

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 37

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: December 11, 2018
Location: Bradley Center — Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Results

The Sands of Time

Match

The picture opens to the BM Harris Bradley Center in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, where the fans are countering the cold outside by looking quite fired up themselves. Their attention is on the stage, where something big, something really big is hidden by an equally big fabric cover. The lights go down and the opening of Gotthard's "I'm Your Travelin' Man" starts to play over the PA, music the CWF Universe has not heard before. A spotlight shines at the entrance and Blake Church and Charles State step through just as the guitars set in. Both men rock with the song before addressing the crowd that cheers at the twosome's brand new entrance music.

Blake Church: Good evening Milwaukee!

More cheers by the crowd.

Charles State: We're sure that you guys noticed something different around here?

He looks next to himself at the veiled - thing.

Blake Church: Well, there is something coming up soon that is kind of a big thing...

Charles State: Something like CWF's longest running PPV?

Renewed cheers by the crowd. That get even bigger as the tron lights up.

Blake Church: Yes, ladies and gentlemen, Frozen Over VII coming to you live from Omaha, NE is just on the horizon and we have something special to unveil here as a, uh, little reminder. Charles?

Charles has positioned himself to the side and pulls on a cord. As the fabric falls, it reveals a 12 foot high hourglass filled with what looks like ice pellets slowly running through its neck.

Charles State: I honestly have no idea how they are planning to time this to finish running through at Frozen Over but I'll trust whoever came up with this to have figured the whole thing out.

Blake Church: Anyways, this is the last regular Evolution of 2018 and we have two title matches for you, including a rematch for the Paramount belt, but we've been taking up enough of your time, let's go ringside to Mr. Gunt and Mr. Rolash!

Jim Gunt: Thank you, gentlemen, and welcome to Evolution from us as well. So Mike, what's up first?

He looks over at his colleague and he just looks towards the stage entrance with an odd look.

Jim Gunt: Uh, Mike?

Mike Rolash: Yes?

Jim Gunt: It's your turn, what's wrong?

Mike Rolash: He just handed it over, to, to both of us.

Jim Gunt: Ah, I see, you are not used to that, well, maybe it is the Christmas spirit, but it is your turn to talk about the show, remember? E-Vo-Lu-Tion?

It is almost as if Mike snaps out of a trance and immediately jumps in.

Mike Rolash: Yes! The Avenging Angel Azrael against the new WCWA Lightweight champion KC3 and that is happening right now!

Target: Locked

Match

Zach and Leona have just arrived to the BM Harris Bradley Center, there is a solemn and awkward tension between the couple, something unresolved lies between them. They are barely a few steps in when a CWF stage hand comes upon them.

Stage Hand: Oh Mr van Owen.

Zach: No need for the Mr. Just call me Zach.

Stage Hand: Well, Mr Milenko needs to see you.

Zach visibly deflates. Another indication for Leona that something is bothering the Game-Changer. Something brewing within the young Impact Champion that so far remains unspoken.

Zach: Where is he?

Stage Hand: I'll take you to him.

Leona is torn. Knowing that something is weighing on Zach's mind, she wants to remain by his side, but she also didn't want to get in the way and had a feeling this might be something he had to deal with on his own. She made her choice.

Leona: I'll catch up with the rest of the Forsaken guys and wait for you there?

Zach turns to his partner. He is just as torn, fighting against his inability to articulate the crisis raging within him and his desire to have Leona by his side. They share a moment before Leona turns to go.

Zach: Leona, wait-

She pauses and turns back.

Zach: I...ah...I'll catch up with you later.

Stage Hand: Follow me Mr-Zach.

Zach watches Leona disappear into the bowels of the Bradley Centre before he follows the Stage Hand, silently making their own way deeper down the halls and corridors, passing through a wing of the stadium that is currently under renovations.

Zach: This seems like a strange place for an office.

The stage hand simply shrugs. After all he is just the messenger.

He motions into another room, bidding Zach to enter and closing the door behind him. He gives a curt nod to someone unseen then returns to his usual duties.

Zach: Is this some kid of joke?

Zach's question falls on deaf ears inside the otherwise empty room. Frustration builds, and he turns back around. Only to discover the door handle doesn't budge.

Zach: What the hell...

He tries again to no avail. He starts banging on the door.

Zach: Hey! What's going on here!

His protestations pass by unacknowledged as a maintenance worker leaves the scene, whistling to themselves while they spin a screwdriver between their fingers. They leave behind a sign in front of the door, saying "Danger. Renovations in Progress."

Fade.

Azrael vs. KC3

Match

Jim Gunt: This is an outrage! What are they doing? This is all just geared towards Zach losing his title tonight!

Mike Rolash: He never deserved it anyways, so in a way they are just protecting him from getting hurt in the process of losing it.

Jim Gunt: I can't believe you! Somebody has to go back there and get him out of there!

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

Ray Douglas: The following is tonight's opening match, set for one fall! Introducing first, from an undisclosed location....AZRAEL!!

Jim Gunt: The Avenging Angel is looking ready to go this evening, as he goes one on one with the man who recently won the WCWA Lightweight Title at When Worlds Collide, KC3.

Mike Rolash: Azrael seems to be preaching a new philosophy as of late, let's see if it works out for him against the nearly unstoppable KC3.

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. The brand new WCWA Lightweight Champion pats his title proudly, strutting his way down to the end of the ramp. When he gets to the bottom, KC3 stops again to take in the music a little more.

Ray Douglas: Introducing, from Loveladies, NJ... "The Next Generation God"... K... C... 3!!!

After gingerly placing his title on the announce table, KC3 slides into the ring and runs the ropes a few times, stopping in the middle of the ring to go eye to eye with Azrael as official Scott Dean quickly steps in to break things up between the two men.

Jim Gunt: The so called Next Generation God showing absolutely no respect for his opposition, as usual, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Well Jim, as you just said KC3 calls himself the Next Generation God. We all know Azrael is the fiery right hand of the "old" generation God. So this one should be a battle of otherworldly proportions, one would think?

Jim Gunt: You're so odd.

Scott Dean is able to back up KC3 enough to be able to quickly go over the rules of the match, calling for the bell afterward. Immediately Davison goes right back into action, charging forward and planting a knee into the gut of Azrael. The Avenging Angel is caught off guard, coughing as he backs up into the corner. But when KC3 measures him up and charges forward again, Az is ready this time, sidestepping him and assisting him chest-first into the corner. As KC3 staggers out, he's launched into a CATAPULT BACKBREAKER!

Jim Gunt: Azrael looking to pick up a quick victory over the stunned WCWA Lightweight Champion as he hooks both of his legs.

ONE!

TWO!

Mike Rolash: NO! KC3 kicks out hard, and now he's about to show Azrael how a real God does things.

Azrael is unphased by the hard kickout from KC3, turning right back around and placing his right arm over his opponent's head to pull him up. Back elbow from KC3 cracks him right in the jaw! Taking a couple of seconds to trash talk the Milwaukee fans, KC3 turns his attention back to Azrael just as he approaches, pulling him in close to Belly to Belly Suplex him right into the corner!

Jim Gunt: KC3 now showing why he defeated all the competition at When Worlds Collide, what a Buckle Suplex there.

Mike Rolash: The Next Generation God is on fire, not even the wrath of a so-called Avenging Angel can stop him at this point.

KC3 waves his hands in the air for Azrael to get up, but the Avenging Angel takes his time in the corner, clearly in pain after being suplexed into the corner.

Jim Gunt: Azrael may have a concussion after that Belly to Belly, the way he landed was nasty and the man still isn't able to get to his feet.

Mike Rolash: Count 'em out, ref!

Scott Dean checks on Azrael, making sure he can continue before backing up just in time for KC3 to come right back over and fall to a knee- blatantly choking Azrael in the corner! The Milwaukee fans get to their feet immediately to boo aloud, as their heroic Avenging Angel tries to wiggle himself free from being choked. After the count of four from the official, KC3 finally breaks free and immediately raises his hands in the air, smiling as he backs away from his opponent.

Mike Rolash: I love this KC3, he really might be the future of this company, you know? Charisma out the ass, a championship pedigree, what more could you ask for out of a superstar here in CWF?

Jim Gunt: Well he certainly has been on a roll as of late, but what I don't like is the fact that he's not afraid to get his hands dirty to do so.

Mike Rolash: And what's wrong with that?

Jim Gunt: Most people would say a lot, but nevertheless Azrael is finally back to his feet, and surprisingly now onto his knees...calling in KC3 to hit him?

Mike Rolash: What can I say, the guy is strange.

KC3 stares at his opponent with a raised eyebrow, not knowing how to take him as Azrael looks on at him from both knees, waving his hands at him to call him towards him. Finally exhaling a deep sigh, KC3 concedes, moving forward as his frown begins to move into a smile just before he swings a wild right hand- that Azrael catches with his legs to pull Davison right into an arm bar!

Jim Gunt: The crowd here in the BM Harris Bradley Center are on their feet, KC3 may be tapping out to Azrael's arm bar here!

KC3 shows amazing strength to pull his opponent and himself right up to his feet, Az still hanging upside down off his right arm. With a quick heave KC3 launches Azrael first into the ropes and then the canvas.

Jim Gunt: SLINGSHOT POWERBOMB!

Mike Rolash: Azrael has got to be out!

KC3 palm-faces the Avenging Angel, going for the cocky cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner of this match by pinfall....KC3!!

"Run This Town" once again begins to play, KC3 immediately rolls out of the ring and grabs his WCWA title, waving it in the face of the fans at ringside. Azrael looks up from the ringside, a stunned look on his face as he stares out at KC3.

Jim Gunt: The Avenging Angel put up a good fight tonight, but I think he needs to continue trying to change up his gameplan, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Maybe, maybe not. It is a hard task for anyone to take on KC3 at the moment, the man is on a fast track right for the top.

Ho-Ho-Hostility

Match

"Seek and Destroy" by Metallica queues up and the crowd is split between booing James Milenko, who appears at the top of the ramp and makes a beeline for the ring, all business, passing by a defeated Azrael limping up the ramp, not paying him any heed; and cheering because after days of waiting, they will finally hear exactly what Milenko has to say after he announced plans to make major waves. The music fades and James Milenko stands up straight, wincing slightly after the hellacious attack he suffered at the hands of Jon Stewart during their "match" at Northern Crown.

Jim Gunt: Love him or hate him, the man certainly knows how to make waves and isn't afraid to do so since weaseling his way to becoming co-commish of CWF.

Mike Rolash: If you say so Jimmy. Ever since Milenko has come in, he's eliminated unnecessary and unfair bias in regards to a certain EX-champion in MJ Flair. He solved the druid problem I was having. AND he put a new World Champion at the helm, scary enough to keep all the CWF roster members in check, and enough to make any other federation that wants to try and invade have second thoughts about the whole idea. It's just a shame that he had to be so severely injured to accomplish so, SO much...

The two exchange looks as they watch James Milenko adjust his neck brace and shift his cane from one hand to the other. He limps over to the ropes and motions for a mic as the music fades away.

James Milenko: I'm going to make this short, simple and to the point. After the unfair treatment that I received at the hands of Jon Stewart when he BLATANTLY attacked me after I had already been knocked out, I have decided that now is the time that war has been officially declared and battle lines be drawn. Now, as it turns out, I can't FORCE anyone to compete in any events that I happen to make without proper notification and planning. However, as co-commish, one of my fancy powers is to make an event, and have it be voluntary for all roster members that are currently contractually obliged to the CWF.

So that is what we're going to do.

DECEMBER 18TH JON!

I don't believe that you're ready for the... "Hostility" that awaits you. That you have unleashed on yourself and this federation that you were so sure you could "save." You have signed its death warrant in me and all the wrath I bring with. On December 18th Jon, I will be aligning myself with people I never thought I'd hear from again. People who want the same measure of revenge on the CWF that I do for all of its sins, past and present.

December 18th. One Night Only. The CWF will be going to war against Hostility. And I hope that you have some tricks up your sleeve, Jon, because you aren't the only one that can bring big names from out of a hat. Resign your legends. Bring out your heroes, line them up as Hostility rolls in here, and much like the CWF did to them, they will be paying everything back tenfold. There will be no where to hide...

At this point, Milenko takes his Velcro neckbrace off and tosses the cane to the side. He stands up straight and smiles at the camera.

James Milenko: There will be, no excuses. My people are coming, they will be here, and they will lay waste to this pathetic place you call home. Bring your warriors Jon. I'm counting on you firing on all cylinders. Because I can't wait to show you just how "hostile" I can be. And just so everyone knows that this is meant to be a gift for the Christmas season, I will now be playing the part of Santa Claus...

Ho.

Ho.

Ho-stility to all. And to all--

Suddenly the lights go out and a lone figure holding a torch steps out onto the stage.

The Shadow: A nice Christmas present that you have for us all there, Satan Claus. I will be there. Prepare for your darkest hour...

With that he turns and leaves the stage. As the lights come back on, Milenko looks a little taken aback, but after a few moments he regains his composure.

James Milenko: If you'll excuse me, I have some calls to make.

With little more pomp and circumstance, Milenko bows leaving the fans and everyone in attendance spell bound as "Seek and Destroy" blares and Gunt and Rolash try to make sense over what just happened.

Jim Gunt: Can... Can he do that?! Can he just make an event to defend the CWF and then tell the roster that it's only voluntary to them and they can... Stay home?

Mike Rolash: Yeah, Jimbo, astute observation! THIS is how a REAL commissioner gets things done! He takes matters into his own hands and he tells us all to put up or shut up. With MJ being still holed up after her downfall by Loki, this

couldn't have come at a better time!

Jim Gunt: Maybe for you. But who will defend The CWF in her time of need???

Mike Rolash: Well, apparently The Shadow will...

Alex Rain vs. Dorian Hawkhurst

Match

Jim Gunt: I still cannot believe what we just heard with Hostility going to war with CWF! But we don't have much time to ponder too much about this, because up next, we've got "The Trickster" Alex Rain going against "The Demon of Sobriety" Dorian Hawkhurst.

Mike Rolash: Dorian has had a hell of a week. I'll bet he felt like he had been sucker punched when he found out his own kid is smarter than he is.

Jim Gunt: I think with the except of Chloe and the Shadow, we were all shocked to find out the true identity of Loki Synn.

Mike Rolash: The Glass Ceiling wasn't pleased. But I am certain that they will put Loki out, just like they put Mia out. I'm just worried about what personality will take over when they do.

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

"World War Me" by Theory of a Deadman begins to play and Alex Rain walks out wearing a olive-green suit and black t-shirt underneath. He has his green hat on as well green pants and shoes. He begins walking down the ramp with Martin Bailer, grinning as he points at the crowd with his cane and the Milwaukee crowd cheers in approval.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, accompanied by Martin Bailer, he hails from London, England. Weighing in tonight at 173 pound... "The Trickster" Alex Rain!!!

Jim Gunt: Alex Rain made his successful debut last week in a great effort against Azrael.

Mike Rolash: He's facing strong competition tonight, but I am fairly confident that Alex Rain can pull a rabbit out of his hat, so to speak, and beat "The Demon" tonight.

Alex Rain sends out flying kisses to everyone as he enters the ring and does a 360 turn and unbuttons his suit and takes it off. At the back of the t-shirt written in green "The Trickster." "World War Me" cuts out and the lights go down as the stage fills with smoke.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent... weighing in tonight at 287 lbs, accompanied by Chloe Hawkhurst... here is "The Demon of Sobriety" Dorian Hawkhurst!!!

"From the Pinnacle to the Pit" by Ghost begins to play and spotlight sets upon the entrance, and "The Demon of Sobriety" Dorian Hawkhurst stands in an open legged stance with his arms out. He is wearing a long, leather trench coat and a Mia Rayne shirt. He has once again dyed the tips of his hair a vibrant, emerald blue, just as Loki had done when she was Mia. As the lead guitar comes in over the bass guitar, Chloe Hawkhurst crawls out from behind her father. She pops up on her knees, copying he father's pose while sporting a Mia Rayne shirt of her own.

Jim Gunt: It seems now that the Hawkhurst clan knows the truth, they are supporting their friend Mia Rayne stronger than ever.

Mike Rolash: Mia's dead. She's never coming back. No amount of t-shirt wearing or hair dyeing is going to change that.

Dorian and Chloe walk down to the ring, slapping hands with the fans on their way down. For the first time in a long time, Dorian seems to be smiling as he does so. He and Chloe slide into the ring side by side, stopping in the middle of

ring, with Dorian taking a brief moment to glance over at Alex Rain before he and Chloe pose in the center of the ring. Dorian backs off to the opposite corner as the music dies down. He holds open the ropes for Chloe to leave as Clark Summits comes over to check him before calling for the bell.

Jim Gunt: This match is officially underway and both men circle, sizing each other up. Rain stands up straight and extends his hand.

Mike Rolash: Are you kidding me? This is business, not friendness. Just get to the match, will you?

Dorian also stops and stands up. He looks around the arena, and the crowd cheers encouraging him to shake Alex Rain's hand. Slowly, he extends his hand, shaking his hand and immediately pulling it away. Rain laughs and shows the crowd that he has a joy buzzer in his hand. Dorian smiles and shakes his head as if to let Alex know he got him.

Jim Gunt: Alex Rain having a little fun at Dorian's expense. You'd think that would set Dorian off, but he seems genuinely amused.

Mike Rolash: I can't believe that idiot fell for it. It's like the same prank over and over. Stevie Wonder could have seen it coming and he's blind.

Rain removes the joy buzzer and tosses it to Martin Bailer on the outside. He turns around and both men start to circle one another again. Alex Rain is the first to act, dropping Dorian directly in the knee.

Jim Gunt: Alex Rain has come in here with a plan. He's following up that drop kick with low kicks that seem to be connecting on or close to the knee.

Mike Rolash: One thing I learned is that you have to get the big man off his feet. It's like Sensei Kreese says. "If a man can't walk, he can't fight."

Jim Gunt: Now you're a martial artist?

Mike Rolash: No. Karate Kid, Part 3.

After a few of the tricksters kicks, Dorian uses his reach advantage to grab Alex by the sides of his cranium and headbutt him, forcing him to drop to the canvass dazed. As Rain attempts to gain his bearings, Dorian bounces off the ropes and comes back with a knee to the chest of Alex Rain. "The Forsaken Demon" grabs "The Trickster" by the arm and Irish whips him into the turnbuckle, where Rain immediately crumples to the mat.

Jim Gunt: Hawkhurst is exploiting his size and power advantage here tonight.

Mike Rolash: Alex Rain is in a very bad, bad situation. He seemed to come in here with a game plan, but Dorian Hawkhurst hasn't given him the chance to impliment it.

Jim Gunt: I would have to agree. If he wants to win this match, Alex Rain is going to have to find an opening.

Mike Rolash: Maybe some Johnny Walker. I hear Dorian loves opening that.

Jim Gunt: Do you ever stop and ask yourself if you've gone too far.

Mike Rolash: Never.

As Alex Rain sits up, Dorian walks up behind him, grabbing him on top of the head and under the chin and begins forcing Alex's head to the side, cranking his neck. "The Trickster" puts his hand where Dorian's hand meets his chin and begins wiggling his thumb, slowly forcing it in to act as a buffer from Dorian's hand. As Alex starts to get his hand in the opening, Dorian releases his chin and delivers a forearm strike to Alex's chest before reapplying the neck crank.

Jim Gunt: This is certainly a change of pace for Dorian. He's known as more of a striker, but he right now he is using his vice like grip to wear Alex Rain down.

Mike Rolash: It's a little confusing because we aren't used to seeing Dorian have any plans other than which bar he's going to hit after his match.

Jim Gunt: It looks like Alex Rain still has some fight in him. He's moving his head back and forth, forcing Dorian's grip to shift.

Dorian lets out a loud scream.

Mike Rolash: Did you see that? Alex Rain just bit Dorian's hand to get out of the hold. I think he's my new favorite wrestler.

Alex Rain gets to his feet, but Dorian is having none of it. He throws a knee to the midsection of "The Trickster" then drops a double axe handle onto the spine of his adversary, once again driving him chest first into the mat. Dorian backs off for a moment, allowing Alex to crawl towards the corner, where he pulls himself up using the ropes. As he falls backwards into the corner, Dorian comes rushing in with a vertical body splash, flattening Alex Rain in the corner.

Jim Gunt: Dorian once again reaches over and applies that head vice onto Alex Rain. He's been uncharacteristically methodical thus far in the match.

Mike Rolash: I'll bet this was all Chloe's idea. Dorian's not smart enough to come up with this on his own.

Jim Gunt: Regardless of who came up with the idea, it seems to be working.

Mike Rolash: Do you see this? Do you see this, Gunt? Alex Rain is pulling on Dorian's beard. This is magical!

Alex Rain manages to escape from Dorian momentarily. Though caught off guard, Dorian recovers quickly and turns around just in time to catch a hand across the face from Alex Rain. Dorian is having none of it, shoving Alex back first into the corner and as he stumbles back out, grabbing him and chucking him across the ring with a Beil Throw. Alex Rain rolls with it, popping up on his feet. He runs at Dorian, who grabs him by the throat for a chokeslam. Alex Rain deftly repositions himself in midair, wrapping his arm around Dorian's neck and applying a guillotine choke to the big man.

Jim Gunt: We are seeing signs of life from "The Trickster" Alex Rain. He's got the guillotine applied and it looks to me like he's got it pretty deep.

Mike Rolash: Look at Dorian flailing his arms. He's having trouble keeping his feet. You can do it, Alex! SLEEP, DEMON! SLEEP!

Jim Gunt: Dorian Hawkhurst is doing his best to stay on his feet, but Alex Rain is fighting to cinch the hold in deeper.

Mike Rolash: This is a sound strategy by Alex Rain, but he needs to get the big man off of his feet.

Dorian is bent down, still holding the weight of Alex Rain off the ground. He lifts his head, gives a quick smile, then waves his finger "No, no, no" like Dikembe Mutombo used to do before putting his hands on Rain's hips and standing up straight, throwing the Trickster a good eight feet in the air before he comes crashing down to the mat. Alex Rain, perhaps out of instinct, reaches out to Dorian's legs and tries to roll him over into a pinning predicament. Dorian rears back his fist, but Alex Rain has the presence of mind to roll out from Dorian and kick him in the back of the knee. Dorian stumbles and Rain gets to his feet and kick the retreating Demon in the back of the knee once more. Dorian stumbles backwards, falling into the corner. The camera catches Chloe and Martin Bailer in the background, both of them slamming on the apron, cheering their respective men on.

Jim Gunt: Alex Rain has found his opening and look at him taking it to Dorian Hawkhurst.

Mike Rolash: He's got Dorian's leg and he's wrapping it around the middle rope. Dorian is all tangled up and look at Alex Rain stepping on the middle rope to deliver those punches. With the height differential, he's got to do something if he wants to slap the taste out of the mouth of "The Demon."

Jim Gunt: Dorian seems a little disoriented. It looks like Alex Rain is targeting that nose.

Mike Rolash: Dorian's had his nose broken at least twice in the last year. He's going to end up like Lord Voldemort if he's not careful.

Alex Rain runs to the opposite ropes, on the return trip, he leaps into the air. We don't get to see what he had in mind because Dorian throws a punch, catching him in the stomach. Dorian walks over to Alex, whipping him into the corner. He stalks over, grabbing Alex Rain by the neck and perching him onto the top rope. Dorian throws a haymaker and Alex Rain thrusts his thumb into Dorian's eyes. He jumps off the middle rope, over "The Forsaken Demon" and between his momentum and Dorian's disorientation, finds the strength to bring Hawkhurst down with a sunset flip.

ONE!

KICKOUT!!

Dorian powers out, his legs catapulting "The Trickster" halfway across the ring.

Jim Gunt: With Alex Rain not getting much offense in, it's no surprise that he was able to power out.

Mike Rolash: Dorian is strong as a bull, and just about as smart. JESUS CHRIST!!!

The camera cuts over to the announce team where a cardboard cutout of Ataxia has been placed strategically behind Mike Rolash. Rolash spins around and punches the cut out over as soon as he realizes it's not the real McCoy.

Mike Rolash: Son of a bitch! Gonna give me a heart attack.

Jim Gunt: Back in the ring, Alex Rain is on his feet, leaning on the ropes in disbelief. I guess he thought he had him.

Mike Rolash: Watch out, Alex!

Dorian comes running in and at the last second, Alex Rain drops down, pulling the top rope with him. Dorian flies out of the ring, but manages to land on his feet. Alex hops in place a couple of times before sprinting to the far ropes, he comes back and suddenly stops as he sees Chloe Hawkhurst standing in front of her father.

Mike Rolash: How many times is CWF management going to allow that little brat to interfere in things?

Jim Gunt: Until her contract is up. You forget Dorian signed her as his manager.

While Rolash grumbles under his breath, Chloe steps aside and her father steps back into the ring. Dorian rushes at Alex Rain, who once again sees Dorian coming and ducks out of the way. Rain continues moving and comes back with a leaping forearm to the face of the Demon.

Jim Gunt: Alex Rain has taken control of this match with a flurry of offense.

Mike Rolash: They say speed kills and Dorian Hawkhurst is learning this the hard way. Look at Alex coming at Dorian.

Jim Gunt: Alex Rain connects with a b-e-a-utiful dropkick, landing on his feet.

Mike Rolash: It just goes to show how talented the newco.... OOH!

Jim Gunt: Dorian Hawkhurst has just connect with the Square Hammer and Alex Rain never saw that coming.

After dropping Alex Rain with his patented Polish Hammer, Dorian backs off. He stands in front of Alex Rain, staring down at him as he struggles to get to his feet. As Alex stands up, Dorian ducks down and wedges his shoulder against Alex Rain's throat. He stands up, holding Alex Rain up while trapping him in a shoulder choke. Alex Rain immediately starts tapping out and Dorian drops him to the mat.

Ray Douglas: Your winner, by submission, "The Demon of Sobriety" Dorian Hawkhurst!!!

Mike Rolash: Dorian should be disqualified! That's an illegal choke!

Jim Gunt: Clark Summits didn't think so. That was a great win and, more importantly, a statement made by Dorian Hawkhurst.

Dorian celebrates in the ring as Alex Rain rolls out of the ring next to Martin Bailer to recover.

Common Ground

Match

We switch backstage to the office of Jon Stewart, he's sitting at a desk shuffling through some paperwork. The co-commissioner looks fairly busy, when his door suddenly bursts open and in comes the "Prodigal Son" Jaiden Rishel. Setting the papers down on the desk, Stewart uses his red leather gloves to adjust his necktie as he looks up at the younger Rishel.

Jon Stewart: Come on in...

Pacing back and forth in front of Stewart's desk nervously, Jaiden runs his fingers through his hair.

Jon Stewart: You got something you wanna talk about?

Taking a moment to calm himself, Jaiden slams his hands down on the desk, Stewart sitting there patiently.

Jaiden Rishel: Look! I've been to war with these assholes before and I know what to expect!

Jon Stewart: I appreciate the sentiment, but shouldn't you be more concerned with the whereabouts of your boy Colton Mace?

Jaiden Rishel: Colton is where he needs to be and well taken care of. This is about CWF, something that me and my father worked hard to bring to the level that it's reached. I'd be damned if I stand idly by and let those sons of bitches try to bring down what we've built!

Stewart adjusts his glasses.

Jon Stewart: I understand your frustrations Jaiden, but the situation is handled.

Jaiden Rishel: Handled? The hell you mean handled? I know that times are different, but we need to handle this situation just like we did back then!

Knock! Knock!

Jon Stewart: Come in! And how's that Jaiden?

Jaiden Rishel: We snuff em out before they can cinch their claws to deep. At this Civil War we need to destroy them once and for all!

Jaiden's tirade is soon interrupted.

Jarvis King: Man... how long have you been listening to this crock of horseshit?

An annoyed look comes across the face of Rishel, he turns to see that none other than "The Icon" Jarvis King and the newly crowned WCWA Tag Team Champions, Smokin' Aces walking into the office.

Jaiden Rishel: What the hell are they doing here?

Jarvis King: Hopefully it's to shut your idiotic mouth.

Stewart soon interrupts.

Jon Stewart: Now, now, gentlemen. Jaiden, I understand your concern for your family's company. However, always remember I have the CWF's best interest at heart. Hence why these gentlemen are here.

Jaiden Rishel: You can't be serious!

Jaiden begins to nervously run his fingers once again through his hair, Stewart calmly reaching for a pill bottle, he opens it, pouring a few into his hand and popping them.

Duce Jones: Dat shit not good f'ya.

Jon Stewart: I agree, but trust me this meeting would've gone a bit differently if I didn't take these. But gentlemen I called you in here because, you're the only three I could trust to get the job done in this ridiculous Unholy Carnival match next. And I promise you if this were a three on three match, I would've chosen just you three within a heartbeat.

Jaiden Rishel: Give me a break!

Jon Stewart: Mister Rishel. If you wouldn't mind would please leave us.

An irate look befalls the face of Rishel, but choosing a fight for another day he leaves, closing the door behind him.

Jarvis King: So you want us to represent the CWF in this madhouse match?

Jon Stewart: Of course, like I was saying before, you guys are CWF and I wouldn't pick a better trio over you guys.

Duce Jones: Yeah, but y'said somethin' bout it not bein' three on three.

Freddie Styles: Who's going to war with us?

Jon Stewart: Well the first guy, I want to remain a mystery, however your other partner will be The Shadow.

The three become upset.

Jon Stewart: Hear me out Jarvis. For one night we put all petty beefs to the side, so we all can stand on common ground. So everyone and anyone who ever tries to attempt some bullshit like this again will think twice. Can we all at least agree to do that until this threat is taken care of?

All three members of The Glass Ceiling shake their head in the affirmative, the scene switching back to ringside.

Autumn Raven, Maestro, Christer "Fenrir" Lundmark vs. V.E.N.O.M. (Vince Espinoza, Nina & Omar Martinez)

Match

Mike Rolash: Is that guy serious? Sending the Glass Ceiling as "his" guys into battle and then throwing in The Shadow out of all people? This is preposterous!

Jim Gunt: You should be happy, you're a Milenko man, aren't you?

Mike Rolash: Well, yeah, I mean - this is - uh, unfair! These guys have held lots of titles and now he wants to send them out against a group of people that hasn't even been together in I don't know how long?

Jim Gunt: Wow, I would not have thought you'd manage to turn this one around!

Mike Rolash: Uh, I haven't--

Ray Douglas: The following is a six man tag team match and is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

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, AUTUMMMNNN RAAAAVVVEEEENNN!

“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.

Jim Gunt: Autumn looking to get on the winning track here in CWF. Lately she's been stringing in the losses.

Mike Rolash: I'm just glad she was able to make it to the show here tonight. How the hell did she end up in Puerto Rico.

Jim Gunt: She probably was that focused on her opponents that she thought the show was in San Juan.

Mike Rolash: Either way, I'm glad she's here.

The crowd begins to die down a bit as “Maestro” by Kaizers Orchestra starts up, as the vocals start up Maestro walks out onto the stage and with a drawn breath takes in the fans' reactions.

Ray Douglas: Her partner, making his way to the ring! Weighing in at one hundred eighty points, from Oslo, Norway! MAAAAEESSTTRRRROOO!

Maestro slowly walks down the aisle, refusing to touch any of the hands at ringside. Making it to the steps, he walks up them and enters the ring just as the chorus kicks in, headed towards the ropes he climbs on the middle rope and plays to the crowd as Autumn stands there looking unimpressed.

Jim Gunt: These three are an interesting combination and I can't wait to see how they interact with each other in this unique contest.

Mike Rolash: Well Maestro has fallen a bit short lately coming off the helms of Northern Crown. But I see a bright future for this kid.

A wolf howl starts to sound over the sound system, followed by a hammer striking an anvil. Fire appears on the tron before the pounding rhythm and guitar of Amon Amarth's "Victorious March" begin to blare over the PA. Fenrir steps through onto the stage, long blond hair and beard braided and blue and black war paint across his face, the hammer from his Northern Crown match against Azrael over his shoulder.

Ray Douglas: And their partner, making his way to the ring, weighing in at two hundred seventy eight pounds! from Kiruna, Sweden! CHRISTER "FENRIR" LUNDMARK!

He stops at the top of the ramp, with a hard gaze at his partners, before making a straight walk to the ring, paying no heed to the fans around him.

Jim Gunt: Here comes the wildcard in this match as no one ever knows what to expect from Christer Lundmark.

Mike Rolash: This man wants a fight, and the last time him and Espinoza were in the same ring, a fight is what he got, and tonight will prove to be no different.

A total blackout consumes the arena, the opening sounds of "Second Death of Souls" by Matriarch begins to play. The fans begin to stir, the lights from cellphones can only be seen. As the song kicks up a notch, a red spotlight beams down on the stage area as V.E.N.O.M stands there, Nina leads the way as the trio make their way to the ring.

Ray Douglas: Making their way to the ring, at a combined with of five hundred seventy pounds! They are V.E.N.O.M!

Coming to a standstill at ringside, Nina unhooks the chain from around Martinez and Espinoza's collar. The trio make their way inside of the ring.

Jim Gunt: This is it first look at all three members of V.E.N.O.M as a unit so I know it will be a sight to see.

Mike Rolash: I just love the way Nina slithers into the ring.

Espinoza looks to be the man starting for his team, on the other side, Lundmark steps to the apron, Raven and Maestro discussing who will start for their team. The official, "Big" Denny Davidson calls for the bell as Espinoza bulldozes over both Raven and Maestro! For good measure he slugs Landmark with a punch that sends him off the apron. As Maestro rolls out of the ring to make Autumn the legal competitor. Vince brings her to an upright position, before grabbing her by the hair and sending her crashing into the V.E.N.O.M corner. Making the tag to Martinez, Espinoza pins Raven in the corner as Omar enters. Taking a few steps back Espinoza comes crashing in on the smaller Autumn, forcing her to slump down in the corner. The masked man drops to his hands and knees as Martinez comes charging in, using Espinoza's back as a springboard, flipping backwards as he steps off Vince's back, Martinez comes crashing down on Raven backfirst with a reverse cannonball! Pulling her out of the corner, Martinez goes for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: What an impressive double team maneuver from V.E.N.O.M and Autumn looks to be in a bad spot early on in this contest. Martinez is bringing Raven up, and a big right hand sends her back to the canvas!

Mike Rolash: Autumn is truly coming to a breaking point in her career, if her, Maestro, and Lundmark are able to pull off the victory, this could be a big boost in her career.

Martinez stomps on the downed body of Raven, the Bradley Center beginning to clap their hands in support for the Beautiful Psychopath. Bringing her back upright, Martinez connects with a hard forearm that sends her stumbling back into enemy territory. Making the tag back to Espinoza, Martinez steps to the apron as the Masked Boa enters the ring. Connecting with a headbutt that dazed Autumn, Vince grabs her up under her arms and sends her flying across the

ring with a Biel Throw! Moving in quickly, Espinoza grabs Autumn by her leg and drags her back to the V.E.N.O.M corner where he tags back out to Martinez.

Jim Gunt: Nice teamwork here on display from Espinoza and Martinez. They are surely looking a lot better than their first couple of outings.

Mike Rolash: Maybe Nina had to 'whip' them in shape. Haha.

With Raven back to her feet, Omar has her pinned in a neutral corner. Raven tries to struggle free, but Martinez has her trapped good in the corner, firing an overhand chop to her chest! On the apron, Lundmark and Maestro yell for Autumn to fight back. However the vicious chop she just received only forces her down to the canvas. With a handful of hair, Martinez drags Raven back to his team's corner where he tags Espinoza back into the contest. As Martinez holds the Beautiful Psychopath in place, Espinoza fires off a right hand to her exposed side, dropping her back down to the mat. The crowd suddenly begins to rise to their feet as Chloe Hawkhurst comes racing down the aisle.

Mike Rolash: Dorian seriously needs to keep a leash on his kid man!

Jim Gunt: Whether you like to admit it or not, that young lady had been pivotal in a lot of the happenings around CWF lately.

Mike Rolash: You say that like it's a good thing.

Both men smile at Chloe as she sends pounds on the apron, screaming for Autumn to get back in the fight. Now having Raven to a vertical base yet again, both men double Irish whip her into the ropes. As she rebounds, both men go for a double clothesline, but it's Raven ducking underneath and sliding behind Espinoza. He quickly does a standing switch, holding Autumn in place as Martinez comes rushing in with a big boot! Connecting with the face of Espinoza as Autumn dodges again, Martinez spins around trying to locate Autumn, but only finds her right hand as she slaps him across the face.

Jim Gunt: This could be the opportunity that Autumn needs!

Staggering back a bit from the slap, an infuriated Martinez charges right into the feet of Raven as she drops him with a dropkick! Back to her feet she notices Espinoza is back up and bullrushing right at her, retreating to a corner, Autumn gets a boot up to stop the Boa in his tracks. As he stumbles back, Raven takes advantage of the moment, springing to the top rope and spinning through the air, taking Espinoza off his feet with a corkscrew splash! The Milwaukee fans are on their feet as she holds on for the cover!

ONE!

Espinoza powers out of the pin attempt, sending Autumn flying halfway across the ring. With catlike agility, Autumn lands on her hands and feet, however Espinoza catching an incoming Raven by surprise with a headbutt! The Beautiful Psychopath stumbles backwards towards the ropes where Lundmark makes the blind tag! Now charging towards Raven, Espinoza is dropped to the canvas by an slingshotting Lundmark as Raven dodges out of the way!

Jim Gunt: Slingshot Shoulder Tackle by Fenrir, catching the Masked Boa by surprise.

Mike Rolash: Now that's what I call teamwork by default. Here comes Martinez looking for a sneak attack!

Espinoza rolls out of the way as Martinez comes rushing at Lundmark, but the Viking is quick on his feet, sidestepping the Puerto Rican Racer and sends him crashing into a neutral corner. Running in for an attack, Fenrir catches the boot of Martinez to the jaw and he's sent reeling backwards. Coming up from behind, Espinoza grabs Fenrir in a rear waist lock, but Lundmark quickly escapes with a back elbow that rocks Espinoza! Wasting no time, Fenrir charges forward at Martinez who's still in the corner and just absolutely crushes him with a body avalanche! Turning his attention to Vince who's recovering in the corner, he charges with a full head of steam, giving him the same treatment Martinez just

received! He lets out a guttural roar, the Milwaukee crowd showing the young Viking respect.

Jim Gunt: Til Valhall!

Mike Rolash: You're such a mark!

Lundmark begins to plan his next course of action, when his attention is caught by Maestro, who's begging for the tag. With the big man distracted, Nina takes the opportunity to sneak inside of the ring, she goes for an attack, but Fenrir quickly turns around going for a big boot! Bending backwards with a matrix like evasion, Nina slowly flips over looking seductively at Fenrir as she lands on her knees and backslides out of the ring like a slithering snake.

Jim Gunt: Nina with the momentary distraction!

Mike Rolash: I wonder if I could get Nina's number after the show.

Jim Gunt: ...

Fenrir turns his attention back towards the Maestro who is still screaming for the tag. Now making his way to his team's corner, Christer Lundmark slaps the chest of Maestro hard making the tag!

Jim Gunt: It seems as if Lundmark doesn't play well with others.

Mike Rolash: Damn them, I hope to get to see more of Nina in the ring.

Jim Gunt: Keep it in your pants Mike.

Mike Rolash: You and I both know, that's not something you really want.

Gunt is left speechless once again, as back inside of the ring, Maestro enters but still asking Lundmark, "what's your deal?" Maestro is almost blindsided by Espinoza, but he sends him backwards with an European uppercut? Now back to his feet, Martinez nails a forearm to the back of the Modern Day Da Vinci, locking on a Full Nelson. Holding him in place for Espinoza, Martinez is unable to hold his grip as Maestro ducks a big right hand that drops Martinez and sends him rolling out of the ring! Turning his attention back to Espinoza, he charges at him but gets turned inside out with a huge lariat! If Espinoza could show emotion through his mask, you could tell that he's now infuriated. Making his way over to a downed Maestro, Espinoza deadlifts off of the canvas in a Fallaway Slam position. With ease Espinoza has Maestro up in the air for a vertical suplex, tossing him down to the canvas where he crashes hard!

Jim Gunt: The strength Espinoza is unbelievable, did you see the way he just manhandled Maestro?

Mike Rolash: He's probably was one of those kids you didn't play sandlot football with, because it's guaranteed someone's getting hurt.

Making the tag to Martinez, Espinoza steps to the apron as Nina watches on pleased. Martinez slowly brings a woozy Maestro to his feet, looking to irish whip him into the ropes, however Maestro had enough energy to hold on, forcing Martinez to now charge at him. Using a back elbow to defend himself, Maestro is on wobbly legs when he fires off a SUPERKICK that staggers Martinez! Rebounding off of the opposite ropes, Martinez springs to life, returning fire with a big boot that's swatted away by Maestro, however Martinez quickly spins and connects with a back elbow to the temple of Maestro as both men come crashing to the mat!

Jim Gunt: Both men are down and these fans are too their feet right now!

Mike Rolash: One of these two needs to make the tag and get the fresher partner in the ring, preferably Martinez to Nina.

Jim Gunt: Well I doubt that would happen as Nina has been letting Espinoza and Martinez do all the dirty work.

Mike Rolash: A man can dream right?

Davidson is at the count of two as Martinez stretches out to make the tag to Espinoza, at the exact moment Maestro tagging in Raven! Both competitors rush in at each, Raven gaining the advantage, sliding between the legs of Espinoza. Hurriedly to her feet, she brings Espinoza down to size with a chop block! With Espinoza rolling out of the ring to recover, Martinez charges in at Raven going for a clothesline, but it's ducked as Raven runs the ropes, as she rebounds she sends Martinez sliding outside as well with a tilt-a-whirl headscissors! Nina drops from the apron to check in her minions as back inside of the ring, Raven tags in Maestro. Quickly rushing towards the ropes near V.E.N.O.M, he steps out to the apron, climbs to the middle rope and let's himself elegantly fall backwards taking out the trio!

Mike Rolash: That's not something you see everyday.

The fans are too their feet showing appreciation for the unique dive, back in his team's corner Lundmark and Raven can be seen having a discussion, Fenrir showing signs of not really liking the idea. Having heard the idea herself, Chloe is pounding on the apron trying to encourage Lundmark. Finally agreeing, Lundmark and Raven enter the ring, Lundmark making his way to the ropes nearest everyone else as they get to their feet. Across the ring Autumn Raven with the full support of Chloe Hawkhurst and the fans, races across the ring towards Lundmark who pops her up and over the ropes! Raven flies through the air, flipping over at the last second taking Nina and Omar out with the Anti-Hero!

Jim Gunt: Now that's what I call teamwork!

Mike Rolash: She truly looked like a Raven then, and check out Maestro, he wants to do the same thing.

Maestro is bouncing on the balls of his feet, looking set to go flying as Lundmark rolls his eyes. The crowd are to their feet as well expecting something big as Maestro bounces off the ropes towards Lundmark. As he comes racing over, his momentum is brought to a halt as Lundmark folds him in half with a Ragnarök! The Pop-up Powerbomb has Maestro sprawled lifeless on the canvas as he exits the ring, saying to hell with this match. Chloe throws her arms up saying come on, as Christer makes a beeline for the stage.

Jim Gunt: That's twice Lundmark has left a teammate high and dry. I think management needs to take heed.

Mike Rolash: The just doesn't play well with others.

Back inside of the ring, Espinoza can be seen climbing back inside, ready to take advantage of the situation. Deadlifting the prone body of Maestro off the canvas once more, Espinoza carries him over his shoulder and sets him up on the top turnbuckle. Tucking the head of Maestro into his own shoulder, Espinoza grabs his legs and takes him out of the corner, driving him violently into the canvas!

Jim Gunt: Diablo's Fury! And it should be academic after that Mike!

Nina and Martinez hold off Raven as Espinoza goes for the cover, "Big" Denny making the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Espinoza menacingly let's off of the cover as Davidson calls for the bell signaling the end of this match. Releasing Autumn from their grips, Nina and Martinez slide inside of the ring as Chloe comes to check on Raven.

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners... V.E.N.O.M!

Espinoza stands tall over the downed body of Maestro as Nina comes slithering over. She begins to run her fingers over the torso of Maestro as Espinoza and Martinez watches on as if they are in a trance. The lights inside of the Bradley Center begin to flicker on and off before going pitch black!

Mike Rolash: What the hell is going on?

Jim Gunt: I think another sacrifice has been made.

The Milwaukee crowd is stirring, trying to figure out what's happening, but when the lights return to normal, the ring is completely empty, Chloe and Autumn standing at ringside looking confused.

Cull the Weak

Match

A quick cut backstage shows Tara Robinson running after a clearly unhappy Christer Lundmark.

Tara Robinson: Christer? CHRISTER!

The Viking stops and after a steadying breath turns to face her.

Tara: Christer, you just powerbombed Maestro in your tag team match and left the ring before it was over...

Christer Lundmark: Yes, so?

Tara: This is the second time you have abandoned a team mate.

Christer: Tara, in order to be called a "team mate"--

He uses air quotes for the term.

Christer: --you have to be a team to begin with. Back in the days you had to ensure that the tribe was at its best by weeding out the weak. You are only as strong as your weakest link. Maestro was just that.

Tara: So are you saying that if it was just Raven, you would have stayed until the end?

Christer: Yes. She has shown her warrior spirit, she is worthy of being in these rings out there now that she has finally shed the deadweight of Silas off her shoulders.

He looks directly at the camera now.

Christer: Milenko, Stewart, whoever is booking these matches these days, I am a warrior, I do not play well with others. Stick me in a team with random people, with weak people, this is what you will get. Try it once, shame on you, try it another time, bigger shame on you. Try it for a third time and I will come for you.

He extends his hand towards Tara, who hesitantly shakes it. After a nod from the Viking he raises his fist.

Christer: Til Valhall!

And he turns and leaves. As the camera turns back to Tara she is lightly blushed.

Tara: Well, at least now we know what he thinks... Back to you, boys.

And her gaze returns to the Swede stomping away.

Playing Dirty

Match

Leona: Hey guys...

Leona Gainsborough stands in the doorway of the Forsaken's locker room.

Dorian: Leona? Shouldn't you and Zach be getting ready for his match against Freddie?

Leona: That's just it...I don't know where he is.

The Shadow: What do you mean?

Leona: Milenko needed to speak to him earlier but I haven't seen him since.

The Forsaken all share worried and suspicious glances.

The Shadow: Oh dear.

Dorian: Milenko.

Leona: If that slimy piece of sh-

Dorian: Don't you worry about that. Stall the match or something. We'll find Zach and deal with Milenko. Don't you worry.

Leona responds with a determined nod, an idea already fast forming in her head then disappears with purpose.

Dorian: Why does this shit always happen to the kid...

Meanwhile still locked inside the vacant room in the wing currently under construction Zach has given up on yelling out for help. Instead his eyes have fallen upon a ventilation shaft built high in the wall. Someone was playing Games with Zach, that much was certain, but of course, Zach likes to play things by his own rules.

It wasn't Game Over for him yet.

Zach: Yippe-Ki-Yay...

Zach Van Owen (c) vs. Freddie Styles

Match

The camera cuts to ringside where Freddie Styles is already standing eagerly, ready and waiting for his rematch, his chance to reclaim the Impact title off of Zach van Owen.

Jim Gunt: He'll never make it back here on time, who knows where those ducts lead!

Mike Rolash: Oh well.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent...weighing in at 174 lbs, from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The current reigning and defending Impact Champion...Zach van Owen!

The arena goes dark as "Liberi Fatale" begins to play, but as the seconds pass there is no sign of the Game-Changer.

Mike Rolash: Yeah. Day Care is over. This is the Big Boy's World. Zach isn't fit to be in it.

The song starts up again, but yet still no sign of the Impact Champion. Referee Trent Robbins and Freddie Styles look around the arena, thinking perhaps the spirited young man was erring on the side of a big entrance. But Zach couldn't be seen. The music cuts out and is instantly replaced by the oh so familiar tune marking an appearance by CWF Co-Commissioner, James Milenko. He marches boldly about halfway down the ramp.

Jim Gunt: Milenko is such a slimebag for this!

Mike Rolash: You are always so quick to judge the worst of people Jim. It's sad really.

Jim Gunt: Says you!

James Milenko: Ahem! I can't speak for the previous powers-that-be but I expect my talent to be prompt. The fact is if Zach van Owen doesn't appear in 10 seconds he shall forfeit the match and the Impact title. This is just unacceptable.

MY champions will treat this federation with RESPECT damnit!

Ten...

Jim Gunt: No. Not like this.

Nine...

Mike Rolash: Freddie's gotta be happy. Easiest title win in history.

Eight...

Seven...

Six...

Jim Gunt: C'mon Zach where are you?!

Five...

As if on cue "Liberi Fatale" plays once again and for a split second James Milenko looks the slightest bit shocked. It passes quickly however as it is not Zach who stands on the entry way, but his girlfriend, Leona Gainsborough.

James Milenko: You're not Zach.

Leona Gainsborough: No, but it isn't gonna go down this way.

James Milenko: Excuse me young lady, but who do you thi-

Leona Gainsborough: Freddie. I knew you were a Nerf-Herder, but are you really gonna evolve into Slimeball? What did you do to Zach?

Freddie quickly snatches up the microphone.

Freddie Styles: I ain't do nothing to your boy. I'm out here looking for a fight and he ain't showed. He's the one who carries on about honour and shit and I don't wanna win this way. But he clearly ain't got the spine to face me again.

Leona Gainsborough: You're the coward around here.

Freddie Styles: What you say?!

Leona Gainsborough: You want a fight that badly? Fine. This ain't your ballgame anymore. Face me in Zach's place. If I lose you still get the title.

Mike Rolash: The only thing worse than watching Zach wrestle, would be watching his lady wrestle. If I was the crowd, I'd want my money back.

James Milenko: No. I can't allow-

Freddie Styles: Make the match Milenko. You booked a fight, so let's have the fight.

Jim Gunt: We're really going to do this?

James Milenko pauses to consider his options, looking back and forth between Freddie and Leona, then to the attending audience, watching in rapt anticipation.

James Milenko: You sure you want to do this miss?

Leona Gainsborough: Just ring the damn bell.

James Milenko: Very well.

Milenko signals to the referee then makes his way back up the ramp, passing by Leona who only has eyes for Freddie

in that moment. Realising he forgot one final and important thing, Milenko stops in his tracks.

James Milenko: Oh and one more thing. Leona.

She turns around to face the Commissioner.

James Milenko: If you lose tonight, Zach can never challenge for the Impact title again. Enjoy.

Milenko disappears to the back, Leona glaring daggers into his back.

If looks could kill.

Finally she refocuses on Freddie, waiting anxiously in the ring, motioning for her to hurry it up and enter the ring. She happily obliges, the bell ringing to start the match the very second both feet touch the ring mats.

Jim Gunt: What a surreal turn of events.

Freddie doesn't waste any time, advancing quickly on Leona. The Lioness of Philly is prepared for such an attack and proves the quicker, taking Freddie down with a deep Japanese style arm drag. Mr. Ballgame recovers quickly and advances again, only to meet the same fate. This time however, as Freddie tries to recover, Leona lashes out with a swift low kick. Styles is able to quickly catch her foot, preventing the strike from landing properly.

Mike Rolash: Styles is gonna teach this little lady a lesson, and what's great she's gonna lose Zach's Impact Title, without him ever stepping foot into the ring.

Freddie climbs to his feet, maintaining a tight grip on Leona's leg and pulling her in for a hellacious, ring-shaking exploder suplex. He drops down for a pin attempt.

One...

Two...

Th-Leona rolls the shoulder!

Jim Gunt: Don't be so quick to count Leona out. She's dating Zach after all. Chances are she's as tenacious as he is.

Mike Rolash: Don't say that! I want this to be over!

The former Impact Champion won't let up his offensive and sets up to apply a classic Boston Crab, but Leona slips through his grip. Mr. Ballgame swiftly spins around to not allow his opponent a chance of escape and in that moment his face meets with the sole of Leona's boots as she connects with an incredibly impressive scorpion kick. Freddie is knocked down to the mat.

Jim Gunt: What the hell was that?!

Mike Rolash: Is it bad I'm a little turned on right now.

Jim Gunt: Ew!

Leona rushes forward and nails a shining axe kick to the top of Freddie's head. She hooks the leg.

Jim Gunt: Could she do it? Could she really win over Freddie Styles here tonight?

One...

Two...

Freddie kicks out!

Mike Rolash: Nah...

Leona climbs out on to the apron. She leaps up onto the ropes for a springboard. Out of desperation Freddie himself

leaps into the air with a standing dropkick. It isn't graceful by any means, but it does knock Leona's feet enough for her to lose balance atop the top ring rope and she stumbles unceremoniously. Leona lands throat first onto the ring rope.

Jim Gunt: I hate to say it, but I think Leona bit off more than she could chew here tonight. I know she is doing it for Zach, but she could get seriously hurt.

Before Leona can fall ungraciously off the apron and to the ringside floor, Mr. Ballgame is there, grabbing her and connecting with an elevated spike DDT. He chooses not to make the pin attempt and instead sets up for the ATL Stomp.

Mike Rolash: As soon as Freddie hits this it's over.

Freddie is tensed and ready. All of a sudden Zach comes streaming down the ramp, looking disheveled and covered in dirt and dust.

Jim Gunt: It's Zach!

Seeing the rocket propelled Zach, Freddie opts for the better part of valour and is quick to exit the ring. As incensed as Zach is, he makes a beeline straight for Leona, rushing to her side and helping her out of the ring. The consummate warrior the Lioness of Philly waves him off and motions towards Freddie, telling the Game-Changer to stop worrying so much about her and deal with Styles. Zach quickly pecks her on the cheek and chases after Mr. Ballgame, over the barricade, through the crowd and disappearing somewhere into the back.

Jim Gunt: Well...I guess this match comes to a No Contest. But the action hasn't ended yet.

The scene cuts to backstage where Zach is hunting down Freddie Styles the staff and other passers-by giving him a wide berth.

Zach Van Owen: C'mon Freddie! I know your Stealth Skill ain't that high. I'll find you eventually!

Rounding a corner Zach is met with a fist to the face. The current and former Impact champions start brawling through the corridors, laying into each other with fists, knees, and elbows. Finally Freddie is able to create some separation with a stiff knee to the gut. He rushes forward and Zach is quick to step away, out of the firing line. Unable to halt his momentum Freddie barrels forward.

CRASH!

He ends up charging straight through a pane of clear glass, falling to the ground amongst the shards.

Zach Van Owen: I knew you were a real bad dude Freddie. But I never thought you'd go THAT far down the Renegade path.

Zach stops his attack to catch his breath.

Zach Van Owen: I mean locking me in a room...that's a new low.

Freddie Styles: No idea what you're smokin' man. I never locked you in no room, or did I ask anyone to do for me. If I'm gonna beat you...It's in that ring.

Zach Van Owen: Then put your money where your mouth is. This Game is going into the Final Round. The stage has been selected...Frozen Over. And I'm gonna leave your hopes for the Impact Title as shattered as the glass around you. You...Me...Glass Table Match. And Freddie...

Zach grabs Styles under the chin so the two competitors look at each other, eye-to-eye.

Zach: Let's get dangerous!

I am the Sun!

Match

KC3 is standing in the back. Having had time to get cleaned up after his match, he is dressed impeccably in a midnight blue three piece suit. He is also wearing a pair of Maui Jim sunglasses. Most notable is the WCWA Lightweight Title over his shoulder.

KC3: Championship Wrestling Federation...It's me! It's me! It's K... C... 3!!! "The Next Generation God" has once again walked in between those ropes and proven exactly why he is the best this business has to offer. My WCWA Lightweight Champion proves that I am the best lightweight in the business. My win tonight over Azrael proves that I can take on the heavyweights and still be successful. So, if there happens to be any other heavyweight competitors that think that bigger is better, step right up and I'll knock you down. You might think your star shines brightly, but you will be nothing more than a fallen star.

KC3 straightens up his back, standing a little bit taller and adjusting his title belt.

KC3: Now, I know that all of you at home, all of you in the crowd, are watching "The Next Generation God" and wondering to yourselves, "What will he do next?" The answer is very simple. "Whatever the hell I want." There is no limitation to what I can, and more importantly, will do in that ring. You want to know the real reason you won't be seeing me at Civil War: Hostile Intentions? It's because James Milenko is a smart man. James Milenko knows that his motley crew of ragtag has-beens simply cannot compare to the greatest that is KC3. He knows that they do not deserve to bask in the glow of my presence. For, I am sun. CWF revolves around me. I am not doing the CWF locker room any favors. I came here to kick ass, not kiss ass.

Davison removes his sunglasses, carefully placing them in the inside pocket of his suit jacket.

KC3: I have said since day one that I do not represent the CWF. The CWF represents me. I am a commodity. I am going to continue to run through my competition, no matter who it is they put in front of me, no matter what kind of match they put me in. I do what I want, when I want, where I want because when you're God, you don't have to break the rules. YOU MAKE THEM!!!

The Hostile Takeover (Jimmy Allen & Tobias Devereaux) (c) vs. Duce Jones & Trent Steel

Match

Jim Gunt: Frozen Over is shaping up more and more, if you are just tuning in, a Glass Table match between Zach and Freddie was just set up before the last break, what an announcement!

Mike Rolash: A member of the Glass Ceiling in a Glass Table match, fitting, I'd say.

Jim Gunt: Haha, indeed. And speaking of the Glass Ceiling, Duce Jones is up next, but not with his usual partner, so not sure how that is going to play out...

Ray Douglas: The following is a tag team match and is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

"One. Two. Three. Four!"

"Fucking Hostile" by Pantera booms over the speaker system as the lights inside of the Bradley Center start to strobe erratically with the thumping drums of Vinnie Paul. From the back steps Tobias Devereaux and Jimmy Allen, The Hostile Takeover make their presence known.

Ray Douglas: Making their way to the ring, they are the CWF Tag Team Champions! Representing the Hostile Takeover! Here are the Cajun Sensation. TOBIAS DEVEREAUX and the Catalyst. JIIMMMIIYYY ALLLLLLLEENNNN!

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 two take their sweet time getting down the ramp before

sliding under the bottom rope. Both then meet back in their corner, smirking at the jeering Milwaukee fans.

Jim Gunt: No love lost for The Hostile Takeover and who can blame the fans? After the stunts they have pulled in the last few weeks, it's a wonder they're still employed.

Mike Rolash: "A wonder?" Jimbo, when will you understand that it doesn't matter how a job gets done, as long as it just gets done right. The Hostile Takeover has proven that since they united under a common banner and haters will continue to hate.

Soon they are cut off as the opening sounds of "Smiling Faces" by Kevin Gates begins to start up through the sound system. The crowd are to their feet booing already, awaiting the arrival of Duce Jones, but after a minute or two, Jones is nowhere to be found.

Mike Rolash: Where's Duce?

Jim Gunt: I'm getting word that there's an altercation in the gorilla position!

Mike Rolash: Why do they always tell you everything?

The scene switches to the gorilla position where Duce Jones and Trent Steel can be seen going at it like rabid animals. The area is a warzone compared to what it usually looks like as the two men have done a considerable amount of damage within a short time frame.

Jim Gunt: These two men are at each other's throats right now Mike!

Mike Rolash: Whoever made this match is a genius!

A hard right hand has Jones reeling backwards as he stumbles towards the area that leads to the stage. Taking a step back, Steel rips off a SUPERKICK that sends Jones flying backwards through the curtains and out onto the stage! As we shift back to the arena, Jones can be seen rolling on the stage, holding his jaw in pain, Steel soon following through the curtains to a mixed reaction. As Jones tries to make it his feet, Steel fires a punt kick into the ribs of Jones that sends him tumbling down the aisle! Coming to a halt near ringside, Jones is still down as Trent is right on him. Lifting Jones off of the floor, Steel rolls him inside of the ring, the bell being sounded to start this contest.

Jim Gunt: This match could be over before it started!

Mike Rolash: Did I say genius? I meant profound! This has Milenko's name written ALL over it! Duce might even want to reconsider that challenge he made to Trent. He's been getting the short end of the straw as of late and Trent already seems to have his number.

Gunt can only shake his head as Tobias and Jimmy look on from across the ring, bemused expressions on their faces. Tobias asks if Jimmy would like first dibs on Duce. The Catalyst shrugs his shoulders as does Tobias, so they instead play rock, paper, scissors to see who gets first crack. Meanwhile, Duce is slow to recover, rolling to his back and scooting as far away as possible from the Hostile corner as Tobias enters and starts to stalk Duce, almost like a shark smelling blood in the water. Duce makes it to his feet, back peddling to try and get space between him and Tobias, to try and get some breathing room when...

SMACK!

Trent Steel propels Duce forward with a massive slap to the back of the head! Clark Summits calls it a legal tag as Duce turns around getting into Trent's face, only for Tobias to hit Duce in the back with a standing dropkick! Duce topples forward into Trent, both of them ending up in the corner. Tobias makes a quick tag to Jimmy who comes in and whips Tobias toward the corner, Tobias reverses and whips Jimmy hard toward Duce and Trent! Steel sees The Catalyst coming, waits for the right moment, and pushes Duce out of his way, and right into Jimmy! Both men topple to the ground and Trent snickers as he walks over to Duce, pulling him up and forcefully pushing him into his corner.

Jim Gunt: Wow. I... Are we watching The Hostile Takeover in tag team action or in a triple threat with them versus Trent versus Duce?

Mike Rolash: Does it matter? This is hilarious! Trent and Duce are doing The Takeover's job for them!

Turning his attentions to Jimmy, Trent kicks him a couple times, showing Allen little to no respect. The look on Jimmy's face though tells a different story as Trent goes for another lazy boot but Jimmy grabs him and quickly hits a dragon screw! Jimmy keeps hold of the leg and drags Trent closer to The Takeover's corner. Grapevining the leg, forcibly reminding everyone of a constrictor, Jimmy reaches out his arm to Tobias to make the tag, only for Tobias to be pulled down to the floor by a half recovered Duce! Tobias goes to swing, but The Kid That Never Dies hooks his arm, spins, and nails Tobias with a DDT! The look of rage on Jimmy's face shows no love lost as he lets go of Trent's leg to tell Duce to get back to his corner.

Duce only snickers as he raises his arms, feigning innocence as he backs off a now stirring Tobias. Jimmy glares daggers in Duce's direction as The Kid just smiles and backpeddles as Jimmy turns his attentions back to Trent, only to get a forearm to the side of the face for his troubles! Trent wastes little time in following up with backing Jimmy into his corner and hitting him with several shoulder blocks to The Catalyst's gut. Clark starts the count but Trent backs up, imploring the ref that he is just trying to beat some respect into people that need to learn it. Summits isn't hearing any of it though as Jimmy rushes the two and leaps high into the air, nailing Trent with a massive forearm of his own!

Trent backs up from the impact but stays on his feet but just like at the start of the match, Duce tags himself back in! Springing up to the top rope, Duce leaps through the air and nails Jimmy across the chin with a flying knee. Duce quickly lands and goes for the pin, Clark slides in to make the count!

ONE!

TW...NO!

Trent has entered back into the ring and... Drags Duce off of Jimmy?! The two start exchanging words, trying to figure out who will lead the team to victory while Jimmy scuttles off to his corner, tagging Tobias in. Tobias picks up steam and launches himself like a missile at the back of Jones, grabbing him by the back of the head and hitting him with a swinging neckbreaker! The Kid That Never Dies looks to be hurt as he grabs at his neck, obviously still feeling the effects of weeks of being in intense matches! Tobias looks to take advantage as he locks in a vicious full nelson and yanks Jones to his feet before whipping him around like a ragdoll before slamming Duce facedown onto the mat! Tobias stays on him as much as possible, but there is still life in Duce, living up to his name sake. Sensing a comeback, Tobias stretches his foot out, looking to tag in Jimmy!

Jim Gunt: Say what you will about Tobias as a person, he's certainly unorthodox and has great ring awareness!

Mike Rolash: Duce and Trent have no hope against teamwork like this!

Jimmy reaches out to make the tag, but before he can Trent comes in and yanks Duce back, pulling him from Tobias' grasp. The Cajun keeps his cool though and releases Duce suddenly, knocking Trent off balance as the two fly backwards. The Cajun prowls on all fours, his gaze centered on Duce. He's about to make a move when Trent runs in and punt kicks Tobias right in the midsection! Tobias goes down hard and Trent is about to continue the punishment, that is until Jimmy springboards from behind Trent and hits a stunning springboard bulldog! Jimmy hops up to his feet but quickly gets taken down by a Krazyed Knee courtesy of Duce!

The Kid That Never Dies recovers and quickly turns to meet Tobias but is stunned by a headbutt delivered courtesy of... Trent Steel?!

Jim Gunt: Wow. I have honestly lost track of what is going on in this match. Granted I don't know how Clark would be able to get control over this pandemonium, but at this point what's the point of this tag match?

Mike Rolash: Does it matter Jimmy? Duce constantly breaks off more than he can chew. It's about time he got his comeuppance; even if it IS delivered by the hands of Trent Steel.

Trent smirks as he lifts Duce up onto his shoulders with a Fireman's Carry in an inverted military press position. Tobias gets to his feet and turns only for Trent to nail him with a stomp to the knee of the Cajun! Tobias goes down to a knee and looks up just in time for Trent to nail The Cajun in the face by spinning Duce around, using The KTND as an impromptu weapon! Tobias drops to the mat, not expecting the boot to the face and is quickly met by the body of Duce as Trent throws half of the WCWA Tag Team Champs onto the prone body of Tobias! Neither man moves as Trent looks briefly in Jimmy's direction and delivers a quick punt to The Catalyst as Clark Summits slides in to make the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winners by pinfall are DUCE JONES and TRENT STEEL!

Jim Gunt: I've been doing this for a long time, but this is one of the weirdest matches I have EVER tried to announce.

Mike Rolash: You and me both, guess it all worked itself out in the end. Kind of. I think.

What she said!

Match

Dorian Hawkhurst is sitting backstage, surrounded by some of the medical staff. They are looking at his face. Dorian winces as the poke around his nose. Chloe sits on a folding chair with her arms crossed in front of her as she waits impatiently to get out of there.

Doctor: Good news, Mr. Hawkhurst. It seems you have managed to make it through a week without further damage to your nose. Congratulations. You know, you really should be wearing the facial shield we gave you.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Naw, man, I'm good. I hate that mask. It's too... what's the word that means you can't breathe?

Doctor: Suffocating?

Dorian Hawkhurst: Yeah, that.

Doctor: As long as you are well aware of the risk.

Dorian Hawkhurst: We're clear, Doc.

Doctor: How clear are we?

Dorian Hawkhurst: Crystal.

As the doctor leaves and the rest of the medical staff leave, Tara Robinson swoops in from off screen to talk to Dorian.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Now, Tara? Not exactly the best time.

Tara Robinson: Just a quick question.

Dorian sighs.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Alright. Just real quick.

Tara Robinson: Earlier tonight, James Milenko announced Civil War. You were noticeably absent while The Shadow was out there...

Dorian puts his hand over the microphone and lowers it away from Tara's mouth and closer to his own while Chloe jumps out of her seat in the background.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Listen, Tara. I don't know why you're trying to cause trouble. That ain't your style. I was in the back getting ready for my match with Alex Rain. It's an open and shut case.

Chloe grabs Tara's wrist excitedly and pulls the microphone towards her.

Chloe Hawkhurst: Everyone knows my Daddy is the most loyal person here. Match or not, if Uncle Shadow had asked him to be out there he would have been. Uncle Shadow heard what Mister Milenko had to say and he came out. If you think Daddy isn't going to be there for CWF at Civil War, you're crazy. Daddy loves the CWF. You don't ever question Daddy's loyalty. EVER!!!

Dorian stands up and pats Chloe on the head before taking her hand. He calmly leans over to the microphone.

Dorian Hawkhurst: What she said.

Dorian turns and leads Chloe out the door, leaving Tara Robinson with a dumbfounded look on her face.

Loki Synn (c) vs. Austin Bishop

Match

Jim Gunt: The ranks of CWF for Civil War are growing with Dorian just swearing allegiance to our federation, but I am still not quite over this weird, weird tag team match.

Mike Rolash: Me neither, but the only important thing about it is that we still have the titles.

Jim Gunt: We?

Mike Rolash: Yes, us.

Jim rolls his eyes and shakes his head as Ray Douglas enters the ring.

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

The lights dim and a synthetic horror sounding tune begins to fill the PA. Austin Bishop steps out from the back as the lights begin to come back up displaying a dense fog. Behind him, Dick Fury walks, dressed in an all-white suit with a red shirt. Fury walks backward down the ramp clapping for Bishop.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring first, accompanied by Dick Fury, standing at seven feet tall and weighing in at two hundred and seventy-nine pounds.... AUSTIN.... BIISSSHHHOOOPPPP!!!

Jim Gunt: This match made by Jon Stewart after Dick Fury and Austin Bishop demanded more of a challenge. However, the champion's title is not on the line.

Mike Rolash: Of course it's not. If it was, Austin would walk out with the belt tonight and the world would know the truth.

Jim Gunt: What's that?

Mike Rolash: That Loki Synn is just a transitional champion!

Jim Gunt: Far from the truth there. Loki Synn earned her title and has been on a roll since.

Mike Rolash: Tell me how she's been on a roll Jim? What? Showing up at When Worlds Collide? Saying that she will face anyone, but not actually doing it? Come on.

As Bishop and Fury enter the ring, Dick waits a few moments before raising the microphone up.

Dick Fury: Tonight, each and every one of you...

He points out toward the crowd.

Dick Fury: Will bear witness to what happens when a non-undefeated... non-defending... non-entertaining champion steps into the ring with this mountain of a man before you...

He points at Austin Bishop.

Dick Fury: This true believer in The Savior of the CWF...

We begin to get some boos.

Dick Fury: The Deliverer of Destruction... The First Apostle... Austin...

He leans into the camera.

Dick Fury: ...Bishop!

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

Jim Gunt: While I don't agree with Dick Fury's demeaning comments toward the champion, you have to believe how serious of a threat Austin Bishop is to Loki Synn tonight.

Mike Rolash: I hope he breaks that lunatic's neck!

Ray Douglas: Introducing his opponent.... She IS your CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION! She is the Janusian Jester, the Jagged Grin of the CWF... LOKI SYYYYYYNNNNNNN!!!!

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 usual boos she receives has a mixture of cheers as she looks down toward Austin Bishop and Dick Fury in the ring before unsnapping her title and raising it in the air to show them.

Jim Gunt: Loki Synn almost teasing Fury and Bishop as Dick has been very clear that his intentions are to get the title around Austin Bishop's waist.

Mike Rolash: That's fine. Tease the man who ends careers. Real bright thing coming from Professor Brains up there.

Loki begins to skip down the ramp as Dick whispers to Austin in the ring.

Jim Gunt: Once again, this is a non-title match up as Austin Bishop is set to go one on one with the CWF Champion, Loki Synn.

As Loki enters the ring, Fury pats Bishop on the shoulder and exits. Synn steps right into the center of the ring in front of Austin Bishop and raises the title in front of his face.

Mike Rolash: So disrespectful. And she calls herself a champion?

Jim Gunt: If it was Dick Fury or Austin Bishop doing the same thing, you'd praise them.

Loki Synn hands the title to the referee who holds it up to show the fans before heading over and passing it to the outside of the ring. Austin Bishop just stands, staring deep at Synn who steps up, refusing to back down to the larger man. Finally, the bell sounds to begin the match.

Jim Gunt: Here we go. Big time match here folks.

Loki steps back, yelling for Austin Bishop to bring it. He just begins to smirk and releases a small laugh before turning and heading back toward the ropes.

Jim Gunt: What in the world is Austin Bishop doing?

Outside of the ring, Fury is waving for Bishop to 'come on' as Austin exits the ring, and hops down to the floor. Dick

pulls his microphone back up.

Dick Fury: What? Did you really expect The First Apostle to break the CWF Champion... for nothing?

Dick begins to laugh as he and Austin stand at the end of the entranceway near the ring. Loki grabs the top rope and leans over yelling at them.

Dick Fury: There isn't one person in this building WORTHY of witnessing the great demise of Loki Synn by Austin Bishop if the title is not on the line!

The fans rumble loudly with boos.

Dick Fury: You may have the brass in your pocket so you don't have to lose your title tonight... but Austin Bishop will not be made a God damn fool of!

Fury drops the microphone and both men start to walk up the ramp as the fans continue to boo loudly.

Jim Gunt: Dick Fury refusing to let Austin Bishop compete here tonight without the title on the line.

Mike Rolash: Thank you! There is no reason why it shouldn't be! All it does is prove Dick is right about being held down!

Jim Gunt: Hardly.

The referee begins his count out. Loki Synn stomps her foot in anger.

Jim Gunt: The fans, as well as Loki Synn, are not happy with this at all.

Mike Rolash: Who cares? Would you want to play in the Superbowl and win, but not get to claim to be the champion? No. This is no different.

Loki steps through the ropes and hops to the floor before taking off after the two. The fans begin to scream and cheer. She leaps forward and begins to pummel Dick Fury from behind, which causes more cheers from a crowd that would otherwise be booing her.

Jim Gunt: Loki Synn attacking Dick Fury!

Mike Rolash: How dare she?!

Austin Bishop turns to see what the commotion is about and immediately charges in. He grabs Loki, ripping her off of Dick and throwing her hard against the barricade.

Mike Rolash: YES!

Jim Gunt: Loki's attack on Dick Fury has just introduced her personally to the power of Austin Bishop.

Bishop grabs Synn by the head, violently pulling her to her feet before slamming her head into the top of the barricade. A sea of boos picks up within the crowd. Still holding her head, he begins toward the ring, directing the champion.

Jim Gunt: It appears that Austin Bishop is going to have this match against Dick Fury's wishes.

Mike Rolash: Match? We're about to see Austin do what Austin does best... destroy!

Bishop rolls Loki into the ring before grabbing the ropes and pulling himself up. He steps over the ropes as Loki crawls toward a corner. Austin takes off, charging Loki before slamming a boot into her rib cage. Synn's body is jolted up as she rolls over.

Mike Rolash: This is great!

Jim Gunt: The champion may have bit off more than she can chew.

Mike Rolash: There's no may have to it Jim. She's about to get a lesson in what happens when you cross The Savior of the CWF and his apostle!

Dick Fury slides into the ring, chair in hand. He yells at Austin to pick Loki up as the referee tries to stop him. Fury pushes the referee away and yells at Loki, who is now being held by Austin Bishop.

Jim Gunt: Where is this fair? Come on now. This is uncalled for!

Dick lifts the chair. As he comes forward, swinging it, Loki is able to break away and duck. The chair slams into Austin's head, letting out a crashing sound that echoes throughout. The fans go nuts.

Jim Gunt: DICK FURY MISSED! HE HIT AUSTIN BISHOP!

Mike Rolash: NOOO!!!!

The referee rolls over and yells for the bell which begins to sound. Fury drops the chair and quickly checks on Austin Bishop.

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by disqualification.... LOKI... SYYNNNN!!!!

Jim Gunt: There goes Dick Fury's undefeated argument he's been touting for the last couple of weeks.

Mike Rolash: He wasn't pinned!

Fury helps a dazed Austin Bishop to his feet. Bishop stumbles back, leaning into the ropes as Dick apologizes profusely.

~SMAAAAAACKKKK~

The chair slams into Dick Fury's head from behind. An enraged Loki Synn begins to hit Fury over and over with it.

Jim Gunt: Loki Synn with that chair now, attacking Dick Fury.

Mike Rolash: Someone do something!

She stands over Dick, yelling down at him as she throws the chair down and her music begins. Fury is out on the canvas as Austin Bishop backs into a corner, using it to hold himself up. He just looks on as Synn is handed her title. She kicks a downed Fury before heading to the ropes and exiting the ring. Loki gets cheers from the crowd as she heads up the ramp.

Jim Gunt: Loki Synn will pick up the win here tonight, but you have to wonder how will Austin Bishop handle Dick Fury hitting him with the chair?

Mike Rolash: It was an accident!

Bishop cracks his neck and pushes from the corner, walking over to Fury. He just looks down at him, tilting his head as he does. After a few silent moments, Austin reaches down and grabs Dick's arm, helping him to his feet. Fury's eyes are glazed over as Austin helps him to the ropes and out of the ring.

Jim Gunt: Things just heated up in the CWF and I don't think that this is over with Loki Synn and Austin Bishop.

Mike Rolash: Damn right they aren't over! Not until he takes the title from her!

Bishop helps Fury up the ramp toward the back as we fade.

Car Insurance and Cheese Croissants

Match

Backstage Marcus Maximus is standing ready with a microphone and a somewhat uneasy look on his face. As the camera zooms out a bit, it shows The Shadow and Myfanwy standing next to him.

Marcus Maximus: Mr., uh, Shadow, you are about to go out there and defend your Paramount title against Jarvis King in a rematch of your bout at Northern Crown, what do you think Jarvis is thinking before this match?

The Shadow: That it must still hurt to have lost his belt after so long? That he wants it back? That he is irked by losing twice in a row? That he forgot to pay his car insurance? That a cheese croissant would be nice right now? I don't know, Marcus, I believe that this is something that you maybe should ask him, not me...

Marcus looks a bit perplexed after the answer, but quickly composes himself.

Marcus Maximus: Uh, yes, right. So, how does it feel to have this belt over your shoulder?

The Shadow smiles.

The Shadow: Well, it is the first belt that did not change hands again after just a week, so I'm actually getting a chance to get used to its weight.

Marcus Maximus: Yes, it's a record for you, did you think you were cursed as far as belts go?

The Shadow: Haha, one could have thought, but no, I don't think any other federation out there has as dense of a quality as CWF and with the sheer talent on the roster almost any match you could put together has the potential of anybody beating anybody, so there is no shame in it. Quite the contrary, it makes being able to keep it as long as MJ or Jarvis actually an even greater accomplishment, because to win a belt all it takes is one mistake. To keep it over a longer time you have to be at your very best every single time you go out there.

Marcus Maximus: So what is your tactic tonight to retain?

The Shadow: To win.

Marcus Maximus: And how are you going to achieve that?

The Shadow: I have options. I can pin him, I can have him submit, I can have him disqualified, we can be counted out, the possibilities are almost endless.

In the background Living Color's "Cult of Personality" begins to play.

Marcus Maximus: I guess that is my cue to shut up and let you go. Thanks for your time.

The Shadow: A pleasure, Marcus.

Fade.

The Shadow (c) vs. Jarvis King

Match

No content entered.

The Shadow (c) vs. Jarvis King

Match

Jim Gunt: Main event time!

Mike Rolash: That's right, Jimbo, and finally things will be put right. Jarvis King will be Paramount Champion again!

Jim Gunt: Well, it is a rematch of a hotly contested match from Northern Crown...Jarvis King has never beaten The Shadow in singles competition, so the former champ will certainly have his work cut out for him.

Mike Rolash: Meanwhile, The Shadow is an embarrassment who can't hold onto titles, so...

Jim Gunt: Will you stop?!

Mike Rolash: Jeez... Calm down, Gorilla.

The lights around the Bradley center 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, who carries the mysterious briefcase that Jarvis has been holding onto. Jarvis bounds up and down, smacking himself in the face lightly before he raises his right index finger in the salute of the Glass Ceiling, which brings the lights up.

Ray Douglas: The following contest, scheduled for one fall, is for the CWF Paramount Championship! Introducing first, the Challenger. He hails from Halifax, Nova Scotia! Accompanied to the ring by Elizabeth Bates, he weighs in at 240lbs. He is The Icon, "East Coast Excellence" JARVIS J. KING!

The capacity crowd jeers The Icon as he makes his way to the ring lazily. He grabs the briefcase and kisses it, before handing it back to Bates and sliding under the bottom rope. He climbs to the middle turnbuckle of his corner and raises his right index finger high above his head with a self-assured grin on his face.

Jim Gunt: An incredibly self-assured Jarvis King here, Mike...and the thing that's fascinating to me is that he, along with The Aces, will be joining The Shadow and a mystery partner as part of team CWF!

Mike Rolash: ...and?

Jim Gunt: ...and Jarvis King and The Shadow have been bitter enemies...the Glass Ceiling and a member of The Forsaken, having to co-exist.

Mike Rolash: Seems to me that you're overthinking this, Jimbo...Jarvis King, Freddie Styles, Duce Jones...they're enough to beat those Hostility guys on their own. They don't need the likes of The Sh—

Rolash's thought is interrupted by the lights again going out as "Mea Culpa" by After Forever begins to play.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent. Accompanied to the ring by Myfanwy, hailing from Calgary, Alberta, Canada and weighing in at 230lbs. He is the current reigning and defending CWF Paramount Champion, THE SHADOW!

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, holding his Paramount Title.

Referee Clark Summits takes the title from Myfanwy and holds it aloft for the Milwaukee crowd to marvel. As he does so, Myfanwy makes a move towards Elizabeth, who cowers behind Jarvis, who grabs the briefcase and cocks it, ready to strike. This brings The Shadow closer to King, as the two men go eye-to-eye.

Jim Gunt: Not a lot separates these two, and not a lot has separated them in terms of in ring results...

Mike Rolash: Yeah, yeah...but can this ref do his job and separate that psychopath Myfanwy away from Elizabeth Bates?

Referee Summits, seeing the fracas, hands off the Paramount title to the timekeeper at ringside and quickly moves to assert himself in the middle of the potential fray. All parties back off slowly, and as they do, Summits points to Myfanwy, and then Bates, and gestures that he's ejecting both managers from the ringside area!

Mike Rolash: IS THERE NO JUSTICE IN THIS COMPANY?!

Jim Gunt: Well, I think this is smart management from Clark Summits...This is a match that has been marred by outside influences...this should make sure there is no outside interference at all!

Both Myfanwy and Bates argue their case to the referee, who is having none of it! Eventually, Myfanwy is the first to go, followed shortly by Bates. Shadow removes his robe, King sets the briefcase on the apron next to his corner, and the bell finally rings.

The Champion is the first to go on the assault, diving into King's legs to attempt a takedown. The Icon is quick to respond, spreading out to a base and managing to stay upright. The Shadow tries to pop his hips and wrestle King to the ground, but The Icon manages to wrestle control away, bringing Shadow up to a haphazard collar-and-elbow tie-up. The two men jockey for position, but neither is able to maintain a position of control, and as they struggle, King and Shadow both stumble out of the ring to the apron, and then spilling out to the floor below!

Jim Gunt: This is already getting dangerous!

Both Shadow and King stumble about the ringside area for a few moments, regaining their balance, before they meet eyes again. This time, both men rush in, grabbing one another with one hand and reigning down closed-fist punches with the other. Clark Summits, opting not to count out the competitors, hops out of the ring after them and begins admonishing both competitors to get it back into the ring. Neither man yields, however, and it is only Jarvis King aiming a thumb to The Shadow's eye that creates any separation between the two.

Summits admonishes Jarvis, but King pays him no mind. Instead, he opts to slip behind his foe, and hoists him up for a back suplex, spiking The Shadow's spine on the edge of the ring apron! Jarvis smirks as The Paramount Champion writhes in agony, effectively rolling into the ring.

Mike Rolash: Brilliant move by Jarvis King!

Jim Gunt: Well, Clark Summits clearly giving a bit of latitude to both competitors, but Jarvis King had better not overstay his welcome here...

Jarvis makes a rude gesture to Summits before he slides back into the ring after The Shadow. The Paramount champion struggles to get back to his feet, and when he does, he's met with a sharp knee strike to the small of his back, sending him to the mat again. Jarvis presses his advantage, driving his knee to the small of The Shadow's back, again, and again, and again. The Weaver of Dreams cries out in pain, and is forced to reach for and grasp the ropes as King locks on a rudimentary abdominal stretch. The challenger relents enough to confirm a break, but quickly floats over, wrapping the champion up with a small cradle!

Mike Rolash: Small cradle, Jarvis is about to reclaim the belt he should have never lost!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Not quite Mike, as the Shadow manages to roll his shoulder off the mat, rolling back to the center of the ring.

Jarvis King, for his part, rolls through as well and grabs a chin lock, planting a knee firmly in his foe's back. The Shadow again reaches for the ropes, but is unable to reach them before King changes tactics; shifting quickly, Jarvis grabs a gutwrench, deadlifts The Shadow upwards, and hits a big gutwrench suplex!

Jim Gunt: Big suplex from The Icon here, Mike, and when Jarvis King starts throwing suplexes...well...

Mike Rolash: It means bad things for his opponents, Jimbo. The Icon, East Coast Excellence, has zeroed in on that back of The Shadow, and is focused on causing it as much pain as possible.

Jim Gunt: And you've gotta think that's so he can set up the Sharpshooter.

Mike Rolash: Really? You think so? Jesus, whatever they're paying you, it's too much. Of course he's trying to set up the Sharpshooter, Jimbo.

East Coast Excellence stalks his prey carefully, as The Shadow gradually works his way up to his feet, grabbing the middle and top ropes on the way up to stabilize himself. As he rises and turns around, Jarvis rushes in, driving The Shadow back-first into the turnbuckle. King drives his shoulder into The Shadow's midsection a few more times before backing off a bit, allowing the Paramount Champion to stumble out from the corner before he shoots in, and arches back with a picture-perfect Northern Lights suplex. He bridges, and makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Shadow gets a shoulder up, but Jarvis refuses to relent. Keeping hold of The Shadow's midsection, King floats backwards, and lifts Shadow up to his feet. As he does so, Jarvis adjusts his grip, and sends Shadow to the mat with a huge Uranage suplex. King motions that it's the end, as he grabs both legs and looks to lock on The Sharpshooter, but the Shadow manages to kick him off, sending Jarvis out to the center of the ring.

Jim Gunt: The Shadow finally able to create a bit of separation here...

Mike Rolash: Yeah, but really, it's just a matter of time, Jimbo. Jarvis has been on top since...

Jim Gunt: Since he illegally raked The Shadow's eyes?

The Shadow quickly but gingerly gets to his feet, clearly feeling the effects of the earlier onslaught from King. Jarvis, for his part, rolls through the thrust from The Weaver of Dreams, and advances to try to press his advantage. The crack of The Shadow's enzuigiri precedes the roar of the Milwaukee crowd as the Paramount Champion rifles off the kick at the back of King's skull! Jarvis stumbles backwards, and then steps into a superkick, which staggers him again, giving The Shadow just enough distance to bound off the ropes and hit a massive running dropkick!

Jim Gunt: HAMMER OF THE GODS FROM THE SHADOW!

Mike Rolash: I'm gonna be sick...

Finding a second wind, The Shadow motions for the end as his opponent tries his hardest to get vertical again. King, for his part, is having a hard time, which gives the Shadow enough time to climb to the top rope.

Jim Gunt: HERE WE GO; NIGHTFALL COMING!

Mike Rolash: I'm really gonna be sick...

Indeed, the Paramount Champion seems to be inches away from going for his flying DDT on the former champion, but as he leaps, King manage to side-step the move, leaving The Shadow to crash to the mat below, back-first!

Mike Rolash: SHARPSHOOTER!

Indeed, The Icon is next to go for one of his bigger moves, and this time he's successful in locking in the hold! Sitting in deep, Jarvis wrenches on The Shadow's back, applying pressure to the targeted lower back, as he screams for The Shadow to submit!

Jim Gunt: UNBELIEVABLE PRESSURE, BUT THE SHADOW REFUSES TO QUIT! JARVIS KING IS...WAIT, WHAT THE HELL?!

****CRACK****

A big chair shot to Jarvis's back sends The Icon spilling forward and to the outside, and as quick as she appeared, Loki Synn is atop The Shadow, raining right hands down on The Weaver of Dreams as Clark Summits calls for the bell.

Jim Gunt: What the hell is all this about?! The CWF Champion Loki Synn has interrupted this match and...

Mike Rolash: See, this is what I'm talking about, Jimbo...everyone acts like The Shadow is such a nice guy, and they all seem to ignore the fact that he has so many enemies that he can't even settle things with one of them without another one interrupting them!

The scene is chaotic as Synn continues raining down shots The Shadow's head and, on the CWF tron, shots of the backstage area are shown, as members of the Hostility team are brawling with the likes of Duce Jones, Freddie Styles, Dorian Hawkhurst, and other Team CWF-sympathizers.

Jim Gunt: It's pandemonium all around Milwaukee!

In the ring, The Shadow has done his best to cover up, and manages to shove Synn away long enough to get himself to a vertical base. It's just then that Jarvis King re-enters the fray, sliding past The Shadow, silvery briefcase in hand! The Icon swings and hits The World Champion across the forehead, knocking The Jagged Grin of the CWF out cold. The Shadow advances and spins Jarvis around, catching a briefcase shot for his own troubles!

Jim Gunt: My god!

The Bradley Center sits in shock as Jarvis looks around at the car-crash around him. He quickly gestures for a microphone and is granted one. He paces, like a caged tiger, and breathes hard into the microphone as he brings it to his lips.

Jarvis King: You know what? I'm absolutely sick to death of this nonsense. You...

He gestures to The Shadow's lifeless body.

Jarvis King: You took from me the thing I most hold dear in the world. And you...

He says, aiming a stomp at Loki's head as the CWF champion was beginning to stir.

Jarvis King: You have something that I want, something I desire, something that you aren't worthy of holding.

Jarvis stops pacing, and looks down at the briefcase in his own hand. Taking it, he unlocks the clasps and lets its cover drop open before holding it aloft. Inside, affixed to the casing, is a clipboard with a piece of official-looking paper attached.

Jarvis King: Inside of this briefcase is a contract that says I can name whatever match I want for Frozen Over. It says that I can make any match that I want at the show that launched me into the stratosphere of competition in this industry...and so...

Jarvis smirks and looks at the camera.

Jarvis King: At Frozen Over, it will be Loki Synn, versus The Shadow, versus Jarvis King...in a match to unify the Paramount and World Championships!

Jim Gunt: Oh My GOD!

Mike Rolash: So that's what was in that briefcase...

Jim Gunt: What an amazing main event that will be, but before that, a Civil War! We'll see you- wait I'm hearing we

have something going on backstage?

Revealing The Mystery?

Match

We see Commissioner Stewart walking out towards his car at the end of the night. As he comes into view we see Blake Church standing near the car.

Jon Stewart: Oh de joy...the announcer b-team.

Blake Church: Your wit is as sharp as your booking skill.

Jon Stewart: What do you want?

Blake Church: I'd like to know who this mystery man is going to be at Civil War...

Jon Stewart: So would Hostility...and they aren't finding out. The same as you. To find out you'll have to watch the show, and you fine people at home will have to pay to see it. As intended.

Blake Church: So you knew I had a camera on you?

Jon Stewart: My dear boy this is CWF...we have cameras in the toilets to get shit straight from the source.

Stewart walks past Church and opens the car door.

Blake Church: I'm just curious why you agreed to this. I mean. Why give these people a chance to get one over on CWF?

Jon Stewart: Ahhh...the ever present question of why? Why would I let James Milenko get what he wants? That answer is quite simple. I knew he'd go for this eventually. Everyone always has this obsession when they feel they have been wronged. He feels wronged by CWF. So naturally he waited till he was in a position to seemingly have the upper hand. The thing is...dear boy...I calculated this. The Glass Ceiling will destroy his little band, along with Shadow. That's a foursome that, even though they don't get along, are loyal to CWF for their own reasons. As for the last member of the team. I will tell you this...it's the perfect weapon to defeat the unbeatable team Milenko has assembled. You're just going to have to trust my judgment.

Blake Church: Well sir...I hope you know what you are doing then.

Jon Stewart: Oh no worries. I always have an...

Stewart gets in the car and pulls out his pill bottle.

Jon Stewart: Ace in the hole...ahahahaha...

Stewart drives off in his black hearse and heads out into the night. As Church starts to walk off we see a figure chasing after the car. A black Harley Davidson with a familiar rider drives after Stewart.

Blake Church: Trent Steel and Stewart heading off together? Hmm...

Fade.

Show Credits

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