

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 27

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: August 14, 2018
Location: Bell Centre — Montreal, Quebec

Results

Here ye, Here ye

Match

We see the outside of the Bell Center located in Montreal, Quebec, Canada. The skies are clear as the camera pans from the sky to the building. There is a slight bit of a commotion as a small crowd of people are gathered in the parking lot. Standing above the crowd, obviously on some kind of platform, is Dorian Hawkhurst.

Dorian Hawkhurst: I told you all that I would teach my good friend Ataxia a lesson, and I did. That lesson came from a place of love. Now, the Smokin' Asses are going to be taught a lesson. Next time I get a hold of Jace Valentine, he too, will learn his lesson. The difference is, their lesson will not come from a place of love. Their lesson will come from a place of revenge, of righteousness. It will be delivered swiftly and painfully, to assure that it is a lesson they won't soon forget.

Next to him, a well dressed man begins translating.

Translator: Je vous ai dit que je donnerais une leçon à mon bon ami Ataxia, et je l'ai fait. Cette leçon venait d'un lieu d'amour. Maintenant, les Smokin 'Aces vont...

Dorian pushes the man off the platform.

Dorian Hawkhurst: I SAID ASSES! NOT ACES!!

Dorian looks down to make sure the translator is okay. Thankfully, the distances down wasn't that far and the translator landed on his feet.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Sorry about that, man. I'm just going to take it from here. Thanks, chief.

Dorian turns his attention back to the crowd.

Dorian Hawkhurst: There are too many egos walking around the CWF. The problem is people thinking they deserve to be treated better because they've got a title belt or they've been here since day one or just because they think they are better than everyone else. That shit needs to stop. It needs to stop right now and I am the man who is going to put a stop to it. One by one, each and every man, woman and child will have to take accountability for their actions. Each and every member of the CWF roster will have to face their demons. If they refuse, then they will face THIS demon. It's just that simple.

Dorian stands with his arms extended as the camera cuts away to the arena.

Bag Man

Match

As per usual in the world of wrestling, the cameras cut to the backstage for some reason or another. For the third straight show, the fans are treated to the arrival of "The HIGH Flyer", Lucas Greene, this time as he exits his Uber ride.

What is it with him always finding his way on camera as he arrives to the show?

Lucas Greene: Thanks for the lift, dude. I owe you big time.

Uber Driver: Oui, espèce d'idiot! You owe me fourtee...

Lucas slams the car door shut before the driver can finish his sentence. As he makes his way towards the arena entrance, screams of frustration can still be heard coming from within the car. As Lucas nears the doors, an unfamiliar voice calls out to him.

Stranger: Hey! Hey you!

Lucas stops in his tracks, and begins looking around for the source of the voice. He looks to a few staffers off to his right, huddled around having a smoke and shooting the shit, but none of them are even aware of his presence.

Stranger: Over here, Mr. Greene.

For some reason, Lucas looks up in the sky, blocking the sun with his hands as he scans from the horizon up to the clouds. Nope, nobody up there either.

Stranger: What are you doing? I'm right here!

Perplexed, Lucas unzips and searches his gym bag, but is still at a loss.

Stranger: I swear to God...

Lucas scratches his chin thoughtfully, and finally places his hands on his hips, letting out a sigh of defeat.

Stranger: Jesus Christ, look over here! I'm right here... to your left!

Lucas slowly turns his head, his gaze panning towards a small alcove beyond a service entrance. Finally, Lucas puts eyes on the stranger, who is standing in such a way that his face is completely obscured.

Lucas Greene: Woah, you're like... harder to find than that red and white stripy guy from those books. What's his name... Waldorf?

Stranger: Please, just let me do the talking. I'll make it worth your while.

Lucas nods unsurely, until the smell of fresh chronic whafts past his nose. He hastily makes his way over towards the mysterious man, like a naive child being offered candy from a windowless van.

Lucas Greene: What can I do for you, Mister... umm?

Stranger: Mister is fine.

Lucas Greene: Okay then, what can I do for you, Mister?

Stranger: Well, you see, Lucas, I have this care package here for my boys backstage, but I'm not allowed back there. I was just wondering I'd you'd do me a solid and take it to them.

Lucas ponders the request for a moment, but he's really just a good guy, so the chances of him saying no are pretty slim to begin with.

Lucas Greene: Sure thing, mang. By the way, who are your sons? I don't think I've ever met a coworker's parental figure before.

Stranger: My sons?

Lucas Greene: Well, you mentioned your boys. I just assumed you meant your kids.

The stranger sighs. If you could see his face, it would more than likely have one of those "dafuq" expressions plastered

on it.

Stranger: No, not my boys... my "boys".

It suddenly clicks for Lucas, and a smile of acknowledgment crosses his lips.

Lucas Greene: Oh, I get it. Your "boooiis"! Funny, you don't look bla...

Stranger: My God, you're an even bigger idiot than I remember! Now, listen closely and PAY ATTENTION. This is what you're going to do...

The stranger pulls Lucas in closer, and as these situations always tend to play out, the scene begins to fade out as the stranger's word become muffled and inaudible as he explains the secret plan.

Autumn Raven vs. Pandalike

Match

The picture switche to the inside of the Bell Centre in Montreal, Quebec, with an enthusiastic crowd already celebrating before the show has even started. A few Quebec flags are scattered throughout, including one with a sign saying "Jace, where are you?".

Jim Gunt: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to Evolution 27, coming to you live from Montreal, Quebec here in Canada, even though some people will argue if Quebec is actually Canada, but that's besides the point. Church and State have decided to explore the city instead of gracing us with their presence tonight, so we're on our own tonight.

Mike Rolash: It's our first stop after Summer Games, but we are not having any slump here, but are going right into the action! Looks like Dorian Hawkhurst got whacked over the head often enough now to see himself as a preacher out there and Lucas Greene, well, I think this dopehead's head isn't even here, but I wonder what that guy wanted from him.

Jim Gunt: I guess that we will see. No titles on the line, but a really interesting tag team match as main event, with the new champions Smokin' Aces facing off against the other half of the Forsaken, Ataxia and Dorian, so this could be an interesting one indeed! But I see that we are not wasting any time tonight, because Ray Douglas is already ready to go for our first match of the night, so let's go right over to Monsieur Douglas!

Ray Douglas: Making her way to the ring at this time, hailing for Los Angeles, California. Weighing in at 125 lbs. The Beautiful Psychopath, Autumn Raven!

"Somewhere in Hollywood" hits the airwaves as the lights dim and the arena is bathed in purple. A stern looking Autumn Raven makes her to the ring as the crowd shows it's displeasure. Glaring every step of the way, Autumn Raven slides into the ring before running towards the far turnbuckle. Running up to the second turnbuckle she begins to taunt the crowd.

Mike Rolash: Ugh.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent, from London, England, weighing in at 250 lbs. here is the PandaKing, Pandalike!

"Clozee-Koto" begins to play throughout the arena as Pandalike makes his way to the ring to the applause and cheers of the crowd. Climbing in, he heads to his corner all smiles as he removes his hoody. Autumn Raven stalking back and forth, looking at Pandalike like a hungry lioness.

Jim Gunt: And here we go!

The match is underway as Autumn Raven and Pandalike rush toward each other, meeting in the center of the ring.

Pandalike goes immediately for the palm strike, but Autumn Raven slides under the strike, and in a quick sequence she's got Pandalike rolled up with a school boy. Scott Dean is there to make the count.

ON-

Jim Gunt: Kickout! Both of them looking for the quick pinfall.

Mike Rolash: Shame they couldn't succeed, I hate curtain jerkers.

Both Pandalike and Autumn are back up, squaring off. Collar and elbow tie up, a horrible choice for the smaller Autumn Raven, as Pandalike muscles her across the ring to the far corner. As they approach the corner, Autumn steps up and knees Pandalike in the gonads, causing Pandalike to drop to his knees as every male in the arena groan in sympathy.

Mike Rolash: Doesn't she realize the long lasting damage that can cause!?

Autumn taking advantage of the situation jumps forward and hits a hurricanrana driving Pandalike's face into the mat with a sick thud. Without much ado Autumn is climbing up the nearby turnbuckles as Pandalike rolls to his back, shaking his head in an attempt to shake the cobwebs.

Jim Gunt: Wait a minute, what is he doing out here?

Mike Rolash: Maybe he's looking for a little booty call for later?

Silas Artoria is making his way down to ringside as the action continues in the ring. Autumn Raven, perched on the top turnbuckle waits for Pandalike to get to his feet, looking very unsteady. With a deep breath Raven leaps off the top turnbuckle and lands a beautiful Draganrana, flipping Pandalike to the mat with her remaining on top, as Scott Dean drops nearby,

ONE...

TW-...

Jim Gunt: Pandalike kicks out!

Mike Rolash: Of course he kicked out, can you imagine a woman beating the King of Pandas?

Jim Gunt: ...

Autumn Raven is back on her feet, waiting for Pandalike to get back to his feet. Once he's back up, she runs past him, rebounds off the far ropes and comes back, dropping down and hitting Panda from behind with a vicious chop block, causing Pandalike to fall to the mat, clutching his leg in agony. Raven doesn't wait much time as she once again runs to the near corner, running right up to the top turnbuckle once more.

Jim Gunt: She's gonna fly!

Autumn leaps off again, looking for a diving leg drop but Pandalike rolls out of the way at the last second, causing Autumn to land roughly on her ass. Pandalike, slow to rise, gets to his feet checking his knee once more, but in his caution he allows Autumn Raven time to recover.

Mike Rolash: Stop worrying about your stupid knee and get the bit...

Autumn is back on her feet, her back to Pandalike. When she turns around she eats a boot to the gut followed by a quick DDT driving her to the mat, folding her in half. Pandalike is climbing back to his feet calling an end to it with a flourish. PandaKing grabs Autumn Raven and roughly drags her to her feet placing her head between his legs. With a pause, he lifts her up onto his shoulder, but it appears the momentum is too great as Autumn slides off his shoulder and lands lightly behind him. Pandalike quickly spins around and...

WHAM!

Jim Gunt: Claw of the Night! Out of nowhere, she's just dropped Pandalike with that kick!

Mike Rolash: I can't believe it. She's actually done it!

Jim Gunt: Wait, Silas is climbing to the ring apron. What does he think he's doing? Autumn has it won!

Silas is standing on the ring apron, holding his arms out wide as Raven walks over jaw jacking with the debonair gentleman. But as she gets near, Silas drops down off the ring apron, backing away, then suddenly he dips into a formal bow, lavishly sweeping his hat off his head as he dips low. Autumn Raven stands by the ropes looking on in confusion.

Jim Gunt: What in the world?

As Silas rises from his bow, he's got a smile from ear to ear. Autumn Raven shakes her head before turning back to the match at hand. As she turns she's surprised as Pandalike is not only on his feet but he's charging right at her.

Jim Gunt: Paw Print! He hits her with the Paw Print, and down goes Autumn! Down goes Autumn!

Mike Rolash: Oldest trick in the book. When will these people ever learn?

With a handful of hair, Pandalike drags the groggy Raven up to her feet. Bending her over Panadalike easily lifts the 125 pound Raven up onto his shoulder and then drives her to the mat with a sit-out powerbomb.

Jim Gunt: That's got to be it!

Mike Rolash: And look at the smug looking Silas there.

Scott Dean slides into position and begins the count.

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

Jim Gunt: And there it is folks, Pandalike has done it!

Silas walks backwards up the ramp clapping sardonically while sneering, as Autumn Raven remains in the ring, lying on the mat, hugging the bottom rope with one arm and holding the back of her neck with the other, glaring at Silas with a deep seated hatred.

Jim Gunt: I don't think this will be the last these two will see each other.

Jace Valentine's Disney Photo Dump Volume 1

Match

The CWF Tron lights up and we see prerecorded video. The cheery sounds and bright colors of Disney World. In the middle of it all is CWF's own Jace Valentine and Tabby Ubetcha. We get a look in.

Jace Valentine: You ready for all this, Tab? Disney World, we've made it.

Tabby Ubetcha: You betcha.

Jace Valentine: Are you sure you can party like Jace Valentine parties for a...whole week?

Tabby Ubetcha: You better believe it. First ride is the Jungle Book. Let's go!

Jace Valentine: Look, Tab! It's MJF and her rock star mother!

Tabby Ubetcha: That's uncalled for Jace. If we're going to do this lets keep it civil and respectful.

Jace Valentine: Noted...I was just cracking a joke.

Jace smiles. Tabby smiles back.

Jace Valentine: Look! Look! Tab, it's the Forsaken!

Tabby glares at him. Jace winks.

Tabby Ubetcha: Can't you ever be serious? Why do you constantly have to be sarcastic, just answer me that?

Jace Valentine: It's just the person I am, take me or leave me but I remain unchanged.

The two of them step off the ride and make their way to cold drinks. Jace downs his in practically one gulp. Tabby looks on, notably impressed. Jace takes a step towards the trash bin to throw his cup away and is cut off by an unexpected arrival.

Darth Vader himself makes his way through the pathway, cutting off Jace's path.

Jace Valentine: Fuck you, Darth Vader!

Tabby Ubetcha: Jace!

Jace Valentine: What?!

Tabby Ubetcha: The storm troopers. They have blaster cannons.

Jace Valentine: And not once have they ever hit anyone with one. Watch the movies, Tab!

The two of them continue down the path, spotting an enormous Lego sculpture.

Tabby Ubetcha: Wow! Would you look at that, Jace! Made of nothing but mini bricks, that's incredible!

Jace Valentine: Really? You're impressed by that? If you Buzz my Woody I'd be the rocket to your sprocket, honey.

Ugh. This may be a long week for Tabby Ubetcha.

Fade.

Jimmy Allen vs. The Shadow

Match

Jim Gunt: Quite a few of the fans here haven't taken Jace Valentine's Disney escapades lightly, especially the local faithful that seem to somewhat resent him skipping out on his hometown show.

Mike Rolash: No, but a man has to take vacations, you know? Relax a bit, recharge.

Jim Gunt: He literally JUST came back from months away.

Mike Rolash: Uh, well, oh look, we're ready for our next--

Shinedown's "Cut the Cord" cuts Mike off and almost immediately Jimmy sprints out on stage and soaks up the applause. He acknowledges the fans as he makes his way down the ramp before breaking into another sprint and diving head first under the bottom rope and sliding to the center of the ring. He pops to his feet and is ready.

Ray Douglas: The next match is scheduled for one fall! First to the ring, from Dallas, Texas, The Catalyst - JIMMY ALLEN!

Jim Gunt: A new guy to the fed and not wasting any time to be ready for the fight, Jimmy Allen has had his debut last week at Summer Games, unsuccessful, but promising and now this week he's been dealt one of the bigger cards in the CWF deck.

Mike Rolash: And a card that thankfully has lost its belt!

Jim Gunt: The day will come, where you will regret all of these constant quips, Mikeo...

Mike Rolash: Yeah? Really?

Jim Gunt (looking behind Mike): Why don't you tell him, Ataxia?

Mike Rolash: Yeah right, you always do that, I'm done falling for that!

Ataxia: Are you now?

Mike Rolash: Aaaaah!

He turns around and seeing Ataxia right next to his face scrambles backwards as fast as he can, but his chair hits a wire and topples over, spilling Mike onto the floor. Ataxia just cocks his head and holds out his hands.

Ataxia: Was it something I said?

Mike Rolash: For God's sakes! I told you how many times to stop this???

Ataxia brings his index finger to his chin.

Ataxia: Hm. Let's see. It's 2018 now, 27th Evo of the new era, one cockatoo, twelve druids - Sixth time.

Mike's reply is drowned out as the crowd starts to cheer when the lights go out. A digitized voice sings "Octopodi robotico - via purifico" over eerie keyboards. As the electronic keyboard sounds start, dark red lights begin to illuminate the fog and when the guitars finally set in, fully kicking off Ignea's "Leviathan", columns of fire shoot up, showing The Shadow at the top of the stage, hooded robe on, his staff in hand, his unwavering look on his opponent in the ring. Mia steps out through the curtain behind him with a grim look on her face as well.

Jim Gunt: Jimmy may have caught a very bad time to face The Shadow...

Mike Rolash: Yeah, what is with him tonight? Different music, definitely a different determination. I'm feeling sorry for Jimmy already...

The Shadow throws his staff to the ground, tears his robe off and tears down the ramp, straight underneath the ropes and into the ring. Referee Clark Summits barely has time to signal for the bell to ring as The Shadow spears Jimmy Allen through the ropes and onto the ground.

Jim Gunt: Holy hell, what a start! The Shadow really means business tonight!

Mike Rolash: Yes, and he is definitely not done yet, because he is already out of the ring again and on Jimmy Allen!

And indeed the Weaver of Dreams has his opponent to his feet on the outside, hitting him with some high knees before rolling him back into the ring. As he slides in, though, Allen, still on the ground sends a foot into the face of The Shadow, halting his advance and trying to cash in on the lost momentum kips to his feet and drags his opponent into the middle of the ring. Immediately he wrenches the left arm of The Shadow into a very strenuous looking arm bar that makes the Forsaken scream out in pain.

Jim Gunt: And this is how fast things can change here!

Mike Rolash: I like this man.

Jim Gunt: Asking him out tonight?

Mike Rolash: Mayb-- what? Are you nuts? He is married!

Jim Gunt: I did not expect THAT to be the reason...

Clark Summits is on his hands and knees to check on The Shadow, but he vehemently shakes his head to indicate that

he has no intentions of giving up. Mia hits the apron with her fists and the crowd begins to join in. Ever so slowly The Shadow is twisting and turning himself to loosen the grip of Jimmy, who finally lets off, but then yanks at his arm hard, trying to lock him in again.

Mike Rolash: You go Jimmy!

Upon hearing this, Mia whirls around and gives Mike a death stare, who immediately cowers down and suddenly develops a very keen interest in his pen. In the ring, Jimmy is still working on The Shadow's arm, but without being able to apply the lock. With a determined scream The Shadow uses the element of surprise, turns himself onto his back, brings his legs up and takes Jimmy's head into an odd kind of head scissors.

Jim Gunt: This looks really odd right now, like a game of Twister gone bad, Jimmy Allen is still holding on to The Shadow's arm, who in turn has his legs wrapped around Jimmy's neck.

Mike Rolash: They're going to need more than a boy scout to get that knot untangled.

Thankfully they do not have to start a search for scouts in Montreal, because both men seem to realize that their current strategy is not really yielding a whole lot of success and let go, at least temporarily collapsing to the mat. Mia is yelling at The Shadow that he has to get up and starts clapping, the Montreal fans happy to join in and chanting "FORSAKEN" with it.

Mike Rolash: What is wrong with these people?

Jim Gunt: I know that this is incomprehensible for you, but they actually like these guys!

Mike Rolash: Ugh, what do you expect from Canadians...

Man in the front row: Canadiens? Ne nous insulte pas! Nous sommes québécois!

Mike turns around to face a man with a blue and white Quebec flag painted on his chest.

Mike Rolash: Can't you speak English?

Man: Tiens ma bière!!

He gives his beer to his friend and starts moving towards the barricade, which leads to Mike jumping out of his chair and around the announce table, bumping into Mia in the process. While security makes sure that the enraged gentleman that had declared he was a Quebecer and felt insulted by being called Canadian could not advance, Mia turns around with an annoyed look on her face, but by the time she finishes her turn, Mike already has rushed back to his chair, sweating more and more.

Mike Rolash: I do not like it here. I really don't!

Both wrestlers have made it to their feet, sizing each other up after the furious start and finally going for the traditional lock up that everybody had expected at the beginning of the match. Their almost identical height and weight do not give either of them a distinct advantage, so they break, but almost immediately Jimmy takes a run towards The Shadow, trying to surprise him with a lariat. But he has the move scouted, ducks and turns, hitting Allen just as he comes back from the ropes with a TILT-A-WHIRL SLAM!

Jim Gunt: Whoa, I did not see that one coming!

As Jimmy is flat out on the mat, The Shadow is down on one knee, looking at the results of his act of instinct. After catching his breath for a moment he goes for the ropes and an elbow drop to the chest of Jimmy Allen. He drags him back to his feet and whips him hard into the corner, following right up with a lariat attempt, but Allen just drops right down to the mat, letting The Shadow hit the top turnbuckle hard, staggering back. Jimmy jumps up and INVERTED DDT!

Mike Rolash: We love you, Jimmy!

Jim Gunt: Jeez, you are worse than a flag in the wind...

Mike Rolash: Flags are pretty!

Jim Gunt (under his breath): I have to talk to Ataxia about a vacation for this guy...

The Catalyst goes into the ropes and KNEE DROP! As he tries to go for a second one, though, The Shadow rolls just out of the way and brings his foot up, catching Allen square in the jaw and giving him time to get to his feet. He does not waste any time, though, and grabs a dazed Jimmy Allen, whipping him hard into the corner again. As he rushes in, Jimmy brings up his legs, but The Shadow catches them. The Weaver of Dreams puts them on his shoulders and pulls.

Jim Gunt: He is going for a slingshot! No! Jimmy wraps his legs around The Shadow's neck and pulls his opponent face first into the top turnbuckle!

Mike Rolash: What a move! I'm telling you, this man is getting better and better! And a rollup!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jimmy Allen with the first pin attempt after his surprise attack on The Shadow, but the Canadian kicks out strongly. With his opponent still on the mat, Jimmy takes to the top rope!

Jim Gunt: This is the Houston Hangover!

A beautiful FLIPPING LEG DROP off the top rope! Connecting with The Shadow, Jimmy Allen goes for another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: He almost had him, almost!

Mia is pacing along the side of the ring, slamming her hands on the apron repeatedly. Jimmy is standing over The Shadow as the Forsaken begins to join into her rhythm with his fist, but the Catalyst does not let that distract him as he pulls The Shadow to his feet once more, whipping him into the ropes, but the Weaver of Dreams decides to go through the ropes to the outside of the ring for a breather.

Mike Rolash: Get back in the ring, you!

The Shadow turns and points at Mike and puts his finger to his lips, then points behind Mike. He turns around and sees Ataxia sit in the front row. The CWF Commissioner just smiles and waves goodbye at Mike, whose eyes go wide, but without taking his eyes off Ataxia takes off his headset and stumbling makes his way to the back. Immediately Ataxia jumps the barrier and takes up Mike's spot. In the meantime Jimmy is trying to utilize the distraction and comes running with a SUICIDE DIVE! He goes through the ropes, but Mia's yell alerts The Shadow and he ducks, coming up just as Jimmy is sailing above him, catapulting him over the barrier right into the first row of fans, who barely have a chance to get out of the way.

Jim Gunt: HOLY SHIT!

"Holy Shit! Holy Shit!"

Ataxia: I guess I'll bow down to the peer pressure and join in: HOLY SHIT!

Jim Gunt: This once more shows how good the Forsaken are as a team, avoid a potentially dangerous suicide dive, scare away my colleague, you guys should come down here more often!

ONE!

TWO!

Clark Summits is starting to count, as both men are still on the outside, The Shadow leaning against the apron, taking deep breaths and Jimmy Allen trying to peel himself out of the chairs in the front row.

THREE!

FOUR!

Jimmy Allen is on his feet, however unsteady and is trying to get over the barrier. The Shadow shuffles over and taking Jimmy by the scruff of his neck pulls him over the barrier before unceremoniously dumping him on the ground.

Ataxia: Ever the gentleman, my fellow Forsaken has come to the aid of Mr. Allen to help him back into the ring area.

Jim Gunt: Did you have a Shakespearean dictionary for breakfast?

Ataxia: Oh no, I have to watch my calorie intake.

FIVE!

SIX!

The Shadow rolls himself into the ring and sits down in the centre, waiting for Jimmy to come back into the ring. Or not.

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

The Catalyst is on his feet, even though definitely hurting, but just as the referee is about to say "nine" he rolls into the ring, slowly getting to his hands and knees, when looking up coming face to face with a still sitting The Shadow.

Jim Gunt: What is he doing? He could be right on him!

Ataxia: He could, yes, but maybe he just doesn't feel like it?

Jim Gunt: Doesn't he want to win?

Ataxia: Well, yes, duh! And he will, but just not right now.

Jim Gunt: You are not making any sense right now.

Ataxia: Oh, thank you for noticing.

As Jim eyes Ataxia with a befuddled look while the stare-off is officially ended with a headbutt by Jimmy Allen, who then jumps to his feet, goes for the ropes and comes flying in with a knee that The Shadow is trying to evade, but even just a glancing blow is enough to send the Weaver of Dreams spinning to the mat.

Jim Gunt: This was a very unusual mistake by The Shadow that might cost him dearly!

Allen is following up with a knee drop to the already dazed head. Emboldened by this sudden rush of offense and The Shadow laying on the mat, MOONSAULT!

Jim Gunt: And he is trying to lock in the STFU! He is struggling, though, because The Shadow is squirming and twisting.

Finally he manages to twist himself enough to hit Jimmy with a knee to the back of the head, making him break the

lock. For a moment both are down on the mat, but The Shadow is crawling over to the ropes, using them to pull himself back up. It's obvious that he is hurting, but it does not look as if is letting that stop him.

Ataxia: Oh, I think the day is over!

Jim Gunt: Say what now?

Ataxia just points at the ring corner, where The Shadow has ascended to the top turnbuckle. He's waiting for Jimmy to get his feet before jumping off.

Ataxia: And Nightfall!

He fails to fully connect with his diving DDT, but still hits it with enough force to knock Jimmy out. Immediately he hooks the leg and goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner is - THE SHADOW!

Both men are down on the mat, the only difference being the raised fist of The Shadow, as Mia comes into the ring. She brings The Shadow to his feet, raising his arm in victory and turns to leave the ring, but he stops her and turns towards Jimmy Allen, who is just starting to try to get back to his hands and knees. The Shadow motions to Mia and together they bring him back to a vertical position, while medics are coming down the ramp. The crowd has exploded into applause upon the gesture and the Forsaken aid Jimmy to the edge of the ring, where the medics take over.

When The Lights Go Out

Match

"Committed" by One Eyed Doll plays over the sound system and Mia's Menagerie of Madness pops loud for the Forsaken Psychopath Mia Rayne! She hops out onto the stage and does her customary circle before stopping and winking for the camera before blowing a kiss at no one in particular. She skips down to the ring and snags a mic from a stage hand that has one at the ready for her. She stops long enough to pat him on the head like the good little boy that he is.

Mia rolls into the ring and waits calmly in the corner for the music to die down. She goes to say something into the mic but the fans interrupt her and she smiles.

"Thank you.

But I'm not out here tonight for you all, as much as I'd like to be. I'm not out here to take part in another episode of Tax Talk, which by the by, is going to be EPIC!

Ahem.

Nay, I'm out here to have a discussion with anyone that wants to listen to me ramble. I'm here to discuss the cowardice of people who hide behind masks to attack people from behind. It's a trope that has been overdone in the past and in all honesty I'm tired of it. The way I see it, one of two things is going to happen.

One...

..."

Mia doesn't get a chance to finish as the lights cut out, plunging the entire arena into darkness.

Jim Gunt: Uhm, does this type of thing happen often?

Mike Rolash: Does it really matter Jimmy boy?! Mia Rayne I think is about to get...

"Well, this was going to be my second choice. First was you bitches were going to show up and face me like actual adul...."

Once again Mia is cut off but this time a sickening thud can be heard from the mic that Mia drops in the darkness. No one in the front can see anything due to no lights being on in the arena but the sound was left on, almost so that people could hear the sickening sounds of... Something hitting, something else. The fans begin to wonder what is going on and shouting can be heard from the stage as the lights come flickering back on.

As The Shadow and Dorian sprint to the ring, cameras start to focus as fans in the front row gasp. Mia Rayne has been left lying motionless in the center of the ring, a pool of blood collecting under her head. The Forsaken members reach the ring at the same time and slide in, reaching Mia in an instant, touching her gingerly and trying not to move her as much as possible to avoid any further injury. The fans, everyone, are silent as The Shadow and Dorian yell for help, pleading with Mia to move. Her arm twitches slightly, but that is the only response given to indicate that she is still alive.

Finally, the EMTs arrive and only when The Shadow is able to convince Dorian to move out of the way to let the medical personal do their job, are they able to get Mia Rayne onto the stretcher and carted up the ramp. Unsure what to do the crowd tries to clap and cheer for Mia as she is wheeled to the backstage area with The Shadow and Dorian following closely behind.

Azrael vs. Pete Whealdon

Match

Jim Gunt: Oh my God, this was horrible! Something has to be done about these guys, we have no idea, if Mia is ok or not, but this looked really bad!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, it did and maybe it'll finally rid us of these freaks! We will make sure to keep you updated as we get news from the medical department. The crews are still working on cleaning up the ring as good as they can.

Jim Gunt: And they are making pretty good headway there at least. It is difficult in a moment like this to continue here, but there is nothing we can do for Mia Rayne at this moment, so let's try and focus on what is happening in and around the ring now and hope for the best. And we are just moments away from the second match of tonight's Evolution and one of our least successful contestants is first up.

Ray Douglas: The following match is scheduled for one fall. Introduce first...AZRAEL!

Halestorm's "I am the Fire" starts while the lights go dark. Azrael makes his way to the top of the ramp and as the chorus begins, columns of fire illuminate Azrael as he methodically walks to the ring with his head bent down with a hint of his head bobbing to the beat.

Jim Gunt: Look at that determined gaze of Azrael. He means business tonight. I wonder how Pete Whealdon is going to handle this.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent...PETE WHEALDON!

And down comes Pete, with a derisive and contemptful look at both the audience and at his opponent, Azrael. Both competitors are quick into action with the tolling of the opening bell. The reinvigorated Avenging Angel of Apathy and Pete Whealdon clearly operate upon the same wavelength as they both advance on the other, meeting into the centre

of the ring to unload a series of fierce right and lefts, trading the blows between each other.

Jim Gunt: Something, or someone, has lit a new fire under Azrael. The Avenging Angel of Apathy has shown a bold, new, determined side to him. And personally...I'm liking it!

Azrael ducks under Pete's stiff strike and swings himself around behind. Whealdon isn't fast enough to correct and defend himself and falls victim to a clubbing forearm...then another...and another...driving him up against the ropes. Azrael locks in a grapple from behind, but Pete keeps a firm hold of the ring ropes and punishes his opponent with a stiff left elbow...then right elbow. Azrael staggers back, creating the distance between the competitors that Whealdon was hoping for.

Mike Rolash: You have to be very careful of Pete's striking game. He is one of the best!

Jim Gunt: I don't doubt he's picked up quite a collection of teeth throughout his career.

Pete bursts from the ring ropes but Azrael isn't as stunned and defenceless as Whealdon hopes and is caught in a powerslam. The Avenging Angel of Apathy is quick to hook the leg, transitioning into a cover attempt following the impact of the slam to the mat.

One...

Two...

Pete Whealdon kicks out!

Jim Gunt: Interesting to note that none of Pete's stablemates have come down to support him.

Whealdon rolls underneath Azrael's reaching grasp, to his feet in an instant but only on the way through to leaping up for a backflip. With pinpoint accuracy Pete Whealdon connects with a peleg kick to the exposed arm of his opponent. Azrael is rocked back, finding solace in a nearby corner of the ring.

Mike Rolash: Not that Whealdon needs someone at his side 24/7.

At least he believes it to be solace, but Pete quickly proves him wrong. Whealdon gains height and momentum from a brief and quick jump off of the ring rope to catch Azrael in the head with a jumping shoot kick in the corner. Instead of letting his opponent drop however Pete capitalises on the opening, pushing his offensive with a german suplex, arcing the back for a bridge pin.

Mike Rolash: Not just Pete's strikes you gotta watch out for.

One...

Two...

Th-Azrael breaks out of the pin!

Jim Gunt: How bad would Az feel, if all his new efforts and promises of new purpose amounted to nothing here tonight.

Whealdon still won't let up, striking out with a lightning fast and stiff as hell open palm slap to the head of his opponent as punishment for their perseverance. Pete grabs a firm hold of the wrists of Azrael, setting up for his Kamigoye.

Mike Rolash: This is it. Chalk one up for Whealdon.

In a sudden burst of strength and movement the Avenging Angel of Apathy hoists Pete Whealdon onto his shoulders and connects with Spiralling Down. Lateral press cover follows suit.

Jim Gunt: Try instead one for Azrael!

ONE...

TWO...

TH-Whealdon kicks out!

Mike Rolash: Ok...I'm beginning to worry.

Jim Gunt: Pete not steamrolling through as you had hoped?

Laser focused Azrael shuffles back to the corner, watching and waiting, stalking the fallen Whealdon, ready to end the match with his patented Falling Apart. Pete recovers, rising to his feet and the moment arrives. The Avenging Angel of Apathy strikes! But before Azrael can put the nail in this proverbial coffin and execute his finisher, Whealdon pushes him off and into the ring ropes.

Jim Gunt: Pete only just keeping himself in the match-up. A second later and it may have been curtains!

Azrael bounces back, straight into a backhand blow into the gut that doubles over the Avenging Angel of Apathy. Whealdon drops back to his back, beneath his opponent and lashes out with an overhead kick straight to the head of Azrael. He doesn't realise it but as Azrael staggers from the blow, he inadvertently sets himself up into position for the Dangan Jigoku and only realises too late, when there is little that can be done to prevent it.

Mike Rolash: That shotgun dropkick is a thing of pure beauty!

Jim Gunt: I'll admit it's got quite the impact.

However, instead of following through, Pete Whealdon takes this as a perfect moment to take a break from the physical exertion of the match and light up a cigarette, leaning up against the turnbuckle in the corner.

Jim Gunt: Now is not the time for a Smoko!

Mike Rolash: Smoko? What you miss the Lost Boys?

Jim Gunt: What can I say, those Aussie Scamps were growing on me. Better the devil you know and all that.

Satisfying his vice with one final, long drag, Pete Whealdon tosses the remnants of his cigarette out into the audience, who are not afraid to voice their disdain and disapproval. With a sly smirk, he charges forward for a second Dangan Jigoku.

Mike Rolash: Whealdon closing in for the kill!

This time however, Azrael has the sense and energy to get the hell out of dodge, leaping sideways out of the corner. He catches Pete, using Whealdon's own momentum to aid in a jaw-jarring flapjack, dropping Pete down onto the top of the steel turn post. He reels from the impact, staggering around, defenceless and falls prey to the Falling Apart.

Azrael hooks the leg.

ONE...

Jim Gunt: I don't think there's any kicking out of that!

TWO...

THREE!

Jim Gunt: Oh my God! He won! He really won!

Ray Douglas: And the winner by pinfall - AZRAEL!

Mike Rolash: My man Azrael, the new Archangel of Awesomeness!

Jim Gunt: Whoa, you can tone it down a bit.

Mike Rolash: I'm not toning nothing!

Jace Valentine's Disney Photo Dump Volume 2

Match

The CWF Tron lights up again, more of the beautiful pageantry of Walt Disney World in Orlando, Florida. Another look in of our lovable CWF personalities, Jace Valentine and his beau Tabby Ubetcha. They both wear bathing suits and light clothing, the blistering heat radiating off their near perfect bodies.

This time they seem to be in Hollywood studios as they make their way through, taking in all the sights.

Jace Valentine: Ew. Gross, really? Why would they want to put that scum bag's name on anything.

Tabby Ubetcha: Let it go, I really don't think Ryan was that bad. Maybe a bit misunderstood, but what do I know.

Jace Valentine: You really see the bright side in everyone, don't you?

Tabby Ubetcha: I suppose I do. You can call me Miss Bright Side. If I ever become a wrestler, that's the nickname.

Jace Valentine: Cute. Maybe one day you can be my tag partner.

Jace Valentine: Shit, his name really is on fucking everything around here, isn't it?

Tabby Ubetcha: Don't worry about it, man. Chill out and let's hit some rides.

Jace Valentine: You know, I'm not feeling so well. Let's just go back to the resort. Hit up the pool, hit up the bar, have a hell of a time.

Tabby Ubetcha: I can't drink. Not old enough.

Jace Valentine: Bah, you just aren't old enough to buy your own drinks. Let me be your designated purchaser and let your hair down a little bit, Miss Bright Side.

Jace winks.

Tabby Ubetcha: I don't drink. Never have.

Jace Valentine: There's a first time for everything, ya know?

Tabby Ubetcha: Hell, screw it.

First time she ever cussed too, I think.

The two of them go back to the hotel, and hit up the pool and the bar as previously discussed. They talk, they laugh. They smile, they swim. Maybe its a dysfunctional relationship, but the charm and chemistry is undeniable. In a world of millions of tourists its like they are the only ones there.

Paradise indeed.

The two make their way to the resort hotel. The door is cracked open as they approach their room. Jace pushed the door open and is welcomed by an unexpected visitor.

There's a crying baby laying on the blanket of the bed.

Jace Valentine: What the hell??? How did he even get in here?

Tabby gasps. How did he get in here indeed, this is extremely unusual.

Jace Valentine: It's the Boss Baby! Quick, grab it and throw it outside on the balcony and housekeeping will pick it up tomorrow morning!

Tabby Ubetcha: Jace! What about the mother?

Jace Valentine: You're right. I hope the mother finds it before housekeeping or she's in for a hell of a bill!

Jace grabs up the crying baby and starts to make his way out the door with it.

Tabby Ubetcha: No, I mean that we have to find his mother! I bet she's worried sick!

Jace looks at the baseplate of the door with an expression of dismay and makes his way back in the room.

Jace Valentine: Erm, turns out this actually isn't our room after all.

Tabby laughs.

Tabby Ubetcha: Well, if that's the case you better put that baby down and get out of here quick!

Jace puts the baby back down on the bed.

Tabby Ubetcha: Aw! He's sticking his tongue out at you! He likes you Jace Valentine!

Jace smiles, making a funny face at the infant as they make their way out

Tabby Ubetcha: Now that melts my heart...and you say you don't want kids.

Jace Valentine: You know, maybe if I met the right person.

Tabby Ubetcha: And you don't think you've met the right person yet?

Jace Valentine: Actually, I'm starting to believe I have.

Fade.

Bobby Dean & Mikey Unlikely vs. Jarvis King & The Ringmaster

Match

Jim Gunt: This definitely is not the same Jace I remember...

Mike Rolash: He's always been a ladies' man, Jimbo!

Jim Gunt: Yes, but this feels... different.

Mike Rolash: Ah, you're just envious.

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

Ray Douglas: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall!

"One For The Money" by Escape The Fate begins to play throughout the Bell Centre, the fans rising to their feet. A large red carpet comes from behind the curtain and unravels itself all the way to the ring. Once it's in place, "Beautiful" Bobby Dean waltzes out onto the stage area with Mikey Unlikely riding piggyback.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first... At a combined weight of six hundred twenty four pounds! They are the team of "BEAUTIFUL" BOBBY DEAN AND MIKEY UNLIKELY!

Mikey Unlikely raises his fist on the air and Bobby Dean carries his "injured" friend down towards the ring. Letting him down at the steps, Unlikely hobbles up each step until he's on the apron, Dean cautiously following his bff, making sure he's fine.

Mike Rolash: Well this is an unlikely combination. Haha... You see what I did there?

Jim Gunt: Mikey, I say this in the nicest way possible.. But you suck at life..

Mike Rolash: I would bring up your mother's fellatio skills, but I'm pretty sure everyone knows about that..

Jim Gunt: ...

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

I found me a reason...

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

Some men are born great
Some achieve greatness
But only one man is Jarvis J. King

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

Ray Douglas: Their opponents, first from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada. Weighing in at two hundred forty pounds! He is YOUR CWF Paramount Champion! JARVIS KING!

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

Jim Gunt: Here comes the Internet Icon, Mike. You would have to think that the Paramount Champ has a minor conundrum with The Ringmaster as his partner here tonight.

Mike Rolash: Yea, but if anyone is capable of coexisting with an enemy, it's none other than Jarvis King.

Suddenly the lights in the Bell Centre go out, soon being replaced by blood red glow that takes over. "The Greatest Show" by Zac Efron and Hugh Jackman begins to play. The lights dim and are replaced by a sole spotlight at the top of the ramp with a lone figure standing in the center of the spotlight. With a flourish the figure spins around.

Ray Douglas: His partner, hailing from Twentynine Palms, California; weighing in at two hundred five pounds... THE RINGMASTER!

Slow and methodical The Ringmaster makes his way down to the ring. Walking up the ring steps, he steps through the ropes, flamboyantly sauntering around the ring as his opponents and tag partner watch on.

Jim Gunt: Since his debut, this man has been impressive to say the least.

Mike Rolash: I'm glad he didn't bring the elephant with him. Can you imagine calling this match with that thing at ringside?

The official Scott Dean does his final pat down as he calls for one man from each team to start the match. "Beautiful" Bobby Dean is the man to start for his team as King and The Ringmaster discuss who will start between the two and it's The Ringmaster who insists, as King steps to the apron. Dean calls for the bell as the two approach each other, Bobby slightly slower than the Ringmaster. They lock up and Bobby using his size, immediately applies a headlock to the Circus King. Dean wrenches down on the hold, applying pressure, however The Ringmaster shifts his body weight and fires off a few forearm shots to the hefty side of Dean. Now backing his heavy foe to the ropes, he sends Bobby racing across the ring. The return of "Beautiful" Bobby is less intense, Dean slowly rebounding off the ropes, dropping to a knee from exhaustion!

Jim Gunt: You don't normally see that happen.

Mike Rolash: Maybe a few sit ups before the match, might've done a bit of justice.

Looking around to the crowd and laughing a bit to himself, the Circus King goes on the offensive. Seeing the inevitable attack coming, Dean holds his hands up towards the Ringmaster.

Bobby Dean: Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!

Coming to a halt, The Ringmaster curiously stares at Dean, who begins to go fishing through his trunks for something.

Jim Gunt: Cover the eyes of your children ladies and gentlemen.

Fumbling through his trunks, Dean producing a cupcake, and proceeds to stuff it in his mouth. Chewing like a cow, Bobby offers the Circus King an unchewed piece, that is promptly slapped out of his hand by an enraged Ringmaster! Bobby watches on sadly as the piece goes flying into the Montreal crowd. Now upset, Dean turns his attention back to The Ringmaster, who drops him to the canvas with a hard right hand! Slowly rising to his feet, Dean is knocked to mat again, courtesy of another right hand. Clutching at his jaw, Dean scoots his way towards his partner reaching for a tag. The tag however doesn't come as Unlikely points down to his "injured" leg, telling Dean he's not ready yet.

Jim Gunt: Mikey Unlikely seems unlikely to step inside the ring at the moment.

Mike Rolash: He's got a legit injury, for the life of me, I don't understand why he was even booked to compete by that bag faced freak.

Using the ropes for leverage, the One Pump Chump rises to his feet. Mikey gives Dean a quick pep talk, and with a look of confidence, the One Hitter Quitter looks to go on the offensive. However he's dropped yet again with a right hand! Bringing the Beautiful One to his feet, the Circus King backs him into the ropes and whips him towards the opposite set, upon his return, Bentley nails Dean in the jugular with a swinging double axe handle!

Jim Gunt: The Ringmaster connecting with Diabolo's Final Bow! You'd have to think with his partner not wanting to enter the fray, things could get bad for Bobby Dean!

Mike Rolash: Where there's a will, there's a way, and "Beautiful" Bobby will find a way to walk out victorious... Or at least waddle out..

The Ringmaster moves towards his team's corner, slapping Jarvis hard across the chest, making the tag! Annoyed by his partner's actions, King slowly steps inside through the ropes as a smirking Ringmaster goes to the apron. Turning his attention to Dean, who is back rummaging through his trunks, pulling out a coin purse, he opens it and retrieves a five dollar bill. He offers it to the Internet Icon, motioning to let him scoop slam King. Which he actually considers, asking his countrymen if he should go through with it. The Montreal fans are to their feet yelling for him to take the money. He finally obliges, taking the five dollar bill, which brings cheers from the crowd! With that King offers himself up as "Beautiful" Bobby Dean gleefully goes to lift him and scoop slams him to the canvas! Which sends the crowd into a frenzy!

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

CLAP-CLAP

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP!

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

Jim Gunt: What did we just witness?

Mike Rolash: I hope Jarvis knows the currency rate is different here..

Jim Gunt: I'm pretty sure he's going to save it until we get back to the states.

The Dong From Hong Kong quickly attempts to go for the pin, but the faster King rolls out of the way, getting to his feet

as Dean crashes to the mat, bringing a few chuckles from the crowd. Rising to his knees, he is sent flailing back to the canvas courtesy of Superkick by the Internet Icon! King drops down on top of Dean for the cover, official Scott Dean sliding in for the count!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

King brings Dean up to his feet, firing off with an european uppercut that sends Dean staggering backwards, quickly grabbing the Name that Entertains by the arm, King goes for a short-arm clothesline that is ducked. Big Boot by Dean! Well more like a kick to the formerly injured leg of King that sends him down to a knee! Returning back to his team's corner Dean goes for the tag to Unlikely again, only for the Greatest Sports Entertainer to show him a note from his mother saying he's not allowed to compete.

Jim Gunt: This could quite possibly be one of the oddest tag matches I've ever called.

Mike Rolash: That's what happens when you have The Forsaken in charge of things.

With a sadden look, Dean turns back in the corner only to be nailed with a YAKUZA KICK! With his opponent staggering out of the corner, Jarvis King runs the ropes looking to apply more offense! Upon hitting them though, he's slapped hard across the back by his partner The Ringmaster, making the tag! Coming to a halt and with anger in his eyes, King stares bullets through him. The Ringmaster oblivious to any wrong doing, steps into the ring, rushing in at Dean, placing both his feet into the One Hitter Quitter's chest, sending him crashing back into the corner turnbuckles with a Double Legged Dropkick!

Jim Gunt: Looks as if The Ringmaster wants to take the spotlight!

Mike Rolash: As only the Circus King should!

Shaking his head at his partner, Mikey watches on The Ringmaster is back to his feet, planning his next move carefully. However before he can execute anything, his arms are folded across his chest and he's driven back first into the canvas with a STRAIGHT JACKET SUPLEX BY JARVIS KING! The crowd explodes in cheers as Jarvis King gets to his feet pointing and talking trash at the Ringmaster! King then offers him up to a dazed Dean as he exits the ring, and makes his up the aisle.

Jim Gunt: Jarvis King has just left The Ringmaster high and dry!

Mike Rolash: No one could ever out stage the Internet Icon!

Slowly getting to his feet, Dean is tagged by Mikey who rushes into the ring and hurriedly goes for the pin, hooking the leg as Scott Dean makes the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners by pinfall.. "BEAUTIFUL" BOBBY DEAN AND MIKEY UNLIKELY!

Dean looks on confused, as Mikey rushes towards him to celebrate. Bobby begins to question him which promptly makes him grab at his leg feigning an injury as he continues to celebrate!

Mike Rolash: Well I'm pretty sure that was an unlikely victory.

Jim Gunt: Well with the bad blood between King and The Ringmaster, you should have known cooler heads weren't

going to prevail.

High Times

Match

"The HIGH Flyer" Lucas Greene strolls down the hallway of the Bell Centre, a joint between his lips and a duffle bag on his shoulder. He finally comes to a halt at a door, taking a drag off the joint, he knocks. Sitting there patiently taking totes off the joint.

No answer.

Looking around to see if he's at the right door, he knocks once again a bit harder. The door swings open, a cloud of smoke smacking Lucas in the face, a cheshire grin emerging on his face.

Lucas Greene: Bro...

Standing on the other side is Duce Jones, blunt in hand, smoke escaping his nose as he curiously stares at Lucas.

Duce Jones: Sup?

Duce takes a pull off the blunt, soon noticing the joint between Greene's lips. Shrugging his shoulders, he offers his blunt to Greene, who in turns gives Duce the joint.

Lucas Greene: Didn't know there were so many potheads around here..

Duce Jones: So now dat we've gotten to know each otha, wussup.

Lucas Greene: Huh? Oh.. Yea, some creepy dude outside, said he had a "care package".

A look of excitement consumes his face as he invites Greene into the locker room. Freddie is seen sitting on a chair, scrolling through his phone. Both tag titles placed perfectly on the table behind him. Looking up from his phone, he looks at Greene quizzically..

Freddie Styles: Who is he?

Walking towards Freddie, Duce hands him the joint. Looking back at Greene he tries to put a finger on it.

Duce Jones: Umm... I didn't catch a name... He's got da "care package" though.

Lucas Greene: It's cool dude, I'm Lucas.. "The HIGH Flyer"..

Freddie Styles: Lucas? Ohhhh shit you're the guy who damn near set shit on fire at Summer Games.. Hahaaa classic..

Duce Jones: Ohhhh shit mane, it fuckin' is dat guy. How ya end up wit our "care package"?

Lucas Greene: Some weird hombre mang, handing me some killer dank, and said give this bag to his "bois", who I figured to be you guys.

Greene hands the blunt back to Duce, only to receive the joint from Freddie. Duce pulling out his phone now ignoring the conversation.

Freddie Styles: Well you'd be right, we appreciate you delivering the "care package" to us unharmed.

Lucas Greene: No problem bro.. Hey do you guys like, wanna match?

Duce Jones: Yo, check dis shit out, eBay gotta vaporiza' fo' two stacks! I need it!

Both Lucas and Freddie look over to Duce who stares back at both of them.

Duce Jones: Did he say sumthin bout matchin'? Fuck yea we can! Sit y'ass down my guy!

Lucas finds himself a seat, handing the bag over to Freddie, who sits it beside himself. Freddie passes the joint to Lucas while he retrieves the blunt from Duce. The three gentlemen begin to talk shop as they begin to know each other.

Fade.

Bronson Box vs. Lucas Greene

Match

Mike Rolash: This is getting worse and worse! The whole backstage area stinks like skunk! This is dangerous enough around here, but now we're having people high as a kite...?

Jim Gunt: Yeah, this is not really right, but way less bad than people beating someone to the brink of death!

The cameras zoom in on the big screen as The Golden Paradigm logo flashes across the screen. The cameras pan out as the arena lights are snuffed out all at once causing a wave of anticipation throughout the fans in attendance.

Cue the man in black, Johnny Cash as his voice starts singing "God's Gonna Cut You Down."

"You can run on for a long time..."

The house lights come up and there, already standing on the ring apron, is the man himself. Sheared head and freshly waxed mustache. The fans in attendance aren't shy about showing just what they think about Bronson Box. Most seem to be booing The Golden Paradigm member. There are a select few, the Box loyalists that know who this man before them is, his history, and what exactly he is capable of; who refuse to be drowned out by the majority and cheer for The Wargod with everything they have.

Jim Gunt: Would you listen to these people? My God.

Mike Rolash: I bet it was that crack on Pittsburgh, these people are so touchy.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, making his WAAAAY to the ring. The self proclaimed "greatest attraction in ALL of sports and entertainment"... this is THE WARGOD, THE ORIGINAL DEFIANT, THE STAAAAAAAARMMAKER... THIS IS THE BOMBASTIC... BRONSOOOOOON BOOOOOOOOOOOOX!

Boxer climbs the nearest turnbuckle holding his arms out wide. Soaking in the reaction from the raucous crowd.

Jim Gunt: A decidedly mixed reaction for Bronson Box.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

BRON-SON BOX! BRON-SON BOX!

Mike Rolash: You can say that again...

As the music dies, Box gets down off the turnbuckle and his attentions zero in on the entrance ramp

"Smoke Two Joints" by Sublime begins to play over the PA system, smoke begins to roll onstage from the entry way. Nearby, a stagehand grows concerned, as the smoke isn't actually part of the show. However, the situation becomes clear as Lucas Greene emerges from the back, and the faint smell of skunk wafts out with him.

Ray Douglas: Weighing in at 190 pounds, Mr. 420 himself... LUCAS... GREENE!

As the music continues, Lucas heads to the top of the ramp, where he pauses to gaze around the arena. Totally pie-eyed, and chuckling to himself, he continues on his way to the ring, where he slides in and heads to the nearest turnbuckle. He hops to the second rope, and poses for the fans as the music slowly fades.

Lucas hops off the turnbuckle and turns, only to come face to face with Box who gets up in Lucas' face. The ref tries to keep them apart but finally gives it up and calls for the bell instead!

Mike Gunt: Finally! I've been waiting all week for this! That dirty hippie, bit off more than he could chew when he got involved in The Golden Paradigm's affairs!

Jim Gunt: It's not often that I'll readily say this Mike, but I can't help but say I agree with you!

Sure enough, in the ring Lucas and Bronson Box are sizing each other up in the ring. The two seem to be eye level but where Box is built like the trunk of a great redwood tree, Lucas is built like, not quite that. Box snarls and goes to push Lucas, sending the HIGH Flyer backwards and into the ropes! Bronson is quick to follow up and Lucas is unceremoniously dumped to the outside of the ring! The fans erupt, most booing the move while some still cheer.

Mike Rolash: These fans are ON something tonight!

Jim Gunt: Shhh, there are things happening Mike!

Lucas lands on his feet and quickly pulls on the back of the legs of Box, who holds onto the top rope for dear life. Box tries to stomp on Lucas' hands but Mr. 420 is too fast and is able to avoid the stomp. Box gets angry and tries to stomp again, but Lucas moves out of the way. Thinking that he got away with murder Lucas smiles and grabs a joint from his trunks, smirking to himself. Before he can spark though he gets blasted from behind by Box who has exited the ring without the ref knowing and sneaks up on Lucas!

Lucas sprawls forward and lands hard on his face. The ref starts the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Lucas manages to roll out the way as Box tries to stomp on Lucas' ankle and rolls through, coming up facing Box. Lucas makes a break for the ring but The Wargod catches him and tosses him with ease right across the announcer table!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

Bronson doesn't have a chance to inspect his work though as Lucas springs up out of no where, jumps onto the table, and frog leaps right into Bronson Box! Box stumbles backward and collapses as Greene reigns punch after punch down onto Bronson Box!

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

NINE!

Box tosses Lucas right up into the air and Lucas manages to grab ahold of the bottom rope and pull himself inside at the last minute!

TEN!

Bronson Box stands up and is about to roll into the ring but it is too late! The ref calls for the bell and Lucas' arm is raised in victory as The Golden Paradigm member curses in frustration!

Ray Douglas: And the winner by countout - LUCAS GREENE!

Jace Valentine's Disney Photo Dump Volume 3

Match

The CWF Tron lights up one more time, and we are greeted with some prerecorded footage. We see Jace and Tabby smiling and cheery-eyed, holding hands as they walk their way through the Magical Kingdom of Disney World resort.

They seem happy. Our friend Tabby seems particularly star-struck, twirling her ruby red hair as she takes it all in.

Not dysfunction, pure magic.

Jace Valentine: The sun is starting to set.

Tabby Ubetcha: It's beautiful.

Jace Valentine: So are you.

Tabby blushes.

Tabby Ubetcha: So how'd you like the parade?

Jace Valentine: It was like something out of a fairy tale...

Tabby Ubetcha: Well, duh, you goof. That's why they call it the Fairy Tale Festival Parade...

Jace Valentine: Well, gwarsh, Tab! Schuck!

Tabby gives Jace a playful slap on the arm.

Tabby Ubetcha: Come on! This is my favorite ride!

Tabby runs off to the entrance to 'The Journey of the Little Mermaid'.

Tabby Ubetcha: Fast pass, baby!

Jace Valentine: You know Jace likes to go fast, Ricky Bobby style!

Tabby Ubetcha: Come on, Jace Valentine, be original! Not like that other guy!

Jace glares at her.

Jace Valentine: You better get your pretty little ass on that ride before I beat you to it.

Before long they are on the ride, caressing the waves in their motorized "boat" car.

Tabby Ubetcha: That's so wonderful, Jace. Look...it's us. Redheaded, slender, naive little girl and her charming dark haired prince.

Jace leans over the lap bar and plants a kiss on her cheek.

Jace Valentine: Now, it's us.

Tabby is blushing, smiling ear to ear as the boat rounds the next track.

Tabby Ubetcha: Then they get married and live happily ever after. Are you ready for your happily ever after, Jace?

Tabby flashes a sly grin, dripping with sarcasm as she expects it in return.

Jace Valentine: Uh...shit.

Tabby Ubetcha: What?

Jace Valentine: Is your dad King Triton?

Tabby Ubetcha: No...

Jace Valentine: Good, because that would be downright terrifying.

Tabby smiles. She's not sure if it was just an attempt at comedy or just to dodge the subject, but she will let it go at that.

They stop out of the exit line and continue down the trail. It's getting dark now. A quick stop at Auntie Gravity's Ice Cream bar and the fireworks will be starting before too long.

Tabby Ubetcha: I hear the fireworks display is a sight to behold. They do them every night here.

Jace Valentine: Space Mountain...

Tabby looks at Jace coyly.

Tabby Ubetcha: What's next? You got some line about how you're gonna take me up to Space Mountain for the ride of my life, wooing all the way there?

Jace Valentine: No, I was actually going to ask you something.

Tabby Ubetcha: What is it?

Jace Valentine: When we get in there, can I touch Uranus?

Jace giggles, and Tabby giggles back.

Tabby Ubetcha: Jace, stop.

Jace Valentine: Okay, okay. Can you at least stop and touch my Venus?

Jace winks. Tabby remains playful.

Tabby Ubetcha: Always so funny, aren't you?

Jace is racing off ahead.

Jace Valentine: Come on, I know a secret entrance.

Tabby Ubetcha: Really?

Jace Valentine: Of course, man. This is Jace Valentine's Disney World, and these people are just livin' in it!

Tabby takes his hand.

Tabby Ubetcha: Are you ready to party like Tabby Ubetcha parties, even for one night?

Jace Valentine: Youbetch'ur ass I am.

The two make their way into a door marked 'Cast Members Only'. It's dark. The stars are out. There's some moaning heard, and it's not coming from Moana.

Minutes later the lights come on and the coaster trains seem to be halted on the tracks suspended over their heads.

Jace and Tabby rush to cover themselves as a man walks towards them. No...It's a potato. A...walking, talking potato man.

Jace Valentine: I have a bad feeling about this guy.

Tabby Ubetcha: Mister Potato Head?

Jace Valentine: No, I'm talking about the French fry in the hat!

Mister Potato Head stops in his tracks, cackling for a moment just a few feet from Valentine's face. A few seconds of tension pass and he pulls off his costume. Underneath it, another costume is revealed. A particularly burlap and suede costume.

The Bagheaded Bossman, Ataxia, is in Disney World and he's glaring down the Host with the Most. Jace rushes towards him in dramatic fashion.

Jace Valentine: What are you doing here, trying to ruin my good time? I got time off, damn it!

Tabby takes a step back. Ataxia casts his jacket to the floor, revealing a ridiculous inflatable hammer that he brings down right on top of Valentine's head.

Jace Valentine: ...the fuck! What was that?

Ataxia: That my frand, was the banhammer.

Jace Valentine: Excuse me? What kind of sick joke is this, you clown?

Ataxia: I chose to be the messenger boy myself as you live out your little fantasy world. After that stunt you pulled at End Games, trying to play your pawns off to look like me...I have no choice but to ban you from further competing for CWF's World Heavyweight Championship.

Jace Valentine: What? BANNED? Bullshit! No! I had nothing to do with that! Unfair! This is an outrage! A blasphemy! A tragedy! You can't do this!

Ataxia: I can...and I just did. Have a good night, frand.

Jace is fuming, livid and red as the camera fades out and we go back to the action.

An Unexpected Return

Match

Day and Night by Billie Piper hits over the PA and the crowd goes wild for the World Heavyweight Champion, Caledonia Highlander.

Jim Gunt: Boy, I sure am glad that Caledonia is our champion and has been for the last five weeks, with no sort of interruption to her reign!

Mike Rolash: Yes, yes, Jim, we all read the memo.

Caledonia reaches the ring and poses for the fans, who start up a "CALI! CALI! CALI!" chant. She grins and reaches for a microphone.

Caledonia: Good evening Montreal!

The crowd cheers, with a few groans interspersed for the cheap pop.

Caledonia: It's good to be back here. But I'm afraid I have a somber purpose here.

A few murmurs in the crowd.

Caledonia: I am vacating the World Championship.

At this, the crowd seems to make a collective gasp.

Jim Gunt: That wasn't in the memo...

Caledonia: This isn't a decision I make lightly. I've been champion 85 days: not a record, but a respectable length. With that said... I have not defended my championship since the beginning of July, five weeks ago. A champion who doesn't defend her title for five weeks is no champion.

A single fan in the front row holding a sign reading FOCK BROCK! appears to go wild at this, but the rest of the crowd is silent.

Caledonia: I have business that has kept me from the business of being World Champion. And you fans deserve a true champion, one who will fight every match with the grit and determination this title deserves, someone who will give everything she has. Every. Single. Match.

And that isn't me.

A few boos in the audience; not so much directed at Caledonia as disputing her claim.

Caledonia: So I am passing the title on to those who would fight for it. Live and die for it. Leave everything they are in this ring every single time they fight in it.

Next week, there will be two qualifying matches. The winners of those matches will fight for the vacant championship at WrestleFest.

The first contender: ATAXIA!

Cheers, especially from a group of people in hessian-weave masks in the fourth row. One of them is holding a birdcage with a stuffed cockatoo, the other pantomiming with a flugelhorn.

The second contender: ZACH!

More cheers for the re-vamped star.

The third contender: my close personal friend and the former Champion - MARIELLA JADE FLAIR!

And the crowd goes wild. One fan almost angrily shakes a sign reading CALI VS MJ II - MAKE IT HAPPEN RISH!

Caledonia pauses before announcing the fourth.

Caledonia: And the fourth contender is a beloved legend of CWF. His legacy is unparalleled, his legend unmatched. He is a surefire contender for the Hall of Fame, and may well be the favorite to win this championship.

The crowd shivers in anti...pation.

Caledonia: Fans of CWF, the fourth contender: KEMSEY RAMS-

She is interrupted by the instantly-recognizable tune of Yeah! by Usher. The crowd whips their focus up to the stage so fast that many of them seem to get whiplash.

Jim Gunt: It's Colton Mace!

The Premiere, one half of the Entourage, and a Hall of Famer, Colton Mace struts out onto the stage, scowling.

Colton Mace: Seriously? Ramsey? He isn't even an Extra on the CWF. But me! I'm a natural born star. Heavyweight Champ is the role meant for Colton Mace. I mean who else would you even consider?!

Caledonia: Well, my cousin wasn't available.

Mace scowls as the crowd gives a collective 'Oooooo'.

Mike Rolash: Well, the best way to rile up Colton Mace is to mention Mark Carlton...

Colton Mace: Fuck that stuck up cousin of yours.

An appalled Cali looks to respond but Mace cuts her off.

Colton Mace: Not literally! Normally I wouldn't have to specify but this is Carlton we're talking about. Nothing's sacred. And I never was a fan of Brokeback. You know, I know. EVERYONE knows I deserve that shot. I'm the only A List Athlete around here.

Jim Gunt: No ones has told him about Mikey Unlikely...

Colton Mace: I've got the looks, the skills and the ch-

Caledonia: Alright, alright, you're in, just... stop describing yourself.

Mace nods and begins heading towards the ropes to exit the ring. Suddenly the CWF Tron lights up, showing a completely mangled Zach in the back. He lays in a twisted up ball of broken humanity and blood as CWF staff hurry to his aid. Coming back to ringside, Jim and Mike look completely shocked.

Jim Gunt: Oh my god Mike, who could have done this to Zach?

Mike Rolash: Oh my god, turn around Mace! Look who is back!

RKS to Colton Mace! The Montreal fans cheer and boo, but not one of them isn't screaming at the top of their lungs as "The Ripper" Danny B stands over a fallen Mace. He grabs the microphone forcefully away from Caledonia.

The Ripper: So anyone can just enter this thing right?

The crowd comes unglued.

The Ripper: Fine, then. I'm in too.

Danny smiles wickedly, dropping the microphone right at the feet of the former CWF World Champion. Cali looks on in shock at both Mace and Ripper, shaking her head as the camera cuts backstage.

Smokin' Aces (Freddie Styles & Duce Jones) vs. The Forsaken (Ataxia & Dorian Hawkhurst)

Match

Jim Gunt: Wow, ladies and gentlemen, what was an innocent trip to Disney--

Mike Rolash: --define "innocent"...

Jim Gunt: OK, what was *just* a trip to Disney now has turned into something with major implications for the World title race with Ataxia banning Jace Valentine from competing!

Mike Rolash: But isn't Ataxia going to be here just now?

Jim Gunt: Well, yes, but I think the more important news is who IS going to be competing for that World Title. Ataxia himself, former World champ Mariella Jade Flair and two returning stars, both very unexpected. Colton Mace and The Ripper!

Mike Rolash: Indeed, I have a feeling things are once again about to get interesting around here.

A hush falls over the crowd as the sounds of police sirens and helicopters fill the arena, causing fans to look around to

see what's going on. Suddenly the opening lyrics of The Game's "Ali Bomaye" sound off through the PA system.

Ray Douglas: Making their way to the ring! At a combined weight of four hundred and twenty eight pounds! They are YOUR CWF Tag Team Champions! The team of Freddie Styles and Duce Jones! SMOKIN' ACES!

As the song breaks down, the lights beam back on spotlighting the entrance area as neither Freddie Styles or Duce Jones are standing there.

Jim Gunt: Where are the Tag Team Champs?

Mike Rolash: Probably found something better to do, in which.. I don't blame them.

Ataxia and Dorian Hawkhurst stand inside of the ring, glaring at the entrance area in confusion. Soon the Bell Centre is engulfed in darkness as the big screen blares on with a snowy static. Finally the feed comes into play as Mia Rayne is seen standing inside of the ring from earlier.

Jim Gunt: I wonder what this could be about..

Mike Rolash: Maybe if you shut your mouth and watch you'd find out.

The lights in the arena go out, the scene on the big screen switching to night vision to show what actually occurred.

Mike Rolash: That's a cool feature, I didn't know we had..

Mia stands inside of the ring, searching around in the darkness confused. Suddenly two figures dressed in black shirts, cargo pants, boots, and black ski masks slide into the ring with chairs, each one standing on opposite sides, while she stands dumbfounded in the middle. With a nod between the two, they gather all the momentum they could get as they both wrap the steel chairs together around her head with a con-chair-to! Rayne's head is rocked as the birdies begin to fly around her head!

Mike Rolash: Fuck yeah!

Jim Gunt: That was utterly sickening..

Slumping down to her knees on the canvas, one of the masked men take a swing for the fences, connecting with the back of Mia's skull, sending her tumbling face first to the mat. The same one goes to clobber her again, but his assailant stops him, then proceeds to carry out the deed himself! Bringing the chair down across her skull with thunderous impact!

Jim Gunt: Why is this being shown? And aren't those the same men who's been causing the Forsaken problems for a number of weeks?

Mike Rolash: I don't know Jimmy, but it must be my birthday!

Jim Gunt: We had a scheduled match between the Aces and the Forsaken, but whoever these sick individuals are need to end this footage.

Mike Rolash: Hold on look, it's getting good.

A liquid substance, that can only be presumed to be blood can be seen leaking from ears as one of the men drops his chair, and grabs her by her hair lifting her into a front facelock dragging her lifeless body towards the ropes, meanwhile the other man carries his steel chair towards the same direction his partner is headed. The masked man, who has his grips on Mia throws her legs through the middle and top ropes, pulling her into her feet are hanging from the middle rope, setting her up for a Rope Hung DDT!

Jim Gunt: Wait a minute!

His partner soon opens the steel chair into the seated position, placing it underneath Mia's defenseless face. Quickly

scaling a corner to the top turnbuckle, the man jumps off, double stomping Mia's shoulders, adding more pressure to the DDT, that sends Rayne helplessly face first into the steel chair, bending it in a sickening fashion.

Jim Gunt: No... it couldn't be..

Mike Rolash: I know two guys who just gained a new number one fan!

Masked Man #1 kicks the lifeless body of Mia over as a crimson mask is very clear on her face! Blood coating her face in a disheartening glow. Grabbing a ponytail each, they drag her to the middle of the ring, a murky trail of blood following along. The two stand over her body and begin to slowly remove the masks, suddenly the feed cuts out and the lights illuminate the Bell Centre again. But standing across from Ataxia and Dorian are the same two masked men. They slowly begin to remove their disguises as the Montreal fans sit in anticipation!

Jim Gunt: This better not be who I think they are, we need answers Mike!

Mike Rolash: Stop denying the facts Jimbo, the answers are right in your face!

The two men finally remove the masks as an audible gasp echo throughout the arena. Transitioning looks of shock to anger befell the Demon of Sobriety and the Commissioner, as none other than Freddie Styles and Duce Jones stand before them. Both men eyes filled with intensity as stare at Ataxia and Dorian, the crowd erupting in boos of disgust and surprise at this point.

Jim Gunt: But if they are the ones who took out Mia, who attacked the Forsaken at Summer Games? There are two more men involved with this madness!

Mike Rolash: Shut up Jim! That recovering drunk fool and that bagged face freak are going to get the beating they deserve.

Head official Trent Robbins finally backs both teams in their corner as medical help begin to rush down the entrance ramp and tend to Mia Rayne. After the bell sounds, the fans within the Bell Centre give a hearty cheer as Duce Jones and an absolutely seething Ataxia enter the ring to face each other. The Messiah Pariah doesn't waste a second of time coming right at one of the two men who just layed out his beloved, running at Jones and planting a boot in his stomach, an uppercut to his jaw, and then a swinging DDT for good measure!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia is going absolutely crazy to start off this matchup, Mike. Ring psychology has gone out of the window, the masked maniac is simply trying to destroy one half of the Tag Team Champions as soon as possible.

Mike Rolash: Come on Freddie, get in there and help your partner out!

Jim Gunt: Since when did you become such a big Smokin' Aces fan? Do you have a ski mask fetish or something?

A standing leg drop is meant to continue the onslaught on Duce Jones, but he is able to roll out of the way just in time, allowing himself to hurry to his team's corner and make the tag before Ataxia can get back to his feet. The Messiah Pariah doesn't seem to mind which of the Tag champions he faces however, his cackling happy demeanor gone as he waves his gloved hands for Styles to come in and take the same beating Jones did. Instead, the two henchmen work things out with each other verbally, each men coming around a side of Ataxia as they begin to circle him.

Jim Gunt: The early brutal offense from Ataxia may have almost put Jones, but now the Aces are using their gang mentality to circle the Messiah Pariah!

Mike Rolash: I love it, the masked freak is about to get what's coming to him just like his little girlfriend did earlier! Yes!

Head official Trent Robbins looks like he is about to step in the middle of the Aces upcoming attack, but as soon as Styles and Jones turn their eyes in his direction he quickly backs up with his hands in the air. The Smokin' Aces make their move on Ataxia but he does not go down quietly, landing a right hand on Freddie Styles before Jones comes at him from behind with a rising knee to the ribs. The former CWF World champ tells his soon to be hall of fame tag

partner to hold Ataxia as he bounces against the ropes, looking for the D-Trigga-NO! Dorian Hawkhurst off the top rope with a MASSIVE CLOTHESLINE THAT TAKES OUT EVERYBODY!

“HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!”

Jim Gunt: The incredibly active Montreal fans are showing no sign of quieting down here tonight, Mike!

Mike Rolash: No they're not, and at this point I'm already eight Alev in and still have a massive headache.

Jim Gunt: Welcome to my world every Thursday night.

The Forsaken Demon is back up to his feet, looking for either Jones or Styles to get to theirs, first taking out Jones with an Atomic Drop then a big boot to Styles. Finally Trent Robbins intervenes, raising his hands in front of Hawkhurst and telling the big man that he's going to have to get back to his team's corner before this match results in a double disqualification.

Jim Gunt: Trent Robbins, always the party pooper, ladies and gentlemen.

Mike Rolash: Just let the official do his job, Jimbo. That's what they are getting paid to do, maintain control of these matches. We can't just let things go to the dogs, that is how someone like Ataxia becomes the commissioner of a multi-million dollar franchise company!

Jim Gunt: You know, for once I guess I have to agree with you. Things have been getting a little out of hand, lately, haven't they?

Mike Rolash: Yes, and it's all Ataxia's fault! We need one of the Rishel's to come and take this company back before the masked moron runs it into the ground!

Jim Gunt: Now that's going too far, Mike...

With Dorian Hawkhurst and the groggy Duce Jones now both in their corners, Styles and Ataxia slowly make it back up to their feet themselves and immediately meet each other in the center of the ring for a back and forth war of right hands. Both men land two hard shots, the crowd cheering on each time.

Jim Gunt: The pace of this match has really been ground down to a halt, here, as that huge clothesline off the top rope from Dorian STILL has left these competitors in a daze!

Mike Rolash: Well, Dorian is a pretty big dude. I wouldn't want him coming off the top rope on top of me, that's for sure.

Freddie Styles ducks under a third attempt at a right hand from Ataxia, turning around just in time to receive a running forearm smash anyway. The Messiah Pariah backs up never taking his eye off the Tag champion. MISSILE DROPKICK SENDS HIM FLYING INTO THE CORNER! The Commissioner is still very incensed, but after taking a couple of deep breaths he is able to calm himself down, making his way over to Dorian to tag his partner and former rival into the match. Hawkhurst says a couple of words to his friend, patting him on his back as he enters the ring to take over on Styles. He waits for the Tag champ to lift himself up with the help of the ropes, putting himself in perfect position in the corner for Hawkhurst. BODY AVALANCHE!

Jim Gunt: Hawkhurst just crushed Styles with ALL of his body there!

Mike Rolash: This is not looking good for the Smokin' Aces, I think they may have woken up a sleeping demon with their assault on Mia earlier...

Jim Gunt: Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO! Duce Jones comes in and breaks up the cover with a twisting elbow drop to the upper spine of Hawkhurst!

Jim Gunt: Jones breaks up the cover, it would have been over there, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Woulda, coulda, shoulda. But this match is still going on, Jim, and that's all that matters!

Dorian gets to his feet with anger in his eyes, about ready to tear the head off of Jones for interrupting his pin attempt. Unknowingly Styles has made his way back to his feet and pulls in the big man from behind, using all of his strength to yank him up and over with a hesitation Belly to Back Suplex. Styles rolls over and back to his feet, smiling brightly as the Smokin' Aces give each other a high five right in front of the arguing Trent Robbins. Jones finally obliges the official's request as he starts to leave the ring, that is after him and Styles give Hawkhurst tandem knee drops to the skull! The Canadian fans are on their feet jeering their hearts out at the disgusting display from the Aces.

Jim Gunt: Come on Trent, call the match! What a disgusting display here from the Smokin' Aces. What HAPPENED to these two once honorable men?

Mike Rolash: Life happened, Jim. These are the new, true Smokin' Aces, get used to it!

Freddie Styles picks up Dorian Hawkhurst and nails the big man with a quick array of attacks. DAT REMIX! The Forsaken Demon is shook as the future Hall of Famer heads for the top rope, flipping off the booing Canadian fans as he faces them just momentarily before flipping backward and landing the King of the Fall 450 Splash perfectly! Styles holds on for the cover as both Jones and Ataxia watch on intently from their corners.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO! The Impact Champion rolls his shoulder just in the nick of time!

Suddenly there is commotion in the crowd and as the camera turns around, it shows people pushing through the fans towards the ring.

Jim Gunt: What is happening there?

Mike Rolash (gleefully): Looks like the cavalry is coming in again.

Four figures dressed in black shirts, cargo pants, boots, and black ski masks simultaneously reach the barricade and after a moment's hesitation climb over it.

Jim Gunt: Oh no, there are more of them! This could really spell doom for the Forsaken now since they already lost Mia to these thugs!

Mike Rolash: Not thugs, saviors!

The four figures jump up onto the apron of each side of the ring, but are not making any move to enter it.

Jim Gunt: Duce and Freddie do not look that confident, something is off here...

Ataxia and Dorian have left the ring the moment the four figures arrived and The Smokin' Aces are inside, back to back, looking both surprised and definitely anxious. Nervously they look from masked figure to masked figure, unsure of what is happening. Suddenly one of the masked figures speaks.

???: What? Are you nervous if it is not your allies showing up uninvited?

Mike Rolash: That voice sounds familiar!

As one the four take off the masks and reveal The Shadow and three of the Druids, a tense smile on his face.

The Shadow: How does it feel to be on the other end of a surprise like this? You have no idea what you are messing with, Aces, but I have one advice for you.

His voice drops to a menacing whisper.

The Shadow: Sleep with one eye open...

With that him and the Druids drop off the apron, give a nod to Ataxia and Dorian and leave the way they came, through the audience.

Mike Rolash: Can we please get these idiots out of here already so we can get back to the match?

Jim Gunt: I would have loved for you to speak up when the Forsaken was actually still here, Mike.

With the mind games seemingly evened up on both sides now, the action continues in traditional fashion with Freddie and the Ataxia masked Dorian Hawkhurst locking into a collar tie up. Dorian turns it quickly into an arm lock, going behind Freddie and wrenching his arm back to his upper spine. Styles cringes, but is able to flip over and sending the Forsaken Demon flying. Both men take a moment to tag out to their respective partners.

Jim Gunt: Will the real Ataxia chici-chici please stand up?

Mike Rolash: Shut up, you stupid idiot.

Jim Gunt: Fuck off. The Messiah Pariah and Duce Jones have both been tug into the match!

The CWF commissioner comes in once again like a wild man after clearly still being pissed off about the attack on Mia, ramming his head right into the stomach of Jones to drive him all the way back to an empty corner. Ataxia then begins to drive his shoulder again and again into the ribcage and stomach of Jones, finally the Tag champion is able to break up by delivering a huge rising knee to his masked face! SUPERMAN PUNCH!

Mike Rolash: The Duce is on the Loose!

Jim Gunt: And you call me an idiot?

With the momentum now on his side, Duce Jones calls for Ataxia to rise to his feet, planting him with a spinebuster before taunting the booing Canadian crowd, telling them that it's all over. Duce starts to move in for the Krayzed Knee but Dorian Hawkhurst is in the ring to block his way?

Jim Gunt: Dorian clearly showing that he has no hatred for his friend Ataxia after the war they went through at Summer Games. I mean for god's sakes, he wore the man's mask to the ring and now he's saving him from taking the deadly knee from Jones! What a guy.

Mike Rolash: What a guy? If it were Freddie and Duce pulling those shenanigans you'd be yelling at the referee to call for a disqualification. Come on, Jimmy.

The Forsaken Demon smiles widely as an angry Duce Jones waves at him to get out of the way. He angrily sighs, realizing that Robbins isn't forcing Hawkhurst out of the ring and he's not going to leave on his own, so he instead charges forward for a Superman Pu-NO! The bigger Hawkhurst grabs him out of midair and throws him across the ring like a torn paper airplane!

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Finally head official Trent Robbins steps in, telling the Impact champion that he must exit the ring, but the damage has already been done. The Messiah Pariah cackles his trademark laugh, the fans cheering him on as he lifts up Jones to finish him off. But instead it is Duce Jones who transitions behind him right into a school boy roll-up pin attempt, using all his weight and even pulling the tights of the CWF commish right out of the eyesight of Robbins as he takes the sneak pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Dorian hurries back into the ring but seems to be a second too late.

THREE!

Mike Rolash: Yes! I love it!

Ray Douglas: Your winners of this match by pinfall....THE SMOKIN' ACES!!

Caught Red Handed

Match

Ataxia is to his knees in disbelief looking towards head official Trent Robbins who shows him that it was indeed a three count! Duce smiles and sticks his tongue out at the Messiah Pariah, sliding backwards out of the ring under the bottom ropes, Styles coming over to join him in celebration with their tag titles.

Jim Gunt: The Aces just stole another victory over the Forsaken!

Mike Rolash: Hell yes!

A furious Ataxia is still on his knees fuming, Hawkhurst joining him inside the ring as they keep a close eye on the tag champs who are gloating over their victory. Standing at the foot of the aisle Freddie and Duce raise their titles proudly in the air, soaking in all the jeers of the Bell Centre!

Jim Gunt: Mike, I don't think I'm going to like this side of the Aces.

Mike Rolash: Pure brilliance from the tag champs!

Duce is trash talking Ataxia and Dorian Hawkhurst, soon both him and Styles point finger guns at the Forsaken. A commotion begins to stir within the fans, soon two more masked men decked out in black hop over the barricade, sliding into the ring taking out Hawkhurst and Ataxia!

Jim Gunt: This is getting out of hand!

The Aces soon join in on the action, returning to the ring to get in on the stomp fest! Boos ring out from the Montreal fans, the vicious assault on the CWF Commissioner and the Forsaken Demon is relentless. The boos are soon turned to cheers as The Shadow and his three druids return through the crowd as well!

Jim Gunt: Here comes the calvary!

Mike Rolash: Just when things were starting to look up.

All hell breaks loose, fists are flying everywhere as chaos ensues! The numbers of the Forsaken soon prove to be too much for their adversaries, Duce goes flying over the top rope thanks to a clothesline from The Shadow! Freddie is soon tossed out over the ropes, crashing down on top of Jones!

Jim Gunt: The Forsaken are showing these thugs why they are the ones who run this place! Look, one of those men were able to escape!

Mike Rolash: Yeah but whoever that last guy is inside the ring is in trouble!

Having the final masked man cornered like a pack of wolves ready to strike! His comrades watching on from the outside trying to figure a way to save him. As if going into fight or flight mode he begins to swing punches wildly, in search of an open window of opportunity. The Aces and their accomplice hop on the apron, gaining the attention of the druids. Meanwhile, the man staggers both Hawkhurst and Shadow with hard punches, finally tackling Ataxia to the mat! Rolling off the Messiah Pariah, attempting to slide out of the ring, Ataxia rolls over quickly grabbing at the man's mask. He is able to escape the ring, but not before his mask comes off in Ataxia's hands!

Jim Gunt & Mike Rolash: Holy shit!

The Montreal crowd are in shock as well as their favorite son stands there now making it obvious that he's aligned with Smokin' Aces!

Jim Gunt: Oh my God! It's Jace Valentine!

"CAUGHT RED HANDED!" The sold out crowd start chanting, jeering at the Host with the Most.

Mike Rolash: This night couldn't get any better!

"YOU DESERVE IT!" The crowd roars, clearly in reference to Valentine's recent title ban announcement.

Jim Gunt: But who's the other man aligned with these men? There are still questions that need to be answered!

Mike Rolash: Too bad we're out of time, that's Jim Bean and I'm Mike Rolash, see you next week ladies and gentlemen!

Jace backs up the aisle along with the Aces and the other mystery man. They begin to talk trash between each other as the scene soon comes an end, bringing the show to a close.

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite