

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 45

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: March 19, 2019
Location: Prairie Capital Convention Center — Springfield, Illinois

Results

Carved in Stone

Match

"Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins blares through the arena speakers. Strobes flash through the arena, a chorus of boos fills the air and the crowd comes to its feet as Dan Ryan steps out onto the stage. Ryan stops to soak it all in, a smirk appearing on his face as the lights reflect off his sunglasses. Ryan gives a little tap to the CWF World Championship belt around his waist and heads to the ring.

Jim Gunt: And starting us off tonight, the brand new CWF World Champion is here!

Mike Rolash: There's somethin' about this guy. I've never seen someone come in and shake things up as quickly as he has.

A few steps from the ring, he breaks into a run and rolls in under the bottom rope, then to his feet. He steps up onto the second turnbuckle in the corner nearest to him and stares out into the crowd, letting the people take their shots. Another smile crosses his face as he reaches down to retrieve a microphone from a ringside attendant and he hops down.

Jim Gunt: He certainly looks the part. I'll give him that.

Dan Ryan: Well... lookie here what I have. Now, before I get into this, there was a piece of news the other day that I'd like to address. I'd like to welcome a member of the family, the one and only Queen of the Ring Lindsay Troy to CWF.

Mixed reaction from the fans.

Dan Ryan: That deserves every bit of respect and adulation that you people have to offer -- but I'll let that be for now. Like I said -- look what I have.

Ryan gestures to the belt again and the crowd boos loudly. Ryan loves this and smiles the biggest smile.

Dan Ryan: I know, I know. It's shocking. Finally, a man who says what he's going to do and then goes out and does it. But it's not shocking to me. You see, this is the way things usually go for me. I've been accused of a lot of things -- an asshole, a selfish egomaniac, a narcissistic jerk -- and these do ring with some truth. But, one thing no one will ever say is that I make empty threats.

No, I say what I'm going to do and I go out and do it. One way or another, no matter how long it takes, I go out and do it.

Ryan starts a little stroll around the ring.

Dan Ryan: It's the same old story. I make a name for myself, then I go out and look for competition. I sign with a company and immediately the resident welcoming committee, threatened by my arrival, decides to tell me and everyone else how everything I've done MEANS NOTHING HERE. Right? The past is the past, they say, and is not in any way an indicator of future outcomes.

Ryan rolls his eyes.

Dan Ryan: And then, a month or two later, after I've made my way to the top of their promotion and won their World Championship -- and I ALWAYS WIN IT -- they're left rendered speechless, scrambling for new talking points or scrambling to figure out how to try and make everyone forget how hopelessly stupid they were for doubting me.

And ladies and gentlemen, like clockwork....

HERE WE ARE.

Ryan lets the microphone hang down by his side, and the crowd lets him have it one more time.

Dan Ryan: So at the risk of stating the obvious, as every last one of you looks in the ring right now, feast your eyes on the World Champion of World Champions. I said on the way here and I'll say it again -- this is and has always been my destiny. I have always been right in the middle of the Inner Circle of Professional Wrestling, and I will always be the man that the rest of you desperately try to catch up to. The Shadow thinks being chased changes things. I've been on top my whole life. I'm always being chased. I've always been a target. That's the nature of being great.

Mike Rolash: Here here.

Ryan pauses and gives a quick smirk as he pans his gaze around the crowd.

Dan Ryan: Tonight, The Shadow gets a rematch for my World Championship. He probably thinks this puts the pressure on me to cement my claim to the throne. On the contrary, no matter his views on how I got here, I'm here. I'm not going away, and the only thing that's gonna happen tonight is I'm gonna wipe the final vestiges of your stench off of this belt.

You held this belt hostage for far too long. You, a man living in a fantasy land where people enable you and make you think you're so much more than you are. Believe me, people are tired of The Shadow.

It's time you get used to living in mine.

Ryan tosses the microphone over his shoulder and, as the music kicks back in, drops to the mat and rolls back under the bottom rope to the floor. He gives no attention to the booing crowd as he walks back up the ramp and through the curtain.

Freddie Styles vs. Johnny Graves

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall, with no time limit. Introducing first from Atlanta, Georgia and weighing in at 223lbs...Freddie Styles!

The lights go down, and all you see is a silhouette of a man, forming a diamond with his hands above his head as the opening riff of "U Don't Know" by Jay-Z hits...

Mike Rolash: Mr. Ballgame is a former champion and otherwise just one hell of a skilled competitor. We can't go wrong starting things off with him.

Jim Gunt: He certainly is an impressive athlete, even if I don't agree with his attitude or some of his actions.

As the song moves into the verse, Freddie steps out from behind the curtain as he just stands there in his hooded vest, hood over his head, bouncing from side to side, before making his slow walk towards the ring. Freddie slowly walks up the ring steps, and steps through the ropes. He then stands on the middle rope, holding one arm above him, before stepping down, and leaning over in a corner. He takes the hood from off his head, then takes the vest off.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Las Vegas, Nevada and weighing in at 218lbs...Johnny Graves!

The lights throughout the venue cut leaving the fans sitting in complete darkness. Suddenly red and blue lights begin flashing throughout the arena as the sound of police sirens pierce the silence. Suddenly the heavy drums of

"Terrorstorm" blasts from the various speakers throughout the arena. The fans rise to their feet in a thunderous response: half of them cheer while the other half boo. After several moments of anticipation the curtain pulls back and Johnny Graves steps out onto the small stage. Graves slowly moves his gaze over the sea of fans, a confident smirk on his lips. He drops down onto his knees where he sits for several moments.

Jim Gunt: This relative newcomer is here to prove he is better than everyone else, putting our practiced CWF roster on notice.

Mike Rolash: Time for him to put his money where his mouth is.

Graves pushes himself up to his feet and begins strutting confidently towards the ring. The fans on either side of the aisle reach out looking to get a high five or anything from the passing Graves who ignores them completely, his intense eyes fixated on the ring, confident smirk on his lips. As he nears the ring he picks up his pace until he's in a jog. He slides into the ring feet first, sliding all the way to the center of the ring where he again sits on his knees. He slowly rises his right hand and points to the sky with his index finger. He springs up to his feet and moves to the corner where he ascends to the middle rope and begins yelling towards the fans at ringside, the cameramen, whoever happens to look in his direction. He climbs down from the ropes and kneels in the corner resting his head against the middle turnbuckle and says a quick prayer. Back on his feet again he begins pacing back and forth in the corner like a caged animal longing for the moment he's freed and can pounce on it's prey. Completely, tossing it to the floor, awaiting for the beginning of the match.

Jim Gunt: Clark in the ring, checking both competitors for foreign objects and expecting a clean match.

Mike Rolash: It's all pomp and circumstance. If a cheater wants to cheat, they're going to.

With a gesture from Clark Summits the starting bell tolls and the first match of the evening is underway. Not wasting any time Freddie lunges forward, Johnny proves one step ahead, evading the sudden advance and swinging behind Mr. Ballgame for a school boy pin attempt.

ONE...

TWO...

TH-

Jim Gunt: Holy Cow! This match was almost over before it could even begin. Freddie Styles does not look impressed!

Mike Rolash: And why should he be? Graves got lucky at Confliction in his debut and he almost got lucky again. My man Styles is too good to be caught by something like that though.

Freddie Styles glowers, staring daggers into the heart of his opponent, while Johnny Graves, the Sin City Saint, merely shrugs his shoulders smugly and motions for Styles to get back to his feet and try again.

Jim Gunt: Graves clearly doesn't rate Freddie Styles very highly.

Mike Rolash: I'm looking forward to the day that he is made to regret that.

It proves little more than a ruse, as Graves rushes forward and cracks Styles in the mouth with a charging knee, hoisting Mr. Ballgame back up for a Dragon Rush Suplex. Johnny Graves hooks the leg for another pin.

Mike Rolash: You hate to see this, Graves is taking Styles to school. I'm embarrassed for him.

Jim Gunt: Can't believe I'm agreeing with you on this one.

ONE...

TWO...

TH-Freddie kicks out!

Mike Rolash: Freddie is leaving things a little close for comfort.

Jim Gunt: Graves proving just perhaps he isn't all talk.

Mike Rolash: Eh, a lucky break I reckon. Just you wait and watch.

Johnny charges forward with another rushing knee strike, this time Freddie is prepared for him, catching the Sin City Saint and throwing him head over heels with a snap overhead belly-to-belly suplex, Johnny crashes uncontrollably into the nearby corner.

Mike Rolash: Like I said, a lucky break, but luck will only take you so far in this business.

Freddie drags the crumpled heap that is Johnny Graves out of the corner and ascends the turnbuckle. Mr. Ballgame comes down with a moonsault, but Johnny has the sense to roll out of the firing line and to safety. Instead, Freddie meets the ring mats, crashing down hard, his body jarred by the impact.

Jim Gunt: And apparently Johnny's luck continues.

Mike Rolash: Oh shut up!

Johnny has Freddie coming off of the ropes with an Irish whip and Mr. Ballgame comes bouncing back into the waiting clutches of the Sin City Saint, who lifts his opponent up onto his shoulders, setting up for the Rolling Sevens.

Jim Gunt: Freddie is in a bad position.

Mike Rolash: Who even hired this guy?!

At the last possible moment Freddie denies the execution of the impressive rack bomb, slipping free from Johnny's grasp and putting some distance between them for a brief reprieve. Johnny looks ready to punish Freddie for his tenacity and moves quickly in for the kill. Freddie ducks underneath the spinning back fist and catches Graves with Dat Remix, dropping down for his first cover attempt.

ONE...

TWO...

Johnny kicks out!

Jim Gunt: Now to see if Freddie can keep this ball rolling!

Freddie remains on the offensive, pouncing on the fallen Graves and coming in for the ATL Stomp. Johnny Graves once again moves out of the way and in the blink of an eye connects with the Silencer.

Mike Rolash: What is with this guy? Every time Freddie seems to gain the upper hand Graves just sweeps the rug out from under him.

Graves motions for the end of the match and has Freddie in place for a suplex lift, probably for the Starkiller finisher. Despite the beating he's taken Freddie still has the sense to know when he's in danger, blocking the attempt by wrapping his leg around the leg of the Sin City Saint. Undeterred Johnny goes for it again. Throwing all sense of sportsmanship and competitiveness out of the window, Freddie lashes out with a VERY stiff kick that goes between the legs of the Sin City Saint and straight to the groin.

Mike Rolash: Oooooooh. I felt that from here.

Jim Gunt: What is Freddie thinking? Referee Clark Summits is forced now to disqualify Styles and give the win to Graves.

Johnny is doubled over in pain while the clearly frustrated Freddie is unmoved and uncaring by the tolling of the match

ending bell. Styles connects with the ATL Stomp, following up with his patented Ballgame finisher, leaving the previously impressive looking Johnny Graves, sprawled out on the ring.

Mike Rolash: The win may have gone to Graves, but the victory goes to Freddie.

With a derisive glance to the fallen form of his opponent, Freddie retrieves a microphone.

Freddie Styles: Yeah alright. Shut your cake holes.

Jim Gunt: In the history of pro-wrestling has that ever worked?

Freddie Styles: Look at this! I'm a champion-level competitor, THE best athlete on the roster and I'm forced to fight in the opening? Against the likes of this cracker-nobody!

Jim Gunt: That nobody, for all intents and purposes, almost beat him.

Mike Rolash: Shut up Jim! No one cares!

Freddie Styles: I ain't having any of it. Nah instead I'm about to lay out some truth-bombs, say the things no one has the balls to say. Like for instance...Where the hell is our Impact Champion? Where in the world is Zach van Owen huh? A so-called fighting champion who promised to elevate the status of the Impact title and yet no one has seen or heard from him in weeks! You know what that sounds like to me?

Jim Gunt: Zach was kidnapped! Not like he wanted it to happen!

Mike Rolash: You so sure about that?

Freddie Styles: It sounds like Zachy-Boy couldn't handle the heat, so he grabbed his ball and ran with it. The boy you all wrongly look to as a great hero of this company is a coward! A false hero! And if he has any shred of decency he will come out here, face me and prove me wrong!

Moments pass by with no sight or sound of the Game-Changer.

Freddie Styles: See...Just what I thought. Y'all built him up and were so glad he won, but he doesn't give a single damn about y'all. Any of you! He's off the radar, holding a major championship, keeping it from those deserve it. And y'all give him all the slack. I held that belt, defended it against anyone who came calling, but if I took a vacation the way Zachy-boy has and y'all would be ripping me one all over the place! It's about time something was done about it!

"You Better Be Worth It."

Match

The first wrestling show after a PPV is generally a hot one, and Evolution 45 promises to be nothing short of that. The card is stacked top to bottom, with a World Title defense closing out the show, and Christopher St. James is positively giddy at the night's prospects.

Mister Dollar Sign himself looks out one of his office's windows and rocks back and forth on his heels, surveying the crowd, breathing deeply. A knock behind him interrupts his rhythm, and he pivots on the balls of his feet to turn toward the door.

C\$J: Come in!

Striding through the entrance is a very tall woman dressed in a leather jacket, a grey "DP's Dojo: Tampa" t-shirt, jeans, and sneakers. Her shoulder-length brown, red, and blonde curls bounce in rhythm with her steps. In one hand she swings a CWF credentials lanyard; in the other she holds a manilla envelope.

To the uninitiated or uninformed, this is Lindsay Troy. Alias "The Queen of the Ring," amongst other monikers. She hasn't graced a professional wrestling promotion since 2017, but the hows and whys of this are another story for another time. What's important right now is that there's a buzz in the arena at the scene being broadcast as Troy stops

in front of St. James's desk.

C\$J: Ah! Ms. Troy. How lovely to see you again. I hope you and my World Champ are finding your stays in Phoenix enjoyable.

Did we mention Dan Ryan is her brother-in-law? Because he is. Ryan invited Troy out to Melbourne, Australia for CWF's Confliction PPV and while the Queen wasn't actively *seen* on camera that night, she apparently had a conversation at some point with St. James and was invited back again.

Lindsay Troy (smiling politely): Mine is fine, thanks. I won't speak for Dan.

C\$J: Oh, of course not. He does plenty of that on his own.

Lindsay Troy: Well, Ceej, that is why you pay him. And while I'm on the subject...

She lifts her hand that has the envelope in it and plunks it on his desk.

Lindsay Troy: ...I brought you back a present.

St. James frowns at the familiarity with which the Queen uses his first name, but says nothing for the moment. Instead, he snatches the brown pouch, tears open the top, and pulls some papers out. He takes a few moments to read them over.

C\$J: Your lawyer was very....thorough...with his renegotiation points.

Lindsay Troy: That's why he earns what I pay him.

C\$J: He was also a dick during the entire process.

Lindsay Troy (smirking): He said the same thing about you. As have some others here.

St. James peers over the top of Lindsay Troy's apparent CWF contract and scowls.

C\$J: You sure this is the foot you want to get off on with me?

Lindsay Troy: On the contrary, Ceej, I consider this knowing exactly where we both stand.

A stalemate, for the moment. Finally, St. James huffs, snatches a pen, and signs the last page. He turns the pen over to Troy and she does the same.

Lindsay Troy: Pleasure doing business with you, Ceej. I'll be seeing you around, I'm sure.

With that, the Queen takes her leave. St. James watches her go, his once excited mood a little tempered now.

C\$J (muttering under his breath): You'd better be worth it.

Cut away.

Like a Phoenix

Match

Evolution 45 returns from commercial with a pan of the Talking Stick Resort Arena in Phoenix, the CWF Universe welcoming the athletes back to the US after their Australian tour. Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash are standing in front of their announce table, ready to go.

Jim Gunt: Welcome back, ladies and gentlemen! We are back from Australia and I guess to ease us back into the tail end of the North American winter we are in Phoenix, Arizona, where we will be dealing with the fallout from Confliction.

Mike Rolash: Scourge and Silas Artoria will be facing off in a one on one to determine the #1 contender spot for the Paramount Championship!

Jim Gunt: Also we will have a much anticipated duo of matches coming straight out of the Confliction main event, with Ataxia and Duce Jones battling it out for the spot as top contender for the World Heavyweight title and then the rematch for said title between the new champion Dan Ryan and The Shadow, which should--

Suddenly the lights go out and "Wield Lightning to Split the Sun" by Primordial begins to play. The crowd gives out a huge cheer as The Shadow and Myfanwy step through the curtains onto the stage and proceed towards the ring.

Mike Rolash: See what you did now? You summoned him!

As the two hooded figures reach the centre of the ring, the music stops, but the lights stay down, with only a crimson spotlight illuminating the silhouettes.

The Shadow: I know that I will face Dan for the title I lost at Confliction tonight, but as important as it is, I have a message for my bagged friend. Ataxia, I don't know what happened to the scrambled eggs you have for brains right now, but make no mistake - whatever mind games you are planning, whatever end game you are pursuing, you are meddling with forces way beyond your imagination. I might not know the extent of your mental instability and what lengths you might go to, but trust me, as much as you think that you have figured me out - you have not seen anything. You say you brought me out of the darkness? You have no idea about the darkness still within me, ready to engulf you and your world... Bring it on...

The spotlight cuts out and moments later the lights in the arena come back up, showing an empty ring, the only trace of The Shadow's presence being the microphone laying in its centre.

Jim Gunt: Our former champion is not happy with Ataxia, I don't think we've seen the end of this.

Mike Rolash: I propose a buried alive match between the two of them, where both get buried. Case closed, problem solved.

Jim Gunt: OK, Mike, dream on, maybe you'll sleep better tonight, but we have a show to move on with, so let's go to Mr. Douglas!

The Lost Boys (Dean Coulter & Sam Braxton) (c) vs. The Hostile Elite (Nathan Paradine & Trent Steel)

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is a non-title tag team contest scheduled for one fall!

Crowd: ONE FALL!

Jim Gunt: Can we just talk about this big news? Lindsay Troy, the Queen of the Ring, has signed with CWF! This is a game changer!

Mike Rolash: What game is it changing? She's just another washed up has-been coming here.

Jim Gunt: One of these "has-beens" is actually our current World Heavyweight champion...

Mike Rolash: So what? Just look at what we have there right now. Ryan, has-been. The Shadow, creepy goth that is all show and no substance. Ataxia, I won't even start with him. Duce, the ONE man that actually deserves to be up there.

Jim just rolls his eyes as "Bleed The Freak" by Alice in Chains rings out among the stadium and the cameras cut to the entrance ramp. Strobe lights are on and have their full effect as the one and only Trent Steel walks out and pauses, smirking slightly as he points at his new Hostility t-shirt, ensuring everyone knows where his allegiances are.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania! He is, "The Hostile Son of a Bitch," TRENT STEEL!

The crowd is split in its resounding response for Trent Steel, as the camera's cut to ringside and Jim Gunt and Mike

Rolash.

Jim Gunt: Welcome back one and all and we are set for some tag team action tonight! On one side you have our freshly crowned, two time tag team champions in The Lost Boys!

Mike Rolash: And on the other, you have the vicious and hungry Trent Steel and Nathan Paradine. They are billed as The Hostile Elite by C\$J, but we'll see how "elite" they are when they take on Evolution mainstays and the tag team champions at that! You can't just wake up, form a tag team one day, and expect to be able to win a match against champions who are well established. C\$J and his "elite" need to recognize that they can't expect us to be pushovers. Evolution is top tier, I may not like EVERYONE, but you don't mess with my home.

Jim Gunt: Wise words, for once, coming from Mike Rolash and I couldn't agree with you more!

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 before shaking hands with Trent.

Ray Douglas: And his partner, "The Australian Submission Machine," Nathan Paradine! Together they are, The Hostile Elite!

The crowd boos at the mention of Hostility but the two men could care less as they make their way down to the ring. Together, they climb up onto the apron and into the ring, neither of them caring much for what the crowd might think. Paradine gives his coat over to a ringside attendant and then tests the rebound abilities of the ropes. Trent promises he will be on his best behavior to the referee for the match Nick McArthur.

"Become The Enemy" by Like A Storm hits and Sam slides out onto the stage. He remains in his knees and waits for Dean to march onto the stage, standing behind him. Together they look around the arena and to the ring before Sam leaps to his feet, throws back the hood of his jacket and sprints down to ringside.

Ray Douglas: Making their way to the ring, they are YOUR CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! Sam Braxton, Dean Coulter, THE LOST BOYS!

The crowd erupts in a chorus of cheers for the tag team champions as they enter the ring and hold their belts up proudly for Trent and Paradine to see.

Jim Gunt: Looks like Evolution did good in choosing their tag team champions as The Lost Boys are proudly showing The Hostile Elite where they are and just who are in charge on Evolution.

Mike Rolash: I heard that Hostility was nothing more than an apocalyptic wasteland of talent and opportunity. Sure C\$J has done great things since getting here, but from what I hear, he's created a monstrosity that Jaiden is trying to stop. Now, he'll be forced to see exactly how much potential we have here.

With all four competitors in the ring, all checked by McArthur for foreign objects, he has no choice but to ask for the two starting competitors to meet in the middle of the ring before he calls for the bell.

Jim Gunt: Looks like it's going to be Trent Steel starting things off for Hostility...

Mike Rolash: And my man, Sam Braxton starting for the champs!

The two men meet in the middle of the ring, Sam fearless as he gets in Trent's face. Somewhere in the distance from the tension generated between the two, the sound of a bell can be heard, and just like the difference between night and day, all chaos begins to emerge as Sam starts laying into Trent with a kick to the stomach followed up quickly with a knee, doubling Trent over before bringing him back to a standing position! Stunned, Trent stumbles backward with the knee, but Sam is quick to grab ahold of him, whipping him into the ropes, and hitting a beautiful...

Jim Gunt: Hurricanrana from Sam Braxton!

Mike Rolash: Uh, actually Jim, that would be a "cyclo-rana." Australia doesn't have hurricanes, they have cyclones. Didn't our tour of that lonely continent teach you anything Jimbo?

Jim can only stare incredulously at Mike as Trent rolls back onto his heels, absorbing the impact from Sam's high speed offense, and then using it to propel himself toward Braxton, hitting him with a massive clothesline from nowhere! The crowd cheers the move as Paradine applauds and Trent recovers, catching his breath before getting to his feet. He notices Sam start to stir and his lips curl into a dismissive snarl as he lays the boots onto one half of the tag team champions! Sam is able to roll out of the way of one of the vicious kicks though and backs up to his corner, tagging Dean in at the same time.

Jim Gunt: Sam able to keep Trent on his toes from the get go but now looking for an answer to Steel's chaotic power!

Mike Rolash: The champs don't have much to worry about. Between the two of them, Dean is more technically sound anyways, he'll be able to find a chink in Steel's armor that together, The Boys can widen into a chasm that will lead straight to their victory!

As Rolash is proclaiming this, Steel smiles and tags in his partner, Paradine, a man who has made a career of being a ring technician and forcing people to tap out to a vicious submission aptly named, The Mark of Judas. Dean meets Paradine in the middle of the ring, calling for a test of strength and showing how brave he is. Paradine obliges and the crowd cheers as the two struggle for positioning. Paradine is able to use his height advantage to back Dean up to a neutral corner and Nick is there to call for a clean break. Instead of backing off though, Paradine only increases the pressure he is putting on Dean, leaning into the champion, and bending the top half of the champion's body backward over the turnbuckle! With no other choice Nick starts the count.

ONE!

Jim Gunt: Paradine using his veteran ring savvy to take full advantage of his height, bending Dean over backwards!

TWO!

Mike Rolash: I mean, it's not the most technically sound submission hold and it obviously isn't legal, but it's effective in forcing your opponent to rethink their strategy and forces Dean to have to work to even draw a breath!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: Right you are Mikey, while the move could be effective, it certainly isn't legal for obvious reasons. Paradine is making full use of that five count though!

FOUR!

Before Nick can say anything else, Paradine releases Dean and backs off, raising his hands in mock defense. Nick checks on Dean who is coughing in the corner, but in the meantime, Paradine tags Trent back in. Steel gets a running start and jumps high into the air, coming down on the prone body of Dean Coulter as the referee is barely able to get out of the way in time! Trent hops up off of Dean and looks to repeat himself, getting that same running start and leaping up high again. However, he is only met with the turnbuckle as Dean collapses to dodge the incoming freight train that is Trent Steel.

Mike Rolash: Eat turnbuckle Hostility scum!

Jim Gunt: I was wondering how long it was going to be before you lost your temper. I was getting worried, constructive conversation isn't one of your strong points.

Trent bounces back, but stays on his feet. Not for long though as Dean recovers as best he can, bouncing off the ropes, allowing Sam to tag himself back in. Dean meets Trent in the middle of the ring and takes the big man down

with a picture perfect dropkick! Before Trent can do much more, Sam comes from out of no where with a springboard splash! He stays on top to make the cover as he hooks the leg.

ONE!

Jim Gunt: Trent Steel with an authoritative kick out!

Mike Rolash: This is exactly what I was talking about Jimbo. The Lost Boys are too much of an established and veteran team to be taken out by a team that was only formed a couple short weeks ago. I really have no idea what C&J was thinking.

As the words leave Mike's mouth, Sam pulls Trent up from the ground. Before anything more can happen though Trent grabs Sam by the head and drops down to his knees, hitting Sam with a massive jawbreaker! Sam stumbles back, rocked, as Trent stands, cracking his neck. With surprising speed, Trent rushes forward, clutching Sam in a bear hug like maneuver before throwing him toward his corner with an overhead belly to belly suplex! Sam flies through the air and is able to flip mid course, landing on his feet. Trent looks impressed by the move but motions for Sam to turn around. Ever cocky Sam casts a sideways glance around him where he sees Nathan Paradine! The Australian Submission Machine clocks Sam with a quick jab to the jaw before the tag champ is sandwiched into the corner by Steel! Trent tags in Paradine while he lifts his boot and pushes it against Sam's neck, chocking the air supply from his lungs. For his part, Paradine comes in and starts hitting Sam's midsection with quick jabs. Before Nick can make his way over to admonish the two though, Trent lets go and gets out of the ring, the fans in attendance booing the move.

Jim Gunt: Say what you will for veteran tactics, between the two of them, Paradine and Steel have YEARS of experience, Paradine even being part of several successful teams in his career. They might not be the more established team, but one wouldn't be able to guess that by watching this match.

Mike Rolash: Whatever you say Jimbo, my money is still on Evolution's truest champions. The Lost Boys will pull through, they always...

Rolash doesn't get a chance to finish that thought as the lights in the arena are shut off, plunging everyone into inky blackness, peppered by camera flashes. Suddenly the lights come on and none other than VENOM are at ringside fighting with Dean Coulter! Before Paradine can grab Sam, Braxton is over to The Lost Boys' side of the ring. He takes a quick assessment, turns and runs for the opposite side, looking to dive out onto Espinoza and Martinez!

Jim Gunt: Sam is looking to fly as he is trying to even the numbers on the outside of the ring as Dean fights off VENOM!

Mike Rolash: Don't forget about Para...

It's too late though as Paradine meets Sam in the middle of the ring. Paradine picks up the surprised Sam in a bear hug before slamming him down into the middle of the ring with a belly to belly suplex! Wasting no time, Paradine picks Sam up again and to add the exclamation point tosses Sam across the ring with a Para-Plex! Paradine slides over and locks in the Mark of Judas while Dean is lifted up by the massive Omar, and brought down with a combination powerbomb and leg drop, compliments of Martinez as Nina only looks on in satisfaction. Trapped in the middle of the ring with no back up, Sam has no choice but to tap out! "Beat The Devil's Tattoo" rings out once again as Trent and Paradine meet in the middle of the ring and have their arms raised in victory.

Ray Douglas: And the winner by submission - NATHAN PARADINE and TRENT STEEL, THE HOSTILE ELITE!

The crowd shows them just what they think as C&J comes out onto the ramp and claps enthusiastically as he laughs at the beaten bodies of the CWF Tag Team Champions.

Clearing Up Things

Match

Backstage, Silas is walking towards the gorilla position, drenched in confidence and suave. The movements of his can echo throughout the structure, as Tara Robinson soon comes up behind him, microphone in hand.

Silas looks behind him to see the famed interview.

Silas Artoria: Tara, lovely to see you again!

Tara is much more at ease than previously.

Tara Robinson: Still a bit jet-lagged but doing fine.

Silas Artoria: Tea normally helps the transition. Black tea especially. No sugar, dash of milk.

Tara Robinson: I'll be sure to give it a try.

Silas looks around and sees a small conclave in the set layout.

Silas Artoria: Here, we'll be out of the way from anyone who needs to pass through.

The two, plus the cameraman, move from the concourse and into a small archway leading to nowhere, but suitable if stopping during one's journey around the arena.

Tara Robinson: Silas, the interaction you have with MJ Flair has got people wonder what the two of you plan on doing. Could you elaborate further?

Silas chuckles lightly.

Silas Artoria: It's quite simple. Several weeks ago we tore the house down in arguably the greatest match the CWF or our industry as a whole has ever seen, and when you are an artist whom has reached their peak, it's instinct to try and make something better. I understand that, MJ understands that, and we want to replicate that magic.

Tara Robinson: So why no go out there and battle each other right now?

Silas straightens his posture.

Silas Artoria: Even simpler, we want the bout to mean something. Fighting for the sake of fighting yeilds no satisfaction, otherwise you're just going from paycheque to paycheque. When the time is right, we will meet in ring again, but for now, the pair of us have underlying issues we need to sort out. MJ has come out of a grizzly battle with Loki, and my issue regarding the Paramount Title still needs to be ironed out.

Tara Robinson: Which is why you are going up against Scourge soon?

Silas Artoria: Of course! I need to beat him in order to face the final hurdle regarding the Paramount Title, because if that crooked referee whom is about to go and take on Scarboro wasn't around, then I would've been holding the pearly white championship right now.

Tara Robinson: But surely there's another reason why you want to specifically go after the Paramount Championship?

There's a pause as Silas contemplates his answer.

Silas Artoria: Two things that need to be sorted out should I be victorious today. I have a literal giant to bypass, one whose stature and strength could tear any person in the arena into two, but I have to take them on in order to reach a light at the end of the tunnel. It's not just that I want to take a chance to win the Paramount Championship again, it's also because Scourge stands between me and Jimmy Allen.

Tara Robinson: The Paramount Champion.

Silas Artoria: A distinct difference. I want the Paramount Championship because it's something I believed was robbed from me, but I want Jimmy Allen in order to finally resolve a recurring issue between the two of us. We've faced each other three times in total, and the end of our matches have been less than ideal. First match, ended by DQ because of

interference. Second match, ended by DQ because of interference. Third match, a finish with another huge asterisk attached. I don't think Jimmy Allen likes the phrase "He won the championship, but..." that's currently attached to his fresh reign.

He looks at the camera.

Silas Artoria: I'm coming for you Jimmy Allen, and we're going to resolve this issue, and finally find out whom, out of the two of us, is truly the king of the mountain.

He turns back to Tara, politely.

Silas Artoria: Now, if you excuse me, I've got to prepare for a match against a behemoth. We'll talk later.

He walks away, continuing his journey.

Silas Artoria: Goodbye Tara! See you in a moment!

The Talking Stick Tête-à-Tête

Match

The action switches to the backstage area, and a wide corridor within the Talking Stick Resort Arena. We see 'The Wrestling Inspector' Stan Summers and 'The Enforcer' Scott Dann walking slowly, side-by-side, towards the camera. Summers looks serene and at ease, gazing languidly around at his surroundings as he walks; Dann, meanwhile, wears a look of steely determination, clearly psyched and ready for his upcoming clash with The American Thoroughbred.

Summers turns to face The Enforcer.

Stan Summers: Ready?

Scott Dann: As I'll ever be.

Stan Summers: Good. Remember - one agenda, one responsibility. It's time to show Mr Scarborough the error of his ways.

Dann merely nods; a single, determined nod. But even as he does so, the two men are distracted by an unfamiliar yet striking figure, who breezes out of a side door and across their path.

You saw her in an earlier segment with C\$J; that curly brown, red, and blonde hair, impossibly long legs, silver tongue fast with a quip. The one and only, Lindsay Troy. She has made her way to catering, because being cooped up in a locker room while her brother-in-law Dan Ryan preps for his match is toototally boring. In her long and storied career, she likes to wander around arenas and see what there is to see. Usually, seeing what there is to see leads to trouble.

Do you see where this is going?

The Queen of the Ring, holding a bag of chips, an apple, and a water, bumps into Stan Summers. The food, and his clipboard, tumbles to the ground.

Lindsay Troy (grimacing): Shit...my bad.

Stan Summers: Too right it's your bad...! What are you playing at?!

The Wrestling Inspector snatches up the clipboard and makes an exaggerated point of dusting himself down, throwing a filthy look in Lindsay's direction.

Lindsay Troy: Chill out, rude boy, I didn't mean it. Who walks that close to a doorway anyway?

She tilts her head to the side, curious, noticing something.

Lindsay Troy: Awfully fond of that clipboard, aren't you?

Summers grasps said clipboard closer to his chest, scowling at The Queen of the Ring through narrowed eyes.

Stan Summers: You want to be careful, getting involved with things that you don't understand. The information on this clipboard could end a career just as easily as it could launch one. Given the right circumstances, it could cost this federation more than you have earned in your entire career. Take a piece of friendly advice - keep your nose out of my business.

Lindsay Troy: Now, when you say it like that... (She smiles, the food forgotten.) ...it makes me want to be involved even more. Is this some KAOS-type stuff? (The Queen leans in.) Are you Agent 99? No wait, don't tell me. Tap it out onto your clipboard in Morse code.

Next to Stan, The Enforcer takes half a step forward, fists clenched, glowering at Troy with intent. The Inspector, though, merely paints a serene smile onto his face, placing a hand calmly on Scott Dann's left shoulder as he does so.

Stan Summers: How... witty.

The Inspector quickly withdraws a pen from his suit jacket pocket, swiftly scribbling something on one of the many pieces of paper attached to his clipboard, before returning the pen to his pocket with a flourish.

Stan Summers: I can see I'm going to have to keep a particularly close eye on you, Ms. Troy.

Another simpering Stan Summers smile.

Lindsay Troy: Neat! Always wanted a grown man taking notes on me. That's not creepy at all.

Stan Summers: Don't get the wrong idea, my dear. You are but one of many individuals here in the CWF that I have deemed worthy of... analysis. I look forward to seeing what you have to offer.

With a pointed nod and a final smile, The Wrestling Inspector eases himself and his enforcer past Lindsay Troy, who is clearly still amused with their tête-à-tête. The Queen of the Ring can't help but get one final verbal jab in as the two men walk away from her and towards the curtain:

Lindsay Troy: 'Til we meet next time, Gadget!

Cut away...

"The Enforcer" Scott Dann vs. Quentin Scarboro

Match

Jim Gunt: Looks like our "Inspector" has finally met his match in Lindsay Troy, I am not sure he knows who he is talking to there.

Mike Rolash: I already told you, a washed-up has-been. He'll be able to reign her in, I'm sure.

Jim Gunt: I'm not so sure about that, but let's see what Mr. Summers' enforcer Scott Dann has on offer right now.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the following singles contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

The booming intro of "Totentanz" by Listz hits the speakers, accompanied by a chorus of boos mixed with a smattering of cheers from the CWF crowd. A pause, before 'The Enforcer' Scott Dann appears on the stage, looking around at the capacity crowd, as he is joined on the stage by 'The Wrestling Inspector' Stan Summers.

'The Enforcer' cracks the knuckles on both hands menacingly, before stomping down to the ring to the beat of the music.

Ray Douglas: From Oxford, England, and weighing in tonight at three hundred and five pounds – 'The Enforcer' SCOTT DANN!!!

Jim Gunt: The Enforcer was thrust into the limelight this past week, as he made his CWF debut at the Conflicion

pay-per-view. His first match ultimately ended in defeat at the hands of The Australian Submission Machine, Nathan Paradine, however I'm sure he'll be looking to bounce back with a bang here tonight!

Mike Rolash: And what better way to do it than versus the man who has become something of a pet project for the man accompanying him to ringside for this matchup!

Jim Gunt: You're right, Mike, The Wrestling Inspector has certainly shown an unhealthy interest in The American Thoroughbred since his arrival. I can only hope that he doesn't take that interest to the next level by getting physically involved in this contest...

Scott Dann reaches the bottom of the ramp and the big man slides into the ring. He turns to face the crowd, raising his right arm with a sneer, before turning and slowly pacing the ring, awaiting his opponent.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent...

"Thunderstruck" by AC/DC powers out through the arena, as Quentin Scarboro hits the stage to a huge pop. The American Thoroughbred looks around at the crowd, before fixing his eyes on his opponent waiting for him. He pumps himself up with a couple of slaps to the face, before making his way deliberately down the ramp.

Ray Douglas: Hailing from Lancaster, Pennsylvania and weighing in at three hundred twenty pounds – 'The American Thoroughbred' QUENTIN SCARBORO!!!

Jim Gunt: Like Scott Dann, The American Thoroughbred is also coming off the back of a disappointing Confliction, as he fell just short in the Paramount Title Fatal Fourway... a match that was marred by some, shall we say, questionable officiating, by none other than The Wrestling Inspector himself.

Mike Rolash: What are you talking about, Gunt? Summers did nothing wrong in that match – it was all of the other idiots in and out of that ring making his job impossible!

Jim Gunt: Hmm... sounds familiar...

At ringside, The Wrestling Inspector and The American Thoroughbred share a long, meaningful look, before Q slides into the ring, testing the ropes a couple of times and psyching himself up for the task at hand, still struggling to tear his gaze away from Stan Summers stood at ringside.

Jim Gunt: Why do I have that oh-so familiar feeling that something terrible is gonna happen here...?

Mike Rolash: I told you last week Jim, that's just trapped wind. You really should go and see a doctor for that, you know...

Back in the ring, experienced referee 'Big' Denny Davidson has a final check on the two participants, before calling for the bell. Without hesitation, both men approach each other with gusto, colliding in an almighty clash of might and muscle in the centre of the ring, both vying for supremacy. The pair struggle gamely for several moments, before stepping back in tandem, neither man able to gain the advantage. The two lock up again almost immediately, trying desperately to gain a height, strength or leverage advantage over his opponent; once again, though, neither man is able to do so, and the two competitors retreat into their respective corners once more to plot an alternative plan.

Jim Gunt: The opening exchange of this one has highlighted perfectly just how evenly-matched these two competitors are.

Mike Rolash: The only thing it's highlighted is how boring they are. Can't gain the upper hand in a lockup? Throw a short right hand. Stamp on the other guy's foot. Grab a handful of hair.

Jim Gunt: Yet more expert advice provided by consummate ring general Mike Rolash, there...

We return to the ring just in time to see a third collar and elbow tie-up in progress; this time, though, almost as if he'd

heard Rolash at ringside, The Enforcer breaks almost immediately, aiming a kick straight at the gut of his opponent. Scarboro, though, is wise to the move, and able to deftly catch Dann's foot, before wrenching downwards, throwing The Enforcer off balance. Quentin follows up with a succession of forearm smashes, rocking his opponent backwards; Dann attempts to respond with a wild roundhouse right, but succeeds only in turning himself around one hundred and eighty degrees, allowing Scarboro to deposit him onto the mat with an impactful belly-to-back suplex.

Jim Gunt: Scarboro punishing Scott Dann in the early going for

Scarboro doesn't allow his fallen foe a moment's rest, nailing a hat-trick of clubbing forearm blows to Scott Dann's exposed back, before following up with a succession of nasty looking stomps to the back of his head. The Enforcer struggles gamely to his feet, but is met with a thrusting blow to the gut, causing him to bend over in extreme discomfort, and set himself up perfectly to be taken down once again, this time courtesy of Quentin Scarboro's gutwrench suplex. The American Thoroughbred is down quickly, hooking the leg in an opportunistic cover:

ONE...

TW... KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: The American Thoroughbred is looking determined and focused in the early going here. That doesn't bode well for Scott Dann if you ask me – a motivated monster in Scarboro is a scary prospect...!

Mike Rolash: No shit, Sherlock. Methinks Stan Summers is going to have to do some motivating of his own if Scott Dann is to stand a chance in this one...!

Back in the ring, and Quentin is attempting to dominate The Enforcer in another exchange. Once... twice... three times an overhand right connects with the head and neck area of the Oxford native, before a Scarboro scoop slam deposits him onto the mat once more. The American Thoroughbred allows himself a disgusted look in the direction of his prone opponent, before turning and running full pelt across the ring; after bouncing off the far ring ropes, he comes charging back across the ring, before leaping higher into the air than a three hundred pounder has any right to do, looking to drop a massive right leg across the back of Scott Dann's head. Dann, though has been offered too much recovery time, and is able to deftly roll out of the way of the contact, meaning Scarboro drops a leg on nothing but canvas.

Jim Gunt: Ooohh, the first mistake by Scarboro! Will The Enforcer be able to take advantage?

Q is able to recover quickly, bouncing back up to his feet with relative ease. His vertical base doesn't last long, however, as Scott Dann comes flying across the ring with a rope-assisted surge, nailing a perfectly-placed chop block to Scarboro's right knee. Eager to drive home his newly-gained advantage, The Enforcer follows up with a succession of nasty looking stomps, right into the underside of the joint, before dropping an elbow onto that same joint, wrenching it at an awkward angle against his own body for good measure.

Jim Gunt: This looks like the makings of a sound strategy from Scott Dann here – pinpoint a body part, and target it relentlessly. I've got to say, I'm surprised at such intelligence and guile from the inexperienced enforcer.

Mike Rolash: It's Wrestling 101, Jim. Besides, don't discount the influence of The Wrestling Inspector – the man is so clever, he could teach geography to a gerbil!

The Wrestling Inspector does indeed seem to be looking on with a deal of satisfaction from outside the ring, as Scott Dann continues to execute their apparent master plan within it. Scarboro's right leg is rarely out of The Enforcer's grasp as he aims another pair of kicks squarely at the patella, before cinching in a spinning toe hold, causing The American Thoroughbred to cry out in anguish.

Referee Denny Davidson is down straightaway to ask if Q wants to submit. Despite his growls and shouts of pain, The American Thoroughbred gives a determined shake of the head. The Enforcer, far from being disheartened, merely barks out a single laugh, before wrenching another turn on the hold, applying even more pressure. Scarboro pounds

the mat in frustration, pain etched across his face, but still refuses to give up... even as Scott Dann transitions into a perfectly-applied figure-four-leg-lock...!

Mike Rolash: Brilliant!

Jim Gunt: How long can the brave Quentin Scarboro hold out against the pressure of this debilitating hold?!

Mike Rolash: Not long I'd wager... his shoulders are down...!

ONE...

TWO... SHOULDER'S UP!

This time it's Stan Summers turn to pound the mat in frustration, The Wrestling Inspector pacing impatiently along the side of the ring on the outside, desperate for the submission. The Enforcer yanks back once more, applying more pressure, Quentin looking desperately around for a means of escape, but simply finding too much empty space between himself and the sanctuary of the ring ropes. Once more, his shoulders fall to the mat under the pain of the submission hold:

ONE...

TWO... SHOULDER'S UP!

Scott Dann re-applies the pressure, but Quentin Scarboro appears to find a second wind; battling against the pain and the pressure being exerted, he begins to inch and claw his way to the nearest set of ring ropes. Finally, with an almighty effort, he throws himself backwards and grabs the bottom rope behind him, eliciting a huge cheer from the sold-out CWF crowd.

Mike Rolash: BOOOO!

Jim Gunt: Can you please show some impartiality and compassion for a change?!

Mike Rolash: BOOOOOOOOOO!

Jim Gunt: Sorry I asked... nevertheless, it appears the damage may have been done, and the end could be nigh for Scarboro here. Mike, care to help me make it a hat-trick of clichés?

Mike Rolash: BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Jim Gunt: I'll take that as a 'no', then...

We return to the ring to see that Jim's prophecy could well be coming true, with Quentin clearly in trouble as he attempts to use the ring ropes to help him back to his feet. The Enforcer, already standing again, allows himself a malevolent laugh as he watches Q struggle, mocking the injured big man with exaggerated stumbling of his own.

Eventually, Scarboro is back to his feet; respite looks to be temporary, however, as Scott Dann has already bounced off the opposite ring ropes, and is haring towards his opponent, looking to put him away with a devastating lariat. In a sweeping movement that belies his massive frame, Scarboro is able to use Dann's momentum against him, rolling him up into a tight inside cradle!

ONE...

TWO...

THR... KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: Unbelievable! Where did that come from? Scarboro is supposed to be injured!

Jim Gunt: Let that be a lesson to you and to The Enforcer, Rolash – it only takes three seconds of lost concentration to undo a whole match's worth of good work. Scarboro is showing tremendous heart here; he is still in this matchup!

Outside the ring, The Wrestling Inspector is visibly flustered, and is so stressed that he has even dispensed with the omnipresent suit jacket. Back in the ring, the two competitors are to their feet in tandem, but the surprise of the latest near-fall has clearly affected Dann, who is rocked by yet another clubbing forearm from Q, this one hitting him squarely in the chest. The American Thoroughbred deposits Dann onto the canvas with a quick snapmare, before powering his way across the ring once more. His momentum is stopped dead in his tracks, though, as Stan Summers times his reach into the ring perfectly, hooking Q's injured knee and sending him crashing back down to the canvas.

Jim Gunt: Come on now! What the hell is that?!

Mike Rolash: I'm sorry Jim... I... I missed that. I seem to... errr... seem to have something in my eye here...

Jim Gunt: He just couldn't help himself could he?! How deplorable!

Back in the ring, Scott Dann clearly doesn't have a problem with Summers' actions, and he's back to work on the injured knee of Scarboro, laying in a couple of sharp kicks. The next move is clearly meant to be the 'coup-de-grace', as Dann grasps Q's right leg and twists, contorting The American Thoroughbred's body into what looks like an anatomically impossible position, as he hooks in:

Mike Rolash: Enforcing The Rules! I love that move! Look at how ridiculous Quentin looks!

Jim Gunt: Ridiculous or not, this single leg boston crab variant is a devastating submission hold, and Quentin could be risking serious injury as he... wait... what is that tedious man doing now?

The tedious man in question is The Wrestling Inspector, who has slid nonchalantly into the ring, and is right in the face of a nonplussed Denny Davidson. Stan jabs a finger roughly into the referee's chest, before pointing down at Q, shouting to make himself heard over the torrent of boos coming from the CWF fans.

Mike Rolash: I think he's trying to say that Q gave up.

Jim Gunt: I think he needs to get the hell out of that ring...!

The referee, clearly having none of Stan's reasonings, jabs a finger back at The Wrestling Inspector in a show of defiance. Stan merely rolls his eyes, before dropping out of the ring and grabbing a microphone.

Stan Summers: Listen here, you stripy, overblown tub of goo; I will say this only once. I am this close...

He holds up thumb and forefinger, perilously close together.

Stan Summers: ... to unequivocally FAILING the Championship Wrestling Federation on its official inspection. Under section three of the Performer's Welfare Act, you are exhibiting gross misconduct in not ending this match, due to one of the participants being unable to continue through injury.

Another chorus of boos, as in the ring, Denny Davidson begins to look stressed, looking from Summers to the two competitors still technically in a match, with Scarboro still trapped in Dann's painful-looking submission hold.

Stan Summers: Your choice, Denny-boy. What's it gonna be? Are you going to award The Enforcer the match?

Another nervous glance from referee Davidson.

Stan Summers: Or are you going to be the reason that thousands of fans here in Phoenix don't get to see the end of Evolution, and millions of CWF fans around the world are deprived of their favourite show... FOR GOOD!

Denny takes a long look into the eyes of the still-contorted Quentin Scarboro, agony etched all over his face despite the fact he has steadfastly refused to submit. The big ref pauses, before shaking his head sadly, turning and calling for the bell and the end of the match.

Mike Rolash: He did it...?

Jim Gunt: I don't believe this.

Mike Rolash: HA HA! He actually did it!

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the referee has ruled that Quentin Scarboro is unable to continue, therefore your winner of the match... 'The Enforcer' – SCOTT DANN!!!

Breaking the Rules and Everything at Ringside...!

Match

Slowly, a smile comes across Stan Summers' face, as he drops the mic to the floor. Inside the ring, Scott Dann has finally released the hold, and has walked over to have his hand raised by a disgusted-looking Denny Davidson. Boos, jeering, and even a smattering of garbage all rain down into the ring, as Quentin Scarboro manages to haul himself to his feet.

The American Thoroughbred, to put it bluntly, looks pissed, and hurries over to Dann and referee Davidson, breaking them apart. Q gets right up into the face of The Enforcer, as if to continue the battle; Denny Davidson attempts to contain the Pennsylvania native, pushing Q back, but this just angers the Thoroughbred further, and in a swift motion, Quentin grabs Denny by the zebra-striped shirt and tosses him between the ropes, the referee tumbling unceremoniously to the outside of the ring.

Mike Rolash: And Big Denny goes flying!!! This is great! I think I've changed my mind – I like this Q guy!

Jim Gunt: Come on Mike, that's just not right! Imagine if that was you or I being manhandled like that! Scarboro could be facing fines and suspensions after losing his composure like that. Attacking the referee is just uncalled for, no matter how frustrated he must be!

Seemingly completely oblivious to the pain in his knee, a bloodthirsty Quentin stares down Inspector Summers with a wild look in his eyes, before turning and coming eye to eye with the big Enforcer, Scott Dann. It's only a matter of seconds before fists are flying once more between the two behemoths, with both men rolling out and towards the announce table.

Dann and Scarboro thrash away at each other, landing wild, unmeasured punches, as Summers tries desperately to separate the two. Scarboro, though, simply ignores The Wrestling Inspector, and gains the upper hand in the brawl with a perfectly-placed elbow across the bridge of Dann's nose. This causes Summers to abandon his mission, and simply retreat behind the nearby ring steps.

An incensed Scarboro continues the post-match onslaught, delivering a couple of well-placed boots to the midsection of The Enforcer, before approaching the announce table stationed by Gunt and Rolash. He begins to tear the monitors and cords from the surface, measuring Dann up for a ride to hell. Gunt nimbly snatches his microphone up and retreats from the battleground, but Rolash is as oblivious as ever.

Mike Rolash: Hey, what gives?! Get outta here!

Big Q wastes no time in launching a hammerfist into the chest of the beloved Mr. Rolash, knocking him to the ground in an exaggerated fit of agony. The camera pans off to the side where Gunt seems torn, showing sympathy for his broadcast colleague whilst simultaneously trying in vain to hide his laughter.

Jim Gunt: And now Big Mike goes flying! This is great!

Summers tries again to intervene on behalf of a now fully incapacitated Scott Dann, but Quentin is like a man possessed, and hooks The Wrestling Inspector by his shirt and launches him into a nearby barricade! This jolts Dann to his feet, The Enforcer clubbing the back of Quentin's head, knocking him down to his knees.

Jim Gunt: Right, come on, that's enough! Security needs to get out here, now!

Davidson has come to, but for good reason, seems hesitant to step between the two big men. Q and Dann continue their brawl, laying waste to each other as well as the ringside area, before finally Scarboro's bullish strength comes fully to the fore – with a somewhat manic look still dancing in his eyes, Q hoists Scott Dann up on to his shoulders, before slamming him back down, sending him crashing through the announce table!

Sure enough, as per Jim's directive, an entourage of security personnel storm ringside, as Scarboro steps back to view the scene of devastation in his wake. Seeing the security team approach seems to bring a calm to Big Q, who seems to be content with the message he has delivered. As one, the security personnel grab and restrain Quentin, and begin to escort him out of the arena. At the same time, Stan Summers and Mike Rolash haul themselves gingerly back to their feet, the former glowering down at the departing Quentin Scarboro.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, get that piece of trash the hell outta here!

Jim Gunt: What's the matter Mike, I thought you liked the guy?

Mike Rolash: Look at what he's done, Jim! Look at the state of our table! Look at the state of Stan and Scott!

Jim Gunt: Yes, well, quite the cleanup operation is needed here at ringside no doubt. And there's also no doubt that this apparent feud between Stan Summers and Quentin Scarboro has just been taken to the next level with everything that we have just witnessed here tonight!

Vertigo is Coming

Match

Voiceover: Are you afraid of heights? Yes? Still no excuse to miss Vertigo, the upcoming CWF PPV, coming to you live from the Pepsi Center in Denver, Colorado on April 9, 2019 - only on the CWF Network!

Scourge vs. Silas Artoria

Match

The picture returns to ringside, where the ringcrews have worked some magic in clearing up the mess that the unholy triumvirate of Scarboro, Summers and Dann had left. The announce table of Jim and Mike is still in pieces, with them having placed their monitors on top of the wreckage and trying to make the best out of it.

Jim Gunt: Welcome back and this looks more like Modern Warfare than Modern Warfare. But as you have just seen, make sure to be with us on April 9th, when we will bring you Vertigo.

Mike Rolash: As you may have guessed, the general theme is heights, so we might be getting some spectacular matches and we will, of course, keep you updated with match confirmations as we get them in.

Jim Gunt: But now it is time for the match for the number one contendership for the Paramount title and with that a chance to meet up with Jimmy Allen as a kind of re-match for the Fatal Fourway at Confliction.

DING DING DING.

Ray Douglas: The following contest, scheduled for one fall...

ONE FALL!

Ray Douglas: ...is for the number one contendership for the Paramount Championship!

Jim Gunt: Crowd is preparing for a match we got a sneak preview of last week! Jimmy Allen is in need of an opponent come Vertigo, and what better way to do it than put arguably the next two dominant forces of the Grand Prix against each other?

Mike Rolash: Picking names out of a hat would be one.

The lights go out, and the subtle build of 'Bad Moon Rising' starts to pick up. Smoke flows throughout the stage, and the giant force known as Scourge methodically emerges from the covering. Careful breaths and careful steps, he pays attention to no one as he makes a beeline for the ring. He jumps up, and the ring posts explode in a fiery inferno.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, weighing in at 315 pounds!

Scourge gives Ray Douglas a brief look that clearly rattles the announcer.

Ray Douglas: He is the Alpha of the Omega!

Scourge nods his head and smiles in approval.

Ray Douglas: He...is...SCOURGE!!!

The crowd are a little frosty towards Scourge, likely from his attitude toward the adored announcer. The lights dim, and the opening chords of "Something Got Me Started" starts to play. More mist, blue lights show the silhouette of the Psychotic Aristocrat, then the piano kicks in to light up the arena. He smiles for the audience, both in the arena and those watching at home, as he gallops towards the ring, swinging his cane around and around. He jumps on the ring and faces outwards.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, weighing in at 220 pounds!

Silas jumps over the ropes.

Ray Douglas: From Toronto, Canada. He is the Psychotic Aristocrat!

He stops swinging his cane, and holds it with both hands.

Ray Douglas: SILAS...ARTORIA!!!

He holds his cane high in the air as the audience react enthusiastically to the reformed Canadian. He then drops the cane and aims it towards Scourge, pretending that it's a hunting rifle. A 'bang' gesture, before giving Scourge a polite nod. He tosses his coat, cane, and hat out, ready to fight. Trent Robbins calls for the bell, and Silas is off! Dropkick to Scourge's chest to make him stagger to the turnbuckle!

Jim Gunt: Getting off to a quick start and Silas is pouncing on him!

Silas runs to the opposite side as Scourge takes time to recover from the quick blow. He points towards the Alpha of the Omega, and sprints! A jump for a double high knees to Scourge's face!

Jim Gunt: Scourge has him! He's holding Silas up! Silas trying desperately to grab the turnbuckle to stop them! He's nearly there! Fingertips!

Alabama Slam by Scourge, and the loud, audible bang echoes throughout Arizona! Scourge smirks as the audience in Phoenix rain holy hell down upon the giant. Silas gripping his neck as Scourge circles him, like a wolf around its prey. Silas grips his ribs as he tries to get up, but a quick stomp puts a stop to that.

Mike Rolash: Might've spoken too soon about those ribs. Imagine the agony!

Jim Gunt: You don't say, and Scourge is just toying with him.

Scourge rests his knee and entire body weight on Silas' lower back, and grabs Silas' hair. He's yanking it back! Silas is screaming at the top of his lungs as he struggles frantically to free himself from Scourge's grip. They respond by violently swinging his head back and forth, which makes Silas wide eyed from the insurmountable pain being inflicted. Robbins is quick to count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FI--

Scourge releases the grip on five, and Silas slumps to the mat. Scourge flips him over for the cover.

ONE...

TWO...

Jim Gunt: Silas barely able to get his shoulder up at the last moment!

Mike Rolash: I will never understand why people don't just give up and go home instead of subjecting themselves to all of that pain.

Silas kips his shoulder up, though with considerable effort. Scourge gets back on his feet and forces Silas up too. Grips his waist, and throws him back with a German suplex, Silas grips his lower back as he staggers towards the turnbuckle! Scourge gets to The Aristocrat and throws him back for another German Suplex. Silas struggles to return as Scourge forces him under his arm. He lifts him up, Vertical Suplex! Scourge immediately rises to his knees, and slaps Silas' face twice before covering him.

Jim Gunt: And the howls of derision rain upon this despicable man!

Mike Rolash: Yeah! You don't just slap my boy!

Jim Gunt: He's your boy, now?

Mike Rolash: If I had a choice to befriend a rich man with a nice house or a guy who lives in a hut, I know which side I'd be on!

Trent going down for the count.

ONE...

TWO...

TH...

Weak kick-out by Silas and Scourge quickly stamps on the shoulder that rose.

Scourge: Persistent little shit, aren't you?

Silas can't do anything but give out a weak chuckle before convulsing from the pain. Scourge is quick to work on the arm, forcing to contort it in ways limbs aren't meant to move, but eyes the ropes nearby. He grins at Silas and forces him to his feet, twisting his arm as he does so. Silas tries to maintain control, but the sheer strength of Scourge is evident. He twists harder, and forces Silas towards the corner, maintaining the twist. Scourge begins to climb the turnbuckle, still gripping the wrist and keeping Silas' arm twisted.

Jim Gunt: Well, looks like we might be going home early.

Mike Rolash: No...not like this! NOT LIKE THIS! SILAS, THINK DAMMIT! GET OUT OF HIS GRIP!

Scourge is ready; he walks across the ropes with Silas still in his hold, and prepares for Old School.

Silas Artoria: Stupid fool.

Silas twists underneath Scourge's arm, and yanks him off--KNOCKOUT!

The loud crack of his knee ignites the arena with joy as Scourge crashes down onto the mat! Silas staggers backward,

eyeing the dazed Scourge leaning against the ropes. Silas sprints! DOUBLE KNEES TO SCOURGE'S HEAD!

Jim Gunt: But the giant isn't down! He's still sat up against the ropes! Silas sprints towards the opposite ropes, and is flying towards Scourge!

Scourge rolls under the ropes as Silas flies into them, bouncing back as a result.

Jim Gunt: And the response from the Talking Stick Resort Arena is frosty. Scourge, cowering away from an oncoming attack from the Psychotic Aristocrat.

Mike Rolash: GET BACK IN THERE AND FIGHT LIKE A MAN!

Scourge turns to the commentary table and eyes Mike, livid at the audacity of the man. He slowly approaches the commentator, Mike slowly starts to cower from the imposing figure, as Jim switches his attention to the ring.

Jim Gunt: Good god GET DOWN!

Scourge turns around. TOP ROPE CROSS BODY! And the two athletes crash through the table next to the already demolished announcer's table with an uncomfortable crack! Silas jumps up and screams with a mixture of accomplishment and pain, as he holds onto his ribs. His face displaying the trademark grin as the flush of mania beckons him to return to the ring. He slides back in, and beckons Scourge to rise.

Silas Artoria: Get up! GET UP!

Scourge gets onto his knees, clearly having lost his sense of direction. Silas runs the ropes. One, two, three, four times. He dives through! TWISTED VIRTUE! He spins Scourge around in his DDT hold, but he doesn't topple the giant! The core strength of Scourge stops Silas' momentum. Arm over head, he suspends Silas vertically, and staggers towards the Spanish announce table! VERTICAL SUPLEX THROUGH THE TABLE! And both competitors are down!

Jim Gunt: Two forces to be reckoned with, the unmovable object versus the unstoppable force, as the great Scourge crashes down with Silas Artoria!

Mike Rolash: One has to make a move because Robbins is still doing his job! Side note, that's three tables destroyed, two in this match alone. Can we be done for the evening?

ONE!

A hint of movement from Scourge's arm. Light twitch, but a notable one.

TWO!

Scourge rolls over onto his knees, catching his breath as he eyes the barely conscious Silas.

THREE!

He rises to his feet and grabs their hair again, pulling him up to his feet. Silas is groggy, with his eyes rolling around in the back of his skull.

FOUR!

Scourge slaps Silas before he forces his head into the steel steps! Breaking them open with a deafening bang, as the Phoenix audience shower down their disapproval.

FIVE!

Scourge is quick! He grabs Silas by the neck and swings him into the corner post! He swings them into the barricade!

SIX!

Silas tries to get back on his feet, but Scourge is quick to act. Big boot to put him back down.

SEVEN!

Scourge approaches the fallen Canadian, and grabs his hair and pants, placing them in a battering ram position. Silas struggles lightly, but Scourge charges towards the opposite ring steps!

EIGHT!

CRASH! Scourge lets go and the momentum crashes Silas into the steps!

NINE!

Scourge rolls Silas back into the ring, but Silas quickly springs up in a flash of a second wind and sprints to the ropes. He flies towards Scourge! But the Alpha of the Omega has the foresight to move to the side and Silas bounces off the ropes and rolls back like a ragdoll! Scourge jumps into the ring and charges towards Si--

DING DING DING!

Scourge freezes as Silas, in a moment of pure adrenaline, slides out of the ring and charges up the ramp. He completely collapses half way up. Scourge looks at Robbins with confusion, as Silas turns around the half-heartedly look back towards the ring.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, your winner...

Scourge turns wide-eyed.

Ray Douglas: ...and the NUMBER ONE CONTENDER FOR THE PARAMOUNT CHAMPIONSHIP by countout....

The crowd erupt as Scourge grips the ropes and looks at the valiant ring announcer in fury.

Ray Douglas: ...SILAS ARTORIA!

Robbins runs to Silas' barely functional body and lifts up his arm, as Silas glimpses towards the infuriated giant with an exhausted smile on his face.

Jim Gunt: Well, whatever the plan Silas drafted up was, it seems to have worked!

Mike Rolash: I can't imagine Scourge being lifted on his shoulders, it makes sense! If you can't comfortably beat him, use the rules to your advantage!

Jim Gunt: You think Scourge will protest?

Mike Rolash: So long as he goes to management. I think I'm on his shitlist!

Scourge takes a glance at Rolash, before he exits the ring and grabs his headset.

Scourge: That's not a victory. That was running away from the inevitable.

He throws the headset back at Rolash before eyeing the barely moving Silas. He's marching towards them, but Robbins quickly gets between the two. Scourge tries to move him to the side, almost peacefully, but Robbins is having none of it.

Jim Gunt: Hang on, who's that!?

As Silas passes out once again, a person in pure black, with a white long topcoat runs from over the barricade and heads towards Silas. They give Silas a light tap on his face, before they lift him up. Arm over his shoulder, they run towards the gorilla position, as Scourge tries to get past Robbins, whom is now joined by two other referees.

Silas takes a glimpse at his possible rescuer, then passes out again. They leave Scourge alone at ringside, as they finally pass through the curtain.

Destiny Of A Saint

Match

The scene opens in the locker room area backstage where the CWF cameras focus in on Johnny Graves. Johnny sits alone on a wooden bench still in his shorts, knee pads, and boots. The tape from his hands have been removed and he wears a white towel draped over his head. He sits in silence, seemingly contemplating his victory against Freddie Styles earlier in the night. It's hard to tell with the towel covering most of his profile. Suddenly the camera zooms out a little as Tara Robinson emerges onto the scene carrying a microphone in hand and looking down at Johnny almost hesitantly. She raises the microphone to her lips and begins to speak sounding as professional and confident as one has come to expect her to be in these situations.

Tara Robinson: Johnny? Tara Robinson, CWF interviewer. I was hoping I could get a few words with you following your victory over Freddie Styles?

Johnny slowly turns his head, tilting it upwards to peer up at Tara from the corner of his eye. There is a moment of awkward silence where - at least momentarily - it feels as though Johnny would lash out and eject Tara from his locker room. Instead a confident smirk forms on his full lips as he nods slightly.

Johnny Graves: I knew your fine ass would come knockin' at some point.

Johnny slowly rises to his feet as Tara narrows her eyes and furls her brows looking a little put off and confused. She immediately regains her composure remembering that the cameras are rolling.

Tara Robinson: Tonight you were victorious against Freddie Styles, a hall of famer, and someone who in your own words has the respect of the locker room. What does a victory like this mean in your young CWF career?

Johnny ponders the question for a moment before offering a nonchalant shrug.

Johnny Graves: It's means a victory. It means my CWF career now stands at two wins, zero losses. Look, I'm sure you were expectin' a little more than that. I'm sure you were hopin' to get some kind of once in a lifetime soundbyte that would get played all over the Internet over and over again. But I don't have nothin' for ya. I know Freddie Styles has been doin' this thing a long time, I know he's gained the respect of the fans and the boys and girls in the back. But a victory over him doesn't mean anythin' more than my victory at Confliction. It means a victory. Nothin' else.

Tara nods absolutely before she begins to pose another question.

Tara Robinson: But surely thi-

Before she can finish the question she's interrupted as Johnny continues.

Johnny Graves: I'll tell you exactly why that is, Tina. Freddie Styes doesn't mean anythin' in the grand scheme of things. I don't care what the man's done in the past. I don't care what he's accomplished. The fact of the matter he isn't a champion in CWF. He ain't the World Champion. He ain't the Impact Champion. Hell, he ain't even the Paramount Champion. Which tells you what? He means nothin'! A victory over him doesn't mean a damn thing! It doesn't put me any closer to steppin' into the ring with Dan Ryan! Or even Zach van whatever or Jimmy who gives a shit! I told the world I would beat Freddie Styles. I told the world I would humiliate him. I told the world I would silence him. And that is all you need to concern yourself with. Johnny Graves is a man of his word. And Johnny Graves came out on top. Nothin' more, nothin' less.

Again Tara nods her head as she allows Johnny's words to sink in. As she does so, Johnny diverts his attention away from her, something in the distance seeming to catch his attention. But not before taking a quit peek at the curves of her body.

Tara Robinson: Fair enough. Then allow me to move on. There have been rumors circulating about something big coming to CWF. You - yourself - have seemed to confirm these rumors: at least somewhat with your cryptic posts on

social media. I was hoping you could possibly shed some light on the meaning behind them?

Again Johnny's gaze is turned on Tara. He stares at her for some time, his expression blank before suddenly a smile cracks his lips and a breathy laugh escapes his throat.

Johnny Graves: Let me answer your question with a question, baby girl. Do I look like the kind of guy that heads into anythin' without a plan?

Tara shakes her head.

Tara Robinson: No, if anything I've heard that you over prepare.

Johnny Graves: Exactly. So when you hear rumors that somethin' big is comin' to CWF... when you hear me say that a change to the wrestlin' landscape is comin'... when I tell you that I have somethin' planned for the future of CWF... you can damn well take that shit to the bank. It's as good as gold. But to be honest, I don't care how sexy you are or how much you undress me with those deep pools for eyes...

Again Tara looks taken back.

Johnny Graves: You - along with everyone else - will just have to wait to see exactly what I've got in store for CWF. And when the time is right I will achieve my destiny and take my rightful place at the top of this company.

With that the two simply stare at each other in silence as the scene cuts away.

Kendo vs. The Crimson Ghost!

Match

Jim Gunt: Johnny Graves definitely has left a mark on CWF already with two wins in a row and his posts on social media have been cryptic, but at the same time intriguing.

Mike Rolash: I've had it up to here with intrigue, what happened to good old bashing each other's head in?

Jim Gunt (sarcastically): I know, it's a dying art.

Mike Rolash: Exactly! Glad you agree with me.

As Jim rolls his eyes, KMFDM's "Virus" hits and Kendo walks out with a black beanie on his head and black MMA gloves on and stands at the entrance ramp with super agent JT Barrett right behind him. As he looks back at JT, JT nods his head and Kendo comes walking down the ring with no fear. Kendo gets to the ring steps and stops and says a 5 second prayer and then storms in the ring. He does the MMA shuffle around the ring and then stands in the corner bouncing with JT behind him hyping him up.

Ray Douglas: First to the ring, hailing from the Samoan Islands and accompanied by JT Barrett - KENDO!

Jim Gunt: Kendo has experienced more success in his brief stint with The Crimson Ghost as the Samoan Ghost Connection than in his previous tenure in CWF.

Mike Rolash: Which just gets to show that Bonehead was the one carrying the team.

The lights black out, only to be replaced by frantic blood-red strobelights as the Misfits' "The Crimson Ghost" starts. During this time the Crimson Ghost himself runs out to the ring at top speed, sliding under the bottom rope and waits for the lights to come back on.

Jim Gunt: And there is the Ghost, bouncing left and right while keeping an eye on Kendo, who is the polar opposite, standing in his corner, stoic and unmoving.

JT shouts one last encouragement at Kendo and the two men approach each other in the middle of the ring.

Jim Gunt: Our former tag team champions, they suffered a complete breakdown at Confliction when Crimson Ghost

accidentally speared Kendo and then left the ring, levelling JT Barrett in the process.

Mike Rolash: Do you really think it was an accident, though?

Jim Gunt: Well, what else would it have been?

Mike Rolash: Him trying to get rid of Kendo?

Jim Gunt: Uh, they were the actually reigning champions at the time?

Mike Rolash: Uh, well, yeah...

Jim Gunt: And Nick McArthur signals for the bell to be rung and off they go.

Mike Rolash: No, they're not.

Both men are crouched down, looking ready to strike, but in the end just stare at each other with none of them making a move.

Mike Rolash: COME ON, DO SOMETHING!

The Crimson Ghost turns towards Mike, motioning for him to calm down, but exactly in that moment Kendo actually IS doing something and he levels TCG with a lariat out of nowhere.

Mike Rolash: Thank you!

Kendo wastes no time in picking up his former team partner and sending him flying with a perfectly executed Release German Suplex.

Jim Gunt: Kendo taking the initiative early in the match, thanks to you.

Mike Rolash: Me? What did I do?

Jim Gunt: You distracted Ghost by yelling at them?

Mike Rolash: Oh that...

The masked man is getting back to a vertical base with the help of the ropes, but the big Samoan is right on him again, grabbing him by the arm and whipping him across the ring into the corner. Upon Ghost's stumbling return from the corner Kendo goes right in and delivers a thundering Belly to Belly Suplex that drives the air out of Bonehead's lungs.

Jim Gunt: Looks like Kendo really wants to end this quickly, because Ghost is not moving!

JT Barrett motions Kendo over and wildly gestures towards The Crimson Ghost.

Mike Rolash: I think he's getting his final instructions to end this, because Ghost is still not moving!

Kendo walks back over to the motionless Crimson Ghost with a confident swagger and bends down to pick up his opponent, but his prey is not all that dead yet. A quick slap to the face surprises the Samoan, followed by a punch and finally The Crimson Ghost manages to get both legs between him and Kendo and with a heave pushes up, sending Kendo reeling backwards and towards the ropes. Immediately he kips up and follows the big man, planting a standing drop kick right into the chest of Kendo, causing the Samoan Suplex Machine to go between the ropes and to the floor outside.

Jim Gunt: Whoa, what a surprising twist here, Ghost was playing possum and lulled Kendo into thinking he had this in the bag!

Mike Rolash: And now he's showboating instead of pressing on. Idiot.

The Crimson Ghost does the moonwalk in the ring while JT Barrett helps Kendo back to his feet and after a brief conversation gives him a clap on the shoulder. The Samoan walks up the steps and onto the apron when TCG runs

over to him and taps his arm, motioning for him to get into the ring, while stepping through the ropes himself. Kendo obliges as Ghost climbs to the top turnbuckle.

Jim Gunt: Did The Crimson Ghost just tag in Kendo?

Mike Rolash: It looks like it and Kendo fell for it! Idiot.

Jim Gunt: Is everybody an idiot to you?

Mike Rolash: Pretty much.

As Kendo realizes that he has been tricked and turns around to face Bonehead, all he sees is a blur of crimson flying his way with a flying cross body off the top rope, but TCG twists himself around just before hitting Kendo butt first. More by instinct than any conscious plan Kendo somehow manages to grab Ghost while falling backwards, flinging him away from himself.

Jim Gunt: Ooh, Ghost hits the turnbuckle face first!

A murmur goes through the crowd as Bonehead bounces back awkwardly, catching himself on his knees. He suddenly begins to stretch out his arms, tapping around him as if trying to find something.

The Crimson Ghost: Aaah, I'm blind!

After a moment he brings his hands up to his mask, which had moved through the impact, straightening it back out.

The Crimson Ghost: I am healed!

Kendo, whose back of head had hit the mat hard, is beginning to stir as Ghost signals towards the stage entrance and a dance beat starts to play. He starts to groove and somewhat dance around Kendo.

Jim Gunt: I think we are going to be treated to the Dancing Mudhole Stomps!

And just as he says it, TCG begins to place a first stomp to Kendo's head, followed by another, in perfect rhythm to the beat, with the Phoenix crowd clapping to go with it.

Mike Rolash: Oh come on, really?

Jim Gunt: Hey, you wanted stuff to happen, no?

Then as sudden as the music had started it stops, freezing The Crimson Ghost's leg in mid-air. Shrugging he hits another stomp for good measure and climbs to the top turnbuckle again. He brings his hand to his forehead as if on the look out for something, moves his head from left to right and then down towards the centre of the ring. As soon as he zeroes in on Kendo he jumps off and hits a perfect frog splash onto the Samoan. He jumps back up to his feet and starts yelling at Kendo to get up, but he is barely moving. After two tries he shrugs again and goes for the ropes, jumping up and landing sitting on Kendo's chest.

Mike Rolash: What the hell was that?

ONE!

Jim Gunt: A pin attempt!

TWO!

Mike Rolash: Groan.

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner by pinfall - THE CRIMSON GHOST!

Jim Gunt: So the Ghost triumphs over the Samoan, it is going to be interesting to see where this is going to lead from

here on.

Mike Rolash: Straight into hell, I'm telling you, this federation is going to the dogs. Just slap on a mask or a bag and bam, you have success.

Jim Gunt: Maybe we should put a mask on you... But I hear that we have something happening backstage, something with Silas!

Calling Card

Match

The cameras frantically rush down the concourse of the Talking Stick Arena, as the mysteriously shrouded figure continues to carry the passed out Silas Artoria on. The cameras and eventually Tara Robinson rush to the person, as they confidently carry Silas onward.

Tara Robinson: Excuse me...sir? Ma'am?

???: Sir.

Tara Robinson: Sir, may I ask what you are doing with Silas?

No response. The figure keeps carrying Silas, and reaches his locker room.

Tara Robinson: Do you have any motivation for carrying Silas from the ring?

No response as the figure places the unconscious Silas onto a nearby sofa, carefully and precisely.

Tara Robinson: Sir, I might have to call security.

The figure holds his hand up to stop Tara from doing anything else, as he takes something out from his jacket. It's a card, business or calling. He places it on Silas' person, before walking past Tara and the camera crew.

"Call me" the card says, followed by an unfamiliar number.

Ataxia vs. Duce Jones

Match

Mike Rolash: For the love of God, enough with all these mysterious and masked and hooded and whatever else figures, what is wrong with these people?

Jim Gunt: I have no idea, Mike, you should investigate.

Mike Rolash: Good idea!

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is a Number One Contenders Match for the CWF World Championship! Introducing first...

The Phoenix fans are buzzing, but soon turn to boos as a voice begins to speak through the PA system.

"And the whole world loves it when you sing the blues... Da. Da.. Da. Da. Da.. Da...."

The opening sounds of "Godspeed" by Don Trip begins to play as the lights inside of the Talking Stick Resort Arena turns a crimson hue color, soon the stage begins filling up with smoke. After about a minute of waiting, Duce Jones, along with Byson Kaliban slowly emerges through the fog, instantly inciting boos from the crowd.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, being accompanied by Byson Kaliban! Weighing in at two hundred fifteen pounds! From Memphis, Tennessee... DUCE JONES!

Slowly making his way towards the ring, Jones ignores the abuse that the fans are giving, as he soon makes it to ringside. Climbing onto the apron, Duce goes to the corner to his right, climbing onto the second rope and peering out into the crowd. Finally done, he jumps over the top rope, landing inside of the ring and removes his hooded vest. He takes a moment to adjust his protective mask as he prepares for action. Meanwhile Kaliban takes up position in Duce's designated corner.

Jim Gunt: Jones brought everything he had at Confliction to try and capture the World title but in the end, fell short of doing just that.

Mike Rolash: The kid's intensity was at an all time high, but in my opinion, being overzealous is what cost him in the end.

The lights flicker as we hear this over the PA system...

“AHAHAHAHHAAAAHAHAHAHA!”

“Dangerous Tonight” by Alice Cooper starts to play as the Phoenix fans boo once again. However the Bagman is nowhere to be found.

Jim Gunt: Umm...

Mike Rolash: Where is he?

Rolash in a panic state begins to search his surroundings to make sure Ataxia hasn't snuck up on him. But he's not there, the camera pans around the Talking Stick Resort Arena in search of the Messiah Pariah, even taking a moment to check the rafters. As the view shifts back inside of the ring to Jones, an annoyed look is apparent as he paces back and forth.

Jim Gunt: Earlier this week, Ataxia made comments of how he didn't wanna do this, also going as far as saying the World Title no longer mattered to him.

Mike Rolash: If it keeps him away from the ring and trying to get us to dance, I'm fine with it!

As “Dangerous Tonight” fades out, it starts back up, but receives the same response as before. With the music finally dying out, official Scott Dean comes over to Duce to have a few words. Soon after he signals for the bell and begins to count.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Well it looks like Scott Dean has started his count.

THREE!

Mike Rolash: At least Jones is getting a well deserved night off...

FOUR!

FIVE!

Squatting down in his designated corner, Jones converses with Kaliban as Dean continues to count.

SIX!

SEVEN!

Jim Gunt: Jones appears to be a bit upset for someone who's about to be handed a World title shot at Vertigo.

EIGHT!

Mike Rolash: Yeah you would think, he would have his feet kicked up inside of the ring, right now.

NINE!

TEN!

Dean calls for the bell once more as Kaliban can be seen making his way towards Douglas.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner... vi..

Kaliban snatches the microphone away from Douglas as the arena erupts in disapproval. Climbing onto the apron, Byron steps through the ropes. Facing the hard camera, he allows the Arizona fans to get all the hate out of their system, before he begins to speak.

Byson Kaliban: Trust me fine ladies and gentlemen, we were expecting our frand to show up just as much as you guys.

More boos.

Byson Kaliban: However, that wasn't the case as now, live on pay per view! You're main event will be Dan "Mr. Bland" Ryan and Duce "The One With All The Juice" Jones for the CWF World Championship!

The jeers of the fans are reverberating throughout the arena as Byron's voice can barely be heard through the noise.

Byson Kaliban: Well, that's if he's able to get past The Shadow tonight. But Danny boy, let's make a few things clear, Duce is hoping you're able to retain tonight. Because he's heard those smart comments you've been making. He's seen the tweets, and Mr. Humbler, he's ready to push your nose to the back of your skull! So make all the jokes you want, be that intellectual guru that you so proudly boast about. Because all the words inside of the encyclopedia is not going to be able to help you fathom the thought of what Duce is going to do to you... So you keep that belt close, shined up nice and all that good jazz! Because come Vertigo he'll make you out to be the paper champ that you are!

With a smile, Byron tosses the microphone on the direction of Ray who fumbles with it a bit before finally catching it. A small cheer breaking out from the section near him that witnessed the feat. Meanwhile "Godspeed" starts back up as both brothers exit the ring and make their way towards the back, the Phoenix fans still booing them.

Twist

Match

CUE UP: "Goodnight" by The Birthday Massacre.

Jim Gunt: And this is a sight we've come to expect, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Don't remind me. Why doesn't this idiot ever wrestle after a pay per view?

Jim Gunt: I can actually answer this one for you, Mike - because the office was concerned with the state that MJ Flair or Loki Synn - Mia Rayne, again - might be in following their NO EXCUSES match, neither one of them were expected to wrestle tonight.

Mike Rolash: Bollocks. Flair looks like she's walking straight and her opponent got fired. She should have someone tonight to kick her teeth down her throat. Can I vote for our new World Champion?

Indeed, MJ Flair is on her way to the ring with no visible sign of damage from her match at Confliction, passing by Duce and Byron without so much sparing them a look. It might just be a trick of perspective, however, considering her last three 'big matches' ended in bloodshed and concussions, the most recent of which put her on the shelf for more than three months.

She slaps the outstretched hands of the Phoenix faithful and retrieves a microphone from Ray Douglas before entering

the ring. The fans continue to cheer, transitioning into the familiar chant of “EMM JAY EFF” as the music fades out.

MJF: Well, that was fun.

Huge pop. MJ leans her back against the top rope and takes a minute to soak it in.

MJF: I was hoping I'd be able to come out here and declare a victory over my nemesis: The Beast, Loki Synn. I was hoping I'd be able to come out here and say that I've put the demons of yesterday behind me, and I can finally... finally... focus on reclaiming the CWF World Championship.

She exhales, and looks down. The fans remain muted with very little cheer or pop.

MJF: Well, I faced The Beast. I fought The Beast.

Now they pop, but MJ holds up her hand.

MJF: But I defeated my friend, Mia Rayne.

It takes a second to get a reaction from the fans, but they applaud, and a “MI-A-COUN-TRY” chant fills the air. MJ nods her head and holds the microphone out to pick up the volume.

MJF: I'm not proud of the obsession I carried, or the lengths I went to in order to get my showdown. But I don't regret it. I can't regret it. I had to go that far.

She stands up and paces the ring.

MJF: I was spiraling... and the only way out was through. I had to do it to realize that I didn't have to.

And she stops.

MJF: What's brought me back, was that, in that moment in the ring... Mia told me she knew, and she understood.

MJ drops the microphone from her face and pounds her chest with her fist. The fans cheer again and chant for Mia.

MJF: I might've crossed a line or two in my day, but Chuck bunny hopped it, turned around, and spat on it. Mia's day ain't over, I promise ya.

The fans pop once again. MJ scans the crowd and smiles.

MJF: The business at hand, however... is the CWF World Championship. The Shadow did a great job as Champion, and when I came back to this company at Modern Warfare, he offered me the opportunity to reclaim it.

Pause.

MJF: Y'all know the reasons why I said no. And now, we've got a new World Champion, which is mind-blowing t'think of as a guy my dad's faced off against, too. And I'm hoping Dan Ryan can take a look at the CWF's history since it reopened almost two years ago, and see that I was holdin' the World Title more than anyone else over the entirety'a last year...

Another pause. The fans take the chance to cheer.

MJF: I'm hopin' that Dan Ryan'll either give me an opportunity, or the chance t'earn one.

The fans rise in volume, the “EMM JAY EFF” chant resuming.

MJF: So, with that in mind--

CUE UP: “Yes” - LMAO

The fans quiet at the interruption, then boo at the sight of Christopher St. James walking out from the back, microphone in hand. MJ glares at him, while the crowd chants “ASSHOLE” as loud as possible.

Mike Rolash: Boy, these people are noisy!

Jim Gunt: Quiet, let him say his thing.

C\$J: You don't want to do that, MJ.

In the ring, she cocks an eyebrow.

C\$J: CWF World Championship? You've been there.

He paces.

C\$J: You've done that.

And he stops, flashing a toothy, cheesy grin.

C\$J: You're ready for something new.

MJF: Let me guess, you've got a suggestion?

C\$J: I do!

He holds his arms out as the video wall behind him lights up with an image of the Hostility Wrestling GRAND CHAMPIONSHIP.

C\$J: Think about it, Flair... a new company. A new challenge. A new place to secure a legacy like nothing you've ever dreamed of. We have a vision for Hostility, Flair...

He points, dramatically, towards the ring.

C\$J: And we want you on the team.

Some fans cheer, some fans boo. MJ nods her head as if considering it.

MJF: I appreciate the thoughts, Chuck.

C\$J: Christo--

MJF: But I'm gonna say no.

The fans pop at this, while St. James chuckles to himself.

MJF: The CWF is my home, man... and I'm not goin' anywhere until I've got the opportunity t'hold the gold for a third time.

She backs up a few steps and shrugs.

C\$J: Think about it before you knee-jerk answer, Flair! This could be the opportunity of a lifetime! Instead of piggybacking on a tournament you lost last year, or a title you lost last year... you could write your own ticket. Isn't that worth it?

MJ puts the microphone back to her mouth, but St. James holds up his hand.

C\$J: And before you say no again, you should really check your contracts.

Now, his smirk turns into a full-fledged grin.

C\$J: Because if you'd read it a little more closely, you'd've seen that the winner of the No Excuses match between you and Loki is automatically drafted to Hostility, no questions, no appeals.

Mic drop.

MJ, actually. She drops the microphone in the middle of the ring, seemingly in shock. The fans boo again, and a

"Bullshit" chant begins.

C\$J: Now, I know this is a lot to absorb, and I'm not gonna compound it by making you fly all the way back to Australia for a match this Friday... but you will be there when we return to the states.

He applauds, somewhat sarcastically.

C\$J: Enjoy your evening.

Now, St. James drops the microphone. The fans, the commentators, and MJ Flair all seem to be in shock as we cut to commercial.

CWF Network

Match

The picture cuts to a logo of the CWF Network.

Voiceover: Coming soon to the CWF Network.

The logo is superimposed by a picture of Jace Valentine and Chaolin Sahn.

Voiceover: A feud for the ages.

Clips of Jace vs. Chaolin.

Voiceover: Bitter enemies and an epic match that nobody will ever forget.

Switch to clips of the (in)famous freezer match between the two.

Voiceover: Jace Valentine, Chaolin Sahn - A Tale of Blood and Iron.

Fade to black.

Stop Poking The Hand That Pays

Match

The cameras cut to Tara Robinson, a smile plastered on her face as her honey soaked voice echoes throughout the arena.

Tara Robinson: Ladies and gentlemen, C\$J has requested this time to speak and address the entirety of the CWF universe at large.

She knocks on the door leading to C\$J's pressbox, her trepidation hidden by her steely, "reporter-like" fortitude. A slight rustle can be heard before the door clicks open a crack to reveal the man that oozes enough confidence to drown the world and then some, Christopher St. James. His mouth twitches into a smile as he takes a step back and motions Tara in.

C\$J: Come in Tara! Don't be shy! I have things that need to be said and rest assured, they have nothing to do with you, your craft, and they most certainly won't end with me putting you through a table. Just... Relax, ok? My game isn't taking someone by surprise, someone who has no business in this position mind you, and tossing them through a table. I want to see the connections click in place as my enemies realize just how much better at everything I am than then, and SPEAKING of enemies...

Tara looks slightly taken aback but she motions for her crew to continue. One way or the other, she was getting this story. Lucky for her, C\$J doesn't care whom his audience was and is, he just wants to talk.

C\$J: Tara, I regret to inform everyone, that I have an itch I just can't seem to scratch. Since arriving here on the scene, I have been nothing but genuine to the people here at CWF, eliminated the cancer known as James Milenko, bought him out, GAVE the already established show to Jon Stewart and said, "Here! Let's have some friendly competition! Give the fans something to really sink their teeth into!" then moved on to try and start my own show, with my own roster from scratch. Yet still, you all boo me.

He adjusts slightly in his chair and Tara does the same as she hangs onto his every word and hopes her tape recorder is better at staying focused on this guy that enjoys his tangents.

C\$J: I am the sole reason CWF still stands, Evolution continues to blow away our fan base, and everyone here gets a paycheck. Me, myself, and I. My investment, my company, and apparently, this all makes me the bad guy in front of the mysterious man who only shows up when he wants to try and intimidate someone with an expired prescription bottle of Flinstone Gummies or if he wants to stick his gummies in my business, much like the unwanted attentions of a toddler.

Jon, I get it, you look up to me. You want to be like me, and you want to follow in my footsteps, who wouldn't? The amount that I COULD teach you would astound, the amount I'm WILLING to teach you? Well, are you able to keep up? We shall see. From here on out though, I will no longer allow you to harass my hardworking roster members. Let me make myself crystal clear Jon, ANY further harassment of ANY of MY talent, will be viewed as an act of hostile intent and will be treated as such. Do NOT bite the hand that feeds Jon, you'll find that I play for keeps and one way or the other, I ALWAYS get my way. Tara, we are done here, thank you for your time.

C\$J goes back to his paperwork as Tara politely excuses herself from out of the office and the cameras cut back to ringside.

Dan Ryan (c) vs. The Shadow

Match

Mike Rolash: And the boss is laying down the law!

Jim Gunt: Since when are you on C\$J's side?

Mike Rolash: Ever since it pays off to be on his good side!

Jim Gunt: Figures... But what about MJF getting force-drafted into Hostility?

Mike Rolash: Even better news, I'm finally rid of her!

Jim Gunt: Don't celebrate too early...

Ray Douglas: The following match is for the CWF World Heavyweight Championship and is tonight's MAAAAIIIIINNN EVENT!

The lights go out in the Talking Stick Resort Arena and Primordial's "Wield Lightning to Split the Sun" sounds for a second time tonight. Fog starts to waft around the ring, illuminated only with dark, crimson light, the ring itself is dark. As the song fully kicks in, the crimson light flickers with rising intensity and as the choir stops, the lights go back on and The Shadow stands in the centre of the ring with Myfanwy beside him, stoic and unmoving under his hood.

Ray Douglas: First, accompanied by Myfanwy and from Calgary, Alberta, Canada, he is the former World Champion, the Weaver of Dreams....THE SHADOW!!

Myfanwy and Shadow make brief eye contact before she takes his robe, moving underneath the top rope and out of the ring as he looks on at the entrance ramp for the arrival of Ryan.

Jim Gunt: The Shadow is all business tonight, Mike, as he looks to gain back his CWF World Title just one week after

losing it at Confliction to the Ego Buster.

Mike Rolash: Not sure if old Shad is focused or he is just tired of Myfanwy getting in his business.

Jim Gunt: I don't think that's the case at all, she served our former champion quite well at Confliction. It was neither her nor his fault that Dan Ryan came out of the pay per view as the new champion.

Mike Rolash: No, it was Duce Jones'.

The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of the song plays. When the riff audio kicks it up a notch, Dan Ryan steps out and pauses, looking into the audience, then heads down the aisle as pyro blasts behind him. The video shows clips from his career: powerbombing Mark Windham, his ascent up the CWF roster as he dominated the Modern Warfare tournament, Tiger Suplexing Ataxia off the stage, smirking as he stands over a fallen Duce Jones with the newly won CWF World Title over his shoulder.

Mike Rolash: What a video package. Whoever is responsible for these interchanging every week is an absolute genius, it is SO cool seeing a history lesson of Dan Ryan's career each and every week!

Jim Gunt: Oh brother.

Mike Rolash: Shut up, Gunter.

Jim Gunt: Not that again.

Finally the Ego Buster makes his way out from behind the curtain, the World Heavyweight Title belt draped over his shoulder as he stands on the middle of the stage, soaking in all the boos coming from the CWF faithful. The Ego Buster pats the belt confidently, nodding his head as he struts his way down the ramp walking right past the few fans that have their hands out for him. Ryan places his title on the announce table, telling Rolash to keep his eye on Gunt so he doesn't touch it before sliding into the ring and walking past the Shadow to head to a corner and raise both fists in the air.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Houston, Texas, he is the brand new reigning and defending CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION....DAN RYAN!!

Mike Rolash: Now this is a World Champion.

Jim Gunt: We'll see how long it lasts though, Mike. It's not every day that we see a Title rematch one week after a major change at a pay per view, but tonight is a special night. Will grand slam champion Shadow be able to once again rake in the big one, or will Dan Ryan prove he's not just a flash in the pan?

Mike Rolash: Let's go to the ring and find out.

Trent Robbins finishes up prepping both competitors for the main event before calling for the bell, stepping back as they come to the center of the ring. The animosity between the two is already apparent as Ryan and Shadow come eye to eye, despite the new champion being six inches taller. After some deep trash talk only heard by the Shadow, his eyes turn red and he launches a right hand towards Dan Ryan. The Ego Buster evades, pulling him down by the right arm and twisting it behind his back, using his left knee to hold him down as he wrenches back on the arm.

Jim Gunt: Dan Ryan is one hell of a mat technician, Mike, I've got to give him that.

Mike Rolash: That's what I've been telling you all along. This guy is like a freaking walking gold mine. The hottest free agent in all of professional wrestling and CWF was lucky enough to not only get him to wrestle in the Modern Warfare tournament, but stay afterward.

Jim Gunt: You don't think he's just the flavor of the week, or anything? You called him a has-been earlier.

Mike Rolash: You'll see tonight, Jimboat. You'll see tonight. And I never said anything like that!

Despite the Shadow somehow breaking the leg hold of Ryan and pulling himself to his feet, the Ego Buster still has ahold of his arm and wrenches it behind him. Using his own veteran resourcefulness, the Shadow runs himself into the closest corner, ducking and rolling over right before impact, leaving Ryan smashing the top turnbuckle pad face-first! Atomic drop from The Shadow follows, and then an insane clothesline to the back of Ryan's neck!

Jim Gunt: What a succession of moves there from the Shadow! There is something different about the Weaver of Dreams tonight, wouldn't you say?

Mike Rolash: He certainly seems to be bringing his A game, but how long before Myfanwy gets involved and ruins this thing?

Jim Gunt: Oh stop, Mike. You act like someone hasn't provoked her into action each and every time...

With the Phoenix fans heavily behind him, the Shadow stomps down on the canvas, his eyes never leaving the body of Dan Ryan as he begins to pull himself back up. The Shadow goes for a flying kick to his chest but Ryan catches it, turns the former champion onto his stomach and yanks hard- anklelock! The Shadow tries to fight through but Dan Ryan has his new trademark submission move held in tight, dropping to one knee as the Weaver of Dreams screams out in agony.

Jim Gunt: The Shadow is in serious trouble here, Mike! Ryan used the Ankle Lock against Duce Jones at Confliction, and while it was not successful in getting the victory for him- it certainly didn't hurt his cause.

Mike Rolash: But just like Duce did at Confliction, Shadow is doing his best to try to roll through!

The former champion turns himself onto his back, striking out with his free leg at the arms of Ryan. The Ego Buster drops the hold, instead deciding to leap up and Double Stomp the chest of the Shadow! The Phoenix crowd boo as Ryan drops down for the first cover of the match, purposefully looking right over at Myfanwy as Robbins makes the call.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! The Shadow gets a shoulder up, turning to his left but leaving his right arm free to Ryan to grab it and place him right into a Fujiwara Armbar! If the Weaver of Dreams wasn't in trouble before, he certainly is now, and he knows it as he digs his nails deep into the canvas. Myfanwy makes her way over to the side of the ring, slapping the canvas several times getting the sold out crowd on their feet for the former champion. The crowd seems to awaken a new life for the Shadow as he is able to struggle himself towards the ropes despite Ryan holding on, placing a leg barely on the bottom rope! An angry Dan Ryan drops the arm bar after the count of three, getting immediately to his feet and stomping down on the arm of Shadow even as Trent Robbins warns him.

Jim Gunt: As great of a wrestler our new World Champion really is, he has a blatant disrespect for our officials.

Mike Rolash: Why shouldn't he, Jimmy? Robbins should be catering to him, not the other way around!

Jim Gunt: I'm not sure that's how this business works, Mike...

Not allowing the Shadow even back up to his feet, the Great White that is Dan Ryan immediately goes back to the injured right arm of the Shadow, backing him up into the corner before pulling down on it hard, attempting to pull his shoulder out of socket. Shadow fights back with a knee, and then an elbow from his non-injured arm, and a left hand to finally send Ryan packing. With the Shadow finally free he looks to not waste another second of time, running at full speed.

Jim Gunt: HAAAAMMMER OF THE GOOODS! The Running Dropkick hits flush, and it's gotta be over!

Mike Rolash: NOOO!

The Shadow hooks both legs of Ryan painfully with his right arm, a visible wince coming from him as Robbins drops down for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO! Ryan forcefully shoves the Shadow off of him, coincidentally landing him again right on that now reddened and possibly dislocated right arm. The Shadow is easy pickings for Ryan despite just hitting him with one of his trademark top shot moves, Ryan measuring him up even as he backs himself into a corner- stomping down hard on the chest several times of the former champ. The Shadow pulls himself up with help of both middle ropes but Ryan is relentless, kicking him hard with his massive boot to the face first and then right to the shoulder joint of Shadow.

Jim Gunt: That is about enough, Robbins has got to put a stop to Dan Ryan's attack on the Shadow's right arm and shoulder. He is going to leave the man on the shelf for months!

Mike Rolash: Good for him, Jim! Ryan is simply doing the job that he's paid damn good money to do, so cry me a river if hurting your precious champion hurts your damn feelings.

Jim Gunt: You're such a prick, you know that?

Trent Robbins admonishes the champion who simply nods knowingly back at him, brushing by him to go right back to the Shadow who suddenly comes alive, taking ahold of the ropes and launches his legs in the air to hit a missile dropkick to Ryan's chest! The Shadow is up top a few seconds later, FLIGHT OF THE NIGHT DEMON TO A STANDING DAN RYAN! The Senton Bomb takes out the Ego Buster, both former and current CWF champions tumbling to the canvas before the Shadow is able to crawl over to Ryan, going for the cover as the Phoenix fans count along.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: It's over, Mike! The Shadow is champion again!

THREE!

Mike Rolash: ...

NO! With the fans gasping in shock and frustration, Dan Ryan shoots a shoulder up at the last split second. The two competitors roll to opposite directions, the two of them clearly spent as they take a moment to gather themselves. Both Ryan and the Shadow's attention turns to the entrance ramp when the Messiah Pariah finally shows himself to the Talking Stick Resort Arena, the Bagged Man quickly coming down the ramp with his trademark cane in hand.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia was nowhere to be found earlier tonight when he was to be facing Duce Jones in a number one contendership match to determine the winner of this match, but here he is proving that the Bagged Man truly is always one step ahead of the competition.

Mike Rolash: By dropping out of a World Title #1 contendership match? If that's what you think then I think someone needs to twist your head a few times, Jimmy. I'm pretty sure it's screwed on the wrong way.

Jim Gunt: CANE TO THE HEAD OF THE SHADOW! Trent Robbins calls for the bell immediately, as Ryan takes a shot from the cane as well! The Messiah Pariah has snapped, and here comes Duce Jones to get in on the fun!

Before Ataxia can continue his attack on both Dan Ryan and The Shadow, the bell continues to ring as Duce Jones hurries down the ramp with a steel chair in hand, rolling under the bottom rope and ducking under a cane shot just to biff the steel chair right at the bagged face of Ataxia!

Trent Robbins: As a result of disqualification...this match has been ruled a NO CONTEST!

The Phoenix fans boo the result, but quickly hush as the new number one contender calls for a timekeeper to hand him the CWF World Title. Duce Jones stares at the championship title belt, a deeply serious look on his face as he stands in place, finally walking over to the body of Dan Ryan and standing over top of him just like Ryan did at Confliction. Jones raises the gold in the air to a resounding cheer as Evolution goes off the air.

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