

# Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 31

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**Promotion:** Championship Wrestling Federation  
**Date:** September 27, 2018  
**Location:** Bridgestone Arena — Nashville, TN

## Results

### Where is she?

Match

Dorian Hawkhurst is sitting in the locker room, but instead of preparing for his match tonight, as he should be, he is instead looking around frantically, yelling at the top of his lungs.

Dorian Hawkhurst: CHLOE! CHLOE VALENTINA! WHERE ARE YOU?

Dorian looks frantically around the locker room. Nothing. Not a sound except for the thoughts in his own head. He darts around frantically, finally opening the door to the locker room and poking his head out.

Dorian Hawkhurst: CHLOE! GODDAMMIT! WHERE ARE YOU?

Hawkhurst turns around and heads back into the locker room. As he turns, he sees a message written on the mirror in what looks to be lipstick.

"I got hungry. I went to go get myself a treat. - C"

A look of relief comes over Dorian's face.

Dorian Hawkhurst: My Spidey-sense is tingling. This can't be good.

Dorian exits the locker room area and takes off down the hall, looking for anyone that might have seen his daughter.

### Opening Cut Scene

Match

Zach barely takes a single step through the staff entrance of the Bridgestone Arena in Nashville when...

???: YOU!

From around the corner steps Zach's opponent later in the evening, the Psychotic Enigma known as Loki Synn.

Zach: There really are Trolls in the Dungeon!

Loki advances on the young Philadelphian until they are nose-to-nose.

Loki Synn: Troll? Mwah? You young and ignorant boy. Who do you think you are to try and get involved in something that doesn't pertain to you?

Zach: I'm the new and improved Zach, a guy you'll have the privilege of being the first to get to know VERY well, later tonight.

Loki Synn: No, I know who you are. I was just confused as to why you think you still belong here. What exactly have you done in your career that should give me cause for concern? Let's have a look at your track record shall we? Dismantled by a powerful group, hospitalized and almost killed, come back and hide from a blonde bimbo who THINKS that she saw all and knew all... Followed by leaving again when you finally figured out that you couldn't cut it after

taking out the guy that tried to poison you.

Zach: Things are different now, so I'd be more concerned with the near-future than with the past. Cause I bet you didn't realize The Forsaken came with a free Zach Attack DLC. I may not be an 'official' member of the stable, but those guys are my friends and I'm not gonna sit idly by and watch you try to make their lives a living hell.

Loki Synn: Be more concerned with my near-future? Do you mean when I debuted and took on The Shadow and got inside his head within the course of the night? Are you referring to my pay-per-view debut when I defeated three other people to become number one contender to this federation's richest prize? What makes you think that you and your pathetic excuse of a career is enough to stand up to the likes of me?

Zach: Cause I know you.

Loki Synn: WHAT?!

Loki's eyes widen in shock and she looks shaken slightly. It's a fleeting moment of shock and awe, but it's there.

Zach: I know your type. Those who like to trip the Dark Fantastic. And I don't know what's got you so bitter. Maybe the sorting hat put you into Hufflepuff instead of Slytherin and you're trying to overcompensate. But whatever the reason is, you want to mitigate your feelings of isolation by dragging everyone else around you into your misery. I'm not here to stop you Loki, I'm here to bring you back into the light. I'm here to save you.

Loki grabs Zach by the collar of his motorcycle jacket, pushing him up against the wall. Passing CWF employees who witness the confrontation take a detour to intervene, separate the two competitors and seek assistance from security. Unflinching before Loki's malicious snarl Zach calmly raises a hand to put the staff and stage-hands at ease.

Loki: Whatever. I don't need "saving," especially from someone who needs his hand held by the big and powerful Forsaken in order to feel like he'll ever amount to anything.

Loki lets go of their opponent and walks away, growling at a stage-hand who falls back in fright as they pass. Zach watches Loki leave, with a growing gut feeling that he's seen Loki somewhere before...

## **Let the Hammer Fall**

Match

The picture cuts to the sold out Bridgestone Arena in Nashville, Tennessee. The fans already have the wave going around the arena, heated up by a country band playing to the side of the stage. Numerous signs are visible throughout the fans:

"Loki - Game Over!"

"The Tribe is with you, MJ"

"Marry me, Rolash"

"Nananananana BAGMAN!"

Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash are standing in front of their announce table, looking excited for the show, even Mike, who is in a full cowboy outfit, complete with the boots, the plaid shirt and the Stetson..

Jim Gunt: Good evening ladies and gentlemen and welcome to CWF Evolution 31!

Mike Rolash: We are coming live from Nashville, Tennessee, and as you can see, country even has found its way in here, Baby!

Jim looks at his partner with a highly suspicious look, but decides to continue as professional as he can.

Jim Gunt: I know that we say this pretty much every week, but this Evo is something special with a few really big

matches on the menu, including a big six-man tag match and a match for our World Heavyweight title!

Mike Rolash: Silas Artoria is out to prove that his victory against MJ Flair last week was not a fluke, but that he indeed is on the way up and he has 60 minutes to prove it in a rare Iron Man match, which will main event the evening.

Jim Gunt: We will also have the Glass Ceiling that took over our intro last week take on the remainder of The Forsaken in a six-man tag--

Suddenly the lights go out. A hammer striking an anvil sounds and a spotlight illuminates The Shadow looking down, clad in black, a war hammer in hand.

A murmur goes through the crowd.

Jim Gunt: OK, I did not expect that!

Then a second hammer strike and a second spotlight turns on, showing Ataxia looking down in his black suit, a war hammer in his hand as well.

Mike Rolash: I do not like this, he is armed now!

A third hammer strike sounds and the third spotlight shows Dorian Hawkhurst in the same pose, hammer in hand.

Jim Gunt: Looks like the three remaining Forsaken are joining us a little early to--

Suddenly a fourth strike sounds and another spotlight goes on, showing Zach with a hammer as well.

Mike Rolash: I'll be damned...

Jim Gunt: It looks like Zach is a Forsaken now as well! Well at the very least Forsaken adjacent...

The lights go off again. Again a hammer strikes an anvil and a large spotlight come on in the ring, with the four men standing back to back, hammers raised, each with a microphone in hand. The crowd is cheering on the men despite their dark appearance. The Shadow raises his microphone, waiting for the crowd to calm down.

The Shadow: I'm sorry to interrupt you, gentlemen, but it seems like there are a few things happening in CWF that are not quite kosher, so felt the need to come out and touch on a few subjects. And it's even difficult to choose where to begin. Let me start with the biggest thorn in my side, no, not you Silas, sorry to disappoint, you're more the dull, annoying toothache type, I am talking about Loki Synn. So for some unfathomable reason you picked us, The Forsaken, as the target of your - I am actually not quite sure what it is... a vendetta of some sorts?

Seamlessly Dorian takes over.

Dorian Hawkhurst: What you have done is poked the wrong bear. Win or lose, the Forsaken always stands tall. We always stand together. You can take us down, but you will never take us out.

Zach is the next to bring the microphone up to his lips, a confident look on his face.

Zach: And officially Forsaken or not. How could I seriously just sit back, watch you \*attempt\* to bring about their ruin and do nothing? I just wouldn't be me if I didn't do anything. So here I am, ready to leap into the fray, heedless of risk or consequences. And I hope you're ready for me tonight, Loki, cause I like to play the game a little differently. A new challenger has very much entered the ring...

The Shadow takes another turn.

The Shadow: And related to this, there is this other entity out there that started all of this and that has grown into wannabe Oreos, the Glass Ceiling. Three former fan favourites seem to have grown tired of their fans' adoration and cheers and went off on an odd kind of power trip and have declared war on anything and anybody moving in this federation...

The three turn to Ataxia who, oddly, has been quiet for this.

Ataxia: Funny thing about wars...no one is ever the same after it. Our opponents think that they will come off of this unscathed. They call us mad. They call us insane. What you need to understand is quite simply this. I will take my vengeance. I will take more than your lives. I'm going to make you just like us...just as crazy...just as mad...and when it is all said and done you will know that this could have all been avoided...if you just would have not done what was done. Enjoy the show folks...I promise you...it's well worth the price of admission!

With his finger in the air to indicate that there was one more thing, The Shadow brings the microphone back to his lips one more time.

The Shadow: Oh, and one more thing - James Milenko, I don't know what your involvement with Loki and Mia is, but I will not stop until I find out. And if we find out that you are behind all of this, you better beware, because hell with have no fury like what we will unleash upon you.

And with this the lights go out again and four hammer strikes against an anvil sound again and when the lights come back on, the ring is empty. The camera cuts back to Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash, still standing in front of their desk.

Jim Gunt: Alrighty then, where, uh, was I? Ah yes, the big six man tag team match between the Glass Ceiling and The Forsaken, which now seems to have taken on an even more intense touch, so this is going to be a really interesting show!

Mike Rolash: Yes, one where the Forsaken hopefully will be mashed into the ringmat and the ground and anywhere else and--

Jim Gunt: OK, we get it, we get it, we should go to our first match of the evening, where Jimmy Allen is taking on Kemsey Ramsey.

### **Jimmy Allen vs. Kemsey Ramsey**

Match

Ray Douglas: The first match of tonight is a singles match scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, from the Cold Hard Streets of Unknown -- who writes this stuff?? -- Kemsey Ramsey!

"I'm Too Sexy for My Shirt" hits and Kemsey Ramsey comes out to a huge ovation as the perennial underdog. He even seems to have his own fanclub with him, since literally a half a dozen fans are on their feet and chanting his name. Ramsey waves to his fans proudly as he makes his way down.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Dallas, Texas, he is the Catalyst - Jimmy Allen!

Shinedown's "Cut the Cord" starts to sound and as Jimmy Allen steps out onto the stage, a shower of boos hits him, the fans not having taken his turn on Dorian Hawkhurst lightly. He does not seem to be fazed, however, just giving them an arrogant smile as he saunters down the ramp to the ring, where Ramsey walks to the center of the ring, appearing to mouth lyrics to a song, as he bops his head.

Jim Gunt: Is Ramsey even aware of the fact that Jimmy is in the ring already?

Mike Rolash: Well, if he isn't, then he'll find out pretty soon!

Jimmy simply meets him in the middle of the ring with a confused look on his face. Ramsey continues to rap what we can only assume is trash talk towards the newcomer. Jimmy has had enough and he pie faces Ramsey shoving him backwards a few feet! Ramsey, taken off guard seems to become enraged and ties up with Jimmy in the collar and elbow! He throws Jimmy into the turnbuckle, where he hits with a thud! Ramsey charges after him looking for a clothesline only to get a foot to the face from his opponent. Jimmy takes a few steps out of the corner and nails Ramsey with a knee to the face, knocking him to the mat! He looks to grab Ramsey and pull him to his feet, but

Ramsey pulls him into the STF submission hold! Ramsey locks it in, but the far superior Allen escapes the hold before the ref can even ask if he wants to submit. Jimmy looks back at Ramsey looking almost offended that he would try to submit him.

Jim Gunt: I don't think Kemsey is really aware of who he is dealing with here, this man is a veteran out there!

Kemsey Ramsey looks for another collar and elbow tie up but it NAILED right in the face with a back elbow from Jimmy that knocks him off his feet! Allen hooks the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE—Kickout by Ramsey!!!

Jim Gunt: That elbow caught Ramsey so off guard it almost cost him the match.

Mike Rolash: Did you hear that SMACK right upside Ramsey's head?

Jim Gunt: Yes I did... And I'm sure it scrambled his brains, but can you really –

Mike Rolash: AND Allen now has Ramsey in a rear naked choke hold!!! Could this be it???

The ref checks on Ramsey who reaches for the ropes! There are some very vocal Ramsey fans that can be heard chanting...

“NO!!!”

“NO!!!”

“NO!!!”

Ramsey has almost reached the ropes when his arms fall limp! The ref checks Ramsey as Jimmy holds the submission in tight! The ref raises Ramsey's arm once and it falls to the mat...

A second time....

It falls limp!

A third time!

AS IT FALLS IT LANDS ON THE BOTTOM ROPE! Ramsey has enough wherewithal to grab it and the ref has to call for the break! Jimmy releases the hold in frustration as Ramsey rolls out of the ring, falling on his hands and knees trying to wake up.

Jim Gunt: Was that awesome ring awareness or just pure dumb luck?

Mike Rolash: My money's on the latter.

Allen stands in the middle of the ring with his hands on his hips waiting for Ramsey to get back in the ring but Kemsey doesn't move. Jimmy eventually becomes frustrated and heads outside the ring, to put Ramsey back in the ring but just as he leans out through the ropes, a smallish hand reaches out and trips him....it's Chloe Hawkhurst!

Jim Gunt: Oh my God! Chloe Hawkhurst! What is she doing here?

Mike Rolash: Violating her bedtime, that's what, that brat belongs to bed, not a CWF ring! Where are Child Service when you need them?

She smiles at her handiwork and heads back up the ramp getting some distance from the now enraged Allen. Kemsey yanks Allen out of the ring and nails Jimmy with a huge clothesline!!! His fan section JUMPS TO THEIR FEET! As Allen holds the back of his neck as Ramsey rolls him back in the ring. Ramsey follows suit, as Allen gets to his feet holding

the back of his head... just as Ramsey approaches him ready to grab him... Jimmy jumps into the air...GOODNIGHT PRINCESS!!!! It's all academic from here as Allen makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner by pinfall - JIMMY ALLEN!

The fans shower Jimmy Allen with even more boos than at the beginning of the match, but again they seem to just slide off the Catalyst as he makes his way up the ramp, once more smiling at his handiwork.

## **Declaration of Intent**

Match

Medics are wheeling out the still knocked out Kemsey Ramsey as Ray Douglas takes up his spot in the ring again, patiently waiting for the crowd to calm down after the tumultuous reactions to Jimmy Allen's victory.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen... James Milenko.

"Seek and Destroy" by Metallica begins to play over the PA system, and all eyes turn to the stage. The former owner of the Hostility Wrestling Federation slowly makes his way out from behind the curtain, savoring the reaction from the crowd.

Jim Gunt: The man, the myth, the legend. James Milenko is actually here in CWF. The Shadow literally just called him out and bam, he is here!

A not so subtle snort and scoff comes from Jim's broadcast partner.

Mike Rolash: Man, yes... myth and legend, yeah right. This clown couldn't even keep his beloved Hostility running, why should anyone care that he is here now?

Jim Gunt: I have a feeling we're about to find out why.

The CWF fans boo Milenko mercilessly, while there are a few cheers mixed in from those in the audience who followed Milenko and Hostility, his pride and joy, in the past. Milenko, decked out in a pair of jeans and a sport coat, stops at the top of the ramp. He closes his eyes and inhales deeply through his nose, raising one arm in the air as the boos intensify. With a cocky grin, he continues down towards the ring, but instead of climbing in, he continues around and makes his way to the announcers table.

Mike Rolash: What the hell does-

Without warning, Milenko cuts Rolash off mid sentence by ripping the cords to his mic and headset out of the audio equipment. Rolash looks flustered as he Milenko hands him the cords and Pat's him on the cheek mockingly. Milenko then waves for a microphone, and nods approvingly to the crew member as they hand one over.

James Milenko: Jimmy, my man, I know you're smart enough to keep your mouth shut while I have a mic in my hand, but Rolly... I figured I would just take away any temptation you may have to ruin this for the fans at home with you meaningless jibber-jabber.

Love him, or hate him, most of the fans give Milenko love for shutting down Rolash. The former Hostility owner quickly jogs up the ring steps and hops through the ropes, raising his arms as he receives another mixed reaction.

James Milenko: Ah yes, I haven't missed that at all, and I didn't expect anything less from you fine folks. Boos... cheers... any reaction is a good reaction in this line of business, am I right?

The fans keep going, much to Milenko's delight.

James Milenko: Ladies and gents, I'm not here tonight to take up a lot of your time, so let's just cut to the chase. Years ago, I ran a fairly successful company, you may have heard of it... you are wrestling fans, are you not?

The crowd cheers, as it would appear Milenko's assumption is correct.

James Milenko: That company's name was Hostility, and it was my baby. Sure, it was an adopted baby; I didn't birth it, but I sure as hell nurtured it into what it became. And that is why it hurt... it hurt so much...

Milenko looks to get choked up a bit as he tries to continue.

James Milenko: No parent should ever have to outlive their child... but that is exactly what happened to me. Hostility was taken from me. I opened up its doors, and I greeted those talented members of its roster with open arms. People like Chris Bond, Talon, and Sara Pettis... Reaper, Ozric Mortimer, and Xander Daniels... some of the most talented stars wrestling has ever seen. But some bad eggs snuck in as well... taking my charity for granted... taking what was supposed to be a great business deal, and using it to gut my HOSTILITY from the inside out. Those wrestlers... those... fiends... they were from YOUR beloved CWF.

The fans cheer at the thought of CWF destroying a rival company. Milenko doesn't seem very pleased at all.

James Milenko: Sooo... I've spent my time, since those days, wisely. I've watched the CWF blossom just the way I watched Hostility grow and become an international hit. I've watched the good times and the bad, and bided my time until it was right, and brother... have I picked a dozy of a time to make my return. I see the state CWF is in, solid on the outside, yet fractured and malleable on the inside. I see cracks in the foundation, big enough to inject a little chaos into the order.

Once again, the fans are back to booing as Milenko derides their favorite wrestling company.

James Milenko: But hey, I'm not completely heartless. I'm here to bring a little laughter and chicanery to CWF as well. That's why I went out of my way to bring back another Hostility favorite of mine... Loki Synn. I brought Loki to Hostility, to great success, and now I'm going to do it all over again here in CWF. Hell, just look at Wrestlefest, and the new number one contender to the World Title... Loki freakin' Synn!

Even more boos for Milenko and his compatriot.

James Milenko: But, I'm not stopping there, oh no. Once my friend and I spread the fun and laughter around, we're going to spread Hostility. Just like CWF crashed our gates all those years ago, I'm bringing the fight back to their doorstep. But I'm not going to burn the place to the ground... why would I do such a thing? No, I'm going to build it up... I'm going up to make it bigger, better, stronger... with Loki Synn at my side, with the World Title around her waist, I'm going to take CWF, and recreate it in my own image.

The fans finally erupt with a chorus of boos so loud they almost drown out Milenko.

James Milenko: Alright boys and girls, play time has arrived. Time for things to get... HOSTILE!

With a maniacal laugh, Milenko tosses the microphone from the ring and raises his arms once again. He hops out of the ring, and proceeds to hold his hand out to shake with Jim Gunt. Gunt begrudgingly extends his hands and obliges Milenko, who then turns and flips the bird to Rolash, who smartly fights the urge to retaliate. As "Seek and Destroy" plays again, Milenko makes his way back up the ramp, once again soaking in the boos from the live audience as the picture cuts back to Jim and Mike.

## **Autumn Raven vs. "The Ripper" Danny B**

Match

Mike Rolash: This is an outrage!

Jim Gunt: I agree, this man should never have received this outlet for his maniacal rage!

Mike Rolash: Who cares about that? He unplugged me and then flipped me off!

Jim Gunt: And that is all you are upset about?

Mike Rolash: Well yeah, what else would there be?

Jim Gunt: Him trying to take over and destroy CWF as we know it?

Mike Rolash: Oh, that. Yeah, how dare he?

Jim just shakes his head at his commentating partner in disbelief. With a deep breath he steadies himself and looks back at the camera.

Jim Gunt: Alright, soooo... where were we? Oh yes! Autumn Raven is trying to finally break her losing streak against none other than "The Ripper", Danny B, coming right up!

"The Arena" by Lindsey Stirling hits the speakers and the fans start to cheer as "The Ripper" Danny B makes his way out to the entrance ramp.

Ray Douglas: This next match is scheduled for one fall!

The crowd shouts back "ONE FALL!" as Danny starts to make his way to the ring, his eyes set ahead with a steely look of determination.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds! He IS THE GOLDEN WARRIOR!!!

...

"The Ripper" Danny B!!!!

The fans erupt as the veteran rolls into the ring under the bottom rope and briefly raises his arms in the center of the ring, before taking his place in his corner, his eyes locked on the entrance ramp. "Somewhere in Hollywood" by Sixx A.M. starts up and the lights go off to be replaced by purple spotlights at the top of the ramp, searching aimlessly through fog that has rolled in. The lyrics come through the fog as a figure appears, silhouetted in a purple haze.

"The sun is shining  
Though everything's dying  
Your stars burned out for good  
Somewhere in Hollywood"

Ray Douglas: Next up, weighing in at one hundred and twenty pounds! She is, "The Beautiful Psychopath!"

...

Autumn Raven!

A-Ray makes her way down to the ring as the fans cheer for the Beautiful Psychopath. Raven smiles more as she gets to the ring and locks eyes on Ripper, staring a hole into his soul as she travels around the ring. Danny isn't impressed as he motions for her to get into the ring and Trent Robbins yells for him to get back from the ropes so she can do so. Autumn shoos him away and laughs as he backs up. She rolls under the ropes as her music fades and the fans start to cheer, eager for this match to get under way!

Jim Gunt: This ought to be an interesting match up! On one side we have Danny B who hasn't really been seen since his controversial double count out match at WrestleFest against Ataxia...

Mike Rolash: SHHHHHH!!! Don't say that name! He could be listening!

Jim Gunt: ... Right, I'll try to keep that in mind. Anyways... And on the other side we have Autumn Raven who is

desperately trying to gain some form of momentum! The question becomes, who wants this more?

The two competitors square off in the center of the ring as Trent Robbins signals for the bell to ring and this match is underway! Neither Danny nor Autumn take their eyes off the other as they talk trash to one another. Autumn is the first to snap and pushes Danny as hard as she can! The Ripper takes a step backwards and then propels himself forward, hitting Autumn hard with a shoulder block! Autumn goes down hard and Danny drops down and goes for the cover!

ONE!

NO! Autumn rolls her shoulder up forcefully, forcing Danny to lose his balance. Autumn takes advantage and drives her knee up as hard as she can into the side of The Ripper's head!

Jim Gunt: Yikes! That HAS to hurt!

Mike Rolash: Danny looks rocked!

Danny rolls off of Autumn and keeps going, rolling until he hits the ropes and uses them to pull himself up, shaking his head as he does so. With a banshee like scream Autumn runs full force at Danny, launching herself at him with a flying cross body! With nowhere to go, Danny bounces against the ropes he just got done using to pull himself up with. Autumn bounces off the veteran nimbly and lands on her knees as Danny collapses into a sitting position. Raven wastes no time and once again launches herself at her prey, delivering a shining wizard kick to the side of Danny's head she just knee'd moments earlier!

Jim Gunt: Wow! Autumn is out for blood tonight and seems to be making Ripper's head a target!

Mike Rolash: Definitely looks like she's... Getting a head of Danny here!

Jim just shakes his head in disbelief and Mike looks like he couldn't be happier with his play on words as Autumn stands up and raises her arms, urging the fans to get to their feet as she makes her way back over to the stunned Danny! She picks him up by the hair and drags him back over to the center of the ring, slapping Danny's head and laughing as he stumbles to the side as he tries to stand up. Autumn stops gloating long enough to deliver a swift kick deep into the gut of Ripper, doubling him over. With a sense of urgency Autumn makes her way to the closest turnbuckle and hops up to the top. The fans start to cheer as they realize that A-Ray is going for the Anti-Hero, her variation of a swanton bomb! She soars through the air and with a sickening impact lands right on the back of Danny who collapses with the force! Autumn bounces to the mat and with a satisfied smile scrambles to make the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Mike Rolash: Not quite! Ripper got his feet up on the ropes and Trent broke the count!

It's true! Trent Robbins is arguing with Autumn as Danny slowly gains his bearings, the tip of his boot resting on the bottom rope. A-Ray screams at Trent who stands his ground and argues that Danny had his boot up on the ropes at two and a half. Autumn doesn't care about the specifics, she should have the three count! She doesn't get a chance to continue the argument though as the veteran Danny rolls up Autumn from behind! Trent slides in to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Autumn kicks out and rolls backward, using the momentum to get back to her feet. Danny doesn't yield though and takes the opportunity to rush A-Ray, backing her up into a corner with sharp and vicious elbows and strikes! Autumn

covers up as best she can and Danny finally let's up, waits for Autumn to uncover her face, and when she does delivers a sharp jab to her nose! Autumn yelps in pain but Danny isn't finished as he rams his shoulder hard into Autumn's gut several times before whipping her to the opposite corner!

Jim Gunt: Danny looks to be out for blood and doesn't seem to be letting up on Autumn!

Mike Rolash: Autumn better figure out some way to get back into this one before Danny sets...

He doesn't get a chance to finish this thought though as Autumn runs up the turnbuckle and turns around, looking to soar once again! She doesn't get a chance though as Danny B is right on top of her, running up to the top rope after her and effortlessly dropping her with the Ravenheart DDT, a vicious double arm DDT from the top rope! Autumn's head bounces off the canvas, hard as the fans all collectively gasp at the bump.

Jim Gunt: Good night Irene! Things are not looking good for A-Ray!

Mike Rolash: I honestly don't know how she'll be able to kick out of this Jim. She might be concussed!

Danny B rolls Autumn over and covers her, hooking both legs and pinning both arms close to her. It is unnecessary as Autumn looks to be out cold!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

"The Ripper" Danny B hops off of Autumn as Trent Robbins raises his arm in victory!

## **Flowers**

Match

Arm chairs, low lighting. Tara Robinson sits in one of them, apprehensive and unsure, but notably much more calmer than the week previous. She takes a deep breath.

Tara Robinson: Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome, Silas Artoria.

Silas Artoria: TA-DAH!

Silas jumps into frame with valiance and grace, landing without error with his hands behind his back.

Silas Artoria: Hello Tara! Lovely to see you again! How have you been?

Tara Robinson: Well--

Silas Artoria: Awesome! Great to hear! You know, I've been thinking about our chat last week and I rewatched our exchange, and I couldn't help but notice that the scenery here was just...drab, flat, boring. Don't you agree?

Tara says nothing.

Silas Artoria: I know right! So I decided to change that.

He brings his hands forward.

Flowers! Numerous enough to nearly cover Silas' face. He pokes his head to the side, to the complete perplexment of Tara, whom has completely given up on talking to him. Colours range from pink to cream, though their species was uncertain.

That was, until:

Silas Artoria: Tadah! My mother had a fabulous flower garden that I've kept in tact since she left, and with autumn about to come into full force, I thought I would make the most of her colour masterpiece before they wither away for the

winter.

He starts to point to each individual flower.

Silas Artoria: She'd always take me around and point each of the breeds out. Pink roses, lisianthus, oriental lillies, ivory roses with asparagus fern, pittosporum, eucalyptus--

He suddenly looks at Tara.

Silas Artoria: There aren't any cats in the building, right?

There were a few seconds of silence, before Tara finally gives an indifferent shrug.

Tara Robinson: No?

Silas breathes a sigh of relief.

Silas Artoria: Phew, good. Lillies are toxic to cats, and I don't want us to be at the centre of a lawsuit.

He looks off stage.

Silas Artoria: Boy! Give me a small table and a vase!

He turns back to Tara as a poor stagehand struggles to get what was requested in a speedy manner. Silas gives him no attention, holding the flowers carefully.

Silas Artoria: Finally, some colour! Gives a more cheery vibe to preceding, don't you think?

Tara once again shrugs, just as Silas places the pink and cream decoration into the vase with boyish glee.

Silas Artoria: Always wanted to show Mrs. Artoria's flowers to the world, and what an opportunity!

He jumps into the opposite chair and crosses his legs. Arm on arm-rest, and head in his hand, looking at Tara with dream-like eyes.

Silas Artoria: But enough of flowers, tell me your questions Miss Robinson.

Silas shows his teeth in a slightly goofy smile, enough to make poor Tara flinch uncomfortably in her seat. Finally, she concocts a question, arguably one everyone was begging to ask.

Tara Robinson: Silas....are you....alright?

Silas rapidly slaps the armchair.

Silas Artoria: Never better! You know what it feels like to have won a championship opportunity by pinning the champion!? It fills you with a sense of euphoria! Absolute joy!

Tara Robinson: It fills you with joy that you cheated?

Silas Artoria: Hey, I won via a shortcut, everyone here takes shortcuts! Just like [[REDACTED]]

Tara visibly jumps in her seat, as the audio beeps out the name that Silas was mentioning.

Silas Artoria: and he ended up with the position of [[REDACTED]] by [[REDACTED]] behind canteen, as I am sure CWF's lawyer will agree!

Silas smiles at Tara, whom is completely shocked by what she heard. She heard everything, the audience didn't, and it was something she likely didn't want to hear again. Silas turns to the camera.

Silas Artoria: The whole show is on a ten second delay, by the way! It's to make sure anything horrible and immoral doesn't end up on TV! CWF loves violence, but they hate sponsors knowing on their door demanding why the masked man knifed the other masked man.

He turns back to Tara.

Silas Artoria: So Tara, ask me anything!

Tara Robinson: Um....ok.

She quickly composes herself and turns her attention to the tablet.

Tara Robinson: So, The Shadow went on camera last week to sa---

Silas Artoria: Yeah yeah yeah. Passenger does all the work, I'm worth less than a piece of Lego.

He leans forward, sarcasm on his sleeve.

Silas Artoria: Can we please move along, all this talk about Shadow is just boring me.

He yawns, and kicks his feet up on the armrest, his back stretching over the other, consequently making his head upside down on camera.

Silas Artoria: He's like the living embodiment of ambien. He's a sleeping pill to me at this point.

He suddenly sits up in his seat.

Silas Artoria: Oh! Ask me about my match tonight! Ask me about my match with MJ Flair!

Tara Robinson: Well actually--

Silas Artoria: I have a slightly mixed reaction, actually. On one hand, OH CHRIST! AN IRONMAN MATCH! SIXTY MINUTES! FOR THE CWF CHAMPIONSHIP IN THE MAIN EVENT! SOLD! That has me buzzed, excited! I'm looking forward to fighting Flair again, I truly believe we are ying and yang. Put us two together, and we create magic, as we will tonight.

His smile takes on a small frown.

Silas Artoria: On the other hand, free TV? Really? You're giving away a historic and monumental match away on free TV? I get it, you want great matches on TV, but TV is not where an ironman match resides? That upsets me greatly, not just because of the stipulation being given away to the poor folk, but it's denying me of a PPV main event! That is crushing!

Silas sighs with deep sadness.

Silas Artoria: It's an odd situation, but you got to prove that you deserve your spot on the card. Flair needs to prove that she isn't a background champion as bad champions are doomed to be in the veil of, and I need to prove that, horrid win/loss record aside, I am capable of stealing the damn show with a firestorm.

He sits back up.

Silas Artoria: Today it's time for the two of us to scrape off the dust of doubt and emerge as beautiful and attractive butterflies.

He smiles and flashes his hair.

Silas Artoria: And not just in appearance.

Tara Robinson: But what about Loki? What happens if you win the championship tonight? What would happen at Hellbound?

Silas chuckles.

Silas Artoria: Well, it would be a real shocker, wouldn't it? Flair, not lasting until the next PPV before losing the belt. No matter how many matches or championships you win afterwards, losing the belt two weeks after winning it on the

grandest stage of them all is a stain that will never be washed away, no matter how hard you try.

He points to the air.

Silas Artoria: But! I am a man who is fair, so I'll make a statement right here, right now. If Flair wins, Hellbound will go on as planned, cake for everyone! If I win, I get the belt, and I will honor the contractual agreements brought forward by the CWF.

He leans forward, with intensity and a slight look of intimidation plastered over his face.

Silas Artoria: Loki will get her match against Flair, and the two will get their chance at Hellbound if such a situation occurs.

He perks up again.

Silas Artoria: So, the people at home better get on the toilet during the commercial breaks directly before our match, because every second must be obser--

Tara Robinson: There is no commercial break before the matc--

Silas Artoria: WHAT!??

Silas looks at Tara in complete shock.

Silas Artoria: THEY'RE GOING TO PUT A COMMERCIAL ON IN THE MIDDLE OF THE MATCH!? OR RISK PEOPLE GOING TO THE CAN WHILE OUR MATCH IS ON!?

Nothing more said, Silas sprints to the exit.

Silas Artoria: WHERE THE HELL IS THAT PRODUCTION TRUCK!??

SLAM! Tara is shocked as Silas suddenly sprints out of the room and slams the door, but then an audible unlock is heard. Silas reenters the frame, focused on Tara.

Silas Artoria: Almost forgot. The flowers need watering one per two days, and keep them in the sunlight. If you can't find sunlight, pop the vase in the plantpot. They're your's to keep, Tara. Bye!

He runs away again, and the sound of a slamming door is once again heard. Tara looks at the door, then the frame, completely confused by the wild ride of events that occurred. She then looks at the flowers, and relaxes.

Tara Robinson: Well...they're not that bad.

Fade out.

## **The Danger Boiz (Crazy Chris & Dangerous Dan) vs. TBD (Bobby Dean & Mikey Unlikely)**

Match

Jim Gunt: Alright then, that was, uh, something.

Mike Rolash: I always thought he was a few fries short of a Happy Meal.

Jim Gunt: Yes, but this was weird even for him.

Mike Rolash: I am not sure what that Passenger is doing, but - yeah.

Jim Gunt: In other news, Autumn Raven is still on a successful quest to hunt for Curt Hawkins' losing streak record with her defeat against Danny B, but now we are going to go a little bit heavier.

Mike Rolash: Yes, if anyone ever personalized the term "heavyweight", then it is "Beautiful" Bobby Dean and he will be

in action right now!

“One For The Money” by Escape The Fate starts to play over the speaker system and for the first time since coming short in their Tag Team Title ladder match at Wrestle Fest IV, “Beautiful” Bobby Dean and Mikey Unlikely grace us with their presence. Memphis gives them a solid round of applause as they slowly make their way down the ramp, Mikey with a scowl on his face that even Bobby can’t wipe off although he literally is trying to as they walk down the ramp. Mikey pushes him away just shaking his head, TBD entering the ring separately at the hest of Unlikely.

Ray Douglas: The following tag team match is set for one fall! Introducing first, weighing in at a combined six hundred and twenty four and a half pounds, they are “Beautiful” Bobby Dean and Mikey Unlikely....TBD!!

The lights go out as a strobe of red and blue begin flashing across the arena:

"I was born in a thunderstorm  
I grew up overnight  
I played alone  
I played on my own  
but I survived"

Dangerous Dan and Crazy Chris, the Hall of Fame Danger Boiz emerge onto the stage area staring out into the crowd.

"I wanted everything I never had  
Like the love that comes with life  
I wore envy and I hated it  
But I survived"

Dan begins making his way towards the ring, embracing the fans, but keeping his emotion in check. Chris cannot do the same, nearly leaping out of his feet as he heads down the ramp.

"I had a one way ticket to a place where all the demons go  
Where the wind don't change  
And nothing in the ground can ever grow  
No hope, just lies  
And you're taught to cry in your pillow  
But I survived"

Dan now climbs the steps and heads up to the turnbuckle. He points to the crowd, and lip syncs "I'm still breathing..." from his theme song lyrics.

Dan slowly climbs down the turnbuckle, clapping hands with his brother Chris and raising a hand out to shake the hands of Mikey and Bobby. Dean returns the favor but Mikey just sneers, the two men heading to their own corner.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents, from Smithville, Tennessee, they are the team of Dangerous Dan and Crazy Chris....THE DANGER BOIZ!!

Jim Gunt: Damn. How exciting is it to have the Danger Boiz back in the house, Mike!?

Mike Rolash: Do you want me to be honest?

Jim Gunt: Ummm...my gut says I should say no.

Mike Rolash: Good answer.

An eccentric Bobby Dean, although still limping around a bit from the damage he took in the ladder match at Wrestle Fest, is adamant that he’s going to start the match off inside the ring. Dan and Chris both look at each other for a moment as they see the behemoth in the ring, neither man really knowing quite how to take BBD. Finally the Crazy

One decides to let his brother who just came back to CWF last week take the apron as he starts off against Dean.

Jim Gunt: Here we go, Crazy Chris vs. "Beautiful" Bobby Dean for the very first time!

Crazy Chris measures up the much larger Dean, trying to figure out how he can obtain an advantage over the One Hitter Quitter. As the Crazy One goes in for a lockup attempt, Bobby Dean snatches both of his hands forward to grab the nipples of Chris, twisting them beyond belief! The sold out Memphis crowd is split between people cringing and laughing, but Crazy Chris is not amused from the Purple Nurple. He swings a wild lariat into the chest of Bobby Dean but Dean is somehow unphased, calling him in for one more. When Chris moves in to do so, the already gassed "Beautiful One" raises his hands in the air.

Mike Rolash: Oh jesus christ, there are no time outs in wrestling!

Jim Gunt: Give Bobby Dean a break, he hasn't wrestled in a few weeks!

"Beautiful" Bobby Dean pulls a Kit Kat bar out of his trucks, unwraps it right in wrong of a befuddled Crazy Chris and referee Clark Summits, and proceeds to shove the entire thing into his mouth and chew it out loud.

BBD: Ahh. Much better.

Jim Gunt: I didn't mean that kind of break.

Dangerous Dan has had enough of the escapades of BBD, tagging himself into the match by slapping the back of his brother Chris, entering the ring and immediately rising into the air towards a still chewing Dean- SUPERMAN PUNCH! Bobby drops to one knee but somehow is still not off his feet, that is until he is nailed with the ENDD OF AN ERA! The big man is dropped right on his head as a worrisome Mikey Unlikely has to hold himself back from entering the ring, forcefully watching on as Summits drops down to count Dan's cover over BBD.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO! Bobby rolls his shoulder!

Jim Gunt: YES! The Name That Entertains will not go down that easily!

Mike Rolash: I don't know, Jimmy, I heard it doesn't take much to get ole Bobby to drop down and gi..

Jim Gunt: MIKE!

Taking a few quick stomps down on BBD, Dan follows it up by slowly but surely dragging Dean over to his team's corner and tagging Crazy Chris back into the matchup. The Danger Boiz wait for an unknowing Dean to get back to his feet before Dan spinning heel kicks Bobby Dean right into a twist of fate by Crazy Chris. Dan high fives his brother, but Mikey Unlikely has had enough, finally entering the ring and clotheslining Dangerous Dan over the top rope. Unlikely topples out right with him!

Jim Gunt: Holy crap, Mikey is uncorked!

Mike Rolash: Bobby Dean has been isolated this entire matchup by the Danger Boiz, Jimmy, obviously Unlikely is pissed off at the old timer's actions!

Bobby Dean pulls Chris to his feet, spitting remnants of food out in his face as he pulls him in tight for a Bearhug! Dean giggles as he pulls the Crazy One up into the air and spins him in circles around the ring, finally dropping him down hard on his back. Dean is wobbly on his feet, swaying back and forth as the live fans being a "WHOOOAAA" chant. Somehow Crazy Chris is right back on his feet and right onto the top rope. CRAZY MAN'S SUICIDE! The Diving Reverse Kick knocks Dean out cold! Chris lands on Dean for the cover, doing his best to hook both of the big man's legs as Dangerous Dan gives Unlikely a shoulder block to attempt to hold him back.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: That's it Mike, the Danger Boiz were just as successful as team in their return as Dangerous Dan was on his own last week!

Ray Douglas: And your winners of this match by pinfall...THE DANGER BOIZ!!

Mike Rolash: What a shame, if Unlikely could have gotten into the ring this one could have been a much different ballgame.

Jim Gunt: I'm surprised you're still rooting for him after that whole lawsuit of the "Mikey" thing.

Mike Rolash: No comment.

## **Discuss Terms Part 2**

Match

All suited up and at the Commissioner's desk, Ataxia's attention is pulled from whatever vitally important work he isn't doing to see the form of Jaiden Rishel standing in the office doorway.

Ataxia: Ah Jaiden, I was just thinking about the massive pain in my arse.

Jaiden Rishel: What?

Ataxia: What do you want? I'm trying to find the answer to 10 across.

Jaiden Rishel: Why haven't you responded to Mace's demands?

Ataxia: Mace made demands?

Jaiden Rishel: I laid them out last week, don't you pay attention to the very show your supposed to be running?!

Ataxia: Not where you or Mace are concerned. \*Sighs\* What does he want?

Jaiden Rishel: A rematch for the World title.

Ataxia: HAH!

Jaiden Rishel: And a Hall of Fame ceremony. Things that he is more than deserving of.

Ataxia: Look. He got his shot. He fell short. He wants another, then he's going to have to earn it. And trying to strong-arm me isn't the way to go about it.

Jaiden Rishel: Mace is the only true superstar we have here in the company. You'd do well to treat him as such.

Ataxia: If he wants it so bad, you and he can talk to Loki Synn. She's the number one contender. He wants it, he can explain to her why she's getting bumped down the line.

Jaiden Rishel: Ah...

It's clear the prospect of approaching Loki, let alone drawing her ire, is not appealing to Jaiden. Ataxia smiles at his uncertainty.

Ataxia: As for the ceremony. Why don't you just grab him some beers and hookers and be done with it.

Jaiden Rishel: Mace is of the highest caliber celebrity and talent. His...'requests' aren't unreasonable and he isn't against practicing patience in this instance. But that can only go so far. You better concede you Masked Freak.

Otherwise...

Ataxia is up from the desk in an instant and charges at Jaiden, coming face-to-face with the Prodigal Son.

Ataxia: Otherwise what? If your gonna threaten me, you better be prepared to follow through. If Mace wants anything then he'd better stop trying to give me conditions, and he'd better get back to work!

Jaiden Rishel: Just be prepared for the consequences if you don't tow the line.

Ataxia: Out!

Though arrogant, Jaiden also recognizes when it's a good time to comply and with one final scowl towards the CWF Commissioner he exits the office.

## **Azrael vs. Harley Hodge**

Match

Jim Gunt: Looks like Jaiden Rishel is still not done with his client's Colton Mace's demands, but Ataxia does not seem to want to budge. It'll be interesting how this will play out, especially with Loki Synn now in the picture.

Mike Rolash: That bagged freak just wants to keep Colton from annihilating MJ, it's all about protection.

Jim Gunt: Uhm, may I remind you that Mace actually lost against MJ, so I don't think that she needs that much protection there.

Mike Rolash: Ack, details, who cares about those?

Jim Gunt: Later on tonight MJ Flair will be defending her title against Silas Artoria in a 60-minute Iron Man match after he had beaten her last week, albeit illegally--

Mike Rolash: Piffle, she won't remember that when she gets married.

Jim Gunt looks taken aback, looking over at Mike.

Jim Gunt: Say what?

Mike Rolash: You heard me, she won't think about that anymore once he beats her tonight and takes that belt off her.

Jim Gunt: Yeah, right. Anyways, coming back to the here and now, our reformed, resurrected, re-whatever-ed Azrael is facing a big challenge tonight, going against none other than the Accelerator, Harley Hodge!

Mike Rolash: You know what, I am still not sure about this whole "new Azrael" thing.

The lights fall, a fog rolls in and an orchestra version of Metallica's "One" begins, as a spotlight illuminates Azrael in a white cosack, with a pair of purple intersecting stripes. He slowly descends from the ceiling, arms outstretched, feet crossed and face to the heavens. As he gently reaches the earth, he pulls his hands in and bows his head before gliding into the ring.

Ray Douglas: The first contender coming to the ring, hailing from Parts Unknown - AZRAEL!

Jim Gunt: It looks like the "new" Azrael is going down with the fans a lot more than in the past.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, not sure where he went wrong.

Jim Gunt: Why? Do you measure the "rightness" of a wrestler's path by how unpopular they are?

Mike Rolash: Well yeah, you don't?

Jim Gunt: I--

Before he can answer, though, the loud revving of a motorcycle drowns out his voice and the fans go berserk. Even

before Pearl Jam's "Everflow" starts the fans are to their feet and erupt in huge cheers as Harley Hodge walks out, with his traditional biker vest on and blue jeans. He raises one fist in the air, eyeballs the crowd, and then continues to brisk walk down the aisle before sliding under the ring ropes. He climbs to the second turnbuckle, raises his fist into the air to another large pop from the crowd, before taking his vest and jumping backwards from the turnbuckle.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent - from Brooklyn, New York, he is the Accelerator, he is HAARLEEEY HOOOOODGE!

Harley raises both fists into the air once more before turning around to face Azrael, who has shed his cassock in the meantime, eyeing the former World champion with the same benign smile he had bestowed upon Lucas Greene at Wrestlefest, starting to talk to Harley.

Jim Gunt: So this is a real stepping stone for the new and improved Azrael, because Harley Hodge is not one to step into the ring bearing gifts for his opponents.

Mike Rolash: Ooh, that could be an interesting new tradition, though! Bring food to your favourite CWF commentator!

Jim Gunt (under his breath): You'd starve to death...

Mike Rolash: What was that?

Jim Gunt: What? Oh, I just said that Azrael better save his breath for this match.

Mike Rolash: Oh, ok. Makes sense. All that yapping can take your breath away easily.

Referee Scott Dean has checked both opponents for illegal items and is signalling for the bell.

Jim Gunt: This is the second match of Azrael since his, let's call it resurrection, with his first one being the Fatal Fourway last week, where he did not come out victorious.

Mike Rolash: No, but he didn't lose either, that was Ataxia, remember? Hm? Do you? Do you?

Jim Gunt: You've barely stopped talking about it, so yes, I do remember.

In the ring both competitors have engaged in a traditional lock-up, but being pretty evenly matched, it is not going anywhere. Harvey breaks it up and backs up towards the ropes, but Azrael seizes the moment and runs at Harvey with a mighty lariat that sends the Accelerator over the ropes to the outside, where he lands on his feet, but still visibly shaken.

Jim Gunt: That is the same lariat with which he levelled Jimmy Allen last week.

Mike Rolash: Could be a new signature move of his.

Azrael continues not to waste any time and follows Harley out of the ring, hitting him with a hard shoulder block that has him stumble against the barrier in front of the timekeeper's table.

Jim Gunt: He is showing this newly found sense of urgency that his former apathetic self never really had.

He pulls Harley back to his feet and rolls him into the ring, following right up. He quickly climbs up the stairs and up the turnbuckles. He stands for a moment, hands spread out, his face raised towards the heavens with his eyes closed.

Jim Gunt: He is taking too long! This is not going to end well!

Mike Rolash: And there it is!

Harley, the veteran that he is, does not need a bigger invitation and is to his feet before Azrael notices and he wipes his feet out from underneath him, unceremoniously sending him straggling the ropes. In an unusual move for the Accelerator, he scales the ropes himself, hefting Azrael up and--

Jim Gunt: Superplex!

Crowd: Holy shit! Holy shit!

Mike Rolash: No kidding!

Both men are on the mat with the unusual move also having taken its toll on Hodge, but he nevertheless is the first man getting back to his feet. He drags Azrael up and pulls him in for a quick uranage slam. While Azrael is flat out, Harley is slowly getting to his feet, panting from the exertion, looking down at his opponent. He raises his fist as he looks out over the fans, but is quickly brought back to reality as Azrael is pulling Harley's feet out from under him.

Jim Gunt: Ooh, Hodge did not see that one coming.

Mike Rolash: You know what?

Jim Gunt: No and I am not sure I want to either.

Mike Rolash: Thanks for asking. Hodge is getting too old for this. He should consider joining the geriatric yoga class.

Harley Hodge: I heard that, Rolash!

Immediately Mike pales and shrinks into his chair, but Harley does not have any time to act upon the derogatory remarks as Azrael is now delivering some hard kicks to the chest before taking to the ropes and coming down upon the Accelerator with a sharp elbow drop, pushing even more air out of his lungs. Immediately he takes both legs of Harley.

Jim Gunt: Looks like he is going for the sharpshooter!

And indeed he is trying to lock in the submission move, but Hodge has nothing of it, managing to shake one leg free and delivering a kick to his opponent, sending him sprawling. With a visible effort Harley pushes himself up and onto Azrael, raining down punches on him to the point that referee Dean has to start counting before he lets off. Dragging his opponent to his feet once more he whips Azrael into the ropes and as he rebounds Harley picks him up for a spinning sidewalk slam!

Mike Rolash: And the Borderline, Harley shows more life than I thought he would still have!

He picks Azrael up again and as he gets ready for a belly to belly suplex the lights go out.

Mike Rolash: There we go again, our shows have the lights off more often than on these days.

The howl of a wolf comes over the PA, followed by a hammer striking an anvil and as the lights come back on, Christer Lundmark, CWF's latest signing is quickly coming down the ramp, a grim look on his face.

Jim Gunt: This man has called out Azrael last week and looks like he is keeping his word!

The tall Swede stops at the outside of the ring and Hodge turns to him to tell him off, but Fenrir just shakes his head and points at Azrael. In that moment Azrael hits Hodge with a hard blow between the shoulder blades, before picking up Harley into a fireman's carry!

Mike Rolash: He is going for the Soul Separator!

Jim Gunt: And there he goes, Fenrir just cost Hodge the win here!

Azrael quickly goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--!

Jim Gunt: Lundmark is pulling Azrael off Harley!

Immediately Scott Dean signals for the bell to be rung. Without giving Azrael a chance to react after pulling him off

Harley and out of the ring, the Viking grabs his head and smashes it into the apron before picking him up into a vertical suplex.

Mike Rolash: No, he is not going to--

Jim Gunt: I think he is...

And after holding Azrael up for a few seconds, he spikes his opponent onto the thin mats outside of the ring!

Jim Gunt: Valhalla Rising!

With a look of grim satisfaction, Christer walks over to the timekeeper's area and grabs Azrael's cassock, bringing it over to where Azrael lays on the ground. He holds the cassock over the man, points at the cross on it and roars.

Fenrir: Where is your God now?

With that he throws the cassock onto Azrael, walking off, leaving a completely stunned Harley Hodge in the ring.

## **Character Select**

Match

The camera feed cuts backstage to the ever dutiful Tara Robinson, CWF interviewer, standing alongside the recently returned Zach. Both are ready for an interview and waste no time jumping straight to it.

Tara: Zach, first and foremost. Welcome back. I can confidently say some amongst us here have missed you.

Zach: Thanks Tara. That's great to hear, and don't you worry. I ain't going anywhere this time.

Tara: Excellent. Alright so let's jump straight to it. You disappeared after Summer Games and then last week at Evolution 30 you just come out of the blue to challenge Loki Synn. Good to see you're still throwing yourself straight into the fire without any thought of the consequences. But the question I have to ask is...Why?

Zach: Because with great power, come great responsibility. The Forsaken are my friends, they were there to support me when I needed it, so I'm returning the favour. Sure I may be the Hawkeye in that merry band, but you can bet I'm ready to Avenge them with everything I got.

Tara: And from the look of things you've sure got a lot to offer. This is certainly a different side of you than what most of us can remember. Your soul searching paid off?

Zach: That and more. I've finished my sidequesting and grinding and here I am. Levelled Up and ready to go. I thought being denied my family name would hinder me, tarnish my career in continuing the Vaughn legacy. But my Forsaken friends made me realise that this is in fact a golden opportunity. I can create my own legacy, remove myself from the shadow of my father and create a new name. So tonight Tara you, and the CWF universe, are witnessing my Final Form. Tonight is the debut of Zach...van...Owen.

Tara: Zach van Owen...It's definitely got a nice ring to it. And you're certainly not want for confidence with just moments away before you step into the ring with the unstable Loki.

Zach: I don't know what Loki aimed to prove by coming in Hard Mode against the Forsaken, I get the feeling they are a few Stones short of an Infinity Gauntlet. But whatever villainous schemes they've got against the Forsaken, I aim to put an abrupt end to tonight. As much as I love chatting with you Tara, I gotta put this convo on Pause and head out there and beat the living hell out of Loki. And don't you forget. He protec, He attac, but more importantly he bac! Boom. Game Over!

## **Loki Synn vs. Zach**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is scheduled for one fall.

The lights turn off only to be replaced by the darkest of purple flood lights. Eerie shadows float throughout the arena making it difficult for much to see. Fog starts to roll in from the stage, down the ramp, and surrounds the ring, as a heavy silence fills the air. "Start Wearing Purple" starts its weirdly upbeat tune as Ray Douglas takes his place in the center of the ring.

Ray Douglas: From parts unknown, weighing in at 185 pounds... She is THE JAGGED GRIN OF THE CWF AND THE JANUSIAN JESTER! LOKI SYN!!!

The music crescendos to a fever pitch as Loki Synn comes out onto the ramp, eyeing the ring and making her way slowly down, ignoring the fans and walking off beat from the song.

Once down to the ring Loki absently strokes the apron, looking at nothing in particular and staring off into space. The smile on her mask says it all though as she shrugs and giggles to herself, using the bottom rope to pull herself into the ring as the music comes to an end.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent. From Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and weighing in at 174lbs. Zach van Owen!

Jim Gunt: Given himself a new look and a new surname. God damn I'm glad Zach is back!

The arena is bathed in darkness and the symphonic Liberi Fatale by begins to play. Silhouetted by darkness and the occasional, intermittent flash of green, Zach stands on the stage with head bowed and arms outstretched. The big screen displays green digital rain, gradually forming the phrase 'Ready...Fight!'. The music reaches a crescendo and Zach begins the march down the ramp.

Jim Gunt: Watch Out!

Loki Synn isn't willing to wait to put up with all the pomp and ceremony, exiting the ring and bull rushing, up the ramp to meet Zach head on. Zach is quick to react, rolling underneath the attempted stiff as hell lariat from the charging Janusian Jester.

Mike Rolash: Thank god she put an end to that Entrance Music. An Orchestral piece? How pompous.

Jim Gunt: Fun fact, the name of that piece, Liberi Fatale, means Fated Children.

Mike Rolash: Awesome useless information I don't need or care about.

Loki rounds on her opponent, who is slowly backing down the ramp motioning for the Knave of Nightmares to come at him yet again. This seems to enrage Loki even more and she charges once again. The young man who calls himself the Game Changer, hops up onto the apron then somersaults through the air, up and OVER the head of Loki. He quickly follows up, striking with lightning fast reflexes, a high roundhouse kick catching Loki in the side of the jaw and sending the Bane of the Forsaken stumbling.

Jim Gunt: Could Zach be the answer to the Forsaken's problem? What a return that would be!

Mike Rolash: The bell hasn't even started. Don't get ahead of yourself.

Zach gains some momentum to follow after Loki, putting some distance between herself and her opponent. Player One comes in, using the exterior of a corner post as added support, swinging himself around the corner of the ring and knocking Loki back further with another kick. The Jagged Grin of the CWF isn't knocked down, simply knocked back a couple of steps.

Jim Gunt: Loki is clearly struggling to keep up with the pace of her opponent.

The Janusian Jester snarls, baring her teeth in a feral, almost animalistic, manner. Zach winks at her then deftly rolls into the ring. Loki growls and follows in hot pursuit. As soon as both competitors are in the ring, referee Trent Robbins,

can finally signal for the bell and officially start the match. The Game Changer goes in for another high roundhouse kick. Loki Synn simply swats Zach's foot away, her increasing rage imbuing her with heightened strength and endurance.

Mike Rolash: See, I warned you not to get ahead of yourself.

She tackles her opponent to the ground, Zach taken by surprise as she barrels through his attack. Now grounded Zach can do little but put his arms up to block as Loki rains down all manner of hell, in the form of alternating lefts and rights, tenderizing her young opponent with a frenzied flurry of stiff strikes. Mercifully Loki disengages from Player One, only so she can put some distance between herself and Zach, getting a running start, before landing a powerful punt kick into the young man's ribs.

Jim Gunt: Sheer, unadulterated brutality. That is the name of Loki Synn's game.

Mike Rolash: A game I don't think Zach would want to play.

Loki hooks the leg for a cover.

ONE...

Tw-Zach kicks out!

Jim Gunt: Maybe he is more than willing to play this game...

The Jagged Grin of the CWF summarily punishes the Game Changer for his show of resilience with a brutal Wisecrack, going once again for the cover.

ONE...

TWO-Again Zach kicks out!

Loki tosses Zach into the corner and with a devilish smile charges at him for a running boot to the face. Using the ring ropes as support, Zach flips backwards, over the ropes. He catches Loki under the chin as he lands perfectly onto the apron. A swift and stiff forearm strike has Loki staggering backwards further. Player One springboards off of the top ring rope. Having sense enough to recognise the immediate threat, the Janusian Jester dashes forward out of the firing line of Zach's springboard aerial attack. Zach lands back to the ring, adopting a superhero pose. Looking back at his opponent with cocky grin on his face.

Mike Rolash: He keeps that up, he's just going to make Loki angry...No one would like Loki when she's angry.

With a roar Loki leaps back into the fray with the Punchline. The Combo Breaker catches her by surprise in mid-leap! Loki falls to the mat like a stone and Zach drops down for the pin attempt.

ONE...

TWO-Loki kicks out!

With a motion to the crowd, Zach comes bouncing off the ropes and connects with a sliding reverse STO, hooking the leg for another cover.

Jim Gunt: Now that's something we haven't seen from Zach before.

ONE...

Mike Rolash: You know what we don't really see from Zach?

TWO...Loki rolls her shoulder up.

Mike Rolash: Zach winning.

Jim Gunt: Ouch.

A sudden burst of life from Loki takes Player One by surprise and the Knave of Nightmares shoulder barges Zach into the corner, driving the shoulder into his gut again...and again...and again. Bouncing off of the ropes, Loki builds momentum and clocks her opponent in the side of the face with a running punch, going back against the ropes for more. This time connecting with a running big boot.

Mike Rolash: That's an Ouch.

Loki drags Zach out of the corner, hooks the arm into a hammerlock position and connects with the Last Laugh DDT.

Jim Gunt: Where does she get off using Mia's own move!

Mike Rolash: Not like Mia's around to stop her...

Loki goes for the pin.

ONE...

Mike Rolash: There'd be no kicking out of this one

TWO...

Th-Zach rolls his shoulder!

Mike Rolash: For fucks sake!

Jim Gunt: Well technically you were correct. Zach didn't kick out per se.

Mike Rolash: Oh shut up!

The frustration is growing, clearly masked upon Loki's face. She looks to end the match conclusively and put an end to the returning Philadelphian's momentum in the process by hoisting Zach up onto her shoulders, setting up for the Last Laugh. Zach won't be going out without a fight though, raining down a series of punches into the temple of Loki, who falters under the assault. The Game Changer drops down behind the Jagged Grin, forcibly turns her around and wails on Loki with a quick series of forearm blows...then a low left roundhouse kick...then a low right roundhouse kick. The strikes are coming in so hard and fast Loki is unable to muster a defence.

Jim Gunt: What a combo!

A spinning back sole kick to the guy has Loki doubled over, the opening Zach needs to extenuate his striking abilities and bring the combo to a strong finish with a switchblade kick right to the back of the head. Somehow Loki has wits about her enough to slowly roll underneath the ring ropes and drop out of sight at ringside. Zach takes a breather, his sudden come back sapping his energy, preventing him from capitalizing on the advantage.

Mike Rolash: Kids these days!

Jim Gunt: What willing to fight for what they believe in?

Mike Rolash: No. Not knowing when to stop!

Zach returns to form and realizes the situation that Loki is in, motioning to the crowd to build up the suspense and energy as he prepares for a high-flying attack on the gradually recovering Loki Synn.

Jim Gunt: How has this kid still got so much in him.

Zach rushes forward, summoning the strength to leap OVER the top ring rope with a tope con giro. CRACK! Out of nowhere Loki Synn brings a kendo stick to bear, bringing it down upon Zach's head before he can reach the apex of his leap. Zach falls onto the ring ropes and tumbles back down to the ring mats. Referee Trent Robbins, has no choice but to call for the bell and bring the match to its end via DQ.

Jim Gunt: God Damn it! We really need to clean up underneath the ring.

Mike Rolash: Now that's what I'm talking about.

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match, by disqualification...Zach van Owen!

Trent Robbins is there beside Zach in a heartbeat, getting in the way of Loki who attempts to re-enter the ring and continue her assault on her opponent, despite having just cost herself the match, an outcome she doesn't seem to care a single iota for. Instead, she's more interested in casing a massive beatdown on the young Game Changer.

Jim Gunt: Oh no, come on now. Another injury is the LAST thing Zach needs.

Mike Rolash: But the very thing we ALL need.

Heedless of the referee in her way, Loki swings the kendo stick once more. Zach pushes Trent Robbins out of the way. He arcs his back, bending backwards to evade the weapon attack in a style reminiscent of the Matrix. Loki is shocked that 1. Zach still had it in him to dodge her attack. 2. He seems unphased by her unmitigated malicious intent. She advances, but in the blink of an eye Zach has kicked the weapon out of her hands. Together they advance, nose-to-nose, staring each other down as more referees and the CWF security staff come to intervene.

Mike Rolash: No, don't stop them! Let them at it more!

Jim Gunt: Oh what. NOW you are excited to see Zach in the ring?!

## **Changing The Rules**

Match

Tensions begin to mount as Zach and Loki stare each other down, neither backing from the other. Security starts to swarm the ring but Loki finally laughs in Zach's face before backing off and heading out of the ring. She grabs a mic from one of the nearby stagehands as she makes her way to the back.

Loki Synn: Fine. Fine. You want to be a part of The Forsaken?! You want to be an "honorary member" and earn your spot?! Do you have ANY idea what you have done?!

Her voice quakes with every word getting more and more high pitched and psychotic.

Loki Synn: That's FECKING awesome. Good on you Zach! Welcome back! Where the FECK are my manners? So here's what we're going to do. You want a match against me? That's fine, name the stipulation and we'll meet again next week when you don't have the element of surprise.

Oh. And you accepting this match automatically binds the rest of your Forsaken into accepting the challenge I have already laid down before you decided to stick your nose where it doesn't belong. What's that saying? "One for all and all for one?" Hope you enjoy your tour back Zach attack. You just signed The Forsaken up for their complete and utter destruction by my hands.

Zach snags a mic from another stage hand as he goes to the ropes closest to where Loki is making her retreat.

Zach van Owen: You BET I'll be pressing the Continue button Loki! This is far too important to end on a disqualification! Loki versus Zach: Part Two happens next week Loki! You want to talk about turning up the heat?! So be it, we'll be meeting in an INFERNO MATCH!

The fans pop at the announcement as the two drop their respective mics to the ground, glaring daggers at each other. Loki pauses and points and laughs at Zach, nodding in gleeful agreement as Zach never flinches from her retreating form.

## **The Forsaken (Ataxia, Dorian Hawkhurst, The Shadow) vs. The Glass Ceiling (Duce Jones (c), Freddie Styles (c/c), Jarvis King)**

Match

Jim Gunt: Oh my what a match scheduled for next week! Loki Synn and Zach van Owen will meet in what I believe is a first for Evolution, an Inferno Match Mike!

Mike Rolash: The heat will definitely be turned up, and I can't wait to see that kid get what he deserves. And hopefully Loki Synn will be the savior that I've been praying for to get rid of that Forsaken scum!

Jim Gunt: Very strong words coming from you Mike.

Mike Rolash: You know how I feel about them Jim.

Jim Gunt: Well let's send it to Ray so we can get this six man tag team match started!

Mike Rolash: Are they seriously up next?

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the following is a Six Man Tag Team Match, and is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first!

CUE UP: "After Forever" - Mea Culpa

Ray Douglas: Making their way to the ring at a combined weight of seven hundred seventeen pounds! They are the team of "CWF Commissioner" Ataxia, "Demon of Sobriety" Dorian Hawkhurst, and The Shadow! THE FORSAKEN!

Jim Gunt: Not a word, Mike!

Mike Rolash: My lips are sealed.

Suddenly, the upbeat atmosphere in Nashville shifts, as "Broken Dreams" by Shaman's Harvest starts to play. A solitary spotlight illuminates the entranceway as the Glass Ceiling, Freddie Styles, Duce Jones and Jarvis King, emerge. The three are dressed to compete, and each wear their titles proudly on their shoulders. The three men meander to the ring, slowly, without a care in the world.

Jim Gunt: Here comes a group that has completely dominated CWF as of late Mike.

Mike Rolash: Yes! The Glass Ceiling are in the building Jimbo, and they're going to give those clowns everything they deserve here tonight.

King, Jones, and Styles all enter the ring, illuminated by the sole spotlight, and stand center stage. In unison, the three extend their right index fingers to the sky, meeting in the middle, bringing the lights back up.

Jim Gunt: Put your finger down Mike!

Mike Rolash: It's high time you get with the program, and recognize greatness when it's upon you idiot!

Jim Gunt: Did I ever mention how much I miss Chester?

Mike Rolash: That's too damn bad because you're stuck with the best commentator this business has to offer!

Official Clark Summits is finishing up his check on the Glass Ceiling members, finally calling for two men to start this contest, while instructing the other four to go to the apron. The Shadow is the man to step up first for The Forsaken as Duce Jones is the man to get things rolling for The Glass Ceiling! Summits soon calls for the bell, as both Jones and The Shadow begin to circle the ring, looking for an advantage against the other. The two men come to ahead in the center of the ring with a lock up, but it's the quicker Jones who ducks behind The Shadow, grabbing him with a rear waistlock! Lifting his opponent off his feet, Jones slams the Weaver of Dreams on his stomach, quickly transitioning to a front chin lock. Being technically sound himself The Shadow is able to quickly escape the hold, both men now back to their feet! Quickly going on the offensive, Shadow backs Jones up into the ropes with left and rights, however Duce ducks through the ropes, yelling at Summits to force his adversary back! Backing up, The Shadow raises his arms towards Duce, motioning for him to bring it.

Jim Gunt: Jones looking like he doesn't want any part of the Shadow right now!

Mike Rolash: Give him time man, Jones is going to give him a beating like no other!

Removing himself from the ropes, Jones charges full throttle at The Shadow, only to be slammed onto the canvas with a side headlock takedown! Holding on tight with the headlock, the Shadow has his head grapevined by the legs of Jones, forcing him to release his grip. However The Shadow manages to get his head free, hurriedly pouncing on Duce with another headlock. Jones transitions the hold into a hammerlock, The Shadow fast to a vertical base and ducking behind Jones, now having him in a rear waistlock, slamming him face down onto the mat! This time it's Duce who's able to roll through, quickly getting to his feet and slowly backs away from The Shadow.

Jim Gunt: The Weaver of Dreams right now is too much for Jones to handle!

Slowly reversing towards his corner, Jones keeps his eyes fixated on The Shadow as he tags out to King, Hawkhurst soon getting the tag from Shadow also. East Coast Excellence and The Demon of Sobriety now meet in the middle of ring, Hawkhurst going for a grapple, however King is able to avoid it, grabbing Dorian's arm and cinching in an arm wrench. Looking to have complete control, King taunts the Forsaken Demon with slaps to the back of the head. This only infuriates him though as he uses his brute strength to bring King in, dropping him to the mat with a shoulder block! Flipping over on the canvas, Jarvis King quickly back slides out of the ring!

Jim Gunt: Did you see the impact and the velocity of that shoulder block!? I don't Jarvis King knew what he was stepping into when he climbed into the ring with Hawkhurst!

Mike Rolash: Patience is a virtue Jim Bean, this type of matter takes time to fill out, The Glass Ceiling will pull it together.

With King on the outside looking in, Hawkhurst is at the ropes, telling Jarvis to come back in, but he wants no parts at the moment. Adjusting his singlet, he tells Summits to get Dorian back so he can reenter the ring. Finally abiding by Summits instructions, Hawkhurst back peddles, allowing King to enter the ring. However, upon entering King tags the hand of Styles, who now looks to try his luck against the Forsaken. As Styles enters the ring, Ataxia begins jumping on the apron, like a madman, reaching his hand towards Dorian for the tag!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia seems really eager to get inside the ring with the NEW Impact Champion, Mike!

Mike Rolash: As long as he keeps his shenanigans inside the ring, I'll allow it.

Big Hawk makes the tag to Ataxia, who springs into the ring, like a jackrabbit, quickly charging at Styles, who drops down to the canvas. Running over top, rebounding off the ropes, Ataxia ducks underneath a leapfrogging Styles! Bouncing off the opposite set of ropes, Styles drives his boots into the burlap sacked face of Taxi, dropping him to the canvas! The Nashville fans are booing furiously as Mr. Ballgame brings Taxi back to his feet, backing him into one of the neutral corners. A knife edge chop proves ineffective, the tuxedo of Ataxia blocking majority of the impact. Annoyed, Freddie perches himself on the middle ropes, grabbing a handful of burlap sack as he pounds Taxi's head with right hands! The fans choosing to jeer instead of counting along! Finally having enough, Ataxia drops down in the corner, escaping the barrage of fists from Styles, the burlap sack coming off in his hands!

Jim Gunt: Oh my God! He just unsacked Ataxia!

Mike Rolash: His face is hideous!

Jim Gunt: Hold on! I don't think that's his face!

Mike Rolash: This guy are sick..

Dropping off the ropes, Styles throws the sack to the side, backing up in disbelief as Ataxia sits there, smiling sadistically wearing a latex Aurora mask! Lost in his thoughts, Styles doesn't know how to react, Ataxia using the ropes

to get to his feet, and takes Freddie down to the canvas with a spinning heel kick! Ataxia quickly drops on top of Styles going for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Styles with the shoulder up! Bringing Styles to his feet, Ataxia drags him by his dreads towards The Forsaken corner, tagging in The Shadow. Wrenching the arm, the Knight in Burlap holds Styles steady as The Shadow comes in and takes wrist control, taking Mr. Ballgame down with a Russian Leg Sweep! The Shadow goes for the cover, hooking the leg as Summits slides in to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Duce Jones with the save!

Clark Summits admonishes Jones as he returns back to his teams corner. Bringing Styles back to a vertical base, he tags in Hawkhurst, together they whip Freddie towards the ropes, planting him into the mat with a Double Flapjack! Back to his feet, Dorian stomps down on Styles, who tries to find refuge in a corner. But this puts him at a disadvantage as the stompfest continues!

Jim Gunt: The mind games from Ataxia has really put Freddie Styles in a vulnerable spot!

Mike Rolash: Come on Freddie, get back in the fight.

With Styles now upright in the corner, Dorian sends him flying across the ring with a huge Biel Throw! Cheers ring throughout the arena as Hawkhurst looks to continue the onslaught. With a handful of hair, the Demon of Sobriety Irish whips towards the neutral corner, where Styles crashes hard! Dorian charges in behind him, going for a Body Avalanche, but the faster Styles ducks out of the way, causing Hawkhurst to collide with the turnbuckles, forcing him to a seated position. Hurriedly rolling towards his teams' corner Freddie tags the outstretched hand of Jones, who comes in like a ball fire, dropping a rising Hawkhurst with a Shining Wizard! He drops on top of Dorian for the pin, but Hawkhurst kicks out after one!

Jim Gunt: This might be the opening the Glass Ceiling were looking for!

Mike Rolash: I told you Jim, it was only a matter of time before these guys were back on top.

Now back to his feet, Jones mockingly kicks away at the head of Hawkhurst, infuriating the big man who quickly rises to his feet, swinging furiously at the Kid that Never Dies! The quicker of the two, Jones is able to dodge every attempt at a strike, soon catching Dorian with a shoot kick to the chest, spinning back fist, kick to the leg drops Dorian to a knee, followed by a D-Trigga! Choosing not to go for the pin, Jones tags the hand of Jarvis, Jones brings Hawkhurst to his feet, as King quickly tags the hand of Styles upon entering.

Jones connects with a boot to the gut, King charges in, planting Hawkhurst with a Spinning Neckbreaker! Jones follows up, rebounding off the ropes with a Flip Senton, Freddie meanwhile rushes the ropes springing off the middle rope, landing a Springboard Moonsault! He stays on top for the cover but both members of the Forsaken break the cover!

Jim Gunt: All hell has broken loose!

Summits has lost control as all six men have entered the ring, coming to blows like the heated rivals they are. The action quickly breaks as all six men pair up, Ataxia and Jones battle as King fights The Shadow, mean while Freddie has the upper hand! The non legal combatants soon fight to the outside as Styles and Hawkhurst continue to battle it out inside the ring. Dodging a lariat attempt, Styles nails Hawkhurst with a Pele Kick! Staggering backwards holding his head, towards his teams corner, a returning Shadow makes the blind tag, simultaneous with Freddie sandwiching

Dorian with a Styles Splash in the corner!

Jim Gunt: I don't think Freddie knows The Shadow is the legal man!

Looking to press the advantage Styles comes to a halt as "We've Had Enough" by Alkaline Trio blares through the speakers. Every member of the Glass Ceiling comes to a stand still, looking towards the entrance expecting Jace Valentine to make an appearance!

Mike Rolash: What's going on, I thought the Glass Ceiling got rid of that snake!

Freddie's attention is towards the stage area, waiting for Jace when he's suddenly rolled up from behind unexpectedly by The Shadow, Summits right there to make the the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: They did it! The Forsaken able to get the win over the Glass Ceiling!

Mike Rolash: What the hell just happen?

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners as a result of pinfall: THE FORSAKEN!

Freddie looks on in shock, not knowing exactly how to process the situation. The Shadow rolling out of the ring to join his brethren, Ataxia soon pulling a remote from his pocket, showing the now infuriated members of the Glass Ceiling, who come to the side of Styles!

Jim Gunt: Just when you thought The Forsaken were out of mine games, the pull a fast one over the Glass Ceiling!

Mike Rolash: That's blatant cheating Jim, how can you condone this?

Jim Gunt: If the shoe were on the other foot, you'd be singing the Glass Ceiling's praises. I say it serves them right.

Mike Rolash: We are here to do an unbiased job Jimmy, and right now you suck at your job. I'm going to the board for sure about this now!

Jim Gunt: Give me a break..

## **Prepare Package**

Match

Silas calmly enters the stage, the CWF production truck. He is calm and calculative as he approaches the man at the vision mixing desk. He places his arm on the man's shoulder, and observes the match that had just taken place.

Silas Artoria: One hell of a match, isn't it Culross?

A man near the vision mixer turns to Silas.

Mike Culross: Mr Artoria, you can't be here.

Silas Artoria: Why not?

Mike Culross: Because this is the production centre, and we have things to do! Can you please leave, your match is next.

Silas turns to the staff member, a man who wields influence over the presentation of everyone. He smiles, unfazed.

Silas Artoria: And what will happen if I don't leave? You'll portray me poorly? You'll cancel the match? Sweetheart.

He points to one of the monitors.

Silas Artoria: Your face is on the camera right now. The world can hear you, so you know who they are going to blame if the match doesn't occur?

He points to Culross.

Silas Artoria: You! You are world famous, more famous than you have every been! And regardless if you wanted it to be or not, you can now be a public hate figure. The people may hate me, but they craze seeing my ass getting beaten up, so you know who they are going to bla--

Mike Culross: What do you want, Silas?

Silas is a little taken aback.

Silas Artoria: Quite rude of you to insult the man whom is responsible for your paycheque.

He releases his grip on the poor vision mixer, and gives his full attention to Culross, whom was now starting to get a little nervous. Influencer or not, Silas wasn't known to hold back when it came to CWF staff.

Silas Artoria: Tell you what.

He places his arm on Culross' shoulder, smiling in a friendly, nonviolent tone, without even a hint of frustration or anger. Still, a ticking timebomb may or may not be present.

Silas Artoria: How about you play some commercials, or the Hellbound promotional video, and I'll head towards my match. You get your performance, I get my advertisements, and the people get their toilet break. That doable?

Culross is apprehensive. He shouldn't be taking orders from an independent contractor! How dare this athlete march into production and demand some control!

On the other hand, he also likes his ribs to stay intact, and so he sighs.

Mike Culross: Set Hellbound package on standby, going live in 10.

Silas lightly slaps Mike's face.

Silas Artoria: Wasn't too hard, was it?

He dashes towards the exit.

Silas Artoria: Thank you Mike! Remember that I don't have a match on next week! Bye!

A bang is heard off screen, as Culross rests his hands on his face.

Mike Culross: Christ alive, why did Jack find him.

Fade out.

## **Mariella Jade Flair (c) vs. Silas Artoria**

Match

Jim Gunt: It's been an incredible night so far, Mike - and we're just getting started! Sixty minutes to determine the CWF World Champion!

Mike Rolash: It's a crock. Silas Artoria was right - this match should be up in lights on the main stage of a pay per view! But we've seen how that goes before, he deserves a title shot, he secures the promise of one from Flair, she loses the belt at her next defense, and Silas Artoria is screwed again.

Jim Gunt: That's not how things went, Mike... why do I bother? Let's get on up to ringside.

The bell rings and the fans cheer as Ray Douglas holds the microphone up.

Ray Douglas: This next contest is a Sixty Minute IRON MAN match for the CWF World Championship! Once the clock begins, it will not stop for one full hour; the wrestler with the most decisions at the end of that hour will be the CWF World Champion!

Mike Rolash: And that'll be Silas!

Ray Douglas: Introducing first... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada...

CUE UP: "Arousal" - Mick Gordon

Jim Gunt: These fans are telling the challenger what they think of him.

Mike Rolash: Jealousy is an ugly beast, Jim.

Ray Douglas: Weighing in at two hundred twenty pounds... He is the challenger... The Psychotic Aristocrat... SIIIIILAS... ARRRRRRRTOOOOOORIAAAAAA!!!!!!

Fog fills the entranceway, along with a deep blue light. Slowly, a shape emerges, taking form as he passes through the cloud, and Silas Artoria stops on top of the ramp. He ignores the boos and looks over the crowd with his nose in the air, clearly considering himself above the commoners.

Jim Gunt: I'll say this for Silas - he appears to be confident.

Mike Rolash: Wouldn't you be? He just pinned the World Champion. It's the first time since January 15th of this year that Flair has been pinned in a one on one match. Why wouldn't he be confident?

Jim Gunt: I'm just saying, it's a short trip from confidence to arrogance.

Silas continues to disregard the voice of the people as he approaches the ring and his destiny. Walking up the ring steps with high - class dignity, he steps through the ropes and deftly avoids both Ray Douglas and referee Trent Robbins.

Ray Douglas: AND HIS OPPONENT...

CUE UP: "Smash the Control Machine" - OTEP

Jim Gunt: Listen to the difference!

Mike Rolash: Silas Artoria does not concern himself with the will of the herd.

Ray Douglas: From Warwick, New York, and weighing in at one hundred thirty pounds... The CWF WORLD CHAMPION... EMM... JAY... FLAAAAAAAAAIR!!!

The lights drop again, but this time a series of red and silver spotlights fill the entryway as the CWF World Champion steps through, hooded sweatshirt pulled up over her head and face, hands outstretched. She slaps as many fans as she can on the way down the aisle, but her focus remains on the ring.

Mike Rolash: Shameless pandering. When Silas Artoria is the Champion, you won't see that anymore.

Jim Gunt: We won't see a lot of things.

Mike Rolash: WHAT??!?

As MJ approaches the ring, she stops at the closest corner, and in one fluid motion unzips her hoodie, climbs from the floor to the top turnbuckle, and unhooks the belt from around her waist, holding it up from the top turnbuckle to a huge

ovation.

Jim Gunt: Trent Robbins calls these two into the middle of the ring, and we're going to get some instructions!

Mike Rolash: Look at the comparison. A gentleman, impeccably dressed, immaculately groomed - and some girl in a hoodie and a T-shirt. Which one looks more the part?

Trent Robbins: Ms. Flair, Mr. Artoria... this is a sixty minute Iron Man match. Whichever one of you has the most decision at the end of sixty minutes will be the CWF World Champion. A decision can be earned via pinfall, submission, countout, or disqualification.

Jim Gunt: That's a significant point Robbins makes: for purposes of decisions, a DQ or a countout are just as significant as a pinfall or submission.

Trent Robbins: If you're outside the ring, you have a ten count to return. I will count you out at ten. If you're asked to break, you have a count of five. I will disqualify you when I reach five. If I see someone not involved in this match attack your opponent, I will disqualify you. Do you understand?

Silas and MJ both nod.

Mike Rolash: It certainly nullifies the champions' advantage, Jim! When the World Championship is on the line the referee will typically let some things slide - like a five count or a countout - because of the stakes. That's not happening here.

Jim Gunt: Absolutely not! There we go, our official counter is on the screen, and we're just about ready to go! Robbins checks MJ for hidden weapons, and she hands over the Championship belt to him, which he brings to Silas for his check!

1:00:00

FLAIR        ARTORIA

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Jim Gunt: There's the bell, and MJ is handing her hoodie to a ringside attendant - WAIT A SECOND!

In the ring, Silas Artoria is admonishing Trent Robbins for 'manhandling' his expensive ring gear, but outside the ring, just as MJ Flair ducks under the top rope to hand her hoodie off to a ring attendant - but the second she ducks down--

Jim Gunt: LOKI SYNN! LOKI SYNN! LOKI SYNN JUST JUMPED OUT OF THE CROWD! SHE BROUGHT THAT SCEPTRE DOWN ON THE BACK OF MJ'S UNAWARE HEAD!

Mike Rolash: AND ROBBINS IS STILL TALKING TO SILAS! I LOVE IT!

Like a flash, Loki is back in the crowd, running through the people as quickly as she can, while MJ falls to the outside of the ring, holding the back of her head! Trent Robbins turns around at the sound of the fans' volume suddenly increasing, but he doesn't see anything.

Mike Rolash: Count, you bastard!

Jim Gunt: Loki Synn with a sudden shot at the exact right moment, and she's put the Champion at a marked disadvantage from the get - go! Normally, Silas Artoria would be outside, trying to send MJ back in for a pinfall, but like Trent Robbins literally just said, there's no difference in decision types for this match!

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: And here comes The Shadow!

Mike Rolash: He's got no business here! Get his ass out!

Jim Gunt: On the contrary, The Shadow and Silas Artoria have had some serious conflicts the past few months, and MJ Flair has become something of an ally - if not a friend - to the Forsaken!

SEVEN!

Silas Artoria paces impatiently in the ring, while MJ slowly pushes up to her knees. She feels the back of her head and pulls back a bloodstained hand.

EIGHT!

Jim Gunt: This is a travesty! The Shadow is finally at ringside and he's helping MJ to her feet!

NINE!

Mike Rolash: Oh, bullcrap! Interference is interference!

MJ gets one foot on the floor, but loses her balance as she tries to get back up.

TEN!

Jim Gunt: There's the bell! Damn it!

Mike Rolash: YES!

Ray Douglas: The winner of the fall, via countout, at fifty nine minutes and forty eight seconds remaining... SILAS ARTORIA!

Jim Gunt: Listen to these fans boo! They know what happened here!

Mike Rolash: A decision is a decision is a decision! You don't get to decide!

59:48

FLAIR        ARTORIA

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The Shadow helps MJ get back into the ring under the bottom rope as Silas Artoria leans in and begins to shout at him! Robbins cautions the Shadow to leave the ringside area!

Mike Rolash: He doesn't belong here!

Jim Gunt: No he doesn't, but neither did Loki Synn!

Mike Rolash: That's not relevant! Loki isn't teamed with Silas, and more importantly, she didn't get caught!

In the ring, Robbins continues to warn the Shadow to leave, while Silas leans over and spits in his face! RIGHT HAND BY THE SHADOW!

Jim Gunt: NO!

DING DING DING

Mike Rolash: YES!

Ray Douglas: The winner of the fall, via disqualification, at fifty nine minutes and thirty one seconds remaining... SILAS ARTORIA!

Jim Gunt: I think the realization of what's happened just hit The Shadow, and he shouts an apology and some encouragement towards MJ!

Mike Rolash: Too little, too late!

59:31

FLAIR      ARTORIA

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Right away, Silas rolls MJ onto her back and hooks her leg! ONE... TWO... THKICKOUT! The fans cheer at the fact that she's still got life in her after the sudden initial barrage, and the Shadow encourages her some more before he starts to leave the ringside area!

Jim Gunt: Can we get some security to ringside? The damage has been done, but we need to avoid any more if possible!

In the ring, Trent Robbins gives a cursory look to MJ Flair, but she waves him off and tries to grab the middle rope. She pulls herself up, but before anything else can occur, Silas wraps his arms around her waist and lifts her in a bridging German suplex! ONE... TWO... Flair twists out of it!

Jim Gunt: MJ Flair still trying to scramble to the ropes, she needs to be able to take a breather to clear her head!

Mike Rolash: There's no time outs! She wants a break, leave the ring for a minute or two and give Silas another few decisions.

Jim Gunt: I think he heard you, because Silas just brought a double axehandle down on the back of MJ's head! She sinks back to her knees, and he hooks her around the neck!

As Silas attempts to pull the Champion away from the ropes, she manages to grab the middle and hold on with an incredibly impressive grip. Robbins warns Silas to break, and he counts!

Mike Rolash: Ahhh, pull her head off. What's one disqualification when you're up by two?

Jim Gunt: And Silas breaks at four!

Mike Rolash: That kinda restraint is unbecoming of a Champion!

Jim Gunt: You know, that's exactly the wrong sentiment.

In the ring, Silas circles, shaking his head as MJ rolls back to her knees. He stops, looks at the blood on his hands, and kicks her in the ribs, dropping her down! She starts to push back up again and he kicks her again! Heel stomp on the side of her head, and he rolls her over for a cover! ONE... TWO... Foot on the ropes!

Silas pounds the mat with his fist, but pushes back and looks out into the crowd. The second MJ takes her foot off the ropes, he grabs two hands full of her hair and drags her to the middle of the ring over the protest of the referee, and he ambly walks to the ropes, takes a rebound, and lands a low angle dropkick square on MJ's ear as she pushes herself up to her knees again, and she lands on the mat!

Jim Gunt: Silas Artoria with another cover, and another last second kickout!

Mike Rolash: All she's got is the energy to kick out right now, he needs to capitalize and demolish her!

This time, Silas masks his frustration with not getting the decision by simply standing up and pulling MJ up with him, sending her into the corner. He lands a pair of fists into her stomach, doubling her over as much as she's able with her arms looped over the top rope, and he roughly jerks her head up by the hair.

Silas Artoria: Just give it up and save your dignity!

Jim Gunt: Silas mocking the Champion, and - SHE SPITS IN HIS FACE!

Mike Rolash: And he slaps her for it, as he should!

The fans boo at Silas' disrespect, and he sends her across the ring to the opposite turnbuckle - MJ REVERSES! She plants her feet in the middle of the ring and is able to send Silas chest first into the corner in her place, but her

unsteady stance remains as she falls to her hands and knees, unable to follow up!

When Silas hits the turnbuckle, he takes one step back and holds his chest, momentarily losing his breath. He spins around suddenly and stumbles into the corner, braced for a follow up attack, but a smile forms on his face when he sees MJ on her knees, breathing heavy. Silas walks towards her, slowly and deliberately, allowing the fans' reaction towards him to build. Again, he grabs her by the hair - but less violently this time - and pulls her to her feet.

MJ takes a swing! It flies wide right; her equilibrium is clearly off balance. Silas easily dodges and shoves her, laughing, and she lands on the mat again!

Jim Gunt: He'll pay for that!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, he looks like he's really suffering with his two fall lead.

Jim Gunt: We're barely ten minutes in, Mike! There's plenty of time for MJ Flair to come back!

Mike Rolash: Sure there is. She's almost walking - that's terrifying!

Sure enough, MJ reaches out for the ropes but appears to miss - she crumbles back to her hands and knees as Silas steps over her and puts a hand around her neck and pulls her up - MJ WITH AN UPPERCUT! Silas' head snaps back and he staggers backwards at the blow; MJ, using Silas in part to steady herself, had landed a solid shot, but again she is unable to follow through.

Jim Gunt: Good shot, MJ!

Mike Rolash: Be more biased, Jim.

Jim Gunt: You're one to talk, Mike!

Mike Rolash: I simply see the value in a change of scenery.

Jim Gunt: ...Right.

A clearly defined red mark is now on Silas' face; the result of MJ's last shot. He moves back in and quickly sends a boot into her shin, dropping her from her tenuous vertical base back to her knees. Silas quickly follows up with another double axe handle to the back of her head and she hits the mat again, though tangled in the ropes.

Mike Rolash: Here's a theory, Jim.

Jim Gunt: Hmm?

Mike Rolash: Loki Synn and Silas Artoria are working together.

Jim Gunt: That's interesting. They certainly weren't doing so at Wrestlefest.

Mike Rolash: It's a long game. They have a common enemy in the Shadow and the rest of the Forsaken, and as we saw last week, they both have an issue with Flair as the Champion.

Jim Gunt: I don't know, Mike... Silas Artoria certainly has that sort of deviousness - but Loki Synn so far has shown me that she has no interest in working with anyone else! I think it's more likely that Loki's earlier attack was one of opportunity - one that Silas simply seized on.

Trent Robbins counts MJ, but she's up to her knees by seven. Silas is on her as soon as one foot is on the mat, pulling her up and sending her into the ropes. Rebound, and a backdrop lands her right on her back! Another cover, ONE... TWO... THREEKICKOUT!

Silas looks shocked at the kickout, and he looks at Robbins with disbelief.

Mike Rolash: Dial it back, Silas! There's a long way to go before the bell!

He does not dial it back: Silas grabs MJ by the throat and pulls her up, choking her and backing her into the corner. Knee to the gut! Another! Uppercut catches MJ in the chin, and she's knocked out of the corner, and sinks to her knees across the middle rope! Silas puts a knee on the back of her neck and pulls on the rope!

Jim Gunt: Come on, this is ridiculous!

Mike Rolash: HE GETS A FIVE COUNT!

Jim Gunt: But enough is enough!

Mike Rolash: You're so biased.

Jim Gunt: ...

Mike Rolash: What?

Silas pulls MJ up again after Robbins calls for the break, and he spins her around and lifts her, and sends her into the ropes! Rebound, and a hard spinebuster puts her down! Cover! ONE... TWO... THKICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: She's still in this!

Mike Rolash: Even if she wasn't, it doesn't matter!

Once again, Silas climbs to his feet and pulls MJ up as well - to a kneeling position. He has her by the hair and looks out into the crowd.

Silas Artoria: Is this your Champion??

Jim Gunt: LOW BLOW BY MJ! SMALL PACKAGE! ONE! TWO! KICKOUT BY SILAS!

Mike Rolash: Where's the disqualification for that? Where's your impartiality?!?

Jim Gunt: Where's yours been through all of the shortcuts Silas has taken so far?

Mike Rolash: ...

Jim Gunt: Exactly.

Enraged by the sudden shift, though temporarily halted by MJ's assault, Silas rolls away and uses the ropes to get himself back to his feet. Across the ring, MJ shakes her head violently to try to clear her vision, and the back of her head is now matted dark red!

Jim Gunt: That's a head wound, Mike - so it's not gonna stop bleeding, and Flair has very thick hair so I have to wonder how much blood might've been lost already to start staining it red!

Mike Rolash: I'm pretty sure this match won't go sixty - eventually, she'll pass out and they'll have to award the title to Silas.

MJ pulls herself back up to her feet and looks towards Silas - they step towards each other and MJ fires a punch - Silas blocks! He fires one of his own and rocks the Champ! Another! A third! Clothesline sends her over the top!

Mike Rolash: This is how he got his first decision; this is a good move. Wait, what?

While Trent Robbins starts to count, Silas slips out of the ring and goes around to MJ on the floor, and starts to pick her up - MJ shoves him backwards into the ring post as she falls back to her knees, and Silas hits hard! MJ puts a trembling hand on the ring apron and pulls herself back in and under the bottom rope at Robbins' count of five!

Mike Rolash: What kinda coward takes a countout?

Jim Gunt: Do you really want me to answer that?

SIX!

Silas rolls over onto his hands and knees while MJ gets herself up and leaning in the corner.

SEVEN!

And the Challenger walks up the steps and back into the ring.

Jim Gunt: No countout for Flair, but I think she got something even more valuable - a few seconds of a breather!

Mike Rolash: You're probably right, Jim... so far this match has been virtually all Silas. It's futile, of course, but Flair needed some time to keep these idiot fans' hopes alive.

As Silas reenters the ring on the eight, he stares across the ring at the Champion. True to the commentators' prediction, MJ does not move to attack; instead, she remains in the corner, sucking down as much oxygen as she can.

Jim Gunt: It's a standoff! Who moves first?

Mike Rolash: Clearly, Silas is.

Jim Gunt: ... It was rhetorical at the time.

Indeed, Silas is walking across the ring towards the Champion, and her eyes look weary. However, Silas evidently overestimates the damage he's done so far, because he does not make any attempt at faking her out. He walks right into the corner and fires a right hand, but MJ does a quick dodge, grabs his wrist, and fires up at his shoulder with a forearm! Silas shrieks in pain as he backs up! MJ steadies herself and steps forward, but Silas kicks her square in the stomach, even as he's holding his shoulder!

Jim Gunt: Effective desperation move from Flair, even if she can't follow up it looks like she did some kind of damage to Silas' shoulder, and that could even the odds a bit!

Mike Rolash: That can't be overstated, Jim - depending on the severity it might take the Fall of Man out of his bag of tricks for the night! Damn it, why didn't he use it sooner?

Jim Gunt: Arrogance?

Mike Rolash: Shush your face!

Silas glances at MJ, down on her knees trying to catch her breath, and he leaves the ring of his own free will. He paces for a moment, like he's trying to psych himself up, and runs his shoulder into the ringpost!

Mike Rolash: ...gonna hurl...

Jim Gunt: It looks like Flair's shot to the shoulder was perfectly aimed, and dislocated Silas' shoulder, which he just fixed himself against the ringpost.

Mike Rolash: It's not the idea of it... it's the sound...

Jim Gunt: It'll give him full use of his arm again, but it's gonna be sore! Begs the question, Mike - with a two fall lead, does Silas favor the arm and play defense? Or does he burn it out and go for the killshot?

Mike Rolash: Smart money says he plays defense. Rolash money hates MJ Flair with a passion and wants to see her get killshot.

Trent Robbins continues to count, even though Silas is in no danger of being counted out: rules are rules. He gets to five before Silas starts to climb the stairs to return to the ring, and he turns around to shout at a booing fan! MJ FLAIR WITH A DROPKICK SENDS HIM BACK TO THE FLOOR!

Mike Rolash: Disqualify her! He was touching the ropes!

Jim Gunt: That horse has left the - oh, this isn't good.

In the ring, MJ is rolling around, holding her head.

Jim Gunt: Robbins isn't counting - he's checking on MJ. Can we see what happened?

A triple split screen shows Silas outside on the floor after landing awkwardly on his recently - reattached shoulder, MJ Flair in the ring being tended to by Trent Robbins, and a slow motion replay of Silas turning away from the ring to yell at the fans while MJ dropkicks him, but catches her foot on the top rope and lands on her head and shoulders on the mat instead of landing cleanly.

Mike Rolash: Just count her out, it's over.

Jim Gunt: Why doesn't he count Silas out?

Mike Rolash: He's taken a few shots but he's still in this. Head wounds are nothing to mess with.

Jim Gunt: That's a good point, Mike. I'm surprised to hear you so concerned with her.

Mike Rolash: What? Naaah. I just want to see her lose the title, but still stick around to get beat up on by everyone from the top down.

Out of nowhere, MJ explodes in a burst of energy, climbing to her feet with a jolt and steadying herself on the middle rope. She closes her eyes tightly in a brief glimpse caught by the camera, but she pushes back up to her feet in short order. Silas does the same outside as Robbins' count finally hits two, and he is favoring his arm as he gets himself up and in.

MJ with an explosion with a fist and a forearm, all attacking the injured shoulder the second Silas steps between the ropes! Robbins is on her from the start with a count, and she breaks on four, stepping back with her hands up. SILAS WITH A PUNCH STRAIGHT FROM THE FLOOR! MJ FALLS LIKE A TREE! COVER! ONE... TWO... THREEFOOTONTHEROPES!

Mike Rolash: I can't take much more of this!

Jim Gunt: Silas not taking his surroundings into account, with that injured shoulder he didn't hook the leg as well as he should've and Flair gets it over the rope!

Mike Rolash: Silas! Use your brain!

Jim Gunt: I think he was doing that quite well when he knocked Flair down, Mike! I think we're more or less on an even keel here, with each of these athletes having a weakness on their opponent that they can exploit.

Mike Rolash: Even with that, a head wound kind of trumps everything else.

Jim Gunt: No argument there.

Once again, Silas pulls MJ to her feet and lands a pair of forearms in her face to keep her nice and fuzzy. He grabs her by the arm and spins her around, sending her chest first into the corner, where he grabs her by the back of the head and slams her, face first, into the turnbuckle once, twice, three times! She sinks down, holding onto the top for dear life.

Jim Gunt: And Silas... Oh, that's uncalled for!

Silas looks at his bloody hand and grimaces, as he pulls MJ back up to her feet and wipes his hand off on her face! Cross corner whip, and he follows up with a clothesline that flattens her in the opposite corner!

Mike Rolash: And Silas holding his arm in pain! Ease up, man - you don't need to do this!

Jim Gunt: I think you underestimate him, Mike!

Mike Rolash: How so?

Jim Gunt: Silas Artoria currently holds a two - to - zero lead on the Champion, but they were a countout and a disqualification - both of which had little to do with him! In his mind - and I think he has a point - a win with this score would possibly have an asterisk next to it, where his Championship reign would be tainted with a 'Well, you won but not really' attached to it. I think he's been taking it to Flair the way he has because - and again, he has a point - if he can get at least one decision via pinfall or submission it would absolutely legitimize his win.

Mike Rolash: ... Way too much honor in that.

Once again, Silas stuns Flair with a pair of forearms to the chin, and he hooks her head for a suplex - and he sits her on the top turnbuckle!

Jim Gunt: High risk maneuver here, it looks like Silas Artoria is going for a superplex! This is a gamble for him, Mike - Flair has been dizzy and off balance ever since Loki cracked her head with that scepter, but she's shown surprising ring awareness and has been able to hold onto the ropes when needed. Can Silas pull her off with this superplex with his arm injured like it is?

As if on cue, Silas climbs to the middle rope and nearly loses his grip with the injury. However, he rights himself and hooks MJ around the neck again, and he tries to step up one more. Arm over the shoulder, he pulls MJ to the mat with a superplex!

Jim Gunt: She blocks it!

Mike Rolash: Take the falls you've got!

Silas tries to pull her off once again, but she holds on to the corner with her feet and Silas is unable to break her grip! He hammers her between the shoulder blades once, twice - but he's doing so with his good arm, and MJ SHOVES HIM OFF!

Jim Gunt: SILAS ARTORIA FALLS FROM THE TOP TURNBUCKLE TO THE FLOOR! HE GLANCES OFF THE RING STAIRS AND THIS IS FLAIR'S CHANCE!

Mike Rolash: FLAIR FALLS INTO THE RING! HAH! HAHHAHAHAH!

Trent Robbins has to step back as MJ Flair, a second after shoving Silas all the way to the floor, pitches forward, does a full somersault, and lands on the mat. Robbins steps to her side and begins to count. ONE.

Jim Gunt: This could be the break Flair needs to get back into this!

TWO.

Mike Rolash: Get up, Silas!

THREE.

MJ is on her back, hair in her face, eyes closed. She is not moving.

FOUR.

Silas, conversely, is moving - but not well. He looks like he landed hard on his injured shoulder and is rolling on the floor, holding his arm as still as he can.

FIVE.

Jim Gunt: What are you doing? Get back here!

Mike Rolash: Silas! You need a drink?

SIX.

Mike Rolash has stepped away from the commentary table, and he's offering a bottle of water to Silas Artoria, though the Psychotic Aristocrat has not yet seen him.

SEVEN.

Jim Gunt: This goes beyond partisanship, Mike! Get back here!

EIGHT.

Finally, Silas takes the water and drinks about half the bottle, pouring the rest over his face.

NINE.

And he becomes suddenly aware of his current state.

TEN!

Jim Gunt: Mike, that was unprofessional! And fruitless, because Silas Artoria was just counted out!

Mike Rolash: Was he, Jim? WAS HE? Looks to me like the Champion we're stuck with is still taking a little nap!

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, your attention please.

In the ring, MJ Flair is finally starting to stir a bit.

Ray Douglas: Referee Trent Robbins has counted Silas Artoria out of the ring --

HUGE pop from the crowd.

Mike Rolash: Ungratefuls.

Ray Douglas: -- and he has counted MJ Flair down for a ten count! He has determined this decision to be a draw--

And now they boo like crazy.

Ray Douglas: --and the official scorecard will remain two falls to none!

Jim Gunt: I think that might be the most fair thing Trent Robbins can do, but these fans are not happy about it!

Mike Rolash: They can stuff their sorries in a sack!

Jim Gunt: ...What?

Mike Rolash: You heard me!

Jim Gunt: However, during this time, MJ Flair finally got that extended breather she was looking for, and who knows what that'll do for her!

Trent Robbins continues to check on MJ in the ring, and during this time he is obviously not counting Silas Artoria out again; Flair assures him she can still continue, all the while Silas paces outside the ring, rolling his shoulder. Finally, Trent returns his attention to Silas and begins to count ONE...

Mike Rolash: You've got ten more seconds, Silas - use 'em!

Jim Gunt: All the while MJ Flair gets ten more seconds to recover her sense?

TWO.

Mike Rolash: ... Good point. Get in there, man!

THREE.

Silas seems to consider the two options, just as Gunt and Rolash are. He seems to settle on pacing the outside for the additional ten seconds he's been gifted, feeling his shoulder and assessing the damage.

FOUR.

In the ring, MJ remains on the ropes, steadying herself the best she can.

FIVE.

Silas windmills his arms, looking about ready to return.

SIX.

Jim Gunt: As we approach the halfway mark, Mike - if you're Silas Artoria, what's your game plan for the second half of this match?

Mike Rolash: Considering he still has a two fall lead, and considering Flair's been unable to really maintain any momentum so far? I stop trying for the noble pinfall you seem to have such an obsession over, and I hang back and play defense.

SEVEN.

Jim Gunt: It would certainly be the smart move, but the competitive fires that burn in Silas Artoria probably won't let him do so.

EIGHT.

Finally, Silas climbs to the ring apron, and again, he turns around to shout at the fans!

Mike Rolash: LEARN FROM THE PAST YOU FOOL!

MJ FLAIR WITH A SHOULDERBLOCK! SILAS ARTORIA FLIES OFF THE RING APRON AND LANDS ON THE ANNOUNCE TABLE! Gunt and Rolash both spring to their feet and back up - the table makes a very unhappy sound but it stays up!

Silas Artoria, unfortunately, can't say the same.

Jim Gunt: MJ Flair to the outside, and she sends Silas back into the ring! Unlike the challenger, the Champ is behind in this one, Mike, and she can't afford to hang back and play defense!

Mike Rolash: Hopefully that will involve her taking an unnecessary risk and having it all blow up in her face.

In the ring, Silas is down, but slowly getting himself up to his feet. MJ waits on the ring apron, holding on to the top rope as tightly as she can, clearly still feeling the effects of every attack that's hit her head tonight. Silas rolls backwards and staggers up - SLINGSHOT DOUBLE AXEHANDLE BY FLAIR! COVER! ONE... TWO... THREEKICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Silas barely gets his shoulder up, and I think MJ Flair has control in this match for the first time tonight!

Mike Rolash: Don't remind me!

MJ rolls through to her knees, and uses the ropes to get herself back to her feet. She watches Silas do the same, and she staggers around him to make sure she stays out of his line of sight. Kick to the shoulder, and Silas crumbles again! She drops a heel on the injured shoulder and scoops him once again - SMALL PACKAGE REVERSAL BY SILAS! ONE... TWO... THREEKICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: Stop playing with her, Silas!

Jim Gunt: He might've heard you, Mike! Silas climbs to his feet and pulls MJ up after him, and he's going for it!

Silas hooks MJ's head and loops her arm around, and he's pulling her up for the Fall of Man, but he can't hold on! MJ looks like she feels his grip wavering and she manages to slither out of it! DDT! Hook of the leg on the uninjured arm!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!!!

Jim Gunt: Listen to these fans going crazy, Mike!

Mike Rolash: MOTHER FU--

Ray Douglas: The winner of the fall, at twenty eight minutes and eleven seconds...

The entire arena announces it along with him.

Ray Douglas: EMM. JAY. FLAIR!

Mike Rolash: I hate these people!

28:11

FLAIR        ARTORIA

1     -     2

Jim Gunt: That's one, Mike - but MJ Flair still trails two to one!

Mike Rolash: This is when Silas needs to go with the old standard!

Jim Gunt: What's that?

Mike Rolash: Bend a chair over her face. Sure, you lose one by disqualification, but then you can pin her over and over again with impunity.

Jim Gunt: ...

Silas did not stay down for very long; he appears to have been just momentarily stunned. He looks up at Trent Robbins, however, to clarify what just happened. The challenger looks angry at the situation, and he lunges at Flair, who rolls away! He did not stop to get himself set so he moves a little sloppy, but MJ rolls backwards and to the side and is able to come off with a launching clothesline that drops him again! Cover! ONE... TWO... Kickout!

Mike Rolash: See? That was a fluke!

Jim Gunt: I'm sure that was a combination of surprise and immediate impact; that's hardly a fluke.

Mike Rolash: That's an alternative fact.

MJ pulls Silas to his knees by the bad arm and immediately twists him into a hammerlock, keeping the challenger down! She holds him in place with one hand while she hammers on his shoulder - Silas twists himself and drops her down with a takedown, but he can't follow up as he holds his arm flush with his body.

Jim Gunt: Again, it's the damage wrought on both of these competitors that will likely decide the match!

The second MJ gets to her feet, Silas lunges forward, driving his good shoulder into the small of her back. She staggers forward but can't stop herself from hitting the middle turnbuckle face first. Silas immediately grabs her ankle and pulls her away from the corner and covers! ONE... TWO... THREEKICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: Slow count!

Jim Gunt: It's the same count that's been made all night!

Mike Rolash: That one was slow!

Silas scrambles over to MJ and pulls her up again, but she knocks his hands away and lifts him with an inverted atomic drop! They move away from each other - MJ by falling backwards into the ropes and Silas by rolling on the mat in the opposite direction. She's off the ropes, and as soon as Silas climbs to his own feet he's floored again with a clothesline

that catches him by the neck! Cover! ONE... TWO... Kickout!

Mike Rolash: YEAH! Suck it, Flair!

She pounds her palm against the mat in frustration, but climbs to her feet unsteadily. Scoop and a slam on Silas, and Flair falls backwards into the ropes again! Flair moves quickly to the corner and climbs to the second rope, and an elbowdrop lands squarely on Silas' chest! Cover! ONE... TWO... KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: High risk maneuver paying off for the Champion, but she can't get the pin!

Mike Rolash: Then did it really pay off, Jim?

Jim Gunt: It landed, didn't it?

Again, she scoops her challenger, but this time Silas hooks his hands around her neck and drops down, slamming her chin against the top of his head on impact! She lets go and staggers backwards, and spits a bloody wad out onto the floor, much to the disgust of the front row fans!

Mike Rolash: Was that a piece of her tongue? Please tell me she bit her tongue off and can stop talking forever!

Jim Gunt: ...That's gross.

Mike Rolash: Like spitting a bloody thing isn't?

Jim Gunt: She's clearly been cut inside her mouth somewhere, but there's no need to speculate on the more scatological possibilities.

Blood smeared on her lips now as MJ wipes her mouth, she reapproaches Silas who fires a punch right into her face! MJ is able to deflect part of the blow, but she's still staggered. Another shot, and she's knocked backwards again! MJ with a wide swing, but Silas ducks underneath and hooks her from behind!

Mike Rolash: SNAPDRAGON! We know what's coming; off with her head!

Jim Gunt: Silas Artoria follows up that snapdragon suplex with the Guillotine, and he's off the ropes just as MJ starts to recover - DROP TOE HOLD BY MJ FLAIR!

Once again, Silas Artoria underestimates his opponent's reserves, and lands hard on his face as both athletes are down! Trent Robbins checks both of them, and begins to count!

ONE.

Jim Gunt: We've already seen one decision officially end with a draw in this match, will this be another?

TWO.

Mike Rolash: I hope not! Silas needs to pad his lead!

THREE.

MJ presses the palms of her hands into her eyes, but she's still on her back. Silas kicks the mat from his prone position on his stomach, showing some life but not much movement yet.

FOUR.

Jim Gunt: The fans are on their feet chanting for MJ! They want to see her retain the belt!

Mike Rolash: The fans are dupes.

FIVE.

Slowly, Silas pushes himself backwards onto his knees, but he's not up yet.

SIX.

Mike Rolash: Finish her!

SEVEN.

Silas pushes backwards again and gets his feet underneath him, and Trent Robbins stops the count with one competitor up. The Psychotic Aristocrat steadies himself on the ropes before turning his attention to his opponent.

Jim Gunt: MJ FLAIR KIPS UP! She's playing a bit of possum there!

Mike Rolash: Not quite, Jim!

Jim Gunt: And MJ does fall backwards into the ropes, but a surprising bit of fight still in this woman!

Flair gets to her feet on her own and steps forward, and she locks up with her opponent! Silas, with the height and weight advantage, manages to muscle her backwards, but MJ keeps her weight low and uses leverage to at least circle the two around the ring several times, neither of them able to get a decided advantage.

Jim Gunt: Silas with a knee to the stomach!

Mike Rolash: At this point, that's the smart money move.

The blow drops MJ to her knees, at which point Silas lifts her up by the neck with both hands, as Trent Robbins begins to count! MJ with a kick to the stomach of her own! Silas drops her but remains on his feet while MJ crumbles on landing.

Mike Rolash: Cheap shot!

Jim Gunt: At this point, it's a smart money move!

Mike Rolash: Don't even think about using my logic against me.

While the shot was enough to cause Silas to drop MJ, it is not enough to fully damage him and he drops a fist on top of her head, stunning her again! Silas hooks her head and pulls her up for a vertical suplex.

Jim Gunt: MJ REVERSES! SHE LANDS ON HER FEET BEHIND SILAS WITH HIS HEAD HOOKED! MORNING STAR!

Mike Rolash: NO!!!

Cover! ONE...

TWO...

THREE!

The fans explode, the audio can pick up Mike Rolash dropping his headset on the table.

Ray Douglas: The winner of the fall, at eleven minutes and forty one seconds... EMM JAY FLAIR!

Jim Gunt: WE ARE ALL TIED UP!

Mike Rolash: Don't remind me!

11:41

FLAIR        ARTORIA

2     -     2

Neither athlete looks particularly lively after the three count; the match is wearing on them and they scramble to opposite sides of the ring to give themselves some space. Silas Artoria, in particular, has his face twisted into a scowl,

shouting at his opponent, undoubtedly frustrated with himself over the early match opportunities he wasted in order to prove a point.

Jim Gunt: Silas with a running knee, he catches MJ on the forearms as she partly blocks the blow, and he's immediately following up with a forearm to the head! He's all in at this point, as both of these athletes will have to be!

Silas hooks MJ with a gut wrench suplex, and a cover! ONE... TWO... THREEKICKOUT! He yells something at the referee but does not waste any functional time, pulling MJ back up and knocking her back with an uppercut. Snapdragon suplex again, and he bridges! ONE... TWO... THREEKICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: Off with her head!

Jim Gunt: That Guillotine attempt backfired earlier, I don't blame Silas for trying to go for a pinfall instead of setting up for something else.

Mike Rolash: I do! I want her to get killswitched!

Once again, Silas scoops MJ and sends her into the corner - she reverses!

Jim Gunt: Reversal by Flair! REVERSAL BY SILAS! Flair is sent back into the opposite - SHE COLLIDES WITH THE REFEREE!

Mike Rolash: He planned that!

Jim Gunt: That doesn't even make sense!

Trent Robbins hits the mat, but he's rolling a bit, showing that he's not knocked out - just dazed. Even still, the impact blunts the force of MJ's whip and she stays on her feet! She turns back towards Silas - THUMB TO THE EYES!

Mike Rolash: If there's nobody to tell him no, is it against the rules?

Jim Gunt: MJ's vision is impaired, and Silas takes the opportunity to send her into the corner again, but he bends her down and drives her head into the ringpost! All of this will clearly put this match back in Silas Artoria's hands, but he needs a referee to make a count!

Mike Rolash: But the more damage he can do now, the better for me!

Jim Gunt: For you?

Mike Rolash: I put some money on this match... let's just say I now have three mortgages...

MJ now has a steady stream of blood dripping into her face, her hair almost completely saturated. Silas pulls her up and whips her across the ring, and he follows up with a football tackle style shoulderblock that should double her over - MJ STAGGERS OUT OF THE CORNER! SILAS HITS HIS HEAD AND BAD SHOULDER ON THE OPPOSITE RING POST!

Jim Gunt: Just like that, this match turns again!

Mike Rolash: I can't take much more of this!

Jim Gunt: You can't?

Silas slides out of the corner while MJ uses the ropes to guide her across the ring to the next corner, half walking, half crawling on her knees. On the other side of the ring, Trent Robbins is finally getting up to his own hands and knees after the hit he took.

Jim Gunt: We have all three people in the ring finally stirring, and it'll be a race to see who can capitalize first! It'll also be a race to see whether or not whoever capitalizes first will have a referee to take advantage!

Mike Rolash: This is supposedly an important match to the company, can we get a second referee out here?

Jim Gunt: MJ FLAIR CLIMBING THE CORNER! High risk moves have paid off for her tonight, and we saw her beat Colton Mace at Wrestlefest with a Van Terminator, will it happen again? And will Trent Robbins be there for the three count, or will we get another official out here?

Mike Rolash: Er... never mind, Ataxia - we can stick with Robbins!

MJ climbs to the top as carefully as she can, blood finally freely dripping from her head to the mat. She stands up and measures her opponent; Silas Artoria has turned around so he's facing her, in perfect position.

Jim Gunt: MJ JUMPS!

Mike Rolash: AND SILAS JUMPS!

The fans all rise to their feet in unison as MJ Flair's feet - first leap of faith meets with Silas Artoria's sudden rise from the mat. They collide in an awkward manner, both of her feet crashing into Silas' face as he is a hair too slow to block her, but his arms do press down on her shins, dropping her head and shoulders to the mat as he collapses next to her.

Jim Gunt: Champion down! Challenger down! Referee stirring! We're ticking away the minutes, Mike, but we've got no movement!

Mike Rolash: The Zebra is up, and he looks even more confused than usual.

Trent Robbins does look confused - he gets his bearings back and both wrestlers are down and out. The referee stands up, looks at the timekeeper, looks at the time, and does the only thing he can do.

ONE.

Jim Gunt: After all this, we're going to get another draw?

TWO.

Mike Rolash: That's a gyp.

THREE.

Jim Gunt: I don't know about that, Mike - both of these athletes have given everything they've got, and neither of them have anything to be ashamed of.

FOUR.

Mike Rolash: No, I mean a draw means Flair keeps the belt. Who thought that should happen?

FIVE.

Jim Gunt: I guess we'll have to get a ruling from Ataxia - if nether wrestler can answer the ten this close to the end of the match, will we go to overtime?

SIX.

Mike Rolash: Just give Silas the belt, I'll be happy.

SEVEN.

Jim Gunt: Was that movement?

EIGHT.

It is indeed movement; an arm lazily drapes over a chest, and Trent Robbins drops to the mat.

ONE... TWO... THREE!!!

...

...

Ray Douglas: The winner of the fall, at one minute, two seconds...

Everyone says it with him.

EMM... JAY... FLAIR!!!

Mike Rolash: NOOOOO!!!!

1:02

FLAIR        ARTORIA

3     -     2

Jim Gunt: With sixty two seconds remaining, MJ Flair takes a lead for the first time in this match!

Mike Rolash: Get the lead out, Silas!

In the ring, neither athlete is doing much movement. MJ pulls herself to the ropes and tries to raise herself to her feet, while Silas rolls over to try and do the same, but his weight collapses on his arm as his bad shoulder rears its head again.

Jim Gunt: These fans are deafening, Mike! Can Silas pull it together for one more decision?

Mike Rolash: If there's any justice in the universe, he will!

Finally, Silas gets to his feet and steps towards the Champion! MJ gestures to him to 'just bring it' - but as she steps towards him she stops, and she stumbles to one knee! Blood is freely pouring out of her head at this point!

Jim Gunt: The blood loss has finally caught up to her!

Mike Rolash: THERE'S NO TIME TO WASTE!

Silas understands immediately, and he scoops her up, reversed from his prior attempt!

Jim Gunt: FALL OF MAN!

Mike Rolash: DO IT TO IT!

DING DING DING DING DING

Mike Rolash: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!!!!!!!

In the ring, just as Silas is about to hook MJ's leg, Trent Robbins taps him on the shoulder and shakes his head, and the Psychotic Aristocrat's face falls!

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the time limit has expired! The winner of this match, with a score of three decisions against two... and STILL CWF WORLD CHAMPION...

Jim Gunt: Incredible performance by both athletes, but even still...

Ray Douglas: EMM... JAY... FLAAAAAAAAAIR!!!!

Silas Artoria, spent, rolls out of the ring without another attack, argument, or dirty look. He paces on the floor for a few seconds before he begins to walk back up the ramp, oblivious to the bevy of applause he's receiving from the fans on both sides.

Jim Gunt: Trent Robbins hands MJ Flair her World Championship, and I don't know that she can make it back to the locker rooms by herself, we may need to get some medical help! Still, after sixty grueling minutes, she has managed to hold onto the CWF World Title against a very tough competitor in Silas Artoria, and now you know her focus is going to be laser locked on Loki Synn!

Mike Rolash: One way or another, she'll get hers.

In the ring, Robbins helps MJ to her feet and raises her hand in victory. After a few seconds, MJ points down the ramp towards Silas and applauds, a gesture of respect to her antagonist.

Jim Gunt: We'll keep you updated on the condition of these two athletes in the days to come, but for now, for Ray Douglas, Mike Rolash, and the rest of the CWF, my name is Jim Gunt - good night!

Cut.

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite