

# Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 32

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**Promotion:** Championship Wrestling Federation  
**Date:** October 4, 2018  
**Location:** Broadbent Arena — Louisville, Kentucky

## Results

### Outlaw

Match

IN FIVE... FOUR... THREE... TWO... ONE...

CUE UP: "Run Like Hell" - Kittie

We get slow - motion replays, complete with voice over from Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash from Evolution 31, showing Loki Synn cracking a kendo stick over Zach's head, overlaid with Loki cracking her heavy metal scepter over MJ Flair's head.

Fade into The Forsaken, from early in the evening, segued to the brutal fight with the Glass Ceiling, segued to The Shadow rolling up Freddie Styles for the three count. In the background, still translucent but taking up most of the screen, is Loki Synn on one side, Zach van Owen - with an out of control blaze in the farthest background.

Fade into Silas Artoria dominating MJ Flair, segued to MJ Flair dumping Silas from the top turnbuckle, segued to the leap of faith Van Terminator that led to the deciding pinfall of the Iron Man match.

And as MJ Flair holds up the World Title in the foreground, the mid-ground shows Loki and MJ face to face with the CWF World Title belt between them, and, all the way in the back, in the shadows like a pair of puppet masters... James Milenko and Colton Mace.

Morgan Lander(V/O): YOU BETTER RUN...

Fade to black, cue up a HUGE explosion, and the CWF Evolution logo fills the screen! It slowly dissolves to the thousands of fans in the Broadbent Arena in Louisville, KY, as the camera pans the crowd looking for the craziest of all with the signs to match.

"BURN THE WORLD, LOKI"

"READY PLAYER ZACH"

"MJF = IRON WOMAN"

"FRANDS DON'T LET FRANDS THREATEN FRANDS"

And we land on Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash, standing in front of the commentary table, microphones in hand.

Jim Gunt: WE ARE LIVE FROM LOUISVILLE, AND THIS IS THE FINAL STOP BEFORE HELLBOUND! My name is Jim Gunt, joined as always by Mike Rolash, and we are Bound for Hell!

Mike Rolash: I'm already in hell, Gunt! Flair survived the Iron Man last week with the CWF World Championship! It's okay, though - one more week and Loki Synn is gonna finish the job!

Jim Gunt: Loki will certainly get her shot at Hellbound, but before that she'll be facing off against Zach van Owen tonight in an Inferno match! Will she even make it to Hellbound?

Mike Rolash: Oh, she'll make it. Zach won't!

Jim Gunt: That also remains to be seen, Mike! Zach has the Forsaken in his corner while Loki Synn was aimed at the

CWF by James Milenko and the legacy of Hostility! Things are coming to a head here! Kicking things off, however--

CUE UP: "Smash the Control Machine" - OTEP

Mike Rolash: I agree, kick her off!

There's no waiting; MJ Flair steps through the curtain in street clothes with the CWF World Title belt over her shoulder. She stops at the top of the ramp and waits a moment, flashes the fans a smile, and starts to walk.

Jim Gunt: Even you have to give her credit for winning that Iron Man match, Mike - especially after suffering a concussion in the opening seconds!

Mike Rolash: I concede nothing.

Jim Gunt: You're hopeless.

MJ slaps a few hands on her way to the ring, mixing in a few fist bumps and hugs when she sees some younger fans. She keeps her head away from the crowd, however, possibly still aware of her prior injury.

Finally, she gets to the ringside area, where she does a lap and retrieves a microphone from Ray Douglas. The music dies down as she enters the ring, but the fans continue to cheer "EMM JAY EFF!" when she tries to speak.

MJF: Well, that was fun, wasn't it?

They continue to cheer.

MJF: So I wanted to have a match tonight for you guys... but as you saw in the opening seconds, I had myself a mild concussion thanks to Loki Synn. I might be stubborn, and I might power through most injuries, but I don't mess with my brain.

Mike Rolash: That's because--

Jim Gunt: Do you really wanna try it?

Mike Rolash: ...

MJF: Here, can you see?

She gestures to the handheld camera on the ringside steps, and he moves closer. MJ tilts her head down and pulls her hair aside in the back, showing a bit of stitching. After a few seconds of a close up, she raises her head and fixes her hair.

MJF: Twenty two stitches and a fuzzy brain, but I've still got this.

And she holds up the title belt to a huge pop.

MJF: And that means... Loki... I'm comin' for ya.

Another pop.

MJF: But I don't just wanna beat you, Loki... you've raised the bar on that. And I don't wanna give you the opportunity t'repeat what happened last week. You and me. Hellbound.

Dramatic pause.

MJF: No countouts, no disqualifications.

Jim Gunt: Whoa!

Mike Rolash: She's just... handing the belt over! I love it!

MJ looks into the camera again, and she smiles.

MJF: I said it the moment I stepped into this company almost a year ago... I am my father's daughter. And you're about to find out what that means.

The fans pop again at the mention of MJ's legendary father, and she pauses for the "EEEEEEELIIIII" chant for a few seconds.

MJF: But beyond that, I have to give props to Silas Artoria.

A bit of a pop, but more a buzz of confusion.

MJF: Silas, you're a pompous, entitled ass... but you hung in there for a full hour. You had a two falls lead almost from the start, but instead a hangin' back and playing defense, you kept on going, even before you had to.

She leans on the top rope.

MJF: I never thought I'd say this, Silas... but you've earned my respect. And I hope you get your ass back here soon.

The Champ stops and applauds, and a decent amount of fans join her.

MJF: Beyond that -

She gets interrupted by "Welcome Home" by Coheed and Cambria.

Mike Rolash: It's about time!

The fans boo like crazy as Jaden Rishel enters the arena, microphone in hand. He ignores the boos, waving to them as if he's receiving a hero's welcome.

Jaiden Rishel: Blah... blah... blah. You're really gonna waste time talking about some crazy bitch and a never-will-be? Typical... that's how you hold onto undeserved Championships. A real Champion wouldn't be messing around with Silas Artoria... a real Champion would give Colton Mace what he's due - a return match for the CWF World Title!

He starts to walk towards the ring.

Jaiden Rishel: Unless you're scared, Flair. And I don't blame you; you're pretty much only the Champion until Colton Mace gets his due.

Pulling away from the outstretched hands of a few fans, Jaiden stops at ringside.

Jaiden Rishel: But you're not a coward, are you? So let's end the charade and give Colton what you owe him.

Finally, he enters the ring and stares at MJ, but unlike his serious glare, she wears a smirk that is almost amused.

MJF: What?

Jaiden pauses. He was clearly not expecting that.

MJF: You tell me Colton Mace is 'owed' a return match? Are you kidding?

Laughter from the fans, righteous indignation from Jaiden.

MJF: This belt here, Jordan?

Jaiden Rishel: Jaiden!

MJF: Whatever.

She holds the belt up.

MJF: Colton Mace never... ever... had ownership a this title. Colton Mace is owed... nothing.

Jaiden Rishel: Colton Mace--

MJF: Shut your mouth.

She steps towards him, and Jaiden takes a tentative half step backwards.

MJF: Colton had his shot, and he lost. Ataxia told you that you needed to talk to Loki about her shot, and you blinked. You're runnin' outta credibility by the gallon, Rishel... so I'll make it easy for ya.

And she holds the belt up again.

MJF: Colton Mace wants me to be generous enough to grant him another shot? He nuts up and asks me himself.

MJ returns the belt to her shoulder.

MJF: So, go run along and deliver the message... because this is the first, last, and only time I'mma let you leave on your own two feet.

Jim Gunt: MJ lays down the verbal smackdown!

Mike Rolash: Someone needs to teach her a lesson.

Jim Gunt: Feel free to try, Mike!

Mike Rolash: .....No thank you.

Jim Gunt: We'll be right back!

**??? vs. ???**

Match

Jim Gunt: So there we have it, our Hellbound main event between MJ Flair and Loki Synn will be a no countout, no disqualification match, which just adds to the intensity our next PPV is going to have, aptly titled Hellbound!

Mike Rolash: That is the stuff nightmares are made from!

Jim Gunt: What, Hellbound?

Mike Rolash: No, Flair winning!

Ray Douglas: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest will determine the stipulation for the Paramount Championship match at Hellbound!

The Kentuckian crowd applauds the announcement politely.

Ray Douglas: Both Jarvis King and Harley Hodge have selected a representative. The winning representative's superstar will get to choose the stipulation for their match at Hellbound, whereas the runner-up's superstar will get a mystery briefcase, the contents of which are unknown to all!

Mike Rolash: A mystery briefcase? Seriously?

"Cowboy" by Kid Rock begins playing and the Louisville crowd rises to applaud the appearance of the down-on-his luck cowboy. As the camera settles on the curtain, it opens, revealing the CWF's original high-flying cowboy Kemsey Ramsey! Ramsey smiles widely at the crowd and tips his hat as he makes his way down the entrance ramp.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, representing Harley Hodge in this match! From Dallas, Texas, and weighing in at 244lbs, this is KEMSEY RAMSEY!

Mike Rolash: Seriously? This guy again?

Jim Gunt: Well, I have to admit that I sort of agree with you, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Wait, what?

Jim Gunt: I'm as surprised as you are...but a broken clock is right twice a day.

Ramsey ambles into the ring and runs the ropes a bit as his music begins to fade.

Jim Gunt: The fact is, Kemsey Ramsey hasn't had a particularly successful renaissance here in the CWF. It's possible that Harley Hodge made a mistake here, choosing a representative who can't get the job done.

"Broken Dreams" by Shaman's Harvest hits, as the lights around the Broadbent Arena go out, save a single spotlight at the entranceway. The song builds to its chorus, and out step two men – Jarvis King, and a mysterious masked man.

Mike Rolash: Wait...could it be?!

Ray Douglas: His opponent, representing and accompanied to the ring by Jarvis King! From Parts Unknown, and weighing in at 230lbs – PSYCHO NINJA!

Mike Rolash: IT'S THE NINJA JIMBO!

Jim Gunt: Give me a break.

Mike Rolash: GO NINJA, GO NINJA, GO!

The camera settles on Kemsey Ramsey's face, who looks like he's seen a ghost, as King and the Ninja walk down the ramp. The two men stop part-way down the ramp, extend their right arms and point towards the sky in the salute of the Glass Ceiling. The lights come up, and Jarvis slaps the Ninja on his back, Ninja making his way to the ring while King makes his way to the commentary booth.

Mike Rolash: OH YES! Not only do we get the long-awaited return of the Psycho Ninja...but now I finally get someone in the booth with me who has some talent!

Rolash excitedly shakes Jarvis King's hand as the Paramount Champion takes a headset and takes a seat, ignoring Jim Gunt's offer of a handshake.

Jim Gunt: Jarvis King, good to see you.

Jarvis King: Wish I could say the same, Jake.

Jim Gunt: It's Jim.

Jarvis King: Whatever.

The bell rings, and Ramsey and the Ninja begin circling each other, neither man looking to make the first move. Ramsey goes in first, however he's stymied and stopped by Psycho Ninja, who busts into a crane pose!

Mike Rolash: BRILLIANT!

Jarvis King: I know how to pick 'em, Mike.

Ramsey pulls up and looks at his opponent inquisitively for a moment, allowing the Ninja the chance to grab a quick side-headlock. Ramsey attempts to get free, but the Ninja wrenches on the hold, managing to hold on tight. Eventually the Texan manages to back the Ninja into the ropes, and attempts to shoot him off. The Ninja holds on tight once more, however, and is only forced to move a few steps before he has control of the side-headlock once more.

Jim Gunt: Okay, Jarvis. Enough fun and games. Who's under the mask? Freddie or Duce?

Jarvis King: What do you mean? Freddie's got a match against Old Man Hodge later this evening and Duce is taking on our dear commish! This is the genuine Psycho Ninja!

Jim Gunt: Yeah, I don't believe it for a second.

Ramsey pounds the mat with his foot in frustration, but manages to pivot and position his body in such a way as to get

a bit more control before managing to arc back with a side suplex! Ramsey somehow manages to maintain the bridge and holds on for a pin!

ONE!

TWO!

No!

Referee Clark Summits is in perfect position to see the Ninja manage to roll a shoulder out. Ramsey is quick to his feet, looking to press the small advantage that he has, but as he advances on his opponent, the Psycho Ninja has himself rolled up in a perfect ball.

Mike Rolash: I mean...absolute brilliance. Where did you find him, Jarvis?

Jarvis King: It was a treacherous trip, Mike. Parts Unknown is really rough this time of year.

Ramsey advances on the Ninja, trying to roll him around and get a pinfall, but no matter how he does so, one of the Ninja's shoulders remains off the mat.

Jim Gunt: Well, it is really a brilliant move from Freddie Styles; there's no way for Kemsey Ramsey to pin him.

Jarvis King: Fre—Mike, how do you put up with this guy week to week?

Mike Rolash: It's really a miracle Jarvis. I've been trying to get a raise for years.

Jarvis King: You deserve one!

Mike Rolash: Thank you! That's so sweet.

Jim Gunt: You two are making me sick. Cover!

Indeed, as Ramsey does his best to get a cover out of the Ninja, it is the Ninja who manages to cover Ramsey, rolling him up with a quick small package!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!!

Ramsey manages to get out of the hold, but as he gets to his feet he's caught with a rising knee strike, which knocks him for a loop. Ramsey hits the mat, butt-first, with a foggy look on his face. The big Texan tries to shake the cobwebs free as his opponent makes his way to the corner and begins fiddling with the top turnbuckle pad!

Mike Rolash: So, Jarvis, what are you going to choose as your stipulation?

Jarvis King: Well, I've given it a lot of thought...and I figure that it'll be a Non-Title Match!

Mike Rolash: Brilliant! I love it!

Clark Summits is having none of this, and admonishes The Psycho Ninja for tampering with the turnbuckle. The referee manages to get himself between the Ninja and the turnbuckle, and he begins to re-lace the pad onto the corner.

Jim Gunt: Well, it was only a matter of time till Freddie Styles would take this sort of short-cut.

Jarvis King: I told you, it's not Freddie!

Jim Gunt: Oh no!

Summits seems to be struggling with the buckle, but he's soon interrupted as Ramsey comes flying in. Ninja, having ducked out of the way at the last second, avoids the impact, and the Texan comes crashing into the referee with all of

his weight. Summits crumples to the mat in a heap as Ramsey looks at him, horrified.

Jim Gunt: Referee Clark Summits has gone down!

Jarvis King: And about time. If you gentlemen will excuse me...

The headset clunks on the table as The Icon takes it off and slides into the ring, slithering behind Kemsey Ramsey. The Texan, much more concerned with the downed ref, doesn't realize that King is there until he's grabbed, arms clasped around his chest, and then arched backwards!

Mike Rolash: STRAIGHTJACKET SUPLEX!

Jim Gunt: This is disgusting.

Jarvis cackles loudly as the Louisville crowd boos his villainy. King points to Ramsey's lifeless body and barks at the Ninja to make the cover...but The Icon is instead caught with an inverted DDT from the Ninja!

Jim Gunt: Wait a minute!

Mike Rolash: What the hell?!

The Psycho Ninja gets to his feet, along with the Louisville crowd, who is cheering his mutiny heartily. The Ninja stares down at King, who is writhing in pain, before he climbs to the top rope.

Jim Gunt: Good lord, could it be?

The Ninja flips from the top rope, twisting backward and splashing his back against King's midsection!

Mike Rolash: WHAT THE HELL?!

Jim Gunt: THE FLIGHT OF THE ANGEL!!

King, in obvious pain, rolls out of the ring out of pure instinct. For his part, the Psycho Ninja grabs Ramsey's lifeless arm, and drapes it overtop of his chest. Referee Summits, barely conscious, crawls to the pinfall and counts!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell rings, and "Cowboy" plays as the Ninja bails out of the ring. The crowd, confused but excited, is cheering as Jarvis King manages to pull himself to his feet and look out at the Ninja.

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match, Kemsey Ramsey! Therefore, the wrestler with the right to dictate the stipulation for the Paramount Title match at Hellbound, Harley Hodge!

Almost on queue as Douglas makes the announcement, the Psycho Ninja reaches up to his mask and takes it off, revealing The Accelerator himself!

Mike Rolash: Aw, son of a bitch!

At Hodge's insistence, a stage-hand quickly rushes over with a microphone for The Accelerator, who accepts it and taps on its top three times as Ramsey's music cuts out.

Harley Hodge: Hoo boy. Congratulations Kemsey. Hell of a match...Now, as for you Jarvis...I figure that when we hook up at Hellbound, we gotta make sure that it's like tonight...

Just then, a locked locker room door is shown – obviously that of King's compatriots – on the CWF Tron.

Harley Hodge: No distractions from your boys. And since you're all about ceilings these days...why don't we have a

match inside of a cage with a ceiling and do this thing inside of a cell!

The crowd goes wild at this suggestion as King seethes in the ring.

Harley Hodge: See you at Hellbound, Jarvis.

Hodge flips the microphone like a cocky lead-off batter as "Evenflow" starts up.

## **And We Shall Dance Again**

Match

Jim Gunt: A Hell in a Cell at Hellbound, what a great fit and what a way to kick off this show with this great announcement!

Mike Rolash: He cheated his way into this!

Jim Gunt: If it would have been Jarvis, you'd have called it normal!

Mike Rolash: Normal on this show is just a setting on the washing machine for the tights.

Jim Gunt: Why are you so uptight?

Mike Rolash: It's October...and Ataxia is the commish...do you honestly think we're not due for some weird shit.

Suddenly the lights flicker and we hear the familiar maniacal laughter of our esteemed commissioner.

Jim Gunt: You brought this one yourself.

Mike Rolash: I didn't say his name three times! He does work on Beetlejuice logic right.

Ataxia: Shhh...no talking in the movie...

Mike and Jim turn to see Ataxia sitting on the guardrail behind them with popcorn.

Mike Rolash: God I hate you...

Ataxia: Why are you calling me god? Do you wanna get on your knees and get all missionary on me...

Jim Gunt: Pffftt...

Mike Rolash: That's sexual harassment!

Ataxia: No that's blasphemy. You can't harass something no one ever wants to touch. Junior Mint?

Mike Rolash: I have half a mind...

Ataxia: That's generous. Now shut up. The movie is starting...

Jim and Mike turn to the tron as the lights go out.

Mike Rolash: If he touches me I swear...

Ataxia: Pshh...I'm cuddling Jim. You smell like sadness and broken condoms.

Jim Gunt: ...meh...

We cut to the tron to see black and white film footage as we pan around what looks like a graveyard from a nineteen fifties b-movie. We stop right in front of an open grave and we see Ataxia on the screen.

Ataxia: Alas poor Yorick...seriously who names their kid Yorick...I mean it's the second worst name you could name a kid...other than Danny B! That's right you fiendious fanatical fappening far sighted frand! You and I have some unfinished business...and in the spirit of Halloween and irony I have decided upon how we're going to finish this Daniel

Bee...

Ataxia holds up a shovel.

Ataxia: That's right...You and I are going to get cremated...

Ataxia scratches his head for a moment.

Ataxia: Wait that's not right...Oh yeah! You've accused me of playing favorites. You've talked shit about my booking ability when we all know that your tenure as commissioner was...how shall we put it...deader than Mike Rolash's sex life.

We pan up for a second and see the headstone on the grave says "Mike Rolash's Sex Life". We quickly pan back down as the audience keeps laughing. Ataxia winks at the camera.

Ataxia: So you and I...we're going back to where our old dance restarted. That's right bitch. Buried Alive! And this time...if we tie...we're both gonna get a dirt nap...AHAHAHAHHHHAHHHA!!!

We pan out as the dirt starts to fall into the grave and we cut back to ringside as Ataxia is sitting on Jim Gunt's lap, and Mike Rolash is absolutely infuriated.

Ataxia: This suit is fabulous...whose your tailor.

Jim Gunt: His name is Bernie and...

Mike Rolash: GET. OUT!

Ataxia: You think he's mad about the sex life joke?

Jim Gunt: Was it a joke?

Ataxia: Touche...

Mike Rolash: We have a show to do...will you two act professional...oh my god...I just told them to act professional...I'm the layabout...This is such bullshit!

Ataxia: Talk to you later Jimbo...Karaoke later...don't bring the thousand year old virgin okay? AHAHAHAHAHA...

The lights flicker and Ataxia is gone.

Jim Gunt: "The Ripper" versus "The Messiah Pariah" goes another round with a Buried Alive Match...This card is shaping up to continue the epic confrontations from Wrestlefest!

Mike Rolash: Danny...I know we aren't the best of friends...but bring a cement mixer...let's make sure he stays in the dirt.

## **Quiet Meditation**

Match

The Jumbotron shows Azrael sitting on a bench outside of the arena, overlooking the Kentucky State Fair grounds where the horses practicing for the upcoming Breeder's Cup. He is able to see the Louisville Cardinals football team practicing, doing their walk through for the upcoming game against the Georgia Tech Yellow Jackets. His posture is very rigid, his eyes are closed, and his hands are folded in prayer.

Emily: Mr. Azrael, Mr. Azrael.

Emily's Mom: Emily, please leave the man alone.

Azrael: I don't mind ma'am. The youth are just inquisitive and innocent. What can I do for you Emily?

Emily: Dangerous Dan was one of my Dad's favorite wrestler's and he is now one of mine. I'm scared that you are

going to send him to his death.

Azrael: Emily, I do not send people to death. I do not kill anyone. I just help their soul's get to the afterlife. I help the people who are left behind deal with the loss of their loved one. Do you remember when your Grammy passed away, and how sad you were?

Emily: I still am sad. I miss her greatly.

Azrael: Of course you do. You loved her with your whole body. She misses you too. Do not worry, one day, when the time is right you will see her again. But I was there helping you and your mom through that time. Do you remember finding that rose bush in the woods behind Grammy's house after her funeral? Do you remember how happy you were when you saw that flower and how now every time you see a rose, you think of your Grammy? It was me that guided you there, because I knew the comfort it would bring you.

Emily: I love roses and you are right, they make me think of Grammy. When I feel sad, I look at my rose book and it makes me feel better.

Azrael: I am glad. You see that is my job. I take care of people. I don't hurt them. As for Dangerous Dan, I will only do what I need to do to help him get over whatever loss he is suffering from.

Emily: So you are like a doctor and make the ouchies of the heart go away.

Azrael: Exactly young lady. You go and enjoy the show. Continue to be the kind caring loving person you currently are. You will do great things for a great number of people.

Emily: Thank you. I will root for you going forward, but I can't tonight, not against Dangerous Dan.

Azrael: I understand. Have a good time.

Emily's mom: Thank you for your time. Sorry for the interruption. And thank you for not pushing your religion on us.

Azrael: It was no bother. I know how sensitive that subject is, especially for your family. Everything is going to be good, just stay strong.

## **Why So Serious?**

Match

Azrael politely shakes the hands of Emily and her mother, smiling at both of them. The scene soon switches from true peace, to the chaotic sounds of banging coming from behind the door of the Glass Ceiling locker room. Duce and Freddie pound furiously away at the door, hoping for any chance of escape. Suddenly a "Fridge" Flint led security team are seen rushing in, the second in charge carrying an axe.

Jim Gunt: It looks like the Aces are finally about to be set free Mike!

Mike Rolash: Thank the heavens! They could've expired from lack of oxygen!

Jim Gunt: Lack of oxygen? Do you even think, before you speak?

Mike Rolash: Ten times out of ten... Nope!

With mighty strength, the guard knocks the lock off with one swing! The door soon bursting open as the tag champs storm out infuriated.

Duce Jones: Mane what kinda fuckin shit was dat!?

Freddie Styles paces left to right, behind his tag partner, trying his best to calm himself. The security team give both men their space, Jones suddenly turning towards his partner, slapping him on the shoulder.

Duce Jones: Tonight bruh! I want y'ta beat tha shit outta dat old muthafucka!

Freddie Styles: Consider it done!

Duce Jones: F'sho, right now, I gotta see why my baby mama not answering her phone.

With a nod, both men go their separate ways, Jones pulls out his cellphone, and proceeds to dial a number. Placing the phone to his ear, he keeps walking down the hallway, waiting for a response, but there is none to be found. Cursing under his breath, Jones looks at the phone in confusion. He dials the number once more, and listens intently for an answer. As he keeps going, the expression on his face, turns from one of concern to one of excitement, due to the fact that none other than the commish, Ataxia who has murder written within his eyes, walks into the scene. With an eerily calm tone, he speaks.

Ataxia: What's wrong Douche, you seemed worried?

Duce Jones: Naw.. I'm good..

Ataxia: You sure? Usually you are of...two minds on everything...you seem more...conflicted than usual.

Duce Jones: I'm good mane, just ready t'put these knees in y'life. Maybe bring tha old you back..

Ataxia: A naive idea from a ignorant cunt of a wannabe man. No...I do hope everything in your personal life is going well. I'd hate for something tragic to befall you. After all...we don't want you to lose...

Ataxia gently brushes Duce's shoulder.

Ataxia: Focus...now would we.

Duce returns the gentle brush of Ataxia's shoulder.

Duce Jones: Why so serious bruh, me and my personal life is one hunnit.. As for you my frand!! Can you say tha same?

Ataxia: Oh...you're worried about me? How cute. No worries Mr. Imposter. I'm just fine. It's not like some cunt of a human being and his friends decided to try and wreck my world a few weeks ago. It's not like I could just snap a mother fucker's neck any god damn time I wanted to and walk away from all of this because no one knows who I really am. No bitch...I'm just fine. You see. Tonight...I get you all to myself. Well...almost all to myself. After all...with you...it's never really a singles match is it? If you look up your name in the dictionary it does reference Handicapped a lot...Stay sharp as a butter knife douche...hehehe...ahahaha...

Ataxia starts to walk off laughing.

Duce Jones: Must've been somethin' I said...

Duce goes back to his phone, pressing the dial button, placing the phone to his ear as we go back to ringside.

## **Autumn Raven vs. Dynamite Dynamo**

Match

Jim Gunt: I am still amazed by the difference in Azrael!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, I am still not sure what I think of him...

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

"Bouncing Off The Walls" by Sugarcult hits over the speakers and Dynamite Dynamo rides out on roller wheel sneakers from the locker room to the ring, through the locker room he does many jumps and flips over equipment boxes and fist bumps various backstage staff. He rides out to through the gorilla position to the stage and down the aisle way high fiving fans on both sides then goes all around ring side high-fiving and fist bumping fans, the ring

announcer, the bell keeper, the commentators then he stands on the barricade and jumps to the ring apron next flinging himself into the ring with a front flip followed by multiple headstand front handsprings, a springboard leap frog and a Tiger Mask/ Daniel Bryan style corner backflip to the center of the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Denver, Colorado....DYNAMITE DYNAMO!!

Jim Gunt: Here we go Mike, the debut of the DDT-TNT.

Mike Rolash: Did this goofball really just ride out here on rollerskates?

Jim Gunt: No, they're roller wheel sneakers.

Purple lights shine around the top of the ramp, fog rolling around it as the beginning lyrics of "Somewhere in Hollywood" by Sixx A.M. start to play, the CWF Tron displaying a purple outlined black raven with her name fading in over it.

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

As the guitar riff starts up, the purple lights start to flicker like a strobe light as Autumn slowly walks out from the back, coming to a stop at the top of the ramp. She glances out at the crowd with a smirk on her face as she starts down the ramp slowly.

"What the hell,  
This ain't no way to treat the living dead  
Is this something from a novel that you read  
It's time to cut the cord and say goodbye  
Cause it's the only thing that hasn't happened yet  
And when it does I wished we'd never met  
I did the best I could."

The Beautiful Psychopath walks around the ring, glaring at the fans sitting at ringside before sliding under the bottom rope and leaping to her feet, giving the crowd a smug smile.

"The sun is shining  
But everything's dying  
Your stars burned out for good  
Somewhere in Hollywood  
I swear it's only  
Cos you be my lies  
Guess I'm misunderstood  
You were my deadlihood"

Autumn Raven runs to the corner turnbuckle, climbing to the second one, taunting the crowd, as she flings her arms out to the sides once again before climbing down.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Los Angeles, California, she is....AUTUMN RAVEN!!

Jim Gunt: Here we go, Mike, the debut of Dynamite Dynamo. Let's see how DDT-TNT fares against the woman who at times feels like she's become CWF's punching bag as of late, Autumn Raven.

Mike Rolash: Autumn has been talking for weeks now about how she is trying so damn hard to change her fortune, but

tonight it is time to let her actions do the talking.

As Clark Summits brings both competitors to the center of the ring, Dynamo immediately raises a gentlemanly hand for Autumn Raven to shake. When she does though he swipes it back, instead taking a hand into his tights and pulling out a joint, laughing as he attempts to light it. But Autumn slaps it right out of his mouth! The sold out crowd briefly laugh as the bell is finally rung, Dynamite showing immediate anger from the loss of his joint.

Mike Rolash: That's marijuana abuse, Jimmy!

Jim Gunt: Oh I suppose you're now a weed smoker as well, huh?

Mike Rolash: No way, I only do it medicinally!

Leaning way down to try to reach the lost joint, Dynamite Dynamo makes himself prone to attack and Autumn hurries to snap into action. She pulls his head into place and runs up the ropes, twisting around to plant him with a nice Tornado DDT! The crowd starts up an "AUTUMN!" chant which makes her smile briefly before dragging Dynamo over to the corner, raising her boot up to stomp him several times in the shoulder and neck area. She waits until he gets to his feet and goes right after that left arm, pulling him right back down with an arm drag into a wrench. The much bigger Dynamo is able to get up and throw Autumn off of him however, backing up as he looks to go for a Big Splash in the corner. But meets nothing but the turnbuckle pads as Autumn moves just in time! The Beautiful Psychopath waits until Dynamo staggers out of the corner before she uses his own momentum to pull him down into a rollup pin.

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO!

Jim Gunt: Dynamite still has a little life left in him Mike, but if he hopes to make an impact here in CWF he is going to have to put a little more effort in!

Mike Rolash: Maybe he's just going up against an absolutely frustrated spitfire in Autumn Raven tonight, the way she's looking I don't even think I would want to be in the ring with her.

Jim Gunt: And why would you want to be?

Mike Rolash: Bra and panties match?

Jim Gunt: Oh you would look fantastic in bra and panties.

A-Ray goes to lift up Dynamo but he uses his length build to shoulder block her in the ribs, unlucky for him though he used the same left shoulder that was already damaged earlier. The pain can be seen as he rolls his arm back and forth, the time loss enough for Raven to get back to her feet and leap up to spin kick the head off of Dynamite! The big man falls into the ropes but Raven will not let him rest, instead sending him hard into the other ropes with an irish whip, CORKSCREW RIGHT INTO HIM! Autumn sends herself into him like a missile!

Jim Gunt: Dynamite is hurting, this is the moment Autumn has been looking for!

Mike Rolash: You're damn right, she looks like she's about to pick up her first win in months!

Using that same type of homing missile like accuracy, Autumn Raven stops clicking her boot off the canvas and moves in fast. CLAW OF THE NIGHT! The Superkick spikes Dynamite in the injured left shoulder and brings him down like a sack of bricks. Autumn smiles at the screaming cheers from her fans, hurrying to drop down however to go for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And here is your winner by pinfall....AUTUMN RAVEN!!

"Somewhere in Hollywood" hits once again and Autumn rolls off the cover on Dynamite, the big man shaking his head as he comes to and rolls out of the ring, but the crowd giving their attention to the Beautiful Psychopath as Clark Summits raises her arm into the air.

## **A celebration is in order**

Match

Autumn grins, standing in the middle of the ring, staring out at the crowd with that crazy look on her face. She has the microphone held up to her mouth, but she isn't saying a word, merely taking in the reactions of the crowd for as long as she can.

Autumn Raven: Right now, I don't know whether to laugh or cry. I mean, did you see that...wonderful match between MJ Flair and Silas? What a show stopper, eh?

She chuckles, doubling over as she laughs.

Autumn Raven: I'm not interested right now in my match, I'm more interested in the fact that Silas...isn't...here! He's gone, he's somewhere in a hospital or a mental asylum licking his wounds after getting his face kicked in by Flair. He's not here pissing anyone off, plus he's not here to give me shit.

The crowd roars, clapping and cheering.

Autumn Raven: He was sooo confident in himself, in his ability to prove that his win over her previous wasn't a fluke at all. He wanted to prove it to all of you out there that he could 'hang' with the champ one more time...for 60 minutes...just to prove that single point to himself. He did, I'll give him that, but even the simplest of creatures can break.

She pauses, letting out a satisfied sigh.

Autumn Raven: Break he did. He collapsed and was whisked away, far away from the halls of CWF. He was feeling the effects of that match far more than he let on. He didn't want to collapse in front of everyone, god no. Because that would make him less than a man than he already is. I guess the bastard bit off more than he can chew...

With a satisfied look on her face she drops the microphone and lets herself fall onto the mat, rolling out of the ring. As she walks up the ramp she slaps some of the outstretched hands of the fans after her victory. Before she has a chance to go too much further though a familiar voice rings out over the sound system.

Loki Synn: Speaking of biting off more than you can chew.... Not ONCE did I hear you say anything remotely like, "Thank you Loki for being the beginning of the end of Silas Artoria." I'd expect a bit more recognition than THAT...

Autumn pauses her photo ops with the fans as she listens.

Loki Synn: No matter. You did me wrong and now, you shall repay in full. I don't know if you know this or not but...

With that Tobias Devereaux comes from no where and blasts Autumn with a superkick to the side of her head! Autumn goes down hard and Tobias stands tall over her as Loki's voice rings out amongst the chorus of boos.

Loki Synn: I have "frands" too...

With Tobias standing over an unconscious Autumn Raven, the camera cuts backstage.

## **A Word with the King**

Match

We cut backstage, where Jarvis King stands next to Tara Robinson backstage. The Paramount Champion has the title on his right shoulder and is holding a briefcase – his consolation prize from earlier in the evening – in his left hand.

Tara Robinson: Jarvis, just a short while ago, you were tricked by...

Jarvis puts his hand up, stopping Robinson from continuing. He takes the microphone from her, and pushes her off-screen.

Jarvis King: I'm getting sick and tired of the nonsense around here. Last week, nonsense leads to The Glass Ceiling losing a match that we deserved to win. This week, nonsense lead me to lose my chance to name my stip against Old Man Hodge.

King adjusts the Paramount title and takes a deep breath.

Jarvis King: Tonight is the beginning of the end of the nonsense. Ataxia, you will pay the price for your nonsense when you go one on one with Duce Jones. See, he's going to put the boots to you for making us out to be fools last week. Harley, you're going to pay the price for your nonsense tonight against Freddie Styles. Freddie is going to make you pay for that little stunt you pulled earlier tonight...and if you manage to make it to Hellbound, I'm going to make you pay, Hodge. I'm going to make you pay for the nonsense of you believing that you have a shot against me. Because I am The Icon, East Coast Excellence, Jarvis J. King. And you will bow down.

King tosses the microphone aside and walks off. Tara Robinson, having caught the microphone, shuffles into view.

Tara Robinson: Jarvis – can you tell us what's in the briefcase?!

No answer comes from King. Robinson shrugs.

Tara Robinson: Well...Evolution rolls on.

## **See You in Hell**

Match

The picture cuts to Blake Church standing backstage with The Shadow, who is sitting on top of one of the equipment crates.

Blake Church: Mr. Shadow, you're facing off against Jimmy Allen and Tobias Devereaux later today, together with Dorian Hawkhurst, how do you prepare for a match with someone that is brandnew in the federation?

The Shadow: You don't. Sure, you study as much as you can find of your opponent, which with Jimmy is easy to do, especially since I wrestled him before, but for someone that you've never seen you have to go with the flow and see that you can read his movements and his actions.

Blake Church: Are you afraid that the heated atmosphere between Jimmy and Dorian might interfere with the match?

The Shadow: Oh I don't have a shadow of a doubt that it will. But that's the lay of the land. Especially as it is just the precursor to them meeting one on one at Hellbound.

Blake Church: Speaking of Hellbound, we already have three crazy stipulations, MJ and Loki no countout, no disqualification, Ataxia and Danny B Buried Alive, Harvey and Jarvis in a Hell in a Cell, do you have any plans for your match?

The Shadow: To win.

Blake Church: I get that, but other than that?

The Shadow: Well, it had not been announced yet, but last week I met with our Commissioner and let's just say that Harvey and Jarvis won't be the only ones making sure that nobody will be able to disturb their little tete-a-tete...

Blake Church: Are you saying that--

The Shadow: Exactly that... And maybe Ataxia will have room for a second plot after our match is done...

Blake Church: Ooh, that is some strong statements here tonight, any last words?

The Shadow: Yes, Silas - see you in hell...

Fades.

## **Azrael vs. Dangerous Dan**

Match

As we cut back to ringside, Mike Rolash is just caught stuffing a hot dog into his mouth, pausing as he sees the red light coming on like a deer caught in the headlights. With a quick motion he chucks the half eaten hot dog behind him, hitting a fan smack in the face.

Jim Gunt: The King is not happy! Right Mike?

Mike Rolash (still chewing): Amd why woub he be? He'sh getting shrewed weft, wight and shenter!

Jim Gunt: He made this bed, now he has to lay in it. And the big news are just rolling in with Tobias Devereaux in league with Loki Synn and attacking Autumn Raven and then of course The Shadow and Silas also meeting up in the cell, this is shaping up to be one hell of a pay-per-view in two weeks' time, coming from Detroit, Hellbound could even surpass Wrestle Fest and that is a tall feat, isn't it?

Mike Rolash: Wook-- (he swallows) --look, Ray!

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

“ONE FALL!”

The lights fall, a fog rolls in and an orchestra version of Metallica's "One" begins, as a spotlight illuminates Azrael in a white cassock, with a pair of purple intersecting stripes. He slowly descends from the ceiling, arms outstretched, feet crossed and face to the heavens.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, making his way to the ring, from Parts Unknown! The Archangel of Death - AZRAEL!

Jim Gunt: Azrael has been able to truth things around here lately, with his new demeanor. But recent CWF signee, Christer Lundmark has planted a target firmly on his back.

Mike Rolash: Not to stray away from what you're talking about, but doesn't this guy know it's not safe to descend from the rafters?

As he gently reaches the earth, he pulls his hands in and bows his head before gliding into the ring.

Jim Gunt: Seems like he has things under control.

Mike Rolash: Eh, I still say the guy has a death wish.

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"

Ray Douglas: His opponent, from Smithville, Tennessee! Being accompanied to the ring by Crazy Chris! He is one half of the Danger Boiz! DANGEROUS DAN!

Jim Gunt: Here's a duo that I'm happy to see back in Championship Wrestling Federation. The Danger Boiz are back and have put the champs on notice, stating that they're going for their third reign with the tag titles.

Mike Rolash: I mean, they can try, but the Aces are guaranteed to bring them crashing down to reality.

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, who then makes his way to ringside.

Jim Gunt: Do you think we'll have any outside interference during this matchup Mike?

Mike Rolash: You never know these days, CWF has become volatile these days. Especially when you add in the factor that Lundmark has taken Az out every chance he's gotten. Add along to that, that the champs have become unpredictable as of late. I mean anything could happen.

With both combatants inside the ring, senior official Trent Robbins calls for the bell. Both men circle the ring before meeting in a tie up, jockeying for position, it's the taller Azrael who wins the battle, backing Dan into a corner. Quickly releasing the grapple, the AoD begins to fire right hands into the skull of Dangerous Dan. With nowhere to escape to, Dan is saved by Robbins who begins the mandatory five count. Having no choice, Azrael lets up off the assault, giving the Dangerous One breathing room and also time to begin a barrage of right hands of his own, backing Az up to the opposite corner!

Jim Gunt: I wouldn't say both men need a win, but getting the victory here tonight would be good for morale.

Mike Rolash: Morale? Are serious? It's all about that paycheck! The winner always walks away with the biggest take.

Pulling Azrael out of the corner, Dangerous Dan goes for an irish whip - reversal by the Archangel of Death, as Dangerous Dan crashes back into the corner that was just occupied by Az. Charging in, Az catches a back elbow to the jaw that sends him reeling back. Looking to capitalize, Dan climbs up to the top rope, but a fast recovering AoD is right there, shaking the top rope, causing Dangerous Dan to land gut first across the turnbuckle pad, his face catching the ring post, soon tumbling down to the apron, his final destination the floor!

Jim Gunt: The Archangel of Death causing Dangerous Dan to crash and burn badly! I hope he's alright!

Mike Rolash: Damn, that looked painful. But know Dan's a high flyer and all, but he might need to consider staying grounded for the rest of this match.

Crazy Chris quickly runs to his brother's aid, checking to see if he's okay. Dan assures him everything's fine as Az is outside the ring, picking him up off the floor by his shirt and pants, rolling him back in the ring, where he goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Plotting his next move, he begins to bring Dan up to his feet. Finding energy from somewhere, Dan reaches behind to fire fists into the mid section of Az as Crazy Chris and the Louisville fans cheer him on! But Az puts an end to that with a headbutt! Grabbing Dan by the arm, an irish whip is reversed, the Archangel of Death crashing hard into the corner! Bouncing off the turnbuckles, Azrael goes for his patented lariat, but it's evaded by Dan who lays Azrael out with a lariat of his own!

Mike Rolash: Where is he finding all this fight from?

Jim Gunt: Mike you know just as well as I do that, Dangerous Dan is a highly decorated season veteran in this sport. You should never count him out!

Mike Rolash: Did I touch a nerve?

Jim Gunt: Ugh.

Crazy Chris begins banging on the apron, yelling for Dan to get up, the KFC Yum! Center soon supporting him in encouraging the Dangerous One! Being the first to his feet at the count five by Trent Robbins, Dan tries to collect himself, Azrael now to his feet going for another lariat attempt, which is dodged yet again. Rebounding off the ropes, Dangerous Dan takes the AoD down to the canvas with a flying forearm! Getting back to his feet quickly, Azrael is knocked down by another flying forearm shot to the face! Backing Az to the ropes, Dan goes to whip him across the ring, but Az reverses, only to be taken down to the mat again, thanks to a flying clothesline from Dan!

Jim Gunt: Didn't I tell you Mike? You can't count Dangerous Dan out!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, yeah...

Groggily getting to his feet, Az is caught off guard by a charging Dan with a SWINGING NECKBREAKER! Dan goes for the back press, hooking the leg of Azrael as Robbins slides in to make the count, the Louisville fans counting along!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Now fired up, the Danger Boi brings Az to a vertical base, whipping him into the corner, he quickly follows up with a running forearm, dazing his opponent! Grabbing a hold of Azrael's head, Dan pulls out of the corner, going for a bulldog, but the AoD reverses, using his size and strength to lift Dan off his feet, carrying him towards the nearby ropes. Azrael bounces the legs of Dan off the top rope, going for a Catapult Backbreaker! However it's the Dangerous One, who proves his elusiveness, twisting his body and managing to hook the head of Az, sending him sliding under the bottom rope with a tilt-a-whirl headscissors!

Jim Gunt: Nice reversal by the former Impact Champion! He looks to have Azrael right where he wants him!

Mike Rolash: I'm telling you, bad move Dan!

The fans are to their feet, as Dan gets set to take flight! Using the announce table, Az is vertical as Dan bounces off the ropes, he comes full steam in Azrael's direction, looking to sail through the ropes with a Suicide Dive! But it's Azrael who's putting an end to that with a big right hand that slumps Dan across the middle rope!

Jim Gunt: Oh my!

Mike Rolash: Told ya..

With a sinister look in his eyes, Az hooks Dan for a suplex, with the Dangerous One's feet hanging from the ropes. Az uses brute strength to throw the lighter Dan back first into the announce table!

Jim Gunt: I'm beginning to wonder how much more will Dan be able to endure.

Mike Rolash: Nah Jimbo, have that same energy from earlier.

Crazy Chris looks on with concern for his older brother as Azrael picks Dan up off the floor and tosses him inside the ring, hurriedly following behind him. Opting not to go for the pin, Az brings Dan to his feet, swiftly lifting him onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry position. Sensing the danger he's in, Dan is able to wiggle to free, falling behind the AoD. Spinning around, Az tries to grapple Dan, who uses the last ounce of his quickness to avoid him, sprinting towards the ropes! Now springing off the middle one, Dan twist towards Az, grabbing his head, spinning him down and spiking his head into the canvas with a Tornado DDT!

Jim Gunt: THE ARCHANGEL OF DEATH JUST TOOK A DANGEROUS PATH! THE MOVE DOESN'T KEEP HIM DOWN THOUGH AS HE'S BACK TO HIS FEET! DAN WITH A BOOT TO THE STERNUM! TWIST OF FATE!

Mike Rolash: And he's back.

With the Louisville fans and his younger brother all cheering him on, Dangerous Dan has Azrael right where he wants him, as he slowly makes his way through the ropes and to the apron, looking to scale to the top rope. Taking a moment to rub his aching back, he sluggishly makes his ascension to the top!

Mike Rolash: He just won't learn huh?

Jim Gunt: His name isn't Dangerous Dan for nothing!

Now perch on the top rope, Dan stands fully upright, before he comes crashing down, straddling the top turnbuckle, the entire KFC Yum! Center feeling his pain! Seizing the moment, Azrael swoops in, pulling Dan from the ropes and onto his shoulders once again. Without hesitation this time, the Archangel of Death spikes Dan face first into the canvas with a cutter as the Louisville fans are mixed on how they feel about what just happened.

Mike Rolash: DANGEROUS DAN JUST EXPERIENCED HIS FIRST SOUL SEPARATOR! IT'S ACADEMIC!

Jim Gunt: Real cute, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Any jackass can do it.

With certain victory on the horizon, Az flips Dan over, hooking his leg for the cover, Trent Robbins sliding in to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Trent Robbins signals for the bell as Azrael gets off Dan, allowing Robbins to raise his hand in victory.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, by pinfall: The Archangel of Death - AZRAEL!

The Louisville fans are split on their feelings for Azrael, who soon makes his way out of the ring, and begins to head up the aisle. Meanwhile, Crazy Chris has made his way inside of the ring to check on his fallen brother.

Jim Gunt: Dangerous Dan gave all he had, but in the end, it was another surprising victory by Azrael.

Mike Rolash: He says he was reborn, and the way he's been rolling around here lately, in starting to believe him.

## **Tried So Hard**

Match

Crazy Chris helps his brother to his feet, as Azrael backs his way up the aisle. Coming to a halt at the top of the stage, Azrael poses for the crowd as the crowd gives him a much better response this time.

Jim Gunt: Love him or hate him, you have to respect the new direction that he's been heading in lately.

Finally done playing to the crowd, Azrael turns to make his way through curtains, only to speared down to the stage! The Louisville fans boo, as the culprit, Christer Lundmark, slowly rises up off the Archangel of Death!

Jim Gunt: Lundmark with the blindsided attack on Azrael!

Mike Rolash: Christer Lundmark just went biblical on his ass.

Standing over the body of his fallen foe, Lundmark raises his fist and lets out a dominant roar. The boos ring out louder throughout the KFC Yum! Center as "Ali Bomaye" by the Game blares throughout the arena as the tag champs make their way through the curtain cockily. Lundmark eyes both men, as he makes his way back through the curtain. With a mic in hand Duce Jones surveys the scenery, before bringing the microphone to his lips.

Duce Jones: Well... I guess since tha new guy wanna make a statement. Tha champs figured we come out here and make a statement too.

Inside of the ring, the Danger Boiz watch on intently as the motormouth of the Aces continues on.

Duce Jones: I guess y'had t'much fun during ya lil vacation. I mean, c'mon Dan y'couldn't get tha job done against Az? Like..we're talkin' bout the 'Angel of Apathy'. Y'tried so hard bruh. Seriously you two think victories over Raven and TBD grant y'all shots at tha champs? Be real...

Now being handed a microphone by Douglas, an exhausted Dan responds back.

Dangerous Dan: The two of you are a disgrace to those championship belts. And come Hellbound, Chris and I will be leaving, your NEW CWF Tag Team Champions!

Duce Jones: Heh, sounds good.. Tha only thang, tha two of y'all beating, are y'dicks.

Dangerous Dan: Tough words for two cowards, who still stand all the way up there. Why don't y'all come down here and make true on those words.

The crowd cheers as the Aces consider the offer.

Jim Gunt: We might not have to wait till Hellbound, Mike!

After final consideration, Duce drops the mic, him and Styles making their way down to the ring, sliding inside and coming to blows with the Danger Boiz!

Jim Gunt: Are they're going at it Mike!

Mike Rolash: Indeed they are, but that bagged faced menace already has security on their way.

As the two teams brawl inside of the ring, security come running down the aisle, getting inside of the ring and

commence to trying to get the four men separated.

Jim Gunt: This is pure chaos Mike, neither man wanting to take their hands off the other.

Mike Rolash: That escalated quickly.

Security finally have each man designated to their own separate corner, trying to get them calm. But the situation is nowhere near calm, as Styles climbs to the top rope, and proceeds to leap over the group of holding him back, onto the group that's holding Chris, the crowd going down in a heap. Somehow, Dan is able to get free, charging towards Duce, jumping over the backs of the guards, nailing Jones with a punch!

Mike Rolash: I haven't witnessed a good pull apart brawl in a while, Jimbo!

Jim Gunt: We really need to get these guys separated.

Which security finally does, as they have finally gotten the Aces outside of the ring. Now with security holding them back, the two teams talk trash amongst each other. At his wits end, Crazy Chris manages to get free again, scaling to the top rope, and flipping off and landing on everyone outside of the ring as the Louisville crowd goes nuts!

"ENOUGH!"

Mike Rolash: Ughh, why did he have to come out here.

CWF commish, Ataxia is shown standing at the top of the ramp with a microphone.

Ataxia: This ends now! Stinks! Douche! You two fuckwads are not about to ruin my show with your cocky antics! Freddie since you have a match coming up next, how about you go ahead and stay at ringside. The rest of you, get out of here so these people can get what they paid their hard earn money to see!

Begrudgingly, Jones looks towards Ataxia as security seems to have everything in order finally. The team escorts the Danger Boiz down the side of the aisle and to the back, Jones opting in the direction where Ataxia stands at the curtain.

Jim Gunt: Well the commish getting things under control out here.

As Jones goes to walk past Ataxia, the Messiah Pariah holds his hand up stopping Jones.

Ataxia: By the way Douche, to make sure you two don't get involved in each other's matches. You're both banned from ringside, during each other's match.

The crowd goes ballistic, Jones standing there, staring bullets through Ataxia, who is mid his patented laugh. Suddenly Ataxia is dropped to the stage, courtesy of a huge headbutt from Jones!

Jim Gunt: Oh my! Ataxia didn't see that one coming!

Mike Rolash: Serves him right, banning my man Duce from ringside!

Motioning to the crowd, that he's about to unmask the commissioner.

Jim Gunt: He wouldn't!

Mike Rolash: He shouldn't.

Without hesitation, Jones grabs the top of the burlap sack, yanking it off Ataxia's head! Fury begins to well up within the eyes of Jones.

Jim Gunt: Who's face is that?

Mike Rolash: I think it's Duce's baby mama, but I'm not sure as we've just found out about her in recent weeks on CWF Wired.

With his red teeth showing, Ataxia smiles at Jones, getting back to his feet. The two deranged men soon come to fisticuffs as the fans are now cheering them on! The brawl is wildly contested as the two men end up fairly close to the edge of the stage by the production area. The fans rise to their feet as Jones has the upperhand, he has Ataxia teetering on the edge as he rocks him with a big forearm!

Jim Gunt: This isn't gonna end well.

Taking a few steps back, Jones charges towards Ataxia, but he dodges out of the way and now it's Jones who's on the verge of going over. Able to get himself stable, Jones turns around, ONLY TO RECEIVE THE RECKONING FROM ATAXIA AS BOTH MEN GO FLYING OFF THE STAGE AND DOWN THROUGH ONE OF THE PRODUCTION TABLES!

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

The crowd are in an uproar as officials, medics, and security all rush over to check on both men, who lie motionless in the debris. Styles can be seen rushing over to check on his tag partner.

Jim Gunt: Oh man, I knew those two had differences. But who would ever think it would come to something like this?

Mike Rolash: As much as I dislike that freak, Ataxia, I couldn't have imagined how elated I would be!

Jim Gunt: You sicken me Mike.

Rolash shrugs his shoulders as both Jones and Ataxia can be seen being loaded onto gurneys. The KFC Yum! Center is silent as both men are soon stretchered towards the back.

Jim Gunt: Well fans hopefully, we can keep you updated on the condition of both men.

Mike Rolash: Well on with the show!

Jim Gunt: How could you seriously be upbeat at this moment?

Mike Rolash: Because that freak is GONE! Enough said, on to the next match.

Jim Gunt: Well we do have a job to do and with what just happened to his partner. You'd have to think that Freddie's mindset may be a little off.

Mike Rolash: Styles is a top tier athlete, I'm sure he will be fine.

## **Freddie Styles (c/c) vs. Harley Hodge**

Match

Ray Douglas: Our next match is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first, from Atlanta, Georgia, weighing in at 223 pounds, he is one half of the CWF World Tag Team champions, and the CWF Impact Champion.....FREDDIE STYLES!!!

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

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

That's where you're wrong!

As the song moves into the verse, Freddie steps out from behind the curtain as he just stands there in his hooded vest, hood over his head, belts on each shoulder, bouncing from side to side, before making his slow walk towards the ring.

I — will — not — lose

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

Put somethin' on it!

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

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Brooklyn...weighing in at 230 pounds....the Accelerator....HARLEY HODGE!!

An ever familiar revving from a motorcycle circulates throughout the arena before "Evenflow" by Pearl Jam fires off through the speakers, and the crowd rises to their feet.

Harley 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.

The bell rings, and Hodge goes to tie up with Styles in the middle of the ring, only for Freddie to duck him and give him the Mutombo finger wag before retreating to a corner! Hodge is less than impressed by this, so he charges at Styles and connects with a Shoulder Tackle right into the turnbuckle; Styles crumbles in the corner, and Hodge doesn't let up, driving knees into Freddie's chest until the referee pulls him off. The separation allows Freddie to roll to the outside.

Jim Gunt: Harley Hodge clearly wanting to release some of the pent-up frustration that's built over the last couple of weeks, and I think Freddie might be a bit surprised by the onslaught.

Mike Rolash: Yep, Freddie's just going to take a walk around the world to ease his troubled mind here, Jimmy.

As Styles takes his breather, Hodge continues to look frustrated by Styles' inaction, so he decides to roll outside to meet him...only for Styles to connect with an Overhead Belly to Belly Suplex onto the hard floor! Styles springs back to his feet with a smirk on his face, then picks Hodge up and rolls him back into the ring under the bottom rope. Once he's in position, Styles hops up onto the top turnbuckle... MISSILE DROPKICK!!! Styles scrambles onto Hodge for the cover...

ONE!

TWO!

Hodge gets a shoulder up as Sam's hand hits the mat for the two-count. There are duelling "BALLGAME" and "ACCELERATOR!" chants echoing through the arena as both men properly lock up in the middle of the ring, with neither man giving the other an inch. Eventually, the referee breaks the hold, allowing Hodge to drive a boot into Freddie's stomach, briefly buckling him. Hodge grabs Styles, then connects with a Belly to Belly Suplex of his own before flipping over for a bridge pin!

ONE!

TW-

Freddie kicks out before the referee can count two, and both men are quickly up to their feet. Hodge goes for a High Knee, but Styles sidesteps it, grabs the leg, and pulls Hodge down to the mat before getting to a knee to lock in an Over-the-Shoulder Single Leg Boston Crab! Styles returns to his feet, effectively stretching Hodge' leg while twisting his ankle with his left hand!

Jim Gunt: Quick thinking from Freddie Styles here, and this match may have hit its turning point.

Mike Rolash: It's brilliant strategy, Jimmy; Freddie's doing significant damage to Harley's leg right now, which will compromise his ability to get a strong base for that Flight of the Angel finisher of his.

Jim Gunt: We'll have to see what kind of effect this will have as we work our way through the contest.

Still caught in the hold, Hodge wriggles around to try and reach a rope, and he just does get his fingers wrapped around. Sam Davis forces Styles to break the hold, which he does after a three-count, though he just drops Hodge on the canvas, doing further damage to the targeted leg. Hodge smartly rolls out of the ring to try and shake out some of the pain in his leg, but Styles doesn't want to wait; he pulls himself onto the top rope, then jumps... SLINGSHOT DDT ONTO THE CONCRETE! The crowd applauds the move as Styles can sense he's getting close. He climbs up the ring steps and perches himself on the top turnbuckle. He leaps for a second Missile Dropkick... ONLY FOR Hodge TO CATCH HIM MID-AIR! ...CORNER POWERBOMB INTO THE RING POST! Hodge hangs on, though... POWERBOMB ONTO THE STEEL STEPS!

Jim Gunt: This is pure carnage out here; incredible awareness from Harley Hodge to catch Styles mid-air, then turn it into a match-levelling maneuver!

Mike Rolash: It really looked like Styles was going for the kill there, but the pure strength on those powerbombs from Harley Hodge might just open the door here.

Hodge can feel a bit of momentum coming his way as he rolls Styles back into the ring; he waits for Styles to get fully upright, then starts a charge toward the ropes to Styles' right, though he's still hobbling from the single leg Boston Crab from earlier. Hodge bounces off the ropes, but is followed in by Styles who clotheslines him over the ropes and both men hit the floor. As they get up, both men start brawling up the ramp, trading blows as the ref counts to ten and rings the bell...but neither man seems to care as they keep brawling.

## **Ataxia vs. Duce Jones**

Match

Jim Gunt: And I guess this match is going to end in a no contest, Styles and Hodge holding back no punches in that contest! But ladies and gentlemen, on to some more serious news. Earlier we witnessed Duce Jones and Ataxia suffer a horrendous fall. Here's the footage.

A replay screen flashes by as, we are shown the scene from earlier, the fall is viewed from different angles, showing both men crashing through the production table horribly. We soon switch back to our commentators.

Jim Gunt: But an even more stunning development, is that both men were being transported to the University of Louisville Hospital. But they never arrived, Mike!

Mike Rolash: So no one has a location on Ataxia?

Jim Gunt: That's what my understanding is, at the moment.

Mike Rolash: Someone has to know where he's at...

Rolash is cut off as the sound of beeping, rings throughout the arena. The CWF Tron springs to life, as an ambulance is seen backing up through the back corridor.

Jim Gunt: You don't think?

Mike Rolash: Just when you think there's gonna be brighter days...

The ambulance comes to a halt, after about an minute or two, the back doors swing open as the Knight in Burlap jumps out!

Ataxia: Here's Taxi!

The crowd cheers as Ataxia goes back to the ambulance, pulling out a stretcher that still has Duce Jones strapped to it!

Ataxia: Now Douche, I know you didn't think we weren't gonna give these fine people a show!

The crowd cheers from inside the arena, Jones struggling to get free as Ataxia begins to wheel him through the back of the arena. Whistling as he maneuvers through the back hallways, Ataxia smiles down at Duce, still wearing the latex mask from earlier.

Duce Jones: Unhook me! Y'crazy muthafucka!

Ataxia: Now, now.. Calm down everything is going to be fine.

Continuing to fight free, Duce is finally able to free his body, after fumbling with the latch as Ataxia pushes him. Sitting up on the gurney, Duce fires a right hand into the Ataxia forcing him to stumble back a bit. With a frantic pace, Duce quickly unhooks his legs, climbing off the gurney! With a look of shock in his eyes, Duce opts against fighting and heads in the opposite direction.

Mike Rolash: What's wrong with Duce?

Jim Gunt: I don't know, but he's acting as if he's seen a ghost!

Ataxia shakes off the strike, grabbing the gurney, and shoving it violently into the back of Jones, sending him and the gurney, tumbling towards the concrete floor!

Ataxia: What's wrong Douche, not up for a fight anymore!

Duce Jones: Get t'fuck away from me, I gotta go find my baby mama!

Jones tries to unhook himself from the wreckage, the Messiah Pariah stalking him with a sadistic look in his eyes.

Ataxia: Ahhhhh, so now you're worried? I wonder why... Ahahahahaha!

Now at the wreckage, Ataxia flips the gurney on top of Jones, who tries his best to protect himself. Finally free, Jones tries to crawl away, but catches a boot to the side of his head! Not letting up, Taxi pulls Jones up by his dreads, sending him gut first into an equipment trunk! Falling to the floor, Duce coughs violently as Ataxia slowly brings him to his feet, rocking him with a vicious headbutt!

Jim Gunt: How are these two men standing, let alone, fighting after what they went through earlier?

Mike Rolash: I have no clue Jimmy, but Duce really needs to get back in this fight!

Shaking off the blow, Jones comes back with a headbutt of his own, but only seems to do more damage to his own self as both men stumble away from each other. Although being the first to recover, a punch from Ataxia is blocked by Jones who connects with his own forearm! Grabbing the Knight in Burlap by his head Duce sends him face first into a wall! Not letting go, he then throws him bodily into an equipment trunk as Taxi crashes to the floor!

Duce Jones: I dunno who t'fuck ya is, but y'ain't tha Taxi I kno'!

Ataxia: Hahaha! Wouldn't you like to know!

With that statement, Duce gives Ataxia a swift kick to the gut that leaves him reeling. His focus back on his task at hand, Jones leaves Ataxia on the floor as he makes his way down the hall, he soon comes through a door that leads back inside of the KFC Yum! Center as the fans boo Jones viciously. He pays them no mind as he walks across the side where the guardrail and the aisle meet, making his way through the crowd.

Jim Gunt: What is Duce doing?

Mike Rolash: Your guess is as good as mine, Jimbo, it seems that bagged faced menace has finally gotten inside of his head.

Making his way through the Louisville fans, Jones begins to make his way up the stairs towards the pressbox area. But before he can get to far, a burlap sacked Ataxia stands at the top blocking his pathway!

Jim Gunt: Hold on Mike, is that Ataxia?

Mike Rolash: Who knows these days?

Now retreating back down the steps, Duce makes his towards the guardrail, climbing over it, now at ringside. He contemplates his next move, when he's suddenly caught off guard by a flying latex masked Ataxia, who ran along the barricade, jumping off with a Crossbody! The fans cheer like crazy as Taxi gets to his feet, grabbing Jones off the floor, he waves towards the back as he rolls his nemesis inside of the ring! Soon, official Scott Dean comes rushing down the aisle, but Ataxia puts a halt to him sliding inside of the ring. Shaking his head in denial, Ataxia directs Dean to the back, waving for another ref as Summits comes running out!

Jim Gunt: I guess Ataxia doesn't think Scott Dean would've done a good job calling this match.

Mike Rolash: That power is finally starting to go to his head.

Now nodding his head in approval, Ataxia goes to enter the ring. But what he doesn't expect is a Suicide Diving Jones, flying full speed at him, taking him down to the floor! With the fans now booing, Jones has had enough of running. Snatching Taxi up by his tuxedo, Duce rolls Ataxia inside the ring, climbing to the apron and patiently waiting for the commish to rise. When he's finally upright, Duce pulls himself to the top rope, springing off and sends Ataxia flipping to the canvas with a Springboard Shining Wizard! The bell finally rings starting this contest as Jones hooks the leg going for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout by Ataxia!

Jim Gunt: Duce looking to get the match over quickly!

Mike Rolash: The quicker he ends this match, the quicker Ataxia can be gone to the back!

Cursing under his breath, Jones gets to his feet, bringing Ataxia up as well. He irish whips the Messiah Pariah towards a corner where he crashes hard! Charging in with a forearm shot, Duce begins to unleash kick after kick after kick into the chest of Taxi! With his opponent now groggy, the Kid that Never Dies pulls Ataxia out of the corner, hooking the head of Tax between his legs, lifting him onto his shoulders, Duce takes a running start. Jones plants Ataxia into the canvas with a Running Sitout Powerbomb! He holds on for the pin attempt! Summits sliding in to the count!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

A frustrated Jones looks at Summits as he thought that was it!

Jim Gunt: The disrespectful nature of Jones in full effect as just perform both Ataxia and Hawkhurst signature maneuvers, but it wasn't enough to gain him the victory!

Mike Rolash: Can't blame a man for trying.

An agitated Jones, quickly applies a rear chin lock to Ataxia and behind to wrench back as Summits checks to see if he wants to submit! Shoving his knee deep into the back of Ataxia as he pulls back on his neck, Duce screams out for Ataxia to quit! Suddenly the lights go out in the arena, everything left in complete darkness!

Mike Rolash: Who do we have to kill for better light services? This shit is alw.....

Jim Gunt: Mike?

The voice of Rolash goes silent, the KFC Yum! Center renting m remaining in darkness! The lights soon spring back on!

Ataxia: Douche Jones with the hold cinched in deep!

Jim Gunt: What the!?

Jones still yanks back hard, head tilted back eyes closed, as Rolash screams in agony, tapping away furiously! Releasing the hold, Jones raises his arms in victory as a few fans laugh at his insinuations. Finally looking down about to talk shit, Jones notices that it's Mike Rolash on the mat instead of Ataxia! Before he has a chance to even react, a steel chair shot from Tax sends him down to his knees! Summits helps Rolash out of the ring, medics coming to his aid, as Tax walks around to where he's facing Jones. With a violent swing, Ataxia slams the chair across the skull of Jones as he slumps to the canvas! Throwing the chair to the side, Ataxia goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NOOO!

The crowd let's out a collective gasps as they thought that was it, now back to his feet Taxi brings Duce up by his hair, lifting him up over his shoulder, hooking his head, and spiking him into the canvas with an Air Raid Crash on top of steel chair! Staying on top with a back press, he goes for another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Duce with a shoulder up at the last millisecond!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia returning the favor of using signature moves, performing Duce's father's move just then. But my concern is with my colleague, I hope he'll be and to rejoin me soon.

Back to his feet, Ataxia bounces off the ropes, connecting with a Flip Senton, however he opts not go for the pin. Bringing Jones up along with him, he lifts him up onto his shoulders with in a fireman's carry position. With the Louisville faithful's full support, Ataxia takes a running start and sends Jones crashing violently into the the turnbuckles with a DEATH VALLEY DRIVER! With Duce down in a heap, Ataxia scales to the top rope, looking to put an end to this match! With Jones right where he wants him, Ataxia flips off the top with a 450 Splash but connects with nothing but knees! Transitioning into a small package Jones holds on for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Ataxia kicks out, just add the screen switches to show Rolash returning to the announce position.

Jim Gunt: I'm happy to see you back with us Mike!

Mike Rolash: Shove it Jim....

Both men are sluggishly to their feet, soon coming to blows! Winning the battle Ataxia irish whips Duce towards the ropes. Upon rebounding, Ataxia leapfrogs over Jones, when Duce rebounds again he catches Ataxia with Hammer of the Gods! The running dropkick sends Taxi flying backwards landing hard on the canvas. Slowly getting to his feet, Jones grabs the chair used earlier, setting it in the seated position in the middle of the ring. Making his way towards Ataxia, he brings him to a vertical base, lifting him onto his shoulders. Carrying him towards the chair, Jones looks for the kill shot, but Ataxia has the wherewithal to break free, falling behind Jones! Quickly turning around, Duce is able to dodge a mist spray attempt! Now sensing an opening, Duce grabs the arm of Tax, twisting it into a hammerlock, grabbing Taxi by the head, DUCE JONES DRILLS THE SKULL OF ATAXIA INTO THE SEAT OF THE CHAIR WITH THE LAST LAUGH!

Mike Rolash: Serves you right!

The seat of the chair is bent horribly, Jones rolling Ataxia over going for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell rings as an exhausted Jones rolls off the body of Ataxia. Ray Douglas making the announcement.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner by pinfall: DUCE JONES!

Not taking the moment to boast nor brag, Jones slowly rolls out of the ring holding his head in pain. He sluggishly makes his way over the barricade, and up the steps, headed back for the press box.

Jim Gunt: Jones able to score, what may be considered an upset victory over the commish.

Mike Rolash: The Glass Ceiling are back on track. But I do want to know what's so important in that press box to Jones.

Jim Gunt: Well we're about to find out, as Duce is getting closer.

Indeed he is, shuffling up a few more flights, a cameraman is on the scene as Jones nears the door. Bursting through, he spots what he was looking for, the future mother of his child, Sierra, sitting their frustrated. Looking up she spots a battered and bruised Jones.

Sierra: Why did you put me up here? The service is horrible up here.

With a sigh of relief, Jones collapses to the floor. Sierra going to his side.

Jim Gunt: Now we know what the fuss was about, obviously Duce thought the mother of his child was in danger.

Mike Rolash: I wouldn't want that freak around my baby moms either!

Jim Gunt: Do you even have children Mike?

Mike Rolash: One day...

## **A Deal?**

Match

Recorded Earlier Today....

An office door, an unmarked office door stands slightly ajar and camera is able to pan in to find one James Milenko standing with his hand outstretched towards Jimmy Allen. Jimmy smiles and shakes the man's hand. Tobias Devereaux follows suit with a smile of his own. Milenko claps his hands together, and then begins rubbing them

together as the two men exit the room.

James Milenko: Beautiful!

Jimmy Allen shuts the door behind him and winks at his new tag team partner.

Jimmy Allen: Let's see just how much trouble we can get into, shall we?

### **Jimmy Allen & Silas Artoria vs. The Forsaken (Dorian Hawkhurst & The Shadow)**

Match

When the camera cuts back, Jim and Mike are standing in front of their announce desk.

Jim Gunt: Ladies and gentlemen, what a show so far, just look at Duce Jones and Ataxia in one of the oddest battles we have seen in a long time.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, that bagged maniac will pay for what he did to me!

The lights go out and pictures of the Louisiana Bayou start to move across the tron as the sound of crickets and frogs fills the arena. Suddenly the dissonant opening guitar slide of Justin Johnson's "New Orleans Heavy Swamp Blues" pierces the tranquillity and a shadowy figure in a trenchcoat steps out onto the stage.

Jim Gunt: This is surely a different entrance than what we are used to around here!

Without acknowledging any of the fans along the ramp, Tobias Devereaux walks towards the ring at a measured pace, befitting the blues still filling the arena. As Devereaux reaches the ring, "Cut the Cord" by Shinedown begins to play and immediately the boos reach an almost deafening level as Jimmy Allen steps through the curtains. He stops at the end of the stage and looks around at the fans in the Broadbent Arena with a smile on his face as if he is thoroughly enjoying the reaction.

Jim Gunt: I think that this man could be the most hated person in CWF right now.

Mike Rolash: How can he be?

Jim Gunt: Because of his despicable act of betrayal?

Mike Rolash: What are you talking about? That was not betrayal, that was a wise business decision!

Jim Gunt: Are you really--

He cannot continue his discourse with Mike as the lights go down. Radio chatter starts to sound before the lead guitar of Iron Fire's "Among the Dead" sets in and dark red strobe lights go off. The song itself starts, but there is no movement on the stage or the curtain.

Mike Rolash: They bailed. They lost their belts, they lost Mia, they lost matches--

Jim Gunt: They won against the Glass Ceiling just last week...

Mike Rolash: Details. They finally realized that their time is over.

"Crawl among the dead

When the madness comes for us all

Who will be leaving

Among the dead

When the chaos ruling the earth

Who will be kneeling

When we crawl among the dead"

The chorus hits and suddenly Dorian comes running through the curtain, across the stage and down the ramp like a

bat out of hell.

Jim Gunt:Nope, they are here and Dorian is coming out with all guns blazing!

Mike Rolash (under his breath): Dammit.

He doesn't waste any time as he gets to the ring and immediately tackles Jimmy Allen with a monstrous spear that sends both men through the ropes to the outside of the ring, landing right in front of the commentators' table.

Mike Rolash: Whoa!

Crowd: Holy shit!

Jim Gunt:No kidding...

Referee Trent Robbins is still not quite sure what happened as he looks down at the two men grappling before he had even a chance to ring the bell with Devereaux casually leaning in his ring corner with a bemused look on his face.

Mike Rolash: But he came alone.

The Shadow: Oh no, I'm right here.

Rolash almost jumps out of his skin as The Shadow is just behind him in the audience.

Mike Rolash: You-- I-- QUIT IT!

The Shadow: Yeah, it's getting stale, I'll leave it to the master in the future.

With that he hops over the barricade and then proceeds to pull Dorian off Jimmy. Dorian is pretty much foaming at the mouth, while Jimmy, holding his jaw, is laughing into the face of his former friend. Robbins now gives all three people outside of the ring a warning to get in as fast as they can as he has the bell rung.

Jim Gunt:A very turbulent beginning to the match, well, before the match actually, since we just got the bell and it is The Shadow and Tobias Devereaux facing off first.

Where The Shadow looks eager to get going, Devereaux barely moves, but focuses more on turning lithely, always keeping his opponent in his view. After a few turns The Shadow charges in, but is brought down to the mat with a lightning quick arm drag, transitioning into an arm bar right after.

Mike Rolash: Wow, did you see that? How fast he was?

Jim Gunt:Indeed, The Shadow was not prepared for that!

Tobias is torquing that arm harder than your winter tires and The Shadow is twisting and turning, trying to find a way out. Finally he reaches the rope with his foot and Trent Robbins gets Devereaux to let go. The Shadow gets back up, rubbing his shoulder, but at the same time does not make any movements towards his corner, where Dorian puts down his arm after a brief non-verbal exchange with The Shadow. The same game as before, but as The Shadow lunges forward, he lets himself fall to the mat, using his forward momentum for a leg sweep, bringing his opponent down for the first time.

Jim Gunt:Here is such a good example why The Shadow is regarded one of the top wrestlers in the CWF. He is studying his opponent as he goes and then adapts his style to him. Or her.

Mike Rolash: Studying, pffff, what happened to the good old ram him in the ground and done approach?

As the Cajun Sensation climbs back to his feet, The Shadow is already running the ropes and FLYING CLOTHESLINE! Devereaux is on the mat again, but back on his feet quick. For a few moments The Shadow and Tobias stand across from each other, stares fixated upon each other.

Mike Rolash: Boring...

Then Deveraux takes two steps backwards, arm outstretched and Jimmy Allen steps in between the ropes. Behind The Shadow Dorian is almost falling over the top rope stretching so hard to be tagged in and the Weaver of Dreams holds out his arm for Dorian to come into the ring to face his former friend.

Jim Gunt: Now this is an appetizer for their big match at Hellbound and it is one of the most personal feuds CWF has seen in a while, two former close friends now very much at odds.

Mike Rolash: I can't believe that Jimmy even wanted to be near Dorian to begin with.

Immediately the Forsaken Demon charges at Jimmy again like a freight train, similar to what he did right after his entrance, but the Catalyst is expecting it this time, sidestepping the bigger man and using his momentum to send him right into the corner, through the ropes and into the unforgiving steel post beyond.

Jim Gunt: Ouch, that one must have hurt!

Mike Rolash: Finally!

Jim Gunt: What??

Right away Jimmy walks over to The Shadow, teasing him, causing Trent Robbins to step between them. Tobias uses the distraction to strangle Dorian with the tag rope, having Hawkhurst flail upon the unexpected attack, leading to The Shadow pointing vigorously at the other corner. The moment the referee turns his attention back to the legal man of the Forsaken, though, he is standing off to the side, hands on the top rope as if nothing happened.

Mike Rolash: Atta boy!

Jim Gunt: You know what? You find new ways every time to disgust me!

Mike Rolash: Ooh yes, gotta work hard to avoid getting stale!

Jimmy pulls Dorian to his feet and sends him over into the ropes, following right up with a lariat hitting the Philadelphia native hard back into the ropes, but not over them. Hawkhurst slumps to his knees and Allen runs the ropes and takes off for a drop kick at Dorian's head, but The Shadow pulls his partner to the side just in time for Jimmy to sail just past him, through the ropes, landing hard on the mats outside.

Mike Rolash: Referee! That was cheating!

Jim Gunt: Are you serious? Tobias can strangle him and now you cry foul?

Mike Rolash: Come on, it's The Forsaken!

At this point three figures in hooded robes emerge from the stage entrance, proceeding down the ramp.

Mike Rolash: There! There! They are coming to interfere and steal the win!

But the three Druids do not pay any heed to what is happening in the ring, but beeline straight for the commentator's table. Mike suddenly does not look as confident anymore and tries to back up from them, but his chair hits the barricade behind him. One of the druids puts their hands on the table top and says in a calm, female, voice:

Druid: Mr. Rolash, would you please accompany us to the back?

Mike Rolash: The hell I will, you guys are going to do God knows what to me! Didn't I go through enough already today?

Druid: Oh no, we mean no harm, but in an attempt to increase the overall quality of the show the powers that be think that you have better things to do backstage.

Mike Rolash: Ataxia, it's that bagged freak, that's who is behind this! He is the powers that be!

The druid waves her index finger at Mike.

Druid: Tsk, tsk, tsk. No, the Commissioner has nothing to do with this. At this moment WE are the powers that be. So I will ask you one more time to please come with us.

Mike Rolash: No way in hell!

The druid makes an apologetic gesture and nods at her companions who have stepped to the left and right of Rolash's chair, each grabbing one side and carrying him off with his chair.

Mike Rolash: You can't do this! This will have consequences! JIM!!

Jim Gunt:Dorian is back to his feet and has rolled outside the ring, where Jimmy Allen is just getting back to his.

The look on Dorian's face is one of pure, unadulterated hate as he charges forward and clotheslines Jimmy at full force.

Jim Gunt:What a clothesline, turning Jimmy inside out!

With his opponent a crumpled heap, Dorian bends down to pick him up, but Tobias runs across the apron and leaps off to hit Dorian in the back, just to be intercepted by The Shadow tackling him in mid-air with a sickening impact that sends both men careening off to the side and into the barricades!

Crowd: HOLY SHIT!

Jim Gunt:Oh my God! You could almost feel the impact all the way over here!

Dorian turns around at the noise and that is all the distraction Jimmy Allen needs to low blow the Forsaken Demon, bringing him down to his knees again, while the referee checks on Devereaux and The Shadow.

Jim Gunt:Ouch, this could be the decision right here, right now!

With both of the other competitors trying to get to a vertical position outside of the ring, Jimmy drags Dorian to his feet and manages to roll him into the ring, following right up. He brings him to his feet again, but Dorian is teetering. Lightning quick Allen leaps off and--

Jim Gunt:Goodnight Princess!

The crescent kick connects right with the side of Dorian's head and the big man goes down like a log. Jimmy lays on top of him, not bothering with hooking the legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-- KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt:Where did Dorian take the strength to get out of this!?

Jimmy looks at Dorian with an unbelieving look, but does not waste any time, going for the STFU lock immediately. The Shadow is rolling himself back into the ring, trying to get to Dorian to break the lock, but Tobias is paying back for the sickening tackle earlier and nearly takes The Shadow's head off with a super kick. With a triumphant look on his face Jimmy tightens the lock further and Trent Robbins is down on the mat to see, if Dorian is giving out and HE TAPS!

Ray Douglas: And the winner by submission - Jimmy Allen and Tobias Devereaux!

Suddenly Mike Rolash comes back down the ramp, his face red with anger, muttering all the way. In the ring both Forsaken struggle to their feet with the help of the ropes as Jimmy is raising his arm in the air and lifts two fingers to indicate "2" towards Dorian, whose face darkens immediately.

**But Wait! There's More...**

Match

As the dust settles and tensions mount the fans wait with baited breath as Tobias rolls out of the ring, beginning to make his way to the back, leaving Jimmy Allen alone in the ring with The Shadow and Dorian Hawkhurst, both of whom look like they could murder the poor man, in cold blood. Cornered like a rabid pit bull Jimmy doesn't back down from either man and suddenly...

He smiles and motions for the two Forsaken members to turn around.

"Seek and Destroy" by Metallica cues on the sound system and the fans instantly boo as James Milenko struts out on stage, mic in hand and a "shit eating" grin plastered upon his face. The music fades into the distance and Dorian and Shadow are left looking between James who is smiling and enjoying their confusion and Jimmy, who is enjoying the chaos that much more.

James Milenko: Boys! You look perplexed! Shadow, you called me out last week and I'm here right here and right now to tell you if you want me...

You'll have to wait in the back of the line.

You're not the first and if I continue to do what I do best right, you most certainly won't be the last. Do you honestly believe that I've NEVER been threatened before? By a group? Puh-Leaze. You aren't anything special.

I'm sure you're all wondering exactly what I'm doing out here and in all honesty, it's because I made a handy little business proposition. Someone earlier this week said that there is strength in numbers and I don't like the ones that are facing my new friend, Mr. Allen over there. As it turns out, no truer words have been spoken and I think you've found that you made a very, VERY grave mistake when you decid...

The lights cuts out as does Milenko's mic. Suddenly they turn back on and none other than Loki Synn is standing shoulder to shoulder with Jimmy Allen against The Forsaken! The number one contender to the CWF World Title gets into The Shadow's face and The Weaver of Dreams returns the favor. Jimmy and Dorian square off and the fans start to cheer for the impending bomb going off. That is until refs rush the ring and start to try to separate the four competitors and Ataxia slides into the ring to try and put some space between everyone, though it's with great restraint that the commissioner doesn't go after Loki himself.

Tensions mount when all of a sudden Tobias Devereaux slides back into the ring and pushes Ataxia forward, hopping onto his back and pelting him with rights and lefts!

James Milenko: Did I forget to mention that I happen to have brought an extra friend with me this week? I just KNEW I forgot something!

James laughs as Loki fires into The Shadow and Jimmy into Dorian pandemonium erupting as the six people lay waste onto each other. More and more staff pour out of the back to separate everyone and suddenly Zach comes out of nowhere, leaping into the ring and on top of Loki! Milenko laughs at the pandemonium as Ataxia finally manages to get control while Loki and Zach get ready for the next match.

Mike Rolash: You can cut the tension with a knife here at ringside! Things are getting intense out here as it looks like Loki Synn has joined forces with Jimmy Allen and Tobias Devereaux!

Jim Gunt: We bring you Evolution's first EVER Inferno match... NEXT!

## **Bound for Hell!**

Match

The graphic for Hellbound fades in. As the voice mentions the respective names, their images fade in and out over the background.

Voiceover: It will be a spectacle for the ages... MJ Flair vs. Loki Synn in a no countout, no disqualification match. Ataxia vs. Danny B going Buried Alive and both Jarvis King vs. Harley Hodge and The Shadow vs. Silas Artoria will meet in a Hell in a Cell.

The main graphic comes back to the foreground.

Voiceover: CWF is Hellbound - are you, too?

Fade out.

## **Loki Synn vs. Zach Van Owen**

Match

Jim Gunt: And we're back! While the commercial break may have felt short, a LOT has happened between where you left us and now!

Mike Rolash: That's right Jimbo! While everyone was getting force fed subliminal messages by our sponsors, we have been getting more and more information on our main event tonight! Now, apparently the first thing that needs to be mentioned is...

Jim Gunt: It looks like this won't be a typical inferno match! The sponsors have come down hard on the commissioner and much to the chagrin of the crowd here in Louisville, this match will now be contested using a "Ring of Fire" match rules, where the ring will still be surrounded by fire, making a wall of flame bordering the outskirts of the ring. The match will be decided by pinfall or submission in the ring.

Mike Rolash: Wow, thanks for stealing the thunder on that one... Anyways, yes, the match will now be a regular match, only with a wall of fire surrounding all sides of the ring. Apparently the CWF didn't want to deal with the injuries incurred by an inferno match. Which, I really hope Loki is the final nail in Zach's coffin. How many times does that kid need to be taken out?

The announcers fall silent though as the igniters around the ring all start to hiss as they fill with the propane used to generate the wall of flame. Loki and Zach are still in the ring, Loki leaning up against her corner whispering to Jimmy and Tobias. Zach is crouched over in his corner, keeping limber by doing basic stretches as The Shadow, Dorian, and Ataxia give him last minute words of advice. Slowly the extra people leave their representative and step over the wall setup as a giant FWOOSH can be heard and the flame wall ignites to life! Ray Douglas takes a spot next to the announce table, safe outside the ring as Scott Dean continues to force Loki and Zach to stay away from each other, at least long enough for the formal introductions.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, without further ado, the CWF is now proud to present to you its first EVER RING OF FIRE match!

The crowd pops but Loki doesn't seem to acknowledge any of it. Her eyes are focused on the young Zach who is returning the gaze.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first: weighing in at 174 pounds, he IS "The GAME CHANGER!!!" Zach... Van... OWEN!!!!

The crowd of course cheers for Zach who takes a moment to acknowledge his fans but as soon as he turns his back...

Jim Gunt: NO! Loki just came out of nowhere and delivered double knees to Zach's turned back!

Mike Rolash: Maybe that will teach him to turn his back on his opponents. I've been looking forward to that kid getting his and I think this might be the time he finally is taken down a peg!

Jim Gunt: Ladies and gentlemen, you'll have to excuse my broadcast partner. He's foaming at the mouth and I for one know how hard it is to understand him in this state.

Mike Rolash: Huh?

Jim just rolls his eyes as the fans jeer Loki Synn who continues to beg for it as she laughs at Zach's prone body, holding his back. Scott Dean calls for the bell and the match is underway! Loki continues to laugh at Zach's struggling form, the flames casting shadows across the ring. She stomps on his hand and giggles as he tries to roll, only to deliver a soccer kick to Zach's exposed ribs! Zach goes down hard, which only spurs Loki to laugh a little more before leaping up and stomping down on Zach's back! Loki stays on top of him and starts to run in place, causing Zach to yell in pain before Loki hops off, kicks Zach over onto his back, and jumps up in the air again, only to splash her body on top of Zach, driving the wind out of him! She stays on top and hooks the leg to make the cover as Scott comes in to make the count.

ONE!

Zach kicks out! Loki is furious and slaps the back of Zach's head which only makes Zach roll over and lash out with a vicious kick aimed right at Loki's knee! Loki manages to sidestep the kick, only barely and still is forced backward. Zach kips up with ease and smirks at Loki who has finally regained her balance. She charges him and Zach ducks a clothesline attempt! Loki is ready for the young man's agility though and stops in her tracks, looking for a stomp right to Zach's face!

Jim Gunt: No love lost here folks! Loki and Zach are out to do some serious damage to the other...

Mike Rolash: We haven't even seen them get near the flames yet! I just want to see Zach burn!

Back in the ring Zach dodges Loki's stomp, rolling over to the ropes as Loki's foot stomps the mat where his head was seconds earlier. Zach hops up to his feet and without a moment's hesitation jumps onto the second rope and propels himself backward, hitting the oncoming Loki with a springboard roundhouse kick to the shoulder of Loki! Zach takes off once again and bounces off the ropes, this time going for a clothesline of his own! Loki sees him coming and lifts her leg up, aiming to knock Zach's head off with a massive boot to his face!

Only Zach dodges deftly and shrugs his shoulders before leaping up and hitting Loki with a pele kick! Loki staggers backward and once again Zach wastes little time and charges at Loki leaping up and hitting Loki with a front flip DDT!

Jim Gunt: It's been too long since we've seen The Critical Hit!

Mike Rolash: More like Boresville, population you Jimbo. And for your information, it doesn't look like it was quote, "super effective" like Zach was planning. Take a looksie.

Mike Rolash's shit-eating grin can be seen from the nosebleed seats as Jim Gunt's jaw hangs open in shock as Loki manages to roll underneath the rope and to the floor below, lying between the ring and the red hot metal that is producing the wall of flame. Loki Synn takes several deep breaths as she gets up, cursing and straightening her mask. She hops up to the apron in one deft leap and catches Zach with a thumb to the eye! The crowd boos as Zach stumbles backward and Loki flicks him off before hopping onto the second rope and backflipping through the wall of flames and landing on her feet, her arms stretched up and outward as she soaks in the crowd's roar of boos. She curtsies and sits spins in a circle, enjoying the crowd's mixed reaction. She turns around and yells in surprise as Zach comes running in her direction, jumping onto the top rope in one fluid motion, balances, and springs through the air, over the wall of flames, and on top of Loki! The crowd chants 'HOLY SHIT!' as Zach Van Owen gets up off of the prone form of Loki Synn and roars to the crowd's approval! Player One pumps his fist in the air and turns to finish what he started, only to be met with...

Mike Rolash: Goodnight Princess! Jimmy Allen comes out of nowhere to maybe knock some sense into Zach!

Jim Gunt: Loki had best count her lucky stars that Allen never left ringside but...

As if on cue Dorian Hawkhurst and The Shadow prevent Jimmy from doing too much more damage, until Tobias

comes up from behind The Shadow and delivers a yakuza style kick right into the back of The Shadow's head! The Shadow stumbles forward and Jimmy swoops in to take advantage, only to come up short by Dorian! The two waste little time trading blows as Tobias and The Shadow look to do the same. Loki begins to stir, trying to pull herself up after being flattened by Zach, who is also starting to stir after being knocked silly by Jimmy Allen.

Zach is the first to his feet and stumbles forward toward Loki, who delivers a punch from her knees straight into Zach's gut! Player One doubles over and The Jagged Grin tucks her head forward before springing to her feet, headbutting Zach right underneath the chin! Zach stumbles backwards and is about to tumble into the flames! Zach puts on the brakes though and manages to stop himself, but burning his back from being so close. He doesn't get much of a reprieve though as Loki hurls herself at Zach, throwing both of them into the flames and on the same side as the ring once again!

Zach howls in pain and quickly rolls into the ring, trying to sooth his burns. Loki rolls in soon after, also gasping in pain, but in between gasps...

Loki Synn: hehehehe....Hahahahahaha....HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Everyone is speechless as she uses the ropes to make it to her feet, still laughing the entire way and holding her midsection. Zach has also made it to his feet and stares a hole right in the place that should hold Loki's heart. The two run at each other and have the same idea, hitting each other with clotheslines that take them both down! Zach rolls to the ropes and pulls himself up, watching Loki like a hawk. Waiting for the perfect moment Zach leaps up and springboards off the top rope, leaping back and delivering a picture perfect reverse STO onto Loki!

Jim Gunt: It's the Limit Break! Welcome back Zach! That HAS to be it!!

Mike Rolash: NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Loki's head bounces off the canvas and Zach scampers over to make the cover.

ONE!

Zach hooks the Loki's leg!

TWO!

Zach reaches out and grabs Loki's other leg!

THREE!

NO! At the last second Loki manages to fling Zach off of her! Zach flies off of her and Loki manages to get to her knees before Zach slides in and hits a shining wizard to the side of Loki's face! Loki goes down like a sack of bricks and Zach collapses, trying to regain his breath. The fans cheer him on and he manages to make it to the corner turnbuckle.

Mike Rolash: Haha! Looks like your boy has a case of the stupids! Why isn't he just going for the pin?!

Jim Gunt: He has to be going for the Ultima Weapon!

Sure enough, Zach Van Owen calls for a corkscrew senton bomb he has affectionately deemed, "The Ultima Weapon." With unsteady footing Zach climbs to the top rope and leaps off, twisting in the air and landing squarely on top of...

Loki's boot!

Jim Gunt: NO!

Mike Rolash: Brilliant! Loki got her foot up just in time and your dude just crashed and burned right into it! HAha!

Zach bounces off Loki's foot and stumbles back into the corner as Loki hops to her feet quickly. She hoists Zach up into a sitting position on the top turnbuckle and turns her back on him, hoisting him up onto her shoulders, grabbing him

by the neck and flipping him forward with an inverted powerbomb! Loki keeps the leg hooked and Scott Dean runs in to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The bell rings and the flames subside as Ray Douglas climbs into the ring.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner by pin...

Loki grabs the microphone out of Ray Douglas' hand - he flinches, nearly jumping back at the sudden movement. She paces the ring once, but stops when she faces the entrance.

Loki Synn: Mariella Jade Flair. Come out and pllllaaaayyyyy....

The fans pop at the Champ's name being dropped. Loki powers through.

Loki Synn: You think you can beat me at my own game? You think you can keep up with my inferno? You want me at Hellbound with no rules and no way to escape me?

She pauses, and the fans start to chant "EMM JAY EFF!"

Loki Synn: I will see your bluff, and I will call your bluff. Because I want you... not just for your CWF World Championship. Not just with no countouts and no disqualification. No, no, no... I want to tear the flesh from your bones and bathe myself in your blood. Not only does the blood of one's enemies make for excellent syrup... It's also a FANTASTIC moisturizer!

Jim Gunt: What?!?

Loki Synn: I want you at Hellbound... in this ring... trapped inside a web of barbed wire.

The fans explode at the suggestion while Loki drops the microphone from her face.

Mike Rolash: That was... unexpected.

Jim Gunt: The challenge has been placed! A barbed wire match for the CWF World Championship? Will the Champion accept?

Mike Rolash: I hope so, this would be a blaze of glory for the wannabe.

Loki continues to stare towards the entrance, unmoving... until...

Jim Gunt: THE CHAMP IS HERE!

Mike Rolash: Will you stop that?

MJ Flair walks out, microphone in one hand and title belt in the other. She stops on the top of the entrance ramp, and she stares into Loki's face.

MJF: That's your revelation, Loki? That's your end game? Barbed wire?

Thousand - yard stare.

MJF: I accept.

The fans explode in cheers as Loki puts the microphone back to her face, but MJ cuts her off.

MJF: But you've got it backwards, bitch.

For perhaps the first time ever, Loki takes a quarter step back.

MJF: You think you're trappin' me inside a web? No. You're trapping yourself inside a web.

And she smiles.

MJF: With me.

The fans pop again.

MJF: You wanna watch the world burn, Loki? You wanna come at me with everything you got?

The Champion laughs.

MJF: No you don't.

Mic drop.

The final sight of the final Evolution before Hellbound is a split screen showing MJ Flair and Loki staring each other down.

Cut.

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite