

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 36

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: November 27, 2018
Location: Allen County War Memorial Coliseum — Fort Wayne, Indiana

Results

Gearing up!

Match

The picture fades into the Allen County War Memorial Coliseum in Fort Wayne, Indiana, and the fans' party is in full swing. Pictures from Northern Crown are flying across the tron and it looks like they are having a great time re-living some of the many highlights the Canadian PPV had to offer just a week ago. Their cheers still manage to get a bit louder as the trusted twosome of Blake Church and Charles State is walking through the curtain and the picture on the tron changes to the WCWA logo.

Charles State: Good evening ladies and gentlemen, you might be wondering why you are seeing us tonight, but next week we have the big first-ever WCWA interfed pay per view event When Worlds Collide coming up, where five federation send their best to compete for a set of five titles to see, who will reign supreme!

Blake Church: Of course our very own CWF will be part of this and so will HOSS, House of Strong Style, XCW, Xtreme Championship Wrestling, SEE, Shrouded Enigma Entertainment--

Charles State: Does that mean nobody can really see them?

Blake Church: Maybe, hahaha, and finally Vegas Wrestling, all of them competing, as Charles had mentioned, in four separate divisions. First up will be the WCWA United States Championship, where the Psychotic Aristocrat Silas Artoria will lead CWF into the ring against Blackbeard the Pirate, Alec Kirkland, Sam Joseph and Mark Necra Octavien Kane.

Charles State: Then the WCWA Lightweight Championship will see KC3 entering the fray for us, facing off against Cool Cory J., Impulse and Maeve Russo.

Blake Church: We are also sending the Smokin' Aces to the Big Apple to take a bite out of The Truth, The Shield Wall (HOSS), Lucas Williams & Cade Allen as well as the Daughters of Darkness, followed by a Wild Card Rumble for the WCWA Internet Championship with everybody that did not manage to win a belt in the first matches.

Charles State: But then we still have the big one, the WCWA Heavyweight Title, where The Shadow is facing none other than Eric Dane himself, Johnny Vegas, Gabriel Tuck and Aiden Dempsey in a ladder match.

Blake Church: So this is going to be one spectacular event, make sure to tune in on Tuesday, December 4 live from the Hammerstein Ballroom in New York! But before that comes into play, we still have our very own Evolution 36 happening and who better to hand this over to than Jim Gunt?

Mike Rolash: And me?

Blake looks at Charles, who shrugs.

Blake Church: Than to Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash?

Mike Rolash: Thank you.

The camera cuts to the announce team standing in front of their table.

Jim Gunt: Good evening from us here as well, and welcome to Evolution from Fort Wayne!

Mike Rolash: After the insane PPV that was Northern Crown, we are having a lighter card tonight, since a few people are nursing injuries, but that does not mean that we are skimping here either, with The Shadow putting his freshly won Paramount title on the line against Autumn Raven, for example.

Jim Gunt: But first up we have a match that might settle a disagreement stemming from Northern Crown.

The tron switches to footage from the first round of the Northern Crown tournament, where KC3 starts to slide into the ring to come to Maestro's rescue in their match against Elijah and Omega, but stops halfway and slides right back outside of the ring before walking backwards up the ramp, waving goodbye to the Maestro down in the ring.

Mike Rolash: And tonight's first match sees these two gentlemen in the ring to maybe settle this disagreement once and for all. Mr Douglas is ready in the ring, so let's not wait him any longer than necessary and let's get this started!

KC3 vs. Maestro

Match

Queue "Maestro" - Kaizers Orchestra to walk on. Maestro walks on stage is when the vocals start, he stands still for a moment admiring the crowd and taking a deep breath, then walks slowly to the ring. Entering the ring using the stairs, he finishes by standing on the middle apron encouraging the crowd.

Ray Douglas: The following is tonight's opening match! Introducing first, from Oslo, Norway....MAESTRO!!

The intro to "Run This Town" by Jay-Z ft. Kanye West & Rihanna fills the arena as the lights go off and on, matching the beat to the song. Rihanna's voice fills the arena.

Feel it comin' in the air (Yeah)
And the screams from everywhere (Yeah)
I'm addicted to the thrill (I'm ready)
It's a dangerous love affair (What's up, c'mon)
Can't be scared when it goes down
Got a problem, tell me now (What's up)
Only thing that's on my mind (Whats up)
Is who's gonna run this town tonight (What's up)
Is who's gonna run this town tonight (What's up)
We gonna run this town

KC3 comes out from the back as Jay-Z's verse begins, rocking his head to the beat of the music for a few seconds before making his way down the ramp. After he struts his way down to the end of the ramp, he stops again to take in the music a little more.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Loveladies, NJ... he is the WCWA Light Heavyweight Title representative. "The Next Generation God"... K... C... 3!!!

KC3 slides into the ring and walks right past Maestro, completely ignoring him to run the ropes a few times, stopping in the middle of the ring to bounce a couple of more times before his music cuts out.

Jim Gunt: Here we go Mike, these two men have had a very similar paths right from the beginning of their CWF careers. They debuted the same night, both in qualifying singles matches where the winners would have to team together in the Northern Crown Tag Team Title tournament last week. We all know that didn't go quite well, especially after KC3 walked out on his partner.

Mike Rolash: Well KC3 has enjoyed much more success in his first month in CWF, having won back to back qualifying matches, one to place a massive spotlight on him on the big stage that will be WCWA's first interfed pay per view

When Worlds Collide December 4th.

Jim Gunt: That's right, KC3 will battle it out in a twenty minute scramble for the WCWA Light Heavyweight Title and I truly believe him to be a favorite to win the whole thing. But if he wants to carry some momentum into that event which is now just one week away, he's going to have to look good here tonight against Maestro.

Official Clark Summits rings the bell and Maestro and KC3 immediately come to the middle of the ring, Maestro immediately looking for a test of strength which KC3 instead exchanges with a Muay Thai kick to his ribs. Maestro clinches tightly, but still moves in to lock up with KC3, taking him by the left arm and whipping him to the canvas. Not letting go of the limb of KC3, Maestro drops down with him looking to place his opponent in an arm bar.

Jim Gunt: Maestro trying to quickly make his former partner submit in this match.

Mike Rolash: But KC3 easily pushing him off, showing that he's a much stronger competitor than the so called Modern Day Da Vinci.

Looking to go right back for the arm, Maestro moves forward and this time gets caught, KC3 instead pulling him in and quickly up over his head. The momentum takes Maestro all the way into the ropes as KC3 bounces his body against them and back to the canvas with a Slingshot Suplex! KC3 taunts the crowd for a few seconds, asking them if they think this "loser" has a shot in hell versus him, before turning around to measure him up for a leg drop.

Jim Gunt: KC3 needs to do a little less showboating and a little more wrestling, as that leg drop just completely missed its mark with Maestro rolling out of the way just in time!

Mike Rolash: Maybe KC3 is being a little overconfident, with the WCWA When World's Collide pay per view being just one week away he definitely needs to concentrate on winning this one to bring some momentum into that big match.

Jim Gunt: And that is exactly why Maestro needs this win just as much, Mike. Can you imagine being the guy who derailed the potential future WCWA Light Heavyweight Champion right before the big show? That would practically grant Maestro the first shot at the belt!

KC3 follows Maestro around the ring, looking for another leg drop that once again misses its mark as Maestro rolls around the ring like a barrel. Finally growing tired of charade, KC3 leaps on top of his opponent just as he rolls to his back, smacking him with two quick Muay Thai elbows and then places his arm around the Modern Day Da Vinci's neck to blatantly choke him out right in front of the referee!

Jim Gunt: Clark Summits is going to have to do something about KC3. I mean, at least when most superstars break the rules they try to do it behind the official's back.

Mike Rolash: KC3 doesn't give a damn, Jim. He's here to win matches by any means necessary; win, lose, or draw.

Jim Gunt: That makes absolutely no sense...

After counting aloud to four right beside the action, Clark Summits finally does his best to break up the choke. KC3 is fuming as Summits warns him of disqualification, but as he turns back to Maestro it is clear that the damage is done. He drops a knee drop down, right into the throat of Maestro! Wiping his hands in the air, KC3 tells the booing crowd that he has had enough. He drops back down and places Maestro in the Hands of God! The Double Claw immediately sends the already damaged Maestro into submission, tapping out on the canvas as KC3 continues to rip into him.

Ray Douglas: And your winner of this match by submission....K.C.3!!

Jim Gunt: Another big win here by KC3, as he does indeed get that momentum heading into When Worlds Collide.

Mike Rolash: KC3 is such a dirty fighter, I love it!

"Run This Town" once again starts to play and KC3 allows Clark Summits to raise his arm in victory, a wide smile

grazing his face as he turns back around and stomps on the body of Maestro a few more times before leaving the ring.

The Game's Afoot

Match

Backstage, former Paramount Champion Jarvis King is pacing, his briefcase in hand. He has the look of a man who hasn't slept in a week, and as he notices the camera, his eyes are wild.

Jarvis King: I lost my championship. The Aces lost their championships. I suppose you people are happy now.

The crowd inside the arena, watching on the CWF Tron, roars their approval. King smirks and nods his head.

Jarvis King: See, that's exactly what I thought. Your little Shadow stole the Paramount Championship, and you couldn't be happier. The greatest tag team in CWF history had the deck stacked against them, and you people are throwing a parade. You're celebrating like a new day has dawned, and there's a wealth of opportunities yet to come.

Jarvis shakes his head.

Jarvis King: See, that's where you're wrong. As usual. Because while our enemies are playing checkers, The Glass Ceiling is playing chess. Now, I'll admit, Northern Crown could have gone better for us. We suffered some setbacks, but therein lies the rub; a setback is not a defeat, my friends. And sometimes in a game of chess, you have to make a sacrifice in order to make a much bigger play.

King straightens up, and brings his briefcase up to his chest, hugging it close.

Jarvis King: And I promise you...2019 will bring a big play from The Glass Ceiling.

Jarvis smiles, and winks at the camera.

Pomp Hold The Circumstance

Match

As the crowd starts to settle from the first match of the evening, an oh so familiar giggle can be heard throughout the arena. High-pitched, other worldly, and insane. Both mirthful and mirthless at the same time, fans start to look around for the source, only to become dismayed at the sight of the CWF World Champion, Loki Synn on the screen above the entrance ramp, pointing and laughing as the World Title gleams on her shoulder. After what feels like several minutes, Loki's laughter subsides and she allows the ringing silence to fill the arena, the fans in attendance scarcely breathing for fear of setting off the jester. The champion finally speaks, her voice filled with an air of the annoying, "I told you so's."

Loki Synn: Well then. I think we all know that I could rightfully come out there, with all the music in the world, and hold up this shiny new accessory I have, and tell you all that I told you so. I told you that I'm not a puppet and that I'm so much more. No one listened. I told you that I'm violent and not to be bothered. I get poked incessantly by people not worth my time. I told you that MJ's reign was a fluke, she's a fraud, and her time was nearing an end. She felt the need to not heed my warnings.

And I beat her with one finger, wrenching this oh so precious belt from her, and proving that her time had indeed come.

Nothing against her mind you, she was quite the little spit fire, even owning one victory over me, and then we played by her rules. She said, "Hey Loki! One more time! This time, we'll do things fair and square with rules and stuff!"

Look how well that ended for her. Lying in some hospital bed, unable to come out to make her triumphant speech about how she just barely scraped by once again. Rumor has it? That the beating I gave to her was SO bad at Northern Crown, that she is on the shelf for an indeterminate amount of time. I didn't need the help of The Hostile Takeover to do things, I didn't need Milenko, and I certainly didn't need the support of any of the supposed fans. Call me what you will, puppet, marionette, demented, violent, and insane. It doesn't really matter because at the end of the day.

Loki came.

Loki saw.

And Loki conquered.

Shadow and his Forsaken? They're next, starting tonight with Dorian and that little chickadee he calls a daughter, if she wants to try and get involved somewhere she doesn't belong. There are no protections, no one that can save anyone from my wrath. Look at the last person who thought they could stop me. Where's your heroine of the CWF now? Oh yeah, I destroyed her and made her hang her head in shame after losing to me after I called it. She failed and I have risen.

Loki stops herself from continuing, waving at the camera and blowing a kiss much to the displeasure of the crowd as the screen flickers and turns to inky blackness.

Alex Rain vs. Azrael

Match

Jim Gunt: Welcome back to Evolution and after a commanding win by KC3 we are moving right along into Alex Rain's return against our Meandering Angel Azrael, but it like Jarvis King has not taken the loss of his Paramount title well and I want to know what is in that suitcase!

Mike Rolash: Jim, you know that I hate agreeing with you, but me, too!

Jim Gunt: And with Loki confidence is definitely not a rare commodity, no wonder after her outstanding victory.

Mike Rolash: And her challenge to the complete Forsaken brood.

Jim Gunt: But let's get going here, so we can get there, Ray, you're up!

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

"Theory of a Deadman" cranks through the speakers as Alex Rain along with Martin Bailer walk out onto the stage. Making their way towards the ring, Alex Rain grins and points his cane towards the Fort Wayne fans as they give him a small cheer.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, from London, England! Being accompanied by Martin Bailer! He is the Trickster... ALEX RAAIIIIINNNNN!

With a confident nod, Bailer watches on as Alex Rain blows kisses to the fans as he enters the ring, soon doing a three sixty and unbuttoning his suit jacket.

Jim Gunt: This is our second look at Alex Rain, and with former CWF Superstar, Pandalike, now going by his real name, Martin Bailer at his side. This may be a pairing to pay attention to.

Mike Rolash: Pandy was kind of a mystery when he had his first couple runs with the company. Now bringing in this Alex Rain guy, things could soon turn into a no laughing matter.

The arena goes black as Metallica's "The Unforgiven II" begins playing. A wall of fire ignites, illuminating a kneeling

figure rising from beneath the floor. His hands are resting on a sword in front of him, as he rises.

Ray Douglas: His opponent, making his way to the ring.. from Parts Unknown! He is the Angel of Death..
AZZZZRAAAELLLL!

As the floor completes rising, the Angel finishes his prayer and rises. The Angel makes his way toward the ring, his eyes rolled up in the back of his head, only exposing the whites of his eyes. Making it to the ring, he removes his excess clothing, giving them to the ring attendant as Rain tries to make something of the Avenging Angel.

Jim Gunt: Azrael looking to bounce back with a victory here tonight, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Well if he's able to keep his focus, he should be able to make short work of this newcomer.

Davidson calls for the bell as Alex Rain and Azrael meet in the center of the ring with a tie-up. The larger Azrael gaining the advantage with a knee to the gut of the Trickster. With Rain doubled over, the Archangel of Death clobbers him with a hard forearm to the back, dropping him down to the canvas. Moving in, Azrael brings Rain back to his feet, only to slam him hard to the mat with a scoop slam. With his opponent down, Azrael leans on the ropes, springing forward and dropping a knee across the skull of The Trickster. Going for the lateral press, Azrael is only able to receive a one count.

Jim Gunt: Rain able to get the shoulder up. And I'm pretty sure this is not how Alex Rain expected his return to start off. Being dominated by the Archangel of Death in the early going of this contest.

Mike Rolash: Az is looking to bounce back from his defeat to Lundmark at Northern Crown. So we're going to see what he's able to do against Rain.

On the outside of the ring, Martin yells out words of encouragement as Alex tries to get to a vertical base. The Archangel of Death is right there bringing the smaller Rain to his feet, hooking him and launching him across the ring with a toss suplex! Azrael goes for the cover as Davidson is down to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

Rain is able to get his shoulder off the canvas, Martin Bailer clapping his hands in approval. Calmly nodding, Azrael sits Alex Rain up and drives his knee, viciously into the spine of the Trickster. Clamping his hands around Alex's jaw, the AoD has a chin lock cinched in, Rain quickly trying to fight against the submission.

Jim Gunt: Azrael is looking to wear down his smaller adversary. The Archangel of Death looking dominate Mike.

Mike Rolash: Well we really don't know what Alex Rain is capable of, his only appearance inside of a CWF ring was a surprise appearance against Zach.

Jim Gunt: Well he looks to be in a bad spot as Azrael has that chin lock on tight.

Bailer pounds on the apron hard trying to get the fans behind Rain. Kicking his leg to the cadence of the small gathering that's getting behind him, Rain is able to transition to his feet. Shooting elbows into the sternum of Azrael, Rain is able to free himself, quickly sprinting towards the ropes. Rebounding, Rain charges at Azrael who is prepared for him. Living up to his namesake, The Trickster suddenly changes directions, sprinting to the right, bouncing off the ropes and catching the AoD off guard with a hurricanrana! Rain uses the chance to take a breather as Azrael tries to collect himself on the mat.

Jim Gunt: Alex Rain with a bit of 'trickery' to buy himself some space, from the onslaught of Azrael.

Mike Rolash: Both men are up top their feet!

The Archangel of Death is to his feet, charging toward Rain and trying to catch him by surprise. Reacting quickly, Rain

is able to dodge a wild lariat attempt by Azrael, both men spin toward each other, and Alex Rain is the first to strike; driving both of his feet into the face of Azrael with a dropkick. The fans inside of the Allen County War Memorial Coliseum begin to slowly rally behind the smaller fighter.

Jim Gunt: Listen to these fans starting to take a liking to Alex Rain.

Mike Rolash: I think these idiots that you call fans always go for the everyday man. Rain could easily be mistaken for a fan! The only thing that differentiates him from a fan is his goofy getup!

Stumbling back toward the ropes, Rain clotheslines Azrael over the top rope, sending him crashing to the floor! The Indiana fans rise to their feet in anticipation as Rain looks set to fly! Just as Azrael is able to make it to his feet, Rain comes sailing through the ropes with a suicide dive! The crowd is in a frenzy as Rain, with new found energy, brings Az to his feet, rolling him back into the squared circle. Azrael rolls toward the center of the ring, but Rain is right there! He sprints at Azrael, leaping into the air and comes crashing down backfirst onto the AoD with a senton! Staying on top with a back press, he hooks the leg as Davidson makes the count!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Azrael with the kickout! The instant offense from Rain catching him by surprise.

Mike Rolash: It's hard to prepare for a match when there isn't much known about your opponent.

Jim Gunt: However, when it comes to this business, you have to be prepared for anything.

Wiping the perspiration from his face, Rain gets to his feet, soon bringing Az up with him. An Irish whip from Rain is reversed, as he rebounds, Rain is turned inside out, thanks to a lariat from Azrael! The Trickster lands hard on the canvas as Azrael moves in, and lifts Rain off of the mat. Hooking his opponent for a back suplex, Az lifts Rain off his feet. Moving toward the ropes, he springs the legs of the Trickster off of them, looking for the Angel's Wing! Azrael drops Rain down to his feet though and clutches at his eyes as a flailing Alex Rain somehow manages to blind Azrael! The Archangel of Death stumbles around the ring blindly as Rain spots an opening, quickly moving in!

Jim Gunt: L.O.L! Rain just hit the L.O.L!

Mike Rolash: What's funny?

Jim Gunt: He's going for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Davidson calls for the bell, signaling the end of this match as Alex Rain quickly rolls out of the ring, joining Martin Bailer at ringside.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, via pinfall! ALEX RAAIIIIINNNNN!

Mike Rolash: Hey, hey, HEY! He did - something to Azrael! Something illegal, he blinded him, someone stop this travesty!

Jim Gunt: The referee did not see anything and quite frankly, neither did I...

Sodom and Gomorrah

Match

We fade up to reveal Austin Bishop, standing silently in front of a brick wall. His hands are clinched by his sides, his head bent slightly down but his eyes pierce your soul as they look up and forward. Dick Fury walks into view, turning slightly toward the camera while standing to the side but slightly in front of Bishop.

Dick Fury: Yet again, Dick has delivered upon what he said he would. Yet again, The First Apostle... Austin Bishop has left behind destruction.

He rubs his hands together smiling.

Dick Fury: Mr. Stewart...

Dick looks into the camera.

Dick Fury: The time to quit toying around with The Saviour of the CWF and his follower is now...

Austin Bishop clinches his teeth.

Dick Fury: Your sacrificial lamb at Northern Crown has left The First Apostle with a taste for a real challenge... a taste for blood.

Fury's face becomes more serious.

Dick Fury: The ball is in your court Mr. Stewart.. continue to send nobodies for The First Apostle to destroy until he takes matters into his own hands... or do the right thing... and give him the match he deserves...

Fury looks into the camera harder.

Dick Fury: You know what he is capable of.. you know why he is here... now is the time...

Dick looks at Austin then back at the camera.

Dick Fury: Do the right thing or bare witness to the complete cleansing of the CWF.... For The Saviour shall rule over the land, either as it is... or as it shall need to be rebuilt...

Dick smirks and walks off camera. Bishop steps forward, glaring into the camera before snarling and with a raspy voice, speaking slowly.

Austin Bishop: It... All... Shall... Burn....

Austin reaches up and grabs the camera, ripping it away and throwing it to the ground with a crash as we fade away.

The Hostile Takeover (Jimmy Allen & Tobias Devereaux) (c) vs. Mac Bane & Trent Steel

Match

Mike Rolash: I'm telling you, he must have thrown something in his eyes and he couldn't see! That should never have counted!

Jim realizes that the cameras are back and decides to ignore his colleague.

Jim Gunt: Welcome back and what an impressive comeback win from Alex Rain, but it looks like the latest beast to enter CWF, Austin Bishop, is no longer content chewing up the lower card, he wants more, so it will be interesting to see who will be the first sacrificial lamb to step into the ring with him.

Mike Rolash: After what he just pulled, that Rain guy!

Jim Gunt: Well, that will be up to the powers that be. But until we have any word from our higher ups, let's focus on

what is happening next and here father and son will clash, when Mac Bane together with Trent Steel meets the current tag team champions Hostile Takeover!

The camera cuts to the entrance area where "Steel Sharpens Steel" by Vinnie Paz plays and Trent Steel and Mac Bane come out to opposite sides of the ramp, the two men getting a resounding response as they stand in place soaking it in. Finally the two men meet at the center of the ramp, a few words spoken to hype each other up before they make their way down the ramp.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first....MAC BANE AND TRENT STEEL!!

The crowd settles down as the two make their way into the ring and meet in their corner.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents they are the world tag team champions, representing the Hostile Takeover, this is The Cajun Sensation Tobias Devereaux and The Catalyst Jimmy Allen!

"One.Two.Three.Four!"

Fucking Hostile by Pantera booms over the speaker system as the lights in the arena start to strobe erradictly with the thumping drums of Vinnie Paul. From the back slowly step Tobias Devereaux and Jimmy Allen, The Hostile Takeover. Jimmy pats the title draped across his shoulder as Tobias looks down at the title around his waist, giving it the QVC hand wave, showcasing it to the camera with a smirk. The camera is slowly lifted up to the face of Tobias who can barely hear over the boos of the crowd. "We told yews". The two take their sweet time getting down the ramp before sliding under the bottom rope. Both then meet back in their corner as they await the match to begin.

Jim Gunt: Just when you thought it wasn't possible for Tobias Devereaux to get any more full of himself.

Mike Rolash: Well when you have the charisma, the looks, the talent, and the gold, what else would you expect?

Jim Gunt: A shred of human decency?

Mike Rolash: Huh? You making up words again? De...whatever is not real!

Scott Dean goes to both corners, checking for any foreign objects, and taking a little extra time to check The Hostile Takeover. Satisfied he steps back and calls for the bell

Jim Gunt: Looks like Tobias and Trent will be starting our match up tonight.

Mike Rolash: Just call Devereaux Kryptonite because he's about to end the Man of Steel!

The two circle each other in the center of the ring. Tobias obviously looking for a tie up but Trent is a bit reluctant. Instead, as soon as they get slightly close Trent charges and swings with a right hand. Tobias barely manages to duck under it and quickly does a go around and locks in a waist lock on Trent. Trent grabs the hands of Tobias and starts to try and break the grip of the Cajun. Tobias proves to be a bit stronger than Trent originally planned, as he pops his hips and lifts the big man up and takes him over with a German suplex. Tobias holds onto the waistlock and rolls the two back to their feet. He pops his hips again taking the man up and over a second time with another German this time letting go in mid suplex though causing Trent to land right on the back of his head.

Jim Gunt: Nasty landing there by Trent.

Mike Rolash: Did you see the strength of Mr. Devereaux?

Tobias meanwhile has Trent back up and drags him over to the Hostile corner. Wrenching his arm one more time Tobias tags in Jimmy Allen. Allen climbs up to the top turnbuckle only to come off with a double stomp to the shoulder of Trent Steel as Tobias goes to the outside. Trent is holding his shoulder in quite a bit of pain as Jimmy backs him into the corner. Jimmy with a hard knife edge chop in the corner, then a second, and a third. The Catalyst steps back from the corner and charges in spinning around and hitting a back elbow, nailing Trent in the side of the head. Jimmy

reaches back and hooks the head of Trent before dropping to a knee sending the man over with a snapmare. Allen stands back up and delivers a hard kick right to the middle of the spine.

Jim Gunt: My lord you could hear the thud all the way over here!

Mike Rolash: Indeed, Jimmy Allen really has been putting a bit extra into his strikes recently.

Jimmy lifts Trent back to his feet and locks in in a headlock before backing into his corner for Tobias to tag in. Tobias aims up his shot and delivers a hard right hand to the rib cage of Trent driving some of the wind out of him as Jimmy Allen steps back outside. Tobias grabs and wrenches the arm of Trent, kicking the back of Trent's knee, and takes Steel down to his knees before hitting Trent in the chest with a flurry of kicks and breaking the arm wrench he had on his opponent. Tobias grabs the already worked on arm of Trent and wrenches it once again, this time continuing his spin and dropping to the mat, hitting Trent with a Dragon Screw on his arm! Tobias gets back to his feet as Trent is trying to get away from the Cajun, but Tobias immediately reaches down and hooks the arm once again. This time he wraps it around his foot, trapping the wrist in close behind his own calf, then jumps up and stomps his foot before falling back causing the arm to jar and bend in a unnatural way.

Jim Gunt: Oh my lord, the way his arm just torqued and bent. I don't think it's supposed to go that way.

Mike Rolash: Trent Steel better hope he's double jointed or something is probably broken after that.

Meanwhile, in the ring Tobias has gotten back to his feet as Trent holds his arm in pain, however he just looks extremely ticked off. Tobias walks over to the man to lift him back up to his feet once more only to catch a hard right hand to the midsection from Trent's one good arm. Then a second, and a third. Trent stands back up and takes a step back before planting a hard boot right across the face of Tobias sending the Cajun reeling back. Tobias stumbles back to his corner and Trent manages to get to his as both tag in their partners.

Mike Rolash: Oh boy, we're finally going to get to see it. Father vs son, Mac Bane vs Jimmy Allen!

The two are standing across the ring from one another, both trying to decide the best course of action to get started. Meanwhile, in the corner we notice Tobias is undoing the top turnbuckle cover in his corner. Scott Dean notices it out of the corner of his eye and comes over to scold Tobias who immediately plays dumb but backs away. Inside the ring Mac is watching closely as Tobias walks down the apron to the next corner and reaches into the top turnbuckle and pulls out a pair of knuckle dusters!

Jim Gunt: Oh come on!

Mike Rolash: What?

Jim Gunt: You know what!

Mike Rolash: I don't see anything...wait a minute Tobias just threw the knuckle dusters to Mac Bane instead of Jimmy Allen!

Jim Gunt: AH-HA! So you DO see them! Wait, you're right.... What's this?! Mac Bane looks just as confused as us!

In the ring Scott Dean is finishing up with the turnbuckle and starts to turn around just as Jimmy Allen in his best dramatic performance falls back onto his back and looks unconscious. Mac Bane is left dumbfounded for a moment in the ring holding the knuckle dusters as Scott Dean looks at him....and immediately calls for the bell!

Jim Gunt: Oh come on!

Mike Rolash: (hysterically laughing) Oh my god!

Tobias immediately hops into the ring and stands over his partner with a look on his face that screams how could you? Mac Bane starts toward the two but Scott Dean gets in the way. However, Tobias takes this as their cue and taps

Jimmy on the shoulder and the two make a quick escape from the ring to collect their title belts.

Ray Douglas: Your winners of this match by disqualification....Jimmy Allen, Tobias Devereaux, The Hostile Takeover!

Mike Rolash: Tobias said they wouldn't have to hurt Jimmy's dad and I'll be damned if he didn't have a plan to stick it to Jon Stewart!.

Jim Gunt: This is some bull.

Mike Rolash: I'm shocked at you Jim, hyping up the fighting of family and the destruction of the bond between father and son. It's the holiday season Jim, you should be ashamed of yourself.

Silence of the Shades

Match

?????: Aye.. Trent! Yo' Trent! Up here mane!

Trent looks on toward the CWF Tron as Duce is shown, sitting on the edge of what seems to be a freshly dug hole. He peers down inside as a camera from below focuses on Duce. The sounds of a man whimpering can be heard as Jones stares intently into the camera.

Duce Jones: It keeps the Oakley's on its face.. or else it loses the case.

Man: Come on man, I got money.. What is it you want?

Everyone inside of the arena look on confused as Duce's eyes become lost within the lens.

Duce Jones: It keeps the Oakley's on its face... or else it loses the case.

Man: Please! Just let me go!

The camera pans toward a man, who has a burlap sack tied tightly around his head. His arms are zip tied together as he squirms around inside of the pit.

Man: I have a fam...

Duce Jones: Shut tha fuck up! Trent Steel! You fancy yourself as a man who likes to create carnage. Well of that same token, I consider myself a man of anarchy! Ya see. Ya been a thorn in my side f'quite some time. You've brought me many concussions and on top'a dat ya cost me and Freddie tha tag straps.

A smile forms across the lips of Steel as he watches on.

Duce Jones: Dat's why I came up with an idea! Oh what an idea it is... Ya see, what you and me got goin', can't be contained inside of a ring. A cage wouldn't do it justice, but I got just tha thang in mind. What you and me got goin', can only be contained inside of a ten foot pit.

An intrigued look is etched across the face of Steel as Jones finally gotten his attention.

Jim Gunt: A ten foot pit? What is Duce suggesting?

Mike Rolash: If you shut up maybe we can find out...

Duce Jones: A ten foot pit where the only way to win is too make ya opponent bleed, and beat a man until he's unable to answer a count of ten. A lil somethin' I like to call an Anarchy Match! Given ya history and ya rep, I thank dat somethin' like dis would be right up ya alley. Now tha bigga question is whether you a man or a bitch!? Get ready to be introDuced!

Duce stares with hatred in his eyes, directly at the camera as the screams continue to cry out, the camera soon cutting out.

Jim Gunt: What has gotten into Duce? Did he just have someone held hostage?

Mike Rolash: I choose NOT to be a witness to any felonious activity. Whatever he has going on doesn't matter, but what about that challenge? I wonder just exactly is an Anarchy Match.

Jim Gunt: We might need to get authorities to find the location of Jones and quick, to help that man!

Mike Rolash: Snitches get stitches...

Jim Gunt: What does that even mean?

The Shadow vs. Autumn Raven

Match

Mike rolls his eyes.

Mike Rolash: What world are you living in? You talk, you get punched out, jeez.

Jim just shakes his head in disbelief.

Jim Gunt: Moving on... So next up we have our title match for the evening, where the Paramount title is in new hands finally from when The Shadow wrested it out of Jarvis King's grip at Northern Crown.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, just to drop it tonight.

Jim Gunt: Why would you say that?

Mike Rolash: Look at it. He had the Impact belt, lost it the week after. He had the tag team belt, lost it the week after. He's just a flash in the pan, but can't hold on to the gold if his life depended on it.

Jim Gunt: While I have to agree that he has not been lucky, this is a very bold generalization.

Mike Rolash: That's what I do.

Jim Gunt: Yeah, no kidding...

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is for the CWF Paramount Championship.

Jim Gunt: Know the definition of insanity?

Mike Rolash: My ex-wife?

Jim Gunt: Close. It's doing the same thing over and over and expecting a different result.

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

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Los Angeles, California. "The Beautiful Psycopath" Autumn Raven!

Mike Rolash: Oh like the Harbingers of Death?

Jim Gunt: Exactly! Hopefully after Northern Crown Autumn has put that well and truly behind her and is focusing on bigger and better things. The Paramount title perhaps.

The lights start to flicker as Autumn appears, pausing briefly at the top of the ramp to smirk at the crowd, before making her way toward the ring. Walking a circuit around the ring before she slides underneath the bottom rope. Autumn leaps to her feet, runs to a corner turnbuckle and ascends to the second rope and throws her arms out wide. Hopping down from her perch, ARay waits for her opponent for the evening in her corner, the anticipation evident on her face.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent. From Calgary, Alberta, Canada and weighing in at 230lbs. He is the current reigning

and defending CWF Paramount Champion. The Shadow!

The lights go out and "Mea Culpa" by After Forever begins to play.

Jim Gunt: The Shadow is one of a few on my list of those who deserves that title belt. He has worked tirelessly for the CWF and has been a stalwart figure within the federation for quite sometime. An inspiration for many.

Mike Rolash: Except for that whole Shang Tsung Soul stealing business.

Jim Gunt: Well... We're not all perfect.

As the choir sets in, fog starts to waft around the ring, illuminated only with dark, purple light, the ring itself is dark. As the choir reaches their crescendo, the purple light flickers with rising intensity and as the choir stops, the lights go back on and he stands in the centre of the ring, stoic and unmoving under his hood, Myfanwy by his side, her red hair spilling out of the hood.

Jim Gunt: Autumn has perpetually fallen to the wayside, always second fiddle to someone else. Tonight is a huge step to rectify this grave injustice. Tonight she could pull off a great upset and dethrone our new Paramount Champion.

Mike Rolash: Or she won't and the world moves on.

The starting bell has barely rung and Autumn is off like a shot, gunning for the Shadow and his title belt. Sensing the Beautiful Psychopath's intent for a sudden and overwhelming full frontal assault, the Weaver of Dreams barely has the time to prepare himself for the brazen attack, opting to sidestep completely out of the firing line. Autumn's momentum carries her into and against the ring ropes, bouncing back into a back body drop by the Paramount Champion.

Mike Rolash: Basic offensive 101. If your gonna charge at someone, make sure you hit.

Unperturbed, Autumn is quickly back to her feet. The Beautiful Psychopath is summarily punished for her tenacity by the Shadow who takes her back down to the mat with a text book falling neckbreaker. A lateral press pin attempt follows.

ONE!

Autumn kicks out!

Jim Gunt: Say what you will about Autumn's career...she at least is always willing to put herself out there. Always willing to fight.

Mike Rolash: Much to my chagrin.

The Shadow raises Autumn to her feet to press his advantage but the Beautiful Psychopath comes alive in a flurry of lightning fast strikes that surprise the CWF Paramount Champion and have the Weaver of Dreams stumbling on the back foot. A standing dropkick creates some much needed separation between the two competitors. The Raven looks to fly, leaping up onto the ring ropes for a springboard. In a sudden burst of speed the Shadow is there to interrupt the high-flying move, sending Autumn tumbling over the ropes and crash landing to the ringside below.

Mike Rolash: One of these days someone is gonna clip her wings.

The Paramount Champion follows his quarry, but only so he can roll her back into the ring, where he watches and waits patiently. The moment Autumn has found her feet, the Shadow bursts into action once more, catching the hapless challenger with the Hammer of the Gods, sending Autumn careening across the ring. Not letting up, the current Champion builds up momentum and springboards off of the ropes for the Hammer of Doom.

Jim Gunt: That may have ruffled a few feathers. Whatever sign of life that was in Autumn before has been and truly fallen into the Shadow's...well ah shadow I guess.

Mike Rolash: God you're lame sometimes.

Jim Gunt: I'd like to see you try any better?

The Shadow places himself in position atop the turnbuckle where he once more waits, much like a shark circling a bleeding swimmer. Sure enough when the moment arrives, Autumn proves unable to defend, let alone stop, the flawless execution of the tried and true Nightfall DDT. The Shadow hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: And that is about as conclusive as you can get really.

Mike Rolash: Doth the Raven challenge...Nevermore...See how's that for size?!

Jim Gunt: The fact you even know that piece of literature is impressive enough.

Mike Rolash: What literature?

Jim Gunt: I knew that was too good to be true...

A House Divided

Match

We cut backstage where Tara Robinson is standing, ready with her microphone.

Tara Robinson: I'd like to welcome my guests at this time, Dorian and Chloe, the Hawkhursts.

The cheers of the crowd can be heard from out in the arena as Dorian and Chloe walk over to Tara Robinson.

Tara Robinson: Dorian, I have to ask you, with everything that has happened up to this point, how have you prepared for your match against the new CWF World Champion, Loki Synn?

Chloe Hawkhurst: Mia!

Dorian looks up at Tara.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Excuse me a minute.

Dorian turns and looks Chloe dead in the eye, with a look of anger that you don't see Dorian direct towards his "Minidemon".

Dorian Hawkhurst: Chloe, I told you. That is not Mia.

Chloe Hawkhurst: Yes, it is!

Dorian Hawkhurst: No, it isn't. Mia would never do the things that Loki Synn has done. Mia would never threaten to hurt you, never in a million years.

Chloe Hawkhurst: But, Mia hasn't hurt me. I looked her in the eyes. Mia is in there. It's Mia, Daddy. Uncle Shadow knows that Mia is in there. He said so himself.

Dorian Hawkhurst: I'm sorry. I don't believe you, baby girl.

Chloe Hawkhurst: I don't care if you believe me. Remember when you showed up here drunk and couldn't remember where the ring was? She could have hit me then, but instead she put on Uncle Taxi's mask.

Dorian Hawkhurst: She was playing mind games with you. She was trying to scare you.

Chloe Hawkhurst: Yeah, she was. She was trying to get me away from her. She could have hit me and she didn't.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Chloe, I'm not talking about this any more. I am going out there, and I am going to tear that jester's mask right off. Then you will see exactly how wrong you are.

Dorian turns back to Tara Robinson.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Interview's over. I've got to handle some business.

Dorian storms off with Chloe not too far behind him.

Chloe Hawkhurst: Dad! Wait!

Tara looks slightly confused at what just went down and the camera cuts back out to the arena as "They're Coming to Take Me Away (Ha-HAA!)" by The Butcher Babies starts to queue up.

Loki Synn (c) vs. Dorian Hawkhurst

Match

"They're Coming To Take Me Away (Ha-HAA!)" by The Butcher Babies cues up as cameras focus on the entrance ramp.

Mike Rolash: Uhm, whose music is that? I thought it was time for Loki to show that drunken idiot Dorian what a REAL champion is capable of.

Jim Gunt: This is true, but according to my notes, Loki put in a request to change her entrance theme, her coming out first though since she's champion? That's another story but maybe we'll get an answer once she makes her appearance?

Mike Rolash: Oh I don't care about that, I just want to see Dorian get his face caved in by the champ! Go Loki!

Jim Gunt: Unbiased as always I see.

Ray Douglas: Introducing... Uh, first! She IS your CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION! She is the Janusian Jester, the Jagged Grin of the CWF... LOKI SYYYYYNNNNNNNN!!!!

The music reaches a fever pitch as Loki Synn, newly crowned World Champion of the CWF makes her grand appearance at the top of the ramp, her title belt strapped securely around her waist as she makes her way out onto the stage. The fans boo her mercilessly, which only causes Loki to shrug her shoulders, curtsy, and then double over in a fit of laughter. This only increases the booing from the fans, which only forces Loki's laughs to turn into howls of mirth. Holding her sides and shaking her head, pretending to wipe tears from her mask, she makes her way down the ramp before climbing into the ring with no hesitation and calling for a mic as the music fades.

Loki Synn: I'm sure you're all wondering why I came out first instead of Dorian. The answer is simple really.

The fans don't really care as they only continue to boo the champion.

Jim Gunt: The fans are showing NO love for Loki Synn, and who can blame them after she unceremoniously unseated MJF as champion at Northern Crown.

Mike Rolash: "UNCEREMONIOUSLY?" Loki won CLEAN! She DESTROYED MJ! Little twerp didn't know what she was dealing with and deserved what she got. Loki broke her and all it took was a finger to end MJ's reign of biased favoritism in the CWF!

Jim Gunt: Well, a finger and several other moves. Like threatening the life of the ring official and attacking MJ before the bell even started...

Mike Rolash goes to retort but he stops himself as he looks at the ring and jumps nearly out of his chair as he realizes

Loki is leaning against the ropes and staring at them!

Loki Synn: Are... Are you guys done? Because I believe that this is MY time right now, roughly at least. If not though, I can sit here and let you continue, but at that point, I will no longer be responsible for what happens when I come down there looking for the mute button on you Jim...

Gunt's face pales as Rolash looks uncertainly from his broadcast partner to the champion who is now turning her attentions back to the unruly crowd.

Loki Synn: AS I was saying...

She doesn't get a chance to continue though as "From The Pinnacle to the Pit" starts to play and Dorian Hawkhurst bursts out onto the stage! His eyes are narrowed as he makes a direct beeline for the ring, eyes zeroed in on Loki who has only come over to the side closest to him to meet his steely gaze. She loses control though as Chloe Hawkhurst comes running out from behind her father, trying to pull him back, hold him back, do anything she can to prevent him from making his way into the ring, tears streaming down her face as she screams at him to listen to her.

Chloe Hawkhurst: DAD! STOP! THAT'S MIA! PLEASE LISTEN!

Her voice is at a fever pitch but Dorian doesn't listen. He grabs her firmly by the shoulders, gives her a quick peck on the forehead, and eases her out of his way, before charging down the ramp to the ring! Throwing pleasantries such as bells, referee warnings, or formal introductions out the window Dorian grabs Loki by the boots and hauls with all of his might! Loki is caught by surprise as she is yanked right off her feet and the Forsaken Demon drags her out of the ring and landing right at his feet in an unceremonious heap in front of him. Loki looks up at the big man from where she lays, cackling before speaking.

Loki Synn: What's wrong Dorian? Did I catch a nerve? Or is that rabid bitch of a daughter getting on your last nerve?

Loki laughs as Dorian howls in rage, lifting his leg and looking to stomp Loki's head all the way to China! However, the jester sees this coming and catches Dorian's foot on its way down, twisting with all of her might, and taking the big man off his feet! A shrill laugh escapes from Loki as she kips up, a move that hasn't been seen from her yet, and comes face to face with Chloe!

Loki cocks her head at the small child who glares at her defiantly, holding her gaze.

Chloe Hawkhurst: This isn't you Mia! Stop this!

The jester cocks her head and pauses as if in contemplation before unstrapping the World Championship from around her waist. She looks at Chloe whose gaze shifts ever so slightly behind Loki, and a giggle can be heard from the jester as she whips around and smashes the charging Dorian's face with her title belt! Dorian goes down hard and Loki whips back around to continue her staredown with the young girl. She takes a step toward the young Hawkhurst but Chloe stands her ground still.

Loki Synn: You should be scared girl. You have no one here to protect you. Look at the "wonderful" job your dad is doing for you.

Loki takes another step at Chloe, this time the girl shaking her head in disbelief and taking a half step back. Loki scoots forward with her feet, enjoying the reaction from Chloe as she jumps at the sudden movement; but doesn't have time to continue the game as Dorian grabs Loki's leg and yanks it backward! Loki drops the title belt and stumbles forward as Dorian yells at his daughter.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Chloe! Get OUT of here!

Dorian gets to his knees but Loki whips around and delivers a knee right to Dorian's nose! The Demon doesn't go down though and instead only rises to his feet, the anger on his face evident as he stares at Loki, who stares at him right

back! The stare down doesn't last though as Dorian is the first to break it with a headbutt to Loki's mask! Loki stumbles backward and Dorian follows up with several hard forearm strikes to the side of Loki's head, forcing her up against the ring post. He takes a step backward and leaving little space for mistake, launches himself with all of his power at Loki, pinning her against the hard steel post with a massive clothesline! The back of Loki's head hits the post hard, a resounding *CLANG* can be heard. Loki falls to a knee but Dorian isn't done there as he seems to be taken over by rage.

Dorian Hawkhurst: THREATEN MY DAUGHTER AGAIN, I DARE YOU!

Dorian's rage is only fueled as Loki only laughs in response. He gives her a swift boot to the head, effectively shutting her up for now and picks her up, rolling her into the ring. He climbs in after her, but as Dorian lets go of her to try and follow her, she rolls right back out the closest side to her, using the ring apron to prop herself up. She shakes her finger at Dorian who once again bellows in rage. Her rest is short lived though as Dorian drops and hits Loki with a shotgun dropkick right to the head!

Jim Gunt: Yikes! Dorian isn't playing tonight! The match hasn't even officially begun and he's just laying into the champ!

Mike Rolash: He's a man possessed! James Milenko needs to bring the man up on assault charges!

Jim Gunt: As he defends his daughter in a wrestling promotion where these two are paid to fight each other? AFTER Loki threatened the livelihood of Dorian's daughter?

Mike Rolash: Those are details Jimbo, I'm not paid to look at those. Now someone really needs to come out and gain control of this situ...

Almost as if Mike Rolash himself summons him, the Paramount Champion, The Shadow, appears behind the portly announcer, giving the man a mild heart attack!

The Shadow: For once, it appears that you're right, Mr. Rolash.

Rolash jumps out of his skin and grabs at his heart as The Shadow hops up onto the announce table and leaps onto the back of Loki Synn, locking the champion in a sleeper hold! Ever so slowly Loki goes down to a knee, fading rather quickly. The champion tries to get back to her feet, and The Shadow squeezes harder, as Dorian looks on with rage in his eyes, Chloe watching the happenings from behind her father. However, Loki refuses to go down, dropping backward and sandwiching The Shadow between herself and the floor underneath, effectively breaking the hold! She rolls to the side but is stopped by a pair of feet belonging to yet another member of The Forsaken, Zach van Owen! The fans pop for Player One who moves to stop Loki, but once again, sly as a snake, Loki changes tact and rolls back into the ring.

Dorian quickly follows and Zach hops lightly onto the apron, to be followed by The Shadow who gets into the ring and stands at Dorian's side. Loki backs up from The Forsaken, her hand still rubbing her throat from where The Shadow had the sleeper cinched in. She backs up to the ropes, a caged animal cornered. The Shadow steps forward and places a reassuring hand on Dorian's shoulder. Dorian shrugs him off, ready to charge the World Champ once again, but stops himself as Chloe hops up on the apron and handcuffs Loki to the ring ropes! Loki screams in rage as Chloe hops back down again.

Chloe Hawkhurst: Sorry Mia, this is for your own good.

Dorian Hawkhurst: SHE ISN'T MIA! THIS! THIS... THING... ISN'T MIA.

Finally calming down, as if someone had vented the steam from Dorian's reserves, The Demon finally relaxes only slightly.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Mia isn't capable of this kind of... Evil... She can't be...

The Demon looks at The Shadow, searching for an answer. In response the defacto leader of The Forsaken steps forward.

The Shadow: You're half right. Mia isn't capable of doing the things Loki has. Mia was taken from us and turned into... This.

He gestures at Loki who is currently struggling against the steel cuffs, fighting to get herself free.

The Shadow: Dorian, please if you give me a few moments, I might be able to shine some light on this. If you'd be so kind as to secure Loki's other arm though...

Dorian growls but walks up to Loki who kicks out at him. He easily swats her away and hops out to the floor. He begrudgingly smacks Loki in the back of her knees, forcing her down off her feet. Hopping up on the apron he grabs Loki's free arm and holds her in place as The Shadow walks up to her. He pulls her left arm sleeve down ever so slowly and the two men see the numerous scars that litter her forearm, spelling out so much pain and anger. The Shadow pulls an old group photo, right after he and Mia had won the tag titles with The Forsaken. It was right after a match and Mia's arm sleeve had been ripped, so she had taken it off before the photo was taken.

The scars as well as the tattoos... Are a dead match.

Dorian's eyes widen as the realization hits him. The Shadow nods in acceptance and grabs a set of headphones that Chloe has handed him. Before he can do anything else though, an oh so familiar guitar riff hits the sound system as "Cult of Personality" cues up and The Glass Ceiling, Jarvis King, Duce Jones, and Freddie Styles all appear on the ramp and casually head down to the ring, causing The Shadow to roll his eyes in exasperation.

Jarvis King: While whatever you all have going on right now looks, uhm... Whatever it is, we are out here tonight to save this crowd from having to stomach the likes of The Shadow, the drunken stupor of Dorian, the antics of the young Zachary, or the false claims of a soon to be former champion. The way we see it, we owe you something Shadow and I am NOT a man to let old debts go unpaid.

The Glass Ceiling make it to the ring and Dorian lets go of Loki long enough to turn to face the three men. The Shadow glares at them coolly and Zach unstraps his Impact Championship, handing it off to a stage hand before stepping up, side by side with The Shadow. Tension mounts. The fans all fall silent as the two factions stare each other down until a loud *CRACK* can be heard.

Mike Rolash: Did... Did Loki just? I might be sick.

Jim Gunt: That's right Mike. Loki just dislocated her thumb to slip out of the handcuffs!

The World Champion lets out a primal roar as all pandemonium erupts! The Shadow quickly tosses the headphones to Chloe who pockets the device and scurries out of the way as her father bull rushes The Glass Ceiling! The numbers game quickly takes hold as Dorian is over run, but not for long as both The Shadow and Zach run past Loki and leap into the air, flying and taking out Jarvis and Freddie as Dorian gets into a brawl with Duce! Loki cocks her head at the chaos and laughs as the six men brawl with each other on the outside. Her laugh is cut short though as Chloe slips into the ring unnoticed and hits Loki with a chop block! Loki goes down hard and before much more can be done, Chloe somehow procures yet another set of handcuffs from a pocket and handcuffs Loki once again to the ropes!

Mike Rolash: Dorian REALLY needs to get control of that girl. No wonder everyone wants to get their hands on her! Also, when did The Forsaken start endorsing handcuffs?

Jim Gunt: She's just a kid Mike! Loki would slaughter her, though she isn't doing herself many favors getting near Loki like that.

Sure enough, Chloe has straddled Loki's thrashing body and like an expert bull rider, rides the wave while taking a tape

cassette player out from her pocket and slips the headphones over Loki's ears! She hits the play button as Loki screams.

Chloe Hawkhurst: I'm sorry Mia. I hope you'll forgive me but this is for your own good.

Loki thrashes and finally falls limp. Chloe climbs off, just in time to turn around and see The Glass Ceiling standing behind her with smug looks on their faces.

Jarvis King: Thanks for doing our work for us little one. Now it's time to go play with your dolls and let the adults handle their busin....

CRACK

Jarvis' eyes widen as Loki Synn once again stands up, putting her thumb back into place.

Loki Synn: Can we stop with the fecking cuffs already?!

Chloe scampers away, Dorian there to pull her to safety.

Loki Synn: Hey Smokin' Asses. MIA SENDS HER REGARDS!

The former champs, all three of them, barely have time to exchange looks of confusion, followed by recognition, and brief terror as Loki launches herself at all three men! The Shadow comes back in from nowhere, and grabs Duce's head as he is about to strike at Loki's back, bringing him down with a vicious inverted DDT! Kipping up The Shadow comes face to face with Jarvis and Freddie, but not before Zach comes in with a speed resembling a puma, and superkicks Freddie in the face! Styles rolls out of the ring, to be followed by Zach as Jarvis is left to his own devices against The Shadow. Before much more can be said between the two though, Loki springs up from behind Jarvis and whips him around, lifting him up onto her shoulders with a fireman's carry! The Shadow sees an opportunity and with speed to rival Zach's leaps up into the closest corner and leaps at Jarvis, bringing down the leader of The Glass Ceiling with an assisted death valley driver! The fans pop at the move and then gasp as Loki and The Shadow come face to face.

The Shadow: Mia?

Loki remains silent, backing up from a confused and perplexed The Shadow and exiting the ring. Grabbing her title belt and heading up the ramp as the fans wonder what the hell just happened as the credits begin to roll.

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite