

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 28

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: August 23, 2018
Location: Pengrowth Saddledome — Calgary, Alberta

Results

Autumn Raven vs. Jimmy Allen

Match

The picture fades in to a sold-out Air Canada Centre in Toronto, Ontario in Canada. Since the CWF does not make a lot of stops in the Great White North, the crowd feels particular electric and also the fact that there are several Canadians on the roster these days probably helps it along. Several signs are addressing The Shadow, Jace Valentine, Silas Artoria and Jarvis King, some more positively than others. Also the return of big names such as Colton Mace and The Ripper Danny B have brought fans out of the woodwork and the dynamic duo of Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash is ready to go.

Jim Gunt: Ladies and gentlemen, good evening and welcome to Evolution live from Toronto, hometown of CWF's own Silas Artoria, who is strangely absent tonight, similar to Jace Valentine originally in Montreal last week, but we all know how that ended up.

Mike Rolash: We will be on our way to crowning a new Heavyweight champion tonight, with two matches deciding who will be meeting up at the biggest show of the year, Wrestle Fest 4 in NYC, Ataxia vs. MJ Flair and Colton Mace against Danny B, who would ever have thought that these two men would be meeting again in a CWF ring?

Jim Gunt: And then as the main event Jarvis King against The Ringmaster for the Paramount title, so this is a really big, heavyweight card, so a real treat for our Canadian friends.

Mike Rolash: Up next, why is this match even happening? Neither of these two deserve air time!

Jim Gunt: Ease up there, everyone on this roster deserves air time!

Shinedown's "Cut the Cord" sets 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!

Mike Rolash: I don't know why he's acting like that, he has yet to win a match!

Jim Gunt: Probably the same reason you act the way you do, he believes he belongs here.

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.

Jim Gunt: Unless you are ready to get in the ring with them, I'd suggest you stop.

With the introductions done and the pre match warnings issued by the referee Scott Dean, he calls for the bell!

DING DING DING!!!

They begin to circle, having never faced each other before they both start out a bit cautious. Reaching, faking a leg take down by Autumn which causes Allen to be off balance for a moment.

Mike Rolash: Sucker!

She nails him in the mouth with a picture perfect drop kick sending him to his back. She hits the ropes, stepping up on the middle rope and executing a textbook Moonsault!

Jim Gunt: Our first pinfall attempt of the match!

Mike Rolash: Allen powered out before Scott Dean even counted one!

Jimmy powers out of the pin causing Raven to land on her feet. She dives back down striking him hard in the chest with an elbow drop! Jimmy rolls away in pain, gasping trying to get his air flowing again.

Jim Gunt: Having the oxygen forcibly driven from you like that! Wow!

Mike Rolash: Pussy.

Autumn still on the attack, follows Jimmy and drags him to his feet. She Irish whips him across the ring but he counters sending her in instead.

Jim Gunt: Nice counter, but what can he follow up with? He's taken a beating so far.

The Catalyst lowers his head too soon, Autumn comes in and tries to kick him in the face.

Jim Gunt: It was his turn to fake her out!

Mike Rolash: Dragon screw leg whip! That'll leave a mark!

Allen sends her across the ring with the dragon screw leg whip. Autumn struggles to rise and Jimmy goes to work on her legs with stiff kicks to the outside of the thigh. The impact of the last kick delivered takes her off her feet!

Jim Gunt: Allen has really turned this around quickly!

Mike Rolash: Ugh....can't stand that guy! I can't believe I'm about to say this...but....come on Autumn!

Allen grabs the injured leg and drags her to the center of the ring, he steps over with a spinning toe hold. As he turns to do it again she shoves him off with force. Allen baseball slides and pops back to his feet! The fans 'cheering grows louder as these two continue the back and forth. The work and determination is appreciated.

Jim Gunt: Spinning heel kick from Raven!

Jimmy goes down to the mat once again from the impact of the heel kick delivered by Autumn! Jimmy struggles to sit back up and shake the cobwebs loose.

Mike Rolash: And another drop kick!

Raven unleashes a high impact seated drop kick to the face of Jimmy!

Jim Gunt: He looks like he may be out!

Autumn wastes no time, she goes to the top rope, a bit slower than you would expect as she is still trying to shake off the damage of the earlier attacks on her legs.

Mike Rolash: Yes! Finish him off!

Autumn dives off the top rope!

Jim Gunt: The Anti-Hero!

The only thing she connects with is the mat as Allen rolls out of the way at the last possible moment! He's close enough to the ropes that he slides outside of the ring to collect himself. Inside the ring Autumn is back on her feet. She shakes the funniness away and sprints across the ring. She catches Allen by surprise as she connects with a baseball slide to the back that sends him forward and head first into the security barrier!

Jim Gunt: Talk about leave a mark!

Mike Rolash: She needs to follow up quick!

Raven slides out of the ring and onto the ring apron. She looks back over her shoulder and sees him getting up.

Jim Gunt: Looks like she's going into the high rent district again!

This time though Allen cannot avoid the incoming asai moonsault! The crowd erupts again, this time with a "CWF!" chant. She poses for the crowd, taunting them really, before grabbing a handful of Jimmy's hair and dragging him into the ring once more. Allen is out near the corner, she steps up on the middle turnbuckle and leaps off with fist drop to the forehead of Allen!

Mike Rolash: another pinfall attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout by Jimmy!

Jim Gunt: A near fall! Oh man, she's frustrated!

Raven slams her hands on the mat in frustration. Jimmy tries to rise up once again, and again gets knocked flat with a seated dropkick from Raven! Having shaken off the damage that Allen did to her leg earlier in the match, she is able to quickly ascend to the top turnbuckle. Allen just as quickly is there to knock her legs out from under her.

Mike Rolash: What a cheap shot!

Jim Gunt: Autumn Raven with quite the fall, she is down near the corner!

Jimmy props her up in the corner, still seated but sitting upright. He goes to the other corner and climbs to the top! The fans are on their feet!

Mike Rolash: What the hell is he thinking?...No way....he can't make that jump!

Jimmy does in fact make that jump leaping from corner to corner! "From Big D with Love"(Van Daminator)! He plants the heels of his boots into the chest of Autumn Raven!

Mike Rolash: Holy Shit!

Jim Gunt: That's what the fans are saying!

Jimmy drags her out of the corner, she appears to be out as Scott Dean slides in to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout by Raven!

Jim Gunt: I have no idea how she kicked out...

Mike Rolash: Evidently Jimmy Allen doesn't either...

No one in attendance is more surprised than Jimmy when she kicks out. "This is awesome!" chant erupts as Jimmy gets back to his feet. He drags Autumn to a standing position, he sets his feet and goes for his finisher, "Good Night Princess!", Autumn drops straight down avoiding the inside out crescent kick! With Jimmy off balance she kicks out with her legs sending him face first to the mat!

Jim Gunt: Great counter!

Jimmy is back to his feet quickly near the ropes, Raven follows quickly and rolls him up!

ONE!

TWO!

Mike Rolash: Another near fall for Autumn!

Jimmy kicks out barely in time! Raven, drags him to his feet again and irish whips him to the ropes. Allen steps up on the middle rope and connects with a springboard roundhouse kick!

Jim Gunt: Holy crap! That kick almost took her head off!

Jimmy wastes no time in dragging her back to her feet and maneuvering her closer to the ropes. Front facelock applied he swings her feet onto the middle ropes.

Mike Rolash: Oh no....he's going for F...

Jim Gunt: Yes, it's a draping DDT.

And down they go! With a sickening thud, Raven's head impacts the mat!

Allen stands up quickly and then drags Raven to her feet.

Jim Gunt: Allen is set!

An inside out crescent kick from Jimmy Allen!

Jim Gunt: Good Night Princess!

Scott Dean slides in to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The fans explode as Jimmy Allen picks up his first victory in CWF!

Ray Douglas: Your winner by pinfall, "The Catalyst" Jimmy Allen!

Jim Gunt: There you go, Mikey, here's the first win, maybe he earned his way into your heart now?

Mike Rolash: Nnno!

Precautionary Measures

Match

We're outside of the Air Canada Centre, the scene shifting to the parking lot, where a silver 2018 Buick Enclave is seen pulling in, coming to a halt inside of one of the designated parking spots. The driver and passenger doors swing open as the CWF Tag Team Champions, Smokin' Aces step out, they both head to the back of the SUV to retrieve their bags, then their respective championship belts, throwing them over their shoulders, they both head for the wrestlers entrance. Nearing the door, they are approached from all directions by CWF Security, lead by Head of Security, T.J.

"Fridge" Flint.

Duce Jones: Fuck's dis bout?

"Fridge" Flint: Mr. Jones, Mr. Styles we've been instructed to direct you guys to your designated locker room for the night.

Freddie Styles: What kinda games are you playing?

"Fridge" Flint: No games, Mr. Styles. From our understanding, tonight it will be nothing but the best for the Aces.

Duce Jones: Y'don't say.

"Fridge" Flint: We're also here for you guys' protection. Just to make sure no one tries to attack either of you tonight, per the orders of Commissioner Ataxia.

Freddie Styles: It's about time we got some respect.

Duce Jones: What y'said. So why're we standin' here, lead tha way.

With a nod, Fridge has one of his men open the door as they all file in, making sure to keep the Aces in the center of the crowd, for assurance that no attacks come to them.

Jim Gunt: You'd think with the heinous actions of the Aces, last week, the red carpet treatment would be the last thing they would receive.

Mike Rolash: Well Jimbo, if there's one thing I know about that bagged faced freak is that, there's an underlining to this.

Partying like it's 1999

Match

Tara Robinson: I'm here with the Archangel of Apathy, Azrael, who apparently has rented a room backstage for a party?

Azrael: That's right. I've got another celebration planned and this time I'm inviting everyone. Oh, and you really should address me as the Archangel of Awesome.

Tara: I might depending on this party. What do you have to say to those who say you should act like you've been here before?

Azrael: Nothing. When a country wins the World Cup, should they not celebrate? Of course they should. Each and every victory needs to be celebrated. While I may have gone a little overboard with my last celebration, that doesn't mean I shouldn't celebrate the victory.

Tara: A new positive outlook for the Archangel of Apathy it seems

Azrael: I think I've gotten to a place when I can see the good again. Don't worry, the Archangel of Apathy will make an appearance now again, but I believe I have moved past that dark stage. Hence the party for after my victory.

Tara: Big words there!

Azrael: If I don't have faith in myself to do it, no one will. But if you excuse me, I have bought balloons, and streamers, and stuff to munch. I had a dollar left so I bought her Faygo Punch.

Tara: Her?

Azrael: Nevermind.

Azrael enters his party room and closes the door. Tara can hear Azrael sucking on some helium meant for the balloons

and singing silly songs with his voice extra high. An amused but bewildered look crosses her face before it is suddenly replaced with shock and fear. From behind the door, the sound of destruction is overheard. Tara tries to open the door to see what's happen inside but it is locked.

Tara: Azrael?!? Are you ok?

Azrael: Yup. Part of the party prep. Now leave me be so I can focus on this and my match.

Light the Fire

Match

We see Styles walk up to the gorilla position before he's set to go out for his match with Pandalike. He's stoically calm...too calm as he just stands there, seemingly staring off into space as he waits for his moment to walk out.

Freddie Styles: Am I a wrestling savant, or merely a tag specialist?

Has my fire burnt out, or are the embers ready to start an inferno, and they're just waiting on the match to strike to set it all ablaze?

I guess we'll find out in a few minutes.

It's gametime...

Ballgame!

Freddie Styles vs. Pandalike

Match

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

“ONE FALL!”

The lights go down, and all you see is a silhouette of a man, forming a diamond with his hands above his head as the opening riff hits...

You don't know what you're doing, doing, doing....

That's where you're wrong!

As the song moves into the verse, Freddie steps out from behind the curtain. Freddie just stands there in his hooded vest, hood over his head, his tag title around his waist, bouncing from side to side, before making his slow walk towards the ring.

I — will — not — lose

(You don't know what you're doing, doing, doing)

Put somethin' on it!

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, making his way to the ring! Weighing in at two hundred twenty three pounds! He is one half of the CWF Tag Team Champions! FREDDIE STYLES!

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

Jim Gunt: What an interesting development we had, right before this contest. Freddie having to go at it alone, as Duce was banned from ringside.

Mike Rolash: This has to work out in the favor of Mr. Ballgame, wanting to prove he's on equal footing with his tag

partner, instead of walking in his shadow. But I'm still trying to figure out why Ataxia is so strangely pleasant to these two, especially after last week, where they were the responsible party for Mia's hospital vacation.

Jim Gunt: Please, it's not a vacation, she's not even awake yet!

The opening tunes of "Koto" by Clozee begin to fill the Air Canada Centre. The rabid Canadian fans come to life as Pandalike makes his way out from behind the curtains. Coming to a halt at the top of the stage he looks around at the fans inside of the jam packed arena.

Ray Douglas: His opponent, making his way to the ring, residing in London, England! Weighing two hundred fifty pounds! PANDALIKE!

Pandy slides his hood off his head, looking around to the fans. Making his descent down the aisle, he comes to a stop at ringside, sliding under the bottom rope and quickly up a turnbuckle as the fans cheer him on.

Jim Gunt: This man has been on a small roll since he was unmasked. And you know he's wanting to continue that streak against Styles, as it would give him a major boost.

Mike Rolash: I don't know Jimmy, the future Hall of Famer looks focused here tonight. Pandy has to be on top of his game if he wants to walk out with the victory.

Pandy removes his hoodie as official "Big" Denny Davidson checks him for foreign objects. Finally completing his check, he signals for the bell, both men circling the ring. Both men go for a lock up, but the elusive and shorter Pandalike ducks underneath, applying a rear waist lock. Struggling against an oncoming attack, Styles breaks the grip of Pandy, sliding behind him cinching in a hammerlock, quickly transitioning to a headlock, using his height for leverage on the hold. Not being one to back down, Pandy fires a few forearm shots into the side of Styles, soon backing him into the ropes. Firing Mr. Ballgame off into the opposite ropes, the agile Panda King leapfrogs over Styles, dropping down to the canvas as Freddie rebounds off the opposite set. Rebounding one last time, Styles is dropped to the mat, thanks to a dropkick from Pandy!

Jim Gunt: Classic Pandy!

Mike Rolash: So that's your thing now?

Jim Gunt: Call the action, Mike!

Mike Rolash: I would if you weren't such a blatant rip off.

Looking around to the cheering fans, Pandy quickly brings Styles to a vertical base, stinging his chest with a knife edge chop. Clutching his chest, Freddie drops back down, but hastily rolls under the bottom rope, to the outside to recover. Hying the fans up, the Panda King looks set to take flight, running the ropes only to be caught with a forearm as Styles is back on the apron, catching him off guard. Quickly grabbing a hold of Pandy, Styles hooks him for a suplex, looking to take him up and over to the outside! Pandy fights off the hold though, giving Styles trouble as he tries to lift him. With one final attempt, Styles is able to lift him up and over the ropes, only for Pandalike to land on the apron!

Jim Gunt: Pandalike narrowly escaping, what could have possibly been an ugly situation.

Mike Rolash: Since coming back, we've seen a different type of fire lit within him.

Jim Gunt: Pandy is firing shots to the ribs of Styles! He takes Mr. Ballgame overhead, release suplex to the apron!

Mike Rolash: Maybe Freddie should've asked Duce for a few pointers before stepping in the ring with this guy.

Clutching at his back in pain on the apron, Freddie can't do nothing as Pandalike stalks around at ringside as the Canadian fans inside of the Air Canada Centre cheer him on. A small "CWF" chant starting up. Trying to put as much distance between himself and his opponent, Styles rolls back into the ring, backing himself into a corner. Pandy is back

to the apron stepping through the ropes, and charging full speed at Styles, crushing him with a Body Avalanche in the corner! Stumbling out of the corner, Freddie receives a boot to the mid section, doubling him over. With one swift motion, Pandly hooks Styles' head between his legs, setting him up for the Pandemonium!

Jim Gunt: Pandly's looking for the early victory!

Having lifted Styles up onto his shoulders, he begins to rain down right hands into the skull of Pandly, forcing him to release his grip, letting Styles land on his feet. A roundhouse kick is ducked by Pandly as Styles makes a full three sixty, catching the Panda King as he rises with a Tornado Kick! With Pandly down on the mat, Styles goes for the first cover of the match, Davidson sliding in to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT BY PANDY!

Mike Rolash: Freddie almost had him with Ballgame V-1!

Jim Gunt: V-1?

Mike Rolash: And you tell me to do my homework, he just connected with his first ever version of the Ballgame, you know that move has evolved more than a caveman.

Not taking time to argue with "Big" Denny about the count, a frustrated Styles brings Pandly back to his feet. With an arm wrench, Styles backs Pandalike into the ropes, shooting him across the ring. No, reversal by Pandly, with Styles rebounding off the ropes, Pandalike goes for another leapfrog, however Styles comes to a halt, catching Pandly in mid air, spiking him into the canvas with a High Angled Spinebuster! Styles falls on top of the Panda King, hooking his leg as he go for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Freddie eyes Davidson clapping his hands together, telling him to count faster next time. Bringing his dazed opponent to his feet, Pandly shrugs him off, attempting a clothesline that's ducked by Styles. Now having a rear waist lock applied, Freddie tries for a German Suplex, but Pandly blocks it, hooking his leg around Styles', however thinking quickly, he rolls Pandalike up with an O'Connor roll.. He hooks the jeans for extra leverage!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Jim Gunt: Pandalike able to escape the pin attempt in the nick of time.

Mike Rolash: You gotta give credit to the resilience of Pandly, he's able to recover from any situation.

Waiting for Pandly to get upright, Styles hits the ropes, but Pandly recovers, ducking down and taking Styles over for a back body drop! With the agility of a cat, Styles is able to land on his feet! Only to turn right into a Step-Sidekick that rocks the tag champion! Shaking off the hit, Freddie charges at Pandly, looking for a clothesline, but Pandly ducks, catches his arm and spins him around into a butterfly lock, he lifts Styles up onto his shoulders attempting his finisher once more, but yet again Mr. Ballgame is able to escape, landing on his feet in front of Pandly. The Panda King tries to take advantage with a wild swing, but Styles is able to counter, driving Pandly into the mat with an Uranage!

Jim Gunt: Freddie able to capitalize on the miscue by Pandy! He's transitioning to the Addiction! The hold is locked on tight!

Mike Rolash: He has him in the center of the ring as well. There's no escape for Pandy!

Pandy searches around trying his best to fight off the hold, but the ropes are too far out of reach. Styles screams out in rage yelling for Pandy to tap as the Air Canada Centre tries to cheer Pandalike back into the fight! But there's no more fight left as Pandalike has no other choice but to tap out, bringing boos from the Canadian fans!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner via submission! FREDDIE STYLES!

Freddie releases the hold, rising to his feet as "Big" Denny Davidson raises his hand in victory.

Jim Gunt: Freddie Styles able to prove that he's just as good on his own, as he is alongside Jones..

Mike Rolash: Chalk one up in the win column for the bad guys. The Aces are two young men trying get their names heard. And Styles just proved that here tonight!

King versus Master

Match

The picture fades in to Jarvis King standing in the ring, holding his Paramount title high above his head.

Voiceover: The King is defending his throne and title against a new intruder into his realm.

Images of The Ringmaster and his menagerie come to the screen.

Voiceover: The Ringmaster has entered the picture and has laid claim on one of the most prestigious awards in CWF.

Footage from Summer Games in the End Games match.

Voiceover: Tonight they will fight for supremacy and the shining gold of the Paramount title, Jarvis King, The Ringmaster, only on the CWF Network!

Fades.

Dorian Hawkhurst (c) vs. Azrael vs. Lucas Greene

Match

Jim Gunt: This has all the makings for something epic tonight, from what we have seen of these two so far we should be able to expect an explosive main event tonight!

Mike Rolash: Definitely and before that we also have the semis for the World title, so this is not just your regular Evolution, because we have another title bout coming right up for the Impact title. And it has so suspiciously and conveniently just changed hands within the Forsaken asylum, this is all a scam, if you ask me.

Jim Gunt: Well, nobody did, so there's that.

"I Am The Fire" by Halestorm plays over the sound system as the fans ready themselves for the Impact Championship. Two columns of flame shoot up on either side of the entrance as a lone figure appears, the only light illuminating him coming from the inferno on either side.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, it is time for the triple threat match for the Impact Championship! This is a NO Disqualification, one fall to a finish match. Introducing first! Haling from parts unknown, weighing in at 245 pounds and standing at six feet, two inches tall...

AZRAEL!

Jim Gunt: Azrael certainly looks ready to take advantage of this opportunity presented to him tonight Mike!

Mike Rolash: This is true Jim! However, much like his personality, the crowd's reaction is lukewarm at best.

The music makes it to the chorus and Azrael makes his way down to the ring, bobbing his head slightly to the music, his focus centered on the task at hand. He rolls into the ring and proceeds over to his corner, awaiting the beginning of the match. As if on cue, "Smoke Two Joints" by Sublime replaces Azrael's entrance music.

Ray Douglas: Introducing next, coming to us from Arcata, California. Standing at five feet and ten inches tall; weighing in at 190 pounds. Mr. HIGH Flyer himself, LUCAS GREENE!

Smoke wafts up from the grates below as the familiar skunky stench that seems to follow Lucas Greene overtakes the arena. Lucas comes out with his pal that he always carries with him, "J" and takes a couple puffs before stepping out into the spotlight. He waves at a couple of the fans in front before taking another puff from J and strolling down to the ring. He stops once he gets to the bottom of the ramp and puffs once again, stubbing out the end of the totally legal cigarette he was smoking and stuffs it in his elbow pad; and proceeds to roll under the ropes. He raises his arms and the crowd gives him a hearty welcome.

Jim Gunt: Rumor has it that Lucas Greene could be letting his contract expire in the near future and we could be seeing his very last match in the CWF. I'm gonna miss that guy...

Mike Rolash: WHY?! He's a walking and talking felony waiting to happen! Good riddance to him, I hope they lock him out and throw away the key. He just...

It's at this moment Rolash is forced to stop talking as Lucas strolls over to him and blows smoke in his face, smiling slightly as Mike tries valiantly to fan the smoke away. No one helps him and just enjoys his plight as the arena is soon plunged into darkness. Spotlights flicker on, illuminating the entrance way and ramp with an eerie light as the area fills with a smoky haze.

Ray Douglas: And finally... Accompanied to the ring by Chloe Hawkhurst, hailing from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Weighing in at 287 pounds and standing at six feet, four inches tall! He... is.... YOUR... IMPACT CHAMPION!

...

THE FORSAKEN DEMON, DORIAN HAWKHURST!!!

"From The Pinnacle To The Pit" by Ghost blares over the sound system and The Forsaken Demon Dorian Hawkhurst comes out to the center of the stage, feet apart and arms stretched out, and the Impact Championship strapped proudly around his waist for all to see. His trademark trenchcoat billows out from behind him and as the lead guitar comes in over the bass guitar, young Chloe Hawkhurst comes out from behind her father, wearing her hair in ponytails, dipped in the prettiest of sapphire blues. She is wearing one of Mia Rayne's newest CWF t-shirts and half of her face is painted to resemble that of Amelia. The other is done with traditional Mia simplicity, a winged tip for the eyes and a purple and teal lipstick to tie it all together. She yells to the crowd who only respond in kind and she pumps her arm with the music as she skips down to the ring, hyping the crowd with her and Dorian trailing behind, his eyes focused on the two men already in the ring.

The Forsaken Demon stops right at the ring and places his hands on the apron, glaring at his opponents for the evening, daring either of them to make a move. Lucas backs up, respectfully, and Azrael just looks on with an air of indifference.

Jim Gunt: That Dorian, he just commands the respect of the entire room, stablemate and opponent alike!

Mike Rolash: That would be fear Jim. Everyone fears the man and with good reason. Look at what he went through to

get that belt that he's currently wearing now! I know for a fact I wouldn't want to be in a match against him unless I knew FOR SURE that the odds were forever in my favor.

Jim Gunt: Easy there Katniss...

As the two announcers continue to discuss the lead up for this match, especially the interesting dynamic that Lucas and Azrael have brought to the foreground in recent weeks, the champion rolls under the bottom rope and stands, soaking in the reaction from the crowd as he unstraps his belt and holds it high. Clark Summits comes up from behind Dorian and he hands it over, taking his coat off in the process and gets ready to defend his Impact Championship. Clark holds the belt up high and then hands the title over to a ringhand, calling for the bell as he does so.

Jim Gunt: There's the bell and this one is underway!

Mike Rolash: I'm looking forward to an all out brawl tonight! I'm honestly not sure who to put my money on tonight, probably...

Chloe Hawkhurst: My dad of course!

Mike Rolash: Don't DO that! I HATE when people do that!

Chloe Hawkhurst: Uncle Tax taught me that trick! He also told me that if I told anyone how to do it, he'd have to kill you. So shush and watch my dad retain his title!

Mike's face grows a little paler than usual as he turns his attentions back to the ring. Jim Gunt snickers slightly but also returns his attentions to the ring as all three competitors meet in the center and start talking trash. Dorian remains calm throughout the exchange but there wasn't necessarily any reason to get heated as his two opponents just kind of shrug and start pelting the champion with hard right hands!

Jim Gunt: Wow! I guess the partnership between Lucas Greene and Azrael is alive and well!

Mike Rolash: Kind of makes one wonder about the chances of the champion at retaining his title tonight!

Chloe Hawkhurst: Oh don't worry about that, Daddy has a plan for this type of thing happening. It's just a matter of patience and fortitude. Just wait and see Mikey, you'll figure it all out one day.

Mike looks at Chloe incredulously, but just as he is about to make a biting remark back, Dorian explodes from the ropes where he was held by Lucas and Azrael with heavy fists of his own! Lucas staggers backward and Az is soon to follow. They don't have long to recoup though as Dorian lays them both out with a double clothesline! The crowd pops as Chloe squeals in her chair. Dorian blows her a kiss, Chloe catches it and then winks at Mike as she puts it in her pocket.

Azrael is the first to get back up and starts to run at Dorian but stops himself shy, hesitating as if he's unsure what he wants to do. Lucky for him though Lucas comes in from out of nowhere and brings Dorian down with a dropkick to his knee! Mr. 420 flies to the opposite ropes and bounces off of them, using Dorian's own knee as a springboard, and brings the champion down with a solid knee to the side of the face! The crowd cheers for the move and Lucas goes for a quick cover.

Summits moves in to make the count but before he can slap his hand to the mat for the one count, Lucas is pulled off of Dorian by Azrael! Lucas pops to his feet, expecting to meet his adversary but is only greeted by a short clothesline from Az! Lucas goes down hard and Azrael is about to follow up but stops as if he's arguing with himself. Before he can make a decision though, Dorian is back up on his feet and forces Azrael off his feet with a vicious front dropkick!

Jim Gunt: You can tell how badly each of these men want the win!

Mike Rolash: This is a nail biter for sure!

Chloe Hawkhurst: Let's go DADDY!!!!

Both Mike and Jim exchange looks before turning back to the ring as Dorian rains boots down upon Azrael. Out of the corner of his eye he sees Lucas begin to stir and with a running start, hops up and crashes down on top of Lucas with a senton! Dorian hooks Lucas' leg for the cover and Summits swoops in to make the count!

ONE!

TW... NO!

Mike Rolash: Azrael came in from nowhere and breaks up the count!

Chloe Hawkhurst: He's going to get his!

Dorian rolls off of Lucas and turns to face Azrael who doesn't give the champ any time to stand up and blasts him with a stiff boot to the face! Dorian goes down hard and Azrael starts to lay boot after boot into Dorian before picking him up and whipping him across the ring and into the far corner! Azrael yells out in defiance before getting a running start and hitting Dorian with a hard clothesline! Azrael bounces off and readies himself for another, but before he can Dorian springs back and hits a hard elbow on Azrael staggering the smaller man!

Before he has a chance to follow up, though, Lucas comes from out of no where and dropkicks Dorian into Azrael! Lucas is quick to get back to his feet and press the advantage as he runs at the stunned champion and brings him down with a running bulldog!

Mike Rolash: Wow! Dorian is rocked! What do you think of your dad's chances now Chloe?

Jim Gunt: Yeah, Chloe? This can't be real easy to watch can it?

Chloe Hawkhurst: I have faith in the champion to pull through. Imagine what he went through to get that belt in the first place, do you both HONESTLY think he would allow it to be lost a couple weeks later?

Dorian quickly rolls to the outside, showing veteran instinct for a quick breather. No reprieve is to be had, though, as Lucas grabs the top rope, hops up, and leaps down on top of an unsuspecting Dorian! The two crash down to the floor and Clark quickly goes to the ropes to ensure they are both still alive. Summits sees them both stirring before Azrael rushes by him, and out to where Lucas is climbing up off of Dorian's stirring body! Lucas barely has time to stand up before Azrael grabs him and shoves Mr. High Flyer hard into the barrier! Lucas grabs his midsection in pain and slumps to the ground. Azrael's face highlights his inner conflict but he continues to push his advantage and lays some boots to Dorian, before standing him up, and ramming him back first into the barricade!

Az isn't done there and backs up and delivers another shoulder lunge right into Dorian's midsection! Dorian coughs out and slumps down next to Lucas as Azrael stands over the two of them. Once again, Azrael's face shows an interior struggle as he first lays a stiff kick to Dorian, followed by another to Lucas. Back and forth, the crowd slowly getting behind him as they pop for every kick Azrael lays. As if he finally makes a decision he picks Lucas Greene up and drags him by the hair over to the Spanish announce table!

Jim Gunt: This is uhm, getting a little bit too close for comfort.

Mike Rolash: At least it's not ours?

Chloe Hawkhurst: What's wrong ladies? Does violence make you uncomfortable?

As she says this Az slams Lucas' head down hard onto the table, his skull bouncing off. Azrael eyes Chloe and tries to return to Lucas, but the younger Hawkhurst stands up and starts to yell out to Azrael. His eyes come off of Lucas for a moment, but then return to the back of the sandy haired HIGH flyer. Backing up to the ring, Az runs at Lucas, looking to knee his head right into the edge of the table!

Before Azrael is able to make contact, he is sent flying by Dorian who runs out of nowhere and gives Azrael a massive shoulder block! Dorian roars like the beast he is and follows the path that Azrael flew in, picking him up and dragging him back to where Lucas is now on the floor in front of the table the announce team and Chloe are discussing the match at. The fans pop as Dorian delivers a clubbing blow to the back of Azrael, forcing him forward and falling to his knees. Dorian smiles and runs at Azrael's back delivering a massive boot to the back of Az's head!

Azrael's head snaps forward and slams into the floor with a sickening impact. Dorian spins and grabs Lucas by the hair, picking him up and grabbing him from behind, throwing the high flyer behind him with a massive German suplex! Lucas doesn't go down though and as soon as Dorian releases him, Lucas manages to get his feet under him and land right side up!

Jim Gunt: Wow! Lucas certainly has some moves tonight!

Mike Rolash: One of those moves should be to jail.

Chloe Hawkhurst: NARC!

Not much more can be said as Lucas hops up onto the apron and as Dorian comes over to meet him, The Forsaken Demon is met with one of the stiffest kicks from Lucas! Dorian staggers backward but stays on his feet, only for Azrael to come out of nowhere and goes to hit Dorian with a clothesline! The Demon sees him coming though and ducks the attack, lifting Azrael up with a massive military press!

Azrael is lifted high into the air, above Dorian's head but it doesn't last long as Lucas leaps off his perch on the apron and lands a missile dropkick to the center of Dorian's back! Dorian drops Azrael, whose head snaps off the announce table and The Forsaken Demon falls forward, holding his back in pain. Lucas doesn't give him a chance to recover though and hops back up on the apron. He runs and leaps, landing right on where he hit Dorian with the dropkick with a massive leg drop! The crowd pops with the big move and Dorian yells out in pain. Lucas springs up and scratches his head, momentarily confused.

Mike Rolash: What is that idiot doing? He should be pressing his advantage!

Jim Gunt: Isn't it obvious? How do you win a triple threat match Mike?

Mike Rolash: Easy! First person to get a pin or make an opponent tap out in... The... Ri...

Chloe Hawkhurst: What was that about an idiot?

Lucas tries to pick Dorian up but is barely able to move him. He's also making noises like an actual exorcised demon so maybe it would be better if he was left alone for right now. Instead Lucas heads off in the direction of a stirring Azrael who is holding his head in obvious pain. Lucas hops up and gives a vicious kick to Azrael's midsection. Az collapses in a heap on the floor and Lucas catches his breath briefly before he picks up Azrael and pulls him over to the ring. Lucas slams Az's head on the apron for good measure and then starts pushing the almost limp body of Azrael into the ring. He is almost successful but Dorian rises from out of nowhere and tosses Lucas over the top rope and into the ring!

Lucas rolls to the opposite ropes and glances over to where he expected to see Dorian across from him. Instead, Dorian has Azrael picked up in position for a powerbomb through the Spanish table! Thinking fast Lucas hops to his feet, leaps to the top turnbuckle, and without thinking leaps off into the air! Mr. HIGH Flyer lands right on Azrael as Dorian is slamming him down onto the table in a crossbody powerbomb combination! The crowd chants, "HOLY SHIT!" as Dorian stumbles backwards and brushes the hair out of his face, hardly believing what just happened. Stumbling forward he grabs Lucas by the hair and tosses him into the ring. Dorian follows quickly behind him and pulls Lucas into a corner and lifts him up onto his shoulders. Dorian climbs up onto the second turnbuckle and lands The Fall From Grace superbomb! Dorian quickly goes for the cover and Summits is there to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: NO!

Mike Rolash: Azrael came in out of nowhere and broke up the pin! How did he manage to survive that massive powerbomb that destroyed the other announce table?!

Chloe doesn't get a chance to say anything as her eyes are fixated on the ring. Dorian stands up but Azrael takes advantage of his confusion and hits Falling Apart on Dorian! Dorian's head spikes off the canvas and this time it is Azrael that covers Dorian!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...

NO!

Lucas has come in from the top rope, landing on the duo of Dorian and Azrael with the 420 Splash! Lucas scrambles over to make the cover on Dorian.

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Dorian tosses Lucas up off of him and some how Mr 420 manages to change his direction to land on Azrael! Lucas quickly hooks the leg.

ONE!

TW...NO!

Azrael kicks out!

Lucas takes off, not letting the disappointment build, trying to keep the pressure on, and bounces off the far ropes. He comes running back at Azrael and leaps!

...

Right into the arms of Dorian! With Herculean strength Hawkhurst lifts Lucas up and drops him on top of Azrael with a pop up powerbomb! He drops down on top of the two of them, pinning them both!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

He did it! Dorian Hawkhurst has retained the championship! Chloe grabs the title from the stagehand and she and her father make their way back up the ramp, celebrating the entire way. Azrael rolls out of the ring and Lucas rolls to a corner. He grabs a joint he had previously rolled for himself from his elbow pad, lights it up, and takes a couple tokes. He stands up and finally takes in the arena around him. The fans are all chanting...

"THANK YOU LUCAS!"

He salutes them all and with a final toke he leaves the J in the center of the ring before heading to the back. As he climbs out of the ring he is met once again by The Hawkhurst's. Dorian winces slightly, holding his back but with his other hand he tosses his championship over his shoulder. In one of the more genuine attempts at sportsmanship Dorian Hawkhurst offers his hand to Lucas who gladly shakes it. Dorian's music fades and "Smoke Two Joints" queues back up as Dorian raises Lucas' arm up in the air and the crowd erupts into applause.

The delivery boy

Match

Earlier Today

Jimmy Allen is pacing....the room he is in is fairly nondescript, stark white walls, off white curtains. It has a hospital look and feel. He has his cell phone up to his ear speaking to someone. "Ojisan arigato"(Thank you Uncle), is all he says as the call ends. A random nurse happens into the room he is in...

Nurse: Are you looking for someone? Are you family of the person we are bringing in?

I smile my most disarming smile, "No ma'am, I simply went into the wrong room"

I go to leave and see a very angry Dorian standing near the door of the room across the hall. I think what's the worst that can happen? My inner self responds, "You could end up in a room just like this one, they are distraught over what happened to their friend."

"That's a damn good point", I say to no one in particular, exiting the room, Dorian and The Shadow spot me immediately. They are both tensed, I hold up my hands in mock surrender.

Jimmy Allen: Uhm....look guys.....I just wanted to talk, I mean I came to check on Mia too.

A perplexed look crosses the face of The Shadow, he doesn't frown but it's not really a smile either. He asks a one word question.

Shadow: Why?

Dorian still looking like he would like nothing more than to punch babies stays quiet, obviously he is waiting to hear the answer.

Jimmy Allen: I mean, how can I not? Shadow, after your match with me, you both showed me something I didn't expect....respect. I'm here to return the gesture, and, well, to offer my help.

Jimmy Allen extends his hand as a show of respect, The Shadow returns the gesture with a vice like grip. Jimmy smiles and returns one of his own. He then looks at Dorian and extends his hand to his old friend in the same show of respect. Dorian shakes Jimmy's hand, and pulls him in for a bro-hug, but says something to Jimmy before letting go.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Anata ga shite iru koto wa wakatte imasuga, anata wa koko ni zokushimasen. Kore wa jikande wa arimasen. (I know what you are doing, but you do not belong here, friend. This is not the time.)

Jimmy Allen: Kore wa kyodai ni mieru monode wa arimasen. (This is not what it appears to be brother.)

The other members of the Forsaken turn to Dorian.

Dorian Hawkhurst: What? I know a few things.

All the members of the Forsaken turn as a gurney being escorted by three large asian men, well dressed and smiling, approaches. On the gurney is a body, covered in a sheet up to his eyes. A look of pure terror is on his face. Jimmy smiles as they approach.

Jimmy Allen: A gift of sorts.

Screaming muffled by something can be heard from the gurney as it approaches. He is struggling so much the sheet drops to where you can see the face of Jace Valentine! The muffled screaming is because they have put a ball gag in place. One of the men quickly recovers him and winks at Jimmy Allen as they wheel him into the room across the hall from where Mia lay in a coma.

Jimmy Allen: These are my Uncles.

He bows respectfully to each man in turn. He says, "Ojisan arigato" (Thank you Uncle) to each of them in turn.

Jimmy Allen: Well, not really...not by blood, they are family however.

They smile and bow in return and then are gone as quickly as they arrived.

Dorian Hawkhurst: So, what kind of party is this?

Jimmy Allen: It's whatever kind of party the Forsaken would like it to be. I'm simply a delivery boy today.

He shoots Dorian a wink before making his way down the hallway to follow his "uncles".

Scene fades to black....

Jace Valentine vs. The Shadow

Match

Jim Gunt: OK, that's not good, Jace at the same hospital as Mia and gagged and everything...?

Mike Rolash: See, this makes me dislike that Allen guy even more, God knows what shady company he is part of! Delivering our beloved former world champion like that!

Jim Gunt: But The Forsaken have never really stooped low enough to--

Alkaline Trio's "We've Had Enough" interrupts Jim and the spotlights converge on the entrance to the stage. Just nobody appears.

Jim Gunt: Something is wrong here, Jace never misses an opportunity to be in the limelight.

Suddenly the lights go out and red strobe lights going off, blinding and dazzling at the same time. Three figures step out of the entrance, the strobe lights making their movements feel jerky and ghostlike. Just as sudden as the lights went out the first time, the strobes stop and a thin line of fire starts at the top of the ramp, racing down towards the ring and the three figures can be seen in its faint light, making their way to the ring.

Mike Rolash: I really don't like the look of this...

When the lights go back on, they show the three figures standing in the ring, clad in black, with black ski masks, one of them having a microphone in their hand.

???: Ladies and gentlemen, we know that you are expecting the first ever match between the Host with the Most, Jace Valentine, and The Shadow right here tonight in Toronto.

The crowd gives a cheer.

???: Unfortunately there has been a slight change of plans.

Jim Gunt: Oh no, this does not sound good and given the attacks in the recent weeks, I fear for the wellbeing of The Shadow now instead of Jace Valentine!

Mike Rolash: I was afraid that this was The Forsaken, with it being the masked guys, this evening is definitely looking up!

???: One of the contestants is, well, otherwise engaged, so unfortunately there will be no match tonight.

The crowd's reaction is quickly turning from cheers to jeers and boos.

Jim Gunt: I knew it. At first Mia and now The Shadow.

Suddenly commotion at the entrance draws everybody's attention to the stage again, where the large Asian men in fine suits from the clip just before are carrying in what looks like a black coffin.

Mike Rolash: Ooh, the plot thickens! Did Jace manage to pay them off and get The Shadow delivered here? Where's the popcorn, this is getting better and better!

Jim Gunt: You are sick, Mike, don't you remember what these guys have done to Mia last week?

Mike Rolash: Oh yes, I definitely do!

As the looming men reach the edge of the ring they place the coffin at the edge of the ring and push it in before lining up and bowing to the masked men inside the ring, who bow back and then making their way back up the ramp.

Jim Gunt: This is getting really bizarre now, who are these men?

Mike Rolash: Don't know, don't care!

The man with the microphone brings it back up.

???: You all know what happened over the last few weeks and I am sure you are very well aware of what happened with Mia Rayne last week.

The intensity of the boos rises to deafening levels.

???: This here--

He points to the oblong box.

???: --is the direct continuation. Gentlemen?

He motions towards the coffin and the other two men step forward and open the lid. The crowd gets to their feet, craning their necks trying to catch a glimpse of the inside and even Gunt and Rolash are up, climbing to the top of their announce table.

???: Ladies and gentlemen, may I present to you: Jace Valentine!

A collective gasp goes through the crowd and for a few moments one could hear a needle drop inside the Air Canada Centre.

Jim Gunt: Jace Valentine?

Mike Rolash: Noooooo!

The two men pull Jace up out of the coffin into a sitting position and give him some hearty slaps, which seems to be bringing the former champion back to his senses.

???: Good morning, beautiful, I am happy you were able to join us tonight after all.

Jace blinks and looks around in horror, his movements getting frantic. As he tries to get up, the two men at his side firmly put their hands on his shoulders, keeping him down.

???: You thought you had it all figured out, playing the mind games, the attacks and all, but it takes more than that to succeed. Welcome to Future World!

The man reaches up and pulls off his mask, revealing The Shadow and the crowd gasps again and then breaks out in cheers as the other two men reveal themselves as Ataxia and Dorian, causing Jace to squirm even more, but the two Forsaken make sure that he stays right where he is. The Shadow begins to pace back and forth.

The Shadow: So Mr. Valentine, how does it feel to be on the receiving end of surprises? How does it feel when you try to run with your new girlfriend, but find four rather, let's call them, persuasive gentlemen standing in your way?

Jace's face is white as snow, all blood having drained from him, his usual cockiness nowhere to be seen.

The Shadow: Don't you worry, Miss Ubetcha is fine, she has been escorted to her apartment and has been instructed not to wait up for you tonight. But do you recall last week, Jace? Do you recall the pictures of Mia laying in her own blood, Jace? Do you recall the look on your face, when Ataxia managed to snag your mask, Jace?

Suddenly "Committed" by One-Eyed Doll starts to blast over the PA and the crowd goes berserk.

Jim Gunt: Oh my God! Mia Rayne! She is here!

Mike Rolash: Wow, this is getting ever weirder and scarier!

The lights go out and a single spotlight shines down on the entrance and out steps--

Jim Gunt: Chloe Hawkhurst!

The crowd lets out yet another gasp as Dorian's daughter races down the ramp and up the stairs into the ring, the spotlight barely keeping up.

Chloe Hawkhurst: YOU! You are responsible for Aunt Mia to be in the hospital, to be in a coma! You evil, horrible man!

Once more the crowd gasps.

Mike Rolash: The skillet!

Jim Gunt: Lynk!

Chloe stands over Jace, with Mia's trademark skillet raised.

Chloe Hawkhurst: How could you do that to her? What do they say? An eye for an eye? Here goes!

And with all the strength she can muster, she slams the cast-iron skillet right into Jace's face, having his head whip back in dramatic fashion and the crowd gives another loud cheer.

Mike Rolash: Someone stop this, Jace could be seriously hurt!

Jim Gunt: I did not hear you trying to stop anything when they beat Mia into a pulp.

Mike Rolash: Uh, well, that, that was different!

Jim Gunt: Oh screw you!

Dorian and Ataxia lead Chloe back down the steps and up the ramp to standing ovations by the Toronto crowd, while The Shadow walks over to the coffin and Jace's lifeless body inside it.

The Shadow: Night night, Jace, you just got bitten by one hell of a bed bug...

With that he turns and rolls himself out of the ring and starts making his way up the ramp.

Evolutio Interruptus

Match

Two druids are awaiting The Shadow at the top of the ramp, likely as a security precaution against potential attacks. As The Shadow gets closer to the Gorilla position, he turns towards the ring once more and the fans cheer for the Forsaken's headliner, and he in turn raises his arms to acknowledge them. Suddenly one of the druids grabs the other's arm, STIFF CLOTHESLINE AND THEY CRASH ONTO THE STAGE FLOORING.

Mike Rolash: WHAT THE HELL!?

Jim Gunt: Did one of them attack the other!?

Mike Rolash: Fix your glasses OF COURSE THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED!

The Shadow turns around to see one druid on the floor, and the other glaring at him from the within the darkness of the hood, defiant in their action. The Shadow doesn't hesitate; the two grapple each other and exchange right hands. One, two, three, four! The druid goes for a desperate headbutt, but The Shadow pushes the traitor back. A SUPERKICK--caught! The druid pushes the blocked knee away and--

Jim Gunt: A BICYCLE KNEE TO SHADOW AND THE FORSAKEN'S ARCHITECT SLINKS TO HIS KNEES.

Mike Rolash: Uhh, Jim. I don't think that...

The Shadow is dazed, confused as the effects of the druid's vicious strike takes its toll. He shakes his head, it's not fading away, but he's clearly in brief thought. He looks at the towering druid, and the figure responds by grabbing their hood, and whipping it back.

Jim Gunt: OH MY GOD! IT'S SILAS ARTORIA! WHAT THE HELL IS HE DOING HERE!?

Mike Rolash: We're in Toronto, Jim! You think he would sit idly by while Evolution takes place in his backyard.

Jim Gunt: Not only is he making a visit, but look at his face!

Silas Artoria, the man whom was at the other end of the barrage of taunts exchanged, revels in his position. He grabs The Shadow by the hair and tilts him back, bending down close to his nemesis as he does so.

Silas Artoria: You think we were done?

He turns his head to show the other half of his face, the discoloured and darkened texture of his skin now visible to everyone, including The Shadow. Condensed writing had formed within the abnormal skin texture, faint but clear. Only a quarter of the face had the anomaly, with a clear source. His left eye.

Silas Artoria: Because we are far, far from done, you irritating pest!

The Shadow throws a strike to Silas' chin, but the impact was lessened by the daze he was still in. Silas frowns, takes a deep breath, and rises.

BANG! A stiff Knockout delivered, and The Shadow slumps to the ground completely. Silas looks at the felled rival, and lightly elicits a chuckle.

And it gets louder...

...and louder....

...and louder.

Silas cackles at his masterpiece, and looks toward the hometown crowd. Smirking, he raises his arms, and bows.

Silas Artoria: Thank you for hosting me this evening.

He looks back up, and talks much deeper.

Silas Artoria: There will be more to come, I can assure you, oh yes.

Fades.

WrestleFest is coming!

Match

The sound of a heart beating.

Voiceover: The biggest event of the year is on the horizon.

The picture slowly fades in to the WrestleFest logo.

Voiceover: A new champion will be crowned.

The picture morphs into Colton Mace and The Ripper Danny B.

Voiceover: Two legends will meet to determine the first contender, the Hollywood Hot Shot Colton Mace and The Ripper Danny B.

The heartbeat quickens as quick-cut clips for both wrestlers flash across the screen.

Voiceover: And their opponent will come out of another epic clash of the generations.

Pictures of MJ Flair and Ataxia appear on the screen.

Voiceover: The Original Nobody 2.0 MJ Flair and the Messiah Pariah Ataxia will duke it out for the second spot in the WrestleFest main event.

The heartbeat quickens even more as clips of these two wrestlers come on.

Voiceover: They will be in New York City on September 13th, but will you?

Suddenly the heartbeat flatlines as the WrestleFest logo comes back on and the picture fades to black.

Colton Mace vs. The Ripper

Match

Jim Gunt:

Ray Douglas: The following match is scheduled for one fall, and is a qualifying match for the World Heavyweight Championship Tournament. Introducing first-

The screen comes to life, counting down from 5...4...3..2...1. "Yeah" by Usher hits the speakers and down the ramp strides Colton Mace. He is greeted by a chorus of boos, but seems uninterested, a smug and cocky grin upon his face. He enters the ring and asks for the microphone from announcer, Ray Douglas.

Jim Gunt: Oh god. You mean we have to hear him speak?

Colton Mace: Ahem.

And the Toronto fans immediately boo the Hollywood Hot Shot in response.

Jim Gunt: Groooan.

Colton Mace: Introducing...From Hollywood, California, straight off the Walk of Fame. He is the A-List Athlete, the Hollywood Hot Shot. COOOOOOLTOOOON MACE!

Mike Rolash: Hallelujah. At last a true superstar graces our ring.

The boos continue ceaselessly.

Colton Mace: Come now Toronto. You can stop...leave the acting to me. I know you're just pretending. The fact of the matter is. You want me here. You NEED me here.

Jim Gunt: We do?

Colton Mace: With everything that has been going on within the CWF, your so desperate for someone of true champion

quality, someone to bring stability back to the ring. And in that desperation you have turned to me. I mean who else would you want?

Jim Gunt: I've got a LOOOONG list of people I'd much rather to see here tonight.

Mike Rolash: Good thing you don't make the decision around here then.

Colton Mace: You were so desperate you actually welcomed a pretender. A tribute artist of Colton Mace. Some wannabe named Mikey Unlikely. But don't worry. I'm not offended. It's almost cute that you wanted me so much, you looked to the closest alternative. But fear not! For I have returned...against my better judgement mind you. And Mikey...you tried your best, but there can be only one Colton Mace. So I relieve you, of your duty. After all. You're the Golden Globes to my Academy Award.

Jim Gunt: Someone shut him up!

Colton Mace: I'm here tonight because in your wisdom you wish to see me as your World Heavyweight Champion. To bring celebrity and prestige back to the title belt. And who am I to deny the audience what they want to see? Especially given the alternative...I mean you could have a baseless thug as your champion? Did you see what the Ripper did last week? He attacked some defenceless kid, some inter with the company. Even worse, he jumped me! Is that the kind of champion we want? I think not!

Mike Rolash: Hear hear!

Jim Gunt: You're such a sycophant!

Colton Mace: So-

The Hollywood Hot Shot is denied any further expositing as the music of "The Ripper" Danny B hits, cutting off Mace and leaving him to stand there indignantly, glaring at his opponent as "The Arena" continues to play. Danny slowly comes down the ramp, never taking his eyes off of the angry Hollywood star as he simply smirks back at him. The Ripper takes off his jacket and puts it on the timekeeper's table, making his way up the steel steps to get right in Mace's face.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent- from Brighton, England, he is the former CWF World Heavyweight Champion. The Golden Warrior....THE RIPPER DANNY B!!

Jim Gunt: Here we go Mike, this one is a powder keg waiting to happen!

Mike Rolash: More like two sticks of dynamite Jimmy, and things are about to blow!

The biggest referee in the biz-i-ness attempts to separate the competitors and go over the rules of the match up but Colton Mace brushes right past him, pushing the chest of Danny B. The Ripper simply smiles an almost evil smile at him, backing up to allow "Big" Denny Davidson to call for the bell. The veteran immediately charges forward at the sound, catching Mace off-guard with a running knee to the stomach. He immediately follows it up with a Spinning Neckbreaker, and then a slow and methodical elbow drop to the rising Hollywood Hot Shot.

Jim Gunt: The Ripper in complete control of this match from the onset, do you think Mace may be a little out of his element tonight?

Mike Rolash: Possibly, but this thing's just getting started.

The Ripper winds up the Canadian fans by putting his boot across the face of Mace and raising his hand to his ear to listen to the crowd booing back at him.

Mike Rolash: A bit of a strange thing, listening to someone boo Mace getting his ass kicked. Usually it would excite these idiots!

Jim Gunt: I don't believe either of Colton Mace or Danny B are the biggest of fan favorites, I think if it were up to the amazing sold out crowd this evening- both of these guys would be walking out with the L.

Mike Rolash: Oh Jesus, that would not be a good thing. Then MJF or that masked freak would automatically become our new World Champion, we cannot let THAT happen!

The Ripper finally takes his boot off the face of Mace after stomping down on his pretty Hollywood mug. He lifts the man standing in his way at one final CWF World Title shot, attempting to shoot him into the ropes, but Colton stands his ground. Rising elbow to the jaw of the Ripper! Mace now sends his opponent into an irish whip, this one successful as Danny charges forward. He attempts to stop his momentum but cannot in time, running right into the turnbuckles in the corner. The Hollywood Hot Shot follows him in, driving the head of the Ripper several times into the top turnbuckle pad. He allows the woozy Golden Warrior to stagger around just for a moment before he pulls him in from behind and executes a beautiful German Suplex! Mace goes right for the cover, a smile finally coming across his face as he Davidson slowly drops down for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO! Ripper kicks out!

Mike Rolash: And now Colton Mace is getting some nice offense- see what did I tell ya, Jimmy? Too early to tell.

Jim Gunt: Suddenly you're the expert of match psychology? Color me impressed.

Mike Rolash: Color me impressed? Get the hell out of here with that shit, you weirdo.

Colton Mace gets to his feet several seconds ahead of his opponent, but it is Ripper who ducks under the Bicycle Kick attempt from the Hollywood superstar, connecting with a spinning back elbow as soon as Mace regains his footing. The Ripper goes to throw Colton into the ropes and once again he holds steadfast, reversing the irish whip, but Ripper reverses it right back, tossing him up and over the ropes!

Jim Gunt: Holy crap, what a match these two veterans are having so far!

Mike Rolash: Certainly not a texas catch can affair, these two are not interested in using traditional wrestling holds to win here tonight. They just want to kick the other man's ass!

ONE!

Jim Gunt: Now we're back to the Mike Rolash we all know and "love".

Mike Rolash: Awww, you love me, Jim? I always knew all that heat between us was just a front.

Jim Gunt:

TWO!

Danny B stands with his chest pressed against the ropes, laughing as he calls to Mace to get back into the ring.

THREE!

Jim Gunt: It looks like the Hollywood Hot Shot may have landed awkwardly on the outside, Mike, he's having a hard time getting back to his feet.

Mike Rolash: Probably should have gotten a stunt double.

FOUR!

FIVE!

Struggling to pull himself up, Mace uses the apron and eventually the steel turnbuckle post to yank himself fully up to two feet. Just in time to receive a swift baseball kick from the Ripper! The kick shoots Mace back dangerously hitting the barricade with the small of his back. Danny B exits the ring stopping “Big” Denny’s count long enough to pull Colton Mace back to his feet, landing a hard right hand before hip tossing him right onto the announce table.

Jim Gunt: Incoming, Mike!

Mike Rolash: *screaming like a little girl* AHHH!!

Denny yells for both men to get back into the ring, finally shrugging as he realizes neither are listening to him, and re-starts his count.

ONE!

TWO!

The Ripper goes to climb up the announce table to finish off the Hollywood Hot Shot but instead gets two boots to his face for his troubles!

THREE!

Colton pulls himself up as quickly as he can, leaping up into the air off the announce table but right into the waiting arms of the Golden Warrior!

FOUR!

Ripper holds Mace in his arms for several seconds, walking around the outside of the ring with him as he jawjacks with a couple of angry fans.

FIVE!

The Ripper then sends Mace backwards towards the ring with a Fallaway Slam-NO! He somehow lands right on his feet behind Danny B! HIGH DROPKICK to the back of the Ripper’s head! Mace slides back into the ring as Denny continues to count.

SIX!

SEVEN!

Jim Gunt: Mace is going to win by countout. The Ripper’s return is going to be spoiled, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Well it’s not like he didn’t spoil the return of Mace just last week, you know.

EIGHT!

Jim Gunt: That is a good point. But now Ripper is finally starting to move, will he be able to make it into the ring on time!?

NINE!

TE-NO! The Ripper rolls into the ring to break the count at the last possible moment. Colton Mace is on him like a wild dog though, immediately raining repeated Leg Drops to the spine and neck area of Danny B. After four leg drops “Big” Denny finally restrains him, holding back the heated Hollywood star as he breathes heavily, staring right through Davidson back to the Ripper.

Jim Gunt: Things have gotten incredibly personal between these two men.

Mike Rolash: Maybe the Ripper bit off more than he could chew messing around with the Hollywood Hot Shot!?

Colton Mace waits for the Ripper to slowly rise, finally the official stepping aside to let him continue the match. Pacing

his way forward, Mace is unaware that the time Davidson gave Ripper to recover was just enough for him to spring up and SPEAR Mace halfway across the ring! Still barely able to move, the Ripper crawls towards Mace on his hands and knees, laying on top of him as he hooks just one leg for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

MACE KICKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: A bit of a nonchalant cover there from the Ripper, or maybe just an exhausted one. But nevertheless, not enough to put away Mace there!

Mike Rolash: But it was enough to put him down momentarily, thanks to that idiot Davidson getting in the way of things like he always does!

Jim Gunt: Just doing his job, Mike. Just doing his job.

Neither Ripper or Mace is quick to get to their feet after the unsuccessful pin attempt from Danny, both men using what little time they have to recover before rolling away from each other to both get to their feet. Colton ducks under a running clothesline attempt from Danny B, but as he turns back around realizes that Ripper has sprung onto the ropes and is coming back at him in a flash. RIPPER'S BLADE CLOTHESLINE HITS FLUSH, TURNING MACE INSIDE OUT! Danny turns the Hollywood Hot Shot onto his back, going for yet another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO!

Jim Gunt: Colton rolled his shoulder at the last second!

Mike Rolash: Yes he did, but one RKS and this one could finally be over, Jimmy!

It appears that Ripper is looking for just that as he pounds the canvas waiting for Mace to rise to his feet, leaping up as he does so to hit the R-K-NO! Colton Mace shoves him off the Cutter and right into "Big" Denny Davidson in the corner! Davidson staggers out of the corner before falling right on his face, shaking the entirety of the ring as he does so.

Jim Gunt: Uh oh, now what?

Mike Rolash: That big galut always getting in the way, what'd I tell ya!

Colton and Ripper both look down at the fallen official, neither one of them happy with him getting in the way and now finding himself unconscious in the last moments of their match. They decide to go back to worrying about said match, landing back and forth right hands to the face as neither man backs down. The Toronto Fans cheer on each vicious shot, but fall silent as a man in a black hooded sweatshirt with the hood pulled over his face leaps over the crowd barricade with the steel chair that was under him seconds before tucked under his armpit.

Jim Gunt: Oh no, we have a wild fan on the loose. Security!

Mike Rolash: Something about this man seems familiar...

Neither Ripper or Colton seem to notice the hooded man until he is just about to enter the ring, two members of security rushing down the ramp to stop him but each receiving a steel chair shot to the face for their troubles. Mace and Ripper actually look like they're going to band together against the rabid fan as he slides into the ring, but as he quickly gets up and spikes the top of the chair into the gut of the Ripper, the Hollywood Hot Shot just backs up with a shocked look on his face. Ripper takes the full brunt of the chair to his spine now as the man is relentless in his attack, finally taking the chair out to a seated position and placing the head of the Ripper dangerously within in.

Jim Gunt: Oh my god, this hooded guy- whoever the hell he is, is about to break the neck of the Ripper! We need more security out here, god damn it!

Mike Rolash: And Colton is loving every second of it! Like you said Jimmy, whoever this guy is, he's certainly giving Mace the Wrestle Fest IV main event on a silver platter.

The hooded man screams at Colton Mace, pointing towards the unconscious Danny to tell him to finish him off. Mace looks wary at first, but shrugs, pulling in the head of Ripper through the chair and spinning him down viciously to the canvas. THE GREAT AMERICAN DREAM! The Ripper is absolutely writhing in pain as he flails around the ring holding onto his neck, the hooded man shaking "Big" Denny to get him out of his slumber. He opens his eyes in a daze, seeing birdies before finally noticing Mace laying over a downed Ripper, crawling over for the count.

ONNNNNNNEE!

TWWWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Your winner by pinfall and moving onto Wrestle Fest IV's World Title Match....COLTON MACE!!

Mike Rolash: He did it, Jimmy! Mace is our first number one contender and will face off versus the winner of the MJF and Ataxia match later on tonight at Wrestle Fest four for the CWF World Title!

Jim Gunt: What a disgusting ending to this match. Who in the hell is behind this anyway, Freddie and Duce again?

Mike Rolash: You can't tell the difference between a black ski mask and a hooded sweatshirt or what, Jim?

Raising Colton Mace's hand in the air in victory, the hooded man ignores the boos coming from the Toronto fans as he laughs through the darkness portrayed underneath the sweatshirt hood. Mace has had enough of the mystery, however, and begins to confront the man to reveal his identity. When he does just that everything and everyone in the arena seems to fall to a dead stop.

Jaiden

Rishel.

Jim Gunt: WHAT!?

Mike Rolash: HOLY SHIT! I thought Jaiden Rishel was dead!?

Jim Gunt: The man we haven't seen in months since that precarious plane, the man that COST Colton Mace his job in a Career Match even before that, is back! And he just gifted his old nemesis the greatest of gifts- a CWF World Title shot on the biggest stage possible!

Colton's mouth is agape as he looks on in utter shock at the man standing in front of him. Jaiden Rishel is back and is all smiles, patting the back of the Hollywood Hot Shot before whispering something in his ear and making his escape, going out between the ropes and quickly up the ramp as the Toronto fans continue to boo their lungs out.

Ataxia vs. Mariella Jade Flair

Match

Jim Gunt: One down, Mike, and one to go! Who will Colton Mace be facing off with at Wrestle Fest?

Mike Rolash: It doesn't matter who wins, because they're both losers.

Jim Gunt: Bitter much?

Mike Rolash: I'M NOT BITTER!

Jim Gunt: Let's get up to Ray Douglas for the official introductions!

CUTTO the ring, where announcer Ray Douglas patiently waits for the bell to ring, though the fans are already dueling chants.

"ATAAAAAAXIAAAAAAAA!!!"

"EMM! JAY! EFF!"

"ATAAAAAAXIAAAAAAAA!!!"

"EMM! JAY! EFF!"

And so forth.

Ray Douglas: This next contest is scheduled for one fall with a sixty minute time limit, and the winner will meet Colton Mace at Wrestle Fest for the vacant CWF World Heavyweight Championship!

Huge fan pop.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first... from Warwick, New York, USA...

CUE UP: "Smash the Control Machine" - OTEP

Jim Gunt: These Toronto fans are going crazy for the former World Champion!

Mike Rolash: They're trying to help me, Jim. I get this terrible buzzing in my brain every time this chick enters an arena and the polite Canadians are trying to drown it out. Thank you all, but it'll have to run its course tonight.

Ray Douglas: Weighing in at one hundred and thirty three pounds... EMMM... JAY... FLAIR!!

Jim Gunt: She's ready for this one, Mike! Halfway down the aisle already before Ray can finish his introduction!

Having walked quickly down the ramp, MJ stops at the point where the ramp officially transitions to the ringside area. She looks left and right and takes a deep breath, finally climbing from the floor to the nearest top turnbuckle, holding her arms out and soaking up the fan cheers.

Jim Gunt: Possibly the sentimental favorite in this little four way tournament, MJ Flair has been busting her ass to get this opportunity, and now we're at its last stand! MJ wins, she's in the Wrestle Fest main event! She loses, and she's out of opportunities!

Mike Rolash: Please. She was any good she'd have a shot locked up already. It doesn't matter who wins, Colton Mace is gonna kill 'em.

Hopping down from the top rope into the ring, MJ has a quick chat with Trent Robbins, who gives her the once over, and gets out of the way while she paces the ring.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent...

CUE UP: "Dangerous Tonight" - Alice Cooper

Ray Douglas: From Parts Unknown...

Suddenly, the lights go out.

Mike Rolash: I HATE HIM!

Jim Gunt: These fans are deafening, they're drowning out Ray's introduction, but it's just as well because we can't see a thing! Hey - Mike!

Mike Rolash: Stop touching me!

Jim Gunt: You? Stop touching me!

“HAI FRANDS!”

The lights return to the arena. In the ring, MJ Flair stops her frantic backwards pacing and stares at the commentary table, and she covers her mouth to mask the smile.

Commissioner Ataxia sits between Gunt and Rolash, with an arm around each.

Ataxia: I just wanted to tell you both that you're doing a great job!

And he slaps them each on the shoulder.

Ataxia: Keep it up!

He stands up and steps onto the table, entering the ring in the most direct route possible and spilling Mike Rolash's drink in the process.

Mike Rolash: I hate him...

Jim Gunt: Careful, those druid cops might still be around.

Trent Robbins checks over Ataxia, and he calls for the bell as the fans cheer. MJ and Ataxia circle each other, and they lock up! MJ nearly staggers backwards but she plants her foot in the mat and lowers her center of gravity, holding her ground. After several seconds of struggle, they let go, neither of them winning the moment. The two athletes circle again, but when they move towards each other, Ataxia slides under and hooks her around the waist, taking her down to the mat!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia, for all his games and his insanity, is a skilled and dangerous opponent, and he's currently got Flair right where he wants her!

Mike Rolash: Face down, not breathing?

Jim Gunt: ...

MJ tries to break Ataxia's hold, but she can't seem to get around him. He maintains behind her, pushing her forward at the waist just enough that he's forcing her to carry his weight on her lower back. Finally, she braces herself against him and begins to muscle her way up.

Jim Gunt: Imagine the quad strength that requires!

Mike Rolash: How many mens' skulls has she crushed between them?

Jim Gunt: After all the trash you talk about her, a comment like that?

Mike Rolash: I'm a hopeless romantic.

Holding onto Ataxia's clenched hands, MJ is able to get her feet under her, and immediately fires backwards with an elbow! Ataxia takes it on the side of the head, but he ducks under the second and slides around, taking MJ over with an armdrag!

Jim Gunt: Armbar by the Commish!

Mike Rolash: Is this match taking place at Evolution or is it taking place in 1991?

Almost as soon as Ataxia locks an armbar, MJ reaches up and scissor locks his head between her ankles, and he has to let go. They roll away from each other and stare, each nodding their approval.

Jim Gunt: The mutual respect shown between these two mirrors the mutual respect shown on the lead up to the match

itself!

Mike Rolash: I hate respect.

Jim Gunt: Is that because you have none, or because you get none?

Mike Rolash: No, I--HEY!

They stand again and circle each other, and lock up a second time. This time out, MJ does not try to push back, but she manages to guide herself into the corner. Trent gets between her and the Commish, and they break slowly and cleanly.

Jim Gunt: ATAXIA WITH A SUDDEN RIGHT HAND!

Before it can land, however, MJ drops and ducks to the side, and she rolls Ataxia up with a quick pinfall! ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Mike Rolash: You fool, it's too early!

As Ataxia kicks out, he scrambles to his feet while MJ remains on her knees, and they face off once again.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia has the high ground!

Mike Rolash: She's where she belongs, on her--

Jim Gunt: Mike!

Hands on knees, Ataxia studies his opponent. They both tense, waiting for the other to move. The fans cheer the efforts to this point - Ataxia breaks forward with a clothesline attempt, but MJ rolls forward underneath him and drives a shoulder into his stomach! MJ with a lift around the waist and a spinebuster! Cover! ONE... TWO... Kickout!

Jim Gunt: This match has been almost all Flair so far! Mike, how are you holding up?

Mike Rolash: Shush yo face.

MJ scoops Ataxia and sends him into the ropes, and on the rebound she uses his momentum for another spinebuster - Ataxia holds on and messes with her balance, and is able to shift around and drop her with a modified tornado DDT! Ataxia with a cover now,

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Mike Rolash: You were saying?

Ataxia hooks her to her feet and lands a pair of hard kicks into her hips, and a knee to the stomach. Doubled over, MJ is helpless as her opponent sprints to the ropes and back, dropping her face first to the mat with a hard bulldog! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Jim Gunt: The Commish is in control!

Instead of pulling his opponent to her feet, Ataxia leaves the ring and waits on the ring apron for her to get there on her own, and the second Flair does so, Ataxia slingshots himself to the top rope and flies at her with a clothesline,

flattening her back to the mat! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Mike Rolash: Ataxia just needs to stand on her lungs and punch her in the face, repeatedly. These high risk maneuvers are going to ultimately cost him.

This time, Ataxia does pull her up, and he loops his arms around her waist - ER STAT! He releases, and MJ slumps into the corner, her hand on the back of her head, eyes closed. Ataxia backs up into the opposite corner, and sprints towards her with a low dropkick that sandwiches her head between the middle turnbuckle pad and the bottom of his foot!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia landed a little hard there, he's unable to follow up!

Mike Rolash: Hopefully they both get counted down and it's all over.

They are both not going to be counted down, as Ataxia climbs to his feet on Trent's count of two, and he pulls MJ to the middle of the ring and covers!

Jim Gunt: Great ring awareness by Ataxia to get her away from the ropes, but she still kicks out at about two and a half!

Mike Rolash: Foot. Lungs. Punch. Face. Seriously.

MJ presses the palms of her hands into her eyes, but she is otherwise not moving. Ataxia rises to his feet and wipes the sweat from his...burlap sack... and he returns to the outside!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia climbing the corner, this high risk move could seal MJ's fate, or it could seal his own!

Mike Rolash: Fingers crossed!

Ataxia waits for just a moment to confirm that his opponent is not moving, and he leaps off with a splash - MJ ROLLS TOWARDS THE CORNER! ATAXIA LANDS WITH A THUD! The fans rise in volume as Trent starts to count again, three, four, five... and there's nothing but the barest of movement from either of them!

Jim Gunt: Six!

Mike Rolash: If they both get counted out, do we just give the title to Colton?

Jim Gunt: That's a good question for once, Mike!

Mike Rolash: FOR ONCE?!?

EIGHT...

MJ kips up! And she falls backwards into the corner, dropping to her knees! Ataxia rolls to his side and he also starts to show some movement. MJ remains on her knees, staring at him and his movements to gauge his own recovery while she sucked in as much oxygen as possible.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia to his feet, and he sees MJ still down! She drops her head quickly!

Mike Rolash: PLAYING POSSUM! DON'T FALL FOR IT!

He falls for it.

Ataxia rushes his opponent, and at the exact right moment, MJ ducks out of the way and hooks him - drop toe hold onto the bottom turnbuckle! Ataxia holds his head after the impact, while MJ scrambles away and pulls herself to her

feet on the ropes, keeping Trent's count from even starting a countdown on both. At the same time, Ataxia pulls himself up in the corner with a pair of shaky hands.

Jim Gunt: The tables have turned, again and again in this one, and right now I think MJ Flair has the advantage!

Mike Rolash: Because the world hates me.

MJ looks to her right and sees Ataxia getting back up; she fires a kick towards his face - he catches it! Two hands on her ankle, and he - MJ WITH AN ENZUIGIRI! Her other foot flies up and wraps around the back of his skull, and Ataxia slumps in the corner while MJ holds onto the top rope to try to keep herself from falling as well!

Jim Gunt: We've got the walking wounded here, and I think there's only so much left that either of these athletes can take!

MJ is the first one to push off and stand on her own; she does a lap around the ring halfway across from Ataxia to try and get herself moving again. The fans cheer for her movement and for Ataxia's gradual resurgence:

"LET'S GO EMM JAY"

"HALLO FRAND!"

"LET'S GO EMM JAY"

"HALLO FRAND!"

Mike Rolash: Eew. 'Frands' should be exterminated.

MJ stops across the ring from Ataxia, and she measures him.

Jim Gunt: She's got something on her mind!

Seeing Ataxia still slumped in the corner, MJ rushes him, arm outstretched for a crushing clothesline, about to impact as Ataxia turns around - BACKDROP! Ataxia crumbles to his knees, but he's certainly in better shape than MJ, who is launched over the top corner, barely misses the ringpost, and lands in a crumpled heap outside the ring!

Mike Rolash: All right then, Ataxia, stay the hell away from me but just stay in the ring and you've got this!

Jim Gunt: MJ is reaching blindly to try and grab the top of the guardrail, she's still aware of her surroundings but her ability to reengage is clearly compromised.

Ataxia climbs back to his feet using Trent Robbins' pants and shirt, and he dramatically feels the referee's face to determine his identity in the process. Robbins tries to remove himself from Ataxia's... grip... although Ataxia is determined.

Mike Rolash: STOP IT STOP IT! That bitch is pulling herself up, you're only hurting yourself, Commish!

Jim Gunt: You really don't know what to do here, do you?

Mike Rolash: Of all the people I hate in this match, I hate him the least.

Jim Gunt: You're a sad little man sometimes, but you do have a point here with Ataxia - MJ is on her knees outside, holding herself up on the guardrail, and every moment that Trent Robbins isn't counting is a moment that she has to get her wind back.

Finally, Trent removes Ataxia from himself and he turns to MJ, and starts to count. Ataxia slides behind him, faux - sneaky, and climbs to the top turnbuckle, measuring MJ.

Jim Gunt: I know we've said this before, Mike... but this right here will either win the match for Ataxia or lose the match for Ataxia!

Mike Rolash: Keep saying it; eventually it'll be true.

MJ pushes back onto her heels and Ataxia leaps from the top! PEACEFUL TOLERANCE!

Jim Gunt: ATAXIA MISSES! ATAXIA MISSES! HE GLANCES OFF THE GUARDRAIL AND HITS THE FLOOR!
ONE.

Mike Rolash: GET UP YOU STUPID FREAK!

TWO.

Jim Gunt: MJ is crawling towards the ring, but Ataxia is still not moving!

THREE.

Mike Rolash: CAN SOMEONE END HER STUPID DREAMS PLEASE!!!

FOUR.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia stirs! He's reaching for the guardrail!

FIVE.

Mike Rolash: Not good enough! I refuse to deal with another month of stupid hope from this stupid girl!

SIX.

Jim Gunt: You never learn, Mike. She'll hear you one of these days!

SEVEN.

Jim Gunt: MJ has her hands on the apron, and she's trying her hardest to pull herself up!

EIGHT.

Mike Rolash: WHY DOES NOBODY CARE ABOUT MIKE ROLASH?!?!?

NINE.

Jim Gunt: MJ Flair struggles back into the ring! She's just inside the ropes!

TEN.

Jim Gunt: ...

Mike Rolash: ...

DING DING DING

Mike Rolash: NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

The fans explode in cheers as Trent Robbins raises MJ's arm, even while she's lying on the mat.

Jim Gunt: SHE BEAT THE COUNT! ATAXIA IS STILL ON THE FLOOR!

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of this match, as the result of a countout...

Jim Gunt: I don't think MJ realizes what's happening!

Ray Douglas: EMMMMMMMM JAAAAAAAAAAAY FLAAAAAAAAAIR!!!!!!

Jim Gunt: Finally, the rest of the Forsaken are headed to ringside to check on the Commissioner, but Ataxia is still mainly motionless outside the ring! Trent Robbins helps MJ to her knees, and she's looking at him with confusion, I don't think she fully comprehends what just happened!

Mike Rolash: What just happened is Mike Got Screwed!

In the ring, Trent Robbins talks extensively with MJ, who looks at him in disbelief, until her music starts to play. Almost immediately, she reaches around his neck with a hug, and he helps her to her feet.

Jim Gunt: This was a long and difficult road for MJ; she worked so hard to make it to the main event of Wrestle Fest and came up short in every other instance!

Mike Rolash: That should tell us enough - she didn't deserve this!

Jim Gunt: Now MJ leaves the ring, and she helps The Shadow help Ataxia up, and she hugs the commissioner! And The Shadow! MJ slaps a few hands and she's climbing into the crowd!

Mike Rolash: Trying to buy some fans, that's all that is.

Jim Gunt: Flair looks like she's attempting to thank every fan in the arena personally! This is a dream come true for that young lady and I can't wait to see what happens when she meets up with Colton Mace! We'll be back in just a minute with our main event of the evening!

Mike Rolash: The whole world's against me, man... I swear to god.

Welcome to Future World

Match

The picture cuts backstage to show Tara Robinson armed with her trusted microphone, standing across from The Shadow, with some nasty bruises on his face.

Tara Robinson: Mr. Shadow, you've been the victim of yet another attack tonight, but this time it was not the Smokin' Aces, but Silas Artoria.

The Shadow: I must say that while I was expecting him to do something, this was actually a quite well thought-out plan.

Tara Robinson: It sounded like a challenge for WrestleFest...

The Shadow: I guess so, but with him you never know. But if he wants that match, he can have it, he's been wobbling around this federation for long enough, might just as well give him what he wants for once.

Tara Robinson: He has shown this skin, let's call it condition again and last time this happened his mysterious Passenger seemed to come out. Are you afraid of him unleashing at you this time?

The Shadow: No. If his Passenger or whatever he wants to call it wants to come out and play, he is free to do so, he might actually be more of a challenge than Silas, who doesn't seem to be man enough to just come out to face me to throw the gauntlet. Only a coward has to hide and attack out of nowhere to be able to get somewhere. But then again, he has proved for months now that he can't get it done in the ring, so there's that.

Tara Robinson: So do you have any parting words for Silas?

The Shadow: Yes, sleep with one eye open, Silas, because you have no idea what you got yourself into when you attacked me tonight. Aristocracy is dead, welcome to Future World!

With that he gives Tara a nod and leaves.

Back into the Spotlight

Match

We fade in on the backstage area as we see "The Ripper" Danny B infuriated as he searches backstage. He finds it. The makeshift commissioner's office. He does not even wait to knock he just barges in as we see Ataxia sitting on the desk holding a photo in his hands.

Danny B: Tax! That was bullshit.

Ataxia: I agree. You got a bad case of ring rust...and your singing voice is atrocious.

Danny B: I demand that I be let into the match with Mace and MJF.

Ataxia: And I demand that you take that demand, shine it up real nice, turn that son of a bitch sideways...and leave.

Danny B: Come on! This is shit and you know it...Jaiden...

Ataxia: Will be dealt with. However you wanting to be added into this match is not going to happen. I suggest you get over it...

The infuriated Ripper grabs Ataxia by his lapels of his jacket. The photo crashes on the floor. Glass shattering. The picture is of Ataxia with Mia.

Danny B: You know better than anyone that I...

Ataxia: Get your fucking god damn hands off of me or you are fucking fired you god damn fucking moron! I'm your boss as of right now and I can fire you...I can do worse. You want a title shot. Fine. You can be banned from the world title just like Jace. Take. Your. Hands. Off...

After a moment and a deep breath Ripper lets go. Ataxia reaches down and picks up the picture frame.

Danny B: You're playing favorites. You want to make this fair for MJ because you want her to be world champion! You know she can't beat me...

Ataxia: You broke my frame...

Danny B: Excuse me?

Ataxia: This was a gift to me. You know what really sucks...after all these years I thought we were at least somewhat friends Dan, but you...just proved something to me.

Ataxia glares at Danny B.

Ataxia: You're a fucking pile of shit...

Danny B: You need to calm down before I...

Ataxia: I AM PERFECTLY FUCKING CALM YOU DUMB FUCK!! Right now...I could walk out there and break Jace Valentine's neck, shove Freddie Styles head up Duce Jones' ass...but you know what...I don't do it. You know why? Because I have to do what's best for CWF, and what's best for CWF right now until you prove otherwise...is you out of the title picture. You just lost all my respect for you as a person. You're going to earn it back or you can curtain jerk...or hit the door just like you always do. Throughout it all...I'VE STAYED! So I've got your match for Wrestlefest...It's no world title shot, but I guarantee it will get you what you want...everyone talking about you. So you are now booked versus ME at Wrestle Fest! Do not say a god damn thing...get the fuck out...and next time make a fucking appointment or I send your ass home!

Danny stays for a moment about to say something as Ataxia reaches into his back pocket and pulls out a walkie. Danny glares at Ataxia and starts to back pedal.

Danny B: This isn't over...

Ataxia: I'm counting on it, see you at the pay per view frand.

As the Ripper leaves Ataxia looks down at the picture frame and then slams it into his own head. The glass embeds into his mask and we see blood start to seep through.

Ataxia: I will keep it together...for you...I'll keep it together.

Fade.

Jarvis King (c) vs. The Ringmaster

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contest, set for one fall, is your main event...and it is for the Paramount Championship!

The lights around the ACC go down as "The Greatest Show" by Hugh Jackman and Zac Efron begins to play. The CWF tron mimics a big top, and through the curtain comes The Carnival King himself, The Ringmaster.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, he challenger. Hailing from Twentynine Palms, California! Weighing in at 205 lbs, Fitzgerald Everett Bentley, THE RINGMASTER!

The challenger is not exactly booed, but certainly the crowd is much more on side with their countryman as the camera pans around the arena, showing many signs for Jarvis King. Bentley rolls into the ring and lazily saunters around it, seemingly soaking up every ounce of the spotlight.

Jim Gunt: This should be a fantastic match, and what a main event we have at hand.

Mike Rolash: I like this guy. He's got...panache!

The Ringmaster's music cuts out, 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 the Paramount championship around his waist and a wry smirk on his face. He raises his right arm and begins to saunter confidently to the ring, with a steely determination in his eyes.

Ray Douglas: From Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada. Weighing in at 240 lbs, he is the reigning and defending Paramount Champion, this is JARVIS KING!

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

Jim Gunt: This capacity crowd is positively electric for their fellow Canadian!

Mike Rolash: I hate Canada...

Jarvis drops to the mat and hands the Paramount title to referee Clark Summits, kissing it before he does so. Summits shows the title to The Ringmaster, before he holds it aloft, and hands it to the timekeeper. Checking on both men, he calls for the bell.

Jim Gunt: HERE WE GO!

The bell rings, and East Coast Excellence begins to circle around The Circus King, but Bentley doesn't budge, instead

he laughs in the face of the Paramount Champion. Jarvis cocks an eyebrow, unsure how to proceed. The Ringmaster makes the next move, stepping forward, and the two men lock up for the first time.

Jim Gunt: Mind games from the Ringmaster here, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, except you have to have a mind to toy with in order for those to work!

Jim Gunt: Are you implying that Jarvis King is brainless?

Mike Rolash: Yep.

Jim Gunt: Jarvis King...a former world champion. A hall of famer. Current Paramount champion. He has no ring-smarts?

Mike Rolash: ...

Jim Gunt: Want to back out of this one?

Mike Rolash: Yes please.

The competitors struggle a bit, with Bentley's height advantage trumping King's weight advantage. The Ringmaster takes control, transitioning from the collar-and-elbow to a side-headlock. Trying to control Jarvis, Bentley wrenches down on the bulldog, standing tall with a wide base, but King is able to shrug off the taller, but lighter, Ringmaster, sending him into the ropes.

Jarvis recovers his footing as Bentley bounds off the ropes, and King quickly has to duck out of the way as The Ringmaster leaps up on the rebound, trying to hit a flying haymaker! King dodges at just the right moment, parrying the carnival barker's right-hand, sending him spinning a bit. As Bentley turns around, he's forced to duck as King tries for a spinning back-fist!

Before Jarvis can complete his rotation, the Ringmaster locks on the side-headlock again, wrenching on as tightly as possible. This time, King can't shoot him off, but does manage to back him into the corner. Referee Clark Summits calls for the break.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

The Ringmaster lets go of his hold on King, allowing Jarvis to back off and break contact at the last possible second.

Jim Gunt: Highly competitive action here in the early going!

King backs up as Summits, in the Ringmaster's face, warns the challenger that a disqualification will result in him not winning the title. Bentley pays the referee little mind, however, choosing to spit in King's face! Jarvis wipes the loogie from his face and rushes in, but is caught with a scoop slam, spinning into the turnbuckles and crashing into the corner!

Mike Rolash: MANIPULATING THE OBJECT BABY!

King crashes to the mat and The Ringmaster quickly nudges him away from the ropes he goes for the cover, hooking the near leg. Clark Summits drops down to count the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

No!

Jarvis kicks out, causing The Ringmaster to sit up. The Circus King smiles, a twinkle in his eye, before he swoops to his feet, positioning himself behind the rising Jarvis. Grabbing the Paramount Champion by the hair, he quickly wrenches King backwards with a big reverse DDT before climbing the turnbuckle.

Jim Gunt: My god, he's gonna try to put him away quickly!

Mike Rolash: Wait, he's not going for The Human Cannonball.

Indeed, Bentley doesn't turn around, instead facing away from the ring before he leaps, arching backwards in Adagio's Flight!

Jim Gunt: Wow!

Mike Rolash: When is the last time you saw a man of The Ringmaster's size do a moonsault, Jimbo!?

The Ringmaster doesn't go for another cover, instead deciding to press his advantage with a wrist clutch armbreaker! King writhes in pain, trying to reach for the ropes, but Bentley manages to position himself in such a way as to block the attempt. Without the rope break, Jarvis has no choice but to try to relieve the pressure, turning into the hold a bit. This pushes The Ringmaster to his back a bit, and Jarvis uses this as an opportunity to flip forward, covering the shoulders in a belly-to-back manner!

ONE!

TWO!

No!

The Ringmaster breaks his hold in order to grab a hold of King's midsection. He then bridges out of the pin, lifting Jarvis before spinning, causing both men to be on their knees. Jarvis tries to struggle free, but The Ringmaster holds true, lifting himself and King to their feet before transitioning to a front-facelock. Working quickly, Fitzgerald hoists Jarvis up in a vertical suplex position, and holds him up for several seconds.

Mike Rolash: The Russian Swing!

Indeed, The Ringmaster begins to launch King forward, but loses control as East Coast Excellence manages to aim a knee strike at the top of Bentley's head before he can send Jarvis crashing to the mat, stomach-first. The Ringmaster drops Jarvis, but King manages to land on his feet before aiming a toe-kick squarely at Bentley's gut.

Jarvis King: Let me show you how it's done!

Indeed, King locks on a front-facelock, and hoists The Ringmaster up, suspending him in mid-air for a few seconds before allowing him to crash to the mat behind him with a big delayed vertical suplex!

Mike Rolash: No!

Jim Gunt: It's hard to beat Jarvis King in a suplex contest, Mike!

King wastes little time pressing his advantage, and quickly floats over to The Ringmaster's side as the challenger rolls to his stomach. Jarvis locks on a gut-wrench, and hoists Bentley up with a deadlift gutwrench suplex! Bentley crashes to the mat, and rolls to the outside apron.

The Ringmaster, using the ropes to steady himself, tries to get to a vertical basis, but is stopped in his progress by Jarvis, who, reaching over the top rope, grabs him by the beard. Yanked upwards, Bentley has little choice but to be locked in another front facelock, over the top rope, by Jarvis King. Draping one of The Ringmaster's arms over his shoulder, Jarvis attempts another vertical suplex to bring Bentley into the ring. The Ringmaster, to his credit, manages to hook a leg under the bottom rope, effectively blocking the suplex, before he aims a quick shot to Jarvis's solar plexus.

Mike Rolash: Here we go, Ringmaster about to get back in control.

Bentley floats over the doubled-over Paramount Champion, executing a beautiful sunset flip. Jarvis gets a shoulder up before referee Summits can go to count, but The Ringmaster doesn't seem to mind. Rolling Jarvis forward, he positions himself behind the hall of famer, locking one of his arms against his backside while tucking the other behind his neck, before shifting his weight forward, driving Jarvis face-first into the mat.

Jim Gunt: My god!

Mike Rolash: The Disappearing Act! It's gonna be academic, Jimmy!

Indeed, The Ringmaster quickly presses his advantage, flipping Jarvis to his back on his way to the turnbuckles. Clark Summits admonishes him for climbing to the top, but The Ringmaster simply ignores him before launching forward, tucking his legs under his arms before looking for...

Mike Rolash: THE HUMAN CANNONBALL!

Jim Gunt: WAIT, JARVIS GOT OUT OF THE WAY!

Just as Gunt said, Jarvis manages to roll out of the way, causing The Ringmaster to hit the mat, jostling his knees and tailbone in the process. The Ringmaster cries out in pain, but doesn't have much time to recover as, quick as a cat, Jarvis is on top of him, grabbing both legs before stepping through, crossing them, and locking on the Sharpshooter, much to Toronto's delight!

Jim Gunt: THIS IS PRACTICALLY LIKE A HOME-TOWN CROWD FOR KING, AND HE IS ON THE CUSP OF RETAINING HIS TITLE!

Mike Rolash: I hate Canada...

The noise in the building reaches a fever pitch as suddenly, the lights in the arena go out and everything is encased in a shroud of darkness.

Jim Gunt: What the hell?!

Mike Rolash: Not again...

The lights come back up, and the ring houses a much different scene. Summits, previously checking on The Ringmaster to see if he was submitting, lies motionless to the side of the ring. The Ringmaster, formerly locked in the Sharpshooter, sits up against the ropes, his mouth agog. Jarvis, perhaps moments away from retaining his title, stands mouth agape, staring into the faces of the three men responsible.

Jones. Styles. Valentine.

Jim Gunt: Oh god...

Mike Rolash: THE GLASS CEILING IS HERE BABY!

The bell rings furiously, obviously noting that the match is a no contest, as the Smokin' Aces turn away from Valentine, and immediately pounce on The Ringmaster, attacking him two-on-one. Jace smirks, his nose still in rough shape after Chloe Hawkhurst had hit him with Lynk, advancing on Jarvis. The two come face-to-face, nose-to-nose before...

Jim Gunt: WHAT THE HELL?

Valentine and King both smile and hug each other!

Mike Rolash: JARVIS KING MUST BE THE FOURTH MAN!

Toronto clearly doesn't care for this, but the two Canadian men laugh and pat each other on the back before turning to face The Ringmaster. Duce and Freddie stop putting the boots to him before they raise him up.

Jarvis seems to be directing traffic, as he gestures to Freddie to hoist The Ringmaster onto his shoulders. Styles does so and Valentine and King make way for Duce to bound off the ropes before he leaps up, hitting a Krayzed Knee before Freddie hits BallGame!

Jim Gunt: Why Jarvis?!

The Ringmaster stumbles, out on his feet, before being met with a big kick to the gut from Jace, doubling him over. Valentine hooks both arms and leaps...

Mike Rolash: HEARTBREAKER, JIMBO! Cry your little tears, but Jarvis King has made the best decision of his career!

Valentine smirks as he crumples The Ringmaster to the mat with his pedigree variant, before Jarvis, having received his Paramount title back, kicks his foe over and plants his foot on The Ringmaster's chest, raising the title high above his head as "Hello Timebomb" starts to play again.

Jim Gunt: Well, the match ends in a no contest, but Jarvis King remains the Paramount champion...and I fear for what this means. King, Styles, Jones and Valentine are a unified force. We will see you in New York for the WrestleFest Fan Fest next week. Goodnight everybody!

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