

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 3

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: October 31, 2017
Location: Rhodes Arena — Akron, Ohio

Results

Open

Segment

The lights in the arena start to flicker. Sounds of shrieking and screaming play through the speakers.

Jim Gun: What is going on here?

Mike Rolash: The lights are acting up obviously.

The lights go out completely and the music stops. The arena gets quiet, you can hear Jim Gun breathing heavily.

Mike Rolash: Are you afraid of the dark Jim?

Jim Gun: No, but is that your hand on my leg?

A spotlight shines on a spot in the crowd where a man in clown face paint is sitting. He stands up and is holding a plastic pumpkin. The spotlight goes out and shines on another spot, where a man in similar face paint also gets up, he is also holding a plastic pumpkin. The light goes out and again comes back on to a man with face paint holding a plastic pumpkin. This goes on for about 1 minute, each transition is quicker.

Jim Gun: There must be like a hundred of these guys in the audience.

Mike Rolash: Looks like a lot of TLS fans here tonight.

Jim Gun: Oh. I just thought it was dress up as a clown night tonight.

The lights flicker again and again goes dark. The CWF tron begins to flicker and finally stops at a white screen. The camera begins to zoom out slowly and the white screen starts to have a red crescent at the bottom, then eyes appear, and it starts to get clear that it is TLS' face. He is standing against a black back drop, the white of his face paint and the red of his lips are intensified by the darkness. He seems to be smiling, but his eyes look as if they are staring into space.

Jim Gunt: That is one creepy looking clown.

Mike Rolash: Rumor has it that it's not actual face paint. His skin is white and flaky.

TLS breathes deeply, he is waiting for him to speak. It zooms out some more as TLS looks down at a plastic pumpkin he is holding in his hand. He slowly lifts his head up and says.

TLS: Trick or Treat Motherfuckers.

The screen goes dark and the sound of a high pitched scream blasts through the arena.

Jim Gunt: He must be really into Halloween.

Mike Rolash: Weird.

Interview with Frost Elite

Segment

The cameras head backstage as we see the CWF backstage Interviewer Tara Robinson. She stood with a CWF Backdrop behind her. She raises the mic to her lips as she began to speak.

Tara Robinson: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm here today with two wrestlers who will be competing in tag team action tonight. So join me in welcoming, Maya and Mizore, The Frost Elite!

At that, Maya Jensen and Mizore Payne walked into the shot both smiling. They looked over to Tara as she returned the smile.

Tara Robinson: So first off I'd like to extend a welcome to you Mizore. This is your first time being in a CWF ring.

Mizore Payne: Thank you. I'm glad to be here.

Tara Robinson: So, for my first question, I'd like to address it towards you Mizore. We've been hearing a rumor that you're only here for Tag team action. Is there any truth to this rumor?

Mizore nods her head.

Mizore Payne: That is correct.

Tara Robinson: Is there a certain time frame for that? I mean, in your other fed, High Stakes Wrestling, you not only are in singles action but you're pretty skilled in it as well. Considering you are a former World champion over there which you only lost thanks to questionable tactics by HSW Management.

This causes both Maya and Mizore to frown slightly at the mention of what had happened but it didn't last to long.

Mizore Payne: I'm not sure for how long. I'm here to get some experience in wrestling outside my comfort zone and what better way than to do it with the love of my life?

Maya smiled at Mizore as she reached down and took her hand in hers.

Tara Robinson: So you're saying you don't think you can handle singles competition here then?

Mizore shakes her head.

Mizore Payne: I didn't say that. Besides, the other reason is because this is Maya's fed, so I'm letting her have her time to shine.

Tara nods her head as she could see that.

Tara Robinson: Very well. Now, tonight the two of you will be facing the Slashers in Tag team action. I have done a little research on your team and you haven't won a match as a team since Extreme Wrestling Entertainment closed it's doors. Do you think that will play a factor in this match?

This time it was Maya who spoke up.

Maya Jensen: We've only had 2 other tag matches since EWE closed it's doors.

Tara Robinson: True, but both of the matches had championship opportunities. First in 4CW's Tag Tournament to determine the #1 contenders to their tag titles, where you lost to the ultimate winners of the match. Then in HSW where you were in a Tag Gauntlet to determine the first the first ever HSW Tag Champions, which again you were eliminated by the ultimate winner of the match. So does that mean that if the Slasher's manage to win tonight they will, statistically speaking, be the winners of the tag match at Hellbound?

Maya shook her head.

Maya Jensen: No that doesn't. Because first they would have to beat our team and yeah you're right, we have lost two championship opportunities thus far. But that just means we are even more fired up to win it this time.

Mizore Payne: Third times the charm after all.

Maya Jensen: Exactly. Besides that, this match isn't for the gold. Sure if the Slasher's some how managed to win this match it will give them a nice momentum boost going into the Monster's Bash at Hellbound, but we will be showing them tonight what a real team is.

Tara Robinson: Care to explain that?

It was Mizore who jumped in on that.

Mizore Payne: Of course. See, the Slashers may very well be two very great individuals. If this was a one-on-one match perhaps things could be different. But no, this is a tag team contest. You need to work well with your partner. Have that chemistry. The Slashers? They don't even like each other.

Maya Jensen: Which could prove fatal in the end. Sure they have that ruthless power and resilience technician but without the right chemistry they will only be getting in each others ways. So just think about that.

Tara nods her head.

Tara Robinson: Well, some strong words but that's really all we have time for. Until next time everyone.

The Frost Elite nod as they head out of the shot and we head to the next part of the show.

Silas Kincaid vs. Pandalike

Segment

"Clozee-Koto" begins to play over speaker system and Pandalike comes out from the backstage area to a huge pop. The debuting superstar wave to the audience as he makes his way down the ramp, finally sliding into the ring to test out the ropes in his very first match.

Ray Douglas: Tonight's opening bout is set for one fall! Introducing first, from China....PANDALIKE!!

Jim Gunt: Pandalike! Hell yeah, I'm so excited to see the debut of this guy.

Mike Rolash: You would. You and this goofball are certainly on the same wave length, you're both nerds!

Jim Gunt: How rude.

The attention went to the tron as a celtic cross and flames light up the arena. The ears of the CWF faithful was then buffeted by the distorted and haunting words from Scottish/Irish Folk Song 'Oh Danny Boy' as if being played on an old record player.

"Oh Danny Boy th' pipes. th' pipes are calling.."

The sound of static replaced the song before the fans were slapped in the face by the opening verse of Avery Watt's 'A Cut Above Remix'.

"Nobody understands what it takes to be the man. Having every single person say you can't when you can. To give up everything you've ever known for a dream. And never stop the fight no matter how hard it seems. You sacrifice, you bleed, you sweat, and you cry. Doing everything you can not to lay down and die. When you fall and you call out, there's no one to help."

Silas Kincaid walked out onto the ramp and stood there silently for a moment, looking down at the steel walkway. He sported a pair of black trunks some type of tribal design in light blue, black knee pads, boots, and a half leather, half denim jacket with a hood up. His dark hair covering his eyes as his vision was still on the ramp way.

"So you've got no other option but to pick up yourself. At the end of the battle you're the only one standing. Everyone watching, the stage you're commanding. The pages of history will speak of today. And when they talk about the champion. This is what they'll say. Here's what it looks like (Looks like). Being the best. What it looks like, to be a cut above the rest."

Silas slowly lifted his head and stared into the camera that was now zoomed in on his hair covered visage. He snapped the hood from head and pushed the hair back from his face. He pointed toward the ring and with the intensity etched on his face mouths two words, 'Break 'em'. Silas began his descent down the ramp to the ringside area.

Silas removed his jacket and tossed it on the ground as he reached the ringside area. He stepped up onto the apron and cracked his neck. He stepped between the ropes and into the squared circle.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Los Angeles, California....SILAS KINCAID!!

Mike Rolash: Now this is what I'm talking about Jimmy! This guy Silas looks like he's been in a fight or two in his life.

Jim Gunt: Well, that certainly doesn't make him a better person does it? I've never been in a fight my entire life, and I'm a great guy!

Mike Rolash: Says who?

Trent Robbins calls for the bell as the opening match on tonight's Evolution begins. A very serious Silas Kincaid comes towards the center of the ring, calling his opponent in, but Pandalike will have none of it. Instead he bounces back and forth onto each boot, seemingly trying to show the way of the Panda. Silas just shakes his head back and forth, screaming at his opponent to meet him in the center of the ring. Pandalike does so, meeting him with a huge dropkick to the face!

Jim Gunt: And here we go!

Mike Rolash: Maybe this Pandalike CAN wrestle. I guess time will tell.

Silas Kincaid is taken aback by the dropkick of Pandalike, but quickly regains his senses and charges forward for a big boot. Pandalike ducks right underneath it however, turning around through the Scottish Superstar, and latching onto him from behind. Release German Suplex! The crowd are already going wild, a "PANDALIKE!" chant even starting up as he gets right back to his feet and beats on his chest wildly.

Jim Gunt: Okay, this guy IS a little weird.

Mike Rolash: You think, Jimmy?

Jim Gunt: To each his own though, whatever gets the job done!

Pandalike continues wildly beating his chest, not realizing that Silas is coming to on the other side of the ring. The rookie runs at his opponent and leaps up into the air, getting caught right in Kincaid's grasp. Silas Kincaid smirks as all the sound in the arena dies out, before whipping Pandalike backward over his head with a Fallaway Slam. Pandalike pulls himself up with the ropes, but turns right back around into a nasty leaping knee to the face!

Jim Gunt: Now the tide has turned, and Silas Kincaid appears to be in control here!

Mike Rolash: You should have known it would only be a matter of time.

Pulling Pandalike back to his feet, Kincaid lands an underhook punch. Pandalike is not going to go down without a fight though, and pushes Kincaid's next attack away before coming in with multiple heavy open-palm strikes against his chest. PAW PRINT! Kincaid staggers backward into the corner, not knowing what hit him. But when Pandalike backs up and sprints towards him, the Cannonball meets nothing but turnbuckle pads as Kincaid is able to roll out of the way just in time!

Silas Kincaid hurries to his feet, stomping down on Pandalike's shoulder and arms as he tries to get back to his feet. Pandalike is still able to get up, landing another huge open-palm strike to Kincaid. He heads towards the Scotsman, right into a Falcon Arrow. Kincaid ignores the boos coming from the sold out crowd, knowing that he has the match in control as he sets Pandalike up in a pumphandle position, turns him over, FALL OF ANGELS! It's gotta be over here as Silas Kincaid makes the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHRR-NO!

Jim Gunt: Pandalike kicked out at the very last second!

Mike Rolash: No way! Maybe this kid has something more than I thought he did. That Panda Sage certainly has trained him right.

In absolute shock, Silas Kincaid slaps the ring mat and pulls himself back up to his feet, quickly coming up with another gameplan. He whips Pandalike into the ropes after he slowly gets up, Alabama Slam! Pandalike is down and out now, and Kincaid goes for one more cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOO-Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Look at the heart and determination of this Pandalike!

Mike Rolash: This nut just won't give up, will he!?

Kincaid wastes no time pulling Pandalike right back to his feet, hurling a heavy chop right into his chest. Pandalike shocks the world, raising his hands out in the air to call for another!? Silas Kincaid is happy to oblige, but Pandalike pulls his arm in, Capture Suplex! The crowd is going absolutely crazy now as the tide has once again turned in the match. Stomping on the canvas, Pandalike awaits his opponent to rise to his feet. When he does he is tossed up onto Panda's shoulders, PANDAMONIUM SIT-OUT POWERBOMB! Pandalike holds on for the cover, as the fans packed inside King's Hall count along.

Referee: OOOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHRRREEEEEE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner of this match by pinfall....PANDALIKE!!

"Clozee-Koto" once again plays and Pandalike rises to his feet, having his hand proudly raised in victory in his debut match in CWF. He goes over to the corner and raises his own arms up now, a huge cheer reverberating back at him. Kincaid slithers out of the ring, angry and disappointed and swearing at Pandalike that he will get his revenge sooner rather than later.

Making It Through Customs

Segment

We cut to a backstage area and find none other than Harvey Danger marching down a hallway, weaving in and out of a large group of producers, interns, handlers and the usual backstage equipment. He's wearing phony plastic Mr. Spock ears and a large green top-hat (complete with a neon orange tuft of hair and bright yellow Shamrock) as he skips along carrying a plastic pot of gold foil wrapped chocolate "coins."

Harvey: "Boy, what a flight over... but I made it through customs, everyone! Don't worry, I'll be able to compete tonight!"

Everyone glances up but nobody responds. They all look back at their clipboards or phones. Harvey tosses some chocolate coins into the group, hitting some in the face.

Harvey: "I've found me pot-o-gold! Faith and begorrah... and rainbows and shillelaghs and all that! Harvey Danger has arrived in the Emerald Isle!"

Pretending to be busy, some of the producers drift away. Harvey gently tugs on one's shirt sleeve to gain his attention while the rest scatter, like a herd abandoning fallen prey for their own survival.

Harvey: "Excuse me, Mr. Producer, sir. I'm wondering if you've seen The Lost Soul?"

Producer: "No."

Harvey: "Oh, because, you see, The Lost Soul is like my best friend in the entire world. Like best friends. B-F-F's as the kids today say. You sure you haven't seen him?"

Producer: "No."

Harvey: "Darn it.... Say, I bet you know just why I want to see him and I'm wasting your time explaining it to you. Of course you do!"

Producer: (Sensing his opening)" Yes, of course! Well, I'll be on my..."

Harvey: "Of course you know that The Lost Soul and I were tag team champions together! He went under a different name then, the Strangler...The Mangler? No, it was the Mauler... um, maybe it was the Stranger? Either way, all the way back in 2009 he and I were the GCWA Tag Team Champions for a whole 3 months! We were fast friends and thick as thieves! Even my Mother loved him! She said she never liked one of my friends better.

Of course, there was that one time I found her paying him after we lost the Titles... I'm not sure I ever found out what for though. We kind of fell out of touch after that, too.

But we were best buds! Movies, dinners, weekend trips... it was just the best time in this little guy's life!

I just found out he's joined CWF and I'd love to see him again! So... have you seen him?"

Producer: "Uh... yes. He went, um, THAT way!"

The producer points off down the hall and Harvey turns to follow the direction of his raised index finger. He beams with excitement.

Harvey: "Excellent! I'll win the CWF Impact Title AND rekindle my friendship with good old "T.L.S." in the same day! Isn't that great?!"

Harvey turns around to find the producer long gone. Undeterred, he shrugs and marches on down the hallway.

Frost Elite vs. The Slashers

Segment

Ray Douglas: This match is set for one fall...

"Relentless" by Pentagram hits the PA system as "Sick" Mick Horrorflick and Vlad come out from the back. Mick doesn't seem to waist any time as he headed to the ring in an almost rush but Vlad paces himself being slow and methodical.

Ray Douglas: Introduction first. The team of "Sick" Mick Horrorflick and Vlad....THE SLASHERS!!

Mick was already in the ring going from rope to rope yelling at the fans as Vlad continues his way down.

Jim Gunt: Here we have two individuals who are taking Halloween quiet seriously.

Mike Rolash: Pretty sure they're like that all year round.

Finally, Vlad makes it into the ring with his looming presents. Once they were finished with their entrance their music was cut soon replaced by "Fire & Ice" by Wolfblur getting a slight pop from the fans as Maya and Mizore come out from the back posing on stage.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents. They are Maya Jensen and Mizore Payne....THE FROST ELITE!!

Maya and Mizore head down to the ring as they have a little fan interaction as they pass by them.

Mike Rolash: The Slasher's are going to eat those two alive.

Jim Gunt: I don't know, We've seen Maya take on big opponents before, and Mizore is a former HSW Champion.

Mike Rolash: So, they must have very low stakes over at HSW.

Jim Gunt: Considering the acronym is "High Stakes Wrestling"..

Maya and Mizore soon enter the ring as they give a pose to the fans before looking over to their opponents. It was "Big" Denny Davidson refereeing for the contest as he looked to both sides waiting for them to choose who would start. For The Frost Elite Mizore was starting and for The Slashers, it was Mick Horrorflick.

Jim Gunt: Looks like Mizore will be starting out this contest for her team. This should be interesting as it is her first time in a CWF Debut.

Mike Rolash: And her last.

The ref checks on both of them before calling for the bell. When the bell rings Mick doesn't waste a second as he charges in at Mizore, but Mizore scouts it and dodges out of the way. Mick's momentum doesn't stop as he hits the ropes and heads back for another charge but this time Mizore attempts to return with a drop kick only it wasn't enough to knock Mick off his feet. Instead, he grabs her legs and powerbombs her right back down to the mat before climbing on top and unloading with more than a few thunderous punches!

Mike Rolash: What'd I tell you. This girl's weak just like her partner.

Jim Gunt: We're still in the early goings here, Mike. Who knows what could happen.

The ref finally get Mick off Mizore but the damage had been done. Quickly, Mick heads over to Vlad and tags him in. Vlad steps into the ring as he begins to slowly stalk Mizore. Mizore gets up only to be grabbed by Vlad and planted with a suplex. After that, the match began to become one sided as The Slasher's continued to isolate Mizore. Vlad would hit Dead Leaves Rustling, before Mizore started to recover from at a slow pace. Vlad tags out and Mick Horrorflick takes control quickly, nailing a hard DDT.

Jim Gunt: Mizore's having a hard time getting away from The Slasher's onslaught. She really needs to make a tag.

Mike Rolash: Sure, and then Maya can get isolated.

Back in the ring Mick Horrorflick has a standing headlock/guillotine sort of choke, with Mick staying on his feet, but lifting the victim until they're dangling on their tippy toes. The hold however isn't legal and the ref begins to count. Just as he gets to four Mick suddenly drops down in a Snap DDT onto Mizore's head completing his "Guillotine Drop". He makes the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO..No! Mizore out at two!

Jim Gunt: Might of had it there.

Mike Rolash: So, it's like a good Slasher's movie. The Slasher's always get the victory in the end.

Mick gets up and argues with the ref for a moment. This seems to be what Mizore needed as she managed to slowly start towards Maya where she had her hand out ready to jump into the match. Vlad sees this and tells Mick to stop her. So Mick turns around and runs over grabbing Mizore by the legs and begins to pull her back over. But Mizore shakes one foot free before giving him a good kick causing Mick to stumble back a bit. Mizore gets to her feet and when Mick comes in she hits a drop kick straight at his knees causing him to stumble. Mizore then hits the ropes before jumping up and executing a hurricanrana!

Jim Gunt: And Mick's down! This may be the break Mizore needed.

Mizore manages to recover as she heads over and finally tags in Maya. Maya hops up to the top rope and just as Mick gets up she jumps off, hitting her X-Blade Crash! The spear barely knocks the big man over, but Jensen hurries for the cover anyway. As soon as she leaps on for the cover, Mick powers out immediately, sending Maya clear across the ring!

Mike Rolash: And there Maya goes being out muscled by another guy, just like in Golden Intentions!

Jim Gunt: Yeah but wasn't it her who eliminated you in that match?

Mike Rolash: We don't talk about that.

Mick gets up as he seems angry but was at the ropes as she goes for a cross body. But Mick catches her before slamming her down to the mat. He goes over to her but Maya kicks him in the same knee Mizore hit earlier. Mick stumbles a bit and this gives Maya the chance to get up and hit the same knee with a drop kick. This gets Mick to one knee as he grabs his knee more rage than anything. Maya goes for another drop kick when Mick grabs her and throws her away coming in and hitting a vicious clothesline. Mick gets on her and begins to throw punches at her as Maya did what she could to cover up.

Mike Rolash: She's angered the beast. Only a matter of time now.

The ref gets Mick Horrorflick off as he slowly backs away. Horrorflick goes in and lifts up Jensen, MACHETE! He drops down on the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWW-NO!

Mick is enraged now ignoring his partner who holds his hand out asking for a tag. Mick picks Maya up and sets her up for his Railroad Spike.

Just before he connects it, Maya slips out before hitting a Frigid Ice Wall; This gets Mick off his feet as Maya goes over and tags in Mizore. Mick slowly gets up before both Maya and Mizore shoot their legs forward and crush Mick with their ELITE KICK! Mick goes down yet again. Maya dashes over to Vlad before hitting GREEN NO MORE! The impact knocks him off the apron as Mizore makes the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHRRREEEEEE!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner....THE FROST ELITE!!

"Fire & Ice" hit the PA system as Maya and Mizore celebrate a little in the ring.

Mike Rolash: I can't believe those two actually won?

Jim Gunt: Great talent comes in all shapes and sizes, Mike.

Maya and Mizore didn't celebrate too long as Mick begins to stir and get up. Obviously angry. So The Frost Elite leave the ring and up the ramp. As they do, Vlad joins the steaming Mick in the ring as Maya and Mizore both indicate belts over their waists showing just what they intended to do at Hellbound.

Mike Rolash: Don't get full of yourself girls. You still got a long way before you become the Tag Team Champions.

Jim Gunt: They sure have proved themselves tonight. But we still have lots more action so stay tuned.

Paths Twist

Segment

A shadow falls over the arena, the sold out crowd devastated by the darkness. An eerie silence as the show has seemingly come to a momentary halt. You can hear the cawking of buzzards and crows. Ryan Sunset's face appears on the tron with a brazen smile.

Ryan Sunset: Welcome one, welcome all. This is no longer the CWF as you know it, no longer a parasite driven by a fool like J Rish. Under our watch, under the Trinity's care, we have crafted our paradise. We raise the army of the damned, the Eternals, to embrace this paradise. This is their paradise! This my paradise! People wonder where I have been the last few weeks. I have been nowhere. I have been everywhere. I have been here. I have been there.

I have seen "the dark place". You all should see this dark place. It is wonderous, beautiful and glorious, it really is. To have the light stricken from your body, it is a rebirth. To the Lost Soul, and all the lost souls in the world, I invite you to feel how I feel. I invite you to bleed like I bleed. I invite you to look up into the sky and behold the Firefly, and then... The Maker's greatest folly will be rectified. Which side of history will you stand on, fool?

Save yourself, be Eternal. Rise to the air like a phoenix, like I did. Like we all have done. Make that sacrifice before we decide to make it for you. Like a phoenix. Reborn, or burnt up in the ashes of the past. Can you see how we see?

The feed cuts and lights turn back on. "The Tormented Soul" Chaolin Sahn is standing in the ring with an ominous warning.

Chaolin Sahn: Paths twist with each step in the maze. Each end the beginning of another phase. Avoid the smoke and the haze. Awaits you a crown of thorns, and the toll it pays. Heroes and hell will be broken loose, as the burning ring gets set ablaze.

The lights go out again.

In The Black and White Feed

Segment

Cold open.

A grainy black and white shot of what appears to be an open layout of an apartment fills the view. We can see an empty kitchen, the front door, and the edge of what seems to be a couch. At the far right corner is the date and time of the footage:

Saturday

10/16/17

8:30PM

The front door opens, revealing Harley Hodge with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth and a backpack slung over his shoulders - his eyes illuminate through the gray as he unintentionally looks towards the prepositioned camera. It's immediately apparent that Harley has no idea about it.

Then, at random, time begins to speed up. The stamp at the corner rushes through the minutes - hours - and we see an accelerated version of Harley walking around the apartment - opening up his fridge, assorted cabinets, lighting one cigarette after another, and then taking a rest on the couch.

This is when the time slows back down.

Sunday

10/17/17

2:47AM

Harley has since fallen asleep, his head slung against the back of the couch and his mouth wide open. The overhead light and fan are on, further illuminating the grayscale that much more. Behind him, the knob of the front door appears to jingle. It's not enough to even remotely startle Harley. Then, the door opens up slightly. Harley lets in a deep snore, the door flings open immediately and then slams back shut.

"What the f---"

Harley's head snaps back as he opens his eyes to reveal pupils the size of saucers. As he sits up, the overhead light switches off. Though nothing can be seen now, we can hear the door creak open and slam once more.

That's when the overhead light turns back on - to reveal nothing but Harley standing up, a cell phone in his hand, and a look of absolute shock on his face. He stares at the door - which is now ajar again. The stereotypical reaction for anyone who is in the business of fighting would be to throw caution in the wind and take charge. Harley isn't stereotypical though. He slowly moves towards the door, his head shifting to the left and right to make sure that there isn't anyone already in the apartment.

He reaches the ajar door and pokes his head out.

Harley Hodge: "I'm not playing these games - let's make that clear right now. Just come out, and we'll handle whatever the hell this is like adults. I think it's clear that you've scared the shit out of me. Congratulations. Now, let's come on out and explain ourselves."

Nothing. Harley scoffs as he opens the door all the way, putting his guard up. Unfortunately, the direction of his guard is 180-degrees incorrect. The presumably hidden camera is picked up by someone. Harley has absolutely no idea whatsoever that whoever did this was directly - behind him. Harley starts to shut the door and then hears a whisper in his ear.

"Peek a boo."

Harley turns around as quick as he can, but he's far too late. Something gets smashed directly over his head - the likes of which a plate, as it shatters upon contact. Harley stumbles backwards against the slightly ajar door, which slams back shut against the pressure of his weight. There's blood pouring down Harley's face instantaneously, but he doesn't have a chance to check on it.

Instead, Harley is grabbed by the arm and thrown into something that comes with a disastrous crash as well, but it's out of the camera's viewpoint. The person holding the camera turns around and seems to place the device at higher ground, which allows us to see that Harley was thrown into a glass curio cabinet - and is now on the ground, trying to crawl away.

And that's when we see the antagonist - a vicious, hungry Ripper. Silently stalking, he approaches an entirely oblivious Harley at this point. He cocks his head to the right, patiently waiting for the right moment. As Harley tries to look up, Ripper puts his foot down on his neck - forcing his face into the spackle of glass. He then pulls him back to his feet, but remains behind him to obscure the identity. Harley tries to defend by swinging his forearm around, but Ripper ducks immediately and lifts Harley in a german-suplex position - only to toss him directly through a coffee table. The impact was enough to send Harley rolling into his entertainment center, shaking it enough for the forty-inch television to fall onto his side.

Danny B laughs it all off, slapping his thighs at the scene. He wanders over to Harley, whistling in the process, and

then grips onto the flat screen television.

The Ripper: "Oh, let me get this for you."

Harley can't speak. He can hardly breathe. He turns onto his back and tries to look through the screen of blood over his eyes. His expression changes immediately - he knows exactly who this is.

The Ripper: "The game begins now, Harley. No more shrouding undetected for you."

The Ripper wastes no time by picking up the television, and then slamming it - screen first into Harley's rib cage once more. Ripper cackles sadistically, before heading towards the other side of the room to grab his camera. Once it's in his hands, he turns it towards the floor - and all we can hear, at this point, is glass breaking underneath his feet. Once he reaches the door, he swings it open, and then faces the camera towards him - pulling it away enough to show Harley's lifeless body in the background. He smiles, cocks his head again, and winks before the camera cuts to black.

Chaolin Sahn vs. The Lost Soul

Segment

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

The theme to Friday the 13th plays over the speaker system and the maniac known all around the world as The Lost Soul steps out from behind the curtain. He cocks his head to the left, a sadistic smirk across his painted face as he eyes up the sold out crowd. Some of them boo, some of them cheer, but not a damn soul in the building is quiet as TLS slowly paces his way down the ramp and finally into the ring. He walks over to the nearest corner and sits down in it, waiting for his opponent's arrival mysteriously.

Ray Douglas: The first competitor in this singles match comes from Parts Unknown, he is....THE LOST SOUL!

Jim Gunt: Former ICWF World Heavyweight champion and Hall of Famer, and all around crazy son of a bitch, the Lost Soul has arrived to CWF!

Mike Rolash: Indeed he has, and what a debut opponent for the painted freak, he goes up against someone who may even be crazier than him somehow, the mastermind behind the Cyndicate, the Trinity, and now the Eternals...Chaolin Sahn!

Jim Gunt: Should be one hell of a war, Mike.

"Sound of Sulfur" by the Bled screams over the speaker system, as the lights shroud in darkness. Two hooded figures step out from each side, cloaked in darkness, before finally the evil one himself follows out in the center. Chaolin Sahn's smile would scare even the most vile of horror movie lover away, as he cackles aloud at the extremely loud

booing response coming from the fans packed inside the King's Hall. Sahn leaves the cloaked figures behind atop the ramp, making his way down, pacing slowly until he gets to the steel steps. Sahn latches onto the turnbuckle with his paw, pulling himself into the ring and in instant, going face to face with TLS in a split second.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Tokyo, Japan....CHAOLIN SAHN!!

Jim Gunt: Whoa. How the hell did Sahn do that!?

Mike Rolash: The Firefly is no ordinary human being, Jimmy, you should already know this.

Jim Gunt: I understand that, but regardless, Sahn was just outsi...nevermind. Clark Summits is ready for the bell, let's get this match underway!

Summits rings the bell and Chaolin Sahn is on TLS in a flash, reigning down on him with double arm chops that are as powerful as it gets. One after another, Sahn explodes his arms across the chest of the Lost Soul. TLS covers up the best he can, but the surprise of the quick attack has him reeling quickly. He places his head through the top and middle ropes, causing Summits to call for the break and pull Sahn off his opponent.

Jim Gunt: Sahn showing some unbelievable offense in the early going, luckily TLS has been in this business long enough to know his way around the ring, and used the ropes to get the break!

Mike Rolash: Smart man. A little weird, okay a lot fucking weird, but smart man.

Sahn backs off of the Lost Soul, stepping back a few feet before raising both hands in the air to invite him to "come on!" The Lost Soul is not afraid to do just that, dipping his head back out of the ropes and charging at the Firefly. He leaps into the air for a Superman punch, but Sahn catches him out of midair and corkscrews him to the canvas with a release Belly to Belly suplex! Sahn places his boot against the throat of TLS, not letting him get to his feet, and instead choking the life out of him.

Jim Gunt: Come on Summits, disqualify Chaolin Sahn here, he's going to choke TLS to death!

Mike Rolash: Sahn runs the show around here, Jim. There's no way in hell he's getting DQed tonight.

Jim Gunt: That's not fair and you know it!

Mike Rolash: I didn't say it was, but life's not fair.

Sahn continues reverberating his boot across the throat of the Lost Soul, diminishing all the life left in the debuting legend. Finally Summits pulls the Firefly off of his opponent, but Sahn simply laughs at the referee, moving right back to TLS. He grabs him across the already damaged throat, yanking him not only to his feet but through the sky, CHOKESLAM-NO! TLS REVERSES INTO A HUGE DROPKICK!

A resounding cheer comes from the Irish crowd as TLS finally gets to his feet, getting his first true offense of the match in against the mastermind Sahn. TLS strikes out with a huge right hand to Sahn's skull as he attempts to get to his feet, and another as he eventually does. Chaolin Sahn roars out and whips his arms out for a lariat but TLS catches him and turns him upside down through the air, BLUE THUNDER DRIVER! The Lost Soul wastes no time in going for the pinfall.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWW-Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Just a two count there for TLS, but some very creative offense from the veteran!

Mike Rolash: Being around the game as long as TLS has been, I'm sure he knows more about this business than most of these young bucks in CWF combined.

Jim Gunt: Hey now, I've been here in CWF since the very beginning when it opened up all the way back in the year 2000.

Mike Rolash: And you still don't know shit.

The Lost Soul rises up with Chaolin Sahn in his grasp, sinking in a deep headlock as the two climb to their feet. TLS squeezes and squeezes on the skull of the Firefly, but Sahn is eventually able to break free and launch him into the ropes. When TLS comes running back, the Firefly somehow runs right up his body and backflip body kicks him, punting him right under his jaw!

Scanning the ring in front of him, thoughts running through the maniac's head like rapid fire, Sahn decides to yank up TLS to a seated position, once again going for the damaged neck and jaw of his opponent. Sahn wraps his massive arm around the throat of the Lost Soul, placing him into a Dragon Sleeper. TLS flails immediately, the pain shooting through him as Sahn squeezes down.

Jim Gunt: It's gotta be over here for the Lost Soul, Chaolin Sahn has him in one devastating Dragon Sleeper.

Mike Rolash: But no, TLS is somehow rising back to his feet, Jimmy!

The Lost Soul indeed uses all his might to rise up into a bridged position, a couple of elbows to the ribs of Sahn and he is free of the sleeper. TLS wiggles his head back and forth to free the cobwebs, his face paint already starting to wear off. The two men go face to face once more, this time locking up with one another. Sahn uses his power advantage to push TLS down to his knees after a few moments of testing each other's strength, before turning behind him to put him in another sleeper hold. But TLS yanks on to the head of his adversary, taking Sahn downward with him, STUNNER! TLS hooks both legs as the crowd goes wild.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHR-NO!

Mike Rolash: Chaolin Sahn got his shoulder up!

Jim Gunt: And this one's still got life to it, Mike! The Lost Soul and Chaolin Sahn has proven to be a very interesting matchup, I could definitely see these two renewing their rivalry sometime in the future.

Mike Rolash: If I was the Lost Soul, I don't think I would want anything to do with getting in the way of Sahn and the Eternals, if he knows what's good for him that is.

The Lost Soul looks to stay on the offense now, hurrying to bounce off the ropes and land a hard elbow drop to the chest of Chaolin Sahn. Sahn is still able to get to his feet though, so TLS goes for the ropes yet again, this time connecting with a Cross Body Block. Sahn somehow is still on his feet! TLS shakes his head in amazement, heading back to the ropes a third time, bounces off, Cross Body Block again...now he's caught in mid air! CHAOS AND THE CROWN!? No! TLS with a HURRICANRANA, HOLDING ON FOR THE COVER!

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHRRREE?!NOOO!

Jim Gunt: It's over!? No! Sahn out at the last possible second!

Mike Rolash: What a showing here by TLS, I'm so glad this veteran has chosen to make CWF his home! But will he be able to put down the former World Heavyweight champion!?

Both men lay on their back for a few seconds, deep breaths as they slowly rise to their feet. TLS is up first, knife edge chopping the chest of his slightly larger opponent, using every weapon he can to keep him down. Another knife edge chop, then a third. But Chaolin Sahn somehow still grabs The Lost Soul right by the throat, and chokeslams him right to hell!

The Tormented Soul cackles, almost seduced by the way the audience screams hatred at him. He once again places his boot under the jaw of TLS, choking the bejeezus out of him until the official forces him off the illegal hold yet again. Sahn pays him no mind, instead pulling up the near lifeless TLS, CHAOS CONTINUUM! The Lost Soul flops to the

canvas, and Sahn hooks both of his legs for the cover, flashing evil eyes through the soul of each and every one of the booing fans somehow.

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

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

“Sound of Sulfur” once again plays over the speak system and Sahn pushes off the official who tries to help him to his feet and raises his hand. Summits motions his hands out and very vocally says “fuck this”, allowing Sahn to stomp viciously at TLS. After proving his point, Sahn grows tired of the attack, rolling out of the ring and up the ramp in an instant.

Post Match Interview with Frost Elite

Segment

The cameras cut backstage where we see the Frost Elite walking backstage with big smiles on their face, despite being pretty sore. As they continued to walk suddenly Tara Robinson enters the shot as she walks up to them.

Tara Robinson: Hello again, The Frost Elite. Care for a quick interview?

The two of them stop as they looked to her and gave a nod.

Maya Jensen: Sure.

Tara nods before raising the mic in her hands.

Tara Robinson: Earlier tonight you two defeated The Slashers. Two very large men in what was a spectacular match. Care to comment?

Maya Jensen: It's just like we said. We were the better team out there. Sure the two are strong. Don't get me wrong, but when it comes to a team, they just wasn't up to it.

Tara Robinson: Well, that victory has sure gave you some momentum heading into Hellbound. Not to mention you could very well be seen as the team to beat. Does that scare you?

Mizore Payne: Of course it doesn't. We will be prepared for anything that the others who enter that Monster Mash Match has to offer. As they will all be looking at your new CWF Tag Team Champions.

Maya Jensen: So don't blink...

Mizore Payne: Or you'll miss being trapped under the Ice.

The two of them smiled as they headed off as Tara looks to the camera.

Tara Robinson: There you have it folks. Two tough teams ready to take on the Monster Mash Tag Match at Hellbound. But will they be your Tag Team Champions? Only time will tell.

The camera's cut to the next part of the show.

Dan Highlander vs. Harvey Danger vs. Tristan Kancer

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one fall and is an IMMMPACT TITLE MATCH! Introducing first...

"Rape Me" by Nirvana plays over the speakers and Rayne Kancer accompanies her brother Tristan from the back, pyrotechnics and the sweet sound of Nirvana still not enough to drown out the hundreds of fans booing aloud. The two Kancers glance at each other and smile, on top of the world with Rayne in the finals of the Academy Title tournament and Tristan smack dab in the middle of a title match himself. He walks ahead of her, a smile showing even through the face paint as he takes in all the hatred, finally making his way up the steps to enter the ring.

Ray Douglas: The first challenger in tonight's triple threat Impact Title Match comes from Detroit, Michigan, and represents the Eternals....TRISTAN KANCER!!

Jim Gunt: The Kancers, looking as confident as ever tonight, Mike.

Mike Rolash: And why wouldn't they be? Ever since the two of them joined up with the mastermind Chaolin Sahn and the Eternals, great things have come for them both. Rayne is obviously wipe the floor clean with that douchebag Valentine, and I hope Tristan picks up gold tonight too!

Jim Gunt: He very well might, I just hope for ONCE his psychotic buddies don't get involved.

The fans sing along with "No Rain" by Blind Melon as their hero, Harvey Danger stumbles out from behind the curtain, nearly accidentally losing his footing. Danger waves to the crowd excitedly, running down the entrance ramp with a huge smile and outstretched hands, high fiving as many people as he can before making it to the ring. Harvey slides in under the bottom rope, and runs right at Tristan Kancer, no across him, bouncing off the ropes to test them. Kancer shakes his head but Danger simply winks back at him.

Ray Douglas: Introducing the second challenger in tonight's title bout, from Long Island, New York....HARVEY DANGER!!

Jim Gunt: Harvey! Harvey!

Mike Rolash: Shut up Jimmy! You can't tell me you're a brainless drone, just like the rest of these idiots here in Ireland screaming Harvey Danger's name?

Jim Gunt: Idiots? This guy rocks!

"Let the Hammer Fall" by Hammerfall plays and the cheers from the audience remain at an all time high as the Impact champion graces us with his presence. "The Hammer" Dan Highlander stands midstage atop the entrance ramp, white pyros shooting all around him as he stares downward. Finally raising his head to the air, his right arm follows, holding the CWF Impact championship proudly into the sky. Highlander slowly paces down towards the ring, finally entering and taking off his gear and championship, handing them to the timekeeper as he prepares for his big defense.

Ray Douglas: And finally, the reigning and defending CWF Impact Champion, from Canberra, Australia....DAN HIGHLANDER!!

Jim Gunt: I take back what I said about how confident Tristan Kancer looked earlier, Mike, the Hammer looks COOL AND CONFIDENT!

Mike Rolash: He's full of himself. Dude thinks his shit don't stink or something.

Jim Gunt: What? I have never known Dan to be that way, now you on the other hand...

Denny Davidson calls for the bell and Tristan Kancer wastes no time, attacking Harvey Danger from the side as he attempts to lock up with Highlander. Kancer boots Danger in the ribs, before cracking him in the face with a stiff elbow. Harvey Danger fights right back however, Highlander backing up and letting the action ensue as he watches Danger execute several right hands to surprisingly perfect precision. The Kancer of CWF has had enough, taking a fifth and sixth balled fist that knocks him into the ropes, before he decides to drop down and take an angered breather outside of the ring.

Jim Gunt: Things not going as expected for your boy Tristan so far, Mike?

Mike Rolash: He's not my boy Jimbo, you are.

Jim Gunt: No, I'm pretty sure I'm older than you, jackass.

Mike Rolash: WHO'S YO DADDY!?!?

Jim Gunt: Jesus.

Outside of the ring, Tristan Kancer paces back and forth half ignoring the pleas from his younger sister to calm down. He pays no attention to Harvey Danger and Dan Highlander finally locking up one on one, the champion and challenger evenly matched at first, but eventually Highlander grabs him by the arm and tries to whip into the ropes. But it is Danger who reverses it, sending the Hammer into an irish whip, and catching him with a flying forearm smash on his return!

Danger waits for the Impact champion to get back to his feet and strikes at him immediately with another forearm. Harvey hooks the Hammer for a snap suplex but he stays grounded, instead placing a knee right into the gut of the funny man and bringing him down suddenly with a DDT. Highlander attempts to stay on the offense, backing up to prepare for an elbow drop, but Kancer pulls down the ropes causing Highlander to collapse over them and to the outside mats!

Mike Rolash: Smart move there by Tristan Kancer, Highlander really thought he had the upper hand..

Jim Gunt: Now Kancer has the Hammer back to his feet, oh no, irish whip right into the steel steps!

Mike Rolash: And it's all legal in a triple threat match, baby!

Tristan Kancer saunters around the outside of the ring, his hands in the air to seemingly pull in all the hate he possibly can, as if he uses it to further power his agenda. Kancer stomps on the body of the Impact champion as he tries to pull himself away from the scrambled steel steps. He does not see Harvey Danger escaping the ring after him until he turns him around, lighting him up with a european uppercut. Kancer staggers backward, Danger runs after him, SPINNING REVERSE ELBOW! Harvey Danger nearly goes for the cover, but quickly regains his senses and rolls Kancer inside the ring, following him in to make the pin.

Referee: OOONNNEEE.....TTTW-Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Just a two count there, but a hell of a reverse elbow from Danger.

Mike Rolash: Did you see that dope try to cover Tristan outside the ring for a few seconds? Are you sure this guy didn't ride into tonight's Evolution on the short bus?

Jim Gunt: Now don't be rude and insensitive, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Fuck off.

Both Harvey Danger and Tristan Kancer are both back on their feet now, and Kancer ducks under a lariat attempt from his fellow title challenger, turning him around with a spinning suplex as he turns back around. Kancer is interrupted by Dan Highlander, who has not only gotten back into the ring, but leaps off the top rope right towards him with a missile dropkick! The dropkick hits it's mark, knocking both Kancer down like the final bowling pin left standing.

The Hammer hurries to his feet and goes to lift Kancer up but sees Danger rising from the corner of his eye. But it is too little too late for Dan Highlander, as he turns around right into an EXPLODING LARIAT! Harvey Danger once again goes for the cover, this time on the Impact champion himself.

Jim Gunt: Clothesline from somewhere deep within Harvey's strange mind!

Mike Rolash: Oh god, that is somewhere I would never want to venture.

Jim Gunt: So you don't think Being Harvey Danger would be a good movie?

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWW-No!

Tristan Kancer stops the three count, stomping down on Danger until he is forced to roll off of Highlander. The terminal Kancer of CWF gets a few shots in on the Hammer himself, before turning his attention back to the rising Harvey Danger. Kancer lands a heavy right to the jaw, and follows it with a second one that leaves Harvey staggering back towards one of the corners. Harvey holds onto the ropes to keep his footing, and eventually to drop under a flying splash attempt from Tristan Kancer that meets nothing but a stiff turnbuckle!

Jim Gunt: Ouch! What a bad landing for Kancer!

As Tristan Kancer holds onto his ribs, wincing in the corner, Harvey and the Hammer talk amongst each other for a few seconds, coming up with a plan together. The two of them link arms, running at Kancer as he starts to come to, double clotheslining him all the way back out of the ring!

With the Eternal member out of the fight momentarily, Danger and Highlander share a handshake before hooking up in yet another grapple, one that garners a huge respectful cheer from the audience. The Hammer puts Danger into a headlock, but he easily escapes, pushing Highlander out and into the ropes. Highlander ducks under another giant

clothesline however, and before Harvey Danger knows what hit him he is smashed with the SUCH IS LIFE ENZIGURI! Hooking the cover, Highlander goes for the win.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRREEEE!!?? NOO!!

Jim Gunt: What the hell!?

Mike Rolash: It's Jaiden Rishel! The boss is in the house!

Grabbing Highlander off of Danger, surprising him long enough to take advantage and toss him shoulder first hard into the corner! Rayne Kancer quickly joins the CEO of CWF in the ring, a giggle coming from the first lady of the Eternals as she and Jaiden Rishel stomp the living hell out of Dan Highlander. Continuing their assault on the Hammer from last week, the Eternals look to severely damage the Impact champion, that is, until Harvey Danger comes to his rescue!

Jim Gunt: Get em' Harvey!

With Rishel and Rayne stomping Highlander in the corner, they are prone and don't even realize it, until Harvey Danger surprises them with a leaping big splash hitting them both! Harvey raises his arms in the air to take in all the response from the cheering crowd, before picking up Rayne Kancer high into the air and throwing her all the way to the outside with a press slam! Coming from the other side of the outside is her brother Tristan though, and he sneaks behind Danger, SWINGING NECKBREAKER!

Danger rolls out of the ring by instinct, dropping to his knees to hold his neck in pain after landing awkwardly. Inside, Jaiden Rishel points at the Hammer, directing his Eternal brethren to pull him up to his feet. Before he can even fully do so, the CEO sprints at full speed, KINSHASA KNEE! Rayne Kancer distracts Harvey, turning him around as he tries to re-enter the ring, showing off her body for him before quickly snapping him with a poke right to his eyes. Inside, Rishel and Kancer trade right hands to the nearly unconscious Dan Highlander, finally Kancer pulls him in, GENOCIDE! The Kancer of CWF looks at the CEO of the company with a wicked smile, as Rishel simply nods at him and screams at the official to make the count as soon as he goes for the cover.

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

Ray Douglas: And the winner of this match and NEW CWF Impact Champion....TRISTAN KANCER!!

Jim Gunt: What the hell, this is bullshit! Bullshit, I tell you!

Mike Rolash: Keep running your mouth Jimmy, you'll be at the front of the line signing up for unemployment.

Jim Gunt: Someone has to do something about these Eternal's tyranny over this company. I never thought I would EVER say this, but I miss J. Rish being the president of CWF!

"Rape Me" by Nirvana once again plays, but Jaiden Rishel quickly calls it off, walking over to the side of the ring and calling for a microphone. Harvey Danger tries to come into the ring and stop the Kancers from beating down Dan Highlander, but a Superkick out of nowhere from the boss sends him flying over the top rope!

Rishel now soaks in all the boos from the audience, calling for the Kancers to lift Highlander up once more, slapping him hard against the cheek just like he did at last week's Evolution. This time Jaiden is not content however, as he takes the microphone in hand and literally cracks it across the head of Highlander at least twenty times repeatedly! The Hammer is bleeding profusely now, a crimson mess flowing down his face like a waterfall. Rishel tosses the bloody, broken microphone aside and calls for another one.

Jaiden Rishel: You thought this was finished, Dan? You see, you and I, we're never finished. You made a mistake coming back to this company, Highlander. J. Rish is no longer than the moronic figurehead of CWF, now that I run the show, you will no longer have things handed to you because of your former statute in this company. The past doesn't mean a GOD DAMN thing to me! And you think you can stick your nose in our business? In the Eternals business, motherfucker?

Rishel boots Highlander right across the face, and blood flicks across the ring staining it immediately.

Jaiden Rishel: The moment you decided to "stand up" to us, Highlander, the moment you chose to enter the Academy and stick your fucking nose where it doesn't belong, is when you signed your death wish. You signed away your life Highlander, and at Hellbound, the reaper comes looking to take you down to hell!

The crowd surprisingly pops momentarily, the mention of Hellbound peaking their interest.

Jaiden Rishel: Because in two weeks time, Mr. Hammer, you and I will wage war with one another on the grandest of stages. A BLOODBATH MATCH! One of us will bleed, one of us may not even walk out of the damn building, and if tonight is of any indication of the future, it sure as hell won't be me.

Rishel laughs maniacally, directing the Kancer's to let go of Dan Highlander as he drops into a bloody, crumpled mess. The three members of the Eternals leave the ring, but not before Tristan Kancer gets a few stomps in on Harvey Danger for good measure on the way out. Jaiden flips off the audience as they scream and jeer the three evil-doers, who eventually make their way up the ramp and backstage.

Excuse Me, Please

Segment

We're somewhere in the arena's parking garage. There's buses and cars parked - stage setup crates stacked all over

the place - and, of course, a delightfully looking Tara Robinson standing with a microphone grasped within both of her hands. She stares at the camera, seemingly waiting to get the cue to proceed. She then raises her eyebrows with a smile.

Tara Robinson: Tara Robinson here, on scene, backstage. We've been informed that Harley was discharged from the hospital, after his brutalization at the hands of The Ripper himself. Reports are telling us that he's informed management that his arrival to tonight's show is imminent. After what happened, we're surprised that--

Tara turns around and to see a black pickup truck approaching.

Tara Robinson: It looks like The Accelerator himself has arrived. Let's see if we can get a word.

The car screeches to a stop, and the driver's door instantly swings open. Harley exits the truck to a pop from the crowd. He doesn't move immediately. Instead, he darts his eyes around - grimacing with an expression of complete discontent on his face. He's completely tore up, however. His head is covered with a bloody bandage and his eyes are swollen purple. Likely from the shattered plate, his face is congested with abrasions of all sizes. Tara seems hesitant at first to approach Harley, but does so anyway.

Tara Robinson: Harley - I for one am so sorry this happened to you. I can only imagine what must be going through your head right now, but can you muster any motive behind Ripper doing all of this?

Harley looks into Tara's eyes, before smiling. He doesn't say anything at first. He takes in a deep breath, closes his eyes - slightly wincing in pain doing so - before subtly taking the microphone out of Tara's hands.

Harley Hodge: Are you entertained?

Tara furrows her eyebrows, unsure how to answer that.

Tara Robinson: I'm sorry?

Harley Hodge: This is what it's all about, right? Let's show the old guy what the party's all about. Let's really give him a run for his money - see how he handles himself at fifty percent.

Tara immediately goes on the defense - also immediately regretting her decision to try and interview Harley in the first place.

Tara Robinson: Harley, we'll let you get in there. I apologize for bothering you to---

Harley interrupts, never losing that unhinged smile of his.

Harley Hodge: Oh no, no, no. Tara, you wanted to know a motive? Gosh, I don't know. A death wish?

Harley shrugs his shoulders.

Harley Hodge: It's funny, people take actions before properly reviewing the tiers of severity. It works though, right? The ratings will be through the ROOF! Harley gets blindsided to hell and back in the supposed privacy of his own home, goes to the hospital, and lives to tell the story. TMZ is eating this up. You know what doesn't matter? That motive. I don't care if his life depended on breaking into my home and beating me up - that has no relevance to the situation anymore.

Tara second guesses herself, but moves forward like the media mogul she is - even without a microphone to help project her curiosity into the air.

Tara Robinson: So, what has relevance now?

Harley exhales loudly and unwraps the bandage around his head. The wounds are horrific - like pockets of blood eager to burst. He then balls it up in his hand.

Harley Hodge: The blood of the man that did this to me. Ripper. Spilled everywhere. And even then, I'll only be half-satisfied. Excuse me, please.

Harley drops the balled-up bandage into Tara's hands, who immediately drops it - squeezing her shoulders inward and scrunching up her nose as she skeeves out. Harley giggles as he moves past Tara - determined to gain vengeance in the most violently effective of ways.

Harley Hodge vs. "The Ripper" Danny B

Match

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

"The Arena" by Lindsey Stirling explodes over the sound system as a line of pyrotechnics thunder down the ramp from top to bottom. The winner of the 2017 Golden Intentions rumble stands proudly with his back towards the crowd and ring, before slowly turning around with a precarious smile plastered across his face. The Ripper wears a brand new black t-shirt with his name printed in bold lettering on top, a picture of him standing in the ring victorious over nineteen of the best in the entire wrestling world at GI. He walks up the steel steps to enter the ring, immediately going to the corner and raising his arms high into the air, garnering pretty solid boos from the Irish crowd but a few shattered cheers.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, he is the most recent Golden Intentions rumble winner and will receive his World Championship title shot at Hellbound. From Brighton, England, he is The Ripper....DANNY B!!

Jim Gunt: The Ripper comes into tonight's singles bout with a mountain of momentum, as he surprised the world when he was the last man standing in Golden Intentions!

Mike Rolash: Never surprised me a bit. The Ripper is a former two time World champion, and at Hellbound I would bet that the gold is coming home, Jimmy!

"Under a Glass Moon" by Dream Theater begins to play and Harley Hodge enters the scene from the backstage area, a determined look on his face as he raises his right arm in the air to massive cheers. The legendary competitor saunters down the entrance ramp, clapping hands with a few kids before rolling under the ropes and going right into the face of the Ripper. The two men begin jaw jacking.

Ray Douglas: And now, his opponent. After defeating Dangerous Dan, he too became a #1 contender for the CWF World Title and will be the second of three to face off against Elijah at Hellbound. From Brooklyn, New York, he is the Accelerator....HARLEY HODGE!!

Jim Gunt: Harley is obviously infuriated after the Ripper attacked him in his apartment earlier today!

Mike Rolash: Wouldn't you be? Danny B was just getting into the head of the legend before their match tonight and their World Title triple threat coming up at Hellbound. And in my estimation, it seems to have worked so far!

Clark Summits brings the two former World champions to the center of the ring, instructing them of the rules and asking them to shake each other's hands as he calls for the bell. The Ripper simply raises his arms straight into the air, showing no interest in a hand shake before Hodge can even think about offering one. The cockiness of Danny B is his undoing however, as Harley Hodge strikes out quickly with a thunderous knock out punch that nearly crushes the Ripper's jaw!

Danny drops down to one knee, holding his hand across his chin as he stares a hole through the Accelerator. Getting back up, he cracks his neck quickly to each side, going right back at Harley Hodge but once again receiving another right hand for his troubles. Hodge backs up the Ripper against the ropes with a third right hand, before whipping him hard into the corner, the impact turning him inside out and leaving him prone to the tree of woe!

Jim Gunt: Oh god, The Ripper is in a precarious position here!

Mike Rolash: And here comes Hodge, incoming!

Harley Hodge drops to the mat as he makes it to the Ripper, both legs shooting together to dropkick him right in the face! Danny B falls out of the tree of woe position, slowly getting back to his feet and taking another jab to the jaw. The Ripper finally comes back with one of his own, two, now three heavy right hands that leave Hodge reeling. The Accelerator sways back and forth, nearly out on his feet. The Ripper places his right arm around the neck of his adversary, flipping backward, COLPO MORTALE! With the two men smacking against the canvas, Ripper holds on for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWW-No!

Jim Gunt: Harley Hodge kicks out at two!

Mike Rolash: This is still the early going of the match, Jim, Ripper is just wearing down the old turd.

Jim Gunt: Watch your language.

Mike Rolash: Old piece of shit, then?

Back to their feet, Danny boots Harley Hodge in the stomach, taking quick advantage of him as soon as he gets up. The Accelerator doubles over slightly, and the Ripper strikes out with a vicious rising knee right to his temple! A sea of boos from the Irish fans as Hodge crashes to the canvas, holding onto his skull and shaking it to try to recharge himself.

Danny B dashes forward at him but Hodge is up, and surprises him with a drop toe hold. Holding onto the boot of the Ripper, the veteran twists it to the side, not allowing him to get back to his feet. Hodge shows pure fury in his eyes as he stares down at the Ripper, twisting and bending at the foot of his opponent with the Ankle Lock submission. Screaming out in anguish, Danny pulls himself towards the ropes, using all the strength left in him to reach inches and inches closer to his salvation.

Jim Gunt: Is The Ripper going to make it to the ropes, or will he have to tap out to the devastating Ankle Lock submission hooked on by Harley Hodge?

Mike Rolash: He's got the ropes! Yes! Come on ref, get in there!

Indeed, the fingertips of the Ripper are barely able to bend themselves over the bottom rope, but anger inside Harley Hodge is palpable, and he does not let go of the submission hold, instead snapping the ankle of Danny even further. Finally the official pulls Harley off of the Ripper, a strange look on our hero's face as if he only barely had control of his actions.

Backing up a few feet to wait for his opponent to rise, Harley goes right back to the attack before he can even fully make it up. He tucks the injured foot of the Ripper into a butterfly, lifting him up with a modified atomic drop that lands him right on it! The crowd is going wild as Harley Hodge seems to have turned the tide, and the noise grows even louder as he heads for the top rope. Hodge climbs up carefully, once again looking somewhat woozy, but finally leaps off...HOLY DIVER! The Frog Splash hits the Ripper directly across his legs, furthering damaging what could already be a broken ankle. He is quick to take advantage, going for the cover.

Referee: OOOONNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHH-No! Kickout!

Jim Gunt: No way!

Mike Rolash: I know, I thought Harley had Ripper there as well. But the battle rages on!

Knowing that any second wasted will another towards Ripper healing, Harley Hodge climbs right back to his feet and stomps down on the ankle of Danny B. A second stomp, a third, and fourth. The Ripper is wiggling and writhing in pain, and does all he can to escape, desperately sliding out of the ring and hobbling away up the ramp. Harley will have none of it though, rolling out right after him and taking ahold of the Ripper to chuck him right into the barricade!

Jim Gunt: That had to hurt.

Mike Rolash: What incredible journalism, Jim. I gotta hand it to you, you really are one of the best.

Danny B smashes against the barricade, crashing down with a thud and looking definitely worse for wear. Inside the ring, the official is forced to start a count for both men.

Referee: ONE....TWO....

Taking deep, shallow breaths, The Ripper slowly begins to come to, pulling himself up just as Harley Hodge rushes in. The Ripper somehow reverses it, using Hodge's own size and momentum to flip him overhead, a back body drop leaving him exploding head-first through several steel chairs from scattered fans in the front row!

Jim Gunt: Incoming!

Mike Rolash: Oh my god! That was nasty!

Jim Gunt: Thankfully none of the fans in attendance tonight got caught up in the action there, as everyone was able to move out of the way just in time. Everyone but Harley Hodge that is, who just destroyed about four steel chairs all at once!

Referee: THREE....FOUR....FIVE....

Wanting to finish the fight with his own two hands, the sadistic Ripper climbs over the barricade, pulling Hodge out of the wreckage. The veteran is now busted open, blood protruding from his forehead like a faucet as he is hurled into the air again, this time back over the barricade to the the outside mats below.

Referee: SIX....SEVEN....

Jim Gunt: They better get back into the ring, or this match is going to end in a double count out!

Danny B is now back over the barricade, the crowd finally taking what is left of their seats as the Ripper brings both himself and Hodge back into the ring. Still hobbling on the injured ankle, he is slow to pull him up, which causes Hodge to have enough time to recover to be able to zing out a knife edge chop. The Ripper returns the favor. Danny B cracks Hodge right in the temple with a right hand! CRIMSON WING DDT! The Accelerator is out, and the Ripper goes for the cover.

Mike Rolash: It HAS to be over here!

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRREE? NO!!

Jim Gunt: Harley Hodge got his shoulder up at the absolutely FINAL split second!

Mike Rolash: This match has been incredible, Jimmy! If this is any indication of things to come, Hellbound is going to have one HELL of a main event, pun intended.

The Ripper is incensed, thinking for sure that he had the match won with the Crimson Wing. He pulls the half conscious Harley Hodge up once more, open hand slapping him across the face, leaving him falling to one knee. Ripper vocalizes a few swear words that the camera doesn't catch, before going for yet another Crimson Wing DDT. But somehow Hodge uses his already damaged head to blast into the Ripper's ribs, causing him to let go of his grasp. Spinning back fist from Hodge and then he sets him up, THE ACCELERATOR! Hodge collapses onto the Ripper, not even enough strength left to hook either leg.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO....TTTHHHRREEE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner of this match by pinfall....HARLEY HODGE!!

As "Under a Glass Moon" begins to play again, Harley slowly gets back to his feet, with the help of the referee. His hand is raised, and the crowd goes absolutely insane. The referee releases his hand, allowing Harley towards the ropes. He rests his body against them, as his theme music continues to burn into the night.

He begins to lift his leg, to exit, but he instead takes a step backward - as if dealing with a random bout of vertigo. Meanwhile, The Ripper has come to and is watching with a half-smile against the corner of one of the turnbuckles. That beating earlier - it was all for a greater purpose. Ripper isn't stupid. He knew that Harley would force himself to come back to get revenge - and revenge he was awarded. Then again, Ripper always knew that he would ultimately get the last laugh. All he had to do was push the old man beyond his breaking point.

Harley falls to one knee, touching the right side of his head with his hand. The referee takes notice of this and walks over to check on him.

Harley Hodge: "I'm fine, I'm fine."

Harley waves the referee off as he gets back to his feet, and then immediately collapses. The crowd gets to their feet, gasping at the situation, as the referee slides over to help him. Once he notices the severity of the situation, he waves additional aid to enter the ring. Several CWF officials come into the ring, as do EMTs. The sight is horrifying, as Harley has seemingly blacked out entirely!

In the corner however, Ripper gets to his feet and begins to - applaud?

The crowd boos, which only makes Ripper rage. He points at his chest, seemingly surprised by the crowd's reaction. He leans his ear out, so as to egg them on. Once Ripper reaches his boiling point, he does the unthinkable. Once the EMTs have Harley sat up against the ropes, Ripper bounces off the opposite side of the ropes and **BASEBALL SLIDES HARLEY DIRECTLY IN THE CHEST!** The crowd loses their MINDS - and the officials try to further protect Harley, while also screaming at Ripper to get out of the ring. He nods, listening to them, but winks back at the completely lucid Harley before rolling out of the ring.

An EMT, outside of the ring, slides a stretcher into the ring. We zoom in on Ripper, who's now walking backwards up the ramp to the backstage. He stretches his arms towards the rafters, smiling through the nirvana of satisfaction as we fade to black.

I Love Halloween

Segment

We cut to the back to the office of the CEO of Championship Wrestling Federation, Jaiden Rishel, who sits behind his desk with a huge smile on his face. His office is full to the brim with talent, eight men and women to be exact. Rishel

eyes up every one of them, and finally speaks up through the bickering of all of them.

Jaiden Rishel: Welcome all of you to my office, I'm glad you could make it.

The camera now scans across the crowd, and we see the Frost Elite, the team they were victorious over earlier tonight, the Slashers, and Silas Kincaid and Kaylan El. Finally, both Crazy Chris and Dangerous Dan, the Danger Boiz! Four of the best teams CWF has to offer, all awaiting the president's announcement.

Jaiden Rishel: As I said on the last episode of Evolution, we will be bringing back the Tag Team championships at the Hellbound pay per view. October 29th, you four teams will wage war, in a falls count anywhere, one fall to a finish Monster's Mash Match for the newly re-instated championships. Four teams will battle it out around the entire arena, but only one will walk out as the new champions!

The excitement is very much in the air from the announcement from Jaiden, as even a few claps can be heard.

Jaiden Rishel: I love Halloween. Now get the hell out of my office, all of you!

Rishel laughs at himself as the eight men and women seeking battle at Hellbound exit his office.

Non Title Triple Threat Match- Elijah (c) vs. Ataxia vs. Jarvis King

Segment

A spotlight is shown on the center of the ring where Ray Douglas stand with a microphone, ready for tonight's main event.

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

"Sophia" by the Cruxshadows plays and Omega accompanies the World Heavyweight champion, Elijah, out from behind the curtain. He is dressed in an all white robe, looking as serious as ever as he nods to his beloved, who simply giggles back. The two of them make their way down the ramp, Omega slapping hands with as many of the fan's hands as she can. Elijah takes off his robe and hands both it and the World Title over to the timekeeper, before entering the ring.

Ray Douglas: The first competitor in tonight is your WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION, from York, England....ELIJAH!!

"Cult of Personality" by Living Colour plays and the pyros shoot up higher than ever for the Internet Icon, Jarvis King, as he steps out to the usual fanfare. King takes in all the cheers, before walking down the ramp slowly, and into the ring. He eyes up the World champion, before finally nodding at him with a smile.

Ray Douglas: And his first opponent, from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada.....JARVIS KING!!

"Die Die Die My Darling" by Metallica plays over the speakers, and the lights go out in the King's Hall. Seconds later, they come back on and Ataxia stands in the center of the ring, a sadistic cackle coming through the bagged masked as he stares back and forth between King and Elijah through the eye holes.

Ray Douglas: And their final opponent, from somewhere Unknown....ATAXIA!!

Jim Gunt: Well that was a strange entrance, but regardless, all three former World champions are in the ring now and this should be an incredible main event!

Mike Rolash: You're damn right!

All three competitors are in the ring as the match is about to get under way. The referee calls for the bell keeper, but is halted as the lights go out again. A faint flicker pulses, as Ryan Sunset appears on the big screen again. A thick ring of dried blood is smeared encircling his face.

Ryan Sunset: I would like to welcome you, one and all, to return to my dark place. Do not let the light distract you, do not let it blind or bury you or lead you astray. Do not heed it's call, it is a trap! Walk into the darkness! Do not fear the unknown, make the unknown fear you! That's what we have done. The Trinity, the power of Jaiden, Chaolin and I. We have braved the unknown and we have come back through the dark place stronger than ever! You can too! You all can!

Three spotlights shine down to the ring, lighting up the figures of Jarvis King, Elijah and Ataxia. Each man stands valiant, motionless but ready for anything.

Ryan Sunset: Elijah. Jarvis. Ataxia. The three of you stand in the middle of the ring and face each other, but what do you see? Do you see a friend, or do you see a foe? Do you see an ally or an enemy, what do you see? Is there good in that man's heart? Or are they motivated by evil? Does it even make a difference? Tonight you may tear each other to shreds, but what if the day comes that you will need to band together? Are you the heroes of this story? Not to these people... not to MY people. No, not yet. But you can still be saved. You can still reach your salvation, believe me. We have seen the success stories, we have Tristan and Rayne Kancer. We have "The Premiere" Colton Mace. We have Damion Kirkson. The world, collectively, they are opening their eyes. They are casting aside their morality and walking among the damned. They are casting aside the light and walking among the Eternals, reborn. There is one in every bunch. So which of you is it that carries the dagger to stab the others in the back? Beware the assassin's blade. Beware the crown of thorns. Embrace the dark place, and most of all... beware the burning ring of fire.

The spotlights fade and in a flash the ropes of the ring go up in flames, surrounding the competitors!

Mike Rolash: What the hell!?

Like a cat, Jarvis King ascends the turnbuckle and jumps to the floor outside of the ring. He quickly scrambles to the announcer's table and pulls out a fire extinguisher. He pulls the pin, and in a mad rush he defiantly puts out the flames of the Trinity. With the fire out, Jarvis bounces up on to the apron with a smile, ready to start the match.

Jim Gunt: And here we go, Mike, the excitement is truly in the air for tonight's huge main event!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, you can really smell the excitement burning in the air tonight...

Jim Gunt: Three of the best CWF has to offer today or any time in our company's illustrious history, as all three men in tonight's triple threat match are current or former World Heavyweight champions!

We see still images of all three men, each one of them standing in their corner with their own cruel intentions, before head referee Trent Robbins motions for the bell and we are finally underway. Neither men back down from the challenge, all three of them heading towards what's left of the ring and coming to blows. Elijah hits a european uppercut to the head of Jarvis King, Ataxia with a back elbow to the Insurgent Enigma, before Jarvis comes at the masked maniac with a backflip dropkick!

Jim Gunt: The action is hot and heavy starting off tonight's main event, all three men coming in with some strong offense!

Mike Rolash: Each and every one of these men has something to lose tonight, and certainly something to gain heading into Hellbound in just two weeks. All the momentum swings to whoever walks out victorious tonight.

Jarvis King and Elijah now come face to face, renewing their war from the following Evolution's tag team match. The World champion comes in with a lariat but King dodges underneath, hooks both of his arms across, TIGER SUPLEX! A resounding cheer for the Internet Icon, but he turns right around to a blatant low blow from Ataxia, who boots him right in the crotch! A loud cackle comes from the masked fiend as he looks down at King, knowing the official can do nothing about it under Triple Threat rules.

Ataxia waves at Jarvis King from above, still laughing as he holds his private parts in pain. Ataxia turns his attention to Elijah, who is ready for him and nails him hard in the chest with a knife edge chop. Ataxia comes back with a right hand to the jaw. Elijah with another knife edge chop, backing him into the corner. He pulls the masked maniac up into the air even as Ataxia attempts to roll out of the ring, BRAINBUSTER! Elijah is quick to go for the cover.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....T-No!

Jim Gunt: Jarvis King with the save there!

Mike Rolash: That's why triple threat matches are so difficult to win, Jimmy, you have to keep your eyes out at all times for BOTH of your opponents!

Before even the full count of two, Jarvis King yanks Elijah off of Ataxia and up to his feet, spiking him across the skull with a hard right hand. Elijah is somewhat dazed but is able to come back with a right hand of his own, one that is grabbed by the Internet Icon, who pulls him in and thunders him down with a CAPTURE SUPLEX! The King of CWF is back in his element, as he raises both of his arms up and down in the air to pick up as many cheers as possible from the Irish crowd.

Jim Gunt: The fans here tonight love Jarvis King.

Mike Rolash: Of course they do Jim, he's an egotistical, full of himself asshole just like the lot of these people here tonight!

Jim Gunt: You really don't want to make it out of Ireland tonight, do you?

Jarvis King's taunting is his undoing as he turns right back around to a leaping superman punch from Ataxia! King falls backwards into the corner, where the crazy masked freak follows him in and dropkicks him right into the exposed turnbuckle post. Before King can regain his footing, Ataxia stomps down on him viciously, again and again, LEARN YOUR LESSON!

Elijah pulls Ataxia away from Jarvis, throwing a right hand that misses the mark as Ataxia dodges behind and pulls him snug, E.R. STAT RIGHT INTO THE TURNBUCKLE! The German Suplex bounces Elijah right back to the center of the ring with a sound sting, and Ataxia is quick to pin the World champion.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO...NO! Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Elijah is able to withstand one sick of E.R. Stat, kicking out to save himself a defeat heading into Hellbound!

Mike Rolash: I hate to say it, but the World champion is not going to go down that easily. Elijah has been through so many wars in the past, been through the sickest of stipulations, you have to damn near kill the man to put him down.

Jim Gunt: That's true, but the same can be said for all three of these competitors tonight. They're all warriors, gladiators in their own way. That's why this has proven to be such a compelling main event!

Ataxia is back to his feet and Jarvis King meets him there, knocking him back with a forearm smash. King attempts to whip Ataxia to the outside of the ring but it is reversed into a hellacious standing Hurricanrana! The "Messiah Pariah" wastes no time staying on the offense, heading right for the nearest corner. Ataxia leaps off, FALL OF ANGELS-NO! KING GET HIS KNEES UP! King brings Ataxia up and drops him on the back of his head with a German Suplex, going right for the cover!

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTWWWOOO...NO!

Jim Gunt: Elijah with the save now!

Mike Rolash: This match is getting crazy!

Stomping down hard on Jarvis King, Elijah looks as determined as ever. King eventually is forced to roll off of Ataxia, leaving the World Heavyweight champion a choice of adversaries. He goes for unknown, choosing to lift Ataxia to his feet and back fist him. Ataxia staggers back but comes with a knife edge chop in response.

Jarvis King is back to his feet, but neither of his opponents see him as they continue to fight back and forth. In quick fashion, the Internet Icon climbs up to the top of the turnbuckle post and leaps off in the direction of both. He soars through the air like a falcon, seeking out his targets with a huge splash to both Elijah and Ataxia! The King's Hall explodes in cheers for the intense action only seen here in CWF!

Jim Gunt: Jarvis King just knocked down both Elijah and Ataxia like two bowling pins!

Mike Rolash: I wish someone would knock you out.

Jim Gunt: Oh don't start with me right now.

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

Jarvis King looks down at both Elijah, then Ataxia, choosing between the two and eventually deciding to cover the Insurgent Enigma.

Referee: OOONNNEE....TTTWWW-Kickout!

Mike Rolash: Jarvis definitely wasted too much time there deciding on who to pin, what an idiot!

Jim Gunt: Enough, Rolash. Jarvis King would kick your ass in a heartbeat if he heard the way you're speaking of him right now.

Mike Rolash: Maybe you're right. Go Jarvis go!

Jarvis instead goes to pin Ataxia.

Referee: OOOONNNEEE...No!

Elijah pulls Jarvis off of Ataxia, powerslamming him hard right back into the masked phenom. The World champion eyes up the scene, coming up with a plan quickly and heading towards the corner. He climbs up to the top, lifting his arms up momentarily to gain balance before leaping off for a picture perfect ELBOW DROP TO BOTH MEN! Right on the money for the champion, as he goes right for the cover on Jarvis King.

Referee: OOONNNEEE....TTTTWWWOOO...TTTHR-No!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia with the save now! When will this end!?

Mike Rolash: What a thrilling main event, Jimmy! Only in CWF do you see this kind of back-and-forth, unbelievably competitive action!

All three men lay backfirst on the mat, completely exhausted from the affairs so far. Elijah. Jarvis King. Ataxia. Three of the biggest and brightest stars CWF has ever put out, three men who have laid it all on the line tonight in one of the most vicious triple threat matches of all time. Finally the champion begins to stir, the first to his feet and meeting Jarvis King who is next to his with a front kick. King back with a right hand. Elijah pulls him in, CRUCIFIX POWERBOMB TO THE OUTSIDE OF THE RING! JARVIS KING IS COMPLETELY MOTIONLESS AND DESTROYED ON THE ENTRANCE RAMP!

Jim Gunt: By God, that might have killed him!

The crowd chants "Holy Shit!" for a moment before going silent.

The lights flicker again and suddenly, the Eternals are running out to lay waste to the prone body of Jarvis King. Chaolin Sahn is flanked by Colton Mace and both Kancers, Tristan and Rayne. Damion Kirkson and Ryan Sunset are not far behind them. All six of them rain down punches and boots, decimating Jarvis King. Sunset pulls the barbed wire crown of thorns from out of nowhere, and the group begin to fasten it around the head of the Internet Icon as blood is

gushing everywhere!

Jim Gunt: This is disgusting!

Mike Rolash: This is what the Eternals do, baby!

Elijah stand in the middle of the ring, watching the destruction of Jarvis King taking place before his eyes. Realizing the totality of the situation, he turns his attention back to Ataxia looking to finish the match. Elijah wraps his arm around the masked head of Ataxia and dashes towards the turnbuckle in an awkward attempt of THE DESCENT-NOO!? Ataxia somehow reverses the move at height of impact, 360 spins around, PEACEFUL TOLERANCE TAKES ELIJAH'S HEAD OFF! The crowd inside the King's Hall is stunned, but most of them still cheer out of amazement as Ataxia hooks both legs of the World champion.

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

Ray Douglas: And the winner of tonight's main event, by pinfall....AAATTTAXIAAA!!

Jim Gunt: I think the inadvertent distraction really did Elijah in there, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Looked to me like Ataxia really did Elijah in there!

Colton Mace, Tristan Kancer and Damion Kirkson all hit the ring in a flash, laying waste to the CWF World Heavyweight Champion. Ataxia slinks out of the ring, and ducks into the crowd, as he hightails it out of there within seconds, leaving Jarvis King and Elijah to get the retribution that is coming to them. Stomps, punches, kicks, DDTs, a wide arsenal of attacks are laid into Elijah by the army of the Eternals. Colton Mace picks up his body and brings him back down hard with the Great American Dream!

Jim Gunt: Do you think this means that Ataxia has aligned with the Eternals? Look how quickly he is looking to get away after his victory tonight!

Mike Rolash: No you moron! Ataxia said he wasn't choosing sides... and I am sure if he was, he isn't going to choose 6 on 3 odds!

Meanwhile, Chaolin Sahn and Ryan Sunset have the barbed wire mass securely fit around the head and face of Jarvis King outside of the ring. Sahn picks Jarvis up on his shoulders before bringing him back down with a disastrous thud again, the Chaos and the Crown Powerbomb!

In the ring, Tristan Kancer has Elijah set up. Genocide Russian Legsweep! Damion Kirkson is on him like a rabid dog, Corkscrew Brainbuster!

Kancer, Kirkson and Mace exit the ring and rejoin Rayne, Chaolin and Sunset in the destruction of Jarvis King. The six of them lift Jarvis King to the sky, the crown of thorns a crimson mess around his face. The six of them carry Jarvis King out of the ringside area, out of the arena. To the dark place.

The lights fade to black.

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