Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 50

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: April 30, 2019
Location: Bob Carpenter Center — Newark, Delaware

Results

I'm Flattered, But...

Match

A quick scan of the BOK Center and the thousands of fans in attendance, every single one of them on their feet and ready for what will be a wild Girls' Night Out special. Finally the camera settles on Ray Douglas, who stands in the ring with a microphone in hand.

Ray Douglas: Welcome, one and all… to the fiftieth episode of Evolution!

The crowd goes wild.

Ray Douglas: Tonight we celebrate the success of CWF. And in particular, we celebrate the women who have made CWF the success that it is.

Tumultuous applause from the Tulsa audience, showing they surely appreciate the female superstars of CWF and elsewhere.

Ray Douglas: But perhaps there's someone better equipped than me to introduce this event and talk about the success of women in CWF… one of the most successful women in this new incarnation.

The crowd collectively murmurs with speculation.

Ray Douglas: Please welcome former CWF World Champion – CALEDONIA!

The crowd goes ballistic as Day and Night by Billie Piper blares over the PA. Caledonia Highlander emerges from behind the stage curtain, dressed in her old ring gear for the sake of recognizability. She smiles broadly as she makes her way down to the ring.

Jim Gunt: It's great to see Caledonia Highlander back in the CWF ring! Throughout the first half of 2018, Caledonia was an unstoppable force here in CWF.

Mike Rolash: I thought they were brothers?

Caledonia reaches for a microphone as the music dies down.

Caledonia: First of all – good evening Tulsa!

The Oklahoma crowd cheers at the cheap pop.

Caledonia: Tonight is such a milestone for CWF. Fifty episodes of Evolution. Nearly two years running. It seems like just yesterday that we got the call to arms for Wrestlefest 3 – a one-time-only, full-blown tribute show… or so they said.

This federation has a resiliency unparalleled in the entire world of wrestling. No matter how many times CWF has been struck down, its spirit stays steadfast. And while those who would seek to bury us stand triumphant atop their perch for a short time… in the end they crumble into the dustbin of history, and CWF keeps on going. And now, thanks in no small part to the women you will see do battle here tonight… CWF is stronger than ever.

The crowd applauds.

Caledonia: I am so very excited for… well, for the entire card. But above all for the main event. Tonight you will see a battle between two of the greatest women ever to set foot in a CWF ring. Mariella Jade Flair and Mia Rayne will vie it out, to prove once and for all who is the strongest of CWF's strongest women.

Unusually, there are a few boos mixed into the cheers. Caledonia seems to notice, and laughs.

Caledonia: Well, I can tell that there's a few of you who think that the match is missing something… or someone.

A few of the more vocal members of the audience yell "You!". Others manage to get chants of Caledonia's name going. The former World Champion simply holds up a hand.

Caledonia: I'm flattered… but I'm retired. I'm proud beyond anything to be a part of the legacy on which this titan of entertainment has been built – but I'm the past of CWF. MJ Flair and Mia Rayne – they are the future.

Dissatisfied grumbles from certain parts of the audience. Caledonia puts a hand up to try to calm them.

Caledonia: Sorry to disappoint you. But for now… I'm gonna sit back and enjoy the show.

Day and Night hits once again, as Caledonia makes her way to an empty ringside seat between her husband, former World Champion and Hall of Famer Dan Highlander, and her former tag-team partner and best friend Eris.

An Unbreakable Interview

Match

We cut backstage to find CWF Interviewer, Tara Robinson, standing by with a microphone in hand and a smile on her face.

Tara Robinson: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to Evolution #50, I'm back here hoping to get a few words with some of the participants involved in the Superwoman of Wrestling Battle Royal--

All of a sudden, her attention is diverted when "Unbreakable" Stacy Jones enters the arena already dressed to compete with her HYBRID Grand Championship proudly resting over her shoulder.

Tara Robinson: It's Grand Champion, "Unbreakable" Stacy Jones, representing HYBRID! I'm going to see if I can get a few words with her.

Robinson turns to face Jones.

Tara Robinson: Stacy! CWF Interviewer, Tara Robinson… would I be able to get a few words with you ahead of your match tonight?

Jones smiles and nods.

Stacy Jones: Of course, Tara!

The interviewer smiles and nods back.

Tara Robinson: Tonight you are taking part in the Superwoman of Wrestling Battle Royal alongside nine other wrestlers. Some are CWF alumni, some are current CWF stars and some, like yourself, are from outside of the company. Do you have anything you'd wish to say before the match?

Readjusting the championship over her shoulder, Jones takes a few moments to think.

Stacy Jones: Well first, I just want to thank CWF for giving me this opportunity to begin with. As I said leading up to this match, I'm no stranger to these kinds of things. I like to get my name out there and I am proud to be representing HYBRID as it's top champion here. I'm planning on going out there and having fun, showing the CWF fans as well as the other women in this match exactly who "Unbreakable" Stacy Jones is.

She smirks.

Stacy Jones: Not only that, but for a long time now, I've been looking forward to stepping into the ring with Amy Jo Smyth. I heard what she said, when she said that if she doesn't end up winning this Battle Royal, that she hopes that I do. The feeling is mutual. Amy Jo is a competitor that I have a lot of respect for, she's one of the best wrestlers in this industry and she's proven time and time again that she can still go. And just because she's the only name in this match that I'm aware of, it doesn't mean that I'm taking any of the other women in this match lightly. I'm expecting this to be a hell of a fight, and I know it's not gonna be easy, but that's the way I like it. How are you going to prove to yourself and to everyone watching that you're the very best of the best if the challenges you face are going to be easy? I welcome the challenge… this is what I live for… wrestling is my drug… it saved my life and I plan on walking out of here as the Superwoman of Wrestling!

Jones now turns her attention to the camera.

Stacy Jones: See you ladies out there.

And with that, she blows a kiss to the camera and then pats Robinson a few times on the shoulder, thanking her for the interview before disappearing off camera as we cut back to ringside.

Superwoman

Match

"Every company nowadays wants to claim they're a champion of women."

"It's really, really, adorable."

Lindsay Troy, the Queen of the Ring, stands alone in the BOK Center's gym. She's dressed for battle in her customary halter top with crown insignia, bootcut pants, training gloves, and arm tape. The black, white, and gold color scheme is being rocked tonight (Go Bruins!) and her hands rest on her hips.

Lindsay Troy: When I broke into this business over twenty years ago, there were no women who looked like me. Or talked shit like me. Or who could even dream of having the skills that I do. Unmatched technical prowess. Unrivaled aerial assaults. And I'll keep it 100: there still aren't. But all you little girls nowadays who think it's the cool thing to be a martial artist in professional wrestling have one person to thank.

Thumb to the chest.

Lindsay Troy: Me.

Trademark smirk.

Lindsay Troy: You're welcome.

Her hand falls back to her hip.

Lindsay Troy: In the early companies I worked in, there were no other women for me to face. And it wouldn't have mattered anyway, because those fights would have been such a goddamn mismatch that nobody would've gone home satisfied. Not the promoters. Not the fans. And, certainly, not me. No, the only way to make the paper was to put me up against the boys, and I've been rockin' and reelin' 'em ever since. Even when women started to trickle into town, I was already too established and too household a name to be put up against them.

The Queen crush those plebians? Snooze.

The Queen smash the patriarchy, blast through glass ceilings, and cement herself as the absolute pinnacle of this industry? You'd better believe it. And you'd better believe there isn't - and never will be - a damn woman alive

who’ll ever do it better than yours truly.

Which is why this whole night, and this "Superwoman Battle Royal" in particular, is a sham.

The Lady of the Hour waves her hand dismissively.

Lindsay Troy: Jon Stewart wanted me in there and I laughed in his face. “I’m already Superwoman,” I told him. I've competed in the absolute best companies on revered wrestling circuits and have stood at the tops of their mountains. I've broken title curses, crushed Industry Titans, battled in countless - COUNTLESS - brutal and body-ravaging matches. WARCHAMBERS. Dual Halos. Dare I say it: a Hulkathon.

I stand as a living edifice after the sands have stripped and washed away the marvels of Ozymandias. I am an institution that transcends gender and social constructs of what it means to compete in this business. For me, the women competing in that match are nothing but grains of dirt. They are dust from the Hinterlands; some blowing through the CWF, never to return after this night is done, but nearly all of them remain unworthy my time.

Except for one, and that’s Mia. Because she’s an institution here, and there will be time enough for her.

Troy smiles.

Lindsay Troy: “No,” I told Stewart. “Superwoman won’t be fighting the terrible Law and Order detective chemist hashtag-girlcharacter Amy Jo Smyth, or the Party City discount costume Amanda the Game Warden, or Johnny Graves’ ghost friend Ciara Kennedy. She won’t be brawling with High and Flighty Abigail Starr, or tossing Allison Wonderland through a looking glass, or turning a paige on Stacy Jones.”

“Instead,” I said, “what I will do for you, J-Stew, is go out and find someone better than all these fly-by-night cretins you’re allowing to grace this company, and we’ll put on a match that will put them all to shame.”

“That...I will promise you.”

That...CWF Nation...is what the actual Superwoman will be doing tonight.

And after that’s all done and dusted, I’m hoping Nathan Paradine takes some time inbetween licking his wounds from Xander Daniels to reflect on what I've said, because he and I?

We aren’t done dancing yet.

The Queen smiles, devilishly, as the scene cuts to the ring.

Angelica vs. Amber Ryan vs. Abigail Starr, Amanda The Game Warden, Amy Jo Smyth, Ciara Kennedy, Allison Wonderland, Mia Rayne, Samara Astrid, Stacy Marie Lawson-Jones

Match

When the camera cuts back to inside of the BOK Center, the majority of the participants in the Superwoman Battle Royal are already standing inside of the ring.

Jim Gunt: Welcome back ladies and gentlemen and what a statement made by Lindsay Troy.

Mike Rolash: She's only speaking the truth, she paved the way for majority of those women inside of the ring.

Jim Gunt: We might have to do a fact check on that one.

“Committed” by One-Eyed Doll currently plays in the background as Mia skips down to the ring.

Ray Douglas: The final participant in this Superwoman Battle Royal, former CWF World Heavyweight Champion....MIA RAYNE!!

Making it to the apron, Mia places her hands on the apron as she stares up at her competition. Licking her lips, she slides inside of the ring, crawling towards the nearest corner as some of the others move out of her way. She sits there,

rocking back and forth, laughing as many of the others give her blank stares.

Jim Gunt: How about our colleague Mike, deciding to lace her boots up once again for this very special evening.

Mike Rolash: First off, that's your colleague.. she was forced on me..

The bell rings and first are flying everywhere as the ten women begin to battle it out. Pairing off, all four corners of the squared circle are occupied by bodies. Allison and Ciara team up on Samara, Abigail trades punches with Amy Jo, Amber lays boots into the midsection of Angelica, Mia goes to battle with Amanda but she quickly high tails it out of the ring under the bottom rope.

Jim Gunt: The Superwoman Battle Royal is underway and Amanda the Game Warden seems to want no part of this contest.

Mike Rolash: I feel her stress level.. I always want to hightail it out of here when Mia's joining us on commentary.

Angelica reverses and now has Amber in the corner connecting with high kicks. However she goes to the well too often, as Ryan ducks underneath Angelica's final strike, grabbing her leg. Amber lifts Angelica up and over the top rope where she lands on the apron. A forearm to the face has Angelica dazed, but before the former Unhinged Briefcase winner is able to try anything else, she's blasted from behind by an incoming Mia Rayne. She goes tumbling through the middle ropes and out to the floor.

Jim Gunt: Ryan able to avoid being eliminated, going through the ropes there.

Mike Rolash: Clearly, Mia doesn't know the rules of the match.

Angelica is seen trying to climb back inside of the ring, but Ryan is right there pulling her off the apron and down to the floor eliminating her! Angelica is irate as she stares at Ryan who points towards the back, signaling it's time for her to leave. Infuriated, Angelica fires a SUPERKICK into Ryan's jaw, dropping her to the floor.

Ray Douglas: Angelica has been eliminated!

Jim Gunt: Huge Superkick, by an enraged Angelica as she now makes her way to the back.

Mike Rolash: She can't blame Amber because she came prepared for this match.

Back inside of the ring, Ciara and Allison have Samara almost over the top rope, each of them holding a leg as she holds for dear life. Amy Jo Smyth and Abigail Starr have formed a small partnership as they team up to try and eliminate Stacy Jones, but it's short lived when Mia blasts Abigail with a big boot to the side of her head. Abigail drops to a knee as Mia is now trying to help Amy Jo eliminate Stacy.

Jim Gunt: In this type of contest, you always have to keep your head on the swivel because an attack can come from any direction.

Mike Rolash: Yeah it's every woman for themselves, but small alliances can help out from time to time.

Samara Astrid has escaped the clutches of the disOrder members and is down on the canvas being stomped by the two. Amanda finally sees an opening as she slides under the bottom and barrels into Ciara Kennedy, slamming her to the mat by her hair. She now turns her attention to Allison, dropping her with a big kick to the head. Bringing Ciara up by her hair, Amanda lifts her off her feet and heads for the ropes looking to eliminate Kennedy but she's saved by Allison who clubs Amanda across the back.

Jim Gunt: Like we stated earlier, this is where alliances before a big factor in a match like this.

Mike Rolash: disOrder have been firing on all cylinders and one of these women will walk out victorious.

Jim Gunt: Well we will have to see, but both Allison and Ciara are able to send Amanda The Game Warden flying over the top and to the outside.

Mike Rolash: Good she needs to tend to her 'pet' Tom anyway.

Ray Douglas: Amanda the Game Warden has been eliminated!

The two celebrate inside of the ring but it's short lived as Ryan makes her return, sneaking up behind Ciara and sends her tumbling over the top rope, eliminating her!

Ray Douglas: Ciara Kennedy has been eliminated!

Allison Wonderland is in disbelief that her stablemate is gone, but she doesn't have time to react as Ryan nails her with a left handed punch. Abigail stomps down on Amy Jo in the corner as everyone else tries to stay out of the action and recover. Amber whips Wonderland in Jones' direction, where she has the wherewithal to go for a lariat. Jones ducks it, charging forward at Ryan who tries a lariat of her own.

Jim Gunt: Jones able to duck the lariat. Handspring Enziguri by Jones to Ryan. She's back up as Allison charges into a hurricanrana that sends her to the canvas.

Mike Rolash: Stacy Jones is looking impressive.

The Tulsa fans are showing their appreciation for the visitor as she poses for them. Allison tries to catch her by surprise with a Bicycle Kick but Jones ducks and Wonderland is now straddled across the top rope. Jones wastes no time in lifting her up and over the top rope where she crashes to the apron. Amber now attacks Stacy, grabbing her by the hair, taking her to a corner and slamming her face first into the top turnbuckle. Jones is dazed in the corner as Ryan backs up. She charges full steam as the Tulsa fans cheer in anticipation.

Jim Gunt: YAKUZA KICK! NO! JONES ABLE TO MOVE!

Mike Rolash: This chick is elusive.

Ryan's leg is trapped across the top rope, Stacy helps her over the top and to the apron. Ryan lands on her feet and sends a left-arm forearm to Stacy's sending her staggering back. Allison runs along the apron and bicycle kicks Amber, Ryan fires back with a boot of her own. A fist fight between the two breaks out on the apron. The crowd comes alive as the two women brawl back and forth.

Mike Rolash: What is Stacy doing?

Rebounding off the ropes, Stacy charges towards the two women and dives through the top and middle rope, spearing both women to the floor, eliminating them, the crowd explode in admiration!

Jim Gunt: STACY JONES WITH A SPEAR THROUGH THE ROPES TO BOTH WONDERLAND AND RYAN!

"Holy Shit! Holy Shit! Holy Shit!"

Ray Douglas: Amber Ryan and Allison Wonderland have both been eliminated!

Mike Rolash: The HYBRID Grand Champion is giving her all tonight! I would love to have this athlete on this roster on a permanent basis.

Jim Gunt: You really have to be 'great' if Mike is rooting for you.

Rolash laughs as he continues to watch the action that's going on. Stacy hops back on the apron, climbs through the ropes but is met by a high knee lift, courtesy of Samara, leaving her dazed on the middle rope. Running to her left and rebounding off the ropes, Samara spikes her headfirst into the mat with a modified headscissors! The Tulsa crowd can be heard cringing from the impact!

Jim Gunt: Did you hear the sound of her head striking the mat!

Mike Rolash: Man that was brutal...

With a fistful of hair, Samara brings Stacy upright and whips her into the corner, following her in with a brutal lariat. Samara then begins to unleash lariat after lariat into Jones' chest. Jones is dazed, Astrid backpedals then charges in once more, but Jones lifts her up and over to the apron. Forearm to the jaw has Astrid dazed, Samara returns one of her own. Staggering back, Stacy spins and connects with Stacy's Kick, knocking Samara down to the floor.

Ray Douglas: Samara Astrid has been eliminated!

Jim Gunt: Samara is gone and now we are down to our final four, which one of these women will become our first annual Superwoman Battle Royal Champion?

Mike Rolash: Anyone but Mia…

Jim Gunt: How could you say something like that? Mia is one of the cornerstones of CWF, she represents this company proudly.

Mike Rolash: Then there's people like you, who makes my hatred so much easier.

Jim Gunt: Hate is such a strong word Mike.

Mike Rolash: Deal with it.

It seems that the two CWF staples, past and present have taken offense to the outsider doing so much damage in this contest, stomping her down in a corner. However, coming to her aid is another outsider, Amy Jo Smyth, who clubs Starr but catches a headbutt from Rayne that sits her on her ass! Rayne goes back to Jones, raking her boot across Stacy's face. Bringing her vertical, Rayne whips her into Starr who connects with a spin kick!

Jim Gunt: The Original Starr of CWF looking like she hasn't missed a step!

Mike Rolash: She's more than likely stoned out her mind right now.

Rayne and Starr nod to each other with playful smiles before lifting Jones off the canvas and tossing her into the ropes, looking to eliminate her. Jones holds on tight to the top rope, refusing to let it go as both women struggle to get her over. Just like earlier, Amy Jo is to the rescue, roundhouse kicking Rayne across the head. Rayne drops to a knee as AJ turns her attention to Abigail, unloading with right hands! Irish whip to the ropes, AJ rebounds and a dropkick sends her to the mat. Back to her feet, Smyth ducks Rayne's attempt at a lariat, she springs off the middle rope and connects with an european uppercut!

Jim Gunt: AJ Smyth is on a roll and now she goes for a hurricanrana on Starr! No! Abigail brings her back up!

Mike Rolash: Damn, what kinda weed is she smoking?

Abigail staggers around the ring with Smyth on her shoulders, stumbling towards the ropes,and they both go over the top rope and crash land on the apron! Both women are to their feet, Smyth goes for a boot but Starr catches it. With Smyth's leg in her hand she flips her backwards, but AJ lands on her feet on the apron! The crowd explodes! Abigail goes for a running knee but Amy Jo is able to sidestep her and sends her crashing into the ringpost and down to the floor for the elimination.

Ray Douglas: Abigail Starr has been eliminated!

Jim Gunt: These women are proving to be quite impressive and my, my, my what a performance they're putting on here.

Mike Rolash: They've got me convinced.

Jim Gunt: Me as well, but let's see if CWF's only hope Mia Rayne can withstand both Amy Jo Smyth and Stacy Jones who are both clearly willing to put it all on the line to walk out of here with the claim of the Superwoman of Wrestling.

Amy Jo smiles on the apron, looking down at Abigail but that smile is soon wiped off as Mia sends a running boot

through the ropes and into the back of her head, she falls to the floor and is eliminated. The loyalist of CWF fans cheer the golden girl!

Ray Douglas: Amy Jo Smyth has been eliminated!

Mike Rolash: These people are enjoying this action, and I can't blame them as we have had a wild battle royale to start off this ladies night.

Jim Gunt: It's an amazing display that they're putting on and now we are down to the final two!

Mia Rayne and Stacy Jones are now standing across the ring from each other as the fans go wild.. The two circle the ring, measuring each other up as they test each other out. Finally they go at it, kicks and strikes in each other's direction, each one avoided by the other until a Mia Rayne spear has Jones down on the canvas! Wasting no time, Rayne brings her upright and tosses her over the top rope but Jones is able to hold on! Getting vertical, she receives a headbutt that stuns her… she fires back with a forearm! Another headbutt rocks Stacy as she leans back, her hand on the top rope, keeping her safe. Mia hits the ropes, rebounds and a big boot is dodged as Rayne straddles the top rope, now in pain as she slowly climbs over to the apron.

Jim Gunt: These women are in a dangerous spot!

The two battle back and forth with right hands, soon dazing each other with double boots to the face! Both women almost fall from the apron, but grab onto the ropes to save their chances. Coming to Mia lets out a banshee like scream as she charges along the apron at Jones! Stacy springs to life, leaping through the air and grabbing Rayne's head and drives it into her shoulder with a stunner! The force of the impact, sends Mia flying to the floor as the bell rings!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner and Superwoman Battle Royal Winner....STACY JONES!!

Jim Gunt: Jones with the surprising victory with a modified Stacy's Judgement! What a win there for the HYBRID Grand Champion!

Mike Rolash: That was sick and sweet at the same damn time!

Jones rolls back inside of the ring, exhausted but still celebrates her victory as the crowd cheers. Mia Rayne eventually gets to her feet, rolling out of the ring and clapping as she lets Stacy Jones have her time.

Seasponge's night out.

Match

As the scene opens we find our hero Thomas Roll wearing a dress and sporting a long blonde wig, on his shoulder sits his pet monkey who also has a matching outfit. CWF interviewer Marcus Maximus stands with a microphone in his hand with a perplexed look on his face.

Thomas Roll: Well well well...if it isn't Marco Polo!

Marcus Maximus: My name is actually Marcus.

Thomas Roll: Whatever man! Do you think I give a monkey's armpit!?

Marcus looks at Sergeant Bananas who sniffs his own armpit.

Marcus Maximus: Thomas Roll, you demanded an interview. What did you want to talk about?

Thomas Roll: What do you think I want to talk about?! Let's have a detailed discussion about sea sponges. If you took them out of the sea, would water levels be higher?

Marcus Maximus: ...Can't say I have never thought about it?

Thomas Roll: Good, because that isn't what I want to discuss anyway! What I want to talk about is why in a girls night

out event is Thomas Roll not included?! I'm the best female athlete on this damn roster!

Marcus Maximus: I thought you were a guy?

Thomas Roll: Did you just assume my gender?!

Marcus Maximus: Uh no?

Thomas Roll: Listen up, I can be whatever I want to be! I can identify as a male , a female , a monkey, a seasponge! I can be whatever I want to be, and no one can stop me! So I ask again; why wasn't I included on this show?!

Marcus Maximus: I have no idea. Perhaps you'd be best speaking with to Jon Stewart?

Thomas Roll: Maybe I will do just that! As I identify as a seasponge today I am going to demand they make a seaponge's night into a pay per view event and if they don't comply I am going to take them to court for sealife discrimination!

Marcus Maximus: Ok Thomas you go ahead with that!

Thomas studies the interviewer for a second.

Thomas Roll: Wait a minute! Only one person on this earth calls me Thomas! You're not Marco Polo!

Thomas rips off Marcus Maximus mask, IT'S DJ GURTOOTH! He slides out some decks from nowhere and "Moves Like Jagger" plays as they all start dancing and the scene fades.

Finish Him

Match

The cameras cut backstage to see Zach van Owen coming into the arena parking deck in a rental car. The Game-Changer exits the car and stops. Coming towards him from the darkness of the parking deck comes Ataxia. Ataxia is twirling his cane and smiles at his former stablemate.

Ataxia: Hello kiddo...

Zach van Owen: Get with the program, I’m way over-levelled to be called kiddo.

Ataxia: Hey. No need to get hostile. I just want to talk...

Zach van Owen: Talk? There ain't no dialogue option available that'll make me stay and talk with you. That time is over. I'm only here to celebrate the women that have paved our way here in CWF.

Ataxia: See...that's what I liked about you. You got this dark side you try to keep hidden from everyone. Be the good little kid for the fans because that's what you think they want, but I know better. I think it's time we show the world the real you, don't you think...

Zach van Owen: The real me?

Ataxia: Blah blah blah...this is boring kiddo...and I know boring. After all look who I had to carry for the past year.

Zach van Owen: And ultimately let down. Just like the rest of us.

Ataxia: ...AHAHAHAHHAAHAH!!!! Fuck off!

Ataxia leaps forward with the cane and swings it at Zach's head. Zach ducks it as Ataxia's cane breaks the side mirror off of Zach's rental car.

Ataxia: I hope you bought the twenty five dollar insurance policy Luigi!

Zach van Owen: I am many things, but I AM NOT LUIGI!!!

Quick as a snake Zach lashes out with a spinning back sole kick, doubling Ataxia over. A switchblade kick to the back of the head has Ataxia kissing the front bonnet of the rental car. The Game-Changer drags his former friend and ally into position atop the bonnet and drives the face of Ataxia into the windshield of the car with the Limit Break HD, spider-web like cracks spread out from the point of impact across the pane of glass.

Zach van Owen: I no longer have need to play with the likes of you. Do not pass go. Do not insert any more quarters. This is a solo run through.

Zach starts to walk away, obviously distraught at what just happened

Ataxia: hehehe...ahahha...AHAHAHAHHAHAHA!!!

Ataxia rolls off the car and spits up some blood on the pavement.

Ataxia: Oh look at you go...Tell me...Did it feel good to finally take off your mask?

Zach stops and runs back and superkicks Ataxia's head into the front bumper of the car. Ataxia falls down in a heap.

Zach van Owen: ...

Ataxia: Go ahead. Finish Him!

Zach van Owen: ...Babality...

Ataxia: ahahhaa...

Zach walks off as Ataxia continues to cackle.

I'm Flattered, But... Part 2

Match

The crowd cheers as CWF president Jon Stewart steps out from behind the curtain with a determined look on his face.

Jim Gunt: Here comes the boss. But what could he want here tonight?

Mike Rolash: Let the man speak, Jim! God, you're so impatient.

Jim Gunt: It's called asking a rhetorical question to let the audience digest the material, Mike, didn't you get the memo?

Stewart reaches the ring and signals for a mic.

Jon Stewart: All right, all right… so what do you think. Tulsa, are you having a good time?

The crowd cheers.

Jon Stewart: We've seen some good matches here tonight, and I'm sure there's gonna be good matches to come… but are they as good as they could be?

The crowd seems somewhat confused.

Jon Stewart: See, we've got ourselves one hell of a main event. Mariella Jade Flair. Mia Rayne. Two former World Champions, the two best women to set foot in the CWF ring…

He lets the words hang.

Jon Stewart: … with the possible exception of that one in the front row!

He points to Caledonia, who looks somewhat taken aback. The crowd goes wild.

Jon Stewart: Whaddaya say, Cali? I know that in your heart you want to be in this ring, that you want to show these fans that you've still got it. So, I ask again – whaddaya say?

Caledonia rolls her eyes and signals for a microphone.

Caledonia: I'm flattered. But I'm retired.

Jon Stewart: I thought you might say that. But here's the interesting thing.

He stops to let the tension build, and reaches into his jacket pocket, pushing through a couple bottles of pills before grabbing onto a piece of paper.

Jim Gunt: What on earth does he have in there?

Jon Stewart: See, I have here a copy of a contract – signed by you – for Northern Crown.

Caledonia: I competed at Northern Crown. I lost.

Jon Stewart: That you did. That you did… and I'm guessing you didn't read the fine print.

The crowd murmurs.

Jon Stewart: This contract sets out the terms for three matches in the Northern Crown tournament. You only gave us two. And guess what? Those matches are transferable. So, here and now, I'm calling in the contract.

Jim Gunt: Oh my!

The crowd roars and Caledonia looks nonplussed.

Jon Stewart: You are contractually obligated to give me what I, what the fans, and what deep down you want, Caledonia – ONE. MORE. MATCH.

The crowd begins a "Cali! Cali! Cali!" chant. She looks around the arena, then glances down at her husband, who shrugs.

Caledonia: All right. You want me in the match? You're on.

An explosion of cheers from the fans as Caledonia drops her mic. The camera cuts backstage as a "Cali!" chant once again starts back up.

Lindsay Troy vs. ???

Match

Jim Gunt: Oh my, looks like tonight's main event just got a little more exciting, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Good, maybe all three women will get hurt in one match...

Ray Douglas: The following contest, scheduled for one fall, is the Open Challenge match of Girls Night Out! Introducing first…

The opening clap-stomp beats of "Watch Me" by The Phantoms hit the speakers as the fans jump to their feet. There's a mixed reaction as they wait for Lindsay Troy to step through the curtain. The Queen of the Ring doesn't keep them in suspense for too long; as soon as the lyrics kick in, she strides out onto the stage with a smirk on her face.

Ray Douglas: From Tampa, Florida...weighing in at one hundred and ninety five pounds...she is the Queen of the Ring...LINDSAY TROY!!

Troy basks in the ovation and the pyro before marching down the ramp. At the bottom, she jumps flat-footed onto the apron, then catapults herself up and over the top rope with a flip. She scales a corner to pose a bit before hopping down and turning in mid air to face the stage. Her smirk changes into a small, knowing smile at who is about to walk through the curtain.

Jim Gunt: Lindsay Troy is 0-2 so far in CWF but in those losses has looked incredibly strong.

Mike Rolash: I'll admit it; I've had to eat my words about her being nothing more than a has-been. She put a beating on Nathan Paradine to the point where the guy was tossing in the towel and heading for the hills, and would've likely made it there if not for a lucky….kick….to force a tap out victory. And last week, she put the screws to Duce Jones and probably messed up his knee even more than it already was.

Jim Gunt: Well, she's got a chance to turn things around tonight, and you heard what she said earlier: she told Jon Stewart that she would find her own opponent to fight tonight instead of competing in the Superwoman Battle Royal, so this "Open Challenge" wasn't really much of one after all.

Mike Rolash: Controlling her environment. Smart. I like that in a woman.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent…

There's silence for a few, fleeting seconds before "Sweetness" by Jimmy Eat World crashes through the CWF sound system. Some fans buzz at who this could be, but a good size group of smarks let out a cheer at the theme music alone. On the CWF Tron, a custom video package begins to play: highlights from trios tag team matches with Team V.I.A.G.R.A. in PRIME, solo and tag matches in the Fans Wrestling Organization, tag team and singles matches in the Legacy of Champions, and training footage with the woman standing in the ring: Lindsay Troy.

After the first verse concludes, Troy's opponent walks out onto the stage, looking focused, ready, and really happy to be there.

Ray Douglas: ...from McCandless, Pennsylvania...weighing in at one hundred twenty eight pounds... she is the Tiny Attorney...MARY-LYNN "MAYFLY" MAYWEATHER!

Mary-Lynn is short, standing at 5'4", with short red hair and a smile a mile wide. She's sweet and kind - why she wanted to be a wrestler, no one could ever figure out - and is one of the smartest people the Queen of the Ring has ever met. Mary-Lynn doesn't act like it though...ever.

The Tiny Attorney is outfitted in her customary All Red Everything fight attire, and as she makes her way to the ring she makes sure to slap hands with fans along the way. She runs up the steel steps and slips in-between the ropes, then also ascends a corner to raise her hands high above her head. The crowd cheers in reply.

Jim Gunt: Oh wow, we're in for a treat tonight fans. Not only is Mary-Lynn Mayweather a multi-time tag team champion and Hall of Famer, she's one of Lindsay Troy's own students.

Mike Rolash: Of course it would makes sense that our Royal Highness would go out and get herself a quality opponent to face and not allow Stewart to dredge up some sludge for her from Christ knows where.

Mary-Lynn ends her posing and the two women meet in the middle of the ring; the Tiny Attorney still all smiles and the Queen of the Ring less so now that it's about go-time.

Lindsay Troy: Ready for Round 2, kid?

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: You bet I am. Jack says hi, by the way.

Lindsay Troy: Does he now?

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: He also says Dan's ducking him.

Lindsay Troy: (chuckling) Doubt Dan sees it that way. He's welcome to come explain that logic to him, though.

Scott Dean: Alright ladies, enough banter about things I don't understand but is clearly amusing to the two of you. Mary-Lynn, welcome to CWF. I want a good, clean fight. You both know the drill.

Mary-Lynn and Lindsay both nod and back away. Dean calls for the bell and we're underway.

Mike Rolash: You have any idea what they were talking about there, Jim?

Jim Gunt: Well, Mary-Lynn's original trainer is wrestling veteran Jack Harmen, so I have to assume that's who they're talking about. Harmen and Troy have history dating back years, and I'm guessing so do he and Dan Ryan.

The two women circle each other and move in to slap hands. Lindsay doesn't let it go at just a slap, though, instead grabbing Mary-Lynn's hand and whipping her against the ropes. On the rebound, she drops her with a stiff clothesline. Mary-Lynn hits the canvas hard and rubs the back of her neck, then shoots a scowl over to her friend and mentor.

Mary-Lynn Mayweather: The heck is that?!

Lindsay Troy: (amused) I asked if you were ready.

Mary-Lynn scrambles back to her feet and charges in, but Lindsay side-steps her and pushes her chest-first into the corner. Mary-Lynn hits hard and Lindsay's right there to meet her, forcefully turning her around and unloading rapid-fire knife-edge chops to her chest. She tries to cover up but it's fruitless as Troy continues the barrage.

Jim Gunt: Yeesh, Lindsay is not taking it easy on Mary-Lynn.

Mike Rolash: Why should she? You think she took it easy on her when they were training together? This is wrestling, not a game of Candyland.

Mary-Lynn grits her teeth and fires off a couple kicks to Troy's side, hoping to get some separation. It works; she backs off, for the moment. Mary-Lynn follows that up with a palm-thrust that sends Lindsay backwards a few steps. She quickly hops up onto the turnbuckles and leaps off with a clothesline of her own, sending the much larger Troy down to the canvas. Mary-Lynn covers.

ONE!

TW-Kickout! With authority!

Jim Gunt: Mary-Lynn might've given her teacher a taste of her own medicine with that clothesline, but she caught some air with that kickout.

Both women to their feet now, Troy grabbing for Mary-Lynn's arm and twisting it up with a wristlock. Mary-Lynn counters, flipping forward to untwist her elbow. Troy reaches with her other arm and goes for a side headlock. Mary-Lynn squirms away, leaps, and rolls across Troy's back. She lands on the other side, but the Queen puts an end to this flippy-doo nonsense by throwing her body backward and grabbing Mary-Lynn around the neck, planting her tiny frame to the mat with a reverse DDT.

Jim Gunt: Big move by Troy after a skillful display by Mayweather.

Mike Rolash: We might have to peel Mary-Lynn off the canvas with a spatula after that move.

Troy doesn't opt for a cover just yet. Instead, she's quick to her feet and begins kicking at Mary-Lynn's abdomen and knees, hoping to keep her stunned and grounded. She runs for the near-side ropes and, on the rebound, launches herself forward, connecting with a front-flip legdrop right across Mary-Lynn's throat. Now she covers.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Troy rolls up to her knees then up to a squat as Mary-Lynn leans onto her side, gasping for air. Before she knows it, she's flipped onto her stomach and put into a single leg Boston crab! Mayweather yelps and reaches for the ropes, but they're a little too far out of reach at first try. She starts inching her way forward, which causes Troy to sit deeper into the hold.

Jim Gunt: Mary-Lynn's almost to the ropes!

Mike Rolash: She might not make it though, Lindsay Troy looks like she's about to snap her like a twig!

The crowd starts clapping, beginning to get behind Mary-Lynn, who is fingertips away from grabbing the bottom cable. Scott Dean asks her if she wants to submit, but Mary-Lynn lets out a guttural roar in protest. One of those roars that starts almost manish but escalates up octaves until it's a high pitched shriek. With one last stretch, she grabs hold of the bottom rope, and Lindsay Troy is forced to break the hold.

Which she does. Eventually. At Scott Dean's count of four.

"BOOOOOOOOOO!"

Lindsay merely smirks out at the crowd while Mary-Lynn cringes as she gets to her feet, clearly in pain.

Jim Gunt: Our fans are letting Lindsay Troy have it for that less-than-sportsmanlike rope break, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Like I said before: this is wrestling, not Candyland.

Lindsay is quick to keep the offensive, whipping Mary-Lynn into the ropes. Mayweather rebounds and takes the low road, ducking under a roaring elbow attempt that would've been sure to knock her lights out. Mary-Lynn off the far side ropes, gaining momentum, and launches herself at Troy with a pretty dropkick that sends the Queen flat to her back.

Troy's back up to her feet, but so is Mayweather. Mary-Lynn charges, grabs a fistful of Troy's hair, and brings her knee up to smash her cheek against it. With Troy dazed, Mary-Lynn keeps ahold of her hair, runs up a corner turnbuckle, and brings Troy down to the mat with a shirani, much to the crowd's approval! Mary-Lynn covers again!

ONE!

TWO!

TH--Kickout!

Mike Rolash: Bah, this runt's been here for a cup of coffee and is already a crowd darling. Makes me sick!

Jim Gunt: Our fans know talent when they see it, Mike! Lindsay Troy might be thinking twice about asking Mary-Lynn to take this match.

Mike Rolash: Nonsense. You're going to doubt her, Jim? I'll make sure she hears about it. Then you'll be sorry.

Jim Gunt: Uh, hello? You were the one calling her a has-been up until three weeks ago.

Mike Rolash: I have atoned for my sins and am fully committed to the Church of Lindsay Troy going forward, thank you very much.

Mayweather leaps to her feet, knowing she needs to keep the momentum going, much like Troy did earlier. As her mentor stands, Mary-Lynn stomps her boot once and rushes into the ring ropes. Troy sees her coming, keeping low. On the rebound, Mayweather leaps over the hunched Queen, bouncing off the opposite ropes. She meets Troy in the center, where Lindsay snatches the careening Mary-Lynn and sends her ass-over-tea-kettle with an exploder suplex.

Jim Gunt: What a display of power by the Queen of the Ring!

Troy brings Mary-Lynn to her feet, keeping her hunched over with clubbing forearms to the back, then shifts around, grips a headlock on her, drapes an arm and clutches a leg. Troy throws herself back, slamming Mary-Lynn to the mat with a spinning fisherman's suplex, bridging for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THR...Kickout by Mary-Lynn!

Jim Gunt: Lindsay Troy almost picked up the win with that brutal spinning fisherman's suplex. Mary-Lynn's resiliency is something to be admired here.

Mike Rolash: That should've been three! Slow-ass Scott Dean, what's wrong with him?

Lindsay returns to her feet, leading Mary-Lynn upward once more, but is met with a short elbow to the sternum. Mayweather delivers another, and a third, releasing Troy's grip. Mary-Lynn fires off a few forearms and chops, causing separation between the two. Lindsay backs up toward a corner to get her bearings and Mary-Lynn charges forward, leaps into the air and throws a boot high at Troy's face.

"YEEEEAAHHHHHHHH!"

Jim Gunt: M-Kicked! Mary-Lynn Mayweather connects with that charging Yakuza kick!

Troy snarls as she clutches her face, but doesn't topple over. Mary-Lynn doesn't stop there, hurriedly scaling the corner to the top rope.

The Queen of the Ring clears the stars from her eyes and looks around for Mary-Lynn, who leaps from the turnbuckle just as Troy turns to find her there. Mayweather's legs wrap around Troy's head and her momentum carries the two of them to the canvas with a hurricanrana!

Mary-Lynn manages enough strength and momentum from the leap to send Troy flipping over, putting her in a sprawled out position in the far corner from her. She pops up, taking advantage of a visibly dazed Queen, and sprints across the ring. She leaps onto the second rope adjacent from Troy, turns 180 degrees, and connects with a *** ½ frogsplash! She covers!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NOOOOO! Kickout by Lindsay Troy!

Jim Gunt: So so so close there but Lindsay Troy kicked out at the last possible moment!

Mike Rolash: Just one of many reasons why she's the Queen of the Ring and Untouchable.

The crowd is on its feet, roaring for the women in the ring and the show they're putting on. Troy gets herself up to a knee; Mary-Lynn allows her to stand, then takes advantage of her dizzy state by heaving and pushing her across the ring. Lindsay turns and lands back-first against the post. Mary-Lynn sprints forward, but Troy regains focus and meets the charge, catching Mary-Lynn's arm and slinging her against the ropes. Troy darts after her and launches herself forward, catching her flush in the face with her knees.

Jim Gunt: Raynes of Castamere!

Mike Rolash: Nighty-night, sweet redhead.

Mary-Lynn crumples to the mat in a heap. Sensing an opportunity, Troy moves in for the kill. Like she did before, she flips Mary-Lynn over onto her stomach, winds the Tiny Attorney's right leg around hers, and bridges back. One forearm finds its way across Mary-Lynn's throat, while the other traps one of her arms behind her back.

Jim Gunt: Key to the Kingdom! Lindsay Troy's got that modified chickenwing Muta Lock cinched in!

Blood trickles down Mary-Lynn's nose from the Raynes of Castamere as she stretches out her hand in desperation.

Mike Rolash: She slapped that hold on so fast, Jim, there was no way for Mary-Lynn to get close to the ropes.

It's true; the ropes seem a mile away and as far as Mary-Lynn stretches her free arm, she's nowhere close to them.

Nowhere close to them with her free leg either. She tries kicking at Troy to get her off balance, but the Queen is a statue; nothing's moving her. Mary-Lynn groans in agony, and Lindsay squeezes harder around her neck. Mary takes a chance to try to bite, bite at anything, but she comes up empty. The Tiny Attorney has no choice but to hit the mat in submission.

This time, Troy doesn't keep the hold on longer than necessary, releasing it after the bell sounds.

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match, by submission....LINDSAY TROY!!

Jim Gunt: What an incredible match by these two ladies. I hope this isn't the last we see of Mary-Lynn Mayweather.

Mike Rolash: Eh, she was okay.

Jim Gunt: Okay? What do you mean "okay?"

Mike Rolash: I mean, if you like flippy dip, happy-go-lucky types. WHICH SHE IS. AND I DO NOT.

Jim Gunt: You're impossible.

In the ring, Lindsay Troy is getting her hand raised by Scott Dean. She looks over to Mary-Lynn, who is slowly getting to her feet. The Queen walks over and offers her hand to help her up. Mary-Lynn frowns, unsure.

Lindsay Troy: You're still my kid, Mare. And that was still a hell of a match. C'mon.

Mayweather smiles, just a little, and takes Troy's hand. The Queen pulls her up and pats her on the back.

Lindsay Troy: Take your bow. I'll see you later.

Troy exits the ring and walks up the ramp, leaving Mary-Lynn to take in the applause from the CWF Nation. Mary however, can't keep her eyes off Troy, shooting her a look of concern. She plays the part of a perky face and waves to the crowd, clutching her shoulder and neck as she does, before exiting the ring.

Dreams

Match

CUT TO: Backstage, in front of a 'Twilight of the Gods' banner, where Tara Robinson waits, microphone in hand.

Tara Robinson: It's already been a night to remember here at the very special Evolution 50, and we've still got more to come! As it was earlier announced, the main event of Mia Rayne against MJ Flair has been updated to add former CWF World and Tag Team Champion Caledonia to the mix! Joining me right now…

The camera adjusts to the right, showing MJ Flair standing there, pressing her knuckles into her hands, one, than the other; her eyes wild with excitement.

Tara Robinson: MJ Flair herself, and MJ, you've got the chance to step into the ring with two of your greatest professional rivals tonight! But it was just a week ago that Jarvis King-

MJ holds up a hand to stop her.

MJF: Dude, fuck Jarvis King.

A huge pop can be heard even backstage from the fans in the arena.

MJF: He's yesterday's news, man. What matters is that… literally... the three most important athletes to compete in the CWF in the past year and a half are all in one match.

She tries - and fails - to suppress the smile on her face.

MJF: The fact'a the matter is that I've got both women that've taken the CWF World Title from me in the same ring at

the same time, and the adrenaline rush that this is givin' me, a chance ta even the score?

Deep breath.

MJF: Tara, my friend… this is what dreams are made of.

She stands over Tara, in what would be an intimidating pose if the two weren't already friends.

MJF: Jarvis King doesn't matter, man. Mia Rayne. Emm Jay Eff. Caledonia.

Smirk.

MJF: My friend… that is what matters.

Exit stage right, and cut.

Deep Reflections

Match

Autumn Raven stands against the wall backstage, staring blankly at the floor with her earbuds in and some foreign music blaring out of them. Her cellphone sits at her feet, glowing and flashing along with the video being played. To the outsider, it looks as if she is pissed, but to her, this was all about reflection. Revisiting the past, and thinking about how things got to the point that they had. It kept people away from her for the time being.

Everything that had transpired between her and Nina, was going to culminate at Evo 50, whether either of them liked it or not. To think, it seemed to all start with finding that Book of Truth in her locker room after her match with Jack Michaels at Modern Warfare. Who would have thought that reading that note, would send her on a chase through the tunnel, through the literal rabbit hole, after one mysterious woman named Nina....and V.E.N.O.M along with her. It was almost an...obsession in a way...for both of them. Nina wanted her to 'see the truth', and Autumn just wanted to 'see her out the door' via her foot. It was just a bunch of mind games.

That and she wanted punishment.

Punishment for stealing what was hers to begin with. The symbol of her freedom and triumph at Frozen Over VII. Punishment for just not letting this obssession go.

Punishment for....

tap...tap...tap...

Autumn snaps her head up and pulls one of the earbuds out of her ear as she looks over to whomever is bothering her, ready to smack their head off. She stops in her actions, finding none other than Chloe Hawkhurst standing there, Dorian's little girl and off and on cheerleader for Autumn during her battles last year. Her face softens a little, not wanting to worry her.

Autumn Raven: Chloe? What are you doing here? Where's Dorian?

Chloe, wearing an Avengers t-shirt, simply smiles at her, hands clasped behind her back.

Chloe Hawkhurst: Ah don't worry about him, he'll be back soon enough. I just thought I would go for a walk, and that's when I found you! Thought I would wish you luck tonight on your match with Nina. I know it's been a tough one for ya lately. She had your title, and then she's giving off major creeper vibes. Doesn't hurt to have a little positive vibe going on, right?

Autumn's face breaks into a slow smile. Despite their age difference, she can't help but smile around the young Hawkhurst girl.

Autumn Raven: Right. Thanks for...coming around. At least I know I have a few friends here...I think. I could use all

the support I can get tonight.

Chloe nods, and reaches her hand out to pat Autumn on the arm, never losing her smile.

Chloe Hawkhurst: Of course! I'll be watching you, so go get him...err her. I gotta get back before pops worries again. Bye!

Autumn watches the girl turn on her heel and take off running in the opposite direction until she can't see her anymore. She smirks and replaces her earbud, shutting her eyes and drowning in her own reflections once more as we cut back to ringside.

Autumn Raven vs. Nina

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is a singles match scheduled for one fall under a thirty minute time limit! Introducing first….

A total blackout consumes the Oracle Arena, the opening sounds of “Second Death of Souls” by Matriarch begins to play. The fans began to stir, the lights from cellphones can only be seen. As the song kicks up a notch, a red spotlight beams down on the stage area as V.E.N.O.M stands there, Nina leads the way with the Aversion Title draped around her shoulder.

Ray Douglas: Making their way to the ring, accompanied by V.E.N.OM! Weighing in at one hundred fifteen pounds….NINA!!

Before the trio comes down the ramp Nina smiles evilly, striking herself in the chest and telling the boys that she’s got this one. They nod confidently, letting her go down the ramp as they head to the back. Confidently smiling, Nina places the belt on the announce table and slithers her way under the bottom rope and into the ring, soon crawling into a kneeling position in the middle of the ring. Looking out towards the sky, she begins laughing maniacally with her arms outstretched. Rising to her feet, Nina moves seductively along the ropes, finally coming to a halt in her corner.

Jim Gunt: An incredibly confident Nina stands ready for yet another battle against Autumn Raven here tonight.

Mike Rolash: The Aversion Title may not be on the line here tonight, and we’re honestly not exactly sure whether the championship has become defunct now that Hostility has be dissolved or not.

Jim Gunt: Either way, this one has become about a lot more than just title belts, Mike.

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

“The sun is shining
Though everything’s dying
Your stars burned out for good
Somewhere in Hollywood”

As the guitar riff starts up, the purple lights start to flicker like a strobe light as Autumn slowly walks out from the back, coming to a stop at the top of the ramp. She glances down where her right arm holds a barbed wire baseball bat!

Ray Douglas: And her opponent….from Los Angeles, California, weighing 120 pounds, she is the Beautiful Psychopath….AUTUMN RAVEN!!

“What the hell,
This ain’t no way to treat the living dead
Is this something from a novel that you read
It’s time to cut the cord and say goodbye
Cause it’s the only thing that hasn’t happened yet

And when it does I wished we'd never met
I did the best I could."

She walks around the ring, glaring at the fans sitting at ringside before sliding under the bottom rope and leaping to her feet, giving the crowd a smug smile. She runs to the corner turnbuckle, climbing to the second one, taunting the crowd, as she flings her arms out to the sides once again before climbing down. Finally Autumn makes eye contact with Nina, the two lady warriors standing on opposite sides of the ring ready for the war ahead. Raven shakes her head when Nick McArthur takes the baseball bat from her.

Jim Gunt: What a reaction for Autumn Raven, after everything the Beautiful Psychopath has been through; all the ups and downs over the last year plus, the fans can't help but love her for all the struggle she's been through!

Mike Rolash: Maybe it's because these idiots can relate to Autumn and all her problems?

Jim Gunt: Or maybe she's simply an inspiration, Mike. Now let's head to the ring where referee Nick McArthur is on the call for this one.

CWF's newest official has finally grown into the job as of late, but still he looks slightly intimidated by the two women standing on either side of him. After going through the rules of the match, telling both women that their will be no use of weaponry and it will be a regular one on one match. The bell rings and Autumn immediately moves into action, doing a cartwheel that takes Nina off-guard before approaching her on her hands, striking out both legs in succession to kick Nina twice rapidly. The Coba Emperatriz attempts to fight back by throwing her legs down but Raven lands right back on her feet, eliciting a respectful cheer from the Oklahoman fans.

Jim Gunt: Autumn Raven in control in the early going of this one, showing that despite the constant mind games from Nina and V.E.N.O.M, she is on top of her game here tonight.

Mike Rolash: She's going to have to be if she wants to have a snowball's chance in hell in this fight. Nina has dominated Autumn on multiple occas…

Jim Gunt: Please. Nina has used the Book of Truth and other nefarious means to cheat her way to victory in the past against Autumn Raven.

Mike Rolash: Whatever it takes, Jim. Just like Nina is doing whatever it takes to get back into this one right now, after she just jammed a thumb right into the eye of Autumn!

Autumn Raven digs at her right eye, yelling at the official that seemed to not see the eye poke from Nina. McArthur comes closer to the action but it is too late because he didn't see a thing, other than Nina grabbing ahold of the temporarily blinded Autumn by the arm she was rubbing her eye with, springboarding off the closest ropes and sending her flying with an arm drag! The Cobra Emperatriz ignores the boos from the Oklahoma fans, walking over to Autumn and immediately stomping down on first her arm, then shoulder, then taking a few boots to Raven's face and eye area. She attempts to retreat, sliding out of the ring but Nina is ready for her going out onto the apron and leaping off the ropes and then back to Raven.

Jim Gunt: Springboard Tornado DDT from Nina! Both women are down and out on the outside of the ring now, but referee Nick McArthur is hesitating to start the count?

Mike Rolash: Maybe he's not so ready for this job after all, or maybe the women in this matchup have our rookie ref scared shitless?

ONE!

Jim Gunt: Welp, there he goes. Atta boy Nick.

Nina rolls her shoulder over Autumn, slowly coming to.

TWO!

THREE!

The Cobra Emperatriz grabs Autumn Raven by her hair, lifting her up with her and immediately hitting a knife edge chop to her chest.

FOUR!

Jim Gunt: The count is getting higher and higher now, Mike, but both women are at least to their feet now. Nina just has to get Autumn back in the ring to continue this one in the proper place.

Mike Rolash: Proper place? Nina can beat Autumn Raven wherever the hell she sees fit, Jim.

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: Technically no, she cannot. This is not a no countout match, this is not falls count anywhere, this is a regular grudge match to end all grudge matches.

Chop! SIX! Chop!

Autumn Raven staggers back after another nasty chop, tumbling into the steel steps as Nina reers back and prepares to end things for the Beautiful Psychopath. She takes a full sprint but Raven ducks just in time, sending Nina up and over her back and crashing HARD onto the steel steps with a Back Body Drop!

SEVEN!

Jim Gunt: Get in the damn ring, ladies!

An exhausted Autumn looks down at the down and out Nina, turning to the ring where Nick McArthur is quickly counting both women out. She grabs the hair of Nina as McArthur yells “eight”, slapping the Cobra Emperatriz right across the face before tossing her all the way through the bottom and middle ropes. Autumn re-enters the ring immediately going for the top rope. She points finger guns in the direction of Nina, pulling the trigger before gracefully flipping towards her.

Jim Gunt: ANTI-HERO! The Swanton Bomb hits true, and this one could all be over!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! Nina rolls her shoulder at the last split second!

Jim Gunt: WHATTA CLOSE CALL THERE!

Mike Rolash: Couldn’t have been much closer, I thought Nina was done there but the Cobra Emperatriz showed some true toughness there fighting out of the Anti-Hero!

Jim Gunt: Autumn is not finished with Nina though as she roughly pulls her up to her feet- and takes a brutal Maria’s Wrath kick! Holy shit!

Autumn looks to be out on her feet, only the ring ropes that she fell back onto holding her halfway onto her feet. Nina pulls her off the ropes, going right for the Death’s Kiss but Autumn pushes her off. The Cobra Emperatriz comes right back at her- just to get cracked in the face with the Claw of the Night Superkick! Both women are on their backs for several seconds before the Oklahoma fans will Autumn up, bringing her over to Nina where she is able to make the cover with just one arm.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: No! It's still not over, Mike!

Mike Rolash: One would have to think that the time Autumn wasted in going for that cover could have been the difference in getting the three count there, but lesson learned and this one continues.

Jim Gunt: I'm sorely missing Mia at commentary, but it is sure nice seeing her back in action here tonight!

Mike Rolash: ….What's wrong with me, Jim?

Jim simply laughs, not knowing where to even start as the match continues in the ring with Autumn sighing aloud, taking in yet another near fall before she pulls Nina up into a seated position and begins screaming right in her face. All the frustration, all the pent up rage comes out through the words of the Beautiful Psychopath before she rears back and explodes with a Discus Elbow! No, Nina catches the arm of Raven and does a miraculous spin around her body before pulling her right to the canvas tightly.

Jim Gunt: Oh my god, Nina just placed Autumn in the Widow's Slumber out of absolutely nowhere!

Mike Rolash: It's over, it's over! Autumn either taps or she sleeps, either way it's over!

Jim Gunt: I wouldn't be so sure, Mike. Nina has the Widow's Slumber placed in tightly, but they are right next to the ring ropes...and Autumn has reached them! Referee Nick McArthur with the full count of four before Nina releases, and you've got to think that the damage is done…

Mike Rolash: Definitely, and now the wheels seem to be turning for Nina, as she looks to put Autumn out of her misery once and for all.

Indeed the ideas seem to be spinning through the mind of the Cobra Emperatriz as she finally smiles evilly, pulling Autumn up and placing her head right in between her legs. Nina makes a cutthroat taunt to the booing crowd before flipping over the body of Autumn Raven.

Jim Gunt: Canadian Destroyer Piledri-NO! Nina flips over Autumn, who somehow flips AGAIN and sends Nina flying right into the god damn corner!

Mike Rolash: That was amazing!

Autumn and Nina lay on their backs taking in heavy breaths as the fans inside the BOK CENTER start to chant aloud.

"WOMEN'S WREST-LING!"

CLAP CLAP CLAP!

"WOMEN'S WREST-LING!"

CLAP CLAP CLAP!

Jim Gunt: Could it get any better than this, Mike? Two of CWF's strongest female warriors once again putting not only their careers but their lives on the line, just to destroy the other.

Mike Rolash: The only way it can get better is if Mia, MJF and Caledonia all get taken out by some mysterious space ship later tonight in the main event. Other than that, we're golden.

Jim Gunt: ….

Finally Autumn Raven and Nina begin to slowly struggle their way up to their feet, Raven using the body of Nina to hold herself up but Nina immediately strikes out with a right hand that sends her back to one knee. The Cobra Emperatriz backs up before running forward and going for broke. Shining Wizard Kick-NO! Autumn matrix moves backward

narrowly avoiding the kick before kipping back up forward to her feet as Nina just looks on in shock. CLAW OF THE NIGHT! The second Superkick blasts Nina square in the face, and she drops to the canvas like a ton of bricks as the Oklahoma fans explode in cheers! Raven looks almost as surprised as Nina was seconds before, but she snaps out of it and hurriedly drops down for the cover as the fans count along.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And here is your winner by pinfall….AUTUMN RAVEN!!

Jim Gunt: No barbed wire baseball bats or the book of truth needed in this one, just a straight forward affair where both these women gave their all and put on one hell of a perfomance that I think both have a lot to be proud about.

Mike Rolash: Bah, Nina was unsuccessful, next...

False Idols

Match

Jim Gunt: What a grueling match from both Autumn and Nina!

Mike Rolash: Guess there was a reason they put that as the semi main... Again... For the gajilli...

Jim Gunt: Alright Mike, we ge...

He doesn't have a chance to finish though as a figure dashes past the two of them, vaulting the barrier separating the commentary team from the crowd.

Mike Rolash: HA! This time it was YOU that got interrupted!

The figure dashes into the ring and grabs a retreating Nina from behind, taking her completely by surprise and delivering a vicious uppercut that sends the leader of V.E.N.O.M flying! The figure removes the hood from his head to reveal none other than...

Jim Gunt: That's... That's Xander Daniels! What's he doing here?!

Smirking at his handiwork he casually spits in Nina's direction before taking off his brass knuckles and pocketing them into his hoodie, a shit eating grin on his face. He beckons for a mic as the crowd is relentless with their jeers at him.

Jim Gunt: What a disgusting attack on what was supposed to be a special night for all the women of the CWF!

Xander Daniels: Ah yes, I told you I was back, now didn't I? And you all were naïve enough to believe that this was just about mine and Paradine's, history... Didn't you? Oh no... No, no, NO, NO, NONOONONONONONONONO!

He stomps around the ring, back over to Nina and lays a couple of vicious stomps into her unmoving form. He looses control, not stopping until he realizes he is trying to hit so hard he is missing Nina and hitting the mat to the side of her head. He shudders and regains his composure, brushing an errant strand of hair back into place.

Mike Rolash: Ugh, even I'm uncomfortable now...

Xander Daniels: That... That bitch, has held something near and dear to my heart. Something that was taken from me, STOLEN from me, by James Milenko. After he brought it back? It was only a matter of time before I came back and claimed what I NEVER LOST. Xander Daniels is back and I want MY Aversion Title. These... These, false idols you claim to be champion after that belt was STOLEN from me?! They are no more than paper champions keeping what is rightfully mine, warm for when I come to claim it. Well guess what? I've come to get what is mine. I understand the man

to make this happen is Mr. Stewart. Are you going to be my friend or enemy Stewart?! Do the right thing before whatever "champion" is holding MY title? Is forced to relinquish it by MY hand. I demand an answer by next week or else...

XanDan gestures toward Nina, now being attended to by a tardy medical team.

Xander Daniels: More or less the same before your grunt team finds it useless to keep peeling your paper champions up off the mat.

He suddenly turns and whips the microphone, his aim true, smacking Nina in the side of the head with it as she is being stretchered out. The feedback only makes "The Phoenix" smile as the cameras cut to a graphic for the main event instead of the incredibly uneasy scene.

Raise

Raise Hell

Match

We see a satellite image that reads, “New York City” with a nice looking living room. Suddenly we hear a voice.

Voice: Well it’s about time a place is dedicating a show to women’s wrestling.

The cameras scroll down to where Marie is sitting as she’s sitting on the couch.

Marie Van Claudio: Oh, hello. I’m sure everyone has heard about me by name.

She smiles a bit as thousands of fans can be heard cheering through the feedback to the BOK Center.

Van Claudio: My name’s Marie Van Claudio, and I’m a former United Toughness Alliance wrestler.

She adjusts herself on the couch.

Van Claudio: I’m sure a lot of you probably were expecting me to show up at this event. I wanted to considering that this is a big deal.

She sighs a bit, but wants to keep positive. The Tulsa fans give her another cheer.

Van Claudio: However, due to me expecting second child along with taking care of my daughter, I cannot be apart of this show.

She smiles a bit.

Van Claudio: I know every women on the card will be wrestling their ass off and making everyone proud, but I just want to say this.

She stands up as her daughter comes in and picks her up.

Van Claudio: To the three tremendous athletes main eventing this show in a few short moments? Caledonia. Mia Rayne. MJ Flair. Make every young girl like Emma look up to you. Make my daughter say that she wants to follow in the footsteps of her mother, and be like you.

Emma shyly looks away while Marie still holds her.

Van Claudio: Ladies, go out there and raise hell. This is YOUR NIGHT, not anyone else’s.

Marie smiles at the camera and waves as we head back to ringside for the main event.

Mia Rayne vs. Mariella Jade Flair vs. Caledonia

Match

Jim Gunt: This was an incredible main event already, Mike… and it got even better with the announcement that former

CWF Champion Caledonia was added to the match!

Mike Rolash: Please. Two wrestlers without the killer instinct and a third who had the instinct and lost it. Why am I supposed to be impressed?

Ray Douglas: This next contest is a triple threat scheduled for one fall, with no countouts and no time limit. Introducing first, the referee for this historic contest… TRENT ROBBINS!

Nice pop for the referee, who gives a respectful wave to the crowd.

Mike Rolash: Why are we acknowledging the referee?

Jim Gunt: Important moments require special consideration, Mike.

Ray Douglas: And now, to introduce---

CUE UP: “Cult of Personality” - Living Colour

Jim Gunt: What the heck is--

Mike Rolash: FINALLY, SOMETHING HAPPENS!

A mixture of cheers and jeers greets Jarvis King as he emerges from the smoke-obscured entrance, arms raised in victory and smirk plastered all over his face. He’s dressed for action and makes a beeline for the ring.

Jim Gunt: Well folks, needless to say this is a bit of a surprise. Jarvis King is not scheduled - nor eligible - for action this evening. This is a women’s only event, however, we are always happy to see a CWF hall of famer.

Mike Rolash: You’re such a brown - noser. This match has a trio of goody-high-heels competing. We need someone who tells it like it is.

Once in the ring, Jarvis snatches the microphone from Ray Douglas and paces as his music fades.

Jarvis King: I want to make something crystal clear. I’m not out here to take away from the competitors tonight. The CWF has had some truly phenomenal female competitors, and any event that highlights that fact is alright with me. That having been said, tonight’s main event is a complete and utter sham.

Boos erupt from the crowd. Jarvis smirks and leans on the top rope, twirling the microphone in his hand as he does so.

Jarvis King: Oh, you can boo me all you like, but you know it’s true. This night is supposed to be about celebrating the great women of the CWF, but lo and behold, when it comes to main event time, you’re about to be subjected to a retired loser, a commentary loser, and an out-and-out normal loser.

Mike Rolash: About time someone said it!

Jarvis shakes his head and walks around the ring before stopping to address the hard camera once again.

Jarvis King: See, it’s high time that someone shows the world what MJF really is...you act like you’re worth something, but you’ve never really managed to prove it, Mariella...that’s why at Twilight of the Gods, we’re going to go again, you and I. We’re going to have a rematch, so that I can show the world exactly what you are.

The boos louden, interrupting King, along with a ‘JAR-VIS-SUCKS’ chant.

Jarvis King: No, you see, I don’t. My bonafides are unquestionable. I am great. I’m greatness personified. So I figure, if I can’t change the main event, I can at least inject something that it lacks in this card - greatness. Which brings me to you, Trent.

He looks at referee Trent Robbins, whose eyes widen.

Jarvis King: Two weeks ago, you ended a match without cause, without reason. You took something away from me -

my pride, my self-determination - and gave it to a child who didn't deserve it.

A small group of fans start up a 'EMM JAY EFF' chant, though Jarvis continues right through it.

Jarvis King: So now, Trent… what we do in this business when we're wronged...we get ourselves a receipt.

He grins, but it's more like a snake before a meal. Jarvis begins to advance on Robbins, who backs up into a corner.

Jarvis King: See, what I'm going to do is beat you. I'm going to beat you so bad, Trent, that you have a true appreciation for what "unable to continue" truly means.

Jarvis drops the mic and continues to invade the referee's personal space as the booing reaches a fever pitch.

Jim Gunt: This is unprecedented! Jarvis King has just challenged referee Trent Robbins to a fight that he clearly can't win, and the referee is backing up!

Mike Rolash: You reap what you sow, Jimbo!

Jim Gunt: Oh, come on, Mike! You can't believe--

CUE UP: "Goodnight" - The Birthday Massacre. The fans explode in cheers, somehow even louder than the boos that rained down on Jarvis.

Jim Gunt: MJ FLAIR IS IN THE ARENA!

Mike Rolash: That's… That's not a surprise, man. She was supposed to be out here for this match.

Dispensing of her typical entrance demeanor, MJ walks to the ring with speed and purpose, bypassing both the fans and her standard climb to the top turnbuckle. She steps between the referee and the ICON, staring Jarvis King in the face, unblinking.

A rather large contingent of fans chants 'KICK HIS ASS! KICK HIS ASS!' all the while they stare, eye to eye. MJ moves from foot to foot, almost exploding with energy that she wants to use against Jarvis King, if only he'd give her a reason.

CUE UP: "Day and Night" - Billie Piper.

Instead of a reason, Jarvis' mouth curls upwards into a smirk, then a full blown smile, and he backs up, still staring at MJ, and he slingshots himself out of the ring by hooking the top rope.

Mike Rolash: Don't retreat, Jarvis!

Jim Gunt: I'm pretty sure Jarvis King just made a tactical decision based on who else is on their way to the ring!

Withdrawing into the crowd, Jarvis King disappears from MJ Flair's vision while she turns to the entrance way to see another former World Champion, Caledonia, step into the arena to a standing ovation.

It's an ovation that transcends the CWF as we currently know it.

Jim Gunt: Ladies and gentlemen, Caledonia Highlander is in the building!

Mike Rolash: Who cares?

Jim Gunt: Can you hear them, Mike? Every-- Literally everyone in the building cares!

Mike Rolash: Well… what do they know?

Caledonia stops at the top of the ramp and points at MJ. She holds her position for a moment, then pulls her hands in and punches her knuckles against each other twice in what appears to be a moment of psyching herself up.

Mike Rolash: Yawn.

Jim Gunt: You seriously are going to regret that.

Mike Rolash: Says who?

We cut to the ring for a moment, where MJ Flair glances towards the commentary table.

Mike Rolash: I'm sorry?

Jim Gunt: I hope she doesn't believe you.

The "THIS IS AWESOME" chant has already started, even with only one competitor in the ring, one on the way, and one still backstage. Caledonia slaps as many hands as she can reach, culminating with a loop around the ring. In the ring, MJ Flair claps as well, joining the fans.

Jim Gunt: We never thought we'd see this again.

Mike Rolash: We hoped, at least.

Jim Gunt: Mariella Jade Flair and Caledonia Highlander had one of the greatest World Title matches in the CWF's history at Paradise, a match that saw Caledonia barely slip by the then-newcomer to win her first World Title!

Mike Rolash: That match was great, because Flair lost.

CUE UP: "In This Together" by Apoptygma Berserk.

On the stage, three spotlights shine down, one next to the other, next to the other.

Slowly, as the opening riffs kick in, all three of them converge on one spot, where Mia Rayne is already standing, arms raised in a moment of welcome. She takes a moment to listen to the fans, starting her walk to the ring all the while loudly singing 'We're in this together' with the music and with the fans alike.

Jim Gunt: This will be a true test for these women; MJ Flair has lost World titles to both of them, Caledonia has not been in the ring for months, and Mia Rayne has gone through some intense personal trauma leading to this moment.

Mike Rolash: Say that again?

Jim Gunt: What?

Mike Rolash: Flair lost World Titles to both of them.

Jim Gunt: …

Arriving at ringside, Mia slides under the bottom rope and does a half-somersault forward to roll to her feet and stands up. She and the other two women share a three-way fist bump as the bell rings and Trent Robbins goes over the rules.

Jim Gunt: So... So we're actually getting a triple threat main event, depicting three of CWF's best champions all in one fell swoop to close out a historic night?! This is amazing and the crowd couldn't agree more!

Jim is right of course as the crowd drowns out whatever negative thing Mike Rolash has to say in response. In the ring Trent is finishing up his pre-match instructions, but realizes no one is paying attention to him. Each competitor has their individual focuses set between the other two opponents. The tension that amounts isn't from any kind of a feud, title belt, or accessory. It wasn't to settle any past debts or get some form of weird revenge. The realization all three women have made, is that this is just a match to determine who is the best. Who has the right to claim the CWF as their personal domain?

Will Mia's Madness reign supreme?

Will Caledonia prove that she still has what it takes to still keep up with the young talent?

Will MJ Flair once again prove to all of her (abundant) nay-sayers, that she is indeed something special AND the future

of this business?

Trent Robbins calls for the bell, the sound splitting through the crowd chatter as the lights dim and the flood lights around the ring illuminate the action inside.

Mike Rolash: Yeesh. This is tense.

Jim Gunt: What are your thoughts here Mike?

Mike Rolash: Dream match for sure, but that's only because one of my dreams is for all three of these women to leave this company and slash or, get destroyed. Based on past events, I'm keeping my fingers crossed I get option B tonight!

Jim can only shake his head at his broadcast partner who of course has his fingers crossed on either hand, his eyes glued to the ring as Mia, MJ, and Cali all start to circle each other, trying to gauge the best way to begin. Mia is the first to move, running at MJ and swinging with a short arm clothesline. MJ sidesteps and instead propels herself right at Caledonia! Cali looks ready as she meets MJ in the middle of the ring, the two tying up in a collar and elbow, only for Mia to run in and bowl the two of them over!

Jim Gunt: Nothing pretty about that.

Mike Rolash: Be careful Jim, she might hear you! Mia has the ears of a... Of a BAT!

Jim Gunt: What? Bats are technically deaf Mike. They "hear" via sonar. You should also know I was referring to just knocking over your opponent, two opponents at that, with nothing more than brute force... Are, are you not paying attention again?

Mike Rolash: Well... Still... Bat ears. It's a thing and that witch has them!

MJ and Cali both take the blow in stride, falling with the force of it, absorbing it, and rolling through back to their feet, almost in unison. As soon as they stand up though, Mia is quick to knock them both down with a double clothesline!

Jim Gunt: Opening moments of this match and the fans have reached a fever pitch!

Mike Rolash: For once, we're in agreement Jim! It doesn't matter who you're rooting for, the fans just seem to be grateful to be able to witness a dream match in the making!

Mia doesn't take the time to celebrate as she drops down to try and make a quick cover, scooping up MJ's leg and rolling onto her back on top of MJ. Trent slides in to make the cover but MJ only scoffs and pushes Mia off of her. Mia only giggles slightly and shrugs her shoulders, allowing MJ to get up. The two stand face to face for the first time since the last time they met in the ring, only for Caledonia to come in from out of nowhere and leaps on Mia's back, taking the bigger woman down with an inverted head scissors takedown! The fans cheer the move as Mia rolls out of the way, leaving Cali and MJ face to face now.

Jim Gunt: Wow, here's a matchup we haven't seen since Paradise season last year when Cali took the belt off of a very impressive MJ Flair, interrupting what was a meteoric rise of a championship reign.

Mike Rolash: Look at the facts though Jimbo! MJ has no chance in there. According to the history books, during the peak of each of MJ's title reigns, there have only been two faces that have been able to not only stand toe to toe with her, but actually take the belt off her. Those two people? Are in the same ring as her now. I honestly have to give it up for Jon Stewart for managing the booking on this one.

Jim nods in agreement as Cali and MJ tie up for a second time, Cali getting the upper hand and shooting behind MJ, locking her arms around the younger woman's waist. With great speed, Cali lifts MJ up high and brings her down face first to the mat, still keeping the hold on MJ. Without missing a step, Caledonia floats over to a neck lock, forcing MJ back down to the mat and cutting off her air supply.

Mia Rayne: BORING!

From out of no where Mia comes running in and delivers a brutal soccer style kick right into the ribs of Caledonia, forcing her to break the lock on MJ and rolling out of the way! Mia looks between the two of them, surprisingly showing little wear after being in the battle royale earlier tonight, the fans shouting for her to go toe to toe with Caledonia. With a smile, Mia offers her hand to the former CWF champion, helping Cali to her feet. The fans cheer and Mia smirks as the two tie up!

Jim Gunt: Mia showing some form of sportsmanship, obviously wanting to test herself against one of CWF's leading ladies in Caledonia!

Mike Rolash: It's a matchup that hasn't been seen before and in all honesty? The more I watch this match, the more I can't help but appreciate the work that these three have put in to make this place what it is today.

Jim Gunt: Did The Grinch just grow a heart?!

Mike Rolash: Shut up.

Mia and Caledonia jockey for position, pushing each other all around the ring as MJ is able to roll to an apron to recoup. Using her size advantage, Mia pushes Cali to a corner and gives Trent the clean break he's looking for, raising her arms to allow Caledonia to get out. With stunning speed, The Forsaken Psychotic instead buries a shoulder into Cali's midsection, once, twice, three times! The fans cheer as Mia gestures for them to get loud, backing off to get a running start. She turns, but only into an oncoming MJ, who springs off the ropes and leaps up into the air, grabbing Mia by the head, and bringing her down with a stunning DDT! Seeing Cali still leaning in the corner, MJ goes for the cover as Trent makes the count.

ONE!

Jim Gunt: Looks like it will take more than a picture perfect DDT to take down Mia tonight.

Mike Rolash: I would hope it would take more than that. We, as a federation, can't afford our champions to look weak. We need strong champions, and as such, they shouldn't be taken down by harmless moves.

Jim Gunt: Taken a lot of DDTs in your time Mike?

Mike Rolash: Well, no, but the principle remains the same. We are the Championship Wrestling Federation, as such our champions need to be ready to prove that. In the ring, as much as I hate to admit it, you have three of our best World champions. Mia, Caledonia, and... I GUESS MJ Flair. One of them will walk out victorious tonight.

Jim Gunt: Right you are Mikey! And while there might not be any stipulations in place in terms of contenderships and title belts, you have to imagine that the winner is going to be getting a HUGE momentum boost going into not only Twilight of the Gods, but Paradise, Golden Intentions, and of course Wrestlefest in the months to come. This isn't just some run of the mill, weekly main event folks! This is going to be a match that will shake the history books of the CWF to their very foundations!

Mike Rolash: We do not kid when we say that this is a history making night!

MJ looks to continue to press her advantage but is stopped short once again by Caledonia, who has recovered and has rushed MJ, delivering a brutal dropkick that sends MJ rocketing backward! Caledonia steals one last glance at Mia, who is slowly recovering and decides that this is the time to end things. With the speed and strength of a woman possessed Caledonia seizes her opportunity and locks in The Bed of Roses on MJ!

Jim Gunt: Bed of Roses! Bed of Roses! It's been forever since we've seen this move!

Mike Rolash: It's also the move that cost MJ her title the first time! Come on Cali, squeeze the life out of her!

Caledonia increases the pressure, but is thwarted by a now recovered Mia who runs in and makes the save with a boot to Cali's face! Cali releases MJ and stumbles backward. Mia is quick to follow up with a headbutt to the crown of Cali's nose but MJ rolls Mia up from behind!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Jim Gunt:: Mia is a little sluggish to get her shoulder up after that exchange, but after the battle royale she was in earlier tonight I'm surprised she can even take THIS much punishment.

Mike Rolash: Eh, any slower, that could have been the end to this match...

Jim Gunt: Right you are partner and Caledonia is back with a double axe handle to MJ's back!

Sure enough, Cali has come out out of the corner and has taken the opportunity to soften MJ's back up some more. Her veteran gaze shifts from MJ, to Mia, who has started to climb back to her feet. Bouncing off the second rope turnbuckle, Caledonia, leaps into the air and launches herself at Mia, taking the Psychotic One by complete surprise and leaps onto Mia's shoulders, looking for a hurracanrana! Mia is too strong though and stops Caledonia's momentum solid. With a massive grunt and a feat of strength Mia is able to deadlift Caledonia up into the air and slam her back down with a sit down powerbomb! Exhausted, Mia rolls away to lick her wounds as Caledonia rolls to her side to recover.

Jim Gunt: Everyone is down and this match has been as hard hitting as everyone thought it would be!

Mike Rolash: Still not sold on any one winning over the others, but I can see why this is the main event at least.

Jim Gunt: This is definitely a match made for that I personally only dreamed about.

MJ gets back to her feet, checking to make sure that she is good to go, but as she looks up, she is steamrolled over the top rope by an incoming Mia and a clothesline that carries both stars out of the ring and to the floor below! They both land on their feet though and begin to trade blows on the apron, Trent begging them to get back into the ring. Caledonia gets back to her feet and surveys the scene, taking quick stock, making a decision, and climbs to the top rope closest to where Mia and MJ are fighting. With minimal hesitation, Caledonia leaps into the air and takes out both Mia and MJ with...

Jim Gunt: QUEEN'S GAMBIT! QUEEN'S GAMBIT!

Mike Rolash: WOW! Even when Cali was an active roster member, she rarely used that move! Caledonia looks to be out to prove something and the crowd, predictably, are eating it up.

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

"THIS IS AWESOME... CLAP! CLAP! CLAPCLAPCLAP!"

All three competitors get slowly to their feet, Mia leaning against a nearby barricade, MJ by the apron, and Caledonia opposite Mia. With a burst of speed MJ gets into the ring, seeing Mia follow MJ gets a running start and delivers a baseball slide right to Mia's face! Mia falls backward but Cali is ready, delivering a vicious knee right to the small of MJ's back with laser like precision! Rolling MJ back into the ring, Cali tries to follow, but is thwarted by Mia, who grabs her by the shoulders and delivers a massive spinebuster!

Jim Gunt: Well then, that couldn't have felt good to Cali. Those mats don't cushion any kind of fall.

Mike Rolash: Well, that's what she gets for coming back. Still torn on who to win though.

Mia doesn't pause to admire her work as she gets back up and slides into the ring. MJ gets to her feet slowly and sees Mia coming in, she runs for the ropes, looking to get extra momentum, but is quickly followed by Mia who delivers a hellacious clothesline that takes both women to the floor in front of the announce desk! Not one to be outdone, Caledonia climbs into the ring, grimacing, but getting a running start and flying over the top rope with a picture perfect splash, landing on both Mia and MJ! The trio goes down hard as all the fans get to their feet in order to not miss any of the action.

Mike Rolash: All stops are being pulled out by all three competitors!

Jim Gunt: Just shows you how much this match means to them, how badly they want to represent the CWF as THE place for unisex wrestling. There IS no competition.

Mike Rolash: Good point. When is the last time we held an invitational that wasn't won by a CWF roster member?

Jim doesn't have a chance to respond as the three women slowly get to their feet, trading blows between them without missing a beat. MJ hits Mia, who hits Cali, who hits Mia back, and in turn Mia hits MJ. The three continue to go around before Mia finally shrieks and delivers a vicious headbutt to both MJ and Cali, taking them both by surprise and stunning them! For her part Mia stumbles backward and leans up against the announce table, trying to shake the cobwebs out. It isn't long though before Cali recovers and starts to trade blows with Mia! Seeing this, MJ decides to go under the ring.

Jim Gunt: Uncharacteristic of MJ to go under the ring for...

Mike Rolash: Oh this is too GOOD!

A table. MJ Flair, is setting a table up at ringside as Mia and Cali trade blows. Cali gets the upper hand and once again backs Mia up to the table before backing up and getting a running start, looking to put Mia over the top! However, seeing her coming Mia bends down, lifting Cali up, and drops her right on top of the announce table!

Mia Rayne: Hey guys! Miss me? Cali says hi by the way!

She turns, leaving a bewildered Jim and Mike to do nothing but stare at the body of a recovering Caledonia.

Jim Gunt: Soooo... This is a little awkward.

Mike Rolash: All those times wishing MJ was served up on a platter and the great omnipotent deity in the sky MISSES?! WHY HAVE YOU FORSAKEN ME?!

Realizing his error in words, Mike quickly clamps his mouth shut with his hands as Mia cautiously makes her way over to MJ, who has just finished setting up the table. She takes a step back, but like a dog unsure what to do, quickly reverses and starts to head to MJ again. Coming to a quick decision, Mia runs at MJ with a full head of steam. Ready, MJ prepares herself, but Mia stops short and pecks her on the head instead.

Mia Rayne: Nice try short stack, but another ti...

Too full of herself Mia doesn't notice as Caledonia manages to recover enough to attack her from behind! MJ and Cali start to concentrate on Mia, forcing her back away from the table and to the ring apron. Seeking solace, Mia rolls into the ring to catch a breath. Cali looks to follow, putting her hand on the bottom rope before....

Jim Gunt: MORNING STAR!

Mike Rolash: I'm beginning to suspect that Cali is going to regret this match in the morning...

In the ring, Mia and MJ square off. No one says anything and the tension mounts as the two women that have lit the CWF on fire in recent months once stand face to face. Mia is the first to strike, but MJ is superiorly conditioned, being able to absorb the blow and come back with a flurry of offense! Mia winds up and lands a hard haymaker, right to MJ's

shoulder, and she winces before trying to shake it out and turning her back on Mia. Sensing an opening, Mia approaches, looking to end things. As Mia closes the gap though, MJ throws her elbow back, hitting Mia right in the solar plexus! MJ spins and delivers a vicious clothesline that has Mia rocking on her heels. The former two time champion follows up with a kick to the knee, followed by a vicious DDT!

Jim Gunt: Mia looks to be out here Mike!

Mike Rolash: What a coincidence! So is Cali!

Mia stirs and rolls away before MJ can make the cover. MJ watches carefully as Mia rolls to the corner, and tries to once again shake her head clear. Using the turnbuckle, she places both hands on the top rope to brace herself before...

Jim Gunt: ANOTHER MORNING STAR! MJ COULD TAKE IT RIGHT HERE!

Mia looks to be unmoving as MJ makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: YES! MJ has done it! She beat...

Mike Rolash: Might want to pay closer attention there Jimbo.

The fans are in an upheaval as Trent and MJ are having a very animated conversation in the ring. MJ clapping her hands three times before Trent apologizes and points to Mia, whose foot is resting on the bottom rope!

Jim Gunt: I don't believe it. Mia was able to save herself the match with a rope break!

Mike Rolash: Might not get you a DQ victory, but in triple threats? Yeah, rope breaks are still important for pins and submissions. Ring presence is always important no matter the match.

MJ finally gives up arguing with Trent and instead elects to drag Mia, who is still unmoving, away from the ropes, but still close to the corner. She goes over to the turnbuckles and closes her eyes, before ascending to the top rope.

Jim Gunt: What... What is MJ thinking here?! She NEVER goes to the top!

Mike Rolash: It's a big match Jim! Mia isn't your everyday wrestler, so you can't use everyday tactics. MJ is pulling out all the stops and in all honesty? More power to her for trying to win.

Jim Gunt: You REALLY don't know who to root for do you?

Mike Rolash: Exactly that.

MJ steadies herself on the top, looking to leap off, but is distracted by a commotion in the crowd as Jarvis King comes out of nowhere, hops the barrier, to the apron, and In one fell swoop pushes MJ off the top turnbuckle! The fans collectively hold their breath as MJ falls through the air and lands, hard, on the table she had previously set up, going through it and causing a storm of splinters to rain down on everyone around.

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Jim Gunt: Couldn't agree with the fans more as Jarvis, who has NO business being here in the first place, again, pushes MJ off the top and through the table below!

Mike Rolash: Next you're going to call him deplorable too aren't you Jim? You are so biased it isn't even funny. MJ wanted a challenge, she found Jarvis. She knows what she was getting into, or at least should have. Wait... Look who just recovered!

His eyes center on Cali who has recovered enough to see Mia laying motionless in the ring, and MJ outside in the wreckage of the table. Acting quickly she slides into the ring and makes the cover on Mia as Trent slides in to make the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!!!!!

At the very last millisecond, Mia manages to roll her shoulder up, causing the crowd to once again erupt around her. Her eyes dart open and she sees Cali on top of her. Grabbing the platinum blonde by the hair, she grips tight before delivering a vicious slap across the face! The crack rings out throughout the arena and Cali rolls off Mia holding her face.

The Psychotic One rolls to her belly and starts the crawl to the ropes, using them to get back to her feet however shakingly. Her eyes briefly cover MJ, who wasn't moving in the wreckage below either, but decides to turn her attentions to Caledonia, who is also recovered and staring daggers. The two size each other up before meeting in the middle of the ring.

Jim Gunt: Just when you think you've seen it all, you haven't!

Mike Rolash: WHAT!? I can barely hear you in here! Crowd is too loud!

The fans finally reach a fever pitch and then explode when Mia and Cali start to fire rights and lefts at each other. Mia, being taller backs Cali into a corner. Being the smaller woman though, Cali is able to weasel her way out from the corner and shove Mia chest first into the turnbuckle! Mia rebounds and Cali locks in the Bed of Roses! The fans lose themselves in noise as Cali yells for Mia to tap, but Rayne refuses, trying to turn Cali to the turnbuckle, and sandwich her between them! Seeing this, Cali uses her speed and agility to only climb up to the second rope, only to increase the pressure on Mia's neck! To her credit though, when asked by Trent, Mia still doesn't submit.

Jim Gunt: Mia isn't going to last much longer unless she can do something to break the hold.

Mike Rolash: What about the rope break? Are we just going to bend the rules now for random people that show up, as long as they were a big name no one can pronounce?

Jim Gunt: So you want Mia to win?

Mike Rolash: NO! I mean... Yes... I mean... I don't know... I just want the rules followed, is that too much to ask?

Mia's face turns a shade of red only reserved for that of tomatoes and stop signs but has yet to yield, instead sinking to her feet. Cali looses her balance, but quickly recovers. Mia senses this and with a renewed energy, stands up, throwing Cali off balance even more, before dropping down to the mat! Cali tries to follow, but Mia raises one of her boots, catching Cali right under the jaw! The fans erupt again for the move as Mia coughs and makes it to her feet in the corner. Cali stumbles off, but recovers quickly running in to push the attack! Mia runs out to meet her, and delivers a vicious knee right to Cali's head! Mia lands and gets back to her feet, yelling for the crowd to get loud. Cali bounces up, but Mia is there to deliver The Last Laugh! Trent is there to make the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...NO!

This time it's Caledonia that kicks out at the last second and Mia looks none too pleased. She sits on the mat, rocking

back and forth, occasionally hitting herself in the head, before she stops suddenly and becomes very, VERY still.

Mike Rolash: Mia may want to press the advantage, Cali might be down, but she isn't out. She is a former champion for a reason and one of the best we have!

Jim Gunt: I think... Mia has a plan?

Mike Rolash: *Scoffs* This ought to be good.

Mia picks Cali up, who struggles against the headlock Mia has her in. With a smirk Mia gives Cali a noogie before Caledonia manages to escape, rubbing her head where Mia had assaulted it. Mia beckons for Cali to come get it and the former champion runs at her, only for Mia to be ready and flapjack Caledonia off the turnbuckle! Mia grabs Caledonia from the back and with a devilish look in her eyes, bends down and puts Caledonia on her shoulders. Using the corner for support, Mia makes it to the second rope before Caledonia realizes where she is and begins to struggle. Noticing, Mia quickly reaches up a digs her fingers into Cali's sides forcing the former champion to double over. Smiling, Mia cradles the neck and hops down delivering Loki's version of The Last Laugh from the second rope! Caledonia lands hard, but Mia holds on for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: SHE DID IT! MIA JUST BEAT MJ AND CALI!

Mike Rolash: Huh. Came in at just over a year ago and has already made a name for herself. Why can't she just leave?

"In This Together" by Apoptygma Berzerk rings out and Mia can barely believe it as she gets off of Cali and begins to realize the tears coming. She wipes her eyes and rolls out of the ring, aiming to check on MJ, only to be met by the recovering Flair. Realizing what happened, based off both the song playing and Mia's expression, MJ only smiles and nods.

Together they enter the ring and are met by Cali, holding her neck and a sly smile on her face. With MJ and Caledonia with her in the middle of the ring, the trio share a group hug as the show goes off the air.

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