

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 51

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: May 7, 2019
Location: American Airlines Center — Dallas, Texas

Results

Twilight Endgame

Match

Fireworks explode along the stage set, inside of the American Airlines Center in Dallas, Texas, the site of the 51st edition of Evolution! The fans are in a frenzy as they are all prepared to take in tonight's show. The camera pans through the Dallas fans, picking up various signs:

WELCOME BACK KING!

I'M A FLAIRHEAD

WHEN IT COMES TO THE LOST BOYS, THERE'S GOING TO BE BLUE

LINDSAY MARRY ME!?

Finally we land on Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash as they're positioned and set to kick off tonight's festivities.

Jim Gunt: WE ARE COMING TO YOU LIVE FROM THE AMERICAN AIRLINES CENTER IN DALLAS, TEXAS FOR THE FIFTY FIRST EDITION OF EVOLUTION! We are only seven nights away from Twilight of the Gods! I'm Jim Gunt, joining me tonight is Mike Rolash and we starting things off with Tara Robinson who's standing inside of the ring, ready to host a contract signing between our champion, Duce Jones and challenger, Dan Ryan!

We cut to the ring where Tara is positioned and ready. Black carpet covers the ring mat, a table with a black tablecloth sits in the center of it. On opposite sides of the table are two black, plush leather chairs that are unoccupied. Tara Robinson stands at the head of the table with a microphone in hand.

Tara Robinson: Ladies and gentlemen... next Tuesday night, CWF Presents: Twilight of the Gods! And in the main event the CWF World Heavyweight Championship will be on the line when champion, Duce Jones defends against challenger, Dan Ryan!

The Dallas natives go into a frenzy at the announcement.

Tara Robinson: At this moment, we will have a contract signing scheduled...so without further ado, it's time for the participants to sign the contract! Introducing the challenger, former CWF World Heavyweight Champion....Dan Ryan!

The fans instantly begin to reign down boos. The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of "Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins plays. When the riff audio kicks it up a notch, Dan Ryan steps out and pauses, Lindsay Troy at his side, they look into the audience with snide smirks on their faces, then head down the aisle as pyro blasts behind them.

Jim Gunt: Here comes former CWF World Heavyweight Champion, Dan Ryan...confident as ever. And beside him as always, The Queen of the Ring, Lindsay Troy.

Mike Rolash: That's because he knows, it's only a seven day wait before he's declared World Champion once again. Besides these two are the epitome of professional wrestling and are looking to claim their rightful thrones at the top.

Jim Gunt: Well we will have to wait until our pay per view next week to truly learn the outcome. But right now, we are

about to get the names signed on the dotted line.

Mike Rolash: Technicalities. We all know how this story ends.

Having made it to ringside, Ryan and Troy are already up the steps and on the apron, stepping through the ropes. Most of the Dallas fans are booing them but several fans can be heard cheering the home state boy Dan Ryan. Removing his trademark shades, he shakes hands with Tara before adjusting his suit jacket and having a seat in one of the chairs, Troy stands at his side.

Tara Robinson: Now for the man that he will be facing.. CWF World Heavyweight Champion! Duce Jones!

The now familiar voice of Don Trip speaks through the PA system, soon followed by the sounds of trumpets. The crowd is mixed in their emotion as well for Jones who steps from behind the curtain with the World title slung over his shoulder. He stops at the top of the stage and slowly raises the title into the air. The Dallas fans react appropriately for the champ who slightly limps his way down to the ring.

Jim Gunt: Here is the champ and lately he's been looking in bad shape. Yet he continues to fight through the pain.

Mike Rolash: What we need to do, is skip this contract signing, Douche hands the belt over to Ryan and he takes a hiatus to recover. We all heard Dr. Leggett a few weeks back when he told Jones to take a break.

Jim Gunt: If I didn't know any better, I would say you sounded a bit concerned.

Mike Rolash: Don't get me wrong, I'm concerned. I'm concerned about the fact that our World title rests on the wrong shoulder.

Gingerly making his way up the steps, Duce climbs through the ropes, his eyes fixated on Ryan. Duce doesn't waste time to play to the crowd, taking a seat across from his challenger at Twilight of the Gods.

Tara Robinson: Next Tuesday night, the two...

Dan Ryan: Alright. That's enough of that.

Tara is interrupted by Ryan who gives an oh-so-brief look into the crowd, then back at the Queen of the Ring. He shakes his head, she rolls her eyes, and his attention goes back to the man in the ring, sitting across from him as he raises the microphone to his lips.

Dan Ryan: We're all back here marveling at your go get 'em attitude and can do spirit. It's like a Disney movie from the 70s, only cheesier. But I think it's time we got down to business.

Ryan lowers the microphone momentarily while Duce Jones looks on intently.

Dan Ryan: I know everyone is expecting me to make this grandiose challenge. You all expect the most violent, the most dangerous, the most bloody stipulation possible. Well, before I say what my stipulation is... Duce Jones... All you ever fuckin' talk about is how you'll never back down from any challenge, how you don't care what the stipulation is... So before I name my stipulation, I want you to state right now that no matter the stipulation, you will accept it.

The CWF World Champion furrows his brow a bit as the crowd can be heard screaming for Duce to not accept the terms.

Duce Jones: I said I'd take on any challenge an' I meant dat. Now stop wastin' time and name it.

Dan Ryan: Uh uh uh... technicalities. I need you say you'll accept it. Say it.

Both men stare each other in the eye, Ryan smirks at Jones who contemplates the offer but he shrugs it off.

Duce Jones: Fuck it. NAME IT.

Ryan's eyebrows raise and he glances over at Lindsay Troy, who smiles lightly.

Dan Ryan: Very well. My stipulation is this. At Twilight of the Gods it will be CWF World Champion Duce Jones defending his title against former CWF World Champion Dan Ryan in....

A regular match.

A wave of confusion goes through the crowd. Duce himself gets a slightly confused look on his face.

Dan Ryan: With a special guest referee.

Another wave of excitement goes through the crowd. Duce Jones' head tilts back slightly as he starts to catch on.

Dan Ryan: And that special guest referee will be, of course..... LINDSAY TROY.

Troy's smile deepens into a satisfied smirk as the noise in the crowd becomes a firm round of boos. It's Duce's turn to glare at Ryan.

Dan Ryan: Naturally, you accept... Right champ?

Jones grunts, then brings the microphone up.

Duce Jones: I said I'd accept, an' I'm a man'a my word.... So yes...I accept.

?????: Whoa, whoa, whoa! Now hold on just a minute.

The fans turn their attention towards the stage where Byson is seen making his way down ring, shaking his head denial. Making a beeline to the ring, Byson steps in quickly, and we can hear him mutter something off-mic to Jones. Jones lets the mic hang down by his side while he angrily responds to whatever Byson is saying, but the champ's brother won't back down.

Dan Ryan: Ah yes.... Here comes Brother Byson to try and get you to come to your senses. Give it a rest, Brother Byson. The man is a bad ass and takes on all comers.

Ryan smirks as finally, Duce stops arguing with his brother and listens to one last plea. Jones sighs then raises the mic again.

Duce Jones: I gotta condition.

Dan Ryan: Yes, yes I know. You're genetically predisposed to being full of shit. I already know this.

Duce starts to speak again, but Ryan cuts him off.

Dan Ryan: I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.... And I have to say, I'm shocked and disappointed in you. You said you'd take any stipulation. It doesn't matter, you said. I'm not afraid of nothin', you said. And now, you have a condition. Please, let us all hear what condition will make it acceptable for you to keep your word. Go ahead... I'm listening.

Duce Jones: I want my brotha' to be a special enforcer on tha outside'a tha rang, in case she gets outta line.

Jones points a finger in Lindsay Troy's direction. Troy, for her part, points to herself with an incredulous "Me?" expression on her face. Ryan looks at her, sternly at first. The two lock eyes, then they both shrug.

Dan Ryan: YOU'RE ON!

Byson Kaliban is a bit surprised by this sudden acceptance, but Duce Jones just nods, ready to do this right now really.

Mariella Jade Flair vs. Ciara Kennedy

Match

Jim Gunt: Kicking things off tonight, Mike... it's your favorite wrestler!

CUE UP: ""S&M" - Rihanna

Mike Rolash: Ooooooh! For once, you're right, Gunterson!

The lights dim, and the arena is lit solely by frantic red and blue strobe lights.

Jim Gunt: The soft and warm core of disOrder is here, Mike!

Mike Rolash: ...Soft and warmmax on the weekends, don't you?

Jim Gunt: What are you talking about?

Mike Rolash: Sure. Play it coy, cowboy.

On the entranceway, Ciara Kennedy steps out into the arena to a mixed reaction: most of the fans are booing her but a decent number of men cheer for her seductive dance moves. She milks it as much as she can before starting her strut to ringside.

Jim Gunt: She has not had the easiest road so far here in the CWF, though her group has certainly made a splash. This is definitely her biggest test to date, though, Mike - even you have to admit that MJ Flair is a tall order for this young lady.

Mike Rolash: Okay, okay... maybe I like Ciara Kennedy because she reminds me of my New Year's date that gave me half price in the champagne room--

Jim Gunt: What?

Mike Rolash: What?

Jim Gunt: ...

Mike Rolash: --but yeah, Flair is a competent wrestler and as a two time World Champion, has proven her quality. Sure. Happy?

Jim Gunt: Lil' bit.

Slowly and deliberately, Ciara climbs the ring steps. She bends down with purpose under the middle rope, giving the fans in the front row a view.

Jim Gunt: Ciara making friends amongst the Rolash-inspired crowd, but she's about to get a rude awakening.

CUE UP: "Goodnight" - The Birthday Massacre

There's no elaborate lightshow, just complete darkness for about ten seconds, followed by a single spotlight at the middle of the top of the ramp. In the ring, Ciara Kennedy leans on the top rope, waiting impatiently.

And there she is, walking out with purpose. Some lights return to give the fans a good view of The Second Coming, MJ Flair, ignoring the fans and their applause with her gaze fixed solely on her opponent.

Jim Gunt: MJ looks all business tonight, Mike!

Mike Rolash: You mean 'boring.' She looks boring. Why don't all the women dress like Ciara?

Jim Gunt: I'd like to remind the women watching that all complaints about Mike Rolash can be sent care of the Championship Wrestling Federation, PO Box--

Mike Rolash: Okay, okay!

MJ climbs the corner from the floor to the top turnbuckle and waits, crouched, as she stares at Ciara Kennedy. It's only after the lights come back up that she drops to the mat and paces from one foot to the other, bursting with energy.

Jim Gunt: There's the bell, and referee Trent Robbins gives each of them a once-over, and we're underway!

'Underway' may be overselling it, as MJ paces Ciara but the First Lady of disOrder looks her up and down and laughs, and rolls her hips seductively to an audible wolf whistle from a number of fans. She bends at the waist, keeping her legs straight as she reaches to the mat and straightens back up, her hands running over her leg.

Ciara gestures accusingly at MJ, with the meaning clear: Can you top that?

Mike Rolash: I've finally understood the appeal of womens' wrestling.

Jim Gunt: That's not wrestling.

Mike Rolash: Don't kink shame.

MJ looks out into the crowd; they are encouraging her in one direction or another.

She shrugs.

Jim Gunt: SUPERKICK! MJ FLAIR'S BOOT LANDS RIGHT ON CIARA KENNEDY'S JAW!

Ciara topples like a tree, and both MJ and the referee stare for several seconds, unsure of what, exactly, to do.

Mike Rolash: If you ruined that beautiful face...

Jim Gunt: This is a wrestling match, not pole dancing, Mike! Ciara Kennedy should have been prepared.

Mike Rolash: Why can't it be both? I WANT A STRIPPER WRESTLER!

Finally, with no movement from her opponent, MJ drops to her knees and places a somewhat reluctant hand on her chest.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner by pinfall....EMM JAY EFF!!

The fans cheer, mainly because they're happy to see MJ on the winning end of a match, but the cheers ring hollow, likely due to the lacklustre offense from Ciara Kennedy.

Jim Gunt: Well, MJ Flair with a... hard fought... victory here over a member of disOrder, and you have to wonder, will this be a precursor to a fight with Johnny Graves for his Championship?

Mike Rolash: I hope not. She's had enough time with championships in the oh lord Jim why is she coming this way?

A Good Seat

Match

We cut to the commentary table, where MJ walks past both Jim and Mike, fist bumps Jim, and stares at Mike. She climbs over the guardrail and sits in an empty seat right behind them. A fan next to her whispers something and she assures him that she 'won't be here that long.'

Mike Rolash: Why are you still here?

MJF: Calm your tits, Mikey... two weeks back Jarvis King got the jump on me before I came to the ring against one'a the Tommys... I'm just here to return the favor if I get the chance.

Jim Gunt: Just be smart, MJ.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, and if you decide to cause problems, can you sit behind Jim? I'd rather Jarvis go through him, not

me.

Jim Gunt: He certainly could--wait, what?

Jarvis King vs. "Facetious" Franklin Fredrickson

Match

Jim Gunt: MJ Flair is out here on commentary with us, ladies and gentlemen, as we await the next match between her recent rival Jarvis King and Franklin Fredrickson.

Mike Rolash: But I'm hearing King is backstage first and has something to say!

The picture cuts backstage, Tara Robinson with The Icon, Jarvis King. The Grand Slam champion is prepared for action, and has a steely, determined look in his eyes.

Tara Robinson: Jarvis, last --

King doesn't even grant the interviewer the opportunity to begin her first question before he grabs the microphone and palms her on the forehead out of frame.

Jim Gunt: Oh come on, this is completely unnecessary!

Mike Rolash: Shh, Jimbo!

The Icon closes his eyes as the capacity crowd watching on the CWF Tron in the arena take him in; he takes a deep breath and stares into the camera.

Jarvis King: Last week, I made a challenge. I have yet to hear a response. I suggest that you give it to me as soon as possible, Mariella. Or else people will get hurt on your behalf.

With that, King exits the frame. Tara Robinson re-enters the camera's view, a bit confused.

Tara Robinson: He still has my mic!

Cut back to ringside, and CUE UP: "Lark on My Go-Kart" by Asher Roth, already in progress. Standing in the center of the ring, next to referee Trent Robbins is the returning "Facetious" Franklin Frederickson. The former Paramount Champion smiles and waves to the crowd who gives him a kind reception as Ray Douglas makes his announcement.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is set for one fall! In the ring, from New York, New York, he is "Facetious" Franklin Frederickson!

Jim Gunt: Always nice to see the CWF's Original Prankster back on Evolution!

Mike Rolash: Wait, is it?

The camera pans away from the in-ring competitors, and down to ringside, where MJ Flair, fresh from her opening contest, sits behind commentary position.

Jim Gunt: And, well, it's fair to say that the outcome of this match could very well be a topic of interest for this young woman...

Mike Rolash: She has no business out here, unless it's for her to admit that she's too chicken to accept Jarvis King's challenge for the pay per view!

CUE UP: "Cult of Personality" by Living Color. Fans all over the arena rain boos down towards the entrance ramp as the lights come down, leaving a sole spotlight at the curtain. The boeing amplifies as The Icon walks through the curtain, microphone in hand. His music quiets down, and as King starts to saunter his way to the ring, he brings the microphone to his lips.

Jarvis King: That's alright, Ray - you can sit your tubby ass down for the next few minutes, because quite frankly I'm a man that requires no introduction. See, I'm already known the world over. My accolades and accomplishments speak for themselves, but I might as well detail them while we're here...since Dallas wouldn't know what a champion looks like.

The Texas crowd obviously doesn't like this jab. Jarvis just laughs as he continues over the din of boos.

Jarvis King: I am a CWF Hall of Famer. This is a fact that is backed up by my trophy cabinet, which is laden with championships and records the likes of which this industry has never seen before. Need an example? I'm the fastest to ever become a Grand Slam champion in CWF history. Fact. I hold the record for longest time holding the Paramount Championship. Fact. I have more successful defences of the CWF World Championship than any competitor in that title's history. F-A-C-T, fact.

Jarvis reaches the ring and starts his way up the stairs. His eyes have not left MJF, who is sitting patiently, if not a bit bored, behind the commentators.

Jarvis King: See, I've got a lot going for me, and it's not just in the last year or two. I've built a legacy in this business. I've built a dynasty in this industry. Simply put, Jarvis King is the name that built the CWF.

Jim Gunt: Well, I don't know about that; Jarvis has certainly done a lot in this company but for him to make such a bold claim...

Mike Rolash: I told you, Jimbo - SHH!

Jarvis King: So when you say "Fuck Jarvis King" --

King enters the ring and immediately walks across it, addressing MJF directly now.

Jarvis King: --I want you to understand just how ridiculous it sounds to me, Flair. Now, you can take this next contest however you want to, quite frankly. You can take it as a warning. You can take it as a further challenge. What I want you to do is watch, very carefully, and see just what it is that you've awakened. I want you to see what it is that you have coming to you if you choose to do the honourable thing and face me at Twilight of the Gods. I want you to see what it means to Bow Down to the King.

Jarvis tosses the microphone aside, and Trent Robbins calls for the bell.

Jim Gunt: Well, Jarvis with some choice words for MJF, but nevertheless we're on to a match between former rivals Frederickson and King...and, well...Frederickson probably has a bit of a hill to climb here. He hasn't been an active competitor in many years, and --

MJF: Hey, Jarvis!

As King and Frederickson start to circle one another, they're interrupted by MJF, who has produced a bullhorn, through which she addresses her foe.

MJF: Twilight. You and me. Accepted.

The Texas crowd erupts in cheers at the announcement. Flashing a jeering smirk, Jarvis turns his attention fully to MJF and starts jaw-jacking her way, leaning over the top rope.

MJF: One last thing, though, man...

A smile forms on her face.

MJF: Pay better attention.

With that, Jarvis is tripped up backwards by Franklin Frederickson, who rolls the Icon up with a quick schoolboy pinning combination!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Mike Rolash: NO!!

"Lark On My Go-Kart" starts back up again as, laughing, MJ Flair leaves her seat and walks up the steps through the crowd. Jarvis is not in pursuit, as he sits in the ring, dumbstruck by what's just transpired.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, "FACETIOUS" FRANKLIN FREDERICKSON!

Mike Rolash: THIS ISN'T FAIR!

Jim Gunt: Well, the bell had rung...

Frederickson, hardly believing the circumstances himself, looks in awe as his hand is raised by the referee, but his grin is quickly met by a boot as Jarvis King, ever the sore loser, hits a superkick.

Jim Gunt: Uh-oh...get out of there, Trent!

Indeed, it doesn't take Jarvis long to round on the referee. Robbins, the subject of King's ire for the third straight week, immediately backs up as the Hall of Famer starts to stalk him with the determination of a Terminator. The CWF's senior official has the presence of mind to position himself towards the ramp and manages to escape the ring. Jarvis is fast on his trail, however, and the less athletic referee stumbles a bit while the Icon gains ground.

Mike Rolash: Finally, we're going to see some JUSTICE!

Jim Gunt: This isn't going to be pretty...

Before Jarvis can catch up to Trent Robbins, The Icon's path is blocked by none other than MJF, who leaps over the barrier at the entrance ramp and stands between King and Robbins. The younger star gestures at the veteran to bring it on. King hesitates, considering his position for a moment, as the crowd rumbles in anticipation.

Jon Stewart; That's enough!

The CWF executive steps out from behind the curtain at the top of the ramp, side-stepping Trent Robbins who uses the distraction to rush into the backstage area. With Stewart come a litany of security guards, all of whom rush to create a border between The Icon and the Eye of the Storm, much to the Dallas crowd's chagrin.

Jon Stewart: I'm glad that you two have finally come to an understanding about having a match at Twilight of the Gods, but I'm not about to have that match explode, either here or at the pay per view! With that in mind, it's pretty clear to me that we can't have just any old referee call this one...so what's one more special guest? I made a phone call, and I've got our man.

CUE UP: "Power is Power" - SZA & The Weeknd

Jim Gunt: OH MY GOD!

Mike Rolash: What?!

Jim Gunt: HE'S BACK!

Indeed, the 2019 CWF Hall of Fame inductee, Freddie Styles is next to enter the arena, a smile on his face and the black and white stripes of a referee's shirt on his back.

Jim Gunt: AS IF JARVIS KING TAKING ON MJ FLAIR WASN'T BIG ENOUGH! FREDDIE STYLES, SPECIAL GUEST REFEREE!

Limits Equal Losses

Match

Mike Rolash: Calm down Jim, you're hurting my ears.

Jim Gunt: What can I say? I'm excited for the return of Freddie Styles. But what could it mean fo..

The intro to "Beat The Devil's Tattoo" by Black Rebel Motorcycle Club hits the speakers as the lights dim, save for two swirling green and gold spotlights on the stage. A chorus of boos meets "The Australian Submission Machine" Nathan Paradine as he emerges from backstage, a microphone in one hand and a steel chair in the other. He looks around at the crowd as the lights return to their usual hue and begins to march towards the ring as the first verse of the song starts.

Jim Gunt: The last time we saw Nathan Paradine in a CWF ring was two weeks ago, right before he was decimated by the members of disOrder. You have to wonder how a vicious assault like that can affect the psyche of a competitor as focused as the man dubbing himself The Hostile Exile.

Mike Rolash: Who the hell cares? Paradine took his ball and ran home, he was too much of a coward to show his face these last two weeks; and the crowd are letting him know just how they feel about him, listen!

There's another round of booing, however Paradine appears to be unperturbed as he climbs into the ring and moves into the middle of the mat. He raises the steel chair high into the air, eliciting his first somewhat positive response. He lowers the chair to his side as his music dies out, however it's a few more moments before he finally speaks, his eyes unreadable behind his sunglasses.

Nathan Paradine: The last time I was here in this ring I was kicked in the head and left unconscious... I figured it wouldn't be a good idea to leave myself undefended in the ring again, so I brought some backup with me.

There's a murmur from the crowd as Paradine drops the mic onto the mat and spends a moment erecting the steel chair in the middle of the ring, the back facing towards the ramp. He sits down on the chair and grabs the microphone again.

Nathan Paradine: Not the chair, unfortunately. No, I don't need a chair to protect myself from the likes of Johnny Graves and his cronies... all I need is this.

Paradine raises his fist until it is level with his head.

Nathan Paradine: It's not much, admittedly. A few knuckle bones, some skin and muscle, bit of blood... but time and time again it has been proven that the only goddamn thing I can rely on in a fight is my own two fists. Not that that's something any of you would know about... it seems the only bloody fight you lot have been in lately was the struggle to get off your sweat-stained couch to come to the arena and spend your undeserved benefit money on seeing my triumphant return.

There's another round of jeering, and Paradine smirks.

Nathan Paradine: It's okay, I'm just having a bit of a laugh with you all! We all know you wouldn't spend your money on the, what, two Nathan Paradine shirts at the merch stand? Nah, but maybe you'd like a nice commemorative pair of sunglasses produced en masse in a sweat shop in southeast Asia? Not that either? That's alright, that's fine... I don't need your support, because it sure as hell wasn't any of you that helped me get into a number one contendership match at Twilight of the Gods. It's always been me, and you know what? I'm bloody fine with that.

Paradine exaggerates a shrug.

Nathan Paradine: It's easy for you all to hate me because I'm the guy willing to do the stuff you won't to get the job

done. You look at yourself and you realize that you have a limit, a line you won't cross... I used to be like that too, until I met a man who taught me that having those lines only limits your potential. It's why I can punt Lindsay Troy in the vagina to win a match and still go home and sleep soundly at night, and none of you have the courage to tell that annoying customer what you really think, or tell your kid what a snivelling little shitstain of a person they turned out to be. Limits equal losses, end of story.

Mike Rolash: Well you can't really argue with that logic, to be fair.

Jim Gunt: What? That's some of the most backward thinking I've ever heard! Everyone has a limit, it's what separates us from... well, I don't know, animals or something!

Mike Rolash: You know I've been thinking about getting a tattoo... Limits Equal Losses could be a good quote, right?

Nathan Paradine: Zach van Owen and Lindsay Troy. I wish you both the best of luck at Twilight of the Gods, because you're going to need it. After this tag team match tonight I reckon you'll both be looking at a loss apiece to me and nothing short of divine-goddamn-intervention will stop me from getting my shot at the title!

Paradine lowers the mic and moves to exit the ring, however he suddenly thinks better of it and puts the mic to his mouth again.

Nathan Paradine: And Xander Daniels, I know you're back there somewhere. It might not be tonight, it might not be next week, or even next month... but I'm not finished with you yet by a long shot. I want you to know that, old friend... you've got a big bloody target on your back, and I'm lining up a bullseye shot. You won't know when or where... but it's coming. And there will be hell to pay when it does.

Paradine forms his hand into the shape of a handgun and mimes firing it up the ramp as "Beat the Devil's Tattoo" resumes playing over the speakers. He exits the ring and makes his way up the ramp, a confident sneer on his face and he pauses to look at the crowd one last time before disappearing backstage.

Thomas Roll vs. Tom Marrow

Match

Mike Rolash: I am not even sure what to think here, but MJ Flair will pay for her insolence, costing the King this match!

Jim Gunt: Insolence? Really? Jarvis has done way worse before.

Mike Rolash: Ah piffle, he is the King, he is above the law!

Jim Gunt: Yeah right. Well, we will see and I am sure that Freddie will make sure that order will be upheld!

Mike Rolash: And how about the return of Nathan Paradine? The Hostile Elite has vowed to leave Zach van Owen and Lindsay Troy in his wake on his way to becoming the next CWF World Champion!

Ray Douglas: Uh, excuse me, guys.

Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash: What?

Ray seems somewhat taken aback as both men turn to look at him in sync.

Ray Douglas: Uh, it's time for our next match?

Jim Gunt: Oh! Yes! It is the battle of two Thomas!

Mike Rolash: Roll vs. Marrow, this is going to be a weird one.

Jim Gunt: For a change I must say that I concur...

Ray Douglas: The next match is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, being 'led' by The Game Warden... Benji!

Red and Blue lights beginning flashing, with sirens sounded. The theme song from COPS begins playing, as the Game

Warden, a scantily clad woman (ala sausage) in a beige police bedroom costume makes her way to the ramp. She is holding a leash as the song, "Who let's the Dogs Out" is mixed in, creating an "interesting" remix.

Jim Gunt: Welcome back ladies and gents and we're just in time to see Benji and his game warden!

Mike Rolash: I would love for her to be my warden...

Jim Gunt: You okay, Mikey?

Mike Rolash: Hmm?

On the other end of the leash, comes Benji, a man crawling on his hands and knees, wearing a custom BDSM hood, in the shape of a dog's head and leather pants. As he reaches even with the Game Warden, he stands up and they walk down to the ring, a familiar chorus of boos raining down upon them.

Jim Gunt: The fans do NOT like Benji and his Game Warden.

Mike Rolash: Are you surprised? The sheeple don't like something that goes against the current societal definition of "normal?!"

Jim Gunt: Times like this make me wonder how you still have a job...

Mike Rolash: What's that Jim?

Jim Gunt: Hmmm??

Ray Douglas: Introducing next... He is The Disco King from Osaka Japan.. Thomas Roll!!!!

Thomas Roll's personal DJ, DJ Gurtooth comes out and begins to spins the decks. "Moves like Jagger" plays and Thomas Roll dances his way down the ramp with his pet monkey on his shoulder. The Dallas fans give him a slightly warmer response, some of the ringside fans dancing along with the beat. He gets into the ring and strikes a disco pose.

Mike Rolash: ... Well, at least he didn't take his sweet time with it.

Jim Gunt: One week at a time, this man has my faith to bring back the great disco era.

Mike only shakes his head in disgust before turning his attention back to the ring where Clark Summits has just finished his checks on Tom and... Tom. He asks for a clean fight, Benji only whimpers slightly while Mr. King of Disco shakes his head in the affirmative. The bell is rung and Benji starts things off quick with a wild haymaker, connecting to the shoulder of The Disco King!

Jim Gunt: Yikes, quite the blow to start things off!

Mike Rolash: Is it bad I was hoping that he would have dodged that with the classic disco move?

Mike tries to demonstrate and only succeeds in showing Jim his ability to smack his broadcast partner in the face. In the ring, Benji follows Thomas, who has walked off looking to create distance. Benji grabs him by the shoulder, whipping him around, only for Roll to use the momentum and turn it into a modified enziguir! The kick lands square across Benji's...

Mike Rolash: Right across the snout!

Jim Gunt: His.. Snout? Mike, when did you become a dog expert?

Mike Rolash: I've been studying, you know, in case The Warden wants to give me a pop quiz.

Jim Gunt: She's... nevermind. Thomas Roll follows up with a quick belly to belly suplex, driving the wind right out of Benji!

Roll stays on top for the cover but Benji gets his shoulder up almost immediately, reaching for the ropes. Summits declares that he is only fingertips away before Roll snatches Benji by the boot, drags him backward, and leaps into the air, crashing down on the back of Benji with an elbow drop!

Jim Gunt: Nice athleticism shown by Roll as he takes a decisive lead in this match!

Mike Rolash: You only like Roll because he reminds you of a better time. Let it go.

With a smirk on his face, The Disco King rubs the dog faced Benji's mask into the mat, gloating his success to the crowd. He gets up, keeping his eyes on his prey, moonwalking his way to the turnbuckle, and climbing up, his eyes never leaving the still form of Benji until he turns setting up for...

Jim Gunt: The No Sault! This ought to be good!

Thomas leaps through the air, a picture perfect moonsault, landing on his feet, and leaping into the air to deliver another elbow drop! However, as he leaps up for the elbow, Benji manages to roll out of the way! Cheered on by The Game Warden, Benji snarls and makes contact with a boot, throwing Roll through the air!

Jim Gunt: Roll landing hard after maybe taking too big of a risk in the offense department.

Mike Rolash: Be that as it may it looks like Benji is able to get to his feet first!

The gimp gets a running start and picks up a full head of steam as he charges toward Roll's fallen body. Benji leaps and lands right on the gut of The Disco King! The Game Warden's pet does what any good dog would do and stomps all over the midsection of Roll, making sure he has a nice place to lay before...

Jim Gunt: Did... Did we just witness a grown man lift his leg over the face of another?

Mike Rolash: Yep!

Jim Gunt: And you're okay with this?

Mike Rolash: Not only am I ok with it Jimbo, I condone the entire operation! Look how uncomfortable this guy is making people! Stick around him and The Warden long enough and I won't have to worry about anyone coming to bother me.

Jim Gunt: ... But they don't...

Mike nods, but his gaze suddenly turns sour as he realizes what he just said about himself. In the ring, Benji is still in control, backing up into a corner and waiting for Tom to get to his feet. Slowly, The Disco King gets to his feet, and Benji takes that opportunity to get a running start, looking for his patented Bulldog! Tom is ready and he yells out for Benji to stop, asking for a breather. Much to The Warden's distress, Benji stops in his tracks cocking his head before Tom shouts and points up! Both Summits and Benji look as The Disco King drops to his knees and hits Benji squarely in between the legs! Clark doesn't see the move and turns his attention back to the action just as Tom wraps Benji up, pushing him away, and pulling him close for a tilt-a-whirl move!

Jim Gunt: The Big Whirly! What a devastating DDT!

Mike Rolash: Le sigh. I suppose its over, but I really wanted to see Benji pick up the win. He represents a very... Taboo lifestyle and while some might not agree with it, kudos for him for just being out and proud.

The King of Disco floats over and goes for the cover. Summits is there to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

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

The fans pop as The King of Disco leaps up and celebrates in the ring. The cameras cut out and go to commercial as ring crews begin to set up for what's next.

Tax Talk 4.0!!!!

Match

The arena is abuzz as the ringside crew finish setting up for the fourth episode of the ONLY episode within an episode of Evolution... You all loved it and you didn't realize you wanted it until now. You feel that twinge in the back of your throat? That means it's time for the one and only show... TAX TALK!

CUE UP: "Be My Friend" by One Eyed Doll

Jim Gunt: Welcome back everyone and we're being told that it's time for Tax Talk! Just sit back and relax, heck, Mike we're even told we can take a break for a change! How about that? Mike?

Mike Rolash: Good, maybe I can just hide under the desk.

Mia Rayne shows up on the top of the ramp, what is quickly becoming her trademark "crazy smile" is on her face as she lets out a shriek the likes of which can only be heard during any one of Mia's numerous matches. Check them out at cwf.ewmania.com! She takes the time to greet the fans, taking pictures with her "Menagerie" as well as slapping hands with the rest of her fans on her way down to the ring. She pauses as she eyes the set up, a bland office style desk with a roll-y chair and a couch for the guests. She winces but is excited to see the switch she had specifically requested. Rolling into the ring, she has no hesitation in pulling on the switch. Down rains a bunch of lollipops and with a loud explosion, colorful wallpaper, much akin to what one would expect from a Mia Rayne inspired set, rolls down over the walls. She eyes the chair, but instead hops onto the desk, planting herself. She kicks her feet as she absentmindedly grabs one of the pops, unwraps it, sticks it in her mouth, and grabs a mic from a drawer in her current seat.

Mia Rayne: Frands and family, everyone in between, welcome to this, the FOURTH episode of TAX TALK. I am your hostess with the mostest, Mia Rayne, at least for now...

There's that smirk again. All of a sudden all who watch realize that Mia is not someone to mess with.

Mia Rayne: I'm not going to cut around the bushes. I'm not going to fluff it or say anything that people want me to say. I'm here, I've brought back this beloved show, for one purpose, and the timing is just right. We have no interest in titles here at the Madness Menagerie ladies and gents and we will get to that in just a moment, we assure you. For now we need to get some things off of our...

She looks down at her chest before continuing and hopping off the desk, beginning to pace.

Mia Rayne: Mind. See, before we bring out our first, we assure you, controversial visitor you won't want to miss, we need to address some things that happened last week. First and foremost, lil' Ms. Grand Champ that took us out of our own battle royal? Well played. However, we assure you that the next time you set foot in a CWF ring, it won't be when we have anything else more important than you on the card. A night when our schedule is free and clear to beat some sense in you. Sure, we lost our battle royal and let some visitor come in and take a title that belongs in the CWF away, we are more than happy to admit our fault in that. However, you have yet to make us sit still long enough for a three count. You have not beaten us down and make us submit, and we assure you; the challenge was our main event that night. That's where our focus was at. This isn't an excuse, it is a fact, you open your mouth about beating me and trying to use that as a stepping stone for bigger and better things... We will find you and you will regret the day you earned our ire. You have our respect for now, don't make us regret that sentence.

She paces the ring like a caged animal, running her free hand against the ropes as she walks.

Mia Rayne: Next on our docket is the forever great Lindsey Troy. Didn't she sure show us last week how the teacher will always trump the student? Or... Did... Did we miss the lesson that was trying to convey? Ms. Troy, you can have your oh so precious title of "Superwoman." The "super" franchise is nothing but over-hyped nonsense anyways. Give us Marvel. Vertigo, no Supes. We see you Troy, we know you lurk in the shadows and we know you're thirsty. Perhaps that's another match people aren't quite ready to admit that they want to see? The Super versus The Psychotic. Who shall prevail, hmm?

She smiles out at the crowd as they start to cheer as the idea catches on. Lindsey Troy versus Mia Rayne. It would be a shame for Lindsey to take another loss since entering the CWF, but at the very least it's against the one that claims all need to go through her first before getting comfy, Mia Rayne. However,

Mia Rayne: Last thing before we get to the real meat and potatoes of this show, oh, hey Duce! Thought we would forget what you and Freddie did to us? Tick tock Duce. Are you ready for Mia to come for you?

The crowd cheers but Mia twirls around and her cheerful smile is once again on her lips as she heads behind her desk and has a seat.

Mia Rayne: Now, we might have said meat and potatoes, but what we really meant was nuts. Our guest tonight, he is the one and only namesake of this show, he was once our knight in shining burlap, now he's just a douche in a mask! Please welcome, Ataxia!

The crowd boos, but no one shows up on the ramp. Instead, all eyes turn to Mike Rolash as he lets out a yelp like no other, leaping to his chair and then to his desk, much like an old 50's mother would at the sight of a mouse.

"HEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHEHE!!!!"

Sure enough, from out underneath the desk comes Ataxia. He laughs again and offers Mike help down, to which of course Mike declines, only jumping slightly at Ataxia's movements. Ataxia only laughs again and gets into the ring, hopping onto the couch and kicking back. Mia only smiles politely but stares at him coolly.

Mia Rayne: Now...

Ataxia: Hiya toots! Did ya miss me?

Mia removes the mic from her lips and averts eye contact for a second, but Ataxia pounces on the moment of weakness.

Ataxia: Thought so. Now, since this IS a show named after yours truly, I feel it's only appropriate, that I take over.

The Messiah Pariah claps his hands and the seat ejects an unsuspecting Mia from the chair! She falls onto her butt on the mat in a heap as the wallpaper once again changes, this time to all black. Ataxia takes Mia's spot behind the desk and kicks his feet up. Mia only heads over to the couch as the tron lights up to show a scene from Evolution a couple weeks ago. Mia is interviewing The Lost Boys in the crowd and is given a note by a messenger. She reads it and explodes as she walks away. Not literally, but pretty close.

Ataxia: So sweet cheeks, mind telling the world what's on your mind? Did an ex declare their undying love for you? Is that a possible thing? Can love ever truly live or die? Hmmm? Oh m'dear?

Mia Rayne: HAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Her laughter fills the air and takes even Ataxia by surprise though he tries to join in. She gets up from where she is sitting and points at Ataxia and laughs at him some more before finally catching her breath and going back to sit down.

Ataxia: O... Okay... So, that was...

He doesn't have a chance to finish though as Mia is handed a replacement mic from the one that Ataxia stole from her

earlier.

Mia Rayne: That's what this was about? We wanted to address our relationship together, but you want to come out here and hijack shit? Alright, well then. We suppose it's time you found out our little surprise. At Twilight of the Gods, Ataxia, Shadow will be having his rematch against you.

Predictably Ataxia bursts out laughing, only this time Mia joins in with him. She pulls his head up by the mask and slams it down on top of it.

Mia Rayne: We're not finished yet. We're the jester, you are nothing more than a clown. Do you really think, that after all this time, we would come back and leave you alone Ataxia? Did you really think, that we would allow everything that you said about us, our relationship, EVERYTHING to slide, RIGHT OFF OF US?! Well, unfortunately for you, our schedule is clear. We're going to get close once again Tax, because until you remember who you TRULY are? We're going to get SUPER close, starting at Twilight of the Gods...

Because, as per Jon Stewart himself, your match will have a special guest referee to ensure that the rules of the match will be followed accordingly. No worries though, you won't have to wait around to figure out who it's going to be. We'll spoil that surprise for the world, right here and now, but we assume that you've already come to the logical conclusion. Haven't you Ataxia?

She watches as he rubs his forehead from where it smacked into the table. He stops for a moment, starts again, the stops. His eyes widen as he looks up at Mia.

Mia Rayne: Oh yes, there's the light bulb we were waiting for. You get it now don't you Ataxia? The special referee for your match against Shadow, will be none other than the one and only... MIA FUCKIN' RAYNE. We're bringing you home Tax and if you want to kick and scream the entire way, give out all those different mind games that you are oh so fond of, well... We're all about the mind game business. Have you met us?

She pats Ataxia lightly on the forehead before she skips to the far side of the ring and blows Ataxia a kiss, before departing.

Jim Gunt: Mia Rayne is going to be the special guest referee in the rematch between Ataxia and Shadow!

Mike Rolash: That's a threeway no one wants to be a part of.

Ataxia watches Mia walk up the ramp as his right hand reaches out towards her. Then he slaps it down on the mat. He gets up off the floor and climbs to the top turnbuckle and...Ataxia does a 450 Splash through the table!

Jim Gunt: Holy crap!

Mike Rolash: What? Why is he?

Ataxia kips right back and picks up the rolley chair and throws it into one of the set walls. Ataxia grabs one of the walls and starts slamming it into his head over and over and over and over again until it finally breaks. He's shaking violently and grabbing the sides of his head. Ataxia suddenly drops to the mat. Out cold.

Jim Gunt: Someone get the EMT's out here!

Mike Rolash: He finally snapped his brain. Jim! Get back here!

Jim Gunt rushes into the ring and checks Ataxia's pulse. Ataxia suddenly sits up and looks right at Jim. Jim gets wide eyed as Ataxia's rolls over and stands up grabbing the microphone. We hear Jim mouth out. "Are you alright?". Ataxia turns to him.

Ataxia: I'm just fucking fine...heheh...ahahha...Ahahha...AHAHAHHAAHAHAHHAH!!

The crowd boos as Ataxia throws the microphone down onto the mat and walks towards the back. Jim Gunt heads

back to the announcer's table.

Mike Rolash: He's anything but fine.

Jim Gunt: For once I agree with you.

The Silence in the Shadows

Match

The camera cuts backstage to a big screen TV set up, showing the ending of Tax Talk. The Shadow is looking at the happenings, eyes narrowed, focused on Ataxia walking up the ramp after laying waste to pretty much the whole set in the ring. Footsteps come closer and Mia Rayne walks into the frame. The Shadow briefly turns towards her, gives an almost imperceptible nod and walks away without a word.

Silas Artoria (c) & Moe Davis vs. Mad Dog Murphy & Ophelia McVeigh

Match

Jim Gunt: The Shadow is watching--

Mike Rolash: Yeah, yeah, he's mad, he's intense, he's all that bull, can't he take this like a man?

Jim Gunt: You do not cease to amaze and disgust me.

Mike Rolash: Oh thank you.

As Jim looks at his colleague in utter disbelief, Ray Douglas makes his way into the ring.

Ray Douglas: The following match is a tag team match set for one fall!

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

Ray Douglas: First, from Washington D.C, he is the Go Go Kid....MOE DAVIS!!

Jim Gunt: Although we haven't heard much from the Go Go Kid as of late, Moe really seemed to have a bright future ahead of him.

Mike Rolash: Seemed is the key word, Jim. Professional wrestling is all about the here and now. These fickle fans will forget you in a second. We're living in a "what have you done for me lately" kind of world.

Jim Gunt: Whatever world you're living in, Mike, I try to keep myself as far away from it as humanly possible.

Dark blue lighting and fog slowly comes up over the stage as "Something Got Me Started" by Simply Red begin to play. Silas Artoria comes out with the Paramount championship pulled tightly around his waist, Hidetaka Ito beside him as he takes in the adulation from the cheering crowd. The Psychotic Aristocrat takes the gold off his waist as he heads over to announce table, smiling as he places it on the table in front of the announcers. Ito gives him last minute encouragement before he enters the ring, clapping hands with Moe Davis as the two discuss the match ahead with each other.

Ray Douglas: And his partner, from Toronto, Canada, he is the Psychotic Aristocrat and the reigning CWF Paramount Champion....SILAS ARTORIA!!

Jim Gunt: Our Paramount Champion Silas is looking quite determined tonight, and he better be if he wants to get revenge on the disOrder stable after taking a tough loss to them two weeks ago in their ten person tag.

Mike Rolash: Silas didn't technically take the loss...

Jim Gunt: That's right, Fire God Leo from Hostility fame tug himself in and then quickly got bamboozled by the disOrder stable. Nevertheless, Silas is going to want to regain some momentum one week before the Twilight of the Gods pay per view where I'm sure he will be defending that Paramount Championship.

"R U Mine" by the Arctic Monkeys explodes through the PA system but even the sound of the music is nothing compared to the boos from the Dallas fans as a depleted version of the disOrder stable; Ophelia McVeigh and Mad Dog Murphy, come out accompanied by their heavy Bishop Kingston. Kingston ignores the fans but McVeigh and Murphy mouth off to several fans with ringside seats before finally heading up the ramp and entering the ring. Artoria and Davis look on non impressed as the threesome continue to taunt the jeering crowd.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents, at a combined weight of four hundred and twenty four pounds, they are the team of Ophelia McVeigh and Mad Dog Murphy....disOrder!!

Mike Rolash: Now here is a squad we can be proud of, Jim.

Jim Gunt: Really? I mean sure, disOrder came into CWF hot with Johnny Graves proclaiming a change in the federation from the core, and in the beginning those claims were backed up by a swift destruction of several superstars. But just look at earlier tonight, things are falling apart for disOrder. Will they be able to get it together in this tag match, or will this be yet another failure ahead of Graves title defense later tonight?

"Big" Denny Davidson allows both teams to go to their corner and decide a competitor to start this off before ringing the bell once Mad Dog Murphy and Moe Davis come into the ring with Murphy immediately talking down to Moe despite being one inch shorter than him. Davis waits for the bell to ring before striking the mouthy Murphy with a big right hand that brings the Dallas fans to their feet!

Jim Gunt: Go Go Moe has had enough of disOrder, as it seems every single fan here in Dallas has as well!

Mike Rolash: They're all just jealous.

Jim Gunt: Another right hand sends Murphy packing, let's see if Ophelia will fare any better against Moe.

Ophelia McVeigh looks slightly surprised at Murphy tagging out so quickly, but he comes in after a quick pep talk from Bishop Kingston who stands tall on the outside of the ring. McVeigh comes into the ring and Davis springs into action immediately, jumping up and grabbing him as he bounces off the ropes and one eighty's to the other side of the ring.

Jim Gunt: Springboard Tornado DDT! I guess that answers my question very quickly, as McVeigh rolls out of the ring right after taking that brutal DDT.

Mike Rolash: Time to regroup for disOrder. This group took CWF by storm and I...even I don't know what is happening tonight. Something is going terribly wrong, that's for sure.

ONE!

TWO!

"Big" Denny Davidson begins to count out Ophelia McVeigh as Mad Dog Murphy drops down, the two of them and Bishop Kingston getting together football style as if they're about to call their next play. Unfortunately for them, Moe Davis has tug in Silas Artoria and he looks ready to take their entire kingdom down with one strike.

THREE!

Jim Gunt: SUICIDE DIVE! Silas knocks down Murphy and McVeigh, but Kingston is still standing. Wait, he's getting right back in the ring and...oh my god is he looking for another? MY GOD ANOTHER SUICIDE DIVE SENDS BIG KINGSTON INTO THE BARRICADE!

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

CLAP CLAP CLAP

ONE!

Mike Rolash: These stupid Dallas fans proving that one little dive can get them excited, but even I have to admit that Silas seems to be on a roll tonight.

Jim Gunt: One, that was two dives, Mike. Two? Well...I guess I don't really have a two.

TWO!

Mike Rolash: Idiot.

THREE!

Jim Gunt: Anyway, now we have both Silas Artoria and the legal man Ophelia McVeigh getting counted out, as that last suicide dive did a sufficient amount of damage to the Psychotic Aristocrat himself.

FOUR!

Artoria rolls off of of Bishop Kingston who coughs, turning over to his side as the Paramount Champion pulls himself to his feet and has a quick discussion with his mentor Hidetaka Ito.

FIVE!

SIX!

Silas nods at Ito before going to back to Ophelia, rolling him into the ring but as he re-enters himself the disOrder member is ready for him, flopping down and hitting a leg drop across the Artoria's head as soon as he rolls in. Ophelia lifts Silas up, slapping him hard across the chest before laughing in his face, telling the booing fans that it's over for the champ. He goes to lift Silas up for the Devil Driver but Artoria breaks out from behind.

Jim Gunt: Artoria scoops McVeigh high in the air- deadlift German Suplex! Quite impressive there from the Paramount Champion!

Mike Rolash: And Ito is applauding him from outside of the ring, showing that the Japanese legend is indeed impressed with his student.

Silas Artoria waits for Ophelia to turn onto his stomach, beginning to lift himself up before he moves into action. The Psychotic Aristocrat gives the disOrder member the double finger guns before running right at him at launching a Missile Dropkick right across his jaw! Artoria turns McVeigh onto his back, going for the cover as the Dallas fans count along.

Jim Gunt: It could be over here, what a dominant victory for Silas and Moe!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Mad Dog breaks up the count stomping mercilessly on Silas Artoria as the fans go from cheering and counting along right back to booing the very easy to hate disOrder stable. Murphy simply shrugs them off, ignoring "Big" Denny and dragging Silas up by his neck and hair before slapping him right across the face- and taking a massive Superkick for his troubles! Silas goes right back to McVeigh, lifting him up onto his shoulders.

Jim Gunt: FALL OF MAN! NOW it's gotta be over!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winners by pinfall...MOE DAVIS AND SILAS ARTORIA!!

Davis rolls into the ring as Ito from the steps through the ropes with the help of Artoria pulling the ropes up for him, the Japanese legend bringing the Psychotic Aristocrat's Paramount championship along with him and proudly placing it over his shoulder as he and Moe Davis celebrate inside the ring. McVeigh and Mad Dog sneer from outside of the ring, regrouping with Kingston as the three of them head up the ramp.

A Message.

Match

The arena goes dark unexpectedly, the Dallas fans begin to murmur when suddenly the CWF Tron springs to life. White eyes, that's all that is visible as she looks clouds of what appears to be shine like smoke float through the air. Soon a familiar voice begins to speak up.

Nina: We always go against those things for which we do not understand.

Scenes of protest and rioting flash across the screen. We cut back to Nina who's nose and lips have been added to the frame.

Nina: We stake claim to wanting to be the best.. by any means necessary...

Flashes of war torn countries hit the screen. Tanks exploding, bombs dropping, the sound of gunfire tearing through flesh. The camera moving backwards to get a complete shot of her face.

Nina: There are those who stake their claim of being the best Willing to do it by any means..

Flashes of the match between the Lost Boys/V.E.N.O.M begin to play.

Nina: During the encounter between the boys which are lost against my brethren.. The wrong man was pinned for victory. Amd we allowed you to slide.. move on to battle for the Tag Team titles..

Panning out some more, we are treated with a full body view of Nina who has both Vince and Omar at her side. She looks at them both individually.

Nina: And we've watched as you say idly by as if you don't have anyone to face the two for those belts..

She elegantly displays the two men.

Nina: ... Look no further.. Now I know it may take you time to respond.. But either you give what's owed or there will be dire consequences for your actions.. Speaking of consequences for your actions.. Xander Daniels.. if you wanted a shot at this useless title..

Nina unstraps the Aversion title from her waist and holds it up to the camera, eyeing it seductively.

Nina: Well I was about to say, just asked.. But you've already done that.. even went as far as to attack me after I was down helping Autumn ascend from her past. Then here you are, a ghost from this title's past.. Well Daniels, you truly don't know what you have gotten yourself into.. Your nightmares will fail in comparison to the evil that my mind brings.. Your prayers will not be heard as you beg for your feeble life.. Xander, it's only a matter of time before you become infected and everything you love turns into chaos. What Autumn and me had going was too help her elevate. Whereas you are just going to reap what you sow.. You wanted the attention of V.E.N.O.M? Well you've got it now..

A sinister laugh begins to escape her body, Martinez and Espinoza at her sides unmoving like statues.. she smiles and

scene goes black.

Dan Ryan vs. Dr. Simon Pierce

Match

Jim Gunt: Well, folks, as many of us know, a debut match is a big moment for some of these newly signed roster members, and the upcoming match is no run of the mill debut.

Mike Rolash: More like, welcome aboard, see ya later.

Jim Gunt: Indeed. The newly signed Dr. Simon Pierce is facing the former World Champion Dan Ryan tonight in his first match and it just doesn't get any tougher than this.

Mike Rolash: They sell body bags in Dallas, I'm sure. They sell body bags here, right?

Jim Gunt: I'm sure they do - but I doubt we'll actually need one. Dan Ryan may be a monster in that ring but he hasn't killed anyone.

Mike Rolash: Yet.

Ray Douglas: This next contest is scheduled for one fall. Introducing first...

"Chlorine" by Twenty-One Pilors kicks in.

Ray Douglas: From Dallas, Texas....

A brief hometown cheer...

Ray Douglas: ...weighing in at three hundred eight pounds.... DR. SIMOOOOON PIIEEEEERCE!!

The music hits and Dr. Simon walks to the ring. There is no pyro, but the lighting gets brighter and the spotlight follows him to the ring.

As he approaches the ring, he takes the steps up to the apron and steps through the ropes. As he gets into the ring, he removes his doctor's coat and stethoscope, leaving his scrub trousers and boots as his wrestling gear.

Jim Gunt: He's certainly a big individual.

Mike Rolash: Not big enough.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent...

"Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins hits, and as the main riff kicks in, strobes flash all over the arena as Dan Ryan steps out onto the stage, the lights reflecting off and on off of his sunglasses. Ryan pauses just for a moment, scans the crowd, then heads for the ring.

Ray Douglas: ... From Houston, Texas... weighing in a three hundred five pounds... DAAANNN RYAAAANNNN!!!

Ryan makes it to the ring and climbs inside. He gives his opponent a glance, then climbs the turnbuckle and looks into the crowd as a chorus of boos takes over the crowd. Ryan smirks briefly, then turns and hops back down into the ring.

Meanwhile, Dr. Simon Pierce is at the ropes, yelling down at fans in the front row. One particularly large fan is yelling back, which makes Pierce angrier.

Jim Gunt: I'm not so sure this guy should be paying so much attention to these fans right now.

Mike Rolash: I mean, he's not wrong about this guy's physical condition. And he is a doctor.

Jim Gunt: Yeah but he probably ought to...

Just as Jim Gunt gets these words out, Dr. Simon Pierce turns around and eats a huge boot to the face from Dan

Ryan. Pierce goes down like he was shot, and Ryan stands over him, just looking down at him.

Mike Rolash: Okay, maybe you have a point.

Ryan glances up at the crowd who are oohing and ahing from the sudden violent impact, then rolls his eyes and violently pulls Pierce to his feet.

Jim Gunt: Dr. Simon Pierce's eyes are glassed over here, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Yeah I'm gonna go ahead and call this. This thing's over.

Ryan agrees, and with speed, he puts Pierce into a standing headscissors and drives him to the mat with a Humility Bomb. He looks down on Pierce very briefly, then drops down for the cover.

Jim Gunt: Humility Bomb!!!

Mike Rolash: And there it is...

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: The winner of the match.....DAAAAN RYAAAANNNN!!

Twilight is Coming!

Match

The picture cuts backstage following the dominant victory from the World Heavyweight Title number one contender Dan Ryan to show Charles State and Blake Church sitting behind a very simple black desk, black background, black suits, the only things really visible being their faces, hands and a red and blue tie respectively. The look on their faces is very serious.

Blake Church: Ladies and gentlemen, there has been talk about a coming Twilight and it is upon us, but not just any Twilight, no.

Charles State: Here in CWF we don't just take any walk-up Twilight, we have THE Twilight. CWF fans, here it is - TWILIGHT OF THE GODS!

Blake Church: This will be CWF's Ragnarök, where some gods will fall. Only on the CWF Network on May 14, 2019. Live from Houston, Texas.

Charles State: We will see a night of special referee's as Lindsay Troy officiates the rematch between Duce Jones and Dan Ryan for the World Title, Mia Rayne officiates the war between former stable mates Ataxia and The Shadow, and none other than Freddie Styles returns to referee MJF versus Jarvis King.

Blake Church: Quite the crazy night, I guess we could say the special officials will be the gods for the evening?

Charles State: And CWF may never be the same again...

Slowly the picture fades to black.

Christopher \$aint James vs. Jaiden Rishel

Match

Jim Gunt: Well, this next match is certainly going to be interesting.

Mike Rolash: Why so? Seems pretty cut and dry to me. C\$J came in, tried to better the fed as a whole by giving Evolution some healthy competition, people complained, Jaiden couldn't do anything, so he rounded up a posse and

became a thorn in C\$J's side.

Jim Gunt: Right. Well, some would say that C\$J isn't the savior that he makes himself out to be. He isn't the most... fair of people, though he did get a huge taste of what he deserves when he was made to compete by Jon Stewart.

"Welcome Home" by Coheed and Cambria plays over the speaker system and red and white strobe lights flicker all over the stage before Jaiden Rishel slowly comes out behind the curtain, taking in the mixed reaction from the fans as he stands there silently.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first... From...

The words don't get a chance to leave Ray's mouth when from out of no where C\$J comes from behind Jaiden and levels him with a blow with a baseball bat to the back of the head! Jaiden goes down hard and C\$J kicks him over, smashing the end of the bat right onto Jaiden's nose! Blood spurts but C\$J doesn't seem to care as he only increases the pressure on the bat, causing Jaiden to thrash. After several uncomfortable moments, C\$J finally relents and gets out of the way as a medical team come out to check on Jaiden, who is only glaring at C\$J with hatred in his eyes. As if anyone needed to guess, C\$J is handed a microphone and after catching his breath, he begins to speak.

C\$J: First off, fuck yourself and I hope your dad's cancer gets the worst of him, Jaiden!

The words hit home and Jaiden scrambles to his feet as the Dallas fans let C\$J have it with a chorus of boos. Rishel hurries, looking to go after C\$J as his back is turned. Sensing him coming, C\$J sidesteps the oncoming Jaiden and trips him up with the bat. Jaiden flies forward and lands hard, before C\$J punishes him with another bat shot to the back!

C\$J: Tsk tsk Jaiden, I do hope that heart problems don't run in your family, otherwise we have to do something about that unGODLY temper.

Jaiden struggles to get to all fours and C\$J raises an eyebrow. He tosses the mic to the side and proceeds to lay into Jaiden's back and lower body with the bat. Shot after shot until Jaiden is barely moving.

C\$J: Do yourself a favor and stay down. When I'm done talking, I'll give you permission to speak, boy. Now that that's out of the way, Jaiden, you have done NOTHING but be a thorn in my side. You weren't even a member of the active roster when I came onto the scene and instead of welcoming me with open arms to improve upon your family's company, you decide to attack me on all fronts. I can not and will no longer stand for such a thing and as such Jaiden, and I sorely hope that you're concious, if not, maybe one of those worthless med staffers can tell you when you wake up. At Twilight of the Gods Jaiden, it's going to be me versus you. One on one all matters settled. I don't leave loose ends. This isn't going to be just any match Jaiden, oh no. I promise to you that I will bring in the fire and brimstone the likes of which you haven't seen before. I promise that by the time that I am done with you, you will recognize me for the god that I am. You. Me. Twilight of C\$J, which happens to be synonymous with "god." HELL IN A CELL.

Without another word C\$J sneers as the crowd pops at the announcement. He tosses the mic at Jaiden and turns on his heel before walking off.

Jaiden Rishel: I... I accept!

His voice is low and strangled, but it's there. C\$J whips around to see Jaiden slowly get to all fours before turning and having a seat, leaning up against the entrance ramp and holding the mic that C\$J had just had. C\$J's eyes grow wide and then narrow at his adversary.

Jim Gunt: Looks like we won't be seeing the ending to this war tonight, but in one week at Twilight of the Gods!

Mike Rolash: Uh, Jim, that's Twilight of C\$J to you plebian types, and it's not just any kind of match to end this war! It's going to be what is sure to be a brutal affair all contained within a steel cell with no escape! No rules and no turning

back! Twilight of C\$J just got good!

CWF Weekly

Match

The picture cuts away from the carnage in the ring and the baffled crowd to the CWF Network logo.

“Coming soon to the CWF Network: CWF Weekly”

Blake Church and Charles State come into view in front of a CWF logo backdrop.

Blake Church: The CWF Network is continuing to expand and Charles and I will be hosting our weekly news and rumour mill tentatively called “CWF Weekly”.

Charles State: We will be bringing you the inside scoop on all comings and goings and developing stories from in and around CWF!

Blake Church: So tune in or be left out of the loop!

The picture fades to black.

The Shadow & Zach Van Owen vs. Ataxia & Nathan Paradine

Match

Jim Gunt: And we were just talking about gods falling at Twilight of the Gods and boom, we have one hell of a match in the books and the next one also has all kinds of implications already with The Shadow and Ataxia’s conflict having turned more and more personal and violent throughout the last few weeks, not least due to Myfanwy’s kidnapping—

Mike Rolash: That is one good thing that has come out of this already!

Jim Gunt: Seriously? We don’t know what they may or may not be doing to her or where they are holding her and you are actually happy about this?

Mike Rolash: Well yeah, finally nobody is slapping me!

Jim Gunt: Oh look over there!

Mike turns and Jim takes the opportunity to slap him over the back of his head with as much force as the rolled up papers in his hand allow him to.

Mike Rolash: What the hell was that about?

Jim Gunt: Call it a Myfanwy memorial smack!

Mike Rolash: Why??

Jim Gunt: Because you deserve it! But let’s move—

Mike Rolash: I’m going to tell Mr. Stewart about this.

Jim Gunt: on with the show...

Ray Douglas: The following tag-team contest is scheduled for one fall, with no time limit. Introducing first, from Calgary, Alberta, Canada and weighing in at 230lbs...The Shadow!

The lights go out and the intro to "Wield Lightning to Split the Sun" by Primordial begins to play. Close up images of flickering torches appear on the tron and the ramp down to the ring. As the main riff kicks in, The Shadow steps through the curtains, cold, blue light illuminating wafting fog. Clad in his hooded robe, he silently stands there until the lights go off again for a moment. When they come back on, he is in the ring, as stoic and unmoving as before.

Jim Gunt: Shadow has be wondering where Zach is head is at for this contest tonight. Will he be more hindrance than help?

Ray Douglas: And his partner, from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and weighing in at 174lbs...Zach van Owen!

The entire arena goes dark and "One-Winged Angel" fills the arena. Green digital rain appears on the screen and gradually forms the phrase "Ready...FIGHT!". Zach appears on the stage cloaked by a faint fog, his head bowed and arms outstretched. He looks to the ring and marches down the ramp. He hops onto the apron and ascends the corner post from the outside, throwing back the hood of his jacket and once again throwing his arms out wide. With hands on the ring ropes he cartwheels off the turnbuckle and down into the ring.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents, introducing first, from Parts Unknown and weighing in at 200 to 250lbs, he is the Messiah Pariah....ATAXIA!!

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

"AHAHAHAHHAAAAHAHAHAHAHA"

"Dangerous Tonight" by Alice Cooper starts to play as Ataxia enters the arena wearing his cloak of raven feathers, tophat, cane, and raven mask over his usual bag like mask. Ataxia spins the cane around and high fives fans as he walks down the ringside area. He leaps into the ring and whips off the cloak. He takes off the mask, hat and cane. A ring attendant grabs them as Ataxia waits...waving and blowing kisses at his opponents.

Mike Rolash: No doubt about it, Ataxia is looking to enact some serious punishment tonight, and loathe anyone who gets in his way!

Ray Douglas: And his partner. From Melbourne, Australia and weighing in at 240lbs....NATHAN PARADINE!!

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

Mike Rolash: Nathan Paradine is something of the odd one out here, but that don't mean he ain't going to kick some serious ass!

Jim Gunt: With such an important match coming up at Twilight of the Gods, you can bet Nathan is looking to prove something.

Aaxia and the Shadow start in the ring for their respective teams and Ataxia wastes no effort in hiding his disappointment, to the point where as soon as referee Trent Robbins motions for the start of the match the Knight in Burlap instantly tags in the Australian Submission Machine. The Weaver of Dreams raises an eyebrow.

Jim Gunt: Tax seems eager to get his hands on Zach, saving his energy for that confrontation.

Mike Rolash: That kid's gonna finally get what's coming to him.

Shadow gives Zach a wary look then advances to meet Paradine in the centre of the ring. The Nomad ducks beneath Shadow's grasp, swinging round behind for a stiff forearm to the back of the head that has the Weaver of Dreams reeling for a moment, and a moment is all that Nathan Paradine needs, connecting with a back drop.

Jim Gunt: With a number one contenders match next week, Paradine is in his finest form, and he could very well be sending Zach a warning message.

Mike Rolash: Yeah it says 'Stay out of my way!'

Paradine drapes both of the Shadow's arms across his neck, pulling them back by the wrist as he drives his knees hard into the spine with a variation of a chin-lock. Zach is quick to act, leaping over the ring ropes.

Jim Gunt: That answers the question of Zach's loyalty to the Shadow.

Nathan Paradine expects the intervention, releasing the hold with no hesitation and stands to face Zach, motioning for the Game-Changer to go him.

Mike Rolash: And we get a preview of gameplay footage for next week's match!

Ataxia runs into the fray, screaming wildly as he charges. Zach sees the bull rush from the corner of his eye and manages to duck underneath the crazed lariat at the last possible second. He leaps at the Messiah Pariah and together the two opponents tumble over the ring ropes to the outside.

Jim Gunt: This match is devolving into pure chaos. Ataxia's home ground.

The Shadow has recovered and uses the momentary distraction to pounce onto an unsuspecting Paradine with a Russian legsweep. While Ataxia and the Game-Changer continue to brawl and trade blows outside the Weaver of Dreams runs off the ropes for a knee-drop across the upper chest of the Australian Submission Machine. He hooks the leg and Trent Robbins drops down to make the count.

One!

Two!

NO! Nathan Paradine kicks out.

Mike Rolash: Paradine ain't going out like a wimp. He's got an opportunity for the World Title coming up!

Jim Gunt: And meanwhile, with Ataxia and Zach van Owen busy amusing themselves, this has effectively become a singles match.

The Shadow gets a hold of the Nomad, helping him to his feet but is taken by surprise as Nathan throws the Weaver of Dreams down with a dragon screw, keeping a hold of the leg to apply a tight single leg boston crab.

Mike Rolash: Hard for an opponent to muster an offence if they ain't got a leg to stand on.

Jim Gunt: That is Paradine's personal creed, expertly using submission maneuvers to disable and impede his opponents.

Mike Rolash: And he does it so well!

Zach has managed to break away from Ataxia, a quick roundhouse kick knocking back the Messiah Pariah and he realises the dire situation Shadow is in. The Game-Changer steps up onto the apron, ready to springboard in to interrupt and make the save but as he leaps up onto the ring ropes, Ataxia is there, grabbing Zach by the foot, pulling him down face first onto the flat surface of the unyielding ring apron.

Mike Rolash: I'll not be surprised if the cleaners find teeth in the apron after that horrible landing.

Thankfully the Shadow manages to drag himself over and get his fingers wrapped around the bottom ring ropes to

force a break of the submission. Ataxia resumes his place at the corner post and motions for Paradine to bring Shadow over.

Jim Gunt: The tag is made and Ataxia is now properly involved in the match.

Paradine connects with a stiff knee to the face that has the Shadow stumbling back into the waiting arms of Ataxia who hits the ER Stat. The Shadow is left crumpled in the corner and Ataxia laughs hysterically.

Mike Rolash: Despite everything that has happened with the CWF over the years, Ataxia has always been a constant. There's some assurance in that.

The Knight in Burlap taunts Zach van Owen, challenging him, and the Game-Changer makes his way back to his place on the corner. Ataxia drags the form of the Shadow over and taking the Weaver of Dreams by the hand he forces the tag to the former Impact Champion.

Mike Rolash: The fight everyone has come here to see!

Jim Gunt: Zach has a lot to answer for in Ataxia's mind.

Ataxia mocks Zach by adopting the fabled Crane Kick position of karate kid fame as they move to the centre of the ring to stare each other down. Zach moves first with a spinning high roundhouse kick, Ataxia gets both forearms up to block the kick and stomps down on the standing leg of the Game-Changer, forcing Zach down to one knee. "BEND THE KNEE!" Ataxia shouts as the Messiah Pariah lays into the Game-Changer with a series of overhand clubbing blows, before finally flooring the former Impact Champion with a punch straight to the jaw.

Jim Gunt: This ain't a match, it's a pure unadulterated beating.

Ataxia moves to continue his offensive but Zach raises his legs and pushes him back, giving him the room to throw the Knight in Burlap off balance with a kip-up hurricanrana. Zach springs to his feet, runs at his former ally, connecting with the Chrono Cross backbreaker. Nathan Paradine is knocked off the apron with a dropkick, then Zach cups his hands together by his side.

"Kaaaaaaaaaaaaamehaaaaaaame-"

Mike Rolash: What the hell is he doing?

Jim Gunt: Powering up, don't you watch any tv?

Mike Rolash: Only shows that involve less clothing...

The second Ataxia stumbles back to his feet Zach drives both palms into Ataxia's chest with the Ehrgeiz.

"HA!"

The Messiah Pariah doubles over and Zach brings his leg up for a Switchblade kick. Ataxia lunges forward tackling Zach down to the mat and the two roll around the ring in a heap of furious striking flurries. As they roll uncontrollably, Nathan is able to quickly get a hand on Ataxia's shoulder and unbeknownst to the two brawlers tags himself back in.

Jim Gunt: I don't envy Trent Robbins job. It's going to be hard to keep up and keep control of those two.

Nathan grabs Zach and drags him off of the Knight in Burlap, holding him in place so Ataxia and come charging in for the attack. Zach elbows the Nomad in the face, then kicks Ataxia to put an abrupt end to his momentum. The Game-Changer takes Nathan down with a neckbreaker at the same time as driving Ataxia's head into the mat with a DDT. The Weaver of Dreams calls Zach over for the tag.

Jim Gunt: Will Zach let his anger and pride get the best of him? Or will he be smart and make the tag? Hard to know where his head at is lately. He's already turned on one former ally...

Zach pauses and looks at the Shadow's outstretched hand before finally ending the tension and making the tag. Dragging Paradine by the legs, Zach catapults the Australian into a strike to the jaw from the Shadow. The Nomad falls back, draped over the Game-Changers knees, held in place as the Shadow springboards off of the ring ropes and comes down upon Paradine with the Hammer of Doom.

Mike Rolash: This constant back and forth action is so exciting I'm about to piss my pants.

Jim Gunt: Ew.

The Shadow attempts the pin.

One!

Two!

Th-Ataxia pulls his former stablemate off of the Australian Submission Machine and Irish whips him into the ropes, ducking down for a back body drop on the return journey. Zach rushes in and together, both Zach and Shadow drop down, hitting stiff backhands on the Messiah Pariah, a move of his own creation. The Knight in Burlap rolls to the outside.

Jim Gunt: Hai Frand! Ataxia is knocked flat by his very own move.

Together the game-changer and Weaver of Dreams send Paradine into the ring ropes. The Nomad falls through the ropes, using them as leverage to swing back into action with extra momentum and laying out both opponents with Spare Change. He makes the cover on the Shadow.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!-The Shadow kicks out.

Mike Rolash: Always hated the doggedness of these goody-two-shoes.

Nathan Paradine tags in Ataxia, who climbs to the top rope, as Nathan lifts the Shadow back to his feet. Ataxia sails through the air, nailing the Weaver of Dreams with Peaceful Tolerance, sending the former World Champion into the waiting arms of the Nomad who effortlessly connects with the Para-Plex. Nathan takes to the apron as Ataxia drops down for the cover.

ONE!

Jim Gunt: What an incredible combination of moves, I don't see how the Shadow can kick out from that.

TWO!

THRE-NO!

Zach makes the save at the last possible moment, breaking up the pin with the Keyblade kick to the back of Ataxia's head. The Game-Changer ducks a lariat attempt by Nathan Paradine, storming back into the ring, then leaps off of the ring ropes for a springboard. The Game-Changer arcs through the air, right into the Australian Submission Machine's clutches, falling victim to a Para-Plex of his own, being thrown OVER the ring ropes and crash-landing painfully on the outside of the ring.

Mike Rolash: That's certainly one way to clip his wings.

The Messiah Pariah has the Shadow on his feet and locks in the Hungarian Reach Around, combination hammerlock and mandible claw. For added effect, with the Weaver held in place, Nathan Paradine lays into him with a serious of

furious rights and lefts.

Jim Gunt: The situation looks very dire for the former Forsaken!

Not out of the fight yet, the Shadow kicks back against Nathan, sending him reeling, then uses the momentum to back Ataxia bodily into a corner, mercifully putting an end to the signature submission technique. Nathan charges straight for the Shadow, who shuffles to the side and out of harms way. The Nomad is unable to arrest his momentum and collides with the cornered Knight in Burlap. Paradine turns around in time to be on the receiving end of the Hammer of the Gods, sending him sprawling between the top and middle ring rope, unceremoniously falling to ringside.

Mike Rolash: Looks like Shadow might be without backup from here on in.

Jim Gunt: Not that he may need it. The guy's a Champion Competitor in his own right.

The Shadow drags Ataxia from the corner and hoists him up into a gory special. Meanwhile Zach remains out of the fight. The Weaver of Dreams releases the Knight in Burlap, letting him fall to the ring mats before climbing to the top of a nearby turnbuckle.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia is out of it and here comes the Shadow, Flight of the Night Demon!

It takes a moment for the Shadow to recover from the high-flying swanton bomb and he rolls over Ataxia to make the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-

Nathan Paradine makes the save, pulling the Shadow off of his partner and despite not being the legal man cinches in the Mark of Judas. The Shadow is helpless. With Ataxia still reeling and Paradine busy applying his patented chokehold on the Shadow, no one bar the commentary team and the attending crowd see Zach van Owen pull himself up the apron, then climb to the top of a turnbuckle. Despite the wear and tear of the match, Game-Changer summons forth a font of energy to somersault and twist through the air, crashing down upon BOTH the Shadow and Nathan Paradine with Ultima Weapon.

Mike Rolash: Still gotta be the hero don't he. Though his aim was a little off.

Jim Gunt: All four competitors should be commended for their fortitude and stamina. This match has got to be taking it out of them.

Both Zach and Ataxia use the corner ropes to help themselves back to their feet, but it is Ataxia who acts first, charging in at Zach with a shrill, bestial scream. A spinning back sole kick to the gut has the Messiah Pariah stopped dead in his tracks, followed by the Limit Break, face-first into the bottom turnbuckle.

Jim Gunt: There are bodies just everywhere...and yet Shadow needs to be the one to pin Ataxia. Otherwise it won't end.

That last exchange has taken it out of Zach who drops silently out of the ring, leaving the Shadow to almost force himself atop a turnbuckle and catch Ataxia with Nightfall, almost collapsing atop his former friend and stablemate for the pin.

ONE!

Mike Rolash: How much could they possibly have left?

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Neither competitor seems to be moving!

THREE!

Trent Robbins calls for the bell.

Ray Douglas: And your winners by pinfall...ZACH VAN OWEN AND THE SHADOW!!

Jim Gunt: And it's over. What an incredible, nail-biting match.

Paradine makes his exit, while the Shadow tries to recover. Zach makes his way back into the ring and despite the match being over, he starts laying into the Messiah Pariah with furious stomps.

Mike Rolash: Apparently it ain't over.

Jim Gunt: Not for Zach anyway. What's gotten into him?

Mike Rolash: An edge, clearly.

The Shadow comes to intervene, grabbing the Game-Changer by the shoulder and spinning him around. Zach van Owen raises a fist, ready to deck the Shadow then and there. But he pauses. A tense moment passes between the former allies before the Weaver of Dreams turns and leaves. He's half-way through the ring ropes when.

"Hey Shadow...Get Over Here!"

The Shadow turns around and instantly falls victim to the jumping STO Zach calls the Limit Break Lv2. Looking at the fallen former members of the Forsaken, Zach turns and leaves the ring. The arena is left in a state of shock.

Jim Gunt: What...the...hell...

Time to Regroup

Match

The cameras cut backstage to see a very disgruntled Johnny Graves walking back and forth, clearly unhappy as he towels off the dripping perspiration coming from his forehead. The rest of the disOrder stable sit around the locker room watching their leader as he continues to throw a fit.

Ophelia McVeigh: What's wrong, Johnny?

Johnny Graves: What's wrong!?

The Sin City Saint snaps back at him. He grabs ahold of Ophelia's duffel bag right in front of him, lifting it off the bench and throwing it across the locker room slamming right into one of the lockers. McVeigh watches on in anger as all his gear drops out of the open bag to the canvas, but chooses not to say a word back to his disOrder leader.

Johnny Graves: Exactly what I thought, you'd stand down. That is proof positive of my point. I hired you all from the depths of nothingness for a reason. We were and god damn it still are destined for greatness. You all may have faltered as of late, proving yourself to be nothing to the cause.

Mad Dog Murphy: I don't know about the rest of these guys, but I don't take kindly to being talked down to.

Mad Dog gets right in the face of Johnny Graves, and the Sin City Saint retreats for the moment, actually smiling back at Murphy.

Mad Dog Murphy: And besides, we have one more member of disOrder to prove himself here tonight, and in the biggest match yet. Do you think YOU'LL be able to hold up your end of the bargain and remain Impact Champion, Johnny?

Graves smile turns right back into a frown, as he goes eye to eye with Murphy.

Johnny Graves: Murphy? You'd be best to know your place and sit back here with the rest of disOrder while I go out and prove just why I'm the leader of this faction. Why I'll be the front runner to the new revolution. Why I'm the...

Mad Dog interrupts with a finger up.

Mad Dog Murphy: Just shut up and go out there and win, alright? Or all this will all be for nothing.

Graves angrily nods at the defiant Mad Dog Murphy as the rest of the group watch on in awe, before turning on his heel and heading to gorilla position.

Johnny Graves (c) vs. Scourge vs. Autumn Raven

Match

Jim Gunt: Bold statement there from Johnny Graves, but it looks like there is some dissent ranks of the disOrder stable?

Mike Rolash: Nah, Mad Dog and the rest of them just need to know where their place is in the group, and they're about to be showed first hand!

Ray Douglas: The following contest is schedule for one fall and it is the three way dance for the Impact Championship of CWF!!

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. As the guitar riff starts up, the purple lights start to flicker like a strobe light as Autumn slowly walks out from the back, coming to a stop at the top of the ramp. She glances out at the crowd with a smirk on her face as she starts down the ramp slowly.

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

She walks around the ring, glaring at the fans sitting at ringside before sliding under the bottom rope and leaping to her feet, giving the crowd a smug smile. She runs to the corner turnbuckle, climbing to the second one, taunting the crowd, as she flings her arms out to the sides once again before climbing down.

Jim Gunt: The Beautiful Psychopath coming off a huge night at Evolution 50 where she finally put her rivalry with Nina to rest with a huge victory.

Mike Rolash: Autumn has been racking up big wins when it counts as of late. Let's see if she can pull off one more big win here tonight. For some reason I doubt it, disOrder has been dominating the competition as of late no matter who it is.

Ray Douglas: Introducing next...He is the right hand of justice herself. He is the Alpha of the Omega. He is Darkness Incarnate. He is....SCOURGE!!

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

Jim Gunt: The big man Scourge hasn't quite been on top of his game as of late, but if there was ever any time to seize the moment and get back to past glory- it's tonight.

Mike Rolash: The guy's supposed to be called the Alpha of the Omega, but he doesn't even seem like a Beta to me.

Ray Douglas: And...last but not least...He is the current CWF Impact Champion...He is the leader of disOrder! He

is....JOHNNY GRAVES!!

The lights throughout the venue cut leaving the fans sitting in complete darkness. Suddenly red and blue lights begin flashing throughout the arena as the sound of police sirens pierce the silence. Suddenly the melody of "Bank Account (Remix)" blasts from the various speakers throughout the arena. The fans rise to their feet in a thunderous response: half of them cheer while the other half boo. After several moments of anticipation the curtain pulls back and Johnny Graves steps out onto the small stage. Graves slowly moves his gaze over the sea of fans, a confident smirk on his lips. He drops down onto his knees where he sits for several moments. Finally he pushes himself up to his feet and begins strutting confidently towards the ring. The fans on either side of the aisle reach out looking to get a high five or anything from the passing Graves who ignores them completely, his intense eyes fixated on the ring, confident smirk on his lips. As he nears the ring he picks up his pace until he's in a jog. He slides into the ring feet first, sliding all the way to the center of the ring where he again sits on his knees. He slowly rises his right hand and points to the sky with his index finger. He springs up to his feet and moves to the corner where he ascends to the middle rope and begins yelling towards the fans at ringside, the cameramen, whoever happens to look in his direction. He climbs down from the ropes and kneels in the corner resting his head against the middle turnbuckle and says a quick prayer. Back on his feet again he begins pacing back and forth in the corner like a caged animal longing for the moment he's freed and can pounce on its prey. He looks at both Scourge and Autumn and holds up his title yelling at them that this is his.

Jim Gunt: Johnny Graves has been near unstoppable since coming to CWF, taking the federation by storm and quickly becoming the Impact Champion. Tonight is put up or shut up time for the disOrder leader though, as he has to actually defend said title.

Mike Rolash: Graves is going to embarrass Autumn and Scourge.

Ray exits the ring after he is handed the title by Graves. Scourge and Graves start mouthing off as the referee, Nick McArthur, tries to go over the rules with the three. Suddenly we hear "Red Right Hand" start to play and all three wrestlers see Jon Stewart walk out of the entranceway.

Jon Stewart: I know. I know. I hate it when I have to come out here, but I needed to clear up something tonight. Just in case some people wanted to interfere. If anyone. I mean anyone comes out here and disrupts this match before MY pay per view...You're not going to be fired. You'll be curtain jerking for the rest of your career. No television time. You will be booked against enhancement talent. You will NEVER get a fucking title shot in my federation. I want to make that perfectly clear to one of you.

Graves yells at Stewart.

Jon Stewart: Oh you want to say something to me? I tell you what. Win your match. Win your match and then we can talk. Because what I want to see if is you got what it takes to move past that belt. So if you got the balls...do it yourself! Security!

We see CWF Security rush the ring to act as lumberjacks outside of the ring.

Jon Stewart: Keep to MY ORDERS! Thank you!

Stewart walks to the back as the ring bell hits. Graves is still fuming at Stewart when suddenly Scourge rushes him. Graves does the smart thing and rolls out of the way under the ring ropes. Scourge decides to follow, and by follow he leaps through the top and second tope and crashes down on the current Impact Champion! Both men are down on the ring on the outside, but not for long as Autumn Raven, not to be outdone, leaps to the top rope a hits a splash on both of the men on the outside.

Jim Gunt: Air Autumn!

Mike Rolash: If she's smart she'd just let both of these guys kill each other!

Jim Gunt: Autumn is smarter than you think. After all the hell that she's been put through she is not going to back down in this fight.

Mike Rolash: If that's the case then this is dumber than the writing on Game of Thrones!

Scourge is the first to get up and grabs Autumn and throws her back into the ring like a rag doll. He grabs Graves and whips him into the turnbuckle post! Graves falls in a slump as Nick gets up to a four count. Scourge looks at the young ref and yells at him. Nick starts counting a little slower. Scourge picks up Graves and Graves hits a drop toe hold sending Scourge into the ring steps! Graves gets back into the ring to break the count only to get almost taken out by "Claw of the Night" from Autumn! Graves dodges the superkick and drops low to sweep the other leg out from under Autumn! He picks her up and tosses her into the ropes. Graves leaps up to hit a hurricanrana, but Autumn catches him and slams him down in a makeshift powerbomb! Cover.

ONE!

Kickout by Graves who rolls again to the outside where he gets grabbed from behind by Scourge! RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX INTO THE BARRICADE!

Jim Gunt: DAMN!

Mike Rolash: Johnny no!!!

Scourge grabs Graves and tosses him into the ring as Autumn backs away from the bigger man. He glares at her as he grabs Graves by the arm and wrenches it. He climbs to the top turnbuckle and starts to go old school when Autumn strikes...Shoulder block to the leg sending Scourge down onto the top rope landing on his...well you know. Graves doesn't have time to recoup as Autumn keeps running and hits off the ropes to hit him with a running bulldog! Graves rolls out of the ring after the bulldog. Scourge gets off of the ropes and his eyes fall upon Autumn who turns to see him. He yells at her and she flips him off. Scourge charges at her and Autumn runs towards him. She ducks a clothesline from Scourge and bounces off the ropes hitting a 180 mid air dropkick into his chest sending the big man down! Scourge bounces right back up and grabs Autumn by the leg and just rag dolls her into the corner hitting her knee square on the turnbuckle pad. The same knee she uses to deliver her finisher! Autumn howls in pain as Scourge effectively tells her to stay down as Graves gets back into the ring.

Jim Gunt: That knee shot made mine hurt!

Mike Rolash: It's all Graves and Scourge now though with Autumn effectively taken out of this match.

Scourge turns around from Autumn, immediately taking a Muay Thai kick from Johnny Graves, who stays on the big man bringing him back to the corner and lighting him up with a knife edge chop. This barely phases Scourge however, and he reverses grabbing ahold of Graves and throwing him hard into the same corner, hitting him with a big chop of his own. Graves holds his chest in pain, yelping out, but Scourge moves his hands out of the way and hushes the Dallas fans long enough to hit another big chop that echos throughout the arena. An angry and desperate Impact Champion uses a thumb to Scourge's eyes to delay the attack, but when he runs in for a lariat Scourge catches him and tilt-a-whirls him to an upside down position.

Jim Gunt: Tombstone Piledriver! We could have a new champion here, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Come on Graves, get up!

Scourge hooks both legs of Graves, smiling as the fans inside the arena count along with the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO! AUTUMN BREAKS IT UP WITH A NEVERMORE ONTO BOTH SCOURGE AND GRAVES!

Jim Gunt: The Raven soars! What a Nevermore senton bomb there! And now it is Autumn who is going for the cover on Graves as Scourge rolls to the outside.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: Nope! Graves is still alive, baby!

Jim Gunt: Maybe not for long though, Mike, Autumn is back up to her feet and waiting for Graves. CLAW! OF! THE! NIGHT!

Mike Rolash: NOOO!

The Superkick from Autumn Raven hits flush against the side of Johnny Graves jaw, effectively knocking the Impact champion down to the canvas and most likely to unconsciousness. Autumn wastes little time going for the cover, dropping a leg drop down across his head for good measure before hooking both of his legs.

ONE!

TWO!

Scourge rolls into the ring...THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner of this match by pinfall and NEW Impact Champion....AUTUMN RAVEN!!

Scourge leaps towards Raven but it is too late. The Alpha of the Omega smacks the canvas in frustration as he hears the announcement. Autumn is handed the title by the official, the Beautiful Psychopath raising another championship belt earned by hard work and determination into the air to a massive response.

Thank you will suffice

Match

After the bell, and Autumn Raven is standing in the ring celebrating her win, All of a sudden....*whack....CRACK*

Mike Rolash: Holy shit! Freddie Styles! He just nailed Scourge with that chair, and masaacred Johnny Graves with the ATL Stomp into that same chair! Graves is gushing blood from his forehead!

Jim Gunt: First MJF wants him as the special guest referee for her match with Jarvis King, and now he' out here on personal business, dropping Graves in a pool of his own blood?

Freddie moves over towards Autumn, but she's quick on the attack, tearing into Freddie with punches, but after her match, she doesn't have the energy, and Freddie overcomes her, picking her up, taking her to the top rope, and....

Jim Gunt/Mike Rolash: TOP ROPE BALLGAME!!!!

Freddie surveys the damage, then motions over for a mic.

Freddie Styles: This once dead division....alive because I alone spoke life into it. A thank you would have sufficed. Autumn....see you at Twilight.

Freddie takes the Impact title in his hands, before laying it over Autumn's body, before exiting.

A Broken Halo

Match

Suddenly the lights go off. The opening intro of Primordial's "Wield Lightning to Split the Sun" begins to play and the crowd replies with a loud cheer.

Mike Rolash: Must be time for a Shadow promo, weird music and someone flips off the lights. After all we just witnessed from the one and only Freddie Styles... We get... Shadow.

Jim Gunt: Relax Mike, rumor has it he's going to be announcing another piece of his and Ataxia's rubber match at Twilight of the Gods. If rumors hold to be true, it isn't going to be "just another match."

Mike Rolash: I'd be hopeful if Mia wasn't ref in it, but with her a part of the picture, sure action will stay contained, but no one will exit from MY LIFE. Which is most important.

A lone figure steps out onto the stage, bearing a single torch, which barely manages to reach into the depths of The Shadow's hood, the little bit of his face visible blackened with what looks like soot. As the music fades away, he raises a microphone to his lips and his voice barely being more than a whisper, the crowd immediately quiets down.

The Shadow: Twilight of the Gods, where the mighty will fall. The halo of glass will shatter as we battle to the blood. Ataxia, you will curse the day you were born...

Suddenly the flame goes out and when the light comes back on, the stage is empty.

Duce Jones (c) vs. Mia Rayne

Match

Ray Douglas: The following non-title contest is YOUR MAIN EVENT and is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

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

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

The opening sounds of "Godspeed" by Don Trip begins to play as the lights inside of the arena turn a crimson hue color, soon the stage fills up with smoke. After about a minute of waiting, Duce Jones slowly emerge through the fog, mixed emotions coming from the crowd.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, weighing in at two hundred fifteen pounds! From Memphis, Tennessee... He is YOUR CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION! DUCE JONES!

Jim Gunt: And the time for talk is over! Mike these two have been trading shots back and forth on our website, cwf.ewmania.com and I think this one might explode before our very eyes.

Mike Rolash: Right you are, Jimbo.. Duce made a few comments that Mia didn't like and if you thought these two were nutcases before.. After the back and forth between them, you have to believe the screws are non existent.

Slowly limping his way towards the ring, Jones ignores the cheers and jeers that the fans are giving, as he soon makes it to ringside. Climbing onto the apron, Duce goes to the corner to his right, climbing onto the second rope and peering out into the crowd. Finally done, he carefully climbs over the top rope, landing inside of the ring and removes his hooded vest as he prepares for action.

Jim Gunt: And it seems Duce has even taken Mia's advice and left the World title backstage.

Mike Rolash: This is going to be a war and I'm loving every moment of it.

As is almost customary at this point, the lights go out, save for three spotlights, chasing after each other in a circle as "Be My Friend" by One-Eyed Doll begins its eerie drum like beat. This goes on until finally, a child like voice begins to sing...

"There's a girl across the street from me
I buried her son beneath a tree

I don't know why she's mad at me
He was stinking up my garage, you see"

The song continues, high pitched, sickly sweet, and the fans are eating it up as the one and only Mia Rayne skips her way out onto the stage. With a sudden bang, the spotlights converge on her and combine to form into one, illuminating her path down the entrance ramp.

"Serial killers are people too
If you take away the voices I'm just like you
I'll hack you up and bury you in my yard
But why does making friends have to be so very hard?"

Mia giggles softly to herself as she skips around the ring, neverminding the occupant in the ring and instead moving to her corner and slithers under the ropes, lounging under the bottom turnbuckle with little care in the world. She rolls so she can watch everything upside down from her corner as Ray makes the introduction.

Ray Douglas: Now introducing, she is The Forsaken Psychotic.... MIA RAYNE!

Jim Gunt: There she is Mike, the Forsaken Psychotic and for someone who was insanely animated on our website, she's oddly calm at the moment.

Mike Rolash: I'm extremely happy she's found her way back into the ring because that unpredictability was becoming a bit nerve wracking.

Mia looks over to Rolash and blows him a kiss. Mike's face becomes red from embarrassment. Rolling back to her feet, Mia stands tall and slowly spins to face Duce who stares directly at her with a menacing mug on his face. The official for the match, Summits calls for the bell and the two slowly move towards the center of the ring. The fans are at a fever pitched, the tension between the two can be cut with a knife. Suddenly Jones' mug becomes a toothy smile. He sticks his hand out for a handshake. The crowd are mixed in their reaction, Mia simply stares.

Jim Gunt: Is he serious? After everything he's put Mia through, does he actually believe that she would shake his hand?

Mike Rolash: This is the Championship Wrestling Federation, Jim Bean... I've witnessed crazier things happen around this place.

Duce continues to hold his hand out, Mia looks around at the fans, maybe for advice.. maybe not, however she grabs Jones' hand. The crowd responds in shock, but that quickly becomes cheers when she brings Duce in for a meeting of the minds. The headbutt has Duce stunned as he drops to a knee. Clutching at his face trying to alleviate some of the pain, Rayne's boot connects with his face, sending him down to the mat. She slowly stalks Duce, who slowly recovers on the canvas. Bending down, Rayne has a handful of locks and sends a brutal kick into Duce's face. Jones is down on the canvas, trying to recover yet again. Mia continues to be calculating.

Jim Gunt: Mia kicks Jones across the head once again. In my personal opinion, Duce probably shouldn't have poked the bear, one too many times.

Mike Rolash: He's a dumb kid who doesn't know any better. He gets confidence and stupidity confused on a daily basis. Especially picking with someone like Mia Rayne.

Bringing Jones up she rocks him with another headbutt. Stumbling backwards, Jones is dropped with a clothesline. Duce groggily gets to his feet only to be dropped with another clothesline. Jones is slowly back up and Rayne hooks him and drives Jones neck/shoulder first into mat with a backdrop driver! She goes for the pin..

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Mia doesn't waste time to argue about the count. She gets to her feet and screams for Duce to sit up, which he does and she rebounds off the ropes. Rayne goes for the shining wizard but Jones is able to dodge out of the way and rolls Rayne up with a school boy but only gets a count of one. Both competitors are too their feet and Mia charges in, Jones is able to sidestep and clamp on a rear waistlock. Without hesitation, Jones slams Rayne with a German Suplex! He doesn't hold on as Mia rolls to her knees but Duce lays her out with a low dropkick! Jones covers again.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: And the aggressiveness of Mia Rayne may of costed her at that moment as Jones looks to take control.

Mike Rolash: She went full throttle on Duce and with that bad knee, you think he wants to slow down the pace.

That's exactly what Jones had in mind as he quickly transitions into a side headlock. He wrenches tight on the neck as Mia struggles. The Dallas fans rally behind her, a "LET'S GO MIA!" chant begins to start up. Feeding off the crowd's energy, Mia begins to work her way to a standing base. However a knee to the face sends her back down, Jones tightens his grip. A small portion of fans boo as they thought Mia was about to mount a comeback but unfortunately they had their hopes up. Rayne continues to struggle against the hold soon moving her body to a seated position. Duce transitions to a reverse chin lock while Rayne begins to claw and pull at the World Champion's fingers.

Jim Gunt: I don't know how Duce could've possibly game planned for an opponent like Mia. She's one of the scrappiest individuals we have on our roster.

Mike Rolash: It's getting to the point where I no longer care about who wins this match. As long as these two nutjobs tear each other apart.. I'm content.

Able to unclasp Jones' fingers, Rayne flips Jones over her as they both are too their feet. Duce goes to strike first but his knee gives out and he falls face first into Mia's knee! Jones appears out, Mia's laughter echoes throughout the American Airlines Center. She sends a vicious stomp to Jones' face! Duce sensing he's by the ropes, chooses to roll under the bottom and to the outside, some of the fans showing their disapproval. Duce rubs his head and works the kinks out of his right knee, however he doesn't take notice of Mia who's climbed to the apron. Summits yells out, "ONE!" Rayne comes running along the apron and dives off, catching an unsuspecting Jones with a Shining Wizard!

Summits yells, "TWO!" as the crowd erupts!

Jim Gunt: What improvisation by Rayne, not giving Duce any breathing room.

THREE!

Mike Rolash: Duce really needs to create some separation if he wants to win this match.

Clark screams, "FOUR!" as Mia slams Jones' off of the apron. Jones in a panic shoves Mia away, moving along the apron and rolling back into the ring. He tries his best to crawl away but Rayne is right on his tail, sliding inside of the ring behind him. She moves in quick and stomps down hard on Jones' injured knee. He screams out in pain. A twisted smile forms across her lips and she stomps down on his knee again. Duce rolls to his back and back crawls away from Rayne. He finds himself in a corner, Rayne closing in on him quick. In an act of desperation, the Kid that Never Dies sends a perfectly timed boot into her midsection, doubling her over. Using the ropes to get to his feet, Jones limps quickly towards Rayne and sends her crashing to the mat with a neckbreaker! Both fighters are down, but slowly begin to stir as they both make it to their knees.

Jim Gunt: What is it going to take for one of these two to keep the other down?

Mike Rolash: I don't know but it looks like things are about to get real inside of the ring.

Both warriors are on their hands and knees, soon bumping heads as they go to get upright. Rayne and Jones slowly rise to their feet, the anticipation beginning to build inside of the American Airlines Center. Suddenly, it's as if time goes still when suddenly Jones unloads a huge headbutt that can be heard ringing out. Rayne stumbles back a bit, her twisted smile returning to her face as she slowly eyes Duce. She tears back and smashes her head into Jones' face. He staggers a bit, but maintains his balance. He soon sports a sick smile of his eyes as he looks up at Mia.. Headbutt by Jones! Rayne returns the favor with one of her own and classic duel of the meeting the minds commence, the fans become involved!

"RAYNE!"

"DUCE!"

"RAYNE!"

"DUCE!"

"RAYNE!"

"DUCE!"

"RAYNE!"

"DUCE!"

Both competitors soon rear back at the same time and connect with simultaneous headbutts and they both slump to the mat, the fans explode!

Mike Rolash: I'm pretty sure if you wanna win a match... that is not the way to go about doing it.

Jim Gunt: The competitiveness between these two is unprecedented at the moment and they both know it's going to take something big to defeat the other.

The Dallas fans begin to stomp and clap in unison, both fighters lay sprawl on the canvas.. Summits has no other choice, "ONE!" The decibel levels begin to rise as the fans try to will both wrestlers to their feet. Summits yells out, "TWO!" The atmosphere soon becomes electric, both Rayne and Jones showing slight signs of life. "THREE!" Duce caresses his head, Rayne slowly shakes the cobwebs loose. "FOUR!" They both roll to their stomach, but the headbutt duel has seemed to knocked both of their equilibriums off. "FIVE!" Duce tries to push off the mat, but falls back down. "SIX!"

Jim Gunt: Will either Jones or Rayne be able to make it to their feet?

SEVEN!

Mike Rolash: Let's pray they both stay down so we can get this show over with..

EIGHT!

Mia slowly tries to gather her bearings, Jones doing the same.. "NINE!" and they both stagger to their feet! The Dallas fans go crazy! Duce stumbles into a corner to help keep him vertical, Rayne using the nearby ropes to perform the same task. Coming to her senses before Duce, Mia charges towards the corner that's occupied by Jones. He moves and she crashes hard, step up knee strike by Jones. With a handful of hair, Duce pulls her out of the corner and hooks her for a suplex. Lifting her into the air, Jones improvises and brings get crashing head first into his uninjured knee, he hooks the leg for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NOO!

Rayne kicks out and a frustrated Duce slaps the mat before looking over at Summits who confirms it was a two count. With perspiration falling from his face, an exhausted Jones slowly gets vertical. He slaps his bad knee for motivation as he brings Rayne upright. He connects with a forearm that has Mia reeling into the ropes.. She bounces off and simply levels the World Champ with a Superman Punch! Jones stumbles and falls, getting hung up on the bottom rope. Mia rolls under the bottom rope and makes her way around ringside in a hurried fashion. She leaps up onto the apron and cracks Jones across the side of the skull with a dropkick!

Jim Gunt: Drive-By to the face of Jones by Mia and she looks to take back control of this match.

Mike Rolash: Duce definitely didn't see that one coming and it might be all over for Jones here.

With Jones sprawled backfirst on the mat, Rayne slides back in motivated. The fans are behind her as she yanks Duce off of the mat. She hammerlocks the arm and hooks his head.

Jim Gunt: THE LAST LAUGH BY RAYNE AND THIS SHOULD BE ACADEMIC!

Mike Rolash: Say night, night Duce..

Rayne shoots the half and goes for the cover..

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Summits points to Jones' foot which sits on top of the bottom rope. Mia can't believe it, she looks down at Jones with a hatred like none other as his chest heaves up and down.

Jim Gunt: Can you believe that Jones was and to get his foot on the bottom rope after the Last Laugh?

Mike Rolash: Not too many people can say they survived that move but Jones is now one of them.

Mia pulls at her hair, infuriated that Jones is still in this fight. The sounds of the American Airlines Center are through the roof as Mia gets to her feet..

Mia Rayne: You wanna call me a cancer! I'll show you cancerous!

Jones slowly begins to recover, Mia snatches him up aggressively again. She moves behind him and steadily begins to lift Jones up. Sensing he's in trouble, Duce begins to squirm around before rolling forward and having Rayne's shoulders pinned in a victory roll! Summits is over to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

They both roll to their feet and charge at one another.

Jim Gunt: KRAYZED KNEE BY JONES AND HE GOES FOR THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Mia gets her shoulder off of the mat! The fans showing their appreciation.

“THIS IS AWESOME!”

CLAPCLAP

CLAPCLAPCLAP

“THIS IS AWESOME!”

They both lay on their back, looking into the rafters. Jones grabbing at his hair asking what's it going to take. He rolls to his knees and gingerly get to his feet, favoring his knee which he seemed to injure more with his finisher. He's still able to get vertical, bringing Rayne up with him. He lets off a stiff kick to the chest of Mia, spinning backfist! No! Rayne catches his arm and twist it into a hammerlock. She goes to clutch the head but Jones spins out, bringing Mia's own arm across her chest. He ripcords her out and connects with a vicious headbutt that drops Mia too her knees. Holding onto her arms, Jones brings her in as he connects with a brutal knee strike to the face with his left knee!

Jim Gunt: DUCE OF CLUBS BY JONES AND HE FALLS ON TOP OF RAYNE GOING FOR THE COVER!

Summits slides in for the count as Jones hooks her leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Clark calls for the bell once again, Jones rolls off of Mia's body as they both lie on the canvas exhausted.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner.. via pinfall.. DUCE JONES!

Duce sits up beside Mia's downed body, he begins to laugh as he gets to his feet and Summits raises his hand in victory.

Jim Gunt: What a victory by the World Champion as he is able to gain a victory against Mia Rayne!

Mike Rolash: Duce is really starting to prove something to me.

Duce slumps back into a corner and watches on as Rayne begins to recover.

Jim Gunt: Well that's all for us tonight as Jones was about to pull off, quite possibly one of the biggest wins in his career. Will get go on to defeat Dan Ryan at Twilight of the Gods to retain his World Heavyweight Championship.

Mike Rolash: Highly unlikely..

Jim Gunt: Join us as we find out ourselves next week as the two go one on one with Lindsay Troy as the Special Referee and Byson Kaliban as the Special Guest Enforcer. Make sure you're with us LIVE, next week as we present Twilight of the Gods. Good night everyone..

The show comes to a close as Mia is now sitting up, infuriated at her defeat as she stares daggers through Jones who backs up the ramp. Jones comes to a halt at the top of the stage as he stares back at Mia, the show coming to a close on the image of the two in an intense staredown.

Show Credits

