

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 33

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: October 25, 2018
Location: MTS Centre — Winnipeg, Manitoba

Results

What Are We Going to Do?

Match

We fade in on two of the CWF Boardmembers standing around outside of the arena.

Boardmember 1: Where is this guy? Are you sure we have to do this?

Boardmember 2: Look. Legal went over it with a fine tooth comb. In the event of something happening to Ataxia...this guy is the guy we have to use legally until we find out what's going on. I don't like it anymore than you do. He doesn't exactly come recommended for the job.

Boardmember 1: Well, why would we hire a guy who...

A black hearse pulls up into the parking area and both men head over to it. The camera follows as well, leading us to see the tinted windows of the hearse. The passenger side window rolls down, but we can't see a face, just a red gloved hand.

???: Gentlemen...good to see you.

Boardmember 1: Look. We want you to know we're following Ataxia's wishes, but this is a little odd. I mean you haven't...

???: I know. Trust me. I don't like coming out of retirement either, but this is something that has to be done. You gentlemen worry about finding our dear boy. He's all you got right now keeping that little Rishel brat out of running the company again. Business is going good. Don't worry. I'll keep it that way. It's time to reign in some of this madness though.

Boardmember 2: You sure you are up for this.

???: I assure you...I'm up for anything. Now if you will excuse me, gentlemen. I have a show to run. Also...get that camera out of here. I'm not quite ready for my close up yet.

The boardmembers turn and motion for the cameraman to turn off the camera.

After Hell

Match

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

CUE UP: "Burn my Crosses" - Swear On Your Life

"Self-hating... I played into..."

FADEIN on James Milenko, backlit by fire, a sinister grin on his face. Around him, Tobias Devereaux and Jimmy Allen fade in to his left and to his right.

“Who knows just how much I let you get away with when I wanted you...”

Twice as large, the silhouette of Loki Synn fades in behind him.

“The highest of highs, the lowest of lows... this is what it feels like to want you, this is what it's like...”

Half the size of Milenko, CWF World Champion MJ Flair fades in, bloodied and battered, but still the CWF World Champion.

“When you tear my world down... Burn my crosses... Wear my soul out... Ohhhhh....”

CUTTO: A slow - motion overlay of Tobias Devereaux with his hand raised against Autumn Raven, and Jimmy Allen with his hand raised against Dorian Hawkhurst.

“You made me wait so long, I've seen enough to know this is why I have to let you go”

CUTTO: The Shadow, hand raised after his victory over Silas Artoria.

“When everything is wrong it's time to end the show, this is why I have to let you go.”

CUTTO: Loki Synn's barbed - wire wrapped hands around MJ Flair's neck.

“Self-raping, I laid into you. Who knows just how much I let you get away with, when I fucked you.”

CUTTO: Jarvis King taking on Harley Hodge, and the final moments of Duce Jones' assistance in the Glass Ceiling holding onto the Paramount Championship.

“The bluest skies, the blackest snow. This is what it feels like to fuck you, this is what it's like...”

CUTTO: A dual cut of Zach van Owen relieving Freddie Styles of the Impact Championship, and the Smokin' Aces retaining their titles against the Danger Boiz.

“When you tear my world down... Burn my crosses... Wear my soul out... Ohhhhh....”

CUTTO: The Ripper, Danny B, burying Commissioner Ataxia alive, and an overlay of the rest of the Forsaken trying to dig him out.

“You made me wait so long, I've seen enough to know this is why I have to let you go.”

CUTTO: MJ Flair hitting the Morning Star on Loki Synn.

“When everything is wrong, it's time to end the show.”

CUTTO: Loki Synn, dropping MJ Flair across the razorwire.

“This is why I have to let you go.”

CUTTO: The wire - wrapped scepter, making contact with Loki's head, and the three-way shot of MJ Flair, Loki Synn, and Colton Mace that ended the Hellbound broadcast.

The Pot Boils

Match

Fireworks explode in the arena as the camera pans the raucous crowd. The fans are fully invested in Evolution tonight, shedding their usual Canadian politeness for the frenzy of being in the audience for the first post-Hellbound CWF show!

The signs bear this out:

CRACK THE GLASS

LOKI'S SYNN IS HOSTILE

WHERE'S THE MANNEQUIN?
IF KEMSEY DOESN'T WIN I'LL KILL MYSELF
WHAT IF HE WINS?!?

And so forth.

Finally, we land on Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash, both reacting drastically different to the fans' cheers.

Jim Gunt: WE ARE LIVE IN THE FROZEN NORTH! WELCOME TO CWF EVOLUTION! My name is Jim Gunt, and here as always is my partner, Mike Rolash, and Mike, we're just one week outside Hell!

Mike Rolash: You call this outside Hell? I call it Hell itself, Gunt! Flair is still the CWF World Champion and Zach van Videogames is the new CWF Impact Champion! There's no justice for ol' Mike!

Jim Gunt: Give it a rest, Mike! The Smokin' Aces retained their CWF World Tag Team Championships against the Danger Boiz, and Jarvis King is still the CWF Paramount Champion with his victory over Harley Hodge! Isn't the Glass Ceiling remaining fully golden enough for you?

Mike Rolash: ...No.

Jim Gunt: It'll have to be, since the World and Impact Championships will not be on the line tonight! We will, however, see Jarvis King defend his Paramount Championship against Kemsey Ramsey in our semi - main event, and the main event of the night will see the Forsaken team of The Shadow and Dorian Hawkhurst taking on the trio of the Hostile Takeover in a handicap match!

Mike Rolash: And it's a handicap match... why?

Jim Gunt: Because Mia Rayne is still nowhere to be found, and Ataxia was buried alive in his--

Mike Rolash: EXACTLY! No sneaking up on me this week!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia's absence of course, leads to a power vacuum in the commissioner's office--

CUE UP: "Goodnight" by The Birthday Massacre

Mike Rolash: Just once, can't we skip this?

It doesn't take long for MJ Flair to step through the curtain, CWF World Title over her shoulder. She looks largely healed up from the barbed wire match of the pay per view, but she also looks like she's walking to the ring with extreme care.

Jim Gunt: Ms. Flair with a significant victory over Loki Synn at Hellbound, I think she's really come into her own.

Mike Rolash: Please. Everyone knows Robbins gave Loki a fast count.

Jim Gunt: You do realize I was sitting right next to you, right? I saw Robbins stop counting when Loki raised her arm, and not start again until it fell. I'd say he gave her a rather generous slow count!

Mike Rolash: You would.

Owing, perhaps, to her physical state following the events of Hellbound, MJ uses the ring steps and goes between the ropes. She stops, only to retrieve a microphone from Ray Douglas, and takes a deep breath as the music ends.

The 'EMM JAY EFF' chant, however... continues. The Champion leans against the ropes, letting it go for another few seconds, and the chant dissipates amidst a huge cheer when she steps to the middle of the ring.

MJF: Well then, fellow Canadians... here we are again.

Another cheer. MJ holds the title up off her shoulder a bit.

MJF: Every time you win one'a these, you know it's got an expiration date on it. You don't know when it's coming, but it's always in the back'a your mind.

She stops, and takes a breath.

MJF: For most'a that match, I thought mine had come.

Now, the fans boo. MJ holds up her hand to try to silence them.

MJF: Y'know what, it wasn't t'be, there at Hellbound, but it still might be against Loki Synn.

More boos, another "EMM JAY EFF" chant.

MJF: No - no, guys. She got sloppy at Hellbound, but she's still the toughest challenger on my horizon... and you better believe she's still on my horizon. Whether it's sooner or later, I know I'm gonna have to face off with her again.

And she takes another deep breath.

MJF: But on that note, there's also the strange case'a Colton M--

"EXCUSE ME! EXCUSE ME! Someone, please cut her mic."

The voice cuts through the noise in the arena and MJ's mic goes silent. All eyes focus in on the man with the spiky red hair, dressed to the nines in a flashy white suit, and black undershirt. James Milenko wears a shit eating grin that makes any decent person try to resist the urge to smack it off his smug face. The fans see him and boo him on sight. For her part, MJ simply leans her arms on the top rope, eyebrow raised, staring at him with lack of respect. A close up of this look prompts the fans to get louder and louder. James Milenko laughs and just stands at the ramp and takes it all, his hands behind his back, feet shoulder length apart, and head bowed. Eventually the crowd falls silent and Milenko raises his head again, bringing a mic to his lips.

James Milenko: Took you all long enough. I COULD have wasted the time, effort, and the velvety tones of my voice in trying to get you all to shut up, but would any of you truly listen to lil ol' me?

He pauses and smiles as the fans all yell, "NO!" as loud as possible, MJ laughing in the ring.

James Milenko: Now I'm sure you all want to know what I'm doing out here and why I interrupted your heroine of the week MJ Flair, live and in person. Before you all get your panties in a bunch, let me finish please! This, right here!

James gestures frantically around him with one of his fingers, his eyes crazy wide. MJ shrugs, exaggerated, as if to say 'Get on with it.'

James Milenko: THIS would roughly be my time and I suggest you all listen and you listen good. You've all been wondering since Hellbound who would take over for that burlapped psycho Ataxia, and I'm here to deliver this information.

With a flourish James Milenko produces a couple papers from inside his jacket pocket and begins to read aloud.

James Milenko: Dear James, [He points to himself to make sure that everyone gets this.] We, the CWF Board of Directors would like you to step in on behalf of the CWF as our new commissioner, until you have either proven yourself fit to remain a permanent authority figure in the CWF, or we find someone capable of such a task. Your resume speaks for itself and we would be honored if you would... Ya know, the rest is just personal stuff. They pretty much BEGGED me to show up and restore some semblance of order to this place, so here I am. Your NEW commissioner of CWF... JAMES FUCKIN' MILENKO!

Jim Gunt: No!

Mike Rolash: YES!

The fans immediately begin to chant 'Bullshit' towards their new commissioner, and Milenko raises his arms in satisfaction.

James Milenko: So enjoy your night off, Flair... it's the last one you're gonna get for a while. And I'm glad you realize you're not done with Loki Synn... Check the date.

He smiles.

James Milenko: The sell-by is long since past.

He leaves the ramp before MJ can respond, but the fans resume their chant of 'EMM JAY EFF' as we cut to commercial.

Coming soon to CWF Network

Match

The CWF Network logo appears on the screen.

Voiceover: Coming soon to CWF Network.

Pictures of Ataxia flash across the screen.

Voiceover: A brand new original series.

More pictures of Ataxia, with the raven mask, his burlap, in his coffin, scaring Rolash.

Voiceover: The Story of the Knight in Shining Burlap - An Ataxia Story.

The quick moving pictures stop and the picture zooms in on Ataxia in his mask, red eyes showing.

Voiceover: Subscribe today!

Fades.

Dynamite Dynamo vs. KC3

Match

Jim Gunt: Wow, what an announcement, James Milenko is the new CWF commissioner!

Mike Rolash: What a wonderful day today, isn't it?

Jim Gunt: You just called it hell...?

Mike Rolash: Yes, but that was before these beautiful news!

Jim Gunt: But that does not fit with what we have seen earlier when the board members met somebody outside.

Mike Rolash: Meh, that was probably just some false lead to throw us off. Milenko is such a genius.

Jim Gunt: Anyways, we're ready for our first match and here we have two fairly new faces to the federation facing off, Dynamite Dynamo in his second match and one of our latest newbies, KC3, and what could be a better way than to kick them off than with a qualifying match for our Golden Crown tourney? Over to Ray!

Ray Douglas is ready in the ring to open the show.

Ray Douglas: The following match is a qualifying match for the Golden Crown Tournament, and is scheduled for one fall...

"Bouncing off the Walls" by Sugar Cult begins to play as Dynamite Dynamo literally rolls out onto the stage on a pair of roller-wheel sneakers.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Denver, Colorado and weighing in at 190lbs...Dynamite Dynamo!

He rolls down the entrance ramp, seeking high fives and fist bumps from the fans as he passes. Then the commentators and the time keeper, until he climbs up onto the security rail and crests the gap with a leap, landing onto the ring apron.

Mike Rolash: This guy is a little too...peppy for my liking.

Jim Gunt: Certainly seems to be running on a high level of sugar. Let's see how this energy hold up in the ring.

Dynamo flips over the ring ropes, into the ring, followed up by a series of front handsprings towards the corner, where he finishes with a picture perfect backflip.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent...

The lights go off as, Jay-Z's "Run this Town", featuring Kanye West and Rhianna hits the speakers. KC3 comes out onto the stage, surveying the scene before him while rocking his head to the beat. Eventually he makes his strides down the ramp.

Ray Douglas: From Loveladies, New Jersey and weighing in at 207lbs...KC3!

He pauses as a fan tries to take a quick snap with a phone camera and the Next Generation God raises a hand to obscure the shot. His face is a mask of disdain. KC3 slides into the ring and runs the ropes a few times before halting, looking at his opponent with an unimpressed roll of the eyes and makes his way to the corner.

Jim Gunt: And now our first match of the evening is underway!

With the ringing of the bell the opening match for the evening is under way, and Dynamite Dynamo lives up to his name bursting into action with a sudden charge. KC3 is prepared for the brazen attack however and merely steps to the side, putting his foot in place to literally trip up the Rebel Without a Cause.

Mike Rolash: Well that's...a little embarrassing.

The Next Generation God leans down to his bumbling opponent and gives the Thrill-Devil a swift series of playful slaps on the cheek. Dynamo is only taken aback for the briefest of moments before he springs, literally back into the fray. Dynamite Dynamo jumps into the air for a dropkick but again KC3 has his spry opponent well scouted and yet again evades the attempted attack. The Rebel without a Cause turns out to be the Rebel without a target and fumbles back down to the ring mats, jarring his entire body.

Jim Gunt: In this particular instance, KC3 is proving that sometimes slow and steady can win a race.

KC3 ruffles Dynamo's hair. Dynamite swats away the hands of his opponent and lands an attack, catching the Next Generation God by surprise with a deep japanese arm drag that sends KC3 sprawling into a nearby corner.

Mike Rolash: Oh no...Not the dreaded arm-drag.

Jim Gunt: Your sarcasm is showing.

The Thrill-Devil connects with a running forearm that has KC3 staggering back out of the corner. Dynamo seizes his opportunity, taking advantage of this sudden opening by leaping up and using the ring ropes for added momentum. Dynamite Dynamo arcs gracefully backwards through the air, catching his opponent for an impressive moonsault ddt. However the Rebel is without a firm grip and cops a stiff elbow to the side of the head for his efforts.

Mike Rolash: Is this really how we're going to open the show immediately after Hellbound? SNOREFEST!

Jim Gunt: Oh come on Mike, give the new guys a break! They are showing promise.

Mike Rolash: yeah, the promise of a drop in ratings!

KC3 twists himself around, keeping a tight grip on his opponent, connecting with an inverted atomic drop that transitions perfectly into a northern lights suplex, even going so far as to hold on for a pin attempt. The very first for the evening.

Jim Gunt: He calls that the Inverted Bouncing Godplex.

ONE!

The Next Generation God actually purposefully breaks his own pin attempt immediately after the 1 count.

Mike Rolash: What cheek! What gall! What...an amazingly arrogant man!

Jim Gunt: Oh Gods!

KC3 lifts up Dynamite Dynamo and drapes him gut first over the nearby ring ropes with a gourdbuster. Grabbing a handful of Dynamo's hair, pulling him up so they are face to face, the Next Generation God slaps the Thrill-Devil yet again, stiffly across the face, then follows suit with a spike variation of his Holy Roller spinning neckbreaker. He hooks the leg for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Mike Rolash: Alright, he'll keep.

Jim Gunt: I'm...I'm shocked it's over all of a sudden.

KC3 pulls his arm away from referee Clark Summits, trying to raise it in victory, and instead stands over his fallen opponent, pretending to brush the dirt off of his shoulder before leaving the ring with an obvious look of contempt on his face.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner and the first member of team number one to enter the Golden Crown Tournament! KC3!!

First Order of Business

Match

Jim Gunt: Have only gotten through the first two matches and what a night so far! A new commish has been named in James Milenko and...

Mike Rolash: I'm honestly not... Sure how to feel about this. I WANT to be happy because Ataxia is gone but... Loki scares me and James is just me...

Mike doesn't get a chance to finish his thought though as the cameras cut from the two announcers to backstage showing the advancing form of Jaiden Rishel who hasn't come alone, beside him for the first time since WrestleFest, is Colton Mace! Colton is dressed to the nines, his best suit is on and he looks like he is actually worth the money he says he is. Jaiden is hurrying to keep up with Colton, frantically going through his cell phone and trying to call Colton's attention to an important fact.

Jaiden Rishel: Listen, Colt, you NEED to see this before you go in there, it... It isn't what you're expecting.

Colton Mace: Nonsense! That bagged freak will see things my way whether he wants to or not! I DEMAND MY rematch! I DESERVE MY BELT! NOT MJ FLAIR OR ANY MORE MASKED FREAKS!

Jaiden chooses this moment to err on the side of silence and hangs his shoulders in resigned defeat. Maybe one day Colton would one day learn that there were some people in the world that had his best interest in heart. Today wasn't

gliding into the ring.

As the music fades, Azrael is handed a microphone, which he graciously accepts with a bless you.

Azrael: Blessed day, brothers and sisters. Prior to my match today, I wanted to apologize to Fenrir for my actions at the end of our match at Hellbound. I have meditated and prayed on the events of that evening. It has become clear to me that God wanted you to lose that match, as it wasn't my desire to bring out the Avenging Angel. Apparently, he did not think that was the right course for you. So today, I am here and I will do my best to keep the Avenging Angel at bay. I am here for you to beat me as you need to. If you need a old fashioned slobber knocker, then let's get it on.

The crowd is excited to hear that they will be treated to another all out brawl between these two.

Azrael: Another thing, that I don't want you to forget, Christer. Your God or Gods, my God, their God, they are all one in the same. So if you are ready, let's get you fans an exciting match tonight!

Knocking On Hell's Door

Match

Continuous loud banging is heard, as Silas' fist pounds on the door of the Board's offices. He is clearly furious, and relentlessly pushes the hinges to their limits.

Silas Artoria: Open up! I SAID OPEN UP! WE NEED TO TALK!

Three more bangs, and Silas grunts to indicate that he's given up.

Silas Artoria: Great! Fantastic!

He turns around, face pink, and lips curled. He turns to the side to walk away, but stops. He looks confused.

Silas Artoria: Who the devil are you?

The camera pans to the side; Marcus Maximus.

Marcus Maximus: It's me! I interviewed you at Hellbound?

Silas Artoria: Where's Tara? I thought she was back at work.

Marcus is a little confused, bit of a curveball to throw at the poor interviewer.

Marcus Maximus: She's assigned to other athle--

Silas Artoria: Oh for god's sake!

He turns back around and continues banging on the door.

Silas Artoria: YOU GUYS BETTER OPEN UP! I WANT TO TALK ABOUT MY TREATMENT HERE!

Marcus Maximus: The Board have left, Silas.

He suddenly stops banging, and turns his head to the interviewer.

Silas Artoria: I beg your pardon?

Marcus Maximus: The Board leave the arena typically before the show starts. Didn't you know that?

Silas pauses for a moment, before he looks back at the door, then he looks back at Marcus. He relaxes his shoulders and twists his neck a little, still stiff but no longer in need of a collar. He dusts himself, deep breath, now calm.

Silas Artoria: You were going to ask me some questions, Matthew?

Marcus Maximus: Marcus.

Silas Artoria: Please ask the the questions!

Marcus looks unsure, but soon gains enough confidence to breathe in. Silas stands up straight, confidence and professionalism on full display.

Marcus Maximus: You had a Hell in a Cell match last week at Hellbound, in which not only did you come up short after sustaining brutal punishment, but you managed to coerce the production team to ignore your medical clearance. How do you feel about that, knowing that the ire of management could be directed towards you?

Silas smirks and chuckles.

Silas Artoria: You think management are angry at me after Hellbound? Quite the contrary! Dr Leggett may not be the biggest supporter of me at the moment, in fact he nearly suspended me! But management clearly sees me as a valuable competitor, otherwise why would I be here tonight, competing!? Sure, I have my current reservations with tonight, but the point is that that I highly doubt management dislikes me!

Marcus Maximus: And what about your match with The Shadow? How did you feel about that?

He chuckles further.

Silas Artoria: Did I not like the result? Of course. I lost, but I've demonstrated that I've taken losses in my stride before. I've been battered and bruised badly thanks to Shadow, and the scars of the match will live on my skin for the rest of my life. Falling from the cell? That was terrifying, but it didn't put me down! I kept on fighting, because even the most horrifying things in the world won't keep me down.

Marcus Maximus: Anything else to say in regards to the match?

Silas Artoria: Yes, of course.

He snatches the microphone, and looks directly at the camera.

Silas Artoria: That Hell in a Cell match was a message to the rest of the locker room; one that screams "even your best will not keep me down!" Weapons, blood loss, broken neck, just released from hospital. I had all that against me, and I had to make Shadow work for his win. Don't believe me? Ask him! Ask him what it took for him to finally pin me. It took a match with an injured, uncleared opponent, fighting on his terms, and even then he narrowly escaped.

He slowly points to the camera lens, a smile starts to gleam on his face.

Silas Artoria: Shadow, you succeeded at Hellbound, I'll give you that, but you and I know that this'll not be our last match together. We will both meet again, in the ring, and without the safety of nepotism to create your stipulations. We will fight again, when? I don't know, but I know Modern Warfare is coming up, so there is a good chance we will meet there. And if you came out of the match with the same carelessness that you come out of our previous bouts, then you truly haven't learned a damn lesson.

His smile shows his teeth, and he hands the microphone back to Marcus, whom asks more questions.

Marcus Maximus: Any other thoughts on Hellbound?

Silas bites his lip in thought, then chuckles again with a smirk on the side.

Silas Artoria: Well...interesting that Colton and Loki would join together in alliance. Do they need a name?

Marcus Maximus: Hostile Takeover?

Silas Artoria: Nah, I'm thinking 'The Sore Losers Club'. Both their challenges failed and they did actions akin to whining and screaming, while I have to be the civilized one! Can you imagine that? I, a 'pompous, arrogant, entitled ass' as Flair would describe me, turn out to be the reasonable one! I lost after my chance, I understood that! I didn't whine and complain, I simply rebuilt to the point that you all tune into the show to watch me!

Marcus Maximus: Only you?

Silas Artoria: Well....among others, but you get the point, Matthew! No one likes a complainer!

Marcus Maximus: So what about your match tonight against the Danger Boiz? You're teaming up with Autumn Raven again. How does that feel?

Silas smile fades out as he looks down. His lips harden, and his breathing becomes heavier.

He sighs deeply, says nothing, and walks away.

Marcus Maximus: Oh....well.....back to you guys at ringside!

Where is he?

Match

We cut to the outside of the arena with a grainy black and white video cutting on. As we see a trenchcoated figure wearing a bike helmet walking into the arena.

???: You sure you wanna do this? I mean, it's not like...

Helmeted Man: He's missing. I'm going to find him...

???: I mean, I know you like the guy but he's not...

Helmeted Man: He's family...

???: No he's not!

The helmeted man stops and turns back. We still can't make out his face, but the bike helmet looks like a smoking skull.

Helmeted Man: ...

???: I mean. He's not your family. You're blood family. This could be bad. You know how crazy he's gotten. You watched the match right? He wanted to be taken out. He doesn't want to be found. What is the plan here?

Helmeted Man: I'm going to do the one thing that will bring him out of the wood work. If he's hiding. He won't be able to ignore this.

???: Which is?

Helmeted Man: I'm going to tear this place apart!

Security: Hey! You can't be over h...

Before the security guard can even say anything the helmeted man rushes forward and grabs the poor rent a cop and spinebusts him into the concrete wall!

???: Was that really nec...

Helmeted Man: I want my son found...and I want him found now! No one is getting in my way...you best remember that, too.

???: Whatever you say Unc...

We cut back to ringside.

Maestro vs. Reggie T. Rascal

Match

Jim Gunt: So this is getting more and more intriguing here--

Mike Rolash: His...father...?

Mike has gone white as the wall.

Jim Gunt: Yes, it looks like Ataxia's father is here to find his son and then there is an uncle as well, the plot thickens!

Mike Rolash: More like the plot sickens...

Jim Gunt: That's your prerogative. And there is more happening, Ladies and Gentlemen, James Milenko and Colton Mace working on things, so it looks like the new commissioner is already fully at work here!

Mike Rolash: If it means to get that belt of Flair, I don't care how he does it!

Jim Gunt: Azrael also seems to be feeling - sorry of some sorts for Hellbound, which is a bit odd and Silas, well, he might have taken one hit to the head too many.

Mike Rolash: That's what happens, if you are around The Shadow for too long!

Jim Gunt: Moving on now to the second match of the evening and another qualifier for the Golden Crown Tournament. Who will join KC3 on the ranks?

Mike Rolash: Who cares? Probably some asshole.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is a qualifier for the Golden Crown Tournament and is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first...

"Maestro" by the Kaizers Orchestra plays throughout the arena and upon the start of the vocals, the man who calls himself the Modern Day Da Vinci steps forward onto the stage.

Ray Douglas: From Oslo, Norway, and weighing in at 180lbs...The Maestro!

With a deep breath, the Maestro walks down towards the ring. He ascends the steel steps and onto the apron where he turns to face the crowd, motioning to them to get them worked up for the match that is about to commence.

Mike Rolash: Not expecting much from this match either if I'm being honest.

Jim Gunt: When are you honest?

Mike Rolash: Mostly when putting down talent and commenting on your lack of pull with the ladies.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent...

"The Part Rock Anthem" by LMFAO plays, somewhat in stark contrast to Maestro's orchestral piece and Reggie T Rascal makes his appearance dancing across the stage and down the ramp.

Ray Douglas: From New York City, New York, and weighing in at 228lbs...Reggie T. Rascal!

Reggie makes a full lap around the perimeter of the ring before rolling underneath the bottom ring rope. He shoots his opponent a quick smile before take place in the corner to check on his wrist tape and chucking in a few more quick dance moves.

Mike Rolash: What is this? Saturday Morning Cartoon Gimmick Hour or something. First the guy with the stupid roller shoes, and now some Hip Dancer Wannabe.

Reggie barely even waits for the toll of the opening bell before he is off like a shot, leaping forward and invariably taking the Maestro by surprise with a sudden leaping knee strike aimed right at the head. His block clearly rocked,

Maestro staggers backwards, off against the ropes and into a running calf kick that sends the Chiseler straight down to the mat.

Mike Rolash: Want to know the difference between Dynamo and Reggie?

Jim Gunt: Alright, I'll bite. What?

Mike Rolash: Reggie actually hits his target.

Gaining momentum and confidence, Reggie doesn't want to lose his stride and comes off the congruent set of ring ropes. He springboards into the air, arcing himself backwards with a perfect somersault, coming down onto his opponent with a Lionsault. Unfortunately for Reggie he comes down hard upon the raised knees of the Modern Day Da Vinci.

Jim Gunt: High Risk much too fast! That may cost Reggie dearly.

A hip-toss has Reggie taken down to the mat, with the Maestro keeping a firm hold of his opponent and locking in a top wristlock. Fighting through the pain of the text-book submission, Reggie struggles back to his feet but before he can strike out into an offensive, the Maestro wrenches the arm, stretching and straining the joints of Reggie. A stiff, short-arm clothesline has Reggie down to the mat.

Mike Rolash: What is this, the '80s?

Jim Gunt: Maestro putting on a clinic of classic mat wrestling for Reggie here. Not a bad strategy, it keeps the overstimulated Rascal grounded.

Mike Rolash: BORING! Next!

An Irish whip has Reggie into the corner, with Maestro following in hot pursuit. Reggie quickly gets his boot up, catching the Chiseler in the face, halting his charge and effectively stunning the Maestro momentarily. A moment Reggie does not waste! He catches Maestro in the knee with a dropkick, then builds up steam by coming off of the ropes for a hurricanrana.

Jim Gunt: This is exactly what Maestro was hoping to avoid with his mat-based techniques.

Mike Rolash: And look how that turned out.

The Maestro holds his ground however, maintaining balance and denying Reggie the complete execution of his hurricanrana. Instead Maestro pushes his opponent off, but up and over his head backwards, directly into the path of the top of the cold, hard, steel turnpost. Reggie T Rascal's world is rocked as he connects head first with the corner post. Maestro follows up with a text book back drop and makes a cover.

One...

Two...

Reggie T Rascal kicks out!

Jim Gunt: I don't know how Reggie still had the sense left to kick out of that pin.

Mike Rolash: Maybe he's all hollow in there...

Maestro is unable to capitalize as Reggie connects with yet another low dropkick to the knees, this time coming off of the ropes for the Shining Wizard. Yet again Maestro is there to cut him off. Taking Reggie by surprise, the Modern Day Da Vinci connects with another solid blow to the head, this one underneath the jaw, with a rising European Uppercut and following up with the Gabler from out of nowhere.

Jim Gunt: What a sudden shift!

Maestro drops down, hooks the leg, and makes another cover attempt.

Jim Gunt: I doubt Reggie is kicking out of that one!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner and the second member of team number one to enter the Golden Crown Tournament! MAESTRO!

S.O.S.

Match

The Shadow had been through several battles in recent years. All holding special meaning to him, all for their own individual reasons. He is a man that has seen a lot, experienced more, and learns from all of his past experiences, triumphs, and most importantly mistakes. With all of this being taken into account, the leader of The Forsaken prepares himself for whatever waits for him in the main event of Evolution. He hasn't had a chance to focus on Loki Synn quite yet, but now that he is removed from Silas Artoria he can focus on the devious jester and whatever plot that she may have concocted. So it should come as no surprise that The Shadow has taken the precaution of stationing Druids throughout the arena, ensuring that Loki, Tobias, and Jimmy would be able to contain themselves until they reach the main event. Myfanwy refused to leave his side and Shadow smiles at the memory of her persistence in joining him during shows. It was a task just to get her to leave him for his usual pre-match meditations and convince her that she should grab them both water for the evening to put on ice.

KNOCK KNOCK

The sound of the sharp knocks on the door breaks Shadow of his reverie and he sighs, he had asked not to be disturbed unless absolutely necessary. Myfanwy wouldn't knock to come back inside.

The Shadow: Who is it?

A mystery voice answers almost immediately, polite, curt, no nonsense and to the point.

"I know you didn't want to be disturbed Shadow, but I have some important information about your match tonight!"

Shadow sighs again. Something was going on and he doesn't like it. He quickly grabs his staff from beside him, ready for anything but as soon as he stands up, the door bursts open and a swarm of Loki Synn look-a-likes swarm in! Shadow fends them off as best he can, but his staff is soon caught and yanked away from him before he is swarmed by a sea of jesters, all pinning him down in a prone position on his locker room floor, down on his hands and knees as if genuflecting for royalty. His hands are roughly handcuffed behind him and his legs are put in shackles. In comes the one and only Loki Synn who is carrying a whipped cream pie, sticking her finger in it, and licking it from her hand.

Loki Synn: OH! Shadow! Didn't realize you were going to be here. Or, maybe I did, doesn't matter does it? I see that you've met my Sentinels of Synn. Catchy ain't it? Useful drones that, like your druids, come in handy when I need expendable bodies, or if I need to ambush someone, as you're figuring out. Now, I'm only going to ask once before I start looking. The longer it takes me to find what I'm looking for, the more fun I'm going to have ripping apart everything that you hold near and dear to your heart until I DO, find what I'm looking for. So, tell me Shadow, do you want to help your ol' pal Loki out and find a new mask? Halloween IS right around the corner and I was thinking of upgrading my mask to something more in the, oh I don't know... Burlap family?

The Jagged Grin smiles as she takes another finger full of whipped cream and Shadow struggles fruitlessly against the

hands of Loki's Sentinels. For her part Loki sets the pie down on the bench and bounces along the room taking her time and looking from place to place, each time coming up empty, and each time pointing at The Sentinels, who respond by punching or kicking Shadow in turn.

Loki Synn: Lift his head up, he needs to be watching this.

The Sentinels of Synn grab Shadow's hair and yank his head up, forcing him to watch as Loki goes around the room and begins to tear apart anything that Shadow, Dorian, Chloe, or any Druid may have brought in. However, it's all a show as Loki comes to the last locker, the one that Shadow had been sitting in front of before pandemonium erupted and he was getting ready to hide Ataxia's mask Danny B had ripped off of him at Hellbound. Loki's laugh indicates she has found what she has been looking for. She turns, holding Ataxia's mask in her hands, staring down at the bloodstained burlap. Her voice is quiet, deadly.

Loki Synn: Tell me Shadow, want to see a magic trick? Who am I kidding, of COURSE you do! Now you see me...

With one swift motion Loki scoops up her pie and slings it in Shadow's face! The pie finds its mark, covering Shadow's face with the sweet whipped cream and foil pan.

Loki Synn: Now you don't... Dick.

Loki spins on her heel, hiding her face from the camera as she whips her own mask off and hurriedly puts on the burlap. Her laugh is sinister and a couple of her sentinels gag as she whips around. A couple of the braver ones wipe the whipped cream from Shadow's eyes while the others drop him and back out of the room. He looks on as Loki, now in Ataxia's mask blows him a kiss and backs out of the room, mocking him and laughing before turning her back on her nemesis and turns face to face with Myfanwy! The red headed druid is shocked to say the least.

Myfanwy verch Owain: OH! Ataxi...

She stops as her eyes go from Ataxia's mask and the sinister laughter escaping from it, to Shadow, still handcuffed on the floor, whipped cream dripping off his face. Myfanwy's eyes go back to "Ataxia" and her eyes widen and if possible, her skin goes one shade paler as she recognizes Loki Synn's wardrobe. She drops the container carrying bottled water and hurls herself at Loki in a blur of red curls and Welsh fury. The laughter from Ataxia's mask only intensifies as Myfanwy hits Loki and bounces off of her after making Loki stumble backward a step. Myfanwy steadies herself for another blow but the haunting voice of Loki comes from the burlap.

Loki Synn: Shadow. Call your little pitbull here off before I put her to sleep for good.

Myfanwy's eyes widen, but she doesn't back down. Her eyes do however, go to Shadow who meets her gaze and shakes his head gravely. Myfanwy let's her guard down and Loki laughs again.

Loki Synn: Good boy. Now then, if you'll all excuse me, I have a match to get prepared for. See all of you... FRANDS later!

With that Loki gives one last kick to the ribs of Shadow, points and laughs at Myfanwy as she prepares to pounce again, and skips out of the still open door; grabbing herself one of the forgotten waters from the floor. Myfanwy runs over to Shadow and starts to check on him, looking for something, anything that she can use to cut the handcuffs off of Shadow as Loki's laugh echoes down the hallway.

A Feather in your Cup

Match

Jim Gunt: Loki Synn is definitely getting under people's skins and now apparently also into their masks. I am not sure, if I have ever seen such a reign of terror set up in such a short amount of tim!

Mike Rolash: And to see The Shadow shackled, aaah, this show is really getting better and better!

Jim Gunt: You are really enjoying this! One of, if not the, most well known face in CWF is missing and you are thrilled!

Mike Rolash: He's not tormenting me for once! Yes! I hope he's gone forever! I hope we never see his bag wearing psychopathic face ever a...he's behind me, isn't he!

Mike turns to see a kid wearing an Ataxia mask.

Mike Rolash: I knew it was you!

Kidtaxia: I knew your mom last night, too!

Jim Gunt: AHAHAHAHAH!!!

Mike Rolash: Ya little sh...but yes! I'm glad he's gone and nothing is going to...

A black raven feather lands on the announcer table...right into Mike's drink.

Mike Rolash: If I don't look, he won't be there.

The two commentators look up and we see a figure up in the rafters running away.

Figure: HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE...

Jim Gunt: There might be some hope.

Mike Rolash: Hope...Hell...Starts with the same letter at least.

Autumn Raven & Silas Artoria vs. The Danger Boiz (Crazy Chris & Dangerous Dan)

Match

Jim Gunt: We're right back into the action as the Danger Boiz have already made their way down to the ring. Their opponents coming out shortly. It should be interesting to see how well Silas and Autumn Raven can coexist in this matchup.

Mike Rolash: You mean not at all, it's going to be a train wreck!

Purple lights shine around the top of the ramp, fog rolling around it as the beginning lyrics of the song start to play, the 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.

Ray Douglas: From Los Angeles, California, weighing one hundred twenty pounds, she is the Beautiful Psychopath, AUTUMN RAVEN!

"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."

She 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"

She 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. We turn our attention back to the entrance way as we await Silas' entrance.

Ray Douglas: Her partner... from Toronto, Ontario, Canada...

"Arousal" by Mick Gordon cues on the pa system as a fog machine starts billowing out. The lights cut to a bluish hue as lights pulse with the music..

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

Slowly, a shape emerges, taking form as he passes through the cloud, and Silas Artoria stops on top of the ramp. He ignores the boos and looks over the crowd with his nose in the air, clearly considering himself above the commoners. Silas continues to disregard the voice of the people as he approaches the ring, he gives a little smirk and wink towards Autumn Raven who just cringes slightly. Walking up the ring steps with high - class dignity, he steps through the ropes and settles into the corner.

The team of Silas and Autumn are arguing in the corner about who will start the match when the bell rings. While the two are distracted Crazy Chris charges the two and hits them with a split legged drop kick sending both towards the ropes and spilling out onto the apron. Meanwhile Dan comes following his partner and as the two are rising on the apron goes for a double spear through the ropes. Silas and Autumn however manage to recuperate quick enough to instead catch Dan as he comes through, they both hook his head and fall back off the apron spiking him on his head with a horrible elevated ddt to the outside.

Jim Gunt: Oh my lord, they just drove Dangerous Dan's head into the unforgiving outside area. He's going to be lucky not to have a broken neck after that fall.

The two pop right back up to their feet and go back to arguing. Autumn quickly points behind Silas and mouths something along the lines of watchout, but the Canadian Reaper isn't listening thinking it a ploy, meanwhile Autumn takes a few steps back as from behind Crazy Chris comes running from around the corner down the apron and leaps off with a cannon ball like senton that catches Silas in the back. Chris rolls through it popping up to his feet and looks to give chase to Autumn however eats a boot to the stomach as soon as he's up. Autumn quickly grabs Chris and throws him into the ring before rolling in after him.

Jim Gunt: We may finally actually have a legal set of competitors now in our match. After all of this excitement outside. It appears our match will start with Autumn Raven and Crazy Chris.

Mike Rolash: Well obviously it was going to be Chris involved after they killed Dangerous Dan on the outside.

Autumn once inside the ring lifts Chris up to the vertical base and sends him off the ropes, as he bounces back she catches him with a hip toss. As soon as he hits the ground Raven leaps up and drops a knee across the face of Chris. She stays on the attack hooking in a front chancery before driving her knee into the back of the head/shoulder blades of Chris. After a few more shots she gets up to her feet and lifts Chris up as well. A quick kick to the gut she hooks Crazy Chris up for a suplex like move but as she lifts him he kicks his legs out and manages to fall back down in front of her. He spins out of the front face lock and goes for a quick kick to the gut himself. He then bounces off the ropes and comes back looking for a running clothesline but Autumn ducks it instead going behind him and kicking Chris in the back of the knee sending him to a kneeling position. She runs and bounces off the ropes, as she bounces back Silas reaches out and makes a blind tag. She bounces off the ropes and leaps up at Chris who is still knelt hitting him with a shining wizard! Meanwhile right behind her is a charging Silas who as soon as Chris falls over he hits with a running baseball slide to the side of the head.

Mike Rolash: Finally some class is being brought into the match up!

Jim Gunt: He seems to be targeting the temple and head of his opponent here. You'd think after some time in the hospital Silas would have some sympathy and not target something as fragile as the brain.

Mike Rolash: Stop being so whiny, it's a fight, you fight to win. Hell Silas checked himself out of the hospital and forced his way back into a hell in a cell match. If anything you should be having sympathy for him for all he's been put through!

Silas pops to his feet and lifts Chris up to a vertical base again. He locks in a front face lock and underhooks an arm before snapping his hips and basically tossing Chris across the ring. Silas gets back to his feet with a sick smirk on his face just stalking Crazy Chris, firing off a couple boots to the downed competitor before lifting him back to his feet and sending him off the ropes. As Chris comes back Silas lifts him up onto his shoulders like for a samoan drop but starts spinning around with an airplane spin before tossing Chris up off his shoulders allowing him to keep spinning around and come crashing down face first on the mat. Silas bounces off the ropes and comes back with a falling fist right to the side of Chris' head again. Meanwhile Dangerous Dan is finally seen getting back into his corner. Silas gets to a knelt position and locks in a chin lock on Chris. While holding him he makes Chris stare towards his corner mocking him while grinding his free hands fist into the temple of the crazy one. Silas gets to his feet dragging Chris with him sending him into a neutral corner.

Jim Gunt: I'm getting the feeling Autumn and Silas are both coming at this as though it's a singles match, refusing to use any sort of team work.

Mike Rolash: Why should Silas use team work, he's dominating at the moment. He doesn't need Autumn Raven's help.

Silas has Crazy Chris in the corner and just fires off some stiff chops before backing up a few steps and charging in for a splash in the corner, however as Silas is charging, Autumn runs down the apron and jumps up hitting Chris with a kick to the side of the head causing him to fall out of the corner before Silas can quite get there sending him chest first into the turnbuckle. Autumn smirks and mouths a very exaggerated oops as she goes back to her corner. Silas of course staring a hole into her as the two mouth off at one another. While they are distracted Crazy Chris starts to crawl his way to Dangerous Dan. Chris manages to get the tag and in comes a slightly woozy but fired up Dan. Dan charges at Silas hitting him in the back of the head with a forearm causing the Canadian Reaper to stumble into his corner where Autumn tags herself in. Silas turns around to Dan and fires off a stiff right hand as Autumn comes from the other side of Dan and fires off a right of her own knocking Dan back to Silas. The two start to ping pong Dan's head back and forth with rights until Silas spins around quickly and nearly takes off Dan's head with a discus lariat.

Mike Rolash: Yes, now lariat her! Come on, it's way past time for you two to implode!

Jim Gunt: Maybe their competitive natures are starting this little one upmanship. Only can hope it doesn't infact implode before they can capitalize.

Autumn lifts Dan up to his feet and looks at Silas before she does a spin and nails Dan with a roaring elbow crumbling the Dangerous one to the ground. Silas cocks an eyebrow before lifting Dan back up himself and sending him into the ropes and taking him down with a big back body drop. Autumn mouths oh yea? As she grabs Dan and sends him off the ropes again and hits him with her own big back body drop. Dan grips his back in pain. Crazy Chris tries to get back into it as he charges the two however as he almost gets there Autumn does a side shuffle and Silas hops up as Autumn connects with The Claw in the Night superkick and Silas connects with the Knockout high bicycle kick.

Mike Rolash: Goodnight Nurse!

Jim Gunt: Someone send a medic down there I'm pretty sure Crazy Chris's head just nearly came off his body.

Mike Rolash: He's concussed Chris now, oh and look think we're about to have a Dead Dan join him.

Dan tries to get back to his feet but only gets to a knee as Silas goes bouncing off one set of ropes and Autumn does the same off another set of ropes, the two meet in the middle as Dan stands up and gets sandwiched from either side with a Claw in the Night and Knockout Combo, both Silas and Autumn goes to pin Dan.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

Both Silas and Autumn hop up and immediately start arguing over who just won this match for their team.

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners by pinfall! The team of AUTUMN RAVEN AND SILAS ARTORIA!

Jim Gunt: Well Mike it looks like the two former members of Coalition were able to pick up the victory here tonight! Putting away the Danger Boiz in dominating fashion!

Mike Rolash Was the outcome ever in doubt?

The two former stablemates end their bickering as Autumn is the first to leave the ring and head to the back, Silas soon leaving shortly after. The Canadian fans boo the two as they finally make their exit through the curtain.

Sacrificial Lambs

Match

Jim Gunt: Tough break for Dan and Chris, who are coming off back-to-back losses in recent weeks. Hopefully they will be ab...

Jim is cut off mid sentences, the CWF Tron springing to life. The screen is distorted until it finally clears up and we see the group only known as V.E.N.O.M staring back at the masses. Their sights are fixated on the ring where the Danger Boiz are slowly recovering. The female, who is front and center, strokes a small glass case, inside of it a brown recluse! She sinisterly stares into the camera lens, her voice finally ringing throughout the arena.

????: Caos. Destrucción. Locura.

She stops, smiling into the camera, the Danger Boiz watching on intently.

????: Where are my manners? Mira.. I forget sometimes that we are in this hellhole of a country.

The Canadian fans inside of the arena begin to boo as a sadistic laugh escapes her body. Her cohorts standing stoically at her sides, chains hanging from their necks, connected to padlocks!

Jim Gunt: Not much is known about this group V.E.N.O.M, but we were recently able to get names on these three individuals. On the left is Vince Espinoza, the right Omar Martinez, and leading this weird bunch is known only as Nina!

Mike Rolash: Is that seriously what V.E.N.O.M stands for? An acronym for their names? How original...

The laughter of Nina finally comes to an abrupt end.

Nina: What do you do, when the whole world turns their back on you? What do you do, when you beg and plead for help, not a single helping hand reaching out to save you? What do you do? Mira. When the very foundation of everything you know and love comes crumbling down around you, what do you do?

She begins to caress the glass case again.

Nina: Do you lay down and die, or do you stand up and FIGHT!?! Do you fight for what is right, or do you sit idly by with thumbs up your culos praying that the problem fixes itself. I think it's time for the masses to despierta! WAKE UP! BECAUSE V.E.N.O.M ESTÁ AQUÍ!

Y la infección ha comenzado...

A total blackout consumes the Bell MTS Center as the opening sounds of "Second Death of Souls" by Matriarch begins to play. The fans begin to stir as cellphone flashlights begin to illuminate the arena. As the song begins to kick up a notch, a red spotlight beams down on the stage area as the group known as V.E.N.O.M stand there unmoving like statues! Nina is front and center, smiling her now signature smile, as the masked mammoth, Vince Espinoza is to her right. The face painted minion to her left.

Jim Gunt: These three made their debut at Hellbound, in what some may call the oddest debut to date. But what purpose do they have out here right now?

Mike Rolash: I don't know Jim, but these guys are creepy! Why does she have chains connected to their necks?

Jim Gunt: I guess it's safe to say that those two men are her pets.

Mike Rolash: That's scary and kinky, all balled up together.

Nina begins to make her way down the aisle and towards the ring, the glass case in her right hand, two chain leashes in her left. She leads Espinoza and Martinez slowly towards the ring as the fans are still not sure, what to make of the trio. Finally coming to a stand still at ringside, she is seen, just barely turning towards the two men, unhooking the chain from their padlocks.

Jim Gunt: I gotta gut feeling, that's telling me, this isn't gonna end well.

The lights come back alive, as the two men are now attacking the former Hall of Famers! Both Espinoza and Martinez pound on the Danger Boiz, Nina sits on her throne, pleased with what's transpiring inside of the ring.

Jim Gunt: These two men are attacking the Danger Boiz like rabid dogs!

Mike Rolash: Those two haven't been on the right side of things lately.

Vince Espinoza has Dangerous Dan trapped in a corner, pounding on him with clubbing blows! Slumping in the corner, Dan is quickly brought upright and sent flying across the ring, almost landing on the opposite corner, courtesy of a Biel Throw by Espinoza! In a neutral corner, Martinez has Crazy Chris down, stomping him with merciless boots to the head!

Mike Rolash: And I called him Concussed Chris earlier.

With the Crazy One nearly unconscious in the corner, Martinez backs up, slowly and methodically, measuring Chris up before barreling in at him and rocking his skull with a hard knee smash! With his neck twisting in a sick whiplash, Crazy Chris is out like a light on the corner! Both men now focus their attention back on Dangerous Dan, who fights to get to a vertical base. Helping him to his feet, Martinez irish whips Dan into the direction of Espinoza, who pops the Dangerous One into the air and spikes him into the canvas with a Powerbomb! He's not done though, grabbing the legs of Dan and flipping him heels over head back to his feet, before sending him twisting back down to the canvas with a sickening

Lariat!

Jim Gunt: Oh my God! What a brutal lariat!

Mike Rolash: If he wasn't Dead Dan before, he's definitely Dead Dan now.

With both the Danger Boiz sprawled out on the mat, both Martinez and Espinoza drag the Danger Boiz into the center of the ring facing the hard camera. Proud of her henchmen's dirty work, Nina slowly slithers her way under the bottom rope, with the glass case in tow, she crawls towards the brotherly duo, a twist curve on her lips. Placing the case between the two downed brothers, she positions herself between them with a hand on each of their chest.

Jim Gunt: What is she doing?

Mike Rolash: I have no clue, but I'm glad I don't have to pay premium prices to see it!

Jim Gunt: Can we get one night?

Rolash snickers to himself as Espinoza and Martinez stand like gargoyles behind Nina as she is seen chanting inside of the ring. Suddenly the lights begin to pulsate with the sound of a heartbeat, going on and off. After three heartbeats the lights finally blackout for nearly five seconds, before springing back on, V.E.N.O.M still stoically on position, the Danger Boiz now gone!

Jim Gunt: What happened to the Danger Boiz!?

Mike Rolash: How the hell would I know, I was sitting here next to you!

Nina looks seductively out towards the crowd, who are now booing what just occurred. Without a care in the world, she begins to laugh hysterically, Espinoza and Martinez still unmoving!

Mike Rolash: I thought all the weird things would stop happening after Ouroboros disappeared, but now this! I'm sure that bagged ass is responsible for bringing these freaks to the CWF!

Jim Gunt: I believe the landscape as a whole, have changed with the arrival of these three. Yet their motives are still unclear. Fans hopefully were able to hear something on the whereabouts of the Danger Boiz, but things aren't looking up.

The camera switches over to the announce table.

Mike Rolash: Moving along, Evolution 33 is coming to you LIVE! From the Bell MTS Center in this shithole of a place!

Jim Gunt: Are you not symp.

Mike Rolash: NOPE! Moving along.

Church vs. State

Match

As the camera does a slow-pan of the Bell MTS Centre, fans all around the arena stand up and cheer, showing themselves to be having a wonderful time. The shot eventually returns to ringside, with Rolash and Gunt.

Jim Gunt: Well, it's always nice to be North of the 49th, and the fans here in Winnipeg have...

Mike Rolash: I thought we were in Toronto, you idiot!

Jim Gunt: ...well, be that as it may, the fans here have been incredibly accommodating to the CWF family, and we're looking forward to continuing this tour of Canada's West Coast.

Mike Rolash: Speak for yourself, Jim. The only thing worthwhile from these Canada trips is when we're out East and can get some decent lobster!

Jim Gunt: Blake Church & Charles State had the opportunity to sit down with one of Canada's native sons.

Mike Rolash: Hell, it's been years since we swung through the Maritimes...

Jim Gunt: ...Jarvis King, the Paramount Champion...

Mike Rolash: Seriously, I get that there's not really anything else to do out there, but like...it's worth it for the lobster. Of course, the women out there kind of resemble lobsters...red, bug-eyed...

Jim Gunt: Would you stop?!

Mike Rolash: What?

Jim Gunt: ...roll the interview please.

We're taken to a pre-recorded segment in a well-appointed black studio space. The CWF's special correspondents, Church and State, both sit, smiling, and addressing the camera.

Blake Church: Tonight, we are joined by the CWF's longest reigning champion.

Charles State: That's right; off of the heels of an amazing title defence inside Hell in a Cell at Hellbound, our guest is certainly looking forward to his next challenge as he enters his sixth month as Paramount Champion.

Blake Church: Jarvis King, welcome to this special edition of Church vs. State.

The Paramount Champion is shown in a suit with a bored look on his face and the Paramount title draped over his right shoulder.

Jarvis King: "Special" in that it's happening at all, I suppose?

Charles State: Well, uhh...

Jarvis King: Never mind. It's good to be here. I guess.

The hosts nervously exchange glances, but continue as planned.

Blake Church: Jarvis, first of all, congratulations on your big defence against Harley Hodge at Hellbound. You must feel great.

Jarvis smirks, and shakes his head.

Jarvis King: No, actually I don't, Blake. I feel like garbage, if I'm being honest. See, I went through an absolute war at Hellbound; I was battered, bloodied, and beaten...but I still walked out of that match with my head held high and my title around my waist. I went to war, and what is it that I heard about the next day? 'Oh, MJF defended her title! Oh, Colton Mace returned at the end of the show! Oh, Loki came so damn close.' It's enough to make me sick.

Charles State: Well, what, are you saying that people shouldn't be talking about the main event?

Jarvis King: No, I'm saying that I am the main event. See, my match might not be on last, but it is the match that matters. My title may not say "World" on it, but it is the title that I hold, and therefore it's the one that everyone wants. And CWF management – if you can call it that – hasn't seen it. They've been too busy screwing over me and my colleagues in The Glass Ceiling to take notice of where the real talent lies in this company. Duce Jones. Freddie Styles. Yours truly. The Glass Ceiling.

Blake Church: Tonight, you defend your Paramount Championship once again against Kemsey Ramsey. Your thoughts?

Jarvis laughs derisively, rolling his eyes.

Jarvis King: See what I mean? CWF management has deemed that this is a legitimate use of their finest talent's time.

How in the hell has this clown, Kemsey Fucking Ramsey, gotten not one, but two title opportunities in the last two months? Explain that to me, Blake. No, I'm serious – explain it to me.

Church looks over at his partner, completely taken aback at the imposition from The Icon. Jarvis smirks again.

Jarvis King: See, you can't. You can't justify it. And the only way that I can manage to justify it in my own head is this – I've been too damn nice. And you know what? That's been my mistake. I've let too much slide on my own watch and not done anything about it...so here's what I'm gonna say, boys – tonight, it's the beginning of things changing. Tonight, it's the beginning of no more Mr. Nice Icon. Tonight is the beginning of a new Jarvis King; a Jarvis King who, if you cross him, will ensure that you're nothing more than a shadow of what you used to be. Because East Coast Excellence needs to stand for something again...and all those that oppose him, well, they need to bow down.

Jarvis stands up, and unclips his microphone.

Charles State: Jarvis – what's in the briefcase?!

The interview then fades to black, and we're brought back to ringside.

Jim Gunt: Jarvis King defends his Paramount Championship, later tonight!

Mike Rolash: You can't really even get decent poutine this far west...

Jim Gunt: Shut up!

Azrael vs. Christer "Fenrir" Lundmark

Match

The bickering stops as 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!

Suddenly his music cuts and the heavy opening guitar of Amon Amarth's "Valhall Awaits Me" sets in. As it goes into full speed mode, a gasp goes through the audience as a tall, blond, bearded man comes storming through the curtain and down the ramp. Azrael twists himself around to see the source of the commotion, his eyes going wide as he sees the towering Viking hurtling down the ramp towards him.

Jim Gunt: Uh oh, someone's in trouble here!

Azrael's eyes go wide in terror and he tries to signal to whoever is at the controls to pull him back up, but Christer reaches him first, tackling him with the full might of his 278 lbs, tearing him off the cable that was holding him and right across the announce table, efficiently clearing it and sending Jim and Mike scrambling.

Mike Rolash: Whoa there, Nelly!

Jim Gunt: There is no love lost between these two, that is for sure! Azrael still has not managed to get himself extracted from the Swede's pummeling blows!

Mike Rolash: Who does this guy think he is? Let the poor man get into the ring first!

Lundmark stops for a moment and looks over his shoulder at Mike, who is getting visibly nervous. He pulls Azrael up by his cassock and heaves him into the ring, right before the feet of referee Trent Robbins, who finally signals to ring the bell as Fenrir rolls himself into the ring as well. But that does not change anything in the Viking's approach to the match, as he already has Azrael back on his feet and whips him into the ropes, going right after him and letting him fly over his knee.

Jim Gunt: Ouch, this is an incredibly powerful start here to this match!

After a heavy stomp to the chest of Azrael, Christer tears the cassock off the angel, throwing it aside. Just as he drags Azrael back to his feet, the Angel of Death unleashes a vicious lowblow to his opponent's groin, but Lundmark barely reacts to it, instead bringing down his elbow hard into Azrael's neck area, sending him sprawling.

Mike Rolash: This gives the expression 'balls of steel' a completely new meaning...

Jim Gunt: No kidding, looks like Christer did not take whatever Az had channelled at Hellbound lightly!

Christer goes for the ropes and jumps off for a big splash, but Azrael has just enough wherewithal to get his legs up, ramming his knees into Lundmark's midriff, but crying out in pain from the impact himself. Now Christer is rolling, holding his stomach, while Azrael is holding his knees.

Mike Rolash: And there goes all the momentum. Boring!

Jim Gunt: I am not sure that you are aware that a lot of people can hear you here, right?

Mike Rolash: I don't care!

Jim Gunt: Do what you think is right, but don't come crying to me after!

Azrael is back on his feet, albeit with a limp, seeing his opportunity to turn the page on Christer. A heavy boot to the Swede's side, followed by a hard stomp to the already hurt stomach brings a smile to his face, seeing his assailant writhing in pain. In an effort to take advantage of his incapacitated foe, Az pulls Christer to his feet by the hair, whips him into the ropes and follows right up with the monstrous lariat that has turned into somewhat of a signature move of his, sending him over the top rope.

Mike Rolash: There we go, my man is in control now!

He follows Lundmark out of the ring and once more dragging him up, he again whips him, but this time into the steel chairs that go flying upon the impact.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Trent Robbins has started to count, I help that this will not end up being a count-out, those are always so anti-climactic.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, your mom did not get to that last night either.

Jim Gunt: You are absolutely disgusting!

Mike Rolash: No less disgusting than that bagged freak that keeps, no, kept popping up until Danny B finally shut him up and the other Forsaken scumbags like The Shadow, look what he did to poor Silas!

THREE!

FOUR!

At these words three figures in Druid's cloaks come rushing down the ramp, two of them flanking the announce table and the redhead that has been admonishing Mike before firmly planting herself in front of Mike.

Myfanwy: OK, we've heard enough. Mr. Rolash, please follow these two gentlemen backstage.

Mike Rolash: Yeah right, as if I'd go with you, pfft.

FIVE!

SIX!

Myfanwy rolls her eyes and then puts both hands onto the table in front of Mike.

Myfanwy: OK, you don't seem to speak 'normal'. You will get your rear off that cushy chair and follow these two nice gents up the ramp and backstage. And no, I am not asking you.

Mike Rolash: You can't make me.

Myfanwy straightens up with a sigh.

Myfanwy: That is true, I can't.

Mike starts to give her his biggest and most arrogant smile.

Myfanwy: However...

The smile starts to falter a little.

Myfanwy: They can...

Every trace of a smile is wiped away, replaced with a growing look of horror as the other two Druids move in, Jim getting up and gesturing to one of them to come through here.

Mike Rolash: Y-you can't do that, no!

Each of the druids grabs Mike under one arm and start to move towards the ramp, dragging him after them, Myfanwy pointing to Jim and then the ring to bring his attention back to the match.

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

Jim Gunt: Alright then, that is taken care of, so what did we miss? Lundmark is trying to get up after hitting the steel stairs hard, Azrael is still having some issues with his knee and--

The picture switches back to ringside from Mike being dragged off and just in time to show Azrael with the top part of the stairs in his hands, swinging them down towards a rising Lundmark, but as the stairs hit him against the side of his head, Azrael gets jolted by the impact of the stairs as well, dropping them down, hitting his right knee in the process. He goes to one knee with a cry of pain, but powers himself up to both feet again, grabbing Christer and rolling him back into the ring just before Robbins counts them both out. The Swede uses the ropes to get himself up, while Az slowly walks up the other set of stairs with a light limp.

Jim Gunt: Both men are already marked by this match, which has been intense to say the least. Azrael is coming back into the ring now and OH MY GOD!

Just as Azrael is stepping through the ropes, Christer lets out a roar and launches himself towards the Archangel of Death with reckless abandon, spearing him off the apron and right into the barrier to the fans!

Jim Gunt: A devastating Gungnir spear by Lundmark and Azrael is in deep trouble now.

Lundmark is now the one dragging Azrael up by his hair and tossing him back into the ring before following up. Azrael tries to copy Lundmark's spear when he gets through the ropes, but a quick high knee stops that attack dead in its tracks. Christer grabs Azrael and bends him forward, lifts him up and RAGNAROK! The pop-up power bomb is executed perfectly and Azrael slams into the mat with such a force that the Archangel bounces off a few inches. Immediately Lundmark goes for the cover, hooking both of Azrael's legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner by pinfall: CHRISTER - FENRIR - LUNDMARK!

The viking is bent over Azrael and is yelling at the barely moving man.

Christer Lundmark: Vad hände? Ditt gud räddade inte din röv den här gången? Av Odin väntar Valhall på mig, men vad har du? ("What happened? Your god did not save your ass this time? By Odin, Valhall awaits me, but what do you have?")

Jim Gunt: Yes, this is definitely an angry viking and Azrael paid dearly for it, I wonder how this is going to do to his newly found momentum that really got a severe dent tonight.

Mike Rolash: Oh, he will be helped, he is on a mission from God, remember?

Jim Gunt: Yeah, I saw that tonight...

Breaking The Camel's Back

Match

Mike Rolash: GET OFF ME! I'VE HAD IT WITH YOU... YOU... HEATHENS!

Myfanwy pauses in her lead of the parade carrying Mike Rolash as far away from the ring as possible. She turns to him and points a finger in his face.

Myfanwy verch Owain: We have warned you about your propaganda several times over Mr. Rolash, consider this the last time we'll ask nicely.

Mike Rolash's face turns red and he finally pulls himself away from the two druids on either side of him. He straightens his suit and stomps back the way he had been dragged, not really paying attention to where he is going and muttering to himself about stupid faceless wannabes in cloaks, his freedom of speech, and how many times every week it could be trampled on. That is until he is interrupted from this mindset by a pair of gleaming black shoes in front of him. Rolash's face travels up the nicely tailored suit and into the emerald green eyes of the smiling James Milenko, new commissioner of the CWF.

James Milenko: Mikhael! How the hell are ya! You look down in the dumps, turn that frown upside down buddy! It's a new day! Why don't you tell your new boss what's going on and...

Mike Rolash puts his hand up to James Milenko's face his gaze narrowing.

Mike Rolash: The last time you saw me face to face, you took a pair of scissors to a seventy dollar cable that was deducted from my check the following week. Just because you got to be in the boss' seat, doesn't mean I'm going to cater to whatever it is you're trying to get me to buy.

James smiles as his gaze travels from Rolash's disgruntled appearance and to the still remaining druids.

James Milenko: Ah, I see that you have some issues of your own. I suppose I'll leave you to it then. Lord knows you wouldn't need MY help in any way, shape, or form. You do a stand up job out there Mikey, keep it up m'kay?

With a firm bump on Mike's shoulder James turns to walk away. Mike turns to look behind him and still spies the red hair of Myfanwy, watching him carefully. In a split second he changes his tune and turns back to catch up to Milenko... Only to almost run into the new commish who hadn't budged, his smile only widening.

James Milenko: Ah, you need protection? I think I might know a few tricks. Now Mike, if I protect you from the evil cloak society of CWF, seriously, who still wears cloaks? Anyways, you get my protection and you sing my praises. I need you to tell the world about the kind and generous man that put all differences aside and welcomed YOU, Mike Rolash, into his inner fold.

Mike Rolash: Let me get this straight: You give me protection from Shadow's druids, I don't have to worry about Ataxia

popping up behind me anymore, and the ONLY thing I have to do is tell the world about how lucky I am? What's the catch?

James Milenko: No catch. I just need eyes and ears out at the ring, you're them. You'll call it like it is and that's the type of person I need, not like that Gunt fella. We'll have to see about a replacement for him somewhere down the road depending. That's neither here nor there. What say you Rolash? You in, or are you out?

Milenko extends his hand and Rolash just looks like Christmas has come early as he eagerly shakes James Milenko's hand with earnest and pulling him in for a tight hug. James looks awkward but hides it well as Myfanwy and the two other druids look on confused. They finally disappear around the corner and into the shadows as James is finally able to push Mike Rolash away. Mike looks like he is about to go in for another hug, but James pushes him away and points him in the direction of the ring. Rolash nods in understanding and winks at Milenko as he struts back toward the ring. James Milenko can only shake his head and wonder if he made a bad decision.

Unworthy

Match

Mike Rolash: GET OFF ME! I'VE HAD IT WITH YOU... YOU... HEATHENS!

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his inner fold.

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Jarvis King (c) vs. Kemsey Ramsey

Match

Jim Gunt: You look like you just won the lottery, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Oh, you have no idea, Mr. Milenko is already working his magic on this federation and he will right the course of this ship in no time!

Jim Gunt: Ehm, ok...? Anyways, we have reached the Paramount title match, with Jarvis King defending his belt against the cowboy Kemsey Ramsey, will the underdog be able to break the reign of the Paramount King?

Mike Rolash: And how will James Milenko save the federation from the clutches of evil?

Jim Gunt: What have you been smoking back there?

"Cowboy" by Kid Rock begins playing and the Manitoban crowd rises to applaud the appearance of the challenger. 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: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, and is for the Paramount Championship! Introducing first, the challenger. From Dallas, Texas, and weighing in at 244lbs, this is KEMSEY RAMSEY!

Jim Gunt: Well, of course a big chance for Kemsey Ramsey tonight, but I cannot say I'd envy the Texan based on the attitude of the champion tonight...

Mike Rolash: No shit, Jimbo! Jarvis King is here, but it's not to play – he's here for blood.

Ramsey ambles into the ring and runs the ropes a bit as his music begins to fade. The lights around the arena cut out as "Cult of Personality" by Living Colour starts playing.

And during the few moments that we have left,
we want to talk, right down to earth
in a language that everybody here can easily understand

As the song's iconic guitar riff begins to fill the arena, a single spotlight rests on the entranceway, and in an elegant script, words are scrawled across the screen:

Some men are born great

Some achieve greatness
But only one man is Jarvis J. King

With that, Jarvis King steps out into the entranceway, flanked by Elizabeth Bates, carrying the mysterious briefcase. Jarvis taps the Paramount title around his waist before he raises his right index finger in the salute of the Glass Ceiling, which brings the lights up.

Ray Douglas: His opponent, from Halifax, Nova Scotia! Accompanied to the ring by Elizabeth Bates, he weighs in at 240lbs. He is a CWF Hall of Famer, and the reigning and defending CWF Paramount Champion, The Icon, "East Coast Excellence" JARVIS J. KING!

The capacity Winnipeg crowd is on their feet, primarily cheering their countryman as The Icon makes his way to the ring lazily. As King and Bates reach the ring, King unhooks the Paramount title and slides into the ring, immediately catching Ramsey with a double-leg takedown! The bell rings as King reaches Ramsey's upper body and starts reigning shots down on his forehead.

Jim Gunt: Well, as if on queue!

Mike Rolash: You heard the man earlier tonight – Kemsey Ramsey doesn't deserve this shot, he doesn't deserve Jarvis King's time...so The Icon is going to make him pay for it!

Ramsey does his level best to cover up, but he is only able to shove Jarvis off for a moment before The Icon pounces right back on him. Referee Clark Summits pulls King off of Ramsey, giving the Big Texan enough of an opportunity to get to his feet. Summits tries to tell Jarvis to pay attention to his instructions, but King ignores even this and advances on Ramsey.

The Cowboy tries to throw a lariat at King as he approaches, but The Paramount Champion ducks the line with ease, ending up behind Ramsey in the process. Grabbing a quick waistlock, Jarvis plants his shoulder in Ramsey's lower back and arches back quickly with a big backdrop driver suplex! Ramsey hits the mat hard, folding up through his spine and neck like an accordion. Jarvis floats over for the cover, but doesn't apply the lateral press, instead going back to the full mount, reigning strikes on Kemsey's forehead!

Jim Gunt: Jarvis King not even going for the cover here, Mike! He might've had the match won off of that big suplex, but he's just laying into Kemsey Ramsey here with vicious, vile, spiteful right hands!

Mike Rolash: Were you not paying attention to Jarvis's interview, Jimbo? He's here to make a point, not win!

Again, referee Summits does what he can to peel Jarvis away from Ramsey, with the latter's forehead beginning to bleed. The referee eventually manages to get the separation that he seeks, and as Ramsey slowly makes his way to his feet, Summits does his best to check that the big man is capable of continuing. Before Summits can get a definitive answer, Ramsey is caught by a malicious spinning backfist from East Coast Excellence, which sends the challenger to the mat in a heap!

Summits warns Jarvis again about following the referee's words, but The Icon is having none of it. Just as Ramsey manages to get to a seated position, King bounds off the ropes, and comes in, crashing with a big running soccer kick, which catches Ramsey flush!

Jim Gunt: Oh my god.

Mike Rolash: OLE!

Jim Gunt: Will you be serious for a second? Referee Clark Summits is gonna have to make a determination here, because Ramsey's taken a lot of shots to the head in a short period of time here...

Indeed, a close-up shot of Ramsey shows that the big man's eyes are rolling back in his head as Summits forces King

into the opposite corner. The referee tries to get Ramsey's attention, but it's clear that even as the big man starts to stir, he's on dream street. After a second or two of seeing Ramsey on wobbly legs, Summits shakes his head and calls for the bell.

Jim Gunt: Yeah, he's going to make the call here – Ramsey can't compete.

"Cult of Personality" starts to play again as King stands in his corner, his facial expression unmoving and cold

Ray Douglas: Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner as a result of referee stoppage, and STILL! CWF Paramount Champion – Jarvis J. King!

Mike Rolash: Ramsey could never compete, Jim – that's the point!

Jim Gunt: Yeah, but the man's health is on the line here, not a title shot or professional pride. Clark Summits is doing the right thing here, potentially...oh my god!

Just as Ramsey is being more fulsomely helped to his feet by Summits, Jarvis King comes rushing into the corner, hitting Ramsey with a big Yakuza Kick, right to the jaw! The Big Texan crumples as Jarvis unhooks his foot from the top rope, and ignoring Summits' pleas otherwise, King grabs Ramsey's hair and drags him through the ropes to the outside ring apron.

Jim Gunt: No! He's done enough!

Mike Rolash: I told you, Jim...it's about sending a message for Jarvis King tonight.

King drags Ramsey to his feet and quickly doubles The Cowboy over, with his arms straightjacketed across his chest. Jarvis lifts his foe up, and then comes crashing down on the very hard apron with a Straightjacket Piledriver!

Jim Gunt: SOMEONE PLEASE GET OUT HERE AND HELP, DAMMIT!

Ramsey falls to the floor below, a broken, bloodied shell, as a litany of CWF officials and talent rush to the ringside area. A large number of trainers and agents separate King from Ramsey as an EMT is helped by The Shadow to get a brace around Ramsey's neck. The Icon smirks cruelly as Elizabeth hands him his title and briefcase, and he and Bates leave the ringside area in a scene of chaos.

Holy Wong Chinese Buffet and Cat Cafe

Match

The scene opens in a quaint daytime cafe. The pastel colors and paintings of koi brighten the room. You see the back of a woman's head in a jester hat start to turn as the skull shaped bells softly jingle. The light reflects off of her mask through the window as an orange tabby cat jumps in to her arms.

Loki Synn: Welcome to the Holy Wong Chinese Buffet and Cat Cafe!

Loki smiles with her voice as the orange cat pats at her skull shaped bells.

Loki Synn: They called this little nugget Orange Julius. Not just because of his orange tabby coloring, but also because he carried the demeanor of a Roman Emperor, like Julius Caesar. Every step that Orange Julius takes is weighted and full of purpose. Each jump carefully measured, and every pounce was merciless, whether the intended target was a field mouse, or Ataxia's sock.

The camera pans in on to Orange Julius as he nuzzles the corner of Loki's mask. He lets out the tiniest "mew!" in agreeance while daydreaming about Ataxia's secret stash of fluffy slipper socks.

Loki Synn: There was no doubt in my mind that if their cat could see himself in a mirror, he would be pleased with what he saw.

Loki pauses to rub the kitten's mid section while he purrs like a fine tuned engine.

Loki Synn: Not because he was particularly fit, or agile, but because his opinion was so solidly formed around the idea of his own greatness.

Loki softly places Orange Julius on to the counter where he laps water with his tongue. Other cats start to appear in the shot as Loki aggressively throws catnip on to the cashier. The cashier cries in agony and falls to the floor as cats pounce on her. They burrow in to her delicate hair as her cries for help fade in to the background. The camera pans back to Loki as she steps outside of the establishment on to the sidewalk. She jingles with every light footed step forward.

Loki Synn: ven when he was a kitten, Orange Julius's tiny paws stomped about the house - and despite his size - he was fearless. On one occasion, Trent Robbins came home to find him perched atop the narrow rod that held up the living room curtains. The curtains themselves had not fared well.

Loki's voice turned from jaunty to serious.

Loki Synn: All of these cats are going to fry with the wontons if you don't call in to 1-888-138-0672 and pledge to donate half of your earnings and the organs of your first born children to support these cats. Spay your pets.

The screen cuts to black as Loki walks back in to the cat cafe and chinese buffet restaurant. As the door opens you can hear the screams and cries of the cashier.

The Forsaken (Dorian Hawkhurst & The Shadow) vs. The Hostile Takeover (Jimmy Allen, Loki Synn, Tobias Devereaux)

Match

Jim Gunt: And here we are, ladies and gentlemen, it is main event time!

Mike Rolash: And we will be able to witness the demise of the freaks of the Forsaken at the hands of our wonderful new saviours from Hostility.

Jim eyes his colleague with a very suspicious look.

Jim Gunt: I know that you do not like the Forsaken, but this is taking on a completely weird dimension now.

Mike Rolash: What? I can't say what I feel anymore?

Jim Gunt: I've been trying to avoid you doing that for years now!

Suddenly 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.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, "The Cajun Sensation"... TOBIAS DEVEREAUX!!!

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 Bell MTS Centre with a smile on his face as if he is thoroughly enjoying the reaction.

Ray Douglas: And his partner, from Dallas, Texas, here is "The Catalyst"... JIMMY ALLEN!!!

Jimmy Allen joins Tobias Devereaux in the ring as lights go down once again.

The lights turn off only to be replaced by the darkest of purple flood lights. Eerie shadows float throughout the arena making it difficult for much to see. Fog starts to roll in from the stage, down the ramp, and surrounds the ring, as a

heavy silence fills the air. "Start Wearing Purple" starts its weirdly upbeat tune as Ray Douglas takes his place in the center of the ring.

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

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

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

Ray Douglas: And their opponents in this handicap match. First to the ring, hailing from Calgary, Alberta, he is the Weaver of Dreams - THE SHADOW!

The lights go down again as the fans give a cheer and the opening bagpipe to Apocalypse Orchestra's "The Garden of Earthly Delights" begins to play. As the guitars and drums come in, two fire columns erupt on the stage, showing The Shadow and Myfanwy side by side in the same black suit and hat and black gown they had worn earlier this week, the light of the fires casting an ominous glow on the pair. They slowly walk down the ramp, their gaze fixed upon Loki.

"From the Pinnacle to the Pit" by Ghost begins to play as the fires go down again and smoke fills the ramp. As spotlight sets upon the entrance, but "The Forsaken Demon" is nowhere to be seen.

Ray Douglas: And his tag team partner... also representing the Forsaken, "The Demon of Sobriety"... DORIAN HAWKHURST!!!

The music continues to play, but Dorian doesn't appear. Douglas looks outside to a production guy who urges him to do the introduction again.

Ray Douglas: And his tag team partner... also representing the Forsaken, "The Demon of Sobriety"... DORIAN HAWKHURST!!!

Everyone waits, but still, Dorian doesn't appear. The scene cuts to backstage where Dorian is leaning against a wall, staring off into space.

Jim Gunt: It looks like the Hostile Takeover is going to have the numbers advantage, even more so than we originally anticipated.

Mike Rolash: All because Dorian Hawkhurst is nothing but a coward.

Jim Gunt: For God's sake, the man has a problem.

Mike Rolash: That doesn't change the fact that...

Rolash is cut off as "From the Pinnacle to the Pit" begins to play again and instead of the usual build up, someone comes flying out of the back.

Mike Rolash: You have got to be kidding me.

Chloe Hawkhurst runs down the ramp and slides into the ring, Lynk in hand. She stands in front of The Shadow, looking to keep the Hostile Takeover away.

Mike Rolash: This can't be happening. Get that brat out of here!

Jim Gunt: If nothing else, Chloe Hawkhurst is showing that the Forsaken stick together. I know she's been training with Justin Zane, but I have to agree with you, Mike. She shouldn't be out here.

The Shadow seems to agree as he talks to her and gets her outside of the ring. Chloe stands her ground and refuses to leave the corner. Trent Robbins calls for the bell and Loki Sinn jumps The Shadow from behind. The Shadow stumbles forward after taking the running forearm from Loki, turning around and unloading a haymaker. He brings his hand back for another, but Loki hits a knee to the midsection. Loki drags The Shadow to the Hostile Takeover's corner and Jimmy Allen tags in while Tobias Devereaux grabs The Shadow by the arms.

Jim Gunt: Early on, The Hostile Takeover is taking advantage of The Shadow.

Mike Rolash: He's outnumbered, outmanned and outgunned. Even if Dorian were here, he wouldn't stand a chance.

Chloe screams from across the ring as Jimmy Allen pauses to wave at her before delivering a huge knife edge chop to The Shadow. Tobias holds on to The Shadow and Jimmy Allen delivers another chop. Tobias lets go and The Shadow falls to his knees, clutching his chest. Knowing he needs to get out of the Hostile corner, The Shadow crawls towards the center of the ring. As Allen starts to close the gap between him and the Shadow, he is stopped dead in his tracks by a cup of soda. He looks around, and Chloe Hawkhurst is standing on the middle rope, blowing a kiss at her Godfather.

Mike Rolash: Can we please get her out of here? At least when Mia was around, she had a babysitter.

Jim Gunt: Be that as it may, The Shadow uses the opening and he catches "The Catalyst" with an elbow to the midsection.

Mike Rolash: That's a foreign object! Disqualify them!

The Shadow throws another elbow to the midsection and gets to his feet. Allen goes to a chop, but The Shadow blocks it and wraps the stunned Allen around the leg and brings him crashing to the mat with a Russian Leg Sweep. The Shadow pops to his feet and delivers a knee drop to the chest of Jimmy Allen. He rolls out of the move, just outside of the reach of Chloe Hawkhurst.

Jim Gunt: Chloe Hawkhurst is calling for the tag.

Mike Rolash: I don't care if she's a 9 year old on steroids, The Shadow can't let her in this match.

Jim Gunt: See, you're not a total asshole.

Mike Rolash: I'm an ivory asshole. 99.44% pure.

The Shadow turns around and tells Chloe she's not getting in the match and Chloe pouts in the corner. The Weaver of Dreams turns around just in time to duck a clothesline from the incoming Tobias Devereaux. As the "Cajun Sensation" crashes into the corner, Chloe slaps him and he falls back into a German Suplex from The Shadow. The Shadow hops up to his feet and turns around to catch a jumping inside out crescent kick. Devereaux makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!!

Tobias rolls off of The Shadow as Chloe Hawkhurst punts him in the midsection with a vicious shot to the ribs.

Jim Gunt: The "Minidemon" breaks up the pin.

Mike Rolash: This has been fun, but her father really should be out here.

As Tobias backs Chloe back into her corner, we go split screen as the camera cuts to the back where Dorian Hawkhurst is sitting in the back, drinking a Coors Light while looking down at the floor. Meanwhile, back in the ring, the Hostile Takeover have taken advantage of the referee trying to keep Chloe in check. Jimmy Allen claps his hands as he and Loki Synn leave the ring, just in time for Robbins to turn around. Tobias has the Shadow locked in an armbar and goes to tag in Loki Synn when from out of the crowd someone jumps the guardrail and clips Devereaux's leg! It's

the Helmeted Man! Allen rushes in only to get hit with a spinning spinebuster! Loki charges into the ring leaping off the top rope and gets caught by the man in the smoking skull bike helmet into a fireman's carry! The man DVD's Loki right into the turnbuckle post! The Shadow and Hawkshurst get into the ring and shove the man. He pulls off the helmet...

Jim Gunt: HOLY SHIT!!!

Mike Rolash: Trent Steel!!

Jim Gunt: The Carnage Wrestling Heavyweight Champion is back in CWF and he looks damn pissed off!

Trent glares at The Forsaken for a minute before grabbing Devereaux and slapping him into a camel clutch. The camera gets in real close.

Trent Steel: WHERE IS HE??!!! I KNOW YOU FUCKING KNOW!!!

Security rushes the ring and tries to pull off Trent Steel from Devereaux! They finally succeed as the referee goes to call for the match to end. Suddenly the tron comes to life. We see the back of a chair, with a man wearing a familiar looking black suit. A red gloved hand comes up.

???: No. Let the match continue. These people paid for something. Bring that lunatic to me! NOW!!

The security grabs Trent and take him to the back while Shadow again refuses to tag Chloe as the match continues!

Jim Gunt: That was unexpected. And that...was not Milenko!

Mike Rolash: And what the hell is Trent Steel doing here? Is he talking about Ataxia or is he looking for someone else?

Jim Gunt: I have no idea.

Jimmy Allen flies across the ring, hitting The Shadow with a dropkick, knocking him back into his own corner. We go to the split screen again, with Dorian sitting with his beer staring at the monitor, as Chloe Hawkhurst tags herself in, Dorian spits out his beer and goes flying offscreen. Back in the ring, Jimmy Allen steps backwards, seemingly unwilling to harm his Godchild. He calmly puts his hand behind him, and Loki Synn tags herself in. Instead of getting in the ring, she crouches down on the apron, hiding her head from view.

Jim Gunt: We all know that Jimmy Allen has lines that he won't cross, but Chloe could be in trouble. We don't know what Loki is truly capable of.

Mike Rolash: Jimmy knows where to cross the line. Loki not only knows where to draw the line, but she draws the line herself then blatantly steps over it.

Loki rolls under the bottom rope, leaving the bewildered Chloe Hawkhurst just staring, not sure what to expect. Loki makes a big show of things, jostling and shaking her body wildly. Finally, she rises, and Chloe falls back in shock as Loki is wearing Ataxia's mask.

Jim Gunt: Loki is taking advantage of the situation of Chloe Hawkhurst is frozen in fear.

Mike Rolash: Even when that thing is in the ring, it gives me the willies.

Chloe, still on her ass, backs away in terror. The Shadow tags himself back in as soon as "The Minidemon" is within reach.

Jim Gunt: Thank God.

Mike Rolash: Loki would have broken that child like her father threatened to do to Loki.

Back where we started, The Shadow points at Ataxia's hood upon the head of Loki Synn. He angrily rushes at Loki, delivering a shoulder with such speed and ferocity that he carries her all the way across the ring. The entire distance, you can hear her laughing until she hits the opposite turnbuckle. Tobias Devereaux tags himself in and delivers a

European uppercut to The Shadow. The Shadow brings his knee up, trying to get away, but Jimmy Allen tags himself in and the crowd pops.

Jim Gunt: It seems someone else is coming through the crowd.

Mike Rolash: Doesn't anyone here respect that we have a match going on?

Dorian Hawkhurst is making his way through the crowd, somewhat off balance but still able to make his way down to the ring.

Jim Gunt: It's Dorian! He's finally here.

Mike Rolash: Lucky his kid didn't get her ass kicked while he was gone.

Dorian slowly climbs over the ringside barricade and walks up the ring steps to his corner. At her father's command, Chloe steps down and Dorian leans over the ropes as far as he can begging to get into the match.

Mike Rolash: I guess Drunk McDrunkerson finally decided to show up.

Jim Gunt: You need to show some respect. The man has a problem.

Mike Rolash: That problem is going to be unemployment he keeps showing up like this.

While Gunt and Rolash are going back and forth, Allen and Devereaux hit The Shadow with a double suplex. Tobias gets out of the ring, and Allen tags Loki back into the match. Allen holds The Shadow in place, and Loki hits the far ropes and comes back with a running big boot to the face of the Shadow. Allen uses the force of Loki's boot to get the Shadow up and over for a Tiger suplex. Loki wastes no time in tagging Tobias back in. The two whip The Shadow into the ropes. He ducks under a double clothesline attempt. Dorian tries to make the blind tag, but stumbles and misses his partner. The Shadow comes off the ropes, and delivers a flying double clothesline to Loki and Tobias. Loki immediately gets to her feet, but Chloe grabs her leg from the outside for dear life. Tobias, still reeling from Steel's attack on him before is a little slower to get up. The Shadow, in a burst of adrenaline, leaps across the ring and gets the tag to Dorian.

Jim Gunt: "The Demon of Sobriety" is finally in the match!

Mike Rolash: This isn't going to end well. I don't know for who, but someone's in trouble.

Loki has shaken Chloe loose and rushes at Dorian looking for a running boot, but Dorian stumbles, causing Loki to miss. As she gets to the ropes, The Shadow pulls down the top rope, causing Loki to fall over. Jimmy Allen enters the ring and Dorian catches him with a Polish Hammer. Tobias is up and hits Dorian from behind. Dorian falls over to one knee as The Shadow comes up from behind Tobias and grabs him by the neck and throws him towards the ropes. He follows Tobias in and both men fly over the top rope to the floor.

Jim Gunt: It is chaos out there. I don't know which side that favors more.

Mike Rolash: REF! REF!! WATCH THAT LITTLE SHIT!!!

Chloe Hawkhurst slides Lynk to her father. Dorian grabs the skillet by its handle and gets up swinging sloppily, missing Loki so badly that she doesn't even have to dodge the blow. Dorian drops Lynk as Loki delivers a knee to his ribs. She grabs his arm, places it behind his back, and delivers a DDT onto Lynk!

Loki leans down real close to Dorian's ear and whispers just loudly enough for the camera to pick up.

Loki Synn: Mia says hi.

With that she goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The crowd boos its heart out as Loki gets up from the downed Dorian and raises her arm in victory alongside Tobias and Jimmy.

Ray Douglas: And the winners by pinfall - Loki Synn, Jimmy Allen and Tobias Devereaux!

Hostility begins celebrating in the ring as The Shadow is at ringside, leaning against the barrier catching his breath. Chloe slides into the ring to check on her father, who throws his arm up to kick out almost thirty seconds too late. Suddenly the lights start to go out as Hostility is celebrating in the ring. "Vengeance is Mine" by Alice Cooper starts to play. The lights come back up as we see a man with his back to us wearing a black suit, with bright red gloves. He turns around and he's just a regular looking man with a pair of glasses. Hostility and The Forsaken stare at the man for a moment. The looks are that of confusion. The only one showing a reaction is Jimmy Allen. Who looks like he's seen a ghost. The man pulls out a pill bottle and takes one and Jimmy starts screaming! The man pulls out a microphone.

???: My name is Jon Stewart...and I am the acting commissioner of CWF by request of Ataxia, if he ever disappeared I was to take over. Some of you know me. The rest of you are about to get a wake up call. Until Ataxia is found I am in charge. You've all been able to run rough shot over this company because Ataxia was one of the boys. Guess what. I'm not. So as it stands right now. Things are about to change for the better. This company is about to taken to the highest peak! A new age has dawned...and ever single one of you can get on board...or get the fuck out!

Jon looks right at Jimmy and smirks.

Jon Stewart: Hey Jimmy...Do me a favor...tell your dad I said hi! Ahahhahahaa...

Jon snaps his fingers and security rushes out.

Jon Stewart: Everybody out of the pool! Show's over...and I promise you...You aint seen nothing yet...friends!

The camera cuts to Jim and Mike sitting at their table, mouths agape.

Jim Gunt: New commissioner, what? Milenko, Stewart, what is happening here?

Mike Rolash: I have no freaking idea...

The camera cuts to backstage.

A Deal With the Devil

Match

We see Commissioner Jon Stewart walk back to his office and handcuffed to a chair in the room is Trent Steel. He scowls at Jon who takes out a pill from his pill bottle and pops it.

Jon Stewart: Hello Trenton...

Trent Steel: Fuck you!

Jon Stewart: Fuck me? No dear boy...that's what my wife does. You remember my wife right?

Trent Steel: I raised her...damn right I do...What the hell are you doing here Jon?

Jon Stewart: What the hell am I doing here? I get a call earlier this week from the CWF board of directors. You know what happened? Our dear sweet Ataxia named me his replacement. Since I helped run Boardwalk I guess he thought I was the best for the job if something happened to him. Why didn't he call you or the hippie I have no idea.

Trent Steel: I came here for answers. Do you know where he is!

Jon Stewart: No, and quite frankly I think he wanted out and didn't have the guts to tell you or I to our faces. Go home

Trent. That's my only warning.

Trent Steel: You aren't my boss just because I let you...

Jon Stewart: No! That's what you never understood! Someone has to be the boss here! The kid had responsibilities and he left! And if you think in a federation like this I am going to let you just come in here and beat up people you think are responsible just because you feel like this is your fault, you got another thing coming. You got enough problems in Carnage...Go...Home...

Trent Steel:...what if I resigned.

Jon Stewart: What? You want to work here again? Come on Trent...You never fit in here. The only reason you are doing this is to try to find the little shit. Not biting.

Trent Steel: You know for a head of a federation you are an idiot. I've got a reputation that might be useful to you. I can help you Jon...you at least know me. The rest of these guys don't.

Stewart ponders this for a moment and walks over to Trent.

Jon Stewart: Alright, but here is the thing. You'll work for half your rate. You'll do what I say...when I say it...you fuck up...you go rough shod...you get in my way...I'll put you down myself. Got it!

Trent Steel: Deal! Now let me out of these!

Jon Stewart: I'll let the cops do that after I leave Mr. Steel.

Trent Steel: Thought you'd say that...

Trent dislocates his thumbs and slides out of the handcuffs and Stewart...doesn't even look shocked.

Jon Stewart: Parlor tricks...really?

Trent Steel: I'll stay out of your way, kid...but if you get in mine or if I find out you had anything to do with Tax's disappearance...I'll end you.

Jon Stewart: Then what would your dear adopted daughter say when you break the spine of her husband?

Trent Steel: She'll say you deserved it you scumbag...

Jon Stewart: See you soon... "dad"...

Trent walks out past Stewart, popping his thumbs back into place. Stewart smiles for a moment as he reaches into his vest pocket and pulls out a brown rag. He wipes his forehead.

Jon Stewart: Oh...I think I'm going to like it here...

The rag isn't a rag...it's a mask of Ataxia.

Jon Stewart: Hehehehehe....

The picture fades to the credits.

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