

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 2

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: October 24, 2017
Location: Stabler Arena — Allentown, Pennsylvania

Results

Pandemonium

Segment

Pandemonium sets the scene as we are outside the Ice Palace in Tampa, Florida, the sold out arena full of fans ready for tonight's huge Evolution show. But instead; road agents, referees, stagehands, all kinds of backstage staff run out the front door of the building looking crazily. Former World champion turned head agent, the Blue Scorpion, is in the front of the line as his wide eyes shoot across the scene in front of him, nearly a half a dozen CWF superstars laying all across the sidewalk and parking lot! Ry Drake lays with his body contorted on the sidewalk, Connie Valentina laying unconscious on the other side. Panning across a few more of the trainees trying to get to the business, the camera finally stops at the body of newcomer Maya Jensen, who is laid out flat on her back with blood protruding from her forehead!

Scorpio shakes his head in disgust, eying up the scene and calling for more help, yelling for a stretcher for the talents. Annabelle Jackson, Maya's manager, sprints into the scene looking both frantic and incredibly angry.

Annabelle: What the hell happened!?

The Blue Scorpion: I would like to know the same thing myself. One of the staff members received a phone call that a bunch of our superstars were ambushed outside, and all of us came as soon as we could. Unfortunately, it looks like it was too late.

Annabelle checks out on Maya Jensen, slowly raising up the back of her head just as Maya begins to slowly come to. With tears forming in her eyes, Annabelle looks back at Scorpio.

Annabelle: I can't believe I let this happen, I was supposed to have my eye on her at all times! My god, Maya, are you okay? Well listen, Scorpio, or whoever you are. You better damn well find out who did this to Maya and take care of it, before I do."

Nodding his head yes, Scorpio agrees and begins further discussions with Annabelle as the camera suddenly begins to pan away. Far in the distance two men can slowly be seen, clearly be heard, as they cackle sadistically aloud. The Devil's Rejects. This catches the interest of Scorpio, who looks up ahead right at the duo. Hayden Allister, with manager and mentor Edgar Mitchell, scurry into one of the side doors of the Ice Palace as The Blue Scorpion runs at full speed after them.

Maker's Mark

Segment

We are back at ringside, where Evolution begins in darkness. A lone spotlight is shown peering into the middle of the ring, shining down on a solitary figure. The person stands draped head to toe in black fabric, a dark cloth covering their face down to their shoulders.

Jim Gunt: Well, this is eerie! Not only do I not have a broadcast partner out here with me tonight, whoever is in the ring is not scheduled to be out here! We're supposed to be opening with the triple threat match!

The mysterious figure raises a microphone to this mouth and begins to speak.

???: It is funny how the world is. Everything changes yet everything stays the same. People are stuck in their ways, slaves to their routines and their habits. But not me. This show is called Evolution. This show is about a transformation.

Jim Gunt: Who the hell is this guy and what is he doing out here?

???: Who am I? Just another man stuck in the middle. Another man at another intersection, forced to chose a direction at the fork in the road. I've seen the CWF. What it used to be and what it is now. This is the playground of Jaiden Rishel and Chaolin Sahn. Sure, I could fight back. I could revolt and I could be a part of the uprising. I could stand in defiance of everything the CWF represents. But why would I want to do that? Why would I want to make things harder for myself? Why? When Jaiden and Sahn have made it clear that all the opportunities will come to those that align themselves with the Eternals?

Jim Gunt: So whoever this is, it's just another one of Sahn's lackeys!

???: With Sahn and Jaiden at my side, I am Eternal. I am immortal. I shall rise like a hellion through the skies, and even the heavens will tremble at my feet. Then, and only then... will they see how Dangerous I really am....

The figure removes the fabric covering his face. Dangerous Dan stands before the CWF crowd as they rain down boos. He sports a new facepaint, the Maker's Mark.

The spotlight evaporates and Dan is gone.

I'MM BAAAAAAAACK...

AND BETTER THAN EVER!

Eric Bischoff's obnoxious old theme music plays as Mike Rolash appears on the entrance ramp. He gingerly makes his way to ringside, finally joining Jim Gunt on the commentary.

Jim Gunt: Nice of us to join us, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, yeah. I had business to attend to backstage with Sahn and Jaiden. After the travesty that happened at Golden Intentions, I need to know I'm protected out here against Damion Kirkson!

Jim Gunt: You know his match is next right?

Mike Rolash: And I have no fear! Cause Jaiden and Sahn PROMISED I would be safe out here! I even got a verbal guarantee!

Jim Gunt: And you... trust them?

Mike Rolash: Why wouldn't I trust them, Jimbo? They sign our checks!

Jim Gunt: ...Jaiden Rishel and Chaolin Sahn are anything but trustworthy!

Scene fades to black.

PandaSage

Segment

Footage rolls on the CWF tron.

The old man known as the PandaSage was watering the plants in the garden when suddenly Martin runs toward his master with a piece of paper in his hands.

Martin: Look master! I just got selected! I am going to CWF. Finally my journey will begin.

PandaSage: Yes my child that is good news. I wouldn't have to listen to your loud voice screaming every day.

Martin ignores the old man's remark and stares at his acceptance letter with a big smile on his face. PandaSage looked at the child with a broken heart. He was starting to get used to of Martin but he can't hold back his student for his selfish reasons anymore.

PandaSage: Listen Martin, I have taught you all that I know about martial arts but there is more to life than just fighting. You are still very young and very naive. This upcoming journey will test your resolve. There will be people who will hate your views and pour their hatred onto you. Yet you cannot give up. You will have to smile at adversity because your task... is to win those people over. To gain their trust.

Martin became nervous and whispered: "Smile at adversity."

PandaSage smiles.

PandaSage: I believe in you, child. After all you are my student.

Martin smiles and stood reassured of himself.

PandaSage: From today onward you too will bear the title of PandaSage and your name will be...

The CWF tron screens goes black and then a picture flashes.

Maya Jensen vs. Kendo vs. Damien Kirkson

Segment

Ray Douglas: The following is tonight's opening match, and set for one fall! Introducing first...

"Virus (Pestilence Mix" by KMFDM plays and the six foot one behemoth, the Samoan Tap Out Machine, Kendo steps out from behind the curtain. JT Blackman struts out behind him and Kendo snaps, leaping in the air before pounding his chest with both fists. Blackman instructs his competitor towards the ring, where he enters ready to destroy whatever lays in his way.

Ray Douglas: First, accompanied by JT Blackman, from the Samoan Islands....KENDO!!

Jim Gunt: Look at this guy, he's huge!

Mike Rolash: I know Jimmy, cover your bulge you pervert.

Breaking over the speakers, "Money in the Bank" by Lil Scrappy featuring Young Buck comes through, and Damion Kirkson steps out from behind the curtain. He still looks rather unhappy from what transpired at Golden Intentions, but eyes up his large opponent in the ring, ready to make a statement tonight.

Ray Douglas: And his first opponent, from New York City, New York....DAMION KIRKSON!!

Jim Gunt: Damion Kirkson, a man who is definitely on a mission tonight. After how you screwed him out of Golden Intentions, I wouldn't be surprised he has a word or two with you after tonight's match.

Mike Rolash: Nah, all is fair in love and war, Jim. I'm sure Damion knows I was just trying to make an impact in the rumble, no harm, no foul. Right? RIGHT!?

Jim Gunt: We'll see.

Finally, "World Without Danger (Instrumental Version)" by Subdigitals starts over the speakers, and pyrotechnics shoot off the ramp, bringing the crowd to their feet. Moments later, there is still no sign of Maya Jensen however, and some of the fans inside the Ice Palace begin to grow restless, a stray boo even can be heard. The soundtrack starts up once again, and out staggers Maya with Annabelle Jackson by her side, clearly worse for wear from the attack outside the arena earlier. Her ribs are taped up and some dried blood can still be seen on her forehead, but she has never been one to give up a fight, and tonight will be no different. Maya holds her aching sides in pain, but slides in the ring anyway, strutting past Kirkson and Kendo to taunt the cheering crowd.

Ray Douglas: And their final opponent, from Albany, New York....MAYA JENSEN!!

Jim Gunt: Maya Jensen showing incredible heart and determination tonight, she was just unconscious outside the arena literally minutes ago!

Mike Rolash: That may be true Jimmy, but does Maya actually have anything left in her after that attack? And who exactly was behind said attack on the CWF roster, it sure as hell looked like the sinister Devil's Rejects may have something to do with it!

Jim Gunt: Without a doubt. And although Maya have heart, she is definitely fighting with a disadvantage now compared to her two opponents, she could be a sitting duck waiting to pick!

Official Clark Summits waves his arm for the bell, and it's as if Maya Jensen has a bright red target painted on her chest, because Kirkson and Kendo both immediately head towards her. Kirkson blocks a right hand from Jensen, side kicks her in the back of the leg before sending her into the corner with a dropkick right to the injured ribs. The big man Kendo pushes Damion Kirkson out of the way, shoving him hard to the ground before shoving his outstretched boot right into the throat of Jensen. She squirms frantically in the corner, but luckily for her is saved by Kirkson, who turns Kendo around towards him, smashing him skull-to-skull with a headbutt.

Unfortunately for Damion Kirkson however, the mighty Samoan has a much stiffer cranium, and he falls to a knee dazed. Kendo ducks under a running attack by Maya Jensen, instead catching her in midair and sending her up onto his shoulders and down, with a Samoan Drop. Jensen falls hard on the canvas, immediately holding her abdomen.

Back to Kirkson now, he latches ahold of him and spikes him onto the canvas with a Bridging Tiger Suplex, holding on for the cover!

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWW-Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Kendo, looking great in the early going of this match here. The Samoan made his grand entrance at the Golden Intentions pay per view, where he not only took out our hero Yedah, but he actually took his place in the rumble match itself!

Mike Rolash: Not only that, but Kendo didn't have a bad showing in Golden Intentions either. But as for tonight, he's going to have to continue using his power to his advantage, because he's in the ring with two much quicker competitors in Maya Jensen and Damion Kirkson.

Nearly simultaneously, Kirkson kicks out of the bridge cover just as Jensen breaks it up by running double-foot kicking the in motion body of Kendo. He no sells the kick however, the Samoan badass getting right back up to his feet. Maya Jensen spinning heel kicks him, Kirkson back elbows him across the jaw, but still the Samoan Tap Out Machine will not go down. They try to whip him into the ropes, instead finding themselves hurled into them. Kirkson and Jensen come back in unison though, finally taking Kendo off his feet with a double clothesline!

Jim Gunt: The mighty has fallen!

Kendo immediately rolls across the ring and under the bottom rope to the outside, listening intently to his mentor JT Blackman while Damion Kirkson and Maya Jensen square off in the ring. Jensen raises a hand out for her opponent to shake out of respect, after what the two of them have already been through against the Machine, Kendo. A sick smirk comes across Kirkson's face however, as he swats the hand of Jensen away. This obviously infuriates her, and she immediately open palm strikes the smile right off of Damion Kirkson. Another strike staggers him a little bit, leaving him prone to the Frigid Ice Wall codebreaker, Jensen spiking her knees into the chest of the bent Kirkson before going for the cover!

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHH-No!

Jim Gunt: Kendo in for the save, I think Jensen would have had the win there otherwise, Mike!?

Mike Rolash: You're probably right, but she's in trouble now that the Samoan Tap Out Machine is back to his feet.

Jim Gunt: I don't know, Jensen has already proven herself to be a great competitor here tonight, most people would have forfeited the match after being laid out at the onset of the show!"

The Samoan badass pulls Jensen right off the cover, yanking her body inward like a teddy bear from behind. He slowly suspends her through the air, before toppling her overhead and right into the nearest turnbuckle with a release German Suplex! Jensen's body snaps into the corner with a sadistic thud, what's left of it crumbling down to the canvas.

Looking like an absolute animal, Kendo wide eyes the sold out crowd, raising his fingers up in the air to get them on their feet. Kendo goes for Kirkson now, lifting him into the horizontally, stalling him high in the air while walking across the ring easily holding his frame. Out of nowhere, Maya Jensen flies in from the corner, X-Blade Crash spear! Both Kendo and Damion Kirkson's bodies tumble towards the ground with a thud, leaving Jensen with the choice to cover. She shows ambition, using all her body weight to cover Kendo.

Referee: OONNEEE....TTTWWOOO....NO!

Jim Gunt: Kendo just threw Maya Jensen halfway across the ring!

Mike Rolash: The X-Blade Crash has put away many different competitors throughout several companies, trust me. I would know, I've been watching this girl's career for a long time...

Jim Gunt: Huh? What are you trying to say Rolash, that you've been stalking Maya Jensen?

Mike Rolash: Innocent until proven guilty.

The mighty Samoan Tap Out Machine hops to his feet and goes after Maya Jensen, but is cut off at the underpass by a missile dropkick from the top rope from Kirkson! Amazingly, Kendo still doesn't go down, staggering heavily backwards but staying on his feet. Jensen and Kirkson work together momentarily, taking turns giving right hands to the skull of the big man. Kendo is unphased, latching his huge hands across the throats of both of his opponents.

A well placed boot to the midsection stops his momentum however, and gives Damion Kirkson and Maya Jensen just enough time to Double DDT Kendo hard to the canvas. Kirkson quickly turns his attention back to Jensen, striking her with an elbow before throwing her into the ropes, and turning her inside out with a hurricanrana, rolling it through for the cover!

Referee: OONNNEEE....TTTWWW-No!

Jim Gunt: Very tight hold there by Damion Kirkson, he almost had Jensen with that Hurricanrana. But instead this highly competitive opening bout rages on!

Mike Rolash: Kendo is back to his feet Jimmy!

Just as Maya Jensen kicks out and both her and Kirkson get back to their feet, the Samoan Tap Out Machine grabs them both from behind and smashes their heads together painfully. Using his brute strength, he easily topples both competitors over the top rope, quickly following them to the outside. Clark Summits tells them to re-enter the ring, but there is nothing he can do about it as triple threat rules state there are no count outs or disqualifications, one fall. One winner.

Kendo grabs Maya Jensen first, going after the smallest competitor in the match to use his body size to his full advantage. Jensen spin kicks Kendo for his troubles though, and kicks him again hard in the chest to back him up against the corner. Damion Kirkson runs at both competitors at full speed for a massive clothesline, but Maya dodges and Kendo ducks, leaving Kirkson's right arm smashing hard against the outside of the turnbuckle!

Mike Rolash: Haha, that stupid idiot!

Jim Gunt: You better watch it Mike, I have heard from numerous sources that Damion Kirkson is still not very happy with you how you "eliminated" him from Golden Intentions.

Mike Rolash: Eh, fuck that pussy.

Somehow the loud-mouthed words of Mike Rolash are heard from Kirkson, who's eyes light up in fury. Wincing in pain, he shakes off his right arm and charges at the CWF color commentator, who immediately shoots to his feet. Rolash's face turns white as a ghost as Damion Kirkson sprints right at him, leaping over the announce table right onto him! Kirkson pummels Rolash with just a few right hands, as he is able to escape out from under him and quickly jump over the steel barricade into the audience. An infuriated Kirkson goes right after him, his mind no longer on the match but to inflict pain on Mike Rolash.

Back to the action, Kendo approaches Maya Jensen, but she does the smart thing and rolls under the bottom rope to re-enter the squared circle. Kendo enters himself, immediately being bombarded by stomps across his back from Jensen. She does all she can to not allow the Samoan Tap Out Machine to get to a vertical base, but it is of no use. After a huge open palm strike, he pulls her in for an overhead belly to belly suplex, flips her over but she lands on her feet. Maya Jensen steps up the body of Kendo as he turns around, GREEN NO MORE enziguri kick! The crowd inside the Ice Palace are on their feet, cheering Jensen on as she goes for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTTHHRRREEEEEE!

Jim Gunt: She did it!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by pinfall....MAYA JENSEN!!

“World Without Danger” once again begins to play aloud, as Clark Summits helps Maya to her feet. Annabelle slides into the ring and raises her friend’s arm in victory, the Florida crowd giving her one last cheer before she exits and heads back up the ramp.

Kick Rocks

Segment

After the match, Damion Kirkson is spotted backstage still chasing Mike Rolash. Rolash runs into the janitor, knocking his mop to the floor and spilling the bucket. Frantic and afraid, Rolash does everything he can do to escape Kirkson’s fury. He runs for dear life as Damion stalks behind him with a bloodthirst.

Kirkson finally closes in on Rolash. He grabs him by the neck and throws him hard into the concrete wall backstage before security finally crashes the party. Four or five crewmen of the CWF Security team finally come between Rolash and the enraged Damion Kirkson. CWF CEO Jaiden Rishel slinks into the scene like a serpent, irate as ever.

Jaiden Rishel: Get him out of here, god damnit! Kirkson, I can’t have you running around here assaulting my ring crew! You need to get your ass under control, because you have just earned yourself an indefinite suspension from the CWF! Go kick rocks at the Academy or something... your night here is over. Now get out of my god damn building!

As security grabs ahold of him and starts escorting him out of the building, Damion Kirkson looks back at Jaiden Rishel with bloodshot eyes and a sadistic grin.

We go back to ringside where a flustered and exasperated Mike Rolash is rejoining Gunt at commentary again.

Jim Gunt: Well, how did that go for you?

Mike Rolash: Jaiden did exactly what he said he was going to do! Bye bye Damion, don’t let the door hit ya in the ass on the way out.

Jim Gunt: Wait... wait... I’m just now getting word from our backstage colleague Tara Robinson that there has been a slight change to the program tonight. The match between Dangerous Dan and Ataxia will now be contested under No Disqualification rules! Oh no! After that sickening display by Dan earlier, it’s obvious that Sahn and the Eternals are going to be getting involved here!

Mike Rolash: Wait, what?

Jim Gunt: Dangerous Dan has aligned himself with the Trinity!

Mike Rolash: Really? Damn! And I was really starting to like that group!

A Professional Rivalry

Segment

We cut backstage. A woman in her early 40s makes her way through the backstage area, mic in hand, passing through one corridor after another. Eventually, she turns, making her way into a locker room and nearly tripping over the figure seated on the floor.

He wears all white. His eyes are closed, his legs in the lotus position. A set of white earphones are placed over his ears, their cable trailing away to a black device placed on his lap. He does not move.

Elijah: Sharon.

Sharon Carling: Elijah. Sorry if this is a bad time -

Elijah: Not at all.

He removes the earphones, placing them and the black device to one side.

Elijah: Binaural beats. A phenomenon of sound which creates the impression of three dimensional space. Used by some for therapeutic or transcendental purposes. A suggestion from Eris.

Sharon: Of course.

Elijah: It is good to see you.

Sharon: And you. Me and Robert came over as part of the CWF-Academy deal. Backstage interviewer.

Elijah: Indeed. I trust this visit is work related?

Sharon: You're teaming with Harley Hodge this week, against Jarvis King and Chaolin Sahn. How do you think the two teams will get along?

Elijah: Sahn and King have a long and storied history, as rivals, as teammates, as bitter enemies. Now, after so many years, the two of them prepare to do battle once again. Blood will be shed, not only at Hellbound but tonight. There is no illusion; the two openly despise one another.

Sharon: And you and Harley? Also enemies, forced to be teammates.

Elijah: Ours is a professional rivalry, born of circumstances rather than enmity. This evening is an alliance of necessity and nothing more. One which will end as soon as needed.

Sharon: And what do you -

Before she can continue, there is a disturbance further down the corridor. A young woman in a CWF shirt is making her way towards them, chased by four security guards, one of them on a radio.

Woman: Apostate! Liar! Terrorist! You should be ashamed -

At the last moment, one of the guards tackles her to the ground, the others standing around to form a protective shield. The one with the radio turns to speak.

Guard: Sorry about that. She had what looked like legit ID, said she was here to pass on a message.

Sharon: Don't worry, at least...

She turns to Elijah for his input. But Elijah has already gone.

Harvey Danger vs. Colton Mace

Segment

Back to ringside, Douglas has a microphone, set to introduce the next match.

Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one fall. Introducing first....

"Crawling in the Dark" by Hoobastank booms over the speakers, the lights dimming slowly as mist begins to come up through the floor. The fans inside the Ice Palace are on their feet, screaming various hateful remarks as well as heavily booing as Colton Mace makes his grand entrance from behind the curtain. Mace smiles, half cocky and half evilly, as he stares straight into the camera with ice cold eyes. The A-List Athlete walks down the ramp slowly, finally entering the squared circle and testing out the ropes.

Ray Douglas: First, from Hollywood, California, representing the Eternals....COLTON MACE!!

Mike Rolash: Colton Mace has a certain look about him tonight, Jimmy. The Eternals have definitely changed the Hollywood Hot Shot.

Jim Gunt: They have changed the entire landscape of CWF! Chaolin Sahn is a psychopath, but he is also a master manipulator. I fear that soon the battlelines will be drawn, and the entire roster will be forced to choose a side!

The sounds of "No Rain" by Blind Melon cause the fans to immediately stop booing, and pop wildly as Harvey Danger steps out from the back wearing a winter jacket and already sweating profusely. Danger wipes the wetness from his forehead, smiling goofily as he runs down the ramp, clapping as many of the young fan's hands as he can. Danger slides into the ring and raises up his arms right in front of Colton Mace, who sneers back at him. Harvey finally takes the jacket off revealing that he is in his ring gear underneath thankfully.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Long Island, New York, he is the Impact championship #1 contender....HARVEY DANGER!!

Jim Gunt: I love this guy, Harvey! He's a riot.

Mike Rolash: You know what's a riot, Jim? How the hell you have maintained your job through all these years here in CWF.

Jim Gunt: Yeah. You're one to talk.

The match begins with Denny Davidson calling for the bell, and Harvey Danger immediately comes to the center of the ring to offer up a showing of good sportsmanship, raising his right hand for Mace to shake. Colton Mace just laughs back at him, before stinging him with a hard slap across the cheek. Danger shakes it off and comes right back at the Premiere, hitting him with a high dropkick. Harvey shows off incredible speed for someone just getting back into wrestling shape, getting right back up and hitting Mace with another dropkick that staggers him into the corner.

Jim Gunt: Harvey Danger starting off this bout quickly, Mike. All those long walks he's been taking lately have clearly paid off!

Mike Rolash: When are you going to take a walk?

Jim Gunt: I go for one every morning right before my shower, thank you.

Mike Rolash: *Phew* That one went right over your head.

Harvey Danger follows Mace over to the corner to attempt a right hand, but Colton Mace sidesteps him and throws him backfirst into the turnbuckle pads. The A-List Athlete beams in heavy knees to the gut and ribs of Danger, doubling him

over enough where he can lift him up to the top rope easily. Mace leaps up to land a european uppercut, and then proceeds to follow Harvey Danger up to the ropes. Placing a leg on each side of the middle ropes, he connects with a few more right hands to an already dazed Danger.

Finally Harvey Danger is in a prime position for Mace to climb up to the top rope, and he yanks up his opponent with him to leave both men standing dangerously above the ring! Colton Mace attempts to pull Danger up for a mega superplex, but Danger desperately hits him with a forearm, and then another. As both men stand on the ropes precariously, Harvey tests out the ropes with his boots before leaping into the air, his legs somehow wrapping around the shoulders as Mace as he flips over. FRANKEN-DANGER! The crowd goes wild as both men slap across the canvas, Harvey eventually crawls over and makes the cover.

Jim Gunt: Franken-Danger! Now THAT was some impact!

Referee: OOOONNEEE....TTTWWW-Kickout!

Jim Gunt: No! Just a two count there for Harvey Danger, but that was a hell of a move regardless.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, but I think you're discrediting Colton Mace a little bit here, Jimmy. Yeah he may have came up just short in his conquest for the CWF World Title at Golden Intentions, but Chaolin Sahn saw something in him. There is a reason he was of the first Eternals.

Jim Gunt: Well yeah, Colton basically forced his way into the group!

Slowly but surely, Harvey Danger and Colton Mace both make their way back to their feet, Danger a few seconds before leaving him enough time to prepare for his opponent's rise. Danger leaps up at him for the Exploding Lariat, but Mace twerks his body backwards amazingly, getting out of the attack with the Matrix evasion.

The two competitors now circle each other in the center of the ring, their eyes looking deep into their opponent's as if to look for their next move. Danger didn't see Mace's coming though, as he raises a boot up right into his bread-basket! Harvey Danger immediately crashes to the canvas, doubled over as he holds onto his recently punted midsection. Davidson admonishes Colton Mace, screaming at him that he may have to disqualify him for the offense. Mace reasons with the referee however, as the Florida fans show their disapproval booing his actions loudly.

Jim Gunt: Well, that was just wrong! Colton Mace should definitely be disqualified here.

Mike Rolash: Should be. But not everyone has the influence that Mace now has being one with the Trinity.

Mike Rolash: That's bullshit and you know it, Mike! It doesn't matter if Colton Mace is aligned with Chaolin Sahn or

Jaiden Rishel, rules are rules and he needs to abide by them!

Harvey Danger finally is able to accept the pain, pushing up on the canvas to try to get up to his knees. Before he can however, Colton Mace runs right at him, STAR STRUCK! Danger's skull bounces off the ring with a crunch, leaving Mace to roll him onto his back and go for the pin attempt.

Referee: OOOONNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....T-Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Ouch! That had to hurt, Mace just stomped in Harvey Danger's head like Gallagher bursts watermelons!

Mike Rolash: But Colton Mace is playing it smart here though, the Star Struck was not enough to put away Danger and now he is right back on the offensive.

Indeed, Colton Mace gets right back up to his feet and pulls Harvey up, lighting him up with a knife edge chop to the chest. A second one leaves Danger staggering, a third chop leaves him wobbling and nearly losing his footing. Harvey Danger holds onto the top rope to keep his balance, and as Mace runs in towards him catches his wits just in time to drop down and back body drop Colton Mace right over the top rope!

Jim Gunt: Colton Mace just went flying, Mike!

Riling up the fans inside the Ice Palace, Harvey Danger leaps up and down, stomping on the ring canvas to make a noise that is thundered back by the cheering audience. Danger now springs back against the ropes, using the momentum of the steel wiring to send him into a sprint. He soars through the top and middle ropes, suicide dive that takes Colton Mace and himself flying with a bullet into the barricade!

Jim Gunt: That was awesome! Suicide Dive from Harvey Danger, the ring veteran starting to pull this match in his favor.

Mike Rolash: Damn it, come on Mace!

As official Denny Davidson begins to count out both men outside the ring, Harvey Danger is the first to come to and quickly rolls Mace back into the battle zone. Danger re-enters himself, but is surprised as Mace recovers enough to sweep him off his feet and begin reigning down on him with right hands. Harvey Danger shoves the A-List Athlete off of him, and both warriors are back to their feet. Mace attempts a big boot but Danger ducks under, hitting Colton with a running reverse elbow as he turns back around!

With the match in his hands now, Harvey Danger looks out to the audience and gives them a motion that it's over. The fans love every minute of their hero, cheering Danger on as he pulls Colton Mace back up and prepares him for the

Danger DDT. Harvey Danger goes to run towards the ropes, but Mace shoves his shoulder into his gut instead. One more shoulder block completely stops the momentum of Danger, leaving Colton Mace able to somersault towards him, THE GREAT AMERICAN DREAM: THE SEQUEL! The Impaler leaves Danger crashing into the canvas, and seconds later Mace hooks both of his legs for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRREEEEEE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner of this match by pinfall....COLTON MACE!!

The fans boo the announcement as loud as they can, as "Crawling in the Dark" by Hoobastank starts back up over the speakers again. Zooming up to the entrance ramp, the mastermind Chaolin Sahn can be seen in all of his glory, smiling his signature sadistic smirk as he claps both of his hands together. Colton Mace stares straight at the him as he gets to his feet, nodding back at him in appreciation before he stomps down on Danger a few times, showing off one last time to Sahn. Mace then exits the ring to meet him up the ramp.

An Angry Farewell

Segment

We are at ringside with Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash as a new video flashes on the CWF Tron, capturing the attention of every fan in the crowd.

Damion Kirkson is shown on the screen, with a sledgehammer in hand. He is wearing street clothes, a black t-shirt and mesh shorts. He uses the hammer as a tool to smash down one of the arena's doors, forcing his entry back into the show.

Jim Gunt: Uh oh!

Mike Rolash: Uh oh is right! What the hell is that maniac doing back in here? Jaiden kicked him outta here for good!

Kirkson turns a corner and within moments he is staring at Rolash's dressing room with a grin.

SMASH. SMASH. CRASH.

Three hard knocks with the sledgehammer and the locker room door falls hard to the pavement below. Caught up in the moment, Damion Kirkson really seems to be enjoying himself.

Mike Rolash: Uh.....oh.

Jim Gunt: I hope you don't have anything valuable in there!

Mike Rolash: All that settlement money Jaiden just gave me is in there! Well, except for what I had already donated to charity.

Jim Gunt: Your bookie's name is Charity?

Mike Rolash: Shut up, Jim! This is a nightmare!

Kirkson begins rummaging through Rolash's belongings, throwing them on the floor and stepping on them. He finds a glass bottle of expensive cologne and smashes it on the ground below. He gathers Mike's expensive dress clothing, ripping and tearing the fabrics to shreds. All of Rolash's backstage belongings are thrown into a pile and Kirkson lights a match.

Mike Rolash: Security! Jaiden! Sahn! Somebody stop this maniac!

Kirkson winks at the camera as Rolash's things go up in flame. He turns his back and starts walking out of the door as the camera focuses for a moment on the back of his legs.

Announcing Halloween Themed Matches for Hellbound

Segment

The camera flashes to the office of CEO of Championship Wrestling Federation, Jaiden Rishel, himself. Tara Robinson can be seen knocking on the door of Rishel, and a loud "come in" can be heard from inside. She does just that, twisting the knob to enter his office where he leans back on his chair, both feet up on his oak desk.

Tara Robinson: You asked for some time to make an announcement, sir?

Jaiden smiles wickedly at the reference of him being called "sir".

Jaiden Rishel: Indeed I did, and I could have just came down to the ring and made this announcement, but why in the hell would I want to waste my time standing in front of all you ugly, worthless fans?

Inside the Ice Palace, the Florida fans can be heard booing their hearts out.

Jaiden Rishel: Haha, I mean seriously, I have much more important things to do than spend my time around a bunch of Tampa-ites. But, I do have several announcements I have to make as regards to our upcoming pay per view, October 29th's Hellbound. Firstly, after much consideration, I have decided that at that event we will be bringing back the CWF Tag Team championships. And because everyone knows Halloween is my favorite holiday of the year, I mean obviously or why else would I associate myself with Chaolin Sahn, we are going to put a little All Hallow's Eve spice to

Hellbound. Two matches will be Halloween themed. The first will see the newly re-instated Tag Team titles be put up for grabs in a Monster's Mash!

Tara raises an eyebrow at the CEO.

Jaiden Rishel: And what is a Monster's Mash, I'm sure you ask? Let me explain it to you. Imagine a tornado tag team match, falls count anywhere, with teams from CWF, the Academy, and maybe even elsewhere all fighting it out to a one fall to a finish war. That's exactly what Monster's Mash is.

Tara Robinson: Wow, sounds impressive.

Jaiden flashes a look of anger in her direction.

Jaiden Rishel: Don't ever interrupt me again, or your fine ass will be back hooking it on the streets. As I said, there will be two Halloween themed matches at Hellbound. The second one may be even more interesting as it will be CWF's take on the classic feast or fired matchup. Because at Hellbound you will bare witness to the first ever Trick or Treat Match! Four poles erected from each turnbuckle, where at the very top four giant Halloween bags will be hung down. Each of the four bags will contain either a trick or a treat, and no one but me, myself, and I will know what it is in those bags until they are pulled down! Haha, I'm a genius.

Tara Robinson *cough*OkayRusso*cough*

Jaiden Rishel: You better get that cough checked out. Anyway, once a bag is pulled down, that competitor will have to go to the back and will be "eliminated" from the match. After all four bags are down, the contents will be revealed immediately after backstage. The competitors in both the Trick or Treat and the Monster's Mash matchups will be officially announced next week on Evolution!

Tara smiles at the CEO, forcefully.

Tara Robinson: Sounds great. Jim, Mike, back to you.

Ataxia vs. Dangerous Dan

Segment

"Die Die Die My Darling" by Metallica plays and the crowd immediately turns to a sea of echoing cheers, knowing that the Messiah Pariah seconds away from stepping out from the curtain. Every fan is up on their feet to welcome back the Scarecrow, the former CWF World Heavyweight Champion as Ataxia makes his way onto the ramp. He undoes the zipper to his mask, flashing a blood red grin before finally making it to the ring.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia looks absolutely determined here tonight, Mike!

Mike Rolash: How can you tell what he looks like with that garbage bag over his face??

The opening guitar riffs of "Nightmare" by Avenged Sevenfold begin to flood the airwaves and Dangerous Dan appears on the entrance ramp with a sadistic smile. He waves a kendo stick in his hand, extending it out and pointing it at Ataxia in the ring.

Jim Gunt: I will have to remind you folks, this match has been turned into a No Disqualification affair!

Mike Rolash: And it does not appear that Dangerous Dan has forgotten the rules!

Dan slides into the ring, kendo stick in hand. He charges in at Ataxia, crunching the wood right into the outer side of Ataxia's thigh. Ataxia bounces around the ring for a moment before flashing a smile back at Dan. Dan hits him with the kendo stick again, this time on the shoulder, knocking Ataxia off his feet. Ataxia sticks his tongue out, taunting Dan, before the Dangerous One lands another home run shot right at Ataxia's head!

Mike Rolash: Dan is just taking it to Ataxia here!

Jim Gunt: But that sadistic son of a gun, Ataxia... it looks like he's enjoying it!

Sure enough, Ataxia gets back to his feet laughing. Dan swings in for another thunderous shot, but this time the Messiah Pariah ducks out of the way like a dart. A spin kick lands hard into the midsection of Dan, knocking him backwards. Ataxia lunges forward with a vicious clothesline, knocking Dangerous Dan down and forcing his head to hit hard on the bottom turnbuckle. Ataxia beats his chest, playing to the crowd, before forcing Dan to 'Learn His Lesson' with several stiff kicks in the corner turnbuckle!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia was just playing him!

Ataxia relents from his assault momentarily, and Dan responds with a desperate uppercut below the belt. The Messiah Pariah topples to the ground, clutching his nether regions.

Mike Rolash: Game over!

Dan gets Ataxia to his feet, a swift elbow to the bridge of the nose before connecting with the 'Dangerous Path' springboard tornado DDT in the corner! The crowd responds with boos as Dangerous Dan makes the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE...TTTWW-Kickout!

Already clearly frustrated, Dan attempts another cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE...Kickout!

Dangerous Dan tries to pick Ataxia up again, but this time he is ready. He grabs the arm of Dan, wrenching back and dragging him down to the mat. Dan locks up Ataxia, Ataxia reverses positioning, and with a snap... Dan is sent flying overhead with the ER Stat, a German suplex into the turnbuckle post!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia is showcasing all of his signature moves tonight!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, but my infinite wrestling expertise says that Dangerous Dan is about to win this one handily!

Jim Gunt: Your infinite wrestling expertise?

Mike Rolash: ...Need I remind you which one of us has more official Golden Intentions eliminations?

Both wrestlers are back to their feet again, but this time Ataxia has the kendo stick. Shrieks of laughter come from the Messiah Pariah as sickening welts are left all over the skin of our newest Eternal. The crowd responds frantically with every cringe-worthy strike. Ataxia does not relent, bringing the fight to Dangerous Dan. Desperate and backed into the wall again, Dan goes for a shoulder tackle, crashing into Ataxia as they both roll out of the ring and fall to the mat below.

Jim Gunt: Both of these guys look absolutely spent already, and the match just started!

Mike Rolash: Please. Dan was probably exhausted just from all the time it took to prepare his face paint!

Dangerous Dan is quick to dig under the ring for weaponry, choosing a steel black chair. Ataxia heads him off, another kick to the gut before implanting Dan's head hard into the unforgiving steel! The crowd erupts! Ataxia is under the ring in a flash, fishing out another steel chair. With a smile, Ataxia drives the second chair down hard onto Dan's skull in a gruesome display, sandwiching his head between the two chairs.

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

Mike Rolash: You know, this guy is a real nut.

Ataxia picks up the limp body of Dangerous Dan for a moment, just long enough to send him crashing up and over the steel grate ring steps. He races back over to him, as the Messiah Pariah tosses Dan at Gunt and Rolash. Dangerous Dan is positioned right on top of the announcers table now as Ataxia climbs back up on the apron, eyeing the turnbuckle. He ascends his way to the top in an instant, pointing back down at the prone Dangerous One. The crowd is awestruck as Ataxia flies through the air in a picture perfect 450 Splash -- the 'Fall of Angels' through the table onto Dangerous Dan!

Jim Gunt: By God, that was incredible!

Both men lay in a sickening heap of wood and twisted metal, nearing of them moving an inch. Seconds pass, but it is as if time stands still. The collective mouth of the crowd gaping wide.

HOLY SHIT HOLY SHIT HOLY SHIT!

In fact, despite all the punishment he has endured so far, it is Dangerous Dan who stirs first. He manages to get to his feet momentarily, stumbling onto the apron before rolling back into the ring. Perhaps to retreat from Ataxia, who is still clutching his chest at the feet of the commentary team after his high risk maneuver.

Mike Rolash: I think that move hurt Ataxia just as much as it did Dan!

Jim Gunt: Yeah, but it looks like Dan is out on his feet here. He has no idea where he's at!

Ataxia is up on his feet and quickly in pursuit of Dan. He attempts to get in the ring, but Dan is playing possum and hangs his neck on the top rope! With swift moment, Dan jerks Ataxia back through the ropes, landing a cruel Twist of Fate in the middle of the ring! He goes for the cover!

Referee: OOOONNEEEE...TTTWWOOOOOOOOO...NO!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia has just enough left to kick out there!

Mike Rolash: But its just the beginning of the ENDD for Ataxia! See what I did there, Jim? Two D's, baby!

The two men are flat on the mat. Completely spent from another classic CWF confrontation. The tension is high. Both men struggle to get to a vertical base almost simultaneously. They both lunge forward with vicious, brutal right hands. They trade off horrific punches, neither one willing to back down. Dan attempts a spinning back fist. Ataxia ducks. Ataxia comes in wildly with a rising uppercut. Dan dodges. They both bounce off the ropes, colliding hard in the middle

of the ring with twin clothesline attempts!

Mike Rolash: These two could fight all night!

A loud chorus of boos begin as Chaolin Sahn begins to make his way down the ramp, flanked by the Kancers of CWF -- Tristan and Rayne. Behind Sahn lurks "The Premiere" Colton Mace as the Eternals lumber their way to the ring.

Jim Gunt: God damn it, god damn it all! This was just a set up! We should have known this all along, the Eternals are out here to put an end to Ataxia's antics once and for all!

Ataxia comes to his senses, perhaps realizing the brevity of the situation and slides out of the ring. He aches his way over to the bend and battered steel chairs. He picks one up in each hand and stands there defiantly dual-wielding his weapons as the army of Eternals approach him.

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

The Eternals act like they hardly acknowledge Ataxia's presence as they slide into the ring, all business. Dan is still laid out on the mat as Tristan and Rayne inexplicably start burying their boots into the guts of the Dangerous One! Sahn steps in, picking Dan up over his head and slamming him back down with a sick and brutal Torture Rack Driver!

Jim Gunt: What the-- ? I don't get it! What the hell are they doing! I don't get it at all!

Mike Rolash: So I guess Dan didn't join the Eternals after all!

Jim Gunt: He did! I seen it! We all seen it! The facepaint, the mark! What is Sahn thinking here?!

The four Eternals beat down Dangerous Dan in the middle of the ring, a vile and disgusting display. Punches, boots. Elbows, eye pokes, groin shots, you name it. As the Eternals lay waste to their enemy, Ataxia stands outside the ring watching on. The match still was not over, but even Ataxia knew better to interrupt whatever Chaolin Sahn and his army of the damned had planned here. Cut open and decimated, Dan's body is lifted high in the air, arms in a cross, driven down to the mat with an explosive 'Chaos and the Crown' powerbomb.

Jim Gunt: This is disgusting!

Mike Rolash: I don't know, I liked them better before Dan was part of the group anyhow...

Sahn lets out a bitter laugh as he reaches into the folds of a pocket. A clink is heard with a flutter of light as a pair of spiked brass knuckles hit the mat below him, just inches away from the head of Dangerous Dan.

Chaolin Sahn: We welcome you back, Ataxia, but we know you have rust. This? A parting gift. Finish the job if you must.

Sahn drops to a knee and rolls out of the ring. His devout followers quickly join him as they scurry up the ramp like rats.

Jim Gunt: What the hell did that mean??

Mike Rolash: Maybe Sahn would rather recruit Ataxia than Dan. I can't say I blame him!

Now we have Ataxia outside the ring, still grasping the two steel chairs. Dangerous Dan is bloodied, beaten and completely decimated in the middle of the ring. Ataxia slides in, casually making a cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRREEEEEE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner of this match by pinfall....ATAXIA!!

Ataxia looks up the ramp as the Eternals look back at him. Colton Mace takes a few steps back towards the ring, staring down Ataxia.

Colton Mace: Finish the job, damn it!

The Messiah Pariah looks down at Dan. Then to the knuckles. Then to Dan. Then to the knuckles before finally bending down to pick them up. Ataxia flashes a blood red smile back at the Eternals, lifting the knuckles up to his mouth and licking them clean.

The crowd loves it. Ataxia winks at Colton Mace.

HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA

Everything fades to black.

Earlier That Night

Segment

Dangerous Dan is shown backstage, stretching and preparing for his match against Ataxia. He sports the Maker's Mark on his face, smiling momentarily before he is pushed hard against the locker room wall. It is Crazy Chris, his brother, that initiates the confrontation.

Crazy Chris: What the hell do you think you're doing out there?? What is THIS??

Chris takes a swat at his brothers head, smearing the newly designed facepaint.

Dangerous Dan: You just don't get it, man, do you?

Crazy Chris: Get it? Get it!? What don't I get? That you are so ready and willing to spit all over our family's legacy? Haven't Mom and Dad taught you anything?

Dangerous Dan: Yeah, they taught me not to pass up opportunities when they present themselves. Sahn always says it, look beyond what is obvious and you will see the truth. Look beyond the face paint and you will still see the same Dan. Colton Mace joined Chaolin Sahn, bam, main event. World title opportunity. Danny B joined Chaolin Sahn, and bam, he became a World champion. Main event. Hall of Famer. Golden Intentions winner, you name it.

Crazy Chris: So you're looking for the easy way to the top?

Dangerous Dan: No, I'm looking for the ONLY way to the top. You don't get it. I haven't changed a bit. Sahn always talks about blind mice and people not seeing what he sees. Well, you need to see what I see. I see a delusional madman in a position of power. I change my facepaint and bam, I am a part of their elusive group. I get the title matches, I get the opportunities! Do I believe in Sahn's cultish, demon incarnate bullshit? Not a chance. But as soon as I get out there and make a name for myself, I can cast these fiends aside. I can turn my back on them like Jarvis King did years ago... and it propelled Jarvis King into the spotlight to become a CWF World Heavyweight Champion and eventually a Hall of Famer. That is what I want, Chris!

Crazy Chris: Just be careful, man. I don't want to see anything happen to you.

Dangerous Dan: Careful? Nah, not careful. The name is Dangerous, on the edge. That is the life I lead.

The two brothers walk away, sharing an embrace. As their shadows pass, two lurking figures are spotted on the other side of the room. Tristan and Rayne, the Kancers of CWF.

Rayne Kancer: He he... It looks like we have a cancer amongst our ranks.

Tristan Kancer: And that cancer must be eradicated.

Scene fades to black.

Ripper From Home

Segment

Jim Gunt: Well, ladies and gentlemen, I have the privilege of interviewing the man who won the Golden Intentions match and the man that will be challenging Elijah for the CWF Championship at Hellbound. Please welcome, joining us from his home in Brighton, England, CWF Hall of Famer, "The Ripper" Danny B.

The camera shot switches to that of The Ripper, attired in a slick black Gucci suit, sat in an armchair within his home, a table sits beside him, trademark tumbler resting upon it.

Jim Gunt: Thank you for joining us today Danny. First of all I want to congratulate you for winning the Golden Intentions match.

Danny B: Thanks Jim, great to finally add one to my already rather fucking impressive resume.

Jim Gunt: Now, let us get the elephant in the room out of the way. Many of us, myself included, would have assumed you would be here to celebrate your victory live in person. Is there a reason you have stayed at home this week?

Danny B: That is a benefit of my status there Jimmy boy. As I am not contracted to the CWF, nor do I intend to be, I have the option of choosing as and when I show up. I have nothing to be at that arena for, so I am not. Do you think those people deserve to have me there? I did what I needed to do, and I am not one for pandering to the crowd or that idiot trifecta of jackass' that currently run the place.

Jim Gunt: Always handy to insult the bosses. So, does that mean we will not be seeing you again until your championship match?

Danny B: Jim, mate, let's stop this already. We all know I do what the fuck I please. What are those assholes gonna do? Fire me? Come on now. They take away my title shot they stop selling tickets for that damn Pay Per View, they know it and I know it. As for when I'll be back. I have heard word that some believe I got lucky in the GI match, so I will be back in the ring next week, live and in living colour to show everyone just what I am capable of between those ropes.

Jim Gunt: With that said, you could see this as a warm up to Hellbound. How are you feeling about your impending match for the championship, and it's current holder Elijah?

Danny B: I appreciate any man that wishes to do a favour for another, and Elijah keeping the title warm whilst I take a

much deserved break from it is very kind of him. But let us make one thing very clear. He won that championship under false pretenses, the world may believe he earned his shot, earned this accolade that has eluded him for so long, but he has not.

I am not going to sit here and claim fairness as an excuse, because I am the best motherfucking wrestler in the world and to do so would only devalue myself as a man and as a competitor. No, what I will do is show Elijah just how far I have come from that little boy he knew way back when, and I will show Elijah what happens when you step in the ring with the deity of destruction himself. He won't be seeing me from the comfort of his hospital bed.

Jim Gunt: You believe in yourself then? We would all like to know however, if you were to beat Elijah, what does that mean for the company? Without being tied down to a contract, are you not free to take the belt wherever you see fit?

Danny B: Honestly? Don't know, don't care. I have no intentions of mavericking myself around the globe. I've done that. I have honour and respect for that title, another reason I need to remove it from the paper champion. I have no links or ties to Chaolin Sahn and his power game, or indeed for his band of merry fucking misfits. But the belt, the brand... that's a whole different story. J.Rish built this place and gave me a home, this home helped me build my craft and eventually become the most sought after athlete in the world. For the honour of Rish, and the men and women that have held this belt in the past, with a few exceptions mind you, I will stay and defend the belt in CWF and only CWF.

Jim Gunt: Thank you Danny, there is one last thing I want to ask you. What happens to you if you do not beat Elijah at Hellbound?

Danny B: I put the official in a morgue. Because that is the only way that Elijah will defeat me is a bad call from the ref, or that hopped up mental patient he calls a girlfriend. In a fair and clean fight however? Elijah doesn't have the skill to lick my boot properly. However, in humour, I will answer the correct question you failed to pose.

When I am tired of obliterating the CWF roster, yes I will eventually step down. My full time days are behind me. I will treat the championship with all the honour it deserves, but if the time comes that I am no longer champion, I see no reason to put myself through the rigmarole that Sunset Inc would put me through, considering they can't pay my fee anyway. Do you know that I am taking a third of my asking price simply because of the history I have with this company? Do you realise that without me graciously taking less money for my Hellbound appearance, they wouldn't have a main event? So, when it comes, I won't be here. But I am never not in the shadows, and anyone who gets too big for their boots would do well to remember that. This is and will always be my show, whatever that cunt Sahn says.

Jim Gunt: That has reminded me, one last if you don't mind. During the final run of CWF, you became commissioner of the brand by becoming majority shareholder. It has been stated that you no longer have power within the brand. How did this come to be?

Danny B: Ask my lawyers. Sunset and company actually don't have the power they think they do. But that's what you get when you have three idiots with tiny dicks in power I guess. I'd be threatened by me too. I am still majority

shareholder, even if baby Rishel is trying to erase his father.

Jim Gunt: Thank you Danny, and good luck at Hellbound.

Danny B: Thank you.

Dan Highlander vs. Tristan Kancer

Segment

Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one fall and is a non title, singles match! Introducing first...

"Rape Me" by Nirvana blasts over the speakers, and a sea of boos melt across the Ice Palace as Tristan Kancer steps out from behind the curtain first, flanked by not only his sister Rayne Kancer, but the united front of Chaolin Sahn, Jaiden Rishel, and Colton Mace. The Eternals all stand together at the top of the ramp soaking in all the hatred from the Florida fans, before Sahn mouths something to Tristan and they all head for the ring. He is the first to enter, holding the ropes down for his fellow stablemates to come in behind him.

Ray Douglas: First, from Detroit, Michigan, he represents The Eternals....TRISTAN KANCER!!

Mike Rolash: Tristan Kancer, looking incredibly confident tonight, is he not?

Jim Gunt: Of course he is, and why wouldn't he when he is flanked to the hills with the most demonic, most destructive stable in CWF history? I just wish these guys knew how to fight their own battles, they have ruined Evolution enough already!

Mike Rolash: Oh, you love it!

As the Eternals continue to taunt the jeering audience, "Let the Hammer Fall" by Hammerfall suddenly breaks over the sound system. A resounding cheer comes from all around him as Dan Highlander steps out, CWF Impact championship proudly strung across his shoulder. Highlander nods at the crowd and raises his right hand high in the air, taking it all in as pyros shoot off from each side of the ramp. The Hammer slowly heads down the ramp, keeping his eyes squarely planted on the group inside the ring. He walks around, handing his title to the timekeeper before heading up the steel steps to enter.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Canberra, Australia, he is the Impact champion, the Hammer....DAN HIGHLANDER!!

Jim Gunt: The Hammer, baybay! If there is anyone who can put a foil to the Eternals plans tonight, it's the Hammer!

Mike Rolash: I think you're mixing up Hammertime with Ice, Ice Baby, with the baybay thing.

Jim Gunt: Could be. I was never much into ninety's white boy wannabe-rap, if I'm being honest.

Highlander and Kancer come to the center of the ring at Clark Summits call, the official checking both men before ringing the bell to begin the bout. They both lock up immediately, the two men testing each other out as they twerk they outstretched arms, trying to muscle the other one down to their knees. Highlander is able to turn it into a headlock, wrapping his right arm around Kancer and squeezing as hard as he can. The Kancer of CWF is easily able to push him out however, the momentum sending Dan Highlander into the ropes and right back into a leaping clothesline from Tristan Kancer.

Kancer grabs Dan Highlander by the head as he gets back to his feet, using his feet arm to stiff him across the face with a side elbow. The Hammer shoots right back with an elbow of his own though, before turning three sixty to hit a spinning back fist. The Impact champion now sending Tristan Kancer into the ropes, awaiting his arrival before turning him inside out with a tilt-a-whirl backbreaker! Highlander goes for a quick cover.

Referee: OONNNNEEE...Kickout!

Jim Gunt: The Hammer with the quick cover here, knowing that Kancer has yet to be put down, but looking to wear him down regardless.

Mike Rolash: That's not going to work, the Eternal's have conditioned Kancer to be a premiere athlete. Whether your like it or not Jimmy, you and the entire CWF needs to realize the inevitable, the Kancer is Terminal.

Jim Gunt: You may be right, him and Rayne, along with the rest of the Eternals, certainly have their grasp over the company at the present moment.

Tristan Kancer easily kicks out of the cover, the match still only in it's early stages, but Highlander smiles as he brings him back to his feet, chopping him across the chest several times, backing him up into the corner. The Hammer smiles as he eyes up the Eternals, who look on frantically on the outside, before climbing up the ropes to reign down right hands to the skull of Kancer. Highlander took too much time getting to the top however, as Kancer catches him on the way up and walks him to the center of the ring, a stinging spinebuster landing him hard on his back!

Flicking Highlander onto his stomach, Kancer uses his right knee and places it squarely into the spine of his opponent. Tristan Kancer presses down hard, causes Highlander to squirm in pain as he holds back on both of his arms and pulls back, even more pressure being put on the spine. Finally Kancer lets go on his own accord, leaving Highlander to try to recover on the mat, but not leaving him nearly enough time as he lifts him right back to his feet. Kancer hits a front kick to the Hammer, before zinging him back to the canvas with a spinning suplex! The Kancer of the Eternals hooks the leg of Highlander, going for the cover.

Referee: OONNNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO-Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Near fall there for Tristan Kancer, with an impressive spinning suplex.

Mike Rolash: That has to make the Tormented Soul happy.

Jim Gunt: I'm sure he'd be even more happy if it got Kancer the victory, however.

Mike Rolash: No shit, sherlock.

Tristan Kancer looks over at the referee, shaking his head but as he looks over at Chaolin Sahn, immediately re-focuses and brings Highlander back up, another and more devastating Spinning Suplex this time. Kancer doesn't go for the cover this time though, instead dragging the Hammer to the corner and laying him across the bottom rope, stomping a mudhole in the Impact champion. Kancer stops momentarily as the Tampa fans begin to boo him aloud, but he goes right back to the attack, stomping Highlander a few more times before placing his boot right across his throat, choking the life right out of him.

Jim Gunt: That is NOT legal!

Mike Rolash: Neither is half the shit in your internet browser history, but that's another story for another day.

Jim Gunt: Excuse me?

Grinding his boot into the neck of Dan Highlander, Kancer turns his body around violently to give the Hammer some "good vibrations", that aren't so good after all. He finally peels the grounded Highlander off the canvas, placing both of his outstretched legs across the middle ropes. Holding his head under his armpit, Kancer nods to the Tormented Soul on the outside of the ring, and slams Highlander down to the canvas with a twisted Inverted DDT! Tristan Kancer drags Highlander away from the ropes, hooking both of damaged Impact champion to go for the cover.

Referee: OONNNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO...TTTHHHRR--NOO! Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Thank god, Dan Highlander barely got out there!

Mike Rolash: So much for unbiased journalism, huh?

Jim Gunt: I'm sorry Mike, the Eternals need to get what's coming to them and I would love to see Highlander get his

revenge tonight and show Sahn and his maniacs that they don't have COMPLETE control of CWF.

Showing a bit of frustration, Kancer slaps the mat and flashes a look of anger at the official Clark Summits. Jaiden Rishel can be heard outside of the ring yelling at the referee also, the distraction leaving Highlander enough time to get to his feet. He sneaks in behind the Eternal's Kancer and take the legs right out from under him with a sweep.

He immediately goes for a leg lock but quickly transitions it as Tristan Kancer begins to squirm out, instead turning his body weight towards the top of Kancer, pulling his head in for the CANBERRA CROSSFACE! The Eternals are livid on the outside of the ring, going crazy as Dan Highlander has Kancer in the center of the ring, perfectly placed in the submission maneuver that has tapped out dozens of the best CWF has had to offer before him.

Jim Gunt: Canberra Crossface! It's gotta be over here.

Mike Rolash: No way in hell. Kancer's got this Jimmy, there's no way he's going to let the Eternals down with all that's at stake here.

Jim Gunt: I don't know, he's trying his best to get to the ropes, but it looks like he's about out, Mike!

With his hands wrapped around the chin and face of Tristan Kancer, the Hammer pulls back with all his might. The Canberra Crossface, a devastating submission move that has Kancer squirming in agony. Echoes of cheers come at the anticipation of a tap out, but Kancer does all he can to try to make it towards the ropes, to his salvation. He can only move an inch or two however, as Highlander has the submission absolutely sank in. Kancer looks to tap out, but out of nowhere Chaolin Sahn stomps the hell out of Dan Highlander!

Jim Gunt: What the hell!

Mike Rolash: Haha! Yes!

Now Colton Mace, Jaiden Rishel, and Rayne Kancer join the Firefly, all four of them reigning down boots to the body of the Impact champion as Clark Summits calls for the bell repeatedly.

Ray Douglas: Your winner of this match by disqualification....DAN HIGHLANDER!!

Tristan Kancer rolls to the corner, a look of anguish on his face, but a smile slowly coming across it as the entire Eternals stable lift up the lifeless Dan Highlander and offer him up to the Kancer of CWF. GENOCIDE! The modified Russian Leg Sweep leaves Highlander leveled, but they are not done with him yet. Chaolin Sahn lifts him up onto his shoulders, CHAOS AND THE CROWN! Jaiden Rishel has a microphone now, ordering Colton Mace to lift Highlander off the canvas to hear his message. Mace reluctantly agrees.

Jaiden Rishel: Highlander, you fool, you'll never learn...will you? You do not oppose the un-opposable. You cannot win this fight, my friend. This is no longer J. Rish's CWF, as I'm sure you have realized by now, Chaolin and myself are running the show now.

Jaiden smacks the unconscious Highlander right across the face. The fans boo vehemently.

Jaiden Rishel: You see Danny boy, I had planned to put you up against Harvey Danger one on one at the October 29th pay per view, Hellbound. But, now...haha. I think I have much better plans. Let's get the ball rolling a little quicker, shall we? Let's see how ready you are to carry CWF on your shoulders, Dan Highlander. Because at the next Evolution you will defend your Impact championship against Harvey Danger...AND Tristan Kancer!

A momentary pop from the crowd at the announcement of the monumental title match for next Evolution, but they once again go back to booing as Rishel slaps Highlander once more. The Eternals stand over their heroic Impact champion, raising their arms to taunt the angry crowd even more as the picture fades out.

Here To Wish You Luck

Segment

Walking down the backstage corridor with the CWF World championship strapped around his waist, Elijah looks completely in the zone as he makes his way towards closer and closer to the entrance to the rampway. Cutting him off at the underpass is his partner for this evening and one of his two opponents at Hellbound, Harley Hodge. Hodge smiles as Elijah nearly walks right into him, the Enigma stares at the veteran with open suspicion as he does not yet know his intentions.

Harley Hodge: Calm down friend, I'm just here to wish you good luck out there tonight.

Harley raises a right hand in offerance to Elijah. He reluctantly shakes it, and Hodge immediately pulls him in.

Harley Hodge: I'd tell you to go break a leg, but I want you to be at your 100% best for our matchup at Hellbound.

Elijah: Indeed, I will be. I trust you will be at the top of your game as well, you cannot serve such a lengthy career in this business without being ready for any battle.

Hodge nods, letting go of his grasp on Elijah.

Harley Hodge: Speaking of battles, we have a hell of a strange one tonight, don't we?

Elijah nods back.

Elijah: You are correct in that statement, but there is always more than what meets the eye, especially when it comes to Chaolin Sahn and his merry men of fools the Eternals. Him and Jarvis have been the most bitter of rivals, but they have also worked together in the past. We need to be vigilant tonight, set our sights on those two tonight before what is sure to be a memorable championship match at Hellbound.

Harley Hodge: A masterclass.

Hodge smiles at Elijah, patting him on the back gently as he laughs just a little.

Harley Hodge: Alright man, I'll see you out there later tonight then, I'm glad we had this discussion. First we take care of King and Sahn, and then we prepare to go to Hell.

Elijah nods.

Elijah: Be seeing you.

With that, the two part ways and go in opposite directions.

All A Part Of The Plan

Segment

The camera cut backstage where we find Kaylan El. The luscious Britain was leaning against the cold concrete wall. Her right leg was cocked up slightly. Her foot planted on the surface. She was filing her nails as she paid no attention to the camera. A soft whistle came from off camera and caught her attention. She smirked as she turned toward the source.

Kaylan El: About time you showed up. For a moment I thought you weren't coming Luv.

A man walked into view. A man that towered over her. Long, dark, and wet hair cascade over his face from under the hood of his jacket. A devilish smirk showed through his tresses. He reached out and ran his fingers through her hair.

Silas Kincaid: Nah Lass ye ken I ain't lettin' ye have all th' fun.

A soft chuckle exited his lips. Kaplan rolled her eyes and shook her head before leaning into his touch slightly.

Kaylan El: It's all part of the plan Silas.

Silas raised a brow.

Silas Kincaid: Plan? Was losin' tae th' Kancer Lass part o' yer plan?

Kaylan tapped his lips with the tips of her fingers.

Kaylan El: Shhh... A small hiccup nothing more. Believe me Luv. CWF is ripened with the seeds of chaos, deception, and paranoia. Not that this place has not always had it's fair share of...

Silas gently cover her mouth.

Silas Kincaid: Ye speak o' chaos. I don't care Kay. Chaos is a life form all it's own. I don't care about chaos. My whole life I've been good at tree tin's. Those are fightin', drinkin', and fuckin'.

At the mention of the three talents Kaylan's eyes lit up. She pushed his hand from her lips.

Kaylan El: I know Silas. I know.

Silas Kincaid: So ye tell me which o' those tree...

He winked at her.

Silas Kincaid: Will I be doin' taenight?

Kaylan licked her lips suggestively.

Kaylan El: Fighting.. There will be plenty of that. Drinking. Oh that can be easily arranged. As far as fucking as you put it...

She planted a light kiss on his lips.

Kaylan El: There will be plenty of time for that. First you got to let the people watching know who you are.

Silas now noticed the camera.

Silas Kincaid: I am Silas Kincaid. And I love tae fight. And I'm th' type o' man who don't care who ye are. I don't care who ye represent or who yer against... One arse is as good tae kick as another. And win, lose, or draw... One way or another yer gonna ken that yer in that fight. I am here..

Silas looked at Kaylan and winked again.

Silas Kincaid: We're here tae get what we deserve... Ye see our whole careers we've been told we're not good enough. That we May just not have what it takes fo' th' main-event picture. Well... Tis yer wake up call. Welcome tae th' risin'. Welcome tae th' revolution. Welcome tae th' rebirth o' tae people forged by fate. Destined tae be th' voices o' th' voiceless. We're here tae make CWF great again. We're here tae join our souls tae th' drive o' the CWF fans. We're here tae take back OUR CWF!

Silas reached over and squeezed Kaylan's round backside. She just smirked and shook her head.

Kaylan El: That's exactly right. In the meantime. We'll allow those who think they run things to do... Just that.. Think they run things. Enjoy the ride.

Kaylan shoved the camera away and the two depart, disappearing around a corner.

The King Has Arrived

Segment

We go backstage, where a large, double door reading "WRESTLER'S ENTRANCE" stands dormant.

Jim Gunt: What the hell is this?

Mike Rolash: Well, it looks like we're awaiting the arrival of someone...

Jim Gunt: Of who? The main event is next!

Mike Rolash: Well...

Before Rolash can reply, the door swings open, revealing Jarvis King. He, once again, is fully dressed for his match, but is clearly just arriving as he rolls his suitcase behind him, and puts the keys to his rental car into the pocket of his black hoodie.

Mike Rolash: Jarvis King is here!

Jim Gunt: What the hell is this? I've gotta be here hours in advance and this bum shows up last minute!

Mike Rolash: Jarvis King - a former CWF champion, and CWF Hall of Famer has arrived.

Jim Gunt: Would you shut up, Mike? I want someone to deal with the fact that this is simply unfair! Jarvis King shouldn't be showing up so damn late for these shows.

Mike Rolash: Well, I think that King feels that he doesn't belong in the CWF locker room.

Jim Gunt: What utter bullshit! He's here to do a job and he should have to show up like anyone else.

Mike Rolash: Well, why don't you tell him that?

Jim Gunt: Well...I...have to be here at ringside, Mike. I wouldn't want to leave you alone; we'd get thrown off the air.

Jarvis rounds a corner, the camera following him. He comes across a few stage hands, sitting around a few crates. One of them stands and gestures off behind King.

Stage Hand: Hey Jarvis. The locker room is back that way.

Jarvis King shakes his head, and pushes his suitcase into the stage hand's chest. He flicks his hair back, exhales, and walks on towards the entrance to the arena, a determined look in his eye.

Mike Rolash: Well...our main event is next!

Tag Team Match- Elijah & Harley Hodge vs. Jarvis King & Chaolin Sahn

Segment

"Cult of Personality" blares over the speakers, sending the fans into an absolute frenzy. A few moments past with no movement, finally the Internet Icon steps out from behind the curtain, barely able to be seen through the smoke protruding from the pyros shooting off all over the rampway. Jarvis King stands still for a few seconds as the smoke clears, a smile plastered across his face as he does his trademark stance.

Mike Rolash: The Internet Icon is here!

Jim Gunt: Yeah, after he just got arrived to the arena what...ten minutes ago?

Mike Rolash: That's still bothering you, I see.

He makes his way slowly down the ramp, saying "allright!" aloud, before high-fiving a couple of young fans. King says hello to Jim Gunt and flicks off Mike Rolash, laughing to himself as he heads into the squared circle.

Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one fall, under tag team rules, and is tonight's maaaain event! Introducing first, from Halifax, Nova Scotia....JARVIS KING!!

The lights dim nearly out, leaving just a red tint to the stage. "Sound of Sulfur" by The Bled starts up and the mastermind behind the Cyndicate, the Trinity, and now the Eternals, Chaolin Sahn, steps out from behind the curtain. The evil warlord stands with his trademark draped hood over his face, but before long pulls it off to reveal a sadistic grin across his face. He slowly saunters down the rampway, an already eventful night behind him, but ready to inflict some more pain. Sahn grabs ahold of the middle rope, his eyes not leaving his "partner" Jarvis King as he pulls himself up the apron and into the ring.

Ray Douglas: And his partner in this tag team match, from Tokyo, Japan....CHAOLIN SAHN!!

Jim Gunt: Been an incredible night for the Eternals stable already, now Sahn himself must go into battle.

Mike Rolash: The Firefly's got this match in the bag, as long as Jarvis don't stab him in the back again.

Chaolin Sahn and Jarvis King, the most bitter of rivals and at times the best of friends, stare a hole right through each other as "Under a Glass Moon" by Dream Theater interrupts. The rhythm brings Harley Hodge out from the backstage area, brightening the audience from Sahn's previous entrance as they immediately cheer aloud. Harley nods at them and raises his hands in the air, before heading towards the ring, more than ready for the huge match ahead of him, as he has been through many wars throughout his massively lengthy CWF career.

Ray Douglas: Introducing their opponents. First, from Brooklyn, New York....HARLEY HODGE!!

Jim Gunt: The great Harley Hodge, damn this guy's awesome!

Mike Rolash: What the hell is so awesome about him, Jim? The fact that there's actually someone older than you still in CWF?

Jim Gunt: You're a dick, you know that?

The lights dim slowly as “Sophia” by the Cruxshadows beams over the sound system, Little Miss O, Omega first skips out from behind the curtain throwing black roses into the fans. Finally, the silhouette of the CWF World Heavyweight champion can be seen through the pyros shooting off from each side of him. Elijah stands motionless for a few seconds, before raising his head to look straight into the camera. The Enigma hovers his way down the ramp, his love by his side as she waits halfway down the ramp for him. The two of them make their way to the ring, the fans screaming a loud “ELIJAH!” chant as they enter. Elijah immediately bypasses both Sahn and King, walking to his corner to have a discussion with his partner for tonight and opponent for Hellbound, Harley Hodge.

Ray Douglas: And his partner, from York, England, he is the current World champion....ELIJAH!!

Jim Gunt: The World champ looks very focused tonight, Mike!

Mike Rolash: As well as he should be, he’s going to have to have eyes in the back of his head in this one. Not only is Chaolin Sahn looking to get rid of him and take the championship back to the Eternals at all cost, but he has a returning Jarvis King who is always looking for the gold, and Harley Hodge who will headline Hellbound along with Elijah and Danny B for said title!

While Elijah and Harley Hodge calmly discuss the match ahead and who will begin the match for their team, on the other side of the ring the conversation is not so casual. Actually, not much of a conversation at all as Jarvis King and Chaolin Sahn stand but a foot or two away from each other, already going eye to eye. King pushes Sahn towards the corner, but Sahn pushes him in the chest right back. Jarvis breaks his serious glare with just a flash of a smile, before heading onto the apron to leave Sahn go head to head with Harley Hodge.

The veteran Hodge enters into battle with his hands raised in front of him, ready for anything that Chaolin Sahn has to offer. It is not enough however, as Sahn dashes in as fast as lightning, spearing him to the canvas and laying into him with heavy right and left paws! Hodge shows no fear though, grabbing the maniacal one right by the hair and slamming his skull into Sahn’s, a hard headbutt rolling him right off Hodge. Harley gets up to his feet and makes the tag out to Elijah, who enters the ring to go after Sahn, keeping an eye behind on Hodge as he exits the ring.

The World champion and the Firefly lock up, Elijah trying to lift him up for a suplex, but Sahn doesn’t budge. He instead raises a stiff knee that catches Elijah right in the jaw. Chaolin Sahn now with a suplex attempt of his own, but when he shoots Elijah into the air, he chooses to hurl the Enigma through the air right into the nearest corner!

Jim Gunt: Incoming!

Mike Rolash: That had to hurt, Jimmy! Chaolin Sahn dominating this tag team main event in the early going, maybe Harley Hodge and Elijah didn’t have as sound of a gameplan as they thought.

Jim Gunt: Just give it time, just give it time. Sahn and King simply cannot work together after everything they’ve put

each other through in the past. This facade of a team will soon crumble.

Chaolin Sahn rushes into the corner as Elijah gets to his feet, holding onto the ropes. Big splash! Elijah's body jolts into the turnbuckle pads as the Firefly's own shoots into him. Sahn holds him by the arm, sending a zinging shoulder block into the World champion's chest before whipping him all the way across the ring, crashing into the opposite corner. Sahn rages towards him for another big splash, but this time Elijah moves out of the way just in time for Sahn to explode into the corner!

The reigning CWF World champion is back to his feet before the dazed Chaolin Sahn can get out of the corner, Elijah connects under his chin with a powerful European uppercut. He then lowers the Tormented Soul down to his chest, swinging him around with a Twist of Fate neckbreaker. Heading back over to his team's side of the ring, Elijah makes the tag back out to Harley Hodge. But as Hodge goes to approach Sahn, he kips back up to his feet in an instant, and slaps Jarvis King across the chest to tag his old foe into the matchup.

Jim Gunt: Harley Hodge vs. Jarvis King, this should be interesting!

Mike Rolash: You can say that again. Two of the most legendary, albeit most egotistical World champions in this company's illustrious history.

Jim Gunt: After years of being at the top of the mountain, I'm sure anyone would grow a bit of an ego, Mike.

Mike Rolash: What do you know about being on top of anything...or anyone?

The Ice Palace is electric as The Internet Icon and Angel step into the squared circle to go head to head, a dream match for many CWF fans. Harley Hodge raises a hand for Jarvis to shake and he slaps it away, smiling wryly at the veteran as he moves in for a double leg takedown instead. Hodge holds his legs firm to the canvas however, shaking his head "no" at the eccentric Hall of Fame Hallmark. Harley instead places a leg behind Jarvis', pushing him over it hard to the canvas!

Jim Gunt: Ohhh, burn!

Mike Rolash: Shut up, you idiot.

Crawling back a few feet with a slight look of embarrassment, Jarvis King gets back to his feet and immediately charges at Hodge, who once again takes him right down, this time with an arm drag. King gets right back to his feet and very vocally says "fuck this", slapping Chaolin Sahn right back in the chest to tag him back into the match.

Jim Gunt: Looks like Jarvis has had enough, already.

Mike Rolash: Dude just needs to chill.

Chaolin Sahn shows off a look of astonishment as a frustrated Jarvis just shakes his head and exits the ring to the other side of his team's apron. Sahn re-enters, moving towards Harley Hodge who motions with his fingers for the Firefly to bring it. Sahn just does just that, booting him right in the stomach. As Hodge momentarily buckles forward, the Eternals mastermind leaps high into the air, double stomping him right across the back of the head! A loud "Holy Shit!" chant comes from the sold out crowd, and Sahn goes for the first cover of tonight's main event.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO-Kickout!

Jim Gunt: That was sickening!

Mike Rolash: That was awesome!

Chaolin Sahn, not one to wait around, quickly brings Harley Hodge right back to his feet and lights him up with a knife edge chop. Another chop, followed by Sahn leaping up for a sick double chop that sends Hodge flying to the canvas. With Jarvis King on the apron with his head down, The Firefly approaches, but the veteran is right back up.

Hodge springs forward and nails him with a clothesline that buckles his body into a complete flip, landing him nastily on the canvas. Hodge picks up Sahn now, Borderline spinning sidewalk slam! He heads up to the top rope immediately after, not wasting a second of time as he screams into the air, HOLY DIVER! The Frog Splash lands picture perfectly, and Hodge holds on for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TT-No!

Jim Gunt: Amazing showing of offense there from Harley Hodge, but it was still not enough to put away the Tormented Soul!

Mike Rolash: Come on Jarvis, help your partner out you douche!

Jim Gunt: Would you help out Sahn after everything the maniac has done to Jarvis through the years?

Mike Rolash: Good point.

After the near fall on Chaolin Sahn, Angel once again heads over to his corner and tags in Elijah, the two of them

nodding at each other in passing as his Hellbound opponent and ally for the night enters the ring. Elijah stomps down on Sahn as he rises to his feet, first to the back and then a swift kick right to the side of his face.

The Tormented Soul is still able to make it up however, placing a right hand around the throat of the World champion. He lifts Elijah up into the air for what is sure to be a mighty chokeslam, but the Enigma reverses in mid-air, flying headscissors takedown! The two men lay on the canvas for a few moments before Elijah stirs first, getting up to his feet and striking Sahn with a balled right fist, one that he reciprocates with a shot of his own. Elijah pulls him in quickly, FLATLINER! The Enigma drops down for the cover, hooking both of Sahn's legs as he does so.

Referee: OOONNNEE....TTTWWWOOO..No!

Mike Rolash: Finally!

Jim Gunt: Jarvis King just saved Sahn from taking a pinfall there! That's a bit surprising after the way he's been acting in this matchup thus far.

Mike Rolash: About time the Internet Ignoramus comes to his senses!

Jarvis stomps down viciously and quickly on Elijah, before is able to roll off of the Tormented Soul. King drags Sahn over to the ropes, hurrying to get back out to the apron and tags himself into the matchup. The King of CWF re-enters and immediately pulls Elijah up to his feet from behind, latching onto his waist to hurl him over with a German suplex. Right back up, the staggered Elijah walks into King again, this time being struck down to the canvas with a enormous CAPTURE SUPLEX! Jarvis goes for the cover but the referee is still distracted with getting Sahn out of the ring. Finally he does and is able to drop down for the count.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....T-Kickout!

Mike Rolash: Come on ref, get with the fucking program!

Jim Gunt: Hey now, this is a PG show, Mike. Watch your language, there's kids watching at home.

Mike Rolash: Fuck the kids, and their moms and dads.

Jim Gunt: Boy, I'm sure the CWF headquarters is just loving it hearing you make that sentiment live on the air.

Jarvis King is clearly frustrated that the referee was very slow to make the count, and vocalizes this to his face as he backs him into the corner. This leaves Elijah enough time to crawl across the ring though, tagging out to the much

more fresh Harley Hodge! Hodge comes in swinging with a flying clothesline attempt but King ducks, the momentum sending him back into the opposite set of ropes. He comes back right as the Internet Icon bolts his foot into the air, SUPERKICK! Hodge goes down like a sack of potatoes, King goes for the pin.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHH--NOO! Kickout!

Jim Gunt: That was about as close as it gets, Mike! What a superkick!

Mike Rolash: And you wonder why this guy shows up late to events every week, Jarvis is already miles ahead of his competition!

Jim Gunt: I don't know if I would go that far. The atmosphere here in today's CWF is unlike any other carnation of the fed's past, we have thirty people on the active roster list today and any one of them could be the next World Heavyweight champion!

Mike Rolash: Even me?

Jim Gunt: No, I'm talking about actual in-ring wrestlers, not jackass's who think it's a good idea to leave their broadcasting job to enter the Golden Intentions rumble.

Jarvis King waits for Hodge to get to his feet, immediately taking him up into the air as he turns around, slamming him down with a spinebuster. Backing into the ropes, he spring back and flops down for an elbow drop that Harley Hodge rolls away from just in time. Both men are back up and King pulls him in for a belly to belly suplex, but a straight right to the side of his jaw breaks the hold. He backs up just a foot, and then dashes forward to take the Internet Icon down with a slingblade.

Harley Hodge scoops Jarvis King back up and down, with a suplex, before heading to the nearest corner. Hodge doesn't waste a second as he faces the audience, not wanting to allow King to his feet. With the fans packed inside the Ice Palace screaming his name, Hodge leaps into a backflip off the top rope towards King, splashing right into the chest of Jarvis King. ILLUMINATION THEORY! A thunderous roar from the crowd, as Hodge slowly crawls over and makes the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHRR-KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Holy crap! Harley went upstairs yet again, Mike, he's pulling out all the stops tonight!

Mike Rolash: But it still wasn't enough to put Jarvis King away though, that's all that matters.

Jim Gunt: Just what IS it going to take for one of these teams to come out on top tonight? To be honest, I'm just surprised at how well they've worked together so far!

As if right on cue, Chaolin Sahn enters the ring and stomps on Harley Hodge...and Jarvis King!? Sahn laughs sadistically as he turns to his own partner, throwing him into the corner and slashing into his chest with a knife edge chop. Elijah is now also in the ring, the match completely breaking into an all out war!

Jim Gunt: The official needs to regain control here.

The Enigma turns Chaolin Sahn around, smacking him right across the face with a heavy right, then a roundhouse kick. The Tormented Soul does not go down however, instead ducking under as Elijah attempts a third attack, dropping him over the top rope with a back body drop. As Hodge and King once again go blow to blow, each trying to gain the upperhand but showing desperate signs of exhaustion, Sahn sprints for the ropes. Just as Elijah regains his footing on the outside of the ring, Sahn soars through the top and middle rope and takes him out with a Suicide Dive!

"Holy shit! Holy shit!"

In the ring Harley Hodge starts to gain the edge on King, connecting with a headbutt to his neck that stuns him, before bringing him down for a DDT. The veteran drops a few knees down across the neck of Jarvis, eventually deciding to put him in a Dragon Sleeper. Sensing the King of CWF losing his consciousness, the fans come to their feet, but somehow Jarvis begins to also. Harley Hodge holds on with all his might but King breaks out, dodges under a big boot, STRAIGHTJACKET SUPLEX! King hurries in for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRREE?!-NO!

Chaolin Sahn grabs ahold of Jarvis by both his shoulder and tights, hurling him off of Hodge towards the ropes. He exits to the apron, tagging himself in before King can even realize what happened.

Jim Gunt: Sahn just prevented his own partner from getting the victory!? What the hell?

Sahn grabs the Internet Icon by the throat as he rises up and begins to mouth off to him, a chokeslam over the top rope and right onto Elijah! The Tormented Soul yanks up the lifeless body of Harley Hodge, CHAOS AND THE CROWN! The powerbomb shoots Harley Hodge nearly the entire way across the ring, the impact as nasty as it gets. Sahn pulls at his legs to get him away from the ropes, going for the cover with an evil grin.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRREEEEEE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner of this match by pinfall, the team of....JARVIS KING AND CHAOLIN SAHN!!

"The Sound of Sulfur" once again plays over the speakers and Chaolin Sahn stands in the ring victorious, making sure the referee raises his hand high in the air as he laughs evilly. He goes up the turnbuckle to taunt the jeering crowd as Hodge rolls out of the ring and helps Elijah to his feet. The two of them stand on the ramp, trying to catch their breath after the match. Elijah turns, making his way backstage, the world heavyweight championship around his waist. He pauses and makes his way back to Harley. The two of them stare eye to eye a moment.

Elijah mouths "Good match". He extends a hand and the two of them shake.

Suddenly, Elijah swings his free hand toward Harley, smacking him in the mouth, once, twice, grabbing him and smashing him face first into the guardrail.

Jim Gunt: What in the hell?

Mike Rolash: Elijah said earlier on that this was an alliance of necessity. Looks like he's decided it's no longer necessary.

Elijah sets Harley Hodge up by the guard rail, takes a few steps back and begins to charge. At the last moment, Hodge ducks, flipping Elijah into the air and over-the-guard rail. The crowd scatters as Hodge jumps over the rail, kneels over Elijah and nails him with a furious series of rights and lefts.

Jim Gunt: This is mayhem!

The crowd erupts as a man runs forward, attacking Hodge from the side with a vicious boot to the side of the skull. He turns to the camera to reveal -

Mike Rolash: Ripper!! Looks like he made it here after all!

Jim Gunt: Looks like we're getting a sneak peek at Hellbound tonight!

Ripper pulls Hodge to his feet and whips him back into the guard rail. Elijah rises, goes to swing a chair at Ripper, but Ripper dodges, hits Elijah with a spinning toe hold that sends the Enigma crashing to the ground, face first into the chair. Before Danny B can capitalise, he sees Hodge advancing, ready to strike.

Jim Gunt: That's all we've got time for folks, see you next time!

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