

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 42

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: February 19, 2019
Location: Brisbane Entertainment Centre — Brisbane, Queensland

Results

Contract Offer

Match

The picture fades into the Brisbane Entertainment Centre, where the CWF faithful from down under are eagerly expecting the first show on Australian soil in many, many years. Suddenly "Yes" by LMFAO comes on over the speakers. The owner of Hostility slowly makes his way to the ring. Looking for chic in his custom made suit, he climbs the ring steps and steps between the middle and top ropes. St. James lifts the microphone and begins to speak but the crowd is getting a little loud and he lowers it for a moment. The crowd begins to settle in and he raises it again.

C\$J: Australia! Welcome to CWF!

The crowd pops for the mention, causing C\$J to smile but only slightly.

C\$J: Let's kick things off in style, shall we? So, last week I offered a contract to someone. A person who I believe is a star in his own right but doesn't get the push or the credit he deserves. That someone? Jimmy Allen.

Before he can say more, the Tron lights up with the face of Jon Stewart. Dressed as impeccably as always Jon holds a finger up and starts wagging it back and forth.

Jon Stewart: Not so fast my friend.

His appearance gets a mixed reaction from the crowd but before he can speak, he is interrupted by "Cut The Cord" by Shinedown. The crowd pops huge for Jimmy Allen as he steps out onto the stage. Allen is dressed in his ring attire but has an interesting new accessory. He's wearing black leather chaps over his wrestling tights, that have an Ataxia mask attached as a codpiece. When the crowd realizes what it is they get even louder for Jimmy.

Jon Stewart: What the....

Jimmy Allen: Something wrong Jon? You look like you've seen a ghost.

C\$J in the ring is laughing uncontrollably. As Allen continues to make his way to the ring. He rolls under the bottom rope and stands next to St. James.

Jimmy Allen: Now then, Mr. St. James.

Allen hands Christopher the contract back.

Jimmy Allen: While I do appreciate the offer, I don't do this for the money.

The crowd pops huge for Jimmy, really appreciating his dedication to the brand.

Jimmy Allen: I made that mistake once, and it's not going to happen again. Plus it would seem that with the things going on right now, CWF needs as many of its own loyalists as it can put together.

St. James looks none too pleased with the rejection he's gotten from Allen. He begins to pace back and forth.

Jimmy Allen: Don't take it personally, it's just that...well if I take your offer then I won't be able to wrap up my business with the bagman!

Allen staring daggers at Jon Stewart continues.

Jimmy Allen: Because we are going to achieve closure jonboy bagman, we will have an ending this time and it won't be *bleep* happy. I can't prove it yet but I know you are behind what happened with Ataxia. When I can, I'm going to be wearing your face as a codpiece instead of your old mask!

The crowd loses its mind as Jimmy exits the ring, leaving a stunned Jon Stewart and Christopher St. James staring at each other.

I've Got This!

Match

Jim Gunt: Wow! C\$J can NOT be happy with how that turned out but it looks like Evolution has yet another self declared loyalist in Jimmy Allen, but our commissioner Jon Stewart may have some explaining to do!

Mike Rolash: If he's responsible for what happened to that bagged faced freak, then he should be awarded a medal and not being questioned. But at the same time what else could Jimmy be doing this for if it isn't for the money? I mean, he isn't a title holder and his sense of attire leaves something to be desired.

Jim Gunt: Your a poet and didn't even know it Mikey, but it looks like we're starting the action off with-- Hold that thought, I'm getting word that someone is arriving to the arena!

The camera switches backstage where a black limousine can be seen pulling into the parking lot. Slowly coming to a halt, the chauffeur exits the vehicle as he makes his way towards the back door. Opening it, a black and red dress shoe steps out, soon followed by the rest of Byson Kaliban's body. He's decked in a black and red suit, his hair pulled back in a ponytail. He's sporting a huge smile as he looks around the parking lot, before being followed out by former three times tag team champions, Smokin' Aces! Freddie Styles is the first to exit the limo, followed by a still protective mask wearing Duce Jones. The chauffeur closes the door as the three look at each other.

Byson Kaliban: Isn't it funny that almost a year ago Duce, I gained control of your body?

Duce Jones: Bruh, why you bringin' up old shit? y'need t'be focused on Big Rig tonight.

Byson Kaliban: Duce...bro... you worry too much, I've got this...

With a concerned look on his face, Freddie intervenes.

Freddie Styles: I know you had the whole deal with taking over Duce's body. But can you wrestle?

Duce Jones: No.

Byson Kaliban: Yes!

Both men answer simultaneously as Styles looks on confused.

Duce Jones: How t'fuck ya figure y'can wrestle?

With that shit eating grin still plastered on his face, Byson strokes his goatee as he responds.

Byson Kaliban: Bro... I'm a Jones... professional wrestling is in my blood! (slapping both men across the chest) Wait till you guys get a load of my theme music!

With esteemed confidence, Byson makes his way towards the entrance arena, the Aces still a bit confused about Byson's confidence.

Freddie Styles: Does he even have blood flowing through his body?

Duce simply takes a deep sigh, looking towards Freddie shaking his head. They finally make their way into the arena as we cut back to ringside.

Mike Rolash: The Glass Ceiling is here!

Jim Gunt: Conspicuous by the absence of Jarvis King, the Aces and Byson are here and later on tonight, Byson faces off with Big Rig.

Mike Rolash: I'm going to have to agree with Freddie, I don't believe Byson has any legit experience inside of the ring.

Jim Gunt: That may be true, but he seems very confident heading into this match.

Mariella Jade Flair vs. "Facetious" Franklin Fredrickson

Match

Jim Gunt: Alright, after this interruption, we now can come to the one and only... EMM! JAY! FLAIR!

Mike Rolash: Biased much?

CUE UP: "Goodnight" by The Birthday Massacre

Jim Gunt: "Facetious" Franklin Frederickson is already in the ring, while the fans are on their feet for the return to CWF Evolution of two-time former World Champion, MJ Flair!

Mike Rolash: I once had a dream, Gunt... and with this chick back, my dream is taken from me.

On the entrance ramp, MJ Flair walks out with a swagger that the fans have clearly missed. She stops at the top, and holds her arms out as if to demand a louder response.

She gets it.

At that, the Original Nobody 2.0 walks to the ring, slapping as many hands as possible.

Jim Gunt: New CWF referee Mama Jackie is in the ring, giving Frederickson some last minute instructions, and MJ hits the ringside area!

The former Champion does a lap around the ringside area, still greeting the Brisbane faithful, and includes a fist bump with Jim Gunt himself! Flair stops in front of Mike Rolash... and stares.

After a moment, she slides into the ring under the bottom rope.

Mike Rolash: What was that?

Jim Gunt: You've... literally, never been nice to her.

In the ring, Mama Jackie checks MJ, and calls for the bell! The two athletes circle and lock up, and MJ with a knee to the gut! Forearm uppercut rocks the funny man into the corner, and she drives an elbow into his face!

Jim Gunt: Flair with a cross - corner whip! Frederickson hits the turnbuckle and staggers forward, and a jumping knee to the face!

Mike Rolash: Yawn.

Once Franklin hits the mat, MJ steps under the top rope and climbs the turnbuckle...

...and stops.

The fans are cheering like crazy, but she stops climbing halfway up, and transitions only half awkwardly into a seated position on the top turnbuckle, and she drives an elbow into Frederickson's chest! Cover!

ONE...

TWO...

Kickout!

Flair scoops Frederickson and, wasting no time, hooks his head from behind.

Jim Gunt: MORNING STAR! MORNING STAR! There's the cover!

ONE...

TWO...

THREE!!!

Mike Rolash: If this is supposed to be an achievement, she's fallen farther than I could've ever dreamed of.

"Goodnight" plays over the sound system as Mama Jackie raises MJ's hand in victory and the fans applaud her efforts.

Jim Gunt: Welcome back, MJ!

Mike Rolash: Am I supposed to be impressed?

Jim Gunt: Can't you behave just once?

Mike Rolash: No, I'm serious. Look, I give her a lot of static because she's annoying and she deserves it, but the fact is, loathe as I am to admit it, Flair is a great wrestler. She's a two-time World Champion, she headlined Wrestlefest. She successfully defended the Championship in the Iron Man match and in the Barbed Wire match, both of which I didn't think she had a hope in hell of surviving... so why is she slumming it with a loser like Frederickson?

Jim Gunt: It's possible, after months on the shelf, she needed a minute to transition back?

Mike Rolash: Bullshit. Either she's got it or she doesn't.

CUE UP: "Wield Lightning to Split the Sun" - Primordial

Mike Rolash: See? NOW we'll see if there's something worth happening here!

The Right Thing

Match

As the song begins, MJ stops in her tracks, and watches the entranceway like a hawk. The fans, already cheering, get even louder when the CWF World Champion, The Shadow, walks out, title belt over his shoulder.

He stops at the top of the ramp like MJ, but expediently walks towards the ring.

Mike Rolash: It's so weird to see him without druids. Or Myfanwy. Is he feeling okay?

Jim Gunt: Quiet.

In the ring, MJ Flair leans on the top rope, a smirk on her face. She waits patiently for the Champion to approach at his own speed, and when he does approach the ring, she holds the ropes for him. Shadow hesitates on the apron, but he accepts her invitation and enters the ring.

Jim Gunt: Incredible reciprocated show of respect between these two athletes, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Blah, blah, blah. He has a thing she wants. When do they kill each other?

Jim Gunt: And after you gave her history here its appropriate respect. Do you ever stop?

Mike Rolash: Not unless I have to.

The Shadow retrieves a microphone from Ray Douglas, and, as the music dies down, the two of them face each other in the ring.

The Shadow: Welcome back, Mariella.

He drops the microphone to his waist while the fans cheer this sentiment; it's a clear 'cheap heat' moment, but certainly well-timed.

The Shadow: I would've said so at Modern Warfare but... well, I was a bit busy making history, completing my run of the gauntlet.

Again, the fans cheer - and this time, MJ joins their applause.

The Shadow: I'll be honest with you, Mariella. When I won this title, I didn't think I deserved it. The way I got the win over Jarvis King, with Cheshire sitting on the sidelines... it wasn't right. And I can't rightly say that I deserve anything, but after running the gauntlet in Modern Warfare, I feel like I can at least say that I've earned my place at the top of the CWF.

The fans pop once again, and MJ nods in their direction, clearly agreeing with Shadow's opinion.

The Shadow: But I can't fool myself. While I might have won this Championship from Cheshire, the fact remains that she won it from you with some incredibly dubious tactics.

Already anticipating what The Shadow is going to say, the fans have jumped the gun to chant 'EMM JAY EFF' at the Champion. MJ, for her part, doesn't react to them.

The Shadow: I am the CWF World Heavyweight Champion, Mariella. But I don't know that I'm the undisputed CWF World Heavyweight Champion... unless I offer you a shot at the belt.

At this, The Shadow offers the microphone to Flair. She takes it, staring longingly at the title belt. Amidst the fans' cheering, she gestures to The Shadow: can she see the belt?

He obliges, handing her the title belt.

Jim Gunt: This is unprecedented, Mike! For the first time in months, MJ Flair has her hands on the CWF World Title belt, a title she's held onto twice in the past year!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, yeah. If she was any good she'd still have it.

Holding the title gently, as if afraid to damage it, MJ cradles the belt in her hands for several long seconds, before handing it back to The Shadow. She shakes her head, all the while putting the microphone to her face.

MJF: Let me start with this, dude.

Pause.

MJF: You are the CWF World Champion. Period, full stop, anyone who disagrees is a frickin'; idiot.

And she gets a pop from the fans. The Shadow allows a smirk to cross his face.

MJF: I can't tell you how much it means to me, man, that you have enough respect for what I did for this company last year to seek me out and offer me a shot at your World Title. You are a class act, and an athlete that has, one thousand percent, earned his spot in this company.

Even as the fans cheer, MJ shakes her head.

MJF: But I can't accept your offer.

Boos.

Except for Mike Rolash, who claps.

Jim Gunt: Stop it, Mike!

Mike Rolash: What? I'm allowed to express my politics!

MJF: Y'see, Shadow... I might've lost that title belt you're holding under dubious circumstances, but a few weeks earlier, I retained that belt against the same opponent under similarly shady shit.

Mike Rolash: Language!

Jim Gunt: I hear if you say that five times into a monitor, Calico Rose shows up behind you and calls you 'frand.'

Mike Rolash: ...

MJF: I left something unfinished last fall, Champ... and before I can deserve a shot at your World Title... I have to close the books on Loki Synn.

She pauses.

MJF: Not my friend Mia, or the confused woman Cheshire. I have to stand in this ring with Loki Synn again and survive... or I don't deserve the faith you're putting in me.

MJ drops the microphone and offers her hand to The Shadow. After several seconds' consideration, he shakes - to a massive ovation.

Jim Gunt: What sportsmanship from Flair! What grace from our World Champion, Mike! Can you believe what we just saw?

Mike Rolash: What? What? I wasn't watching.

Jim Gunt: Are you serious? Are we starting with this again?

Mike Rolash: Yeah, whatever. Only the return of MJF in a match against a man with no wins on his record. Such heart. Much wow.

Confession Cam: The Jon Stewart File

Match

As Jim rolls his eyes at Mike, who sits back in his chair, arms folded, and mumbling about if Tanner Graves has to endure this much ineptitude, the CWF Tron lights up, the view is the office of Jon Stewart. He sits at his desk pouring over paperwork. His phone chimes with an alarm of some sort and he checks and dismisses the alarm.

Jim Gunt: What's this?

Mike Rolash: This should be interesting.

Jon Stewart: Oh...that.

He slides his middle desk drawer open for his pill bottle. He then checks the pockets of his jacket all coming up empty. He then opens the desk drawer to the right. From this angle we see his face begin to redden as he pulls out a white burlap mask. A metallic voice comes over the arena sound system.

The Confession: Poor Jon, his magic pills aren't there anymore.

We can hear a pill bottle being shaken near the microphone pickup.

Jim Gunt: I've always wondered what was in those pill bottles.

Mike Rolash: Are you sure you want to know?

Jon stands looking into the camera, his face now purple with rage. He looks into the camera, with a sudden snap the camera goes offline.

The crowd boos as the feeds are lost but then cheers triumphantly when it's replaced by a new feed.

The Confession: No Jon, it's not that easy, but you'll realize this soon enough.

Jim Gunt: Wow...is this guy some kind of hacker or something?

Mike Rolash: I have no idea but at least he's not Ataxial!

We watch along as Stewart frantically searches for a backup pill bottle. The more he searches the more frustrated he becomes. Again, we hear the shaking of pill bottles.

The Confession: So frustrated aren't you Jon, it's a terrible act when someone takes something from you that you think you need.

The shaking of the pill bottles continues as the feed drops and the Tron goes dark. Then he appears on the security railing behind Mike Rolash. Jim Gunt jumps with a start and the fans laugh at his reaction.

The Confession: Are you sure about that Mike?

Mike Rolash's face goes deathly pale, he slowly turns around and looks at the man in the white burlap mask.

Mike Rolash: No....it can't be.....that just wouldn't be fair.

The Confession: Poor Mikey, he acts like he's seen a ghost. Have a good night Mike, keep looking over your shoulder, buddy.

The Confession snaps his fingers and the house lights go out. When they come back on, The Confession is gone replaced by a potted plant that Ataxia had used so many times as a prop. Mike Rolash is seen trembling and on the verge of hyperventilating.

Moe Davis vs. Xander Haze

Match

Jim Gunt: Calm down, Mike, he is gone, ok?

Mike Rolash: But, but he looks like, I-I-like a white Ataxia...

Jim Gunt: He doesn't sound like him, though, so I am sure you are safe.

Mike Rolash: No, no, no, I am not safe, I am not safe anywhere! I have to find my papers with the signatures for the wall. I need the wall, we need a wall! High, thick, but nice looking...

Ray Douglas: The next match is a singles match, scheduled for one fall. First to the ring, hailing from Washington, D.C., he is The Go-Go Kid - MOE DAVIS!

The drums and bassline from Chuck Wilson's "Bustin Loose" come in. Then, Chuck's immortal words "Gimme the bridge, y'all". Right when the horns come in, BANG! a big shot of pyro on both sides of the entrance. Moe leaps from backstage with a big smile and lots of energy. He hypes himself up and reaches out to dap up the fans as he makes his way to ring.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, he's the Gimp - XANDER HAZE!

The arena goes dark and Coheed and Cambria's "Welcome Home" starts to play. Just when the chorus hits, a spotlight lights up the top of the ramp. Xander is at the top, wearing a hooded black sweater with the hood up. He slowly makes his way down to the ring, the spotlight following him he steps into the ring, takes a seat in the corner and waits for the bell to ring.

Jim Gunt: This is Moe Davis' first match in CWF and with Xander Haze he is facing one of the fiercest competitors that just came back with a brutal match against Zach van Owen at Modern Warfare! But looks like we are ready to go!

The bell sounds and we are underway. The two men lock up quickly, with Haze getting the upper hand due to his

weight advantage. He backs Moe into the corner and tries for a chop, but it's ducked and countered by a chop his own. Moe hits another chop, and another, and another, all the way to ten. By the time he let's Haze stumble out of the corner, the left side of his chest is beat red and close to bursting open from the welts.

Jim Gunt: Good God look at the welts!

Mike Rolash: That is horrific!

Moe hits the ropes and tries for a clothesline, but Haze is able to duck and reach back for a neckbreaker. Haze now begins hammering away with fists and forearms to the head, as Moe covers up to avoid the full brunt of the blows. A quick two count later, and Haze locks in a half crab, beginning to work over the back and leg of the more agile opposition.

Jim Gunt: Xander coming back nicely from that early onslaught, Mike.

Mike Rolash: No kidding. His chest has got to be on fire, but he's fighting through it.

Moe is able to roll over and break the hold, but Haze immediately picks the leg again and drops an elbow to the inner knee. After two more of these, Haze grabs the ankle and torques the knee. Moe escapes after a few seconds with a series of nasty elbows to the base of the skull, then kips up despite the leg damage. He shakes off the pain in his leg and charges at Haze in the corner, hitting a shoulder to the midsection. He backflips and charges in with another one. He flips a second time, but on the third charge leaps to to the second rope for a monkey flip.

Jim Gunt: Wow! The athleticism of this newcomer is impressive, especially after taking several heavy shots to the knee early on.

Mike Rolash: You're not kidding, Jim! I know he escaped pretty quickly, but there's a reason that ankle hold is such a cliché in matches. It's because it works and works fast.

Moe lines Haze up as he pulls himself up in the opposite corner. Moe charges again, but this time catches a knee right in the face! Haze sees the rookie prone, and starts to climb the turnbuckle. He looks poised to hit the Handicap, but Moe is back up and cuts him off with a drop kick! Moe takes a few steps back, charges the corner and leaps straight from the mat to the top buckle like it was nothing! He hooks Haze around the waist and LAUNCHES him across the ring with a belly to belly superplex!

Jim Gunt: This kid is a freak of nature!

Mike Rolash: What a leap and what strength too!

Haze is struggling to get to his feet after the impact, but Moe has already kipped up again! He hits a dashing European uppercut to stun Haze further and knock him out of the corner. As Haze stumbles to mid ring, Moe springs off of the middle rope with a backflip reverse DDT! He then follows up with another middle rope springboard, this time landing a rib crunching moonsault for a near fall! He goes for another one, but Haze gets the knees up! He quickly rolls the rookie into a small package!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: I'm impressed with Haze's resolve so far. I thought that was gonna be it.

Jim Gunt: If Haze can capitalize, the rookie sensation is in trouble!

And that's exactly what Haze is counting on! He stumbles to his feet, grabs the hunched over rookie, and hooks the fisherman suplex position. He nails the small package driver!

ONE!

TWO!

TH- KICKOUT!

Frustrated, Haze tries to lock in the Green Haze, but is countered with a jawbreaker. Moe hits the ropes and nails the KMBA! He heads to the nearby corner and looks out to the crowd.

Jim Gunt: Finish him kid! Don't waste time!

Mike Rolash: Yeah kid, get the win THEN look at the crowd for approval!

Sensing that himself, Moe picks Haze up and nails a second KMBA! Now he leaps to the top rope, takes a much shorter second look around, and takes flight!

Jim Gunt: 3 Star Frog Splash! That's gonna do it, Mike!

Mike Rolash: You got that right! Count to 100, he's out!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, MOE...DAVIS!

Foreshadowing

Match

We catch up with MJ Flair backstage, as she walks the halls. Her speed and cadence makes it clear that she has a destination and knows exactly where it is.

And she stops in front of a door labeled 'Commissioner.' Without knocking or waiting for permission to enter, she pushes the door open and stands in front of the desk, the high-backed chair facing the wall.

MJF: Stewart? I did what you asked and had a rehab match. Now I want Loki. Do we have a deal?

No response. MJ knocks on the desk.

MJF: Hello?

Slowly, the chair spins around, revealing not Jon Stewart, but Christopher St. James.

C\$J: There is no Loki; there is only Cheshire. But you'll get her, Ms. Flair... oh yes, you'll get her.

Pause.

MJF: Were... were you sitting like that this whole time, just to do a dramatic reveal at the first person to walk in the door?

C\$J: ... No comment.

And MJ gives the camera the side-eye.

C\$J: But you want her in the ring, Ms. Flair? Next Evolution, you'll be in the ring with her.

He laughs. It's more of a cackle.

MJF: Dude. You sound like a mad scientist.

She turns around and leaves the office, door wide open.

C\$J: Mad? Crazy? Crazy like a fox, maybe...

Cut.

Byson Kaliban vs. "Big Rig" Clyde Walker

Match

Jim Gunt: Tonight has been very eventful already, so ladies and gentlemen, next week in Sydney we will see MJ Flair back in action against Cheshire, exciting times!

Mike Rolash: But enough of her, we've seen too much of her already tonight, let's move on to more interesting things!

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

The beginning sounds of Chaka Khan's "Ain't Nobody" begins to play throughout the Brisbane Entertainment Centre as the crowd looks on befuddled. The lights dim and the stage fills with smoke, red lights begin to flash around the arena as Byson comes dancing out onto the stage. As Chaka Khan's voice takes over the beat he really gets to grooving. Finally coming to a halt, he raises his right index finger in the air as the Aces slowly walk out onto the stage, both men shaking their heads.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, being accompanied by The Smokin' Aces! From Osaka, Japan... weighing one hundred ninety five pounds! Representing The Glass Ceiling! BYSON KALIBAN!

As the chorus picks up, Kaliban continues to dance his way down the aisle as the Aces follow closely behind. Not in a hurry to get inside of the ring, Byson saunters around ringside, taunting every fan he comes in contact with.

Jim Gunt: It's put up or shut up time for Kaliban, and from this entrance... I can tell he's a man who likes to put on a show.

Mike Rolash: That may be true, but did he not see what Clyde did to Freddie at Modern Warfare? He may want to tread lightly during this match.

Finally inside of the ring, Byson goes to his designated corner as McArthur is over to instruct him of the rules, but it's apparent that Kaliban isn't listening. The backwater, lo-fi guitar breaks and enters through the speakers as the lights die down. As soon as this happens, the crowd becomes illuminated by cell phones lights.

Now I've never been the one to play it safe
I might play a little dirty some day
I'm just following fate they say I'm the chosen one

And then, Big Rig and his Fifth Wheel boys appear - with the boys carrying the Osage-nation buffalo skin themed state flag of Oklahoma proudly. Rig holds onto a can of beer and stops at the end of the stage to gaze out toward the crowd.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, being accompanied by the Fifth Wheel Boys! From Broken Arrow, Oklahoma! "BIG RIG" CLYDE WALKER!

He nods his head to the music, takes a sip of his beer, and then stretches his arms outward. He looks up toward the ceiling and screams:

Clyde Walker: GET OUT THE WAY - THE BOYS ARE HERE!

With that, Rig departs from his chaingang and heads toward the ring, remaining focused on the ring and the ring only. Once he reaches it, Clyde slides underneath the bottom rope, lays there for a second with a tongue-exposed grin, before getting back up and raising his hands in the air before the music dies down.

Jim Gunt: Big Rig is looking for a fight here tonight, but I'm not sure he can expect one from Kaliban.

Mike Rolash: Is it bad that we're writing him off already?

Jim Gunt: From my understanding, he signed a managerial contract, Kaliban has no business being inside of that ring.

Nick McArthur calls for the bell as Rig goes right for Byson. Bating him in, Kaliban quickly ducks through the ropes and to the outside. This doesn't deter Walker as he follows suit, giving chase to Byson around ringside.

Jim Gunt: And our earlier question is answered as it seems Byson Kaliban is going to take the cat and mouse approach.

Mike Rolash: He's technically not even a trained professional wrestler. Even stating that since his entire family are connected to the business, it should be implemented in his DNA.

Jim Gunt: Hmph.. Good luck with that one...

Mike Rolash: Exactly...

Turning the corner in his sprint, Byson slides back inside of the ring, Walker is hot on his trails though, sliding inside behind him. However Byson is right on top of the Oklahoman, clubbing him with a double axe handle blow. Eating the shot, Walker is too his feet, absorbing every punch that Byson throws at him. Soon putting an end to his minor onslaught with a knee to the gut.

Jim Gunt: None of those licks even fazed Walker and now Mike, Byson may be in trouble.

Mike Rolash: This guy is in way over his head.

Landing several knee shots that back Byson into a corner, Walker whips him hard across the ring, looking for the Flapjack Blues. However Byson runs up the corner ropes, springing backwards for a crossbody. But Big Rig catches him out of mid air! Walker swings the body of Kaliban looking to attempt the Snake Nation Revival, but Byson is able to wiggle himself free, landing on his feet behind the big man. Byson leaps up for a dropkick that barely budes Walker.

Jim Gunt: Just like that, it could've been all over for Byson Kaliban!

Mike Rolash: I'm pretty sure he's been watching how Big Rig's been manhandling the competition in recent weeks.

The members of TGC pound on the apron, trying to encourage Byson who charges in at Walker, who is standing in the corner. Jumping up for a splash, proves to be the wrong decision as Rig catches him again. Walking out of the corner, with Kaliban firmly in his clutches, Rig launches Byson over his head without a care for a suplex. But like a cat, Kaliban lands on his feet!

Jim Gunt: Once again, Byson is able to escape imminent harm! Byson springs off the middle rope and connects with a kick to the temple of Big Rig!

Mike Rolash: Byson had to pull that one out of his ass, because things were about to get ugly real fast, Jimbo.

Trying to use his quickness to his advantage, Byson stays on top of Walker with kicks, he hits the ropes and comes charging back with a running dropkick! Walker is barely stunned as he moves along the ropes, taking another running dropkick to the shoulder. Byson rebounds off the ropes again, but Walker lifts him off his feet and simply drills Byson into the canvas with his patented sidewalk slam!

Jim Gunt: Clyde Walker just destroyed Byson with that Bull City Breakdown!

Mike Rolash: I feel a Dangerous Dan quote coming on, because the endd is near!

Jim Gunt: Why did it sound like you put two d's in end of that word?

Mike Rolash: Because I did Jim Bean, because I did...

Walker watches as Byson squirms around on the canvas, soon pulling an imaginary semi-truck horn as the crowd responds in unison, 'CHOO! CHOO!' Smiling from ear-to-ear, Walker brings a dazed and confused Kaliban back up to his feet. Glancing over at the Aces, Walker winks at them as he forcefully whips Byson chest first into a corner, stumbling backwards after bouncing off the turnbuckle pads, Byson is flung through the air like yesterday's trash, crashing harshly on his shoulders and neck!

Jim Gunt: That was brutal!

Mike Rolash: I'm starting to realize why he calls that the Flapjack Blues...

With things firmly in his control, Walker strolls around the ring as the fans cheer him on. He even takes a moment to taunt Byson, who struggles to crawl towards a corner. Pointing a finger gun at Byson's cohorts, Walker moves towards Kaliban who's now vertical with his back to Rig in the corner. Skipping the whole irish whip process, Walker locks on a rear waistlock and just tosses Byson backwards again for another Flapjack Blues! Landing badly on the canvas, Kaliban flips completely over, finally coming face down on the canvas.

Jim Gunt: This is getting real bad! The Aces are out here at ringside, fuming Mike!

Mike Rolash: I can see the anger in their eyes, but if you ask me, Jimbo, Byson should stick to managerial duties for the time being.

With a smile still plastered on his face, Walker brings a semi-conscious Kaliban to his feet. Scooping him up off his feet, Walker brings Kaliban down brutally on top of his head with the Snake Nation Revival! He cockily goes for the back press cover, giving the Smokin' Aces the one finger salute as McArthur makes the count.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Duce has seen enough as he's kicked Walker square in the face!

Mike Rolash: You can only antagonize a group of people for so long...

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, via disqualification, "Big Rig" CLYDE WALKER!

Soon the ring fills up as Freddie and Duce come to blows with the entering members of the Fifth Wheel boys. A huge brawl quickly breaks out as the fans go nuts!

Jim Gunt: Fist are flying everywhere! I think we all can agree and say that this thing has been kicked up to another level!

"BOOOOO!"

Mike Rolash: Well here comes security to get these men separated. But yeah, there's a lot of bad blood boiling between these two groups!

Fridge Flint and few other members of security are able to get Big Rig and his crew out of the ring, Duce goes to check on his brother as Styles exchange insults with Walker and the boys.

Jim Gunt: I'm glad they got here before the situation got any worse. But I'm sure things are far from over between these men.

Mike Rolash: Nowhere near being over, Jimbo! It's just getting started...

Daddy's Boy

Match

Quentin Scarboro, one of the CWF's newest stars is shown backstage in the locker room area. Q is sitting on a wooden bench strapping his boots and preparing for his match later tonight against another new competitor, Scourge. A battle of the big behemoths, Quentin better be ready...and he will be as he begins to tape up his wrists.

His pre-game rituals are disrupted, however, as a cell phone sitting at his hip starts to ring. He instinctively grabs it, brings it up to his ear and answers the call.

Q: Yeah?

From the other line is the weathered but unmistakable voice of Scarboro's father, Lucas.

Lucas Scarboro: It's getting cold in here, Q, I need you to bring in more firewood.

Q: I'm afraid I can't help you right now, I'm down under.

Lucas Scarboro: Down under where? Here I thought you were just going out for groceries or something and you've been gone for two or three days now. You went down under the store? What in the world would you want to do that for?

Quentin sighs.

Q: I'm in Australia, Dad.

Lucas Scarboro: Australia?

Q: Your boy is about to be on national television, wrestling in his first singles competition...we had conversations about this. Several times actually. I'm afraid you're gonna have to fetch your own wood, old man.

There is a short moment of awkward silence before Lucas responds.

Lucas Scarboro: Oh....yeah. I remember that. You mentioned it, my memory is a bit shot.

Q: Yeah, it's fine, Dad. Listen, I love ya man, but I gotta go. I don't have much time left.

Lucas Scarboro: Give 'em hell, kid.

Quentin is about to end the call before his father speaks again.

Lucas Scarboro: And Quentin?

Q: Yeah, Dad?

Lucas Scarboro: Can you bring me back a kangaroo?

Q: How in the blue hell do you expect me to catch a kangaroo?

Lucas Scarboro: Well, maybe not a whole kangaroo, but at least a steak. I heard they were delicious.

Q: I'll...try my best.

Scarboro ends the call, setting the cell back on the bench beside him. As he finishes wrapping his tape, he hears a voice.

Tara Robinson: So, you're a daddy's boy?

Quentin looks up to see the smirking face of the renowned CWF backstage presence. He scoffs.

Q: So what if I am? Does that make me less qualified to step into that ring and dominate my opponents? I have a good relationship with my father. I'm a family man. Does the fact that someone like Scourge has a troubled past earn them bonus points in this competition? I don't think so.

Now on the defensive, Tara holds up her hands in mock-surrender.

Tara Robinson: That's not what I meant, Quentin. I think it's cute. You're taking care of your dad... it's endearing, actually.

Quentin flashes her a sarcastic smile.

Q: Why, thank you, miss.

And Tara nods.

Tara Robinson: Okay, I probably deserved that. Good luck out there; I'm rooting for you. Hopefully I'll get a second chance to make a first impression afterward. Back to you, guys.

Mike Munson vs. Ryan Dream

Match

The cameras cut to ringside where Jim Gunt is sitting next to Mike Rolash, who is turning red and trying very hard to maintain his composure.

Jim Gunt: Strong words from one of Evolution's newest signee's Quentin Scarboro in regards to his match against Scourge later tonight.

Mike Rolash: HA! Dude is a bonafide daddy's boy! I bet Scourge will give him the beat down he deserves tonight.

Jim Gunt: I bet he'd last longer in Golden Intentions than the current record holder for shortest time in...

Mike stutters and stammers, trying to think of an adequate retort, however is interrupted by a snickering Ray Douglas.

Ray Douglas This match is a first round matchup in the Paramount Grand Prix. It has a fifteen minute time limit and is scheduled for one fall...

Mike Rolash: Next up is a first round matchup in the Paramount Grand Prix tournament.

Jim Gunt: I'm so excited.

Mike Rolash: So convincing. Anyway, tonight Mike Munson takes on Ryan Dream as we get a good look at these two guys. Munson is a big bruising powerhouse and Ryan Dream is something of a technician, so it should be interesting to see how their styles clash here tonight.

"Hands in the Air" by 8-Ball starts playing.

The arena is filled by icy blue lighting as Ryan Dream walks out to some boos, sporting a cocky smirk on his face. A kid at the barricade alongside the aisle holds a sign up, but gets it ripped away and torn in two by Dream.

Jim Gunt: What a nice guy.

Mike Rolash: "Nice" doesn't get you wins.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Phoenix, Arizona....RYAN DREAM!!

Dream climbs into the ring and just gives the crowd a cocky grin as he circles the ring. Just then...

The arena lights pulse on and off and on and off, and so on and so forth as the stage is set for the next match. Quick to follow, a metal riff starts up and pure, uncensored, unadulterated hard rock floods the arena airwaves. Flashing strobe lights surround the entryway, changing colors with rapid succession. Orange. Blue. Yellow. Red. White. Darkness.

Mike Rolash: Ugh. Why does everyone have to use strobe lights? Why can't people be flashy without causing the mass populace to have motion sickness?

Jim Gunt: Why are you so grouchy tonight? Did you miss ba-ba time?

Mike looks to respond but jumps out of his skin as the song lyrics come on over the speakers.

ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

Yellow and blues flares pop off right as Saliva's "Survival of the Sickest" brings the crowd to life. Amidst the neon clusterfuck happening at the entryway, a massive silhouette appears with a fist raised overhead.

The lights break, flashing on as that potty-mouth slogan 'FUCKIN' SURVIVOR' cuts over the PA, giving everyone a good glimpse of the shadow's owner and his BAD ASS MUSTACHE. The Buffalo Brawler steps forward and pumps his fists into the air repeatedly, once again, for bonding purposes with all the itty bitty best friends in attendance. That's his cue to sprint down to the ring, leaping onto the apron and swinging his massive leg over the top rope as the music fades out and things return to normal around the arena.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Buffalo, New York....MIKE MUNSON!!

Mike Munson starts off the match by brushing right by referee Clark Summits and bullrushing Dream into the corner and now fires away with a series of shoulders to the stomach, attacking the midsection. The Buffalo Brawler whips Dream HARD into the opposite corner and Dream crumples to the mat from the impact of hitting the corner.

Mike Rolash: We're 30 seconds in, Jim, and Munson is physically dominating Ryan Dream so far.

Jim Gunt: Munson now grabs Dream by the leg and DRIVES that left knee into the mat! Dream howls in agony as Munson now stomping away repeatedly on that leg.

Mike Rolash: Dream's going to get mauled. Welcome to CWF new guy, enjoy the beating... from.... another new guy!

Munson pulls Dream to his feet by his bad leg...ENZIGURI BY Ryan Dream! That staggers the big man and Ryan Dream quickly gets back up, and now sends Munson FACE FIRST INTO THE TURNBUCKLE! Munson stumbling away and Dream WITH AN INSIDE CRADLE!!!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Mike Rolash: Dream nearly got a quick pin there.

Both men get back to their feet, Dream ducks a right hand and connects with a flurry of punches, big drop kick by Dream and Munson is sent to the mat!

Jim Gunt: Dream lands hard on that bad knee, maybe a dropkick wasn't the best of moves for him in his current condition.

Mike Rolash: Hey, go big or go home I always say.

Mike Munson gets to his feet first and he grabs that injured leg and slaps on a HALF BOSTON CRAB! Dream trapped on his stomach under the big man, having that bad leg being pulled on with all the power Munson can muster.

Jim Gunt: Munson has shown no mercy in this match, he's exploiting every weakness he can in his efforts to win this match.

"Big Bear" Mike Munson wrenches at the injured leg and Dream almost makes it to the ropes, but Munson pulls him away before he can take hold. Munson continues yanking on the leg of Ryan Dream, who's now pulling himself up by the ropes and FLIPS Munson over onto his back!

Mike Rolash: Well I guess that's one way to escape that move!

Jim Gunt: Dream limps his way over to a corner as Munson gets up and Munson charges in on Dream. HE GETS

CAUGHT WITH A BOOT TO THE FACE! Dream bursts out of the corner with a FLYING CLOTHESLINE that sends both men to the mat!

Mike Rolash: What presence of mind by Ryan Dream!

Jim Gunt: You get the sense that Dream has to find a way to get this match over with quickly, the longer he lets Munson beat on him, the more likely that knee is going to catch up with him.

Mike Rolash: Mike Munson very wisely has sought to neutralize the speed advantage of Ryan Dream tonight.

Dream gets to his feet. He pulls Munson up and pops him with a series of right hands. Dream off the ropes, SPINNING HEEL KICK! Munson knocked down....Dream WITH A COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...NO!

Jim Gunt: Munson gets the shoulder up! Dream gets Munson back to his feet. Munson sent to the corner... He hits hard. Dream charges!

Mike Rolash: Oh my God....

Jim Gunt: Munson comes charging back out with a clotheline that nearly takes Dream's head off! Dream in a world of hurt in the middle of the ring now.

Ryan Dream flips over to his back, Munson kicking the bad knee now! Dream uses his legs and pushes Munson away from him. The Dream gets to his feet and GETS KNOCKED OVER BY ANOTHER CLOTHESLINE!

Jim Gunt: Big Bear uses the distance that Dream created to his advantage and just took Ryan Dream's head off with that shot!

Mike Rolash: While a lot of Munson's offense has been devoted to the knee of Ryan Dream, he's shown he can still take control of this match with one violent strike, and there he just blasted Dream.

Jim Gunt: Munson pulls Ryan Dream up to his feet. He shoves him into the ropes. SIDEWALK SLAM BY Munson! HE COVERS!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!!

Jim Gunt: Munson almost had it! Dream fighting on pure guts at this point!

Mike Rolash: Guts don't get you wins, Jim.

Ray Douglas: FIVE MINUTES REMAINING!

Jim Gunt: With time running out, Munson pulls Dream to his feet and now slaps on a BEARHUG!

Mike Rolash: There is no way the Dream is getting out of this! He's getting his insides crushed by Munson!

Somehow, Dream tries with everything he has to fight his way out of this hold! Dream firing with right hands, trying to get free! MUNSON LIFTS HIM.... BELLY TO BELLY SUPLEX! Munson WITH A COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THR... NO!

Jim Gunt: Dream clutching at his ribs, he's in a world of hurt here but he keeps on fighting! Munson stomping away on Ryan Dream!

Mike Rolash: Clutching doesn't get you wins.

Jim Gunt: What??

Mike Rolash: Nothing.

Jim Gunt: Munson pulls Dream to his feet.... inside cradle by Ryan Dream!!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Now that would have been embarrassing... after dominating most of the match, Mike Munson almost fell victim to one of the classic blunders!

Mike Rolash: Never fight a land war in Asia??

Jim Gunt: Don't be a smartass.

Mike Rolash: Both men up now, Munson goes for broke and tries for another clothesline... Dream ducks! Teardrop suplex!! Ryan Dream trying for Sweet Dreams!!

Jim Gunt: He's trying but Munson is strong! He's resisting!

Mike Rolash: Munson is too strong! He rolls Dream up into a pinning predicament!

ONE!

TWO!

TH...NO!! DREAM REVERSES!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: Wow!

Mike Rolash: What a reversal! Ryan dream counters and gets the pin! What an amazing turn of events!

Mike Rolash: What guts!

Jim Gunt: I thought guts didn't get you wins?

Mike Rolash: Well you also said not to be a smartass, but that hasn't worked out so well for you has it? Wait, I meant...

Mike doesn't have a chance to ammend his statement as Ray Douglas once again takes over the airwaves with his commanding voice.

Ray Douglas: And the winner of the match by pinfall....RYAN DREAM!!

BZZT

Match

The crowd settles in and a quiet murmur arises as the lights dim and bold words appear on the screen.

THE FOLLOWING IS A PRE-RECORDED SEGMENT

No one really cares about the message, no one ever really cares about the message. They will though, oh, they will. The words stay on the screen briefly before an ear piercing, soul shattering screech echoes through the night and nothing but feedback and snow appear on the screen. For those with good vision, it almost appears that there is a figure in the static. It is hard to make out though due to the intensity of the static in the message. The shrieking stops and a disembodied voice rings out. It is high pitched, demonic, and enough to make Mike Rolash curl into a ball and cower in the fetal position under his desk. Go ahead and check, bet he's there now. Let's be honest, these days it doesn't take much. The only thing that can equate to this noise is nails on chalk board while a percussionist tries their damndest to make the loudest possible noise with a whole butt ton of styrofoam.

To put it lightly, the nothing about this experience is pleasant to behold, and that's ok because in order to appreciate the things that you have, the unsung heroes of your time and place, the things that make you you, and the people around you that which you are. One might think they know the answer, one might think they know where the fine line between madness and sanity lies, and which one they stand steadfast on. The screech intensifies to the point that the crowd grows restless. The perceptive can almost pick a voice up underneath the feedback.

The noises grow to a fever pitch and it's to the point that mass confusion ensues. Confusion grows to agitation, stage hands, backstage crew, C\$J, and Jon Stewart, all of them come running out to the sound panels trying to figure out exactly what is going on. Meanwhile, those closest to the speakers squeeze in ear buds to try to save themselves from the ear piercing scream, but completely missing the voice that is increasing in urgency. It's almost as if it is warning us all of impending doom. Or trying to deliver the most urgent of...

Silence.

The lights return to normal and the screen once again flickers off, before returning to the Evolution logo. Stewart and C\$J look at each other, realize that they were working as a team to try and figure everything out, and quickly throw dirty looks at each other before dropping what they're doing and stalking off in different directions. No one is quite sure what happened, how it happened, or why it stopped, but the buzz in the crowd is restless, desperate for the next part of the show to begin...

Quentin Scarboro vs. Scourge

Match

Jim Gunt: OK, that was weird, even for CWF standards! Mike? Mike! You can come out now!

Mike Rolash: I don't want to!

Jim Gunt: For crying out loud, you are a grown man!

Mike Rolash: You can't make me!

Jim Gunt: Ugh, Ataxia, could you please get him out?

A loud thud comes from under the table, followed by a pained groan as Mike tried to sit up too fast, banging his head on the table.

Jim Gunt: Thank you!

Mike peeks out from under the table, rubbing the top of his head.

Mike Rolash: Is he gone?

Jim Gunt: Yes, Mike, he is gone.

Mike Rolash: OK. Just promise me that I will never ever have to hear this again!

Jim Gunt: I would if I had any idea what on earth this was... But we have Ray already in the ring, because we are going into the second match of our Rookie Block for the Paramount Grand Prix right now!

Ray Douglas: Ladies and Gentlemen, the next match also is from the Rookies Block of our first ever Paramount Grand Prix and has a 15-minute time limit! First to the ring, hailing from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, he is The American Thoroughbred - QUENTIN SCARBORO!

The arpeggiated guitar intro of AC/DC's "Thunderstruck" pierces the silence and Quentin Scarboro steps through the curtains, both arms in the air. The former football offensive guard slowly walks down the ramp, clapping the hands of a few fans that despite probably never having heard of him are happy to have had contact with one of the CWF superstars. As he reaches the ring he walks up the stairs and climbs to the top turnbuckle to strike a pose for the fans.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from the ever so popular Parts Unknown, he is the Alpha of the Omega - SCOURGE!

The lights in the arena dim as the opening notes of Mourning Ritual's "Bad Moon Rising" ring out in the arena. The aisle fills with smoke as a giant silhouette appears within it. As the smoke billows away, the monster known as Scourge walks methodically to the ring. Once he reaches the ring, he leaps from the floor to the apron, setting the posts ablaze. He then steps over the top rope and waits for the bell with an eerie calmness about him.

Jim Gunt: So last week these two men were in the same team as Mike Munson when they took on three stars from our Veterans Block and came out victorious and this week they are facing each other as opponents.

Mike Rolash: And what a clash of the titans this will be, just look at them, tall, muscular, handsome.

Jim Gunt: Oh don't you start again with this, Mike...

Mike Rolash: Hogwash. This will be a brutal-- What-- are they doing?

Jim Gunt: They are shaking hands like true athletes do...?

Mike Rolash: This is disgusting!

Jim Gunt: Seriously? This coming from you?

While the two of them continue to bicker, referee Scott Dean signals for the bell to be rung and the two big men face off in the center of the ring, going for the traditional lock-up, which at first does not go anywhere, but eventually Scourge is using his height advantage to push Quentin into the corner, where he breaks the lock immediately, retreating to the center of the ring.

Jim Gunt: Two powerhouses, two men that live off their strength and trying to prove their superiority as they go for another lock-up!

Mike Rolash: Yes, we shouldn't expect any high flying shenanigans here.

Jim Gunt: Definitely not, even though we have seen some of our bigger guys take to the ropes before. And this time Quentin has Scourge in the corner, so it's kind of 1-1 now.

Mike Rolash: Oh, we're counting lock-up wins tonight?

Jim Gunt: No, but if you have two men so evenly matched up, you have to find something.

In the ring Quentin has locked in an armbar on Scourge, who is trying to find a way out of it, but the former football player has it locked in well. The Alpha of the Omega, though, is stomping his leg to pump himself up, the Australian crowd quickly joining in with rhythmic clapping,

Jim Gunt: Looks like the man we know as Scourge is getting ready for something here.

With a roar he lets himself fall sideways, dragging Scarboro with him in a somewhat awkward looking armdrag, but the momentum is enough for the Pennsylvanian to break the hold as Scourge rolls himself out of the ring, massaging his shoulder.

Mike Rolash: Good ring intelligence here, get that shoulder stretched out a bit.

Jim Gunt: But Quentin will not just leave him be out there, he is out and stalking.

Mike Rolash: Ooh, he's going for the three point stand!

ONE!

TWO!

And while Scourge is still stretching out his shoulder, the American Thoroughbred takes a run-on and a hard shoulder tackle hits Scourge in the ribs and to the ground.

THREE!

FOUR!

Jim Gunt: Referee Scott Dean is counting out the two men, but neither of them seem to be in a big rush to come back into the ring. This match has a time limit, I hope they are aware of that!

Quentin does indeed not show a lot of urgency walking over to his opponent and bringing him to his feet. A headbutt dazes Scourge even more before Scarboro rolls him back into the ring. Following him right in, he drags him back into an upright position again and picks him up on his shoulder.

Mike Rolash: Oh no, this is not going to end well!!!

Despite his strength it takes him considerable force to bring Scourge above his head in an impressive press position and slams him face first into the mat with his Breaking Maiden, eliciting a murmur from the crowd.

ONE!

TWO!

THR--

Jim Gunt: This was an impressive feat of strength, but not enough yet to put away Scourge.

Mike Rolash: It sure was impressive, but we're not even halfway through the match, so for someone as confident as Scourge this would have been a true disgrace.

Jim Gunt: Disgrace might be a big word, but I agree with you.

Mike Rolash: Hah! You actually said it! You agree with me! I knew you'd come around and join me!

Jim Gunt: Whoa, Nelly, agreeing with you on once thing does not mean I'm on your side, you better calm yourself here.

In the meantime Quentin has another armbar locked in on Scourge, but as the big man slowly comes to, he tries to grab Quentin's hair and after a few unsuccessful attempts actually succeeds, pulling Scarboro's head back, thus forcing him to break the hold. Again Scourge immediately rolls out of the ring and an irate Quentin follows him right out, this time, though, Scourge is ready for his opponent.

Jim Gunt: Again Scourge shows good ring intelligence, after having been caught unawares earlier, he is now ready for Quentin, what a clothesline that downs Scarboro right in front of our table here!

Mike Rolash: I think we should apply for our table to be moved up the stage!

Jim Gunt: Remember what happened with Church and State at Modern Warfare? Does not mean we'd be safer there.

At this moment Scourge slams Quentin's head into the table, making both of them jump.

Mike Rolash: See?

Scourge pays no heed to them, though, as he heaves Quentin into the ring and goes for the ropes - ELBOW DROP!

Jim Gunt: Ouch, Quentin must have felt this one!

Mike Rolash: Duh!

Kind of as a payback for earlier, Scourge now is locking in an odd mix between a full nelson and boston crab, sitting on Quentin's backside while having his arms locked in.

Jim Gunt: I honestly don't think I have ever seen a hold like this.

Mike Rolash: Neither have I...

Scott Dean is checking on Scarboro, but despite his head turning beet red he signals that he is not giving up. Instead he is bringing his legs under himself and with a mighty heave lifts Scourge up and forwards and throwing him off balance, breaking the hold.

Mike Rolash: And now both men are down and time is ticking, people! We don't have all day and draws are boring!

Jim Gunt: Well, you have to be able to digest a move like that first, but looks like Scourge is back up first!

Mike Rolash: Yes and he is going for the ropes again and running knee drop right into the spine of Quentin, he is really putting him through the ringer now!

After a brief moment of catching his breath, Scourge brings Quentin up and whips him into the ropes, but as he prepares for a back body drop, Quentin counters with a high knee lift, followed by some very stiff knife chops to the chest, sending Scourge reeling. Following right up, he backs Scourge into the ring corner and begins to rain down downward strikes with his elbows, pushing Scourge lower and lower.

Jim Gunt: Very systematic here, Necessary Roughness, I believe is what he calls this.

Mike Rolash: Yes, very good and very necessary!

Quentin goes into the opposite corner, takes a run-on and BRONCO BUSTER! Apparently encouraged by Scourge's lack of reaction he goes for a second one, but just at the last moment the Alpha of the Omega slides all the way down to the mat, making Quentin miss and hit the ring corner with no cushioning body in between!

Jim Gunt: Ooh, another painful move, but what is this?

ONE!

TWO!

THR-- KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Whoa, collapsing down onto Scourge Quentin kind of accidentally almost pinned his opponent to victory, but Scourge manages to get his shoulder up just in time!

Mike Rolash: And we are down to the last two minutes and these guys are just laying around again, what is it with these people?

Jim Gunt: Uh, you did see what they went through so far, right?

Mike Rolash: Yeah, yeah, yeah...

Scourge is peeling himself out from under Quentin and using the ring ropes gets himself to a somewhat wobbly, but still vertical position again. He nudges Scarboro with his foot, but there is not much movement there yet. He bends down

and manages to drag Quentin up and CLAW HOLD!

Jim Gunt: Oh my, he has the claw locked in! Quentin is flailing around, but this is not looking good right now!

Mike Rolash: He better, because otherwise we'll be looking grim here!

Jim Gunt: Yes, I think he is going for it!

Mike Rolash: Going for what?

Jim Gunt: The Darkness Falls choke slam out of the claw hold! And THERE IT IS!

Quentin goes down hard and seeing the last seconds of the match ticking down, Scourge immediately goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!! - NO!

Jim Gunt: Quentin got his foot on the rope, but now the question is, was it in time?

Ray Douglas is looking at Jim and at time keeper Sal Giordano, but all shrug their shoulders. Then the tron lights up with a replay of the pin together with the match clock as Scourge helps Quentin back to his feet and they all look at the screen.

Jim Gunt: By a fraction of a second Scott's hand hit the mat before Quentin managed to get his foot onto the rope!

Ray Douglas: And the winner by pinfall is - SCOURGE!!!

Quentin's head goes down in defeat, but Scourge pats him on the shoulder, extending his hand and with a sigh Quentin takes it in a sign of mutual respect.

Mike Rolash: I thought these were real men... Shaking hands...Pfft.

Jim Gunt: It is called sportsmanship, Mike, but I know that word does not exist in your vocabulary...

KC3 vs. Nathan Paradine

Match

As Scourge and Quentin walk up the ramp, apparently discussing their match, the picture cuts to the announce table, where Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash are standing, facing the camera.

Jim Gunt: So the first half of the Rookie Block is behind us and Ryan Dream and Scourge have scored two points apiece, so they are off to a good start on their way to the Paramount Grand Prix finale in three weeks, live from the Rod Laver Arena in Melbourne at Confliction, so you better make sure that your CWF Network subscription is up to date, because you will not want to miss this open air spectacle!

Mike Rolash: I hope it will be less hot than here, holy hell, Brisbane must be in one of the inner circles of hell...

Ray Douglas: The following is another Paramount Grand Prix Match!

The opening riff to "Beat The Devil's tattoo" by Black Rebel Motorcycle Club begins to blast around the arena as Nathan Paradine emerges from behind the curtain, the overhead lights reflecting off of his trademark sunglasses. He smirks as he surveys the crowd for a moment, thumbing the collar of his leather jacket before flicking his hands outwards and approaching the ring. He climbs the stairs and wipes his boots on the outside of the apron before stepping between the ropes. He observes the crowd once more before shrugging out of his jacket, passing it off to a stagehand and backing off into the corner to perform a few light warm ups.

Ray Douglas: First, from Melbourne, Australia....NATHAN PARADINE!

Nathan is still preparing and stretching out his arms and legs when the intro to "Run This Town" by Jay-Z ft. Kanye West & Rhianna fills the arena. KC3 comes out from the back as Jay-Z's verse begins, rocking his head to the beat of the music for a few seconds before making his way down the ramp. After he struts his way down to the end of the ramp, he stops again to take in the music a little more.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Loveladies, New Jersey...KC3!!

KC3 slides under the ring and goes facefirst into a running soccer kick from Nathan Paradine. That right there sets the tone for the entire match as Nathan starts stomping away as new official Nick McArthur is trying to get between the two. He's not succeeding in stopping the onslaught, but he is making it more difficult for Nathan to land a clean shot, which gives KC3 the chance he needs to rise to his feet and swing a punch around the ref's head to clock the Australian Submission Machine in the cheek and eye, causing Nate's head to rock back even as he staggers back half a step. Both men then have the same idea and push the ref out of the way so that they can start trading hands with each other. The defeated and dejected ref turns around to ring the bell, and this match has officially started now that both men are in the ring already having a war.

Jim Gunt: This match has started off incredibly wild, as KC3 and Nathan Paradine didn't even want to wait until it officially began before slugging it out!

Mike Rolash: Whoever comes out of this one with the victory is going to have a clear numbers advantage moving forward in the Paramount Grand Prix, Jim. Win this match and you get two points, lose it and you get zero. By the slight chance that we get a draw, both men get a point. It's do or die time from week one on.

When Nick McArthur turned around to ring the bell, KC3 immediately reaches up with a rake to the eyes of Nathan, then quickly drops to one knee to throw the hardest lowblow that's ever been seen.

Jim Gunt: Oh, right where the sun don't shine!

Mike Rolash: Wouldn't that be his ass?

Paradine drops to the mat in the fetal position and KC3 gives a sneering smirk to the quickly booing audience, holding up his two hands for emphasis, showing the people that not all the Gods are dead. That's all Nathan needed to recover this early in the match, however, who quickly takes the Jersey native down with a drop toehold, and is able to easily transition it to an anklelock! KC3 is screaming out as Nathan keeps the hold locked in with one hand, the other still nursing his jewels.

Jim Gunt: Despite Paradine being in clear pain, he's still able to lock in that ankle lock. Gotta love that resolve, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Dude has balls of steel.

Nathan is a submission master, but only using one hand means that this hold is far looser than he'd like it to be. KC3, being a great wrestler in his own right, is able to slip through and rather than try to force it, Nathan just lets it go. Both men rise to their own feet at the same time, with Paradine standing simply while KC3 scrambles for the ropes. Neither one does anything for a few moments, just both looking at each other as they circle around one another cautiously. Nathan rolls his neck to let the bones crackle and pop, whereas KC3 is tentatively putting more and more weight on his ankle, after determining that it isn't broken or injured. It's Nathan who holds out his hand first, either as a test of strength or a desire to lock up, but either way, KC3 looks around at the audience, before glancing over at the offered hand warily. His eyes narrow, as Paradine snorts out loudly, still waiting.

Jim Gunt: Come on KC3, are you going to take the lock up or not?

Mike Rolash: Davison is an intelligent man, he doesn't walk into any situation without a sound gameplan.

KC3 slowly brings up his own hand, getting closer and letting the fingers get almost close enough to touch, before quickly pulling it away and throwing out a sudden kick to Paradine's hamstring that quickly gets the Australian shouting and hobbling in frustration. KC3 gives a laughing smirk as he shrugs 'cutely' to the audience, that leaves him open to a sudden forearm to the side of his head courtesy of the larger Paradine. The Next Generation God staggers and steps off-balance, before looking over angrily. That goads the smaller man into rushing in and locking up for real, which means Nathan with his larger size and heavier weight can very swiftly and suddenly position him and bring him down with a back suplex. Nathan quickly turns that into a side headlock, but they're both close enough to the ropes that KC3 is able to reach out his foot and grab that bottom rope in a way that gets the ref involved. He leans down telling Nathan to break the hold and starts to count. On the count of three, Nate finally lets go and, with the ref positioned as he is, KC3 can again reach around the ref's blindspot to poke the larger man right in his right eye that causes the man to react and scramble away.

Jim Gunt: KC3 is certainly taking advantage of our new official Nick McArthur here tonight.

Mike Rolash: You do what you gotta do to pick up the victory, Jim.

Jim Gunt: Well the Next Generation God has yet to go for a cover...

Mike Rolash: That's besides the point.

KC3 sees this as an opportunity and leaps to his feet and rushes behind the still scrambling Nathan. From behind KC has a perfect opportunity, and lands his patented, innovative Bouncing Godplex. He bridges and the ref goes down to count, but it's clear that the living Saint himself isn't finished. Using his own strength and physicality he's able to pull Nathan to a standing position, this time they're facing each other which allows KC3 to hit the Australian with the inverted version of this incredible move. This time he DOES bridge for the pin, and McArthur slides in for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-No!

Despite their feelings for both competitors, the fans pop for that display of toughness on Nathan's part, and KC3 looks unhappy that he couldn't put this one away quickly. Looking over to the turnbuckle, he decides that a bit of desperation might be what he needs, but as he springs to his feet to leap up the turnbuckles, he doesn't suspect that Nathan is right behind him, clubbing the Jersey native across the face three times, and dazing him long enough for Paradine to lock in that Hanging Cutter, bouncing KC3's head against the mat like a watermelon against a sidewalk. The impact is only slightly less gruesome, as the smaller man is dazed as the pinfall is made.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-ROPEBREAK!

Again the fans are on their feet, as this time it's KC3 who had the wherewithal to get out of this predicament. Nathan is unhappy at this, and lets his displeasure be known and felt by way of at least a dozen hard stomps to the face and chest of the smaller competitor. Nathan backs up a few feet and almost slides in for a hard elbow drop to the God of Cheating's chest, but the man is right next to the ropes and is able to slide almost out of the ring, letting Nathan hit nothing but canvas. He isn't given any time to nurse his arm, however, as KC3 is immediately grabbing the back of the man's head and neck, pulling Paradine's throat over the bottom rope as he's hanging off the apron to apply as much weight as he can to the choke. The ref is instantly on his knees, half in the ring half out, yelling at KC3 to stop it and begins to count. KC3 lets it get to four before pointing out that he isn't in the ring, this technically isn't an in-ring choke. This flusters the ref for a while, and they have a debate that last about until a seven count before KC3 realizes his arms

are getting pretty tired. So Nathan gets a bit of a reprieve, resting his chest against that bottom rope and gasping for air, as he tries to get his bearings. This plays into KC3's plans, however, as the smaller Jersey man stands on the guardrail to balance and steady himself.

Ray Douglas: FIVE MINUTES REMAINING IN THE MATCH!

Jim Gunt: Time is running out on this match, these guys are going to have to get back into the ring!

Mike Rolash: The Next Generation God is about to take out Paradine and take the count out victory. I can't say I blame the man if he does just that.

KC3 leaps off that guardrail, traveling in an arc and landing an elbow drop to the top of Nathan's skull, that drives his chest into that rope as well as smashing his face into that hard apron, that causes the Australian to writhe and roll into the ring, clutching his face as he's very obviously bleeding now. KC3 for his part takes a few moments to pick himself off of the ground outside, testing his arm and making sure nothing's broken, before sliding into the ring and pointing down at a still writhing Nathan Paradine as if to prove something. The fans have been going nuts rather steadily this whole time, which only increases as they realize that KC is in the corner, biding his time and waiting for Nathan to get into position. And the second Nathan is able to rise up to his knees, KC3 is on him like white on rice, grabbing the back of his head and launching knee after knee after knee in a Muay Thai clinch, until by the end of it Nathan is as limp as a corpse, and KC3 lets him fall to the mat in a heap. The yellow of his right kickpad is covered in red crimson, and he's looking around smugly, like he was at the beginning. Again, he holds up his two hands, showing everyone the two Hands of God(tm) that are going to finish this match. He drops down to one knee dramatically, looks at his right and left, then brings them both down at the same time.

Jim Gunt: OH MY GOD! Mark of Judas!

From this position, Nathan has the wherewithal to lock in the Mark Of Judas, using his legs to great effect to wrap around the right hand and throat of the surprised KC3...who is still locking in his own Hands Of God, and crushing the life out of the larger Australian man. Both men in the middle of the ring, Nathan wearing a crimson mask while KC3 is starting to turn pink, then red, then purple. Everyone is cheering and jeering and on their feet, people are even throwing streamers and garbage as McArthur is down on his knees, almost not knowing what to do. Even in the worst pain of his life, Nathan is smart enough to 'hunch' his back a bit, to make sure his shoulderblades are not flat on the mat, with each man wanting to spend their last moments here on earth destroying the other one. Eventually both men fall to their sides, these holds locked in tightly, Nathan screaming out every so often but refusing to give in. KC3 somehow is able to make it to the ropes though, the official breaking up the intertwining men as the crowd let out a gasp for both their well being and the fact that the CWF Tron lights up with one minute remaining!

Jim Gunt: We're getting down to the final seconds now, and KC3 is going to have to make it count as he struggles to get to his feet.

Mike Rolash: Wait a minute, what the hell is Silas doing out here?

Using his trademark cane to assist him down the ramp, a heavily bandaged up Silas Artoria slowly but surely makes his way down, immediately catching the attention of KC3. The Next Generation God is livid, screaming out at Silas from inside the ring, not realizing that Paradine has slithered up behind him until he rolls him up!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

SEVEN!

Both men are back to their feet, KC3 with a Double Foot Stomp to the rising Paradine!

SIX!

FIVE!

KC3 drops down to cover Paradine, but Silas leaps onto the apron.

FOUR!

Jim Gunt: Cover him, KC3!

The Next Generation God gets back to his feet, taking a swing at Silas who immediately drops down.

THREE!

KC3 turns back around, hurrying to drop down and cover Paradine.

ONE!

TWO!

BEEP

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, as a result of a time limit draw this match has been ruled a no contest! As a result both Nathan Paradine and KC3 pick up one point in the Paramount Grand Prix!

A clearly angered KC3 gets to his feet, yelling out once again at a pleased Silas Artoria who continues to back his way up the ramp. KC3 doesn't let him go so fast though, rolling out of the ring and heading up to meet him, but Artoria has already made it through the curtain and took cover. Paradine comes to in the ring, shaking his head out of frustration but at least happy that he picked up one point in the PGP.

They Don't Know...

Match

We cut backstage, where we see Byson, Freddie and Duce walking down the corridor that leads to the parking lot. Duce's face can be seen a bit upset, behind the protective mask, meanwhile Byson rubs the back of his neck as he thumbs through his phone.

Byson Kaliban: He interrupts our protest... A fairly peaceful one at that! He comes to our yard, fucking up things left and right... He throws you (pointing towards Freddie) around like a ragdoll... He Throws Me (pointing towards himself) Around Like A FUCKING RAGDOLL!

The three men soon burst through the doors that lead to the parking lot.

Byson Kaliban: I'm about to green light this fool!

The Aces come to an abrupt stop.

Duce Jones: T'fuck!?

Freddie Styles: You can't do that shit...

Turning his attention from his phone, he looks at Freddie and Duce with a puzzled look.

Byson Kaliban: Why not?

Freddie Styles: Because it's illegal...

Duce Jones: Bys, how many times I gotta tell ya, y'can't go round ki... Let's just get t'tha limo so we can talk bout dis shit in private.

Byson Kaliban: You guys are so sensitive...

Their limo sits in the same spot they left it as all three men enter into it, the camera quickly panning out to show the entire vehicle. Suddenly the sound of two semi horns echo out, the camera pans right as we see a semi-truck backing up to the limo. Panning left, there's a semi-truck backing up to the front of the limo.

Jim Gunt: Uh ohh!

Leaning out of both semis are Big Rig and the Fifth Wheel Boys as the hoop and holler.

Mike Rolash: Those guys need to get out of that limo.

Smoke begins to build up on the pavement as the semis begin to rev up their engines. In unison, both trucks speed off in opposite directions, steel chains unraveling on both sides soon ripping the front and rear axles from underneath the limo!

Jim Gunt: OH MY LORD!

The limo drops to the ground as sparks go flying everywhere. The horns of the semis can be heard honking in the distance along with wild laughter, the Australian fans laughing with them. As they drive off into the night, the doors of the limo opens up as Byson and the Aces exit. They examine the damage, all of them in disbelief.

Freddie Styles: Did they just...?

Byson Kaliban: AHHHHHHH!

Duce Jones: I'm goin' t'see Doc...

Duce walks off leaving Freddie with Byson.

Byson Kaliban: Real comedians... But they don't know how this is gonna end. C'mon Fredrick.

Byson walks away, leaving Freddie standing there with a fairly annoyed look on his face.

Freddie Styles: It's Freddie asshole!

Freddie then follows his cohorts as the scene fades back to ringside.

Jimmy Allen vs. Silas Artoria

Match

Jim Gunt: Oh boy, this is turning into more and more of an all out war here between the Glass Ceiling and the Snake Nation!

Mike Rolash: Ooh yeah, finally some real action!

Jim Gunt: So KC3 and Nathan Paradine both sit at 1 point apiece after their draw in the last match, so now on to the second portion of the Veterans Block, if, that is, Silas did manage to escape KC3's wrath from just before!

Ray Douglas: The following is the final match in the first week of Paramount Grand Prix competition!

"Something Got Me Started" by Simply Red plays over the speakers as blue lights illuminate the stage, spotlights flaring around as the Psychotic Aristocrat comes from behind the curtain looking worse for wear.

Jim Gunt: Looks like KC3 did not manage to catch up with Silas, who is very banged up going into week one of the Paramount Grand Prix, Mike, as he has both his ribs and his eye bandaged up.

Mike Rolash: Silas still looks as determined as ever though, as he disrobes at ringside.

Jim Gunt: Not sure how taking off his robe could make him seem “determined” to you, but I won’t go there.

Mike Rolash: You just did, asshole.

Silas slides into the ring, testing out the ropes a little bit before awaiting his opponent in his corner.

Ray Douglas: First, from Toronto, Canada, he is the Psychotic Aristocrat....SILAS ARTORIA!!

Jimmy Allen walks slowly out onto the stage as "Cut the Cord" by Shinedown plays. He pauses there as he gets a takes in the reaction from the crowd, which is mostly cheers after weeks of Allen getting personal redemption. He smiles a little, seemingly absorbing it all and getting energy from it. Sprinting towards the ring he leaps and dives under the bottom rope sliding to the center of the ring where he pops up to a standing position. Silas and Jimmy make eye contact first, and then Allen offers out a hand which Artoria immediately takes, giving it a strong shake before both men back into their respective corners.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Dallas, Texas, he is the Catalyst....JIMMY ALLEN!!

Jim Gunt: Great to see a showing of respect from Jimmy and Silas, but make no mistakes about it, once the bell rings these two men will not hold back one iota to get ahead in the Paramount Grand Prix.

Mike Rolash: They’re going to have to. After KC3 and Nathan Paradine battled to a time limit draw just one match ago, these two are going to have to hit hard and heavy to try to pick up the victory before the fifteen minute limit runs out.

“Big” Denny Davidson is on the call, ringing the bell after checking both competitors for weaponry. Allen once again places his right hand out for Silas to shake, but this time Artoria instead takes it and arm drags him to the canvas. He rings the arm of the Catalyst, but Jimmy is able to pop right back up and snap Artoria down by his arm simultaneously. The Psychotic Aristocrat gets to his feet as Jimmy Allen bounces against the ropes, ducking underneath a clothesline attempt from Artoria and stopping in his tracks.

Jim Gunt: Low dropkick right to the damaged ribs of Silas Artoria. Jimmy is not messing around tonight!

Mike Rolash: No he’s not, even though Jimmy may be looking for redemption from those he has wronged over the last few months, his mission statement has never changed. He is here to prove that he is the very best CWF has to offer.

Jim Gunt: If that isn’t the goal of every superstar in the back, then I would suggest taking a walk.

Targeting the ribs of Silas, Jimmy Allen methodically stomps down slowly, measuring Artoria every time as he rolls around to try to stop the damage. Allen props him up on the bottom turnbuckle, using the ropes to pull himself into the air and then shotgun dropkicking Silas in the gut. Smacking the canvas in absolute pain, Artoria looks to be in major trouble.

Jim Gunt: I’m starting to think Silas should have sat this one out, Mike, Allen is practically dominating him in the early going of this match. Those ribs are definitely not fully healed and Jimmy is just using that injury to his advantage like a pro.

Mike Rolash: On top of that, Silas can barely see a thing with all those bandages over his one eye. I almost feel bad for the guy here tonight.

Allen pulls a clearly damaged Artoria up to his feet, sighing as he realizes that his opponent can barely even fight back before taking him up vertically, his feet springing off the ropes as the Catalyst whips him to the canvas with a Snap Suplex. He rolls right through, covering Artoria immediately after.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: And Silas with the kickout! He is right back to his feet, ducking under the lariat attempt from Jimmy Allen and

Backbreaker!

Mike Rolash: Nice backbreaker from Silas, but can he follow it up?

Looking to do just that, Silas Artoria drags Jimmy over to the nearest corner and heads quickly for the top rope. He leaps onto it with his legs open, SPLIT-LEGGED MOONSAULT...LANDS RIGHT ONTO THE OUTSTRETCHED KNEES OF JIMMY ALLEN! Allen rolls him over quickly!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Silas Artoria kicks out right at the last second, the reversal doing major damage to his possibly cracked ribs.

Mike Rolash: Jimmy is doing everything right in this match-up so far, you can tell the Catalyst has his game-face on after being slightly embarrassed at Modern Warfare after his opponent Jack Michaels from Carnage couldn't even bother to show up for their match.

Jim Gunt: Maybe if Silas would have concentrated more on preparing for this match and not interfering with KC3 and Paradine's bout, things would be going better for the Canadian Reaper.

Mike Rolash: I'm not sure how you could say that, Jim, as KC3 has been following Silas around just the same for seemingly over a month now. As a matter of fact...the man is coming down to the ring now.

Jim Gunt: Oh Jesus Christ.

An irate KC3 comes down the ramp jaw-jacking with the fans with his hands flailing the entire time, the Australian crowd booing him the entire time as the action continues in the ring. Jimmy Allen has Silas back up, attempting an Irish Whip which he is able to reverse, catching him with a Rolling Belly to Belly Suplex on his return. Lifting Allen up onto his shoulders, he goes for the Airplane Spin but makes eye contact with KC3.

Jim Gunt: The Next Generation God better just keep himself out of this one, there is too much at stake to interfere in one of these Paramount Grand Prix matches.

Mike Rolash: I guess it's like you said earlier, Jim, Silas should have concentrated all his attention on the match at hand now and not messing around with the WCWA Lightweight Champion.

Jim Gunt: I think that's the first time you've ever agreed with me on something...

Simply watching on as KC3 mouths all kinds of obscenities from outside the ring, Silas is unable to keep Jimmy Allen on his shoulders as he drops out from behind and tucks Artoria's head backward. REVERSE DDT! Jimmy shakes his head at the Next Generation God, turning back around to Silas as he calls out to the crowd that the end is here. He attempts to lift up the Psychotic Aristocrat who suddenly brings up his feet and pulls him in.

Jim Gunt: EAT DE-FEET! ALLEN IS OUT COLD!

Mike Rolash: Silas better go for the cover, time is running out!

An exhausted and in a world of pain Silas Artoria turns over his opponent, barely able to lay atop of Jimmy Allen as he and "Big" Denny don't notice KC3 sliding into the ring from behind.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: What the hell is KC3 doi...

STOMP!

Mike Rolash: Kicking Silas in the back of the head, that's what he's doing.

KC3 continues stomping the hell out of Silas Artoria, barely allowing him to roll off of Allen as he kicks him over and over again to the head and face area. The Australian crowd is booing at the top of their lungs as the bell rings several times aloud.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentleman, as a results of disqualification...the winner of this match is....SILAS ARTORIA!!

Jimmy Allen is to his feet, a clear look of irritation on his face as he turns KC3 around and pushes him in the chest. Allen vocalizes his anger, letting KC3 know that he just cost him two points. KC3 just laughs, and swings a right hand which Allen ducks under. GOODNIGHT PRINCESS! The Crescent Kick nails KC3 and he immediately rolls out of the ring to take cover.

Jim Gunt: Well folks, Silas Artoria picked up a lucky two points after KC3 what some would call "revenge" for Silas delaying him from hitting his finishing maneuver earlier tonight and causing a time limit draw.

Mike Rolash: And Jimmy Allen once again gets screwed. This is starting to become a trend as of late, isn't it Jimbo? I think if I were him I would start to think about taking C\$J up on his offer after all.

Chicken Shit

Match

Jaiden Rishel can be seen storming around the backstage area, without his heavy hitters Alex Cain and The Blue Scorpion behind him, Jaiden is without his newfound stable with Reason. Passing by a stagehand looking down at his paperwork, Jaiden grabs him by his collar and throws him against the wall.

Jaiden Rishel: Where...is...Becker?

The incredibly frightened backstage worker nearly urinates himself as he trembles, still hanging in the air as he whimpers an answer.

Stagehand: Sir...Max was released from his CWF contract earlier this week, you haven't heard?

An irate Jaiden hears the news and immediately flips a nut, tossing the stagehand to the floor like a paper weight.

Jaiden Rishel: Are you fucking serious? After everything him and the Hostile Elite did to me and the boys at the first ReAwakened? I just knew he would be running from a fight like the real chicken shit that he is.

"Jaiden, I'm glad to see you here tonight..."

CWF commissioner Jon Stewart walks into the scene, fidgeting with a pill bottle that he tosses away as soon as the camera focuses on him.

Jaiden Rishel: Is that right?

Jon Stewart: You're damn right that's right. Listen, I wanted to let you know I am completely behind you in your quest to destroy Hostility, in fact that is exactly what I have been trying to do myself. I just wanted to let you know, Jaiden, man to man if there is anything you need from me just shout.

Jaiden Rishel: Hmmm...why don't we talk behind close doors.

Stewart smiles, opening up a door to the closest locker room door which is apparently his office.

Jon Stewart: Shall we?

The two of them head into the room as it slams shut behind them, the camera cutting back to ringside thereafter.

Autumn Raven & The Crimson Ghost & Kendo © vs. V.E.N.O.M (Vince Espinoza, Nina & Omar Martinez)

Match

Jim Gunt: Silas and KC3 are really getting under each other's skins tonight, but luckily for both of them, both were able to achieve a point or two moving into the second week of the Paramount Grand Prix next week.

Mike Rolash: We may have to ban the two of them from ringside during each other's matches at this point...

Jim Gunt: That wouldn't be a bad idea. And what do you think about Jaiden Rishel showing up here on Evolution looking for Max Becker?

Mike Rolash: I think it's time for our main event, Jim...

Ray Douglas: The following Six Person Tag Team Match is YOUR MAIN EVENT 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 "Somewhere In Hollywood" by Sixx A.M. starts to play, the CWF Tron displaying a purple outlined black raven with her name floating over it. As the guitar riff starts up, the purple lights start to flicker like a strobe light as Autumn slowly walks out from the back, coming to a stop at the top of the ramp. She glances out at the crowd with a smirk on her face as she starts down the ramp slowly.

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

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

Jim Gunt: Here's a woman whose been in a funk ever since losing the Hostility Aversion title last week and she can't wait to get her hands on Nina.

Mike Rolash: I bet she does and you can basically say that Nina took her prized possession away from her, seemingly as the WCWA has become disfunc, making her United States title basically useless at this point.

The lights black out, only to be replaced by frantic blood-red strobe lights as the fast-paced frantic riff of that classic Misfits song starts to play. The Crimson Ghost! runs out to about halfway down the ramp, his tag title fashioned around his waist, looking around wildly at all the people even as his theme slowly dies out, and is replaced with KMFDM's very own 'Virus'. Kendo for his part walks out slowly and calmly, his tag title slung over his shoulder. He's ready for war and accompanied by super agent JT Barrett, who looks around excitedly.

Ray Douglas: Her partners, being accompanied to the ring by JT Barrett! At a combined weight of five hundred fifteen pounds! They are your CWF Tag Team Champions! Kendo and The Crimson Ghost! The SAMOAN GHOST CONNECTION!!

From here, the two themes start to blend and merge with each other, with Kendo methodically stalking down the center the ramp, while Ghost stands on the barricade, bounced around and in general, gets really amped up. This is how it goes until the tag champions reach the ring. The Crimson Ghost! slides inside of the ring as Kendo stops at the steps for his ritual five second prayer. Once done he joins his partners as they wait for the match to begin.

Jim Gunt: Talk about a fairy tale ending, these two men were thrown together mere weeks ago, now look at them.. CWF Tag Team Champions!

Mike Rolash: Pulling off what is believe to be a very huge win over Sanctioned Violence at Modern Warfare, I think it's safe to say that sky meet be the limit for this duo.

A total blackout consumes the Brisbane Entertainment Centre, the opening sounds of "Second Death of Souls" by Matriarch begins to play. The fans began 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, holding her Hostility Aversion Championship elegantly within her grasp, as the trio make their way to the ring.

Ray Douglas: Making their way to the ring, at a combined weight of five hundred seventy pounds, Vince Espinoza, Nina, and Omar Martinez....V.E.N.O.M!!

Coming to a standstill at ringside, the three make their way inside of the ring, Autumn chomping at the bit, ready to get her hands on Nina, who coyly smiles in her direction.

Jim Gunt: Even though, V.E.N.O.M are fairly new to CWF, they blew a lot of people's minds when it was revealed that Cassandra was the mastermind behind this group.

Mike Rolash: Simply knowing that, makes this group dangerous and after the way Vince tossed Elijah around, you definitely have to keep an eye on him.

Autumn tells both The Crimson Ghost! and Kendo that she wants to get things started, both men step to the apron as Raven immediately calls for Nina to start things off with her. Nina only smiles as she steps out to the apron along with Vince as it's Martinez who's going get things going for V.E.N.O.M. Martinez bounces from foot to foot, Raven finally accepting what she gets as she makes her move, circling the ring. Omar follows her lead, when they finally meet in the center of the ring with a tie-up.

Jim Gunt: Autumn was really looking forward to getting her hands on Nina. However, Nina choosing to let Omar start things off.

Mike Rolash: She's still upset about how Nina used mind games to play her out of the Aversion Championship. Hopefully though, she's able to keep her head on the swivel here tonight.

With a side headlock applied to Raven, Omar wrenches on the hold trying to bring Autumn down to the mat. Using her smaller frame, she's able to place her left foot onto the back of Martinez's right knee, forcing him down instead. With a handful of Martinez's hair, she slams him face first into the mat, the force of the impact dropping her down to a knee. Martinez grabs at his face, rolling to his back in pain, Autumn drops on top of him for the cover but only gets a count of one as Martinez quickly kicks out.

Jim Gunt: Autumn has gained control for her team as she wrenches the arm of Martinez and leads him towards her team's corner, making the tag to The Crimson Ghost! He's to the top rope and comes down with a double axe handle to the arm.

Mike Rolash: I'm still baffled by the fact this guy skydived into Australia to be here for the show.

Jim Gunt: He's proven to be a man who isn't afraid to take risk.

TCG! now grabs a wristlock, however Martinez quickly reverses the hold, now applying a wristlock himself. With a hard open palm slap to the covered chest of Bonehead, Martinez runs towards the corner. Stepping up the ropes and to the top, he begins to effortlessly spring between the second and top rope before flipping through the air and sending The Crimson Ghost! sliding towards his own team's corner with an arm drag! Bonehead gathers himself in the corner, fairly impressed with Omar, before making the tag to Kendo. Martinez makes it to V.E.N.O.M's corner, where he tags out to Espinoza.

Jim Gunt: And here we have the hosses of both teams, but you have to believe Kendo has the favorable height and

size advantage.

Mike Rolash: Were you not watching how Vince was tossing Elijah around like a child? He's proven that he's more than capable to match strength for strength with anyone.

Espinoza charges at Kendo like a madman, however the Samoan Suplex Machine sidesteps him and sends him crashing into the corner where Autumn and TCG! connect with double step up kicks! Stumbling backwards, Vince is grabbed between the legs by Kendo, who drills him into the canvas with a teardrop suplex! He goes for the cover as Trent Robbins is over for the count!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Getting to his feet, Kendo brings Espinoza to a vertical base, before tossing him into the corner, tagging The Crimson Ghost! back in, taking Vince over with a snapmare. He unleashes a stiff kick to the back of Espinoza, meanwhile The Crimson Ghost! is rebounding off the ropes and simply tags the masked face of the Boa with a basement dropkick! He goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: The Samoan Ghost Connection showing that cohesiveness that brought them the tag team titles.

Mike Rolash: I have to admit that they are proving to be capable of taking on any team in this division.

Staying on the attack, TCG! brings Vince upright, but an irish whip is reversed as Bonehead rebounds off the ropes. Ducking underneath a lariat attempt, TCG! springs off the middle rope for a back elbow, but it's the Boa who sends him crashing face first to the canvas with a lariat to the back of the neck!

Mike Rolash: You never turn your back on a guy like Espinoza, you'll end up paying for it in the long run.

Jim Gunt: Vince has The Crimson Ghost back up and he's tagging Martinez back in.

Martinez quickly has Bonehead's own arm across his chest as Vince connects with a big right hand! Spinning the Ghost out with a ripcord, Martinez leaps up and connects with a jumping knee strike that floors TCG! Now standing a few feet away from the body of Bonehead, Martinez executes a standing moonsault as Vince pushes him through the air before crashing down on The Crimson Ghost! He hooks the leg for the cover as the sold out crowd boo aloud.

ONE!

TWO!

Autumn comes in to stop the count, stomping down on the back of Martinez, this however brings a smile to Nina's face as she orders Martinez to tag her in. Willfully obliging, Martinez drags The Crimson Ghost by his legs towards V.E.N.O.M's corner where he tags in Nina. Directing traffic as she comes in, she places her back to the corner and instructs Martinez to drag TCG! around for a catapult. He does just that, as seductively, Nina blows a kiss in the direction of Autumn. With the legs of TCG! hooked, Martinez falls to the mat freely, catapulting TCG! into a roundhouse kick from Nina! Falling backwards across the knees of Martinez, Nina walks around and makes eye contact with Autumn as she connects with a switchblade kick to the chest of the Ghost, Omar now releases him and slides out of the ring. Nina crawls on top of The Crimson Ghost for the cover, but Raven is once again in to stop the count, Robbins now chastising her as she returns to her team's corner.

Jim Gunt: You can tell those mind games are still in full effect between these two, Autumn needs to focus on not getting her team disqualified.

Mike Rolash: If you had someone constantly tormenting you, it would drag a side of you out that you didn't know was there.

Jim Gunt: Sounds like you're speaking from personal experience...

Mike Rolash: I don't wanna talk about it.

Smiling as she rises to her feet, Nina brings the Ghost back up, interlocks fingers with him and quickly scales up a corner to the top, before jumping off and landing on his shoulders. A hurricanrana attempt is blocked as TCG! holds his base before lifting her up for a powerbomb, somehow though Nina is able to use her momentum to rotate over him and spikes him into the mat with a sunset flip bomb! Instead of going for the pin, she rolls through to her feet as Bonehead rolls to his knees and rings his bell with another roundhouse kick, The Crimson Ghost! is counting birdies as he drops to the mat. Seductively climbing on top of her opponent, Nina goes for the cover again, her eyes focused on the Beautiful Psychopath, however The Crimson Ghost! begins to thrust with each slap of Robbins' hand against the canvas!

ONE!

TWO!

Nina finally dismounts him, realizing what he's doing and gets to her feet. Sitting up TCG! shrugs his shoulders at Nina, but he doesn't see the boot of Martinez connect with his face.

Jim Gunt: The Crimson Ghost! with an unconventional way to escape the pinfall.

Mike Rolash: Lucky bastard...

Trent Robbins admonishes Martinez, who isn't paying any attention to him, as he climbs back out to the apron, but Nina quickly tags him back in, as he perches himself on the apron. Waiting for The Crimson Ghost! to rise, Martinez pulls himself through the middle and top rope with a forward roll before spiking TCG! face first into the mat with a jumping Cutter! He goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Crimson Ghost! is able to get the shoulder up. A bit frustrated, Martinez brings TCG! up with him by his mask, and forces him back into the V.E.N.O.M corner where he tags Nina back into the match. She quickly rushes across the ring, knocking both Kendo and Autumn off of the apron! Going back to Bonehead, she races towards him and wraps her legs around him for a wheelbarrow, as she transitions for a DDT! But he catches her once more, lifting her back onto his shoulders and spinning around like crazy with an airplane spin! The crowd is going bonkers as The Crimson Ghost! spins like a madman with Nina on his shoulders, finally done with his multiple rotations, Bonehead tosses her into the air and catches her with an enzuigiri on the way down!

Jim Gunt: Oh My Lord! The Crimson Ghost connecting with the Turbulence 3! Have you ever seen anything quite as impressive as that?

Mike Rolash: I don't know Jimbo, but he's bought himself some favorable breathing room and he really needs to tag out to Autumn, who's back on the apron!

The Aussie fans are to their feet, cheering The Crimson Ghost! as he crawls towards Autumn, with a stretch of his

body, he's able to make the tag as the Brisbane Entertainment Centre comes alive! Climbing to the top rope, she blasts a rising Nina with a Missile Dropkick! She is quickly back up to her feet as Martinez is now charging in at her, she sidesteps him, forcing him into her team's corner. She's able to duck underneath an Espinoza lariat before rebounding off the ropes and dropping him with a Chop Block! Back to her feet she focuses on Martinez, charging towards him, but he's able to step out of the way as she goes into the corner. Using her cat-like reflexes to her advantage she springs off the middle turnbuckle and clobbers Omar with a Superman Forearm!

Jim Gunt: The Beautiful Psychopath has come unleashed here tonight, Mike, and now she has her sights set on Nina.

Mike Rolash: She's been waiting all week to get her hands on Nina and by now she's foaming at the mouth.

Jim Gunt: You make it seem like she's a dog with rabies, Mike.

Mike Rolash: You said it.

The Cobra Emperatriz lets out a scream before charging at Raven who drops her with a clothesline, back up to her feet, Nina is dropped back down with another clothesline. Refusing to stay down though, she is back up only to be drilled by Raven who spins around her body, into the canvas with a Sling Blade! She goes for the cover as Robbins slides in for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Nina is able to roll her shoulder off the canvas as the Beautiful Psychopath gets to her feet. Letting out a primal scream herself, Autumn brings Nina back to her feet, hooking a front facelock, Raven's suplex attempt is put to a halt as Nina drives her knee into the top of Raven's skull. With no other choice but to release her foe, Raven grabs at her head as both women stumble back into their respective corners tagging in Kendo and Martinez! Omar charges in at the Samoan Suplex Machine, who effortlessly hooks him and sends him flying overhead with a Belly-to-Belly Suplex! The smaller Martinez crashes into the canvas hard as Kendo isn't done with him, lifting him off of the mat like a small child and driving him back into the mat with a Backdrop Driver! Omar bounces off the canvas from the impact as Kendo is over to cover him, hooking the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Jim Gunt: How did he survive that move? Kendo just spiking Omar on the back of his neck!

Mike Rolash: It looks like Vince wants to turn things around!

Espinoza is inside the ring trying to catch Kendo offguard, but he's able to dodge out of the way and clothesline the Masked Man over the top rope where he crashes to the outside. As Vince climbs to his feet, Kendo hits the ropes and uses his two hundred and eighty pound frame like a missile as he flies through the ropes and takes Espinoza out with a Suicide Dive! The Brisbane Entertainment Centre are to their feet cheering for the amazing high risk move. Kendo is to his feet with a guttural roar as the fans cheer him on, however this is short lived as Martinez is seen hitting the ropes. Rushing at Kendo, he springs off the bottom rope and flips over the top rope taking Kendo at with a somersault plancha! The Australian fans are now going nuts as The Crimson Ghost! slides into the ring, running towards the corner near everyone else, he runs up the corner turnbuckles before flipping down onto a rising Omar with a Cannonball Senton! The party isn't over though as the Beautiful Psychopath can be seen scaling a corner, waiting for

everyone to rise.

Jim Gunt: Autumn's looking to put the icing on the cake as everyone gets to their feet...CORKSCREW SPLASH TAKES EVERYONE DOWN TO THE FLOOR!

Mike Rolash: She's putting it all on the line to win this one here tonight!

Autumn is back to her feet, screaming once more as the fans get behind her. Wasting no time, she brings Martinez back to his feet and rolls him back into the ring under the bottom rope, while Kendo can be seen getting inside of the ring himself. Making it to his feet, he stalks behind Martinez, who crawls towards Nina for the tag. Not allowing Martinez to make it to her, Kendo wraps his arms around Omar's waist and deadlifts him off the canvas

Jim Gunt: The Samoan Submission Machine drives Martinez into the mat with a German Suplex and holding on with the bridge!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Martinez kicking out at the last second! Kendo is in disbelief as he thought that was three, almost taking a moment to question Robbins count. He doesn't though as he gets to his feet, grabbing a front facelock on Martinez and drags him to his team's corner where he makes the tag to The Crimson Ghost! They look to be going for a double team maneuver, but it is cut off by Espinoza. A fight soon breaks out as both teams pair off, Martinez with TCG! and Espinoza with Kendo. The brawl between the Ghost and Omar soon spills through the ropes and to the outside as Kendo has Vince backed into a corner. Taking a few steps back, Kendo charges at Espinoza but it's the Boa who has the wherewithal to duck down and lift him up and over the top rope where he's able to land on the apron.

Jim Gunt: Kendo surprises me every week with the things he's able to do inside of that ring.

Mike Rolash: Maybe not more surprised than him as Nina nails him with a Bicycle Kick!

Kendo stumbles back along the apron, meanwhile Autumn Raven can be seen running around ringside, grabbing the foot of Nina. She throws it back as the Aversion Champion comes crashing face first into the apron, the ringside fans able to witness it let out a collective gasp. Meanwhile Vince is seen standing on the middle rope with a front facelock hooked on Kendo, who's still on the apron. Throwing the arm of the Samoan Suplex Machine over his shoulder, the Boa displays impressive strength as he lifts the two hundred and eighty pounder over the top rope and crashing to the canvas with a Suplex! Before Espinoza is able to recover on the canvas the Beautiful Psychopath's leg comes crashing down across his throat!

Jim Gunt: Diving Leg Drop by the Beautiful Psychopath! Where did she come from?

Mike Rolash: I don't know, but she doesn't see Martinez, who's springing off the ropes with a Front Dropkick!

Slowly rolling to his hands and knees, Martinez has the side of his head rocked by the boot of The Crimson Ghost! with his move affectionately known as Bloody Hell! He shoots the half going for the cover as Robbins slides in for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

The crowd and the Ghost are in disbelief as Martinez is able to get his shoulder off of the mat. TCG! takes a moment to rest on the canvas, seemingly spent as the crowd pays their respect.

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

Jim Gunt: These Aussies here tonight are enjoying the tenacity and passion that these competitors are bringing to this match.

Mike Rolash: Both of these teams are here to win and this right here is a prime example of what the CWF has to offer, where any night can be your night to shine!

Both men try to gather themselves on the canvas as the fans continue to cheer them on, the Ghost is the first to his feet, making the tag to Autumn, who climbs the corner as he goes behind Martinez, looking make him See Red. Martinez is able to spin through though, pushing the Ghost in the direction of Raven who leaps over both men, landing on her feet and then rolling through. Back to her feet, she races towards the Racer, who destroys her with a big boot, the force taking him down as well. However he has enough in him to roll towards his corner and makes the tag to Nina. Stepping through the ropes, she orders Omar to his feet as they go for the double team. As Nina brings Autumn up, Raven is able to shove her off and connect with a forearm. She then delivers one to Martinez, Nina tries to catch her off guard, but the Beautiful Psychopath is quick enough to dodge out of the way and send her crashing into Martinez! As Omar stumbles into the corner, Nina comes back with a swing of her own that's caught by Raven, she spins Nina around and drops her with a roundhouse kick when she makes her do a full three sixty.

Jim Gunt: The heart of Autumn Raven is amazing Mike, as she aims her sights on Martinez.

Mike Rolash: She's proving that she's her own woman and doesn't need any help from V.E.N.O.M!

The Australian fans get behind Raven as she charges at Martinez in the corner and connects with another forearm, pulling him out of the corner, she shows she has a bit of power as she sends him flying over head with an Exploder Suplex! The crowd cheer in excitement as she's back vertical, but that quickly ends as Nina comes spinning through with a beautiful Tornado Kick!

Jim Gunt: SHE JUST CONNECTED WITH MARIA'S WRATH! NINA GOES FOR THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Jim Gunt: AUTUMN KICKING OUT IN THE NICK OF TIME!

Mike Rolash: This is becoming intense Jimbo, neither side wanting to give up the victory!

The fans are going nuts as Nina sits beside the heaving body of Raven. She slowly rises to her feet, bringing Autumn up with her as the two women begin to exchange forearm shots. Soon a fist fights breaks out as the two women go at it, soon all four men from both sides coming in to break them up. Trent has seemed to lost all control as all six individuals are separated. They begin to stare at each other before another brawl breaks out inside of the ring!

Jim Gunt: Things are getting out of control quickly in there!

As the ring slowly clears out, Autumn has Nina backed into a corner and places her on the top turnbuckle. Before she's able to attempt anything though, Martinez comes in, jumping onto the back of her shoulders. He flips backwards and spikes her head first into the canvas with an Inverted Hurricanrana! Back to his feet, he nails a jump spin kick to a

charging Kendo, not done, the Racer hits the ropes but it's Kendo who drops with a leg sweep, sending Martinez crashing to the canvas!

Jim Gunt: That leg sweep by Kendo could've knocked Martinez out! He's back to his feet and Espinoza just obliterates him with a lariat!

Mike Rolash: That was like a Mack Truck hitting an eighteen wheeler!

Vince gets to his feet with a loud growl towards the fans, finding himself near the ropes, he turns around but doesn't see The Crimson Ghost! who carelessly flings himself at Espinoza, sending both himself and Vince tumbling over the top rope and crashing to the floor! Meanwhile, Nina still sits on the top turnbuckle as Raven makes it to her feet. Stumbling towards Nina, the Cobra Emperitza leaps off and latches onto Autumn like a rabid dog with a Guillotine Choke!

Jim Gunt: Nina has the Widow's Slumber cinched in tight as Autumn staggers around the ring trying to keep her balance!

Mike Rolash: This is our first time seeing Nina apply this type of submission and it may be lights out for the Raven...

Stumbling around the ring trying to maintain her base, Autumn continues to struggle against the hold as the white eyes of Nina begin to roll into the back of her head, she squeezes tighter and tighter. Beginning to fade, Autumn drops to a knee as Nina continues to hold on with a possessed look in her eyes. The crowd is screaming for Raven to hang on, but things seem inevitable until The Crimson Ghost! comes barreling in to break the submission sending the fans into an uproar!

Jim Gunt: The Crimson Ghost! able to save the day!

Mike Rolash: Talk about making it count!

Unpleased by his action, Martinez slides inside of the ring and comes charging at The Crimson Ghost! A big boot attempt is swatted away, however Bonehead wasn't able to get out of the way of the incoming spinning back elbow! The Crimson Ghost! is out, rolling out of the ring as Martinez turns only to be sent back flipping to the mat, thanks to a Yakuza Kick by Kendo! A bit off balance, Kendo looks for his next victim only to become one himself, Espinoza murdering him with another huge lariat! With a huge roar, Vince is back to his feet only to receive the boot of Raven!

Jim Gunt: CLAW OF THE NIGHT! Espinoza just dropped like a sack of bricks! She's focusing her attention back on Nina, who's rising to her feet.. CLAW OF THE NI....

Mike Rolash: Not again...

The lights inside of the arena go pitch black as you can hear a near riot ensue with the angry fans. When the lights return, Nina is gone and the Book of Truth is lying on the canvas in front of Autumn.

Mike Rolash: Why does it always come down to this?

Coming to a halt, from the momentum of almost executing her Superkick, Autumn annoyingly looks down at the book as the fans can be heard stirring.

Jim Gunt: Autumn! Behind you!

Somehow Nina has made it around the ring and is behind Autumn as she slowly turns around. Striking like a snake, Nina hooks and drives her into the canvas with a uranage sideslam, before locking the Beautiful Psychopath in an Anaconda Vise! Raven struggles against the submission as Trent is right there to see what her decision is. Outside of the ring her backup, the CWF Tag Team Champions are enthralled in an intense battle with the remaining members of V.E.N.O.M!

Jim Gunt: Nina is pulling out all the stops as she now has Autumn locked in Death's Kiss!

Mike Rolash: She was so close to getting one over on Nina!

Continuing to squeeze and strangle the life out Autumn, Nina screams for her to submit, but it's the Beautiful Psychopath refusing to succumb to the pressure.. Finally as Nina continues to wrench on the hold, Autumn finally caves in and taps out. Trent Robbins immediately calls for the bell!

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

Where the Bloody Hell are ya?!

Match

The bell has rung to mark the end of the match, but for the teams currently in the ring the fight is far from over. V.E.N.O.M front their opponents, the team of Autumn Raven, Kendo and Crimson Ghost, ready to start everything all over again until...

"You've become the Enemy!"

Jim Gunt: I...don't recognise that music.

Like a Storm's "You've become the Enemy" hits the PA system, filling the arena and drawing attention to the entry way.

Mike Rolash: Who the hell is interrupting a potentially gloriously violent brawl?

Sam Braxton: CWF, where the bloody hell are ya?!

Mike Rolash: Oh god no.

Standing on the stage is the larrikin and the battler, the former CWF Tag-Team Champions Sam Braxton and Dean Coulter, also known as the Lost Boys. They stand with microphones in hand, taking in the packed arena and the teams currently in the ring.

Dean Coulter: Looks pretty simple to me Sam. It looks as if the Championship Wrestling Federation has gone walk about through our sunburnt backyard.

Sam Braxton: Struth?! Without us? Tell 'em they're dreamin'!

Jim Gunt: Never thought I'd be happy to see these two blokes.

Dean Coulter: What's worse, the Tag-Team Division has fallen into a real shambles since we...left.

Mike Rolash: Left is a bit of a misnomer. If I remember correctly Dean joined up with Ouroboros and all hell broke loose. Why does he think he can show his face now, after all this time?

Jim Gunt: No one is above a second chance Mike. Dare I say it, not even you. Perhaps he's come back to make amends?

Sam Braxton: Just look at these Drongos, runnin' around like a bunch of headless Galahs.

Dean Coulter: Fair dinkum, we came a gutser in the days of Ouroboros. But those days are over and we've come back to make up for our mistakes, to catch up on lost time.

Sam Braxton: We came here to start a blue, and we're clearly gonna be as flat out as a lizard drinkin'.

Dean Coulter: Every single team is put on notice.

Sam Braxton: Aussie, Aussie, Bloody Aussie!

With a final poignant raise of the arms the Lost Boys drop their microphones as Evolution draws to a close, leaving the two teams still left in the ring caught completely off-guard. The landscape of the tag-team division had just drastically changed as the screen fades to the credits.

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