebs out, checking himself for blood before glaring at Caledonia who is eagerly waiting for him to come for her. He runs at her but is only given a kick to the gut for his troubles before being dropped with Reverse the Polarity! Caledonia hops back up and fires up the crowd, who roar their approval. DC rolls to his stomach to avoid being pinned, but Caledonia is quick to hop on his back and lock him in The Bed of Roses! She pulls him backwards and locks him in the grapevine as he yells out in pain, desperate to grab onto the ropes to try and break the hold. He grasps and he grasps, only to find....

Not the rope but the shirt of the ref! He pulls the ref in close before summoning up what is left of his strength and launching the official backward across the ring! Caledonia releases the hold to check on the ref who assures her he is ok. She turns around, only for DC to jump up go for the Chemi-Kill! But Caledonia is quicker and is ready for almost anything, quickly locking DC back into The Bed of Roses! The fans pop as no one was expecting such a quick and amazing reversal, landing DC back into the middle of the ring. He struggles, kicking and grasping for anything and everything but to no avail.

After several seconds DC's movements slow and the ref raises his arm. It falls limply.

Again, the ref raises his arm.

Once again it falls.

The ref goes for the arm the third time...

Only for it to fall! Caledonia releases the hold and the ref holds her arm up in victory!

Ray Douglas: And the winner by k.o. - Caledonia!

Jim Gunt: And another one bites the dust, Caledonia is really on a tear through CWF, I wonder, where this will lead her, especially since the ladies are in the spotlight right now!

## **Cassedonia**

Match

"Day and Night" by Billie Piper hits the speakers. The crowd erupts in cheers as Caledonia makes her way to the ring, wincing a little, the effects of Unhinged clearly still taking their toll. She reaches the ring, calls for a mic.

Caledonia: No tricks, no gimmicks, no bullshit. Unhinged was a disgrace. Elisha and Rish got the whole situation sewn up - whoever won, those two had made a little deal amongst themselves. Dividing up the spoils of war like so many plundered goods.

Thing is - Rish and Elisha are not the only ones able to make a deal.

Not long before his departure, Ryan Sunset asked me for a favour, to act as referee when he took on the Childlike Empress. I asked for something in return. And that something...

She smiles.

Caledonia: Was a world title shot!

The crowd erupts, a "CALEDONIA!" chant breaking out.

Caledonia: Rish, know this - this contract is iron clad, and unless you want to wind up back in court I suggest you honour it. And as for -

Suddenly, "Cassandra" by the Cruxshadows starts to play. The crowd starts to boo, a smattering of cheers thrown in, as Cassandra makes her way to the ring - alone. Caledonia eyes her with open suspicion, body tensed and ready to strike. Cassandra just giggles.

Cassandra: Caledonia. I don't believe we have been formally introduced. You know who I am, I assume?

Caledonia: You're... Umbridge, right? The new Eternal? Or whatever it is that Elisha is calling his flunkies these days.

Cassandra: Now now. This is no time to be talking about men. How's about a bit of girl talk?

Cassandra turns, facing the crowd as much as Caledonia.

Cassandra: This is the women's revolution! The company's second greatest female champion, Mariella Jade Flair goes head to head with Autumn Raven. Can't hold a candle of Angelica, of course, but them's the breaks.

Right here, in this very ring, stand two of the greatest women the CWF has ever known. Caledonia, the Companion turned would be hero, number one Contender to CWF's richest prize. And Cassandra, the Amoral Prophetess.

This is our time to shine, little miss Cal-Cal. So, here's a little proposition for you. Cassandra and Caledonia, head to head, one week from now. Put your title shot on the line, and we'll see who gets to take on Mariella. For the sisterhood!

Cassandra's voice drips with sarcasm. Caledonia is unimpressed.

Caledonia: Give me one good reason why I should.

Cassandra: Because I can help you. If I choose to. I... see things. Know things. Things yet to come, things that have long since passed. Things you can scarcely imagine. Answers to riddles, your quest to find your beloved. I can help you, for a price.

Caledonia seems taken aback.

Caledonia: Dan? What do you know about Dan?

Cassandra: I know that not all those who wander are lost. What if he doesn't want to be found?

She gives Caledonia a little wink.

Cassandra: Think about it, sweetie. Toodles.

She turns to the ropes, performs an elegant back flip, slips her way back up the entrance ramp. Caledonia stares her down, eyes filled with intensity as the prophetess walks away.

## **Elisha vs. Nerezza**

Match

Jim Gunt: Unbelievable, the big news just keep piling up! At first MJ reveals Caledonia as her number one contender and now Caledonia puts that spot on the line against Cassandra!

Mike Rolash: The estrogen levels are getting rather high here of late...

Jim Gunt: If you need testosterone, we now come to the match up of two men, one as merciless as the other and both of them are heading up some sort of cult -

Mike Rolash: An Institute, Jimbo, not a cult!

Jim Gunt: Whatever, this has brutality written all over it!

Marilyn Manson's "Antichrist Superstar" begins to blare over the speakers and Elisha marches through the curtains with an aura of invincibility, the newly won control over the whole Institute having given him a boost. The crowd's reaction is deafening, already having hated the man before, but after his ungodly deal with Rish at Unhinged, they feel even more betrayed than before. Obviously Elisha does not give a rat's ass about this, but seems to soak up the negative energy like a black sponge.

As he reaches the ring, the opening symphonic, ominous keyboards of Dimmu Borgir's "Progenies of the Great Apocalypse" start to play and a blood red graphic of the all-seeing eye appears on the tron. The lights dim and fog begins to roll out from behind the curtain, bathed in bloodred lights. As Shagrath's hoarse rasps set in together with the

both harsh yet lush melodic black metal sound, a monster of a man steps out, almost 7 feet tall, 300 lbs, clad in black pants and a black top with the same all-seeing eye emblazoned on it. The fans do not really know what to make of it until the words "Nerezza" roll across the tron and they gasp, remembering the name, but the looks on their faces are even more shocked when the big man steps forward into the light to reveal his face. Shock and awe show upon their faces as the monster formerly known as Hodge makes his way to the ring.

The bell rings and Elisha marches forward. To his credit Nerezza doesn't budge, nor back away, instead advancing to meet his monstrous opponent. Elisha welcomes the challenge, motioning to Nerezza to have at it.

Jim Gunt: Two monsters collide in this contest. The question is, how much of the arena will remain when they are done with each other.

Nerezza unloads with a sick series of stiff right hand punches, many of which seem to actually rock the Moonchild, taking him by surprise and opening him up as Nerezza builds up momentum by charging off the ropes and knocking Elisha back with a shoulder block.

Mike Rolash: Elisha fails to realise that Nerezza trumps him on the weight advantage. He won't be able to weather the offense like he usually does.

The moment quickly passes and Elisha regains his sense, his gaze hardening to stare daggers into the heart of his opponent. Nerezza comes charging once again off the ropes, this time Elisha is ready and strikes back, throwing his leg up for a big boot. Nerezza grabs the Moonchild's foot, throwing it back down and surprising his opponent again, this time with the Initiator.

Jim Gunt: Can Nerezza succeed where so many others have failed?

True to form, Elisha doesn't stay down for long, showing signs of rising back to his feet. Pressing the advantage, Nerezza moves in for the Excavator. Elisha has none of it though, lashing out with an elbow to the side of the head, leading into a sickening spinebuster.

Mike Rolash: Probably not. What kind of name is Nerezza anyway?

Jim Gunt: They can't all be called John, or Chris. Some people enjoy a little bit of creative expression.

Elisha sets up for his patented piledriver, but Nerezza also isn't one to go quietly. He lifts the Moonchild up and over the ring ropes, to the outside, with a back body drop. He follows closely behind.

Jim Gunt: If Nerezza won, it would be certainly be a humbling experience for the Moonchild.

Elisha once again retaliates, charging into his opponent and driving Nerezza back, bodily into the solid ring apron. With a firm grasp around the head of his opponent, the Moonchild follows up with an impromptu meeting with the steel corner post before rolling Nerezza back into the ring.

Mike Rolash: He'd need to somehow win though.

Jim Gunt: That's the catch.

From his position on the apron Elisha pulls off one of his more paradoxical and impressive signature moves, a springboard bulldog. He makes the first pin attempt for the match.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

Nerezza rolls the shoulder.

Jim Gunt: It's hard to imagine how either man is going to pull off a victory here. Neither competitor is known for giving up.

Mike Rolash: It may very well have to come to hospitalisation.

Jim Gunt: That's what I'm afraid of.

The Moonchild summarily punishes his opponent with a sliding forearm to the face for his persistence, then unleashes a barrage of hellacious double-axe handle smashes that leaves Nerezza stunned and reeling. Elisha releases a growl as he takes advantage of his opponent's lapse in defiance and defence, summoning the strength needed to lift him up and connect with the always dangerous Ganso Bomb! The pin attempt follows shortly after.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Mike Rolash: Nerezza gets his shoulder up!

Jim Gunt: No, here is the bell!

Ray Douglas: And the winner is - ELISHA!

Jim Gunt: Is there truly any stopping Elisha.

## **Liberation**

Match

The crowd starts to boo as Cassandra and Choronzon make their way down the entrance ramp, carrying bundles of wood under their arms. With them is...

Jim Gunt: Who the hell is that?

A masked man walks alongside the Amoralists, clad in black head to toe, face obscured by a balaclava. They arrive at the ring and together, the three start to unpack the pieces of wood, slotting them together to form some kind of structure. As they enter the ring, the Chosen jump the guardrail, forming a solid line at the bottom of the entrance ramp.

Elisha calls for a mic. Nerezza remains face down on the mat, seemingly unresponsive.

Elisha: Shadow! This -

He gestures at Nerezza.

Elisha: This is your doing! You and your little pack of sycophants, meddling with occult forces you cannot control and do not understand. A botched sacrifice, an attempt to take a soul that didn't quite work out - leaving this man, this once great man, tormented and traumatised by forces beyond his control.

Shadow! If only you stood in the light of the darkness, embraced one or the other and followed it where it would lead. Instead you walk in the light while embracing the darkness, summoning occult powers in a quest to relieve your grief.

Relief will never be yours, Shadow, though you may walk to the ends of the earth in its pursuit.

Cassandra, Choronzon and the masked man put together the last pieces of wood, forming an enormous atom-in-ouroboros symbol. Cassandra pulls out a bottle of lighter fluid and pours it over the symbol, while Choronzon and the masked man pull Nerezza to his feet. They draw him to the symbol, still unresponsive, begin to strap him in.

Elisha: Shadow! All of this is your doing. Tonight, we finish what you started.

The masked man hands Elisha a box of matches. Elisha raises them high to the audience.

Jim Gunt: Somebody stop this!

As Elisha goes to light the matches, the audience start to cheer as the Shadow rushes down the entrance ramp, shoving the Chosen aside and sliding into the ring. The Shadow tackles Elisha to the ground then makes a beeline for Nerezza, swiftly untying the bonds that tied him to the symbol.

As The Shadow undoes the last cord, Nerezza's head snaps up, eyes open wide. He stares at the Shadow a moment then...

Punches him straight in the face!

Mike Rolash: What in the hell?

The audience start to boo as Nerezza, Elisha, Choronzon, Cassandra and the masked man together start to beat the Shadow to a pulp, knocking him to the ground and pulverising him with boots and punches. Elisha takes the matches and lights the symbol before turning to Nerezza, giving a small nod.

Jim Gunt: So Nerezza and Ouroboros were I'm cahoots all along? It was a setup?

Mike Rolash: Certainly looks that way!

Nerezza lifts the Shadow onto his shoulders, preparing him for a powerbomb. Outside the ring, the Chosen do battle with the druids as they try to fight through to their leader.

Nerezza takes a few steps runup, then launches the Shadow bodily forward, sending him crashing through the flaming

atom-in-ouroboros symbol to the national below.

As the Shadow writhes around in pain, the druids break through the line of the Chosen, rushing into the ring en masse. Elisha, Cassandra, Choronzon and the masked man make their exit, making their way out through the crowd. Nerezza does likewise, heading a different direction. The Chosen march up the entrance ramp.

Unnoticed, they have one of the druids held captive, marching him up the ramp with arms cuffed behind his back as the rest of the druids check on Shadow.

Mike Rolash: What the hell are we seeing here tonight?

Suddenly, the big screen lights up, shoving Elisha, Cassandra, Choronzon and the masked man as they stand amongst the crowd. Elisha stares down over the arena, expression one of smug satisfaction.

Elisha: Shadow! Believe me, there is more to come. So, so much more. We know you better than you know yourself. Know this: the Institute does not forget. And the Institute does not lose.

And Nerezza. Harley Hodge. Angel. Under whichever name you should take, know this: I declare you free from all chains, seen and unseen. Go now, and do what you Will.

Elisha nods, and the four leave, making their way out through the crowd.

## **Dealing With It**

Match

A knock at the door draws the attention of Coalition members, Silas Artoria and Autumn Raven and as they look to the doorway they notice their compatriot, Sam Braxton, standing there, a look of confusion and concern on his face.

Silas: Sam?

Sam: Have either of you seen Dean?

Autumn: You are not with him?

Sam: Nah, we kinda separated after our match...

Silas: Perhaps he merely retired for the evening? He's still dealing with a lot.

Sam: Yeah...nah...

Sam is clearly not convinced.

???: There is no reason to worry about your friend Coulter.

Turning around it is revealed the new voice belongs to Elisha, leering over Sam with his usual predatory sneer.

Sam: What?! What have you done?!

Elisha: Dean has been...dealt with.

Sam: If you've hurt him, fair dinkum I'll-

In a blink Elisha advances to stand face-to-face with the brash Aussie.

Elisha: Caution, or you may find yourself duly 'dealt' with as well.

With that Elisha turns on his heels and departs, leaving the stunned Sam to stew in his building rage and anxiety.

Fade.

### **Christian Starr (c) vs. Jarvis King**

Match

Mike Rolash: Told you nobody likes that Shadow guy!

Jim Gunt: I am still speechless about what has just happened there, Elisha and his cronies are running wild here, something has to be done!

Mike Rolash: No, no, Elisha is doing the right thing, he is cleaning house and all those hoodlums get kicked out!

Jim Gunt (shaking his head): But enough of this, we are about to witness a future classic here!

Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one fall and is for the Paramount championship!

The lights in the arena go down, and the capacity crowd on hand gets to its feet as the opening lick of "Hello Timebomb" by Matthew Good Band plays. A single, bare lightbulb descends from the rafters, in the middle of the stage.

I found me a reason...

As the song continues to build, more and more lightbulbs descend around the stage, giving an eerie, ambient glow to the stage. As the song begins to reach a crescendo, smoke pours from the entranceway, and in an elegant script, words are scrawled across the screen:

Some men are born great

Some achieve greatness

But only one man is Jarvis J. King

The crowd explodes in rapturous acclaim, as the lights in the arena come back on with a bang. From the smoke emerges The Internet Icon, with a towel across his shoulders and a wry smirk on his face. He raises his right arm and begins to saunter confidently to the ring, with a steely determination in his eyes.

Ray Douglas: From Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada. Weighing in at 240 lbs, this is the challenger....Jarvis King!

The crowd roars their approval as Jarvis slides into the ring, and rolls to his feet. Grabbing his towel as he stands, Jarvis walks to his corner and climbs to the middle turnbuckle, and raises both arms in a salute to the fans.

Jim Gunt: The fans are going absolutely crazy for the return of Jarvis King tonight...right here in Greenville, South Carolina!

Mike Rolash: Alright mister cheap plug, and what do you mean the return of Jarvis? We just seen the King last week on...

Jim Gunt: You must have been dreaming, Mike. Last week's episode of Evolution was cancelled and replaced by some freaky sci-fi show. You didn't hear?

Mike Rolash: WHAT!? Really?...

The arena lights cut out and the bright glow of the titantron draws all the attention of the crowd as the screen lights up with the words to "Kings Never Die..."

The camera pans down to the entrance lamp where now a single spotlight shines brightly behind two silhouetted figures. One a towering monster of a man, the other a man standing stoically in front, dwarfed by comparison.

HAAAAAIIIII TO THE KIIINNNNG!

The lights flare to an almost blinding intensity as Avenged Sevenfold's "Hail to the King" takes over the arenas P.A. system. The figures are now clear to see, the larger is PAYNE, who raises his arms into the air as the opening words ring out. In front of him is "The King of Wrestling" Christian Starr, the Paramount Championship proudly wrapped around his waist, his arms stretched open over his head allowing him to take in the thunderous reaction around him.

HAAAIIIIII TO THE OOOONNNNE!

Starr turns around and starts backing his way down the entrance way with a clearly confident swagger to his step, PAYNE follows close behind flexing and looking just all around menacing.

Ring Announcer: Making his way to the ring, weighing in at one hundred ninety pounds, from Los Angeles, California. He is "The King of Wrestling", the reigning DEFENDING Paramount Champion... Christian STARR!

PAYNE climbs his way into the ring over the top rope as Starr high fives some of the lucky fans in the front row, he shoots his way up the ring steps and climbs the turnbuckle. Here he strikes a pose throwing up the 2 Sweet hand sign as PAYNE raises his arms high in front of him, letting out a roar as he does.

Referee Scott Dean is on the call, looking somewhat out of his element standing in the middle of two absolute superstars. Christian Starr - the undefeated, unchallenged, absolutely un-MATCHED Paramount Champion. Jarvis King - the man who put that title on the map, the Hall of Fame Hallmark, the man with the most dominant rookie year in CWF history. Two of the biggest stars the company has ever or will ever see standing eye to eye as the bell rings, the crowd on their feet in anticipation as the match finally begins.

It is the cocky Christian Starr who immediately begins to trash talk the elder CWF wrestler, and although Jarvis is a few years younger than Starr himself, the undefeated Paramount champion has never looked better. He shows his speed over the Hall of Famer by quickly kicking him in the back of the leg, following it up with a leg sweep that combines with a hard shove to the chest- knocking Jarvis right on his ass!

Mike Rolash: Well that has to be embarrassing, the Hall of Famer has fallen and he can't get up!

Jim Gunt: Keep it up Mike and I'm sure the TRUE King of CWF WILL get up, and kick your ass!

Mike Rolash: Just let him try. And besides, it looks like he's pretty busy being schooled by the NEW King of CWF!

A half smirk-half look of disgust is planted on Jarvis' face as he sits palms down on the canvas, slowly pulling himself up and immediately shoving Christian Starr deep in his chest. Starr smiles as he can sense the anger coming from the Internet Enigma, which is exasperated by the hard shove back by the defending Paramount champion. The two men stare holes through each other, neither man looking to give up the first offense to the other. The larger Jarvis King has finally had enough though, placing a front kick into the gut of Starr and pulling him into a headlock. He cranks down on the skull of Starr but he ducks under, sending his challenger into the ropes. Jarvis comes back in a hurry scurrying under the clothesline attempt from Starr- SWINGING NECKBREAKER BRINGS THE CHAMPION DOWN!

And Jarvis is on his feet, standing right over the champion as he raises his arms in the air to a huge ovation! The Southern Carolina fans are loving every bit of the legendary competitor, but the time wasted is enough for Starr to slip out from behind, pulling King down right into a school boy roll-up!

ONE!

T-NO!

Jim Gunt: It's going to take a lot more than a school boy to put down old Jarvis!

Mike Rolash: Old Jarvis? Who do you think he is...Cain?

Jim Gunt: Erm...no comment. Regardless the Hall of Fame Hallmark is back to his feet, and what a chop to the chest of Starr!

Indeed Jarvis King is now having his way with the Paramount champion, driving him back into the corner with an array of knife edge chops. After the third chop he raises his arm back for a fourth, the chest of Starr already reddening by the second, but he is able to hold his arms out to try to stop the attack. King re-considers, EUROPEAN UPPERCUT! Starr DID NOT see it coming! The challenger grabs ahold of Starr and quickly mounts the ropes, going from one to the next with catlike speed. TORNADO DD-NO!

Starr shoves him off at the last second! Jarvis is shocked as he lands on his feet, shakes the cobwebs and runs right back at Starr. But he catches him with a knee to the chest, shoves his head down to a double underhook and DEVIL'S WHISPERS HIM TO HELL! King holds onto his spine as he yelps out in pain, but Starr shoves his hands away and quickly makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-JARVIS ROLLS HIS SHOULDER!

Jim Gunt: What an impressive backbreaker from the champion, but it was still not enough to put away the legend. Jarvis has clearly brought his A game tonight, but the question is. Has Starr brought his AA game?

Mike Rolash: I hope not, or he may see Dorian Hawkhurst there.

Jim Gunt: That was completely inappropriate.

Christian Starr is relentless on his attack, bringing Jarvis right back to his feet and hip tossing him right into the corner! King lands awkwardly, his feet draped over the top rope trapping him in a tree of woe position. A smile comes across the Paramount champion's face as soon as he sees the squirming, trapped challenger, prone to him stomping relentlessly down across his chest.

Jim Gunt: Christian Starr stomping a mudhole in Jarvis' chest and walking it dry.

Mike Rolash: I never really understood that phrase...

Jim Gunt: I guess you're not southern enough, Mike. Maybe talk to Anderson after the show?

Mike Rolash: No thanks.

Falling into a pile like a crumpled up piece of bread, Jarvis King remains prone to another boot by Starr, and another just as he finally rolls out of the ring to save himself from any more damage. The CWF veteran is breathing heavily at this point, his body fatigued and quite possibly not in the shape he was in in his prime. Summits calls for Jarvis to get back into the ring, and when he does not he holds Starr back, beginning to count out the challenger.

ONE!

TWO!

Mike Rolash: Come on Jarvis, get in the ring you pussy!

Jim Gunt: You can't blame the man for taking a breather, Mike.

THREE!

Mike Rolash: I'd like to get a breather right about now, what the hell scent is that you're wearing anyway, Jimmy? Assjuice For Men?

FOUR!

Jim Gunt: That is revolting.

Jarvis King, having paced back and forth taking in heavy breaths and breathing them out in a labored fashion, finally attempts to re-enter the ring immediately being stomped down once again by the relentless champion. But this time King is ready for him, tackling Christian Starr with a Lou Thesz Press and pounding down with heavy right hands! Starr does his best to cover up but the challenger is just as excited about his offense as the cheering crowd is, as King strikes one last heavy right through the hands of King of Wrestling and right across his nose. A thin line of blood shoots out of the left nostril of Starr!

Jim Gunt: The champion is busted open, and could potentially have a broken nose coming out of this magnificent match-up!

Mike Rolash: No! Poor Starr is going to look just like Jarvis now, a messed-up faced failure of a man!

Jim Gunt: Uh huh. That's like the pot calling the kettle a mashed potato.

Jarvis takes his right hand and places his across the throat of Starr, holding him down across the mat as he begins to trash talk the champion. But Starr spits right in his face! The Internet Enigma is jacked, open hand slapping Christian Starr and leaving another trace of blood splattering against the canvas. Jarvis picks Starr up to his feet and launches him into the ropes, SPINEBUS-NO! Starr grabs his head and yanks him to the canvas hard with a DISGUSTING DDT! The challengers legs shoot straight up into the air, as the rest of his body goes limp!

Jim Gunt: My god! Jarvis King could have just suffered a concussion there, that was one hell of a reversal from the champion!

Mike Rolash: And now he's going for the cover, it's gotta be over here! Starr has DOMINATED this match!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Jim Gunt: Jarvis still has some life left!

Mike Rolash: Not for long Jimbone, Christian is setting up for the King's Cross!

The undefeated Paramount Champion's eyes are like two sniper rifle lasers, pinpointed directly on the prone Jarvis King as he goes to snatch him for his finishing submission hold. But as Starr drops down to grab a hold of the original King's head he rolls through, the champion rolling with him- right into a MUTA LOCK! The Hall of Fame Hallmark twerks his body, his arms yanking on the head of Starr as hard as he possibly can. A thunderous round of applause comes from the sold out crowd as King's submission is locked on perfectly, just unfortunately for him too close to the ropes, as Starr somehow gets a leg free and on the bottom one!

Jim Gunt: Rope break! We could have seen a new champion crowned there as King had Starr absolutely locked in that Muta Lock, but if he just could have gotten it placed on in the middle of the ring!

Mike Rolash: In ring psychology, Jimmy, Jarvis must have forgotten a thing or two in his old age.

Jim Gunt: Again...he really isn't that old. At least he's not wearing Adult Depends like one of us...

Mike Rolash: Hey, I have irritable bowel syndrome.

Slapping the canvas, Jarvis King shows the first sign of aggravation in this match-up as he lets go of the hold at Scott Dean's warning. King turns to the other side of the ropes and heads for them, but as he comes back the leg drop meets nothing but the canvas. Starr kips up to his feet, swinging his body around in a whirl of a 360 and Roundhouse Kicking the head nearly off the shoulders of Jarvis! He measures up the challenger who crawls on his hands and knees on the canvas- EIGHTH DEADLY SIN! THE CURBSTOMP RIGHT ON THE BAD NECK OF JARVIS KING!

Jim Gunt: HOLY SHIT! King's head just snapped against the canvas very hard, this can not be good.

Mike Rolash: Christian Starr is doing anything and EVERYTHING to pull out all the stops tonight. All it's going to take now is a cover and this one's over!

Christian turns the lifeless Jarvis King onto his back, knowing that he has finally conquered his greatest challenger. Starr ignores the boos coming from the South Carolina fans, or maybe they fuel him further as a smile slowly grazes the face of the undefeated champion. He places one boot across the chest of Jarvis, the cockiest cover of all time ensuing right in front of the world.

ONE!

TWO!

Mike Rolash: Aaaaand stilll!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: No!

NO! Jarvis King uses all the strength left in his body to kick out at the last possible second, and the crowd is going fucking bananas! They're all mad apes!

Christian Starr however, is the maddest of all. Starr's face is as red as a beet as he stands across from the somehow rising Jarvis, his hands in the air as if to say "what the hell else do I have to do to you?" Starr squares up his challenger, rising knee to the jaw! He attempts to pull him to the canvas for another attempt at the King's Cross, but once again Jarvis rolls both men through, this time holding the legs of Starr down right into a cover. And King has ahold of the tights out of sight of official Scott Dean!

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO!

Jim Gunt: Christian Starr is out. WHAT A MATCH!

Mike Rolash: You're damn right, Jimmy. This one could have easily main evented a pay per view for god's sakes, but instead it's been placed smack dab in the middle of an Evolution. That just goes to show you the insanely impressive roster we have today!

Jim Gunt: That's very true, this one is surely going to go down as one of the best matches in recent EVO history.

Mike Rolash: It's all because of the prestige of the Paramount championship. Christian Starr, no pun intended, has made that belt truly...a star.

Jim Gunt: Why do I get the feeling that the pun actually was intended there?

Jarvis King and Christian Starr are both back up to their feet, neither man ready to give up although both men are clearly showing the wear and tear of the match so far. Jarvis swings for a knife edge chop, Starr grabs it and pulls him in- HEADBUTT! The challenger staggers backward, still somehow on his feet. SLINGBLADE! Starr finally takes him off his feet, but Jarvis is right back up!? The Paramount Champion's eyes go wide, as he begins to actually scream at the hall of fame! Christian walks over to Jarvis and attempts to slap him across the face, but Jarvis catches his arms. CAPTURE SUPLEX! Starr is right back up but warily right back into the hands of the true King of CWF-STRAIGHTJACKET SUPLEX!

It's OVER! It's fucking gotta be!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Christian STARR rolls his shoulder right before Dean hits the canvas for three! A shocked Jarvis looks on as the referee flashes two fingers his way!

Jim Gunt: You have GOT to be kidding me, Mike!?

Mike Rolash: Apparently this match is going to go forever, we may have to push MJF vs. Autumn Raven back to next week's show!

Jim Gunt: No, I am getting word from the sponsors that we are going to stay with this one as long as the show goes. I guess Rish must have paid the enormous fee to go into overtime.

Neither man have the strength to immediately get back to their feet, laying just inches away from each other as they struggle to even roll to their sides. Jarvis swings a wild punch to the side of Starr's face. Christian comes right back with one of his own. And these men are holding each other as they rise, both of them barely able to get to their feet as they use their opponent as standing stools!

Christian Starr attempts a standing clothesline, using all his remaining strength but King is able to sidestep just in time. GERMAN SUPLEX TO STARR! The Hall of Fame Hallmark pops his hips, bringing Starr right back up to his feet and right back down with another German!

"LET'S GO JARVIS!"

"LET'S GO STARR!"

A dueling chant begins as Jarvis King lifts Starr up for a third and final German, but he breaks up both the chant and the German Suplex with a hard elbow to the face of the challenger! The King of Wrestling tucks the head of the veteran under his legs and looks quickly for the nearest corner- BUCKLE BOMB! King's spine hits hard, once against jarring him after the hard fall that he took earlier.

Jim Gunt: Jarvis King is not looking good now, he has taken some nasty shots to the spine and back of the head in this match. I hope this one hasn't done any long term damage to the veteran.

Mike Rolash: I would agree Jarvis never really did look good.

Christian Starr pulls the body of Jarvis away from the ropes by his legs, the back of his head bouncing off the ring canvas several times as he yanks him hard to the middle of the ring, covering him by hooking both of his legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

IT'S OVER! CHRISTIAN RETAINS!

NO HE DOESN'T! NOT YET!

JARVIS SOMEHOW ROLLS HIS SHOULDER AT 2.9999!

HOLY SHIT!

"LET'S GO JARVIS! LET'S GO JARVIS! LET'S GO JARVIS!"

Jim Gunt: This is one of the most liveliest crowds we have seen in a long time, Mike, and they are absolutely going crazy for this match!

Mike Rolash: But not even these idiotic fans can will Jarvis King into winning this one, Jimmy. One more E.D.S with that surgically repaired neck of Jarvie boy? He'll be toast.

Jim Gunt: Perhaps so, and unfortunately for the original King of CWF, that is exactly what Christian Starr is calling for..

Starr raises his hands in the air, screaming for the damaged Jarvis to get off the canvas. As he rolls over unknowingly the King of Wrestling leaps into action. EIGHTH DEADLY SIN- MEETS NOTHING BUT THE EMPTY CANVAS! Jarvis rolls away from the Curb Stomp just in time, is somehow up to his feet in two seconds flat to cross the arms of a shocked Christian Starr across his chest- STRAIGHTJACKET SUPLEX! And Starr is CRUSHED into the canvas! A nearly unconscious Jarvis slowly pulls himself over the body of Christian Starr.

ONE!

Mike Rolash: NO! Kick out Starr, come on!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: It's over Mike, I'm telling you. New champion!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: HERE IS YOUR WINNER AND THE NEEWWWWWWW PARAMOUNT CHAMPION.. JARVIS KIIII-

Before the announcer can finish his announcement the sudden commotion in the ring has riled the CWF crowd into an unmatched chorus of boos, because just as Jarvis has begun celebrating, clutching the Paramount Championship to his chest is when Payne charges in from behind and lays the new champion out with a hellacious double axe handle to the back of his neck. STARR's personal monster wastes no time in dragging the exhausted man back to his feet and

effortlessly tosses King over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes.

Jim Gunt: What a sore loser! Jarvis got the better of STARR tonight and is undoubtedly a deserving champion! Let the man have his moment!

Payne rushes around the ring, running a full circle before he slams Jarvis down to the mat with his patented running power slam, TORTURE BY NATURE! The mammoth of a man lets out a thunderous roar as the crowd boos him relentlessly, but it doesn't seem to affect him in the least because Payne isn't done with the new Paramount Champion yet. He grabs King by the hair, and drags him back to his feet again, but the effects of the match are too much for King and he drops to his knees almost in an instant. Despite that Payne has no sympathy and once again tosses King up onto his shoulders.

Mike Rolash: Not again! If you break the man now how will STARR ever get a rematch!

Jim Gunt: There are no rematches in the Paramount division Mike! This is just STARR and his band of misfits up to the same dirty tricks they've been pulling for weeks!

Once again Payne runs a full circle around the ring at full speed. But this time before he can get the TORTURE BY NATURE off King wriggles his way off of the big man's shoulders and pushes him face first into the turnbuckle! King wastes no time in retaliating as he charges at Payne and a hits a sloppy splash to the back of the giant much to the delight of the fans!

King takes a few steps backwards into the center of the ring, and to his disbelief the splash did nothing to Payne aside from piss the big man off! Payne stalks King, his shoulders tense in anger as he steps towards the Internet Icon. But King isn't one to back down and makes the first move, running full bore at Payne he looks for a Yakuza Kic-CRRRACCCK!

Mike Rolash: OH MY GOD!

Christian STARR has used the distraction to procure himself a steel chair from ring side and he has just wrapped it around the head of Jarvis King. STARR is livid! Barking orders at Payne.

Christian STARR: GET HIM UP!

Payne laughs maniacally as he walks over to King, he grabs by the scruff of the neck and drags him back to a vertical base, at this point he is the only thing keeping King standing. STARR rams the steel chair into the gut of Jarvis, making the champion keel over in agony. STARR lifts the chair above his head, and pauses.

Jim Gunt: Thank the lord! Maybe STARR has come to his sense and is going to put an end to this assault. Have some honor and leave this man be!

Mike Rolash: Think again Jimmy! Look!

STARR throws the chair onto the canvas in front of King, he then grabs the Ethernet Enigma from the clutches of Payne and sets him up into position for the MOURNING STARR DRIVER! Bringing King down neck first onto the chair. Christian rolls back to his feet, and walks over to the corner where the Paramount Championship lies on the canvas, he picks it up and walks back to the prone Jarvis. Christian places a foot on the chest of Jarvis and holds the championship up over his head.

Mike Rolash: I think Christian just made it extremely clear that he's not done with the Paramount Championship yet!

Jim Gunt: Wait! Is he... Is he leaving with the title!?

Christian and Payne exit the ring, joining Allison Hollywood on the ramp. STARR is still holding the Paramount Championship as he backs is way towards the curtain, screaming back towards the still laid out, true Paramount Champion, Jarvis King as he does.

### **Mariella Jade Flair (c) Vs. Autumn Raven**

Match

Jim Gunt: What a night it's been, Mike - and we've still got our MAIN EVENT to go!

Mike Rolash: You've got the main event to go. I'm just sitting here, hoping for inappropriate touching.

Jim Gunt: We can't win with you, can we?

CUE UP: "Somewhere In Hollywood" - Sixx AM

Jim Gunt: Here comes the challenger, Autumn Raven. After failing to win the CWF Tag Team Championship at Unhinged, it's a little interesting that she's been granted a World Title shot. However, this goes hand in hand with MJ's directive that she wants to defend against anyone at any time, and the idea of this month being all about girl power - the women get the spotlight!

Mike Rolash: Blah, blah, blah. This is just a stall tactic. Until MJ defends against the most deserving member of the CWF, she's a paper champion to me.

Jim Gunt: I'm afraid to ask.

Mike Rolash: Christian STARR, of course!

Jim Gunt: ...Of course. Regardless, Autumn Raven is on her way to the ring for her shot, and she's proven her competence and unpredictability time and time again; it is just as likely that she could win the CWF World Title tonight as MJ Flair retains.

Mike Rolash: I'm not really happy with either of those options.

While the fans boo, Autumn doesn't exactly ignore them - she disregards them. Her focus is on the ring and what it represents. She slides under the bottom rope and waits there on her hands and knees for several seconds before she rolls forward and around to face the entryway.

CUE UP: "Smash the Control Machine" - OTEP

The fans turn on a dime, immediately cheering for the incumbent Champion. MJ Flair enters the arena per her usual swagger: arms outstretched and head down, hidden under her hood.

Jim Gunt: THE CHAMP IS HERE!

Mike Rolash: Seriously, stop that!

On her way to the ring, MJ slaps hands, hugs fans who ask, and takes her sweet time playing to the crowd. In the ring, Autumn Raven stares at her, unblinking. Finally making it to ringside, MJ walks up the steps and waits outside the ropes for several seconds, staring at Autumn, before she climbs to the top turnbuckle from the outside, perching herself like a vulture.

As the music dies down, the fans are chanting for MJ Flair with abandon.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, this is your main event of the night, and it is scheduled for one fall with a sixty minute time limit, and it is for the CWF World Heavyweight Championship! Introducing first, is the match official, CWF Head Referee Trent Robbins!

Mike Rolash: Why is he waving? Nobody likes him.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Chicago Illinois... weighing in at one hundred twenty pounds, this is THE

BEAUTIFUL PSYCHOPATH... AUTUMMMMMMMN... RAAAAAAAAAYVEEEEEENNNNNN!!!

A decent number of fans cheer for the challenger, though more boo and do their best to drown out the cheers. Autumn does not seem fazed by any boos whatsoever; truth be told, she does not acknowledge any of the fans in the slightest: she raises her arms in victory and takes a spin.

Ray Douglas: AND HER OPPONENT...

Jim Gunt: The fans have come to life!

Mike Rolash: They aren't dead; they just wish they were.

Ray Douglas: From Warwick New York, weighing in at one hundred thirty pounds... She is the current reigning CWF... WORLD... HEAVYWEIGHT... CHAMPION...

Mike Rolash: If she's a heavyweight, she's at least two bills!

Ray Douglas: EMMMMMMMMMM... JAAAAAAAAAY... FLAAAAAAAAAIR!!!!

The CWF World Champion unzips her hoodie to reveal the CWF World Title belt, and in the same motion, raises her arms to soak in the adulation. She unhooks the belt and hands it to Trent Robbins as the bell sounds -

Jim Gunt: AUTUMN RAVEN WITH A BACK ATTACK!

The fans boo Autumn's surprise attack, but she continues to lay forearms between the Champion's shoulder blades. She pounds MJ to her knees, hooks the Champ by the back of the neck, and drops her with a stiff neckbreaker!

Jim Gunt: Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout by the Champ!

Autumn stays on MJ, pulls her up to a seated position by the hair, and she flips over her with a modified snapmare that

gives the Champ whiplash! Another cover, ONE... TWO... Kickout!

Mike Rolash: She's all over the Champ! I gotta tell you, I'm a much bigger fan of the girl who covers up less.

Jim Gunt: I'm sure these women are thrilled by your support.

Again, Autumn scoops MJ and shoves her into the corner. She open hand slaps her twice across the chest, drawing surprised gasps from the fans, and Autumn whips MJ cross corner! The challenger backs up and runs at the Champion - MJ with a step forward and a European Uppercut!

Jim Gunt: The fans cheering for the Champion's reversal, but just as Autumn Raven staggers backwards, MJ drops to her knees!

Mike Rolash: It was a quick turnaround, but she hasn't been able to capitalize!

It's true. Autumn Raven is already scrambling back to her feet while MJ Flair is still on one knee. The Beautiful Psychopath sees this and takes advantage, stepping forward and lifting her knee into the Champion's face. DDT by the challenger! And Autumn hooks both legs of the champion confidently, going for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Jim Gunt: I'm impressed with the tenacity of Autumn Raven tonight!

Mike Rolash: Impressed or not, you still need to pin the Champ to be the Champ.

Autumn scoops MJ, and pounds her back into the ropes! Irish whip across the ring - MJ reverses! Autumn off the opposite corner - DROP TOE HOLD BY MJ! Autumn hits the ring hard and holds her face in shock and pain, bouncing from her stomach to her side. MJ pulls herself to the ropes, but as she gets herself into a defensive pose again - only this time, Autumn isn't ready to return to the offensive. MJ takes advantage herself: she gets up and drives a boot into her opponent's head!

Jim Gunt: The Champ with the reversal! She scoops Autumn and whips her into the ropes - MJ with a clothesline,

Autumn ducks!

Mike Rolash: Do it, sweetie!

Jim Gunt: You're hopeless.

Off the rebound, Autumn Raven hits a flying forearm, sending the Champion back to the mat! The challenger takes the opportunity to go high - risk: she leaves the ring and climbs to the top turnbuckle, all the while MJ recovers in the ring!

Mike Rolash: Go splat, dear... I'll rub your muscles.

Jim Gunt: Really, Mike?

Mike Rolash: What? What?

Autumn crouches on the top corner, waiting for MJ to recover enough to hit her back down. She ignores the crowd's cheers for the Champion, instead, she gives her opponent the Kubrick stare and holds fast.

Jim Gunt: MJ Flair to one knee, and I don't think she knows where she is! She certainly doesn't know where her opponent is!

Mike Rolash: That's some lack of ring awareness for you.

Finally, MJ staggers to her feet, and she turns towards Autumn, perched on the top rope! Autumn leaps...

Jim Gunt: Flying Headscissors! NO!

Mike Rolash: That's why I say these chicks can't be the Heavyweight Champion!

Autumn Raven leaps from the top rope with a picture - perfect flying headscissors, but as she swings around, MJ manages to hold on and stop her momentum! She steadies herself, a death grip on Autumn's thighs, and lifts her back up in the air and drives her as hard as she can into the mat!

Jim Gunt: MJ leans it in! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Mike Rolash: NO!

Jim Gunt: YES!

The bell rings, surprising everyone - including the two athletes in the ring. Autumn Raven kicks out a fraction of a second too late, and MJ lands on her hands and knees again, breathing heavy. As Trent Robbins lifts the Champion's hand and gives her back the title belt, Autumn spins him around to argue with him about her kickout. Even Ray Douglas' announcement of the winner is drowned out by the cheers and the arguing.

Jim Gunt: Autumn Raven with an impressive showing here tonight, but it's all for naught as she made one fatal mistake!

Mike Rolash: It's pretty sad when a buck thirty five can hold shoulders to the mat.

Jim Gunt: Regardless, MJ Flair has - Autumn with a boot to MJ's head! She kicks the Champ when she's down! Another! Heel to the ribs! Autumn Raven is hot!

Mike Rolash: Dude, don't stick your junk in crazy.

Jim Gunt: That's not what--

In the ring, Autumn grabs MJ by the hair and pulls her back to her knees, and she aims with another kick - MJ grabs her ankle and spins her around! Anklelock, with her weight pressing down! Autumn is in pain, MJ is in pain, and the referee trying his best to separate the two!

Mike Rolash: Just reverse the decision!

Jim Gunt: At this point do you think MJ really cares about being disqualified?

Mike Rolash: Regardless, she needs to let go right quick, because here comes the cavalry!

From the backstage, Silas Artoria sprints to ringside, with Sam Braxton following at a steady clip. Silas, however, is clearly more concerned about his tag team partner than Sam is about his stablemate - he slides into the ring first and flattens MJ with a clothesline! Instead of following up with anything more damaging, Silas simply shoves the Champion away and then pulls Autumn out of the ring.

Jim Gunt: That was uncalled for!

Mike Rolash: Was her attack on Autumn kosher?

Jim Hunt: She was defending herself! MJ getting a microphone from Ray Douglas, and it looks like we're still gonna hear from the Champ!

Mike Rolash: Oh... goody.

## **A Message**

Match

MJF: Hey!

The Coalition continues walking back up the ramp.

MJF: HEY!

Still they walk.

MJ hardens her lips, and takes a deep breath.

MJF: SILAS ARTORIA!

The Coalition freeze, and they turn to see MJ looking at them.

MJF: Do I have your attention?

The three look at each other, confused. Silas looks at Sam, and whispers something in his ear, inaudible to the microphones. Sam nods, and Silas pats his back before starting his descent down the ramp.

Jim Gunt: Well, the champ has summoned the aristocrat and it looks like he heard her!

Mike Rolash: Who didn't with a shout like that?

Silas slides into the ring and comes face to face with the Champion. She drops her microphone, and looks the Canadian in the eyes. MJ smiles, and raises the CWF Championship in the air.

Jim Gunt: Oh Christ! One Coalition member to another. Is MJ issuing a challenge?

Silas smiles, and MJ hands the championship to referee Trent Robbins! She steps back, and opens her arms, nodding. The crowd increases in volume, the chant of "EMMMMMJAAAAAY" ringing louder and louder. Silas looks around the arena as the crowd grows more molten. Silas closes his eyes and bites his lip. He looks back at MJ and she shrugs her shoulders in impatience.

Silas opens his mouth, but pauses. He breathes out, and shakes his head: No. The crowd starts booing as he shakes his finger and leaves the ring. MJ looks at Silas with contempt, and concurrently asks Douglas for a microphone and takes the title belt back from the referee. All this happens as Silas ascends the ramp, and he looks at the camera with a smile.

Silas Artoria: Don't take this as a rejection, Miss Flair. You may hold the championship, but now I have your number. A certain voice is screaming their head off, but I have a few things I need to do.

He shows his teeth.

Silas Artoria: But make no mistake. I'll give you an answer in due time, but for now the two of us have our own business to tend to.

He disappears through the curtain. The fans boo, all the while MJ puts the microphone in her own hands to her face.

MJF: Who's to say... this challenge'll be here next week?

She drops the microphone and leaves the ring; however, instead of going up the ramp, she exits through the crowd.

## **Battle Lines**

Match

The by now familiar opening riffs of "Hope" by Apocalyptica hits the speakers. The crowd start to boo as Ouroboros

step onto the entrance ramp - Elisha, Choronzon, Cassandra and the masked man from earlier. Between them, strapped to a gurney with thick lengths of rope, is a single one of the Shadow's druids. The group make their way down the entrance ramp, wheeling the fallen druid along with them.

They reach the ring, all four lifting the gurney over the ropes and into the ring, placing it in the centre. Elisha calls for a mic; Choronzon pulls back the druid's cloak to reveal Matthias Eddy.

Elisha: So here we are, once again. The Moonchild and his armies rise before the eyes of the world.

Tell me, Matthias - is this how you thought it would work out?

Elisha reaches into his pocket, withdraws a length of cloth and a large bottle of water. He places the cloth over Matthias's face, opens the bottle.

Elisha: Matthias Eddy. Son of Clyde Eddy, son of Josef Eddy, the visionary and genius who changed the face of medical science for years, decades, to come. Who taught the world the use of surgery as punishment, drugs as discipline, the hospital, laboratory and prison made one and the same.

Your grandfather was a great man who left us a legacy of power - power over one's own body, power to control others. Power over life and death and everything after.

Elisha pours the water over the cloth, smirking as Matthias starts to struggle against his bonds, writhing as his body goes into panic.

Elisha: Your grandfather was a hero. Your father was a maggot and a coward who walked away from the Institute that had given him so much. Corrupted by morality, corroded by compassion. And we dealt with your father of course, pursued him to the ends of the earth.

Suicide is a tragic thing, so we are told. I see it more as spring cleaning.

He pours more of the water, Matthias's body starting to convulse as the water suffocates him, drowning a piece at a time.

Elisha: Your grandfather is long gone, your father as well. All that is left is you. The disappointment.

Tell me, Matthias. Was it worth it? The betrayal, the apostasy, siding with that tepid aberration known as the Shadow - was it worth it?

So much pride, so much defiance. You were capable of so much more. A waste.

He raises the bottle once more, Matthias starting to scream, waterboarded into panic that now gives way to full blown terror.

Elisha: Let this be a lesson to the world: stand with the Institute, stand with the Moonchild, and you will be Great. Stand against us and be destroyed.

???: You reckon?

Elisha turns, just in time to catch a brutal forearm from Amber Jaye Ryan, having jumped the guard rail and got to the ring. She hurls herself over the top rope, launching her body at Elisha; Choronzon lunges at her and takes the hit, the two of them falling to the mat in a flurry of punches and kicks.

The Chosen make their way through the crowd, hitting the ring just in time to meet -

Mike Rolash: Druids and Shadow and Mia!

Jim Gunt: Oh my!

The Shadow enters the ring, heading straight for Elisha, tackling him to the ground while Mia and the druids take on the Chosen outside. Choronzon and Amber trade rights and lefts, beating one another senseless, tit for tat.

Cassandra and the masked man pull out extendable batons, preparing to weigh into the crowd with glee. Out of nowhere -

Jim Gunt: Caledonia!

Cali stands outside the ring, pulling Cassandra's legs out from under her, the two of them getting into a brawl on the outside.

Sam Braxton is by her side, rolls into the ring, heads straight for the masked man in black. Despite the chaos around them, Sam and the masked man standing in motionless silence. Sam's head is tilted to one side, questioning, his face filled with dread.

The masked man pulls off the mask reveal -

Mike Rolash: Dean Coulter!

Jim Gunt: Jesus fucking Christ! Don't tell me he's sided with Ouroboros!

Mike Rolash: Fine, I won't tell you. But he clearly fucking has.

The two teammates stare at one another, Sam outraged, Dean defiant. Elisha rolls out of the ring, grabs a mic, his breathing ragged, voice filled with pride amid the unfolding chaos.

Elisha: And there shall be wars and rumours of wars, brother shall turn against brother, friend shall be enemy and enemy friend. And on that great and terrible day of the Moonchild, all the world shall bow.

Take a look at your future, CWF. We are Ouroboros. We are unbreakable. And we. Are. Here!

The crowd rains down abuse as the fighting continues, blood spilled, boots and batons flying left and right.

Mike Rolash: Um, Jim?

Jim Gunt: Mike?

Jim Gunt: We're fucked.

## Show Credits

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