

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 52

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: May 21, 2019
Location: 1st Mariner Arena — Baltimore, Maryland

Results

Down to Business

Match

It doesn't take long for the fifty second episode of CWF's flagship show Evolution to start, as the familiar beats of "Something's Got Me Started" begin. The crowd make their excitement known, as a battered but agile Silas Artoria and mentor Hidetaka Ito come out onto the stage. The Paramount Champion looks upon the Arkansas crowd with glee, before beginning his light strut towards the ring. Ito follows.

Jim Gunt: Four athletes. He took on four prime athletes, and he vanquished every single one of them, all to make a statement. "I...am...THE...Paramount Champion."

Mike Rolash: Maybe but where does he go from here? Four guys in one day is a lot, and the choice of challengers are now ridiculously thin!

Silas slides into the ring as the music stops. A small bandage can clearly be seen on his eyebrow, and a small stitch can be seen in his mouth, sealing the wound he was inflicted with at the PPV. He looks around as the crowd give him audible adulation, something he can never get enough of.

Silas Artoria: Thank you, Arkansas! Thank you!

He continues to look around.

Silas Artoria: Wow, what a fantastic view! You should all come down here a take a look at this sometime, such a spectacle!

His grin widens before he continues.

Silas Artoria: So, down to business.

He holds up four fingers.

Silas Artoria: Four. Four challengers stepped into the ring, one by one, and all of them left the PPV in a sorry state. I'll admit that it was a tough task, but in the end...

He takes the belt off his waist.

Silas Artoria: ...I entered the match with a purpose, and that was to solidify a legacy. I wanted to show you all that I am not a grab and drop champion, and I think last week showed that.

He holds up the title, deep breath.

Silas Artoria: I AM YOUR PARAMOUNT CHAMPION, AND THE GATES OF HELL WILL NEED TO DO MORE THAN THAT TO ELIMINATE THAT FACT!

The crowd cheers as he holds the title high in the air, as high as he can. His arm does visably look like it's buckling lightly, but it didn't take away from the euphoria that is plastered across Silas' face. Ito looks at his student with a smile, as their student continues talking.

Silas Artoria: So that got me thinking. I defeated four people in a short span of time...

A pause, whilst a mischievous grin emerges on his face.

Silas Artoria: ...how hard could be be to beat five...six....seven...

Beat.

Silas Artoria: ...twenty-nine other athletes?

The crowd explode in excitement, and don't pipe down as the Canadian champion continues to talk.

Silas Artoria: It is the road to Golden Intentions, and as such, the rumble itself needs entrants.

Silas takes his hat off.

Silas Artoria: I will gladly toss this hat into the ring.

He chuckles.

Jim Gunt: A declaration. We have another declarant for the Golden Intentions rumble!

Mike Rolash: Risky!

Jim Gunt: Why?

Mike Rolash: You think management is going to let him go into a pay per view without defending the belt he is carrying?

As if Silas could hear the words of CWF's very colorful color commentator, he just looks over and smiles at Mike.

Silas Artoria: Of course, that leaves me with the difficult question as to what is next for the Paramount Championship, and I will go on record as saying that it will be defended at the PPV. All I need is an opponen--

Cue Up: "Watch Me" - The Phantoms

Mike Rolash: YESSSSSSSSSS!

"BOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

From Gorilla swaggers Lindsay Troy, microphone in hand. The Queen of the Ring slashes a hand across her throat and her music abruptly cuts.

Lindsay Troy: What a pleasant ovation from Little Rock's finest.

"BOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Troy smiles. This was expected.

Lindsay Troy: And I know what you must be thinking. What have EYE done to deserve consideration for a shot at that belt, considering I just lost a Number One Contender's match for the World Title to Paradine and CWF's Walking Nintendo Magazine, Zach Van Owen.

Jim Gunt: Well, she's kinda got a point. Troy hasn't exactly set the CWF on fire since she got here.

Mike Rolash: Shut it, Gunt. Let your better say her peace. She's obviously got a reason!

Lindsay Troy: Well.... (a beat). I deserve it because I woke up today. And because I did, and I see you, Si, hungry for a fight, I'm gonna give you one.

In the ring, Silas smiles and nods his head. Hidetaka Ito looks on, just a little concerned.

Lindsay Troy: I'll see ya 'round, kid. Especially since, you know, I add nothing to anybody's repertoire.

With a parting sneer, Troy tosses the microphone to a stagehand and takes her leave.

Mike Rolash: What a statement there from LT!

Jim Gunt: Yeah, Silas may have finally bit off more than he can chew with the Queen of the Ring, but time will tell. Let's send things backstage...

King Midas

Match

The camera shows the backstage area, where the backdrop appears to be a section of the Verizon Arena's locker room shrouded in shadow.

A massive specimen of a man only noticeable by the gold shimmering off his body as the camera pans and light trickles across his ring attire and the oblong golden objects draped all across his broad shirtless upper half.

Voice: Evolution is it?

A hugely Greek accented voice exclaims as if to not seem impressed.

Voice: Gold is my favorite color!

He starts, his voice lightening up as his mind drifts to the topic at hand.

Voice: Always has been.

The figure steps forward in one bound, which was all he needed to crowd the frame, muscles bulging, tattoos painted on every inch of his torso like a canvas, different Championship belts draped across his shoulders and wrapped around his waist.

Voice: It represents success.

A hint of a smirk rolls over his mouth, widening his pronounced chin, gray flecked all throughout his facial hair and short slicked back hair.

Voice: Its a color; metal, that associates with wealth and power. Gold is precious. Gold is very much an object of great desire. It's been the subject of war, ..it will be again.

A massive hand reaches over slapping one of the Championship belts he carries.

Voice: None of these belts are relevant anymore. That's okay. But they epitomize just as much who I was then, to who I am today.

He holds up a finger for each point.

Voice: A winner. A champion. A leader. But I don't need them to know what I'm capable of. I didn't hold onto them to relive the past. Don't call it coming out of retirement, I just took a long break to let the others partake. Let myself wear out some so there's a challenge.

His mouth opens to produce a smile full of obnoxiously gold teeth.

Voice: Plus they just look damn good on the mantle!

A chuckle.

Voice: I don't like to wait, I don't put in dues. I don't beg. I parlay then I take. Ive spent my whole fockin' career being prepared. To be the best, to know you are the best, you don't need to be made ready, you stay ready.

The man beats his chest with a closed fist to end his last statement.

He lumbers over to the trashcan at the side of the room, discarding each title into the bin.

Voice: As much as I love these relics, none of them should hold any weight here and they don't. My future will now be your history, nothing.. else.. matters.

He drops the last one into the bin.

Voice: I can part with the past because history can and will be remade.

He deadpans at the camera.

Voice: My name..

.. is Johnny Olympus.

He takes a deep breath puffing his already decked out pecs even further, introducing himself like a squire would their lord.

Johnny Olympus: The Lion of Athens, The Mediterranean Massacre, The Greek Physique.

Johnny pauses. Taking it all in yet remaining focused on the prize.

Johnny Olympus: At Golden Intentions, after my shot at the CWF World Heavyweight Title is secure, after I toss out all the bodies in a heap, displaying my will, testing my mettle..

Johnny throws a black boot with gold lacing on one of the benches, his golden leotards with black accenting stretch as he leans in pointing a finger at himself.

Johnny Olympus: Doesn't matter the champion come time. Whether it's Dan Ryan, Zach van Owen or some other poof.

He reaches into his boot and pulls out a golden flower from nowhere, a little magic trick for imagery's sake.

Johnny Olympus: Everything I touch turns to gold! I am King fockin' Midas in the flesh. Call it greed. Call it whatever.

He steps forward towards the camera with deceptive speed for a big man with such muscular attributes.

Johnny Olympus: ..my intentions have always been golden!

Johnny palm pushes the camera away at the lens with his final word as the screen fades.

Damien Valentine vs. Tom Marrow

Match

Jim Gunt: Well ladies and gentlemen, after that crazy opening with Silas and Lindsay Troy, and the arrival of the self proclaimed King Midas, Johnny Olympus; let me formally welcome you all to the fifty second episode of CWF's flagship show, Evolution!

Mike Rolash: We have a wild night planned for you this evening, as evidence by the start to the event with ANOTHER big name putting their name in for Golden Intentions.

Jim Gunt: Johnny Olympus certainly seems like he could be a real force in the rumble as well. But back to tonight's event which should be a big one, capped off by two champions facing off in a champion's ball match.

Mike Rolash: Indeed, Jimmy. And number one contender Zach van Owen takes on former ally The Sha...

Ray Douglas: This match is scheduled for one fall!

The fans yell in unison "ONE FALL!".

Jim Gunt: I guess Ray is in a hurry to get things started this evening, folks, so let's send it to ringside.

Ray stands in the center of the ring adjusting his microphone before placing it back to his face.

Ray Douglas: Hailing from Los Angeles, California by way of Birmingham, Alabama...

The fans boo at the mention of Alabama.

Jim Gunt: A very opinionated crowd here tonight, not very pleased with the debuting Valentine's home state due to the political onset of recent decisions.

Mike Rolash: Look, Alabama politicians can jump off a bridge. That's all I have to say about that.

Jim Gunt: Amazing, we can finally agree on something Mike.

"Out of My Way" by Onlap begins to play as the lights darken.

Ray Douglas: Making his Championship Wrestling Federation debut....

Damien Valentine struts out from the back and drops to a knee, flexing his bicep before pushing back up and yelling as he continues toward the ring.

Ray Douglas: DAMIEN... VALLLEENNTTINNEEE!!

Jim Gunt: No relation to Jace Valentine, Damien looks to make as big of an impact if not bigger here in the CWF.

Mike Rolash: I guess we'll just have to see what he can bring to the table, Jim.

Jim Gunt: I had a chance to speak with Damien backstage earlier tonight and he believes that he is destined to lead the CWF into the future. This young man just oozes ego.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, but saying it and doing it are two different things, Jim. You know that.

Damien Valentine begins up the steps and across the edge of the apron. As he arrives in the middle, he wipes his feet before entering through the ropes. Valentine spreads his arms and spins, taking in the energy of the fans as his music begins to fade.

Ray Douglas: Introducing his opponent, being 'led' to the ring by The Game Warden Amanda...

Red and blue lights begin flashing, with sirens sounding.

Ray Douglas: Hailing from Florida, Ohio...

The theme song from COPS begins playing, as Amanda, the Game Warden, 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.

Ray Douglas: ... He is a good boy... He is... BENNNNJJJJIIII!!!!

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.

Jim Gunt: Tom Marrow has had an interesting run so far here in the CWF in his persona of Benji. Many in the back as well as in the crowd are still unsure how to react to this combination of Benji and Amanda, the Game Warden.

Mike Rolash: Don't be so vanilla in your thinking Jim. It's 2019, be open-minded.

Jim Gunt: I'm no square Mike, but this is a bit of a stretch, even for the CWF.

Mike Rolash: The fact you just referred to yourself not being a square tells a lot about you, Jim.

Morrow, as Benji, rolls into the ring under the bottom rope as soon as Amanda unleashes him. He moves around on his

hands and feet, nipping at the referee and Damien Valentine as she turns to the fans outside and smiles toward the front row. Inside of the ring, Valentine leaps back and leans through the ropes yelling for referee "Big" Denny Davidson to get Benji back.

Jim Gunt: Benji being instructed to move back to his corner as we get ready for this opening bout.

Tom Marrow does as instructed and begins to get ready for the match. Across the ring, Damien Valentine cautiously leans back into the ring as Davidson checks on him.

Jim Gunt: Our opening match here tonight as the fallout from Twilight of the Gods continues leading to Golden Intentions.

Mike Rolash: Can you believe it, Jim? Dan Ryan is champion again! He did it on his own accord as well!

Jim Gunt: I don't get you, Mike. One moment you are bashing Dan Ryan along with Dick Fury, the next you're celebrating his legacy.

Mike Rolash: You have your facts wrong, I never have said one ill word about Dan or anyone else for that matter!

Jim Gunt: I should scoot over before lightning strikes.

As "Big" Denny calls for the bell, Tom Marrow and Damien Valentine come out of their respective corners. Marrow moves in a hunched offensive position as Valentine comes out with almost a swagger. They circle before shooting forward and locking up.

Jim Gunt: Collar to elbow to start this one off as Damien Valentine putting his strength to use against Marrow.

Mike Rolash: Do you not have any respect, Jim? It's Benji!

Valentine pushes Tom down to one knee, holding him there as Amanda slaps the edge of the apron from the outside, screaming orders.

Jim Gunt: The Game Warden not too impressed with her pet here tonight.

Tom Marrow fights back, his arms shaking as he pushes back toward his feet.

Jim Gunt: Marrow able to rise, but it is short lived as Damien Valentine breaks the lock.

Valentine grabs the wrist of Marrow, twisting it up and pulling the back of his hand close to his chest.

Jim Gunt: Valentine locking that wrist, Marrow wincing in pain.

Mike Rolash: So far I can't say I hate the way Damien Valentine works.

Marrow uses his free hand to grab the wrist of Damien before moving his elbow in between the locked arms of his opponent. He twists forward while moving down under and around the arm of Damien Valentine before dropping to his knees with Valentine's wrist still gripped tight.

Jim Gunt: Tom Marrow with that free hand, hooks under the leg of Damien Valentine. He lifts him up and over...

Valentine rolls forward over Morrow's shoulder as Tom still has his wrist.

Jim Gunt: Tom Marrow with a wrist lock flip, now pulling Damien Valentine into a seated position.

Tom pushes Valentine's back up, still holding his wrist Tom moves Damien's arm up and behind his head, twisting his own body behind Damien to lock in what is close to a Half Nelson as he steadies on his knees to keep Damien Valentine in a seated position.

Jim Gunt: Impressive wrestling maneuvers displayed her by Tom Marrow tonight.

Mike Rolash: Benji is certainly a good boy!

On the outside of the ring, Amanda leans in, yelling at Damien Valentine who kicks his feet. She jolts backward to avoid being kicked with a look of shock on her face.

Jim Gunt: The Game Warden nearly got mauled herself.

Mike Rolash: Watch that pretty face!

Valentine plants his feet and with the power of his legs begins to push his body up, forcing Tom Marrow to lift with him. As he gets to his feet, Valentine slightly bends then leaps up, legs out. As his feet hit the middle rope, he uses the momentum to push himself off. He and Tom spin around. With a fluid motion, Damien Valentine slides behind Marrow and drops to the canvas using the force to pull Tom over. He releases his grip on Damien's wrist as he hits the canvas and rolls to a knee, quickly spinning around to face Damien.

Jim Gunt: Great counter by Damien Valentine. The crowd is beginning to heat up.

Damien, on both knees, stares across at Tom Marrow who is on one knee with his other leg stretched back, propped up using his hands. He barks at Valentine who shoots a cocky smirk back at him.

Jim Gunt: Almost a glimmer of respect building between these two competitors.

Mike Rolash: I don't know why. I'm not really impressed.

Jim Gunt: Of course you're not.

Both men get to their feet and begin circling again. As they move in, Damien Valentine goes on the offensive.

Jim Gunt: Valentine quickly grabbing the arm of Tom Marrow...

Mike Rolash: Benji!

Jim Gunt: Around his back... Hammerlock.

Tom leans down and twists under.

Jim Gunt: Reversal! Damien Valentine struggling.

Valentine pulls away a bit and sends his free elbow toward the face of Tom Marrow.

Jim Gunt: Marrow ducks.

Tom moves forward in front of Damien Valentine, using his momentum to bring him over.

Jim Gunt: Into an arm drag.

Both men quickly turn and leap to their feet.

Jim Gunt: Tom Marrow charges Damien Valentine.

Mike Rolash: Get him!

Jim Gunt: Caught in the face with a forearm!

Amanda winches outside of the ring as she sees Benji get hit.

Jim Gunt: Damien Valentine grabs the arm of Tom Marrow, gaining control as he sends him into the ropes.

Damien drops to the canvas as Tom returns. Marrow leaps over Damien with a leaping forward roll.

Mike Rolash: LUCHA!

Jim Gunt: Hardly.

Tom marrow smoothly spins around on a knee to face Damien Valentine who leaps to his feet. He charges Tom who

leaps up and charges himself.

Jim Gunt: Tom Marrow meets the rising knee of Damien Valentine.

As Damien's leg comes back down with Tom Marrow still bent over, he wraps his right arm around the head of Marrow then slaps his back and drops.

Jim Gunt: DDT with authority by the debuting Damien Valentine, who does seem to be gathering some fans here in this crowd as these two men have kept the pace high to kick this show off.

Mike Rolash: It's not bad, not at all.

Damien pushes into the side of Tom Marrow, rolling him to his back before covering him.

Jim Gunt: Damien Valentine going for the win.

The referee slides around and begins to count. Tom is able to throw his arm up to break the pin.

Jim Gunt: Two count. This one will continue.

Damien gets to his knees and can be seen arguing a bit with the referee, telling to "count quicker" before leaning forward and grabbing the head of Marrow before getting to his feet, pulling his opponent up with him.

Jim Gunt: Damien Valentine in control as this match goes on.

Mike Rolash: It's tough to put a good dog down.

Jim Gunt: It's.. what? That doesn't even make sense.

Valentine pulls Marrow into a tight headlock.

Jim Gunt: Damien Valentine continuing to display his power here tonight.

Mike Rolash: He's got his own proverbial leash on Benji!

Marrow clasps his hands together and is able to turn slightly to the side before slamming his elbow into the gut of Damien Valentine.

Jim Gunt: Tom marrow looking to break free here... and does with that third elbow to the midsection of Damien Valentine.

Tom barks and points at Amanda outside of the ring near the corner, who in turn nods her head.

Jim Gunt: Tom Marrow signaling The game Warden for some reason.

He grabs the arm of Damien Valentine and pulls back, shooting him toward the ropes. Amanda casually walks forward, reaching out as Damien meets the ropes, to grab his foot. Valentine trips forward and into the grasp of the waiting Tom Marrow.

Jim Gunt: "Big" Denny warning Amanda as Marrow picks Damien Valentine up.

Tom struggles just a bit but gets him hooked in. He runs toward the middle of the ring, lifts Damien up and forward. As Valentine crashes down, Marrow steps back, grabbing his ankle and pulling back.

Jim Gunt: A variation of the running powerslam that Tom Marrow calls the "Bulldog" into the Ankle Bit ankle lock!

Mike Rolash: He's gone rabid!

Jim Gunt: Tom Marrow applying pressure... and there it is! Damien Valentine cannot take any more as he is tapping!

Davidson quickly calls for the bell to sound. As it does, marrow releases the hold and Amanda begins to clap outside of the ring.

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match via submission.... BEEENNNJIIII!!!!

Jim Gunt: Impressive debut by Damien Valentine, but it was not enough to put Tom Marrow away.

Mike Rolash: It was a hell of a dog fight, Jim.

We get a replay of the ending of the match that displays the powerslam into an ankle lock.

Jim Gunt: What a unique finishing move there by Tom Marrow. Tonight it secured him a big win.

As we go back live, Marrow has exited the ring and Amanda is petting his head as she hooks the leash back to his collar. Inside of the ring, Damien Valentine holds his ankle in pain as "Big" Denny checks on him.

Good as Gold

Match

“Championship Wrestling Federation, where the bloody hell are ya?!”

Become the Enemy by Like a Storm plays throughout the Verizon Arena as Dean Coulter and Sam Braxton, the tag team champions known as the Lost Boys, make an appearance at the top of the entrance ramp amidst a chorus of cheer and adulation.

Mike Rolash: Wait, these guys are still a thing? I at least figured Sam would've been passed out in some pub bathroom somewhere.

Jim Gunt: Oh come on. The tag-team division may have fallen to the wayside but the Lost Boys are akin to the lifeblood of the CWF.

Mike Rolash: But how high is the alcohol level in that blood?

With microphones in hand the Dinky-Di Duo make their way down the ramp, towards the ring.

Sam Braxton: Beginnin' to wonder if we shouldn't call ourselves the Forgotten Sons.

Dean Coulter: Oi Sam! You going barmey? Stow it, otherwise we're gonna get our arses sued.

They climb into the ring.

Dean Coulter: But I have to admit, my mate here has a point.

Sam Braxton: I mean is this fair-dinkum? We're the only pair of true-blue legends in this company and yet we've been benched week in and week out. Without anyone wantin' a blue?!

Dean Coulter: So it got me thinking. It's not that the CWF is wanting for possible challengers, it's just they don't know the opportunity is out there. So let me put it to the roster. Who's hungry? Who wants the chance to fight for these belts? Cause Sam and I, we're not ones to turn down a challenge.

Sam Braxton: Who reckons there within cooe of the Lost Boys? We're waitin' for you. Or else we'll be comin' for you. And it could get messy.

Dean Coulter: What Sam means is, we don't want to be kept waiting...cause he's prone to get ah...restless...

Sam Braxton: Fucking oath! Aussie Aussie Aussie!

With a triumphant flourish of the tag-team title belts, the Lost Boys drop their mics and drink in the appreciation of a CWF universe who clearly have not forgotten the Lost Boys and their in-ring capabilities.

Jim Gunt: An open challenge made by Sam and Dean. Let's hope it breathes some life in the tag-team division. God knows they're good for it.

Mike Rolash: I'd much rather see the alternative. It could be more interesting.

Good Friends, Better Enemies - I

Match

The cameras cut backstage to show Nathan Paradine posted up outside the door to the locker room of the “Queen of the Ring” Lindsay Troy. The Queen of the Ring has, obviously, not yet returned from interrupting Silas Artoria's in-ring segment, but that doesn't matter much to the Australian Submission Machine.

He's a busy man, you see. And impatient to boot.

Paradine's already dressed to compete in his match against Xander Daniels later on in the evening, and he's starting to regret the decision he made in even stopping by Troy's chamber door. He glances around and folds his arms over his chest, unimpressed at being made to wait.

Nathan Paradine: Come on, come on... I don't have all night.

He waits a few more moments, then throws his arms up in the air in an "I give up" gesture. He pushes off from the wall, prepared to leave, when Troy's voice slices through the air off to his left.

Lindsay Troy: (amused) Are you lost?

Nathan Paradine: (annoyed) Well it took you bloody long enough.

Lindsay Troy: I had someone with a better accent and fashion sense to go see. But really, are you lost? I think the Douchebag Alley of locker rooms is (she points over his shoulder) thataway.

Paradine raises his eyebrow at Troy.

Nathan Paradine: More witticisms? I'd expect nothing less from you. Too bad wit doesn't seem to translate into wins, eh?

Lindsay Troy: Oh, are we really going to get into all of that again, Nate? You didn't walk out with a win last Tuesday either, but I did almost pop your head off like a pimple.

She smiles.

Lindsay Troy: How's your neck, by the by? Sore?

Paradine scowls at her reply, Troy having touched a nerve.

Nathan Paradine: Forget it, I'm not here to talk about our win-loss records, and how I'm feeling is none of your business. I'm here to call a truce. You and I haven't seen eye to eye these last few weeks, but it's time we settled this. Can we let bygones be bygones?

Paradine extends his hand in offer of a handshake. Troy looks down at his hand, incredulous, then back into his eyes.

Lindsay Troy: (scoffing) Are you for real?

Nathan Paradine: I mean, sure, I did some bad stuff. We pissed each other off, really. But with Xander Daniels around here, I can't afford to make more enemies. And if it means admitting I was a bit of a dick, then so be it. I was a bit of a dick. I hope you'll accept my apology, and I won't have to keep looking over my shoulder expecting a sneak attack from you. So, truce?

Troy narrows her eyes, considering this.

Lindsay Troy: I'm not much in the forgiving and forgetting business, but Xander Daniels having you this worked up is really entertaining. So, sure. I'll leave you alone for awhile and won't get involved in whatever tale as old as time beef you two have.

She grasps his hand, maybe a little too hard, and the two shake on it having evidently reconciled for the time being. Paradine nods at Troy and releases her hand.

Nathan Paradine: So see you around, I guess- oof!

Paradine is suddenly sent flying off-screen, the victim of a brutal elbow to the back of the head from Xander Daniels! Lindsay Troy steps back into her locker room as Daniels marches past to where Paradine is sprawled on the ground and seizes a handful of his hair, lifting his head up slightly from the ground and leaning in close.

Xander Daniels: I just want you to know... I'm going to enjoy this.

Daniels bounces Paradine's head off the ground and his sunglasses go scattering away. With a grunt, the former Hostility Aversion Champion pulls a dazed Paradine to his feet and begins to march him down the hallway taking extra care to bump him into every piece of equipment they come across. Daniels roars at several stagehands to move as they emerge into a wider area and sizes up a large speaker to throw Paradine into... but Paradine finally manages to fight back! He throws his arm out into Daniels' ribs, following up with an elbow, and then another! Paradine seizes Daniels by the scruff of his neck and throws him forward instead, right into the solid brick wall!

Daniels collides with a dull thud and bounces back into the waiting arms of Paradine who delivers a crisp German suplex, planting Daniels straight into the ground again! Both men lay on the ground groaning as the stagehands timidly return to view, one calling for security somewhere in the distance. Both men slowly rise to their feet, with Daniels upright first he grabs Paradine again and begins to drive his knees into the Australian's midsection before tilting him upright just enough to catch a vicious uppercut right on the jaw. Paradine topples back onto the ground again however before Daniels can capitalise a sudden outburst of shouting signifies the arrival of the CWF security team. Several burly guards grab Daniels, while Head of Security TJ Flint wraps his arms around Paradine on the ground as the cameras cut back to the ring.

Autumn Raven (c) vs. Thomas Roll

Match

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen.. the following non-title contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

Purple lights shine around the top of the ramp, fog rolling around it as the beginning lyrics of "Somewhere In Hollywood" by Sixx A.M. starts to play, the CWF Tron displaying a purple outlined black raven with her name floating over it. As the guitar riff starts up, the purple lights start to flicker like a strobe light as Autumn slowly walks out from the back, Impact Championship strapped around her waist, she comes 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: Making her way the ring... from Los Angeles, California, weighing one hundred twenty pounds, she is the CWF Impact Champion! 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 and unstraps her title. She taunts the crowd and flings her arms out to the sides once again before climbing down.

Jim Gunt: Autumn looks to keep her winning ways here tonight as she squares off against Thomas Roll. She earned a big victory, this past Tuesday night at Twilight of the Gods against Hall of Famer, Freddie Styles.

Mike Rolash: She's been turning head's lately, racking up victory after victory. But she may have her word cut out here tonight as she faces The Disco King.

Jim Gunt: This may be true Mike. Thomas Roll has shown great promise since joining the CWF.

Mike Rolash: And how can you not like a guy who has his own personal monkey?

DJ Gurtooth, Roll's personal DJ is out on the stage and begins to spin his deck. The arena becomes engulfed in disco lights as "Moves Like Jagger" pumps through the arena. Some of the Little Rock fans are seen boogying down as Roll comes dancing out onto the stage.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent.. from Tokyo, Japan! Weighing two hundred pounds! THOMAS ROLL!

His pet monkey Sergeant Bananas bounce up and down on his shoulder as he boogies on down to the ring. Walking up the steps, he goes through the ropes and performs a quick dance routine before finally striking a pose as his music dies down.

Jim Gunt: The ever colorful, Thomas Roll looks more than ready to compete.

Mike Rolash: He's bringing disco back baby!

Jim Gunt: I highly doubt that, but Roll is more than capable to compete inside of the ring. At Twilight of the Gods, he entered the gauntlet match last and almost pushed Silas to the brink.

Mike Rolash: Indeed he did, but Artoria was able to channel whatever voodoo that he do and was able to retain that Paramount title.

Official Scott Dean is finished with his final check, the CWF Impact Championship and Sergeant Bananas both handed to the ringside attendant. He then signals for the bell, both Raven and Roll meeting in the center of the ring with a lock up. Roll applies a side headlock but it's quickly reversed by Autumn into a side headlock of her own. Thomas backs her into the ropes and shoots her across the ring. She rebounds and he ducks down for a back body drop but she rolls across his back, landing on her feet. The Disco King turns and is dropped to the mat by a charging Raven! A forearm smash has Roll reeling as he pops back to his feet but another forearm from Autumn has him back down on the canvas and rolling under the bottom rope.

Jim Gunt: Autumn's on fire as she has Thomas Roll trying to rethink his strategy.

Mike Rolash: I'm sure Sergeant Bananas has some in depth analysis of what he needs to do to get back in this contest.

Jim Gunt: I'm totally going to take that as a joke.

Mike Rolash: But I'm serious Jimbo..

Roll converses with Sgt. Bananas, annoyed Raven paces and watches on, Dean up to three in his count. Finally done strategizing, Roll slides back in the ring, and charges at the Beautiful Psychopath. She sidesteps and crashes into the nearby corner. Staggering back out, Thomas is now sent crashing down into the corner, thanks to a beautiful dropkick! She's back vertical and making her way towards Roll who cowers under the ropes. Once she's near, he reaches up and yanks on her hair, forcing her throat to get caught up on the middle rope.

Jim Gunt: Ohh! Roll trying to create some separation, hanging Autumn up in the ropes. And now he sends her to the mat with a hard rushing karate kick!

Mike Rolash: Do you believe me now, when I said Sgt. Bananas had a plan?

Jim Gunt: He's a monkey Mike. A monkey...

Mike Rolash: One of the smartest in the business.

Mounting on top of Raven, the Disco King begins to pummel her with right hands to the face. The Little Rock crowd showing their disapproval. Now done, he gets off her and begins to dance a jig in the ring inciting more boos from the crowd. He fans them off, going back to work on Autumn, locking her in a dragon sleeper. The Arkansas fans get firmly

behind her, clapping their hands in unison as she takes advantage of Roll's weak grip. She works her way up and twist, taking Roll over with a Northern Lights Suplex! However she doesn't hold on to the pin, getting to get feet and letting out a loud shriek.

Jim Gunt: Looks like Autumn is setting up for the Claw of the Night! Roll is lived up in her sights..

Mike Rolash: This is not the way things were planned..

Jim only shakes his head as back in the ring, Autumn stomps her foot to the admiration of the fans who collectively join her in the cadence. Roll staggers to his feet and she fires off. Thomas sidesteps, locking on a reverse waistlock. He shoves her towards the ropes but she executes a standing switch and now has Thomas headed into the ropes. They both spring off, rolling backwards in an O'Connor Roll and get upright as Raven connects with a backstabber! She flips him over and locks in...

Jim Gunt: Nevermore locked in by Raven and the Disco King is stuck in the middle of the ring.

Mike Rolash: Don't you hate it when a plan falls apart?

Sgt. Bananas is seen squealing and jumping as Thomas reaches out for him. But Autumn refuses to let up as she screams and tugs. With no other choice, Roll begins slapping the mat, Dean calling for the bell and Autumn releases.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, by submission... AUTUMN RAVEN!

Dean hands Autumn her Impact Championship and raises her hand in victory. She then goes to a corner and celebrates as the fans applaud get victory.

Good Friends, Better Enemies - II

Match

The scene returns backstage, where Xander Daniels is shown sitting with his arms crossed in a makeshift office area under the watchful eyes of several members of the CWF security team. Daniels yawns, and two of the guards exchange glances. Suddenly the door to the office opens and TJ Flint pokes his head into view.

TJ Flint: Time to cut him loose, orders from the boss. Paradine's cooling down ready for their match.

The security guards step aside, and Daniels flashes then a confident smirk as he stands up. Flint remains standing in the doorway however, and he sizes up the pro wrestler.

TJ Flint: No more funny business, alright?

Xander Daniels: Don't worry about me.

Flint stands aside, and Daniels emerges back into the hallway. He makes a left turn, the camera still following him closely, rolling his shoulders as he rounds a corner and passes a few more members of the backstage crew. A loud shout suddenly echoes in the narrow area, and Daniels spins around.

Nathan Paradine: DANIEEEEEEEEEELS!

Nathan Paradine charges at Xander Daniels from behind and shoves him back into the wall with his shoulder, sending the cameraman staggering away. Paradine follows up with lefts and rights to Xander's midsection but he quickly covers up, negating the impact from most of the blows. Stagehands reappear almost as if by magic, this time not hesitating to get involved in trying to separate both men and succeeding in pulling Paradine away.

Daniels immediately breaks loose and runs at Paradine again, jumping high and landing a forearm shot direction to Paradine's face and sending a single stagehand tumbling to the ground. More bodies appear in a futile attempt to try and hold Daniels back but he breaks through the crowd and resumes his assault on Paradine by tackling him to the ground and immediately pummeling his face with a series of closed fist punches. Paradine, not worried about fighting

fairly, rakes his fingers across Daniels' eyes to try and gain an inch in the fight and pushes Daniels away against the wall, shaking his head and staggering a step or two as he tries to gain his bearings.

Daniels, like a snake eyeing off a mouse, climbs up onto one knee as he watches Paradine move, carefully timing his moment to jump up and catch the Australian Submission Machine with another uppercut to cries and protests from the stagehands. Daniels seizes Paradine's arm and whips him point-blank into the wall knocking him near senseless and leaving him stirring feebly on the ground before driving a boot into his ribs with venom.

Xander Daniels: Stay the hell down!

Daniels raises his foot again and stomps down on Paradine's face with a crunch, eliciting a roar of pain from his old rival. Paradine rolls onto his side clutching his broken nose, blood dripping between his fingers as he does so. Daniels backs away, surveying his handiwork from a distance, before turning and disappearing around a corner. Paradine slowly climbs to his feet, still bleeding freely, and turns to follow him but not before collapsing into a wall with a thud. Several of the stagehands step forwards to help him but he's already up and moving, the lower half of his face a mask of blood and hatred in his eyes as he turns the corner in pursuit.

Stripped and Striped

Match

We open inside the office of Jon Stewart, who's signing off on some random paperwork as there's a knock on his door. The door opens, and in saunters Freddie Styles.

Freddie Styles: You wanted to see me?

Jon Stewart: Yes. Come in.

Freddie goes to sit down, but Jon quickly stops him.

Jon Stewart: No need to sit, for this won't take long. Freddie, you've been an integral part of CWF since our return. But lately, you've done way more talking than actual production, and frankly I'm tired of hearing it. We both know you're a great kid, but right now, you need time to get your shit together.

Freddie Styles: I'm fine Jon. Let me work this out and I'll be fine.

Jon Stewart: No. You're going to take a break. As of today, you're out of the Golden Intentions Rumble, and you're no longer a member of the active roster.

Freddie Styles: The fuck?!? No!

Jon Stewart: My decision is final. Take the time to fix what ails you. I'm not going to send you home. Maybe watching others will help you a bit. So, while I'm not going to let you wrestle, your performance as an official though?! You did great! Until I think you're ready to put your tights back on, you'll need this-

Jon tosses Freddie a referee shirt, which Freddie angrily catches.

Jon Stewart: I'd rather keep you here doing this than send you home. I know you hate this right now, but make use of your time as a ref, and learn. I promise you, you'll be better for this. I know you're angry, so you'll start your reffin duties next week. Understood?

Freddie Styles:understood

Freddie turns and walks out of the office, slamming the door behind him, as Jon looks on with a semi-sad look on his face.

The Definition of Gold

Match

The power abruptly goes out in Little Rock at the Verizon Arena. The crowd falls silent with a couple of flashes from cell phones and whistles.

Jim Gunt: What's going on?

The Arkansas crowd begin to boo as the lights remain out with nothing happening.

Mike Rolash: Seems pretty anticlimactic, do they pay the light bill?

About a minute passes before a voice rings over the PA.

Voice: Here's Johnny!

Immediately the lights come back on and the crowd jeers, not knowing how to react to this new face. No music. No walk out. There Johnny Olympus sits in the middle of the ring on a folding chair in all gold hunched over with a elbow on his knee and a microphone.

Jim Gunt: How'd he do that? We've seen that many times before just not so ominous.

The Big O looks around, flashes a gold teeth grin.

Johnny Olympus: I know some folks in the back who are opportunistic.

Mike Rolash: Well if it isn't King Muta or whatever.

Jim Gunt: ..Midas. You know the golden touch! You've heard the story right?

Mike Rolash: Mother goose?

Facepalm. Johnny clears his throat.

Johnny Olympus: Look. I don't like to beat around the bush. I'll give you this one opportunity CWF!

He lets his words marinate.

Johnny Olympus: This is to the staff, the champions, whomever wanting to set foot in that rumble that thinks they are of substance or name value.. you can put a stop to the beating I'm prepared to give your any contracted employee; associates, peers, to get to my goal.

King Midas' mannerisms change in a moment, he totally believes in his jargon no matter his shtick. Crowd boos hard.

Johnny Olympus: DAN RYAN! You may hold the title now...

Instense, slow breathing as Johnny puts definition on each word.

Johnny Olympus: I'm to be a very ruthless man to many, but I can also be just...

He pauses and points to the center of the squared circle.

Johnny Olympus: Bring me my belt.

Jim Gunt: His belt?

Johnny Olympus: Bring it to me willingly right now and take a knee and we can spare each and every one of these people, including yourself, the embarrassment I plan on giving you.

He pauses hesitantly.

Johnny Olympus: I'll wait, but my time is precious and I have a destiny to uphold..

Jim Gunt: That's quite an offer for someone that hasn't done a single thing for this company.

Mike Rolash: Yeah the Ego Buster will be out right away

Johnny intervenes about twenty seconds in angry as if he shouldn't have been ignored even for a moment.

Johnny Olympus: You all try my patience! There will be no second truce. At Golden Intentions CWF is one step closer to being mine!

He stands up, looking around at the crowd, gold everywhere.

Johnny Olympus: Every

Angry

Thing.

Teeth gritted.

Johnny Olympus: I

Spittle flying.

Johnny Olympus: Touch!!!

Mic drop. The lights go out in the arena again to a crowd jeers and after a time when they come back on Johnny Olympus AKA King Midas is gone.

Mike Rolash: Well that was interesting...ahem I am hearing something is going on backstage again, I hope the war between Xander Daniels and Nathan Paradine isn't continuing!?

Camera cuts backstage as Rolash raises his hands in the air.

Good Friends, Better Enemies - III

Match

Xander Daniels emerges into the backstage parking area of the Verizon Arena looking more than a little dishevelled following his brawling with Nathan Paradine earlier in the evening. Slowly he walks out into the open and fishes a set of car keys from his pocket, raising them into the air and pressing the security lock, waiting for the telltale beep-beep. Suddenly, somewhere behind him a door slams and there's a pattering of boots on concrete followed by a loud yell of fury...

Xander ducks out of the way in time to avoid a swing from Nathan Paradine, still bloodied, now wielding a length of metal piping! The pipe connects with the rear light of Daniels' car sending bits of glass and plastic everywhere. Paradine follows up with another swing that again misses and Daniels fires back with a quick shot from his elbow barely missing Paradine's broken nose. The pipe goes clanging away as both men resume their brawl, trading lefts and rights in the middle of the parking lot. With a roar Paradine seizes Daniels and in an impressive display of strength throws him against the trunk of the car, watching with hatred as he slumps down onto the ground.

Nathan Paradine: Have you had enough yet, you son of a bitch?

Paradine's eye twitches as Daniels begins to laugh on the ground, struggling to pull himself to his feet using the car as leverage.

Xander Daniels: Had enough? I've barely even gotten started with you, Nathan.

Paradine drives his knee into Xander's stomach, knocking the air from him and sending him reeling onto his knees. He aims for another kick but Daniels ducks back and his foot connects instead with the rear bumper of the car. There's another shout from the entrance to the parking lot and the CWF security team reappear, now escorted by none other

than Jon Stewart.

Jon Stewart: Flint! Get them restrained!

The security team surrounds Paradine and Daniels. Paradine raises his arms in surrender, while Daniels shrugs off the grip of the two guards who were watching him earlier. Stewart looks at each man, a scowl on his face.

Jon Stewart: Did you forget that you both had a match tonight? A grudge match, in fact, that would have allowed you both to do exactly what you've been attempting to do all evening?

Neither Paradine nor Daniels say a word. Stewart sighs, and points at the arena door.

Jon Stewart: Flint, get Nathan to Dr. Leggett. The rest of you, take Xander somewhere and keep him there, got it?

The group begins to disperse, Flint careful to take Paradine in the opposite direction to Daniels and the other other members of the security team as the scene cuts back to the ring.

Ataxia vs. Mariella Jade Flair

Match

The camera cuts back to ringside where Jim seems to be beside himself looking for something as Mike Rolash is conspicuously absent. Finally, slowly emerging from underneath the table comes a sock puppet made to look like Mike Rolash!

Sock Mike Rolash: You can call me Bubbles, MISTER Bubbles, and my friend and colleague Mike Rolash had to step away. Something about a therapist, too much burlap for his liking, and not good for his mental state.

Jim Gunt: Right. His uhm... His mental... Right, I was going to talk about how wild the brawl between Paradine and XanDan has been, but let's just kick it over to Ray Douglas since I'm apparently going to be calling the following match with.... Bubbles.

Jim gets a stern look shot to him from the puppet.

Jim Gunt: Oh, sorry. Mr. Bubbles. Anyways, Ray.

The cameras flash to Ray who does his very best to not stare at Mr. Bubbles.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen! The next match is scheduled for ONE FALL!

Crowd: ONE FALL!

Ray smiles slightly in acknowledgment of the fans, allowing for the tension to mount.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first... He is a man that needs no introduction, but is going to get one anyways.. He's The Messiah Pariah and Mia's Knight in Shining Burlap... ATAXIA!!!!

The lights flicker as we hear a familiar laugh filter over the PA system...

"AHAHAHAHHAAAAHAHAHAHAHA"

"Dangerous Tonight" by Alice Cooper starts to play as Ataxia enters the arena wearing his cloak of raven feathers, top hat, cane, and raven mask over his usual bag like mask. Ataxia spins the cane around and heads down the ramp, pretending to reach out to shake hands, only to withdraw at the last second and laugh at the deflated faces on the fans around him.

Jim Gunt: So here comes Ataxia to face off against MJ Flair, and Mik... Er, Mr. Bubbles, this isn't the first time these two have faced off against each other.

Mr. Bubbles: Oh no! Mike says that Ataxia is one to watch for and stay far away from. He once told me that he hopes that the two in this match would just destroy each other, but his dreams are never fulfilled. Instead he is haunted by dreams of their demise while management dangles matches like this in front of his face...

Jim Gunt: Just so we're clear, you're scared of Ataxia an MJ annoys you for whatever weird reason you have, correct?
The sock puppet only nods the affirmative as Jim can only shake his head in disbelief.

Cue: "Goodnight" - The Birthday Massacre

The crowd pops as the lights go out and the all too familiar strobes begin their eerie dance to the music.

Ray Douglas: And Ataxia's opponent; she is a two time World Champion... The one and only... EM... JAY... FLAIR!!

The lights come back to normal as MJ proceeds down the ramp, her trademark hoodie covering her expression, but it's clear her attention is on the man in the ring, Ataxia, who only waves at her slowly.

Jim Gunt: MJ already looks like she's ready for anything...

Mr. Bubbles: She would have to be! After what my man Jarvis did to her at Twilight of the Gods just last week, she HAS to still be recovering from those injuries sustained. Add to it the unpredictable nature of Ataxia, and MJ needs to be REALLLL careful about how she approaches this match.

Jim Gunt: That... That surprisingly made a lot of sense! I'm impressed!

It looks like Mr. Bubbles has a case of Alfalfa hair syndrome suddenly as a point rises on top of his head. Taking her time to say hello to her fans, her gaze never wavers from Ataxia, who only follows her every movement. She reaches the corner and with no intimidation, she climbs the turnbuckle and whips the hood off, her eyes focused solely on Ataxia, who only laughs and points at her bravado.

Mr. Bubbles: Yeesh, as predicted Mike's monitor didn't do MJ any favors in the facial region...

Jim Gunt: Obviously the massive bandage to protect the obvious stiches in her head is going to make for an easy target. But we know the tenacity of MJ. She wouldn't turn down this match.

Trent calls for the two to meet in the middle of the ring, asking for a clean fight. Ataxia giggles at the word clean and MJ narrows her eyes dangerously at the masked man. He offers his hand and she considers slightly before he pulls his hand away and instead just flicks her bandage! The effect, while minor, is immediate as MJ stumbles backwards, caught completely by surprise! Ataxia pounces from where he stands, jumping on her like a rabid puma, bringing the young former champion to the ground and laying into her with vicious rights and lefts before ripping off the bandage!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia showing his viciousness at the beginning of the match, and one has to wonder if it's because this is who Ataxia wants us to believe he is, or because he just wants this match over so he can continue to heal after his match with Shadow at Twilight of the Gods?

Mr. Bubbles: That's a great question Jim! It's hard to say, especially when it comes to someone with Ataxia's mindset. However, I don't believe it would be outside the realm of possibility to say that it's a bit of both. Recent months have proven that Ataxia just... Doesn't care like he used to, or at least his priorities shifted. Add to it that Ataxia was in a war against Shadow that involved a lot of shattered glass being stuck in human flesh, and... This is what we get.

Jim nods as Ataxia finally hops off MJ, who rolls to the side, looking to recover. For his part, The Messiah Pariah now has MJ's bloodied bandage and sticks it on his burlap mask, right where MJ's gash would be. He feigns being knocked loopy by an errant punch by his own hand. Flair rolls to her knees and scowls in Ataxia's direction, taking stock and noticing that her stiches were already busted open and blood is freely flowing.

Mr. Bubbles: Not a minute into this match and she's already gushing like a stuck pig!

Jim Gunt: Yes I see that, but how can you is my question?

At this point Jim jumps out of his seat while Mr. Bubbles hops up and a massive *THUD* can be heard from under the announce table; a primal scream elicits from the lungs of MJ Flair that takes even Ataxia by surprise. This time, it's her that pounces on her quarry, hitting the Bagman with everything she has! With another scream of rage and frustration she grabs and claws at Ataxia's mask before it comes loose in her hands! She grabs it and holds it up for the crowd to see, gaining a pop from the crowd. As she turns though she walks right into... Loki Synn?!?!)

Jim Gunt: Ataxia and his mind games are at it again as he has now donned a replica mask of the despised Loki Synn!

Mr. Bubbles: For those not in the know, Loki Synn versus MJ Flair dates back to post Wrestlefest 2018 and stretches many an epic confrontation. It was Loki that shelved MJ for several months with a back injury that almost cost MJ so much more! I...

Mr. Bubbles stops as he realizes he's getting a bit overdramatic. Jim can only shake his head once again as the laugh of Ataxia can be heard as MJ literally quakes with rage. She stomps over to Ataxia, fire in her eyes, Ataxia tries to catch her by surprise with a jab, but MJ catches his hand! She squeezes as hard as she can, kicking out at the leg of Ataxia, forcing him down to a knee, one hand on the mat for balance...

Jim Gunt: Ataxia getting all of that HAI FRAND!

Mr. Bubbles: MJ goes reeling from the shock of that hard backhand of Ataxia!

MJ spins and wipes the blood from her eyes in one solid motion before charging at Ataxia, delivering a vicious knee to Ataxia's fa...

Mr. Bubbles: NO! Ataxia caught MJ's leg and is standing up!

Jim Gunt: This CAN'T be good for MJ!

With a sadistic grin on his face, Ataxia drops MJ with a dragon screw! Still donning the Loki mask, he gets in MJ's face laughing at her agony. With some effort he is able to lift MJ, high up into the air, turn around to dump her to the outside...

Jim Gunt: NO! This is what Loki did to capture the World Title and shelf MJ!

Mr. Bubbles: He's looking to finish what she star...

However, before the sock puppet can finish his thought the crowd once again pops as the one and only Mia Rayne runs down and slides into the ring, getting into Ataxia's face! The Messiah Pariah stands his ground as Trent tries to gain control and get Mia out of the ring. She isn't listening though, her manic gaze is only centered on Ataxia who slowly backs up into a corner.

Jim Gunt: My god, what is going to happen here?

The Forsaken Psychotic goes to follow him but is quickly intercepted by MJ, who tries to get Mia to leave the ring! Mia turns to leave and MJ turns right around into a hard shove from Ataxia! MJ goes flying, right into Mia and the two women collapse in a heap on the mat. As soon as they land, Mia tries to scurry out from underneath MJ, while MJ struggles to gain her bearings, partially due to the blood loss. Ataxia laughs and this time it's Mia that shrieks as she pulls herself free and stands to confront Ataxia who has managed to disappear in the chaos. Mia turns to find MJ staring hard at her. She returns the glare as the screen above the entrance ramp flickers to life to show a familiar face. The one and only... JARVIS KING!

Jarvis King: Oh MJ... You can't even get along with your friends can you?

The cameras fade to black as Jarvis laughs at MJ, shaking with anger in the ring, next to Mia who is keeping her eyes

peeled in all directions for Ataxia.

The Descent to Madness

Match

Jim Gunt: Wow! So we have Mia helping MJ to her feet and to the steps after a hard fought... No contest victory and, you ok there buddy?

Jim looks around for his broadcast partner who ever so painfully climbs up from underneath the table, holding his chest in obvious discomfort. Mike notices the questioning look on Jim's face and nods in acknowledgement, shifts his weight to get more comfortable and replies.

Mike Rolash: After a blatant attack on my Freedom of speech was carried out by Duce Jones, he's lucky he only got suspended. In regards to the match that just happened? I didn't care, so I went under the desk until I wasn't surrounded by people who suck. Speaking of, they aren't still out here are they?

Mike tries to look frantically around, spins too hard, and grabs his chest in pain. Jim gives him a bottle of water as the lights dim and blue floods replace the once bright stage. A haunting rendition of "Bad Romance" begins to bleed out of the speakers for the enjoyment of everyone listening. Mia skips to the tune in a haunting circle in the ring, humming to herself as the gentle hiss of steam fills the arena. Fog, thick and hard to see through filters out onto the stage making it appear as if shadows continue to move as the music fades to nothing.

Mia Rayne: We heard that song the other day and it got us thinking. It got us craving, and it got us focused.

She begins pacing, a lioness restless in a cage as her litter is separated from her.

Mia Rayne: Once upon a time, we weren't able to defend ourselves, contained behind the very same commentary table that Rolash and Gunt currently sit behind. We wonder if Juice Dones would have the testicular fortitude to have attacked us instead of Rolash, but that's neither here nor there.... While we were away from where we belong, inside that ring, our Knight in Shining Burlap had some choice words for us... For our once upon a time in Wonderland relationship...

She pauses her pacing and licks her lips, considering her words carefully. Her eyes are wide with a manic energy the likes of which make the fans closest to her edgy. It causes a ripple of anxiety to float through the arena in waves. She smiles because she feels it all.

Mia Rayne: He has called us names. He has taken literal shits on what we thought was unbreakable and these are sins that will now have to be answered for. Ataxia, the shit you've pulled the last couple of months? IT'S NOT YOU. We know this and after Twilight of the Gods when Shadow unmasked your fauxTaxia, well, we knew it was time we get involved. We whispered a secret into Mr. Stewart's ear before we delivered sweet justice unto him. Shadow has other things to concern himself with, like finding Myfanwy. Boys? YOU have something to worry about because now WE'RE taking Shadow's place and we promise you... We don't play by the same set of rules. Any advantage you thought you had is null and void. Myfanwy isn't the only one MIA is she Stewart? You have Tax hidden away somewhere because we know for a FACT that you are NOT OUR Ataxia. Oh no... You see world, we know this as fact because once upon a time in a land down below, WE SAW THE MAN UNDER THE MASK.

Mike Rolash: WHAT?!

Jim Gunt: NO WAY!

The crowd reacts as appropriate of course, drowning out anything that Mia would have said had she not given into a maniacal laughter that rings through the air.

Mia Rayne: Come at me Jon. If you want to call yourself Ataxia, that's fine, know that you aren't MYTaxia though!

The lights cut off as well as all sound suddenly. The peppering of camera flashes reveals Mia's silhouette standing stoically still... The crowd's buzz is slowly begun to be drowned out by a shrill laughter in the mic as the lights return to normal to reveal Mia, doubled over in laughter. She straightens straight up, wearing the burlap mask she had stolen from Shadow and Myfanwy long ago...

Mia Rayne: BOO! MYtaxia! Get it?! You want to play mind games Stewart? You want us to believe that you're my one and only?! Well, buckle up buckaroo and let's get this train car a rollin'! Mia Rayne versus Ataxia. A lover's quarrel. We haven't given up on you dumpling face! We are coming to rescue YOU!!!!

She blows a kiss and curtsies, enjoying the crowd's reaction.

Mike Rolash: I'm in a state of shock, why must she poke the beehive and say his name so many times?! I only JUST managed to dodge him and now... Why does she have to wear THAT mask?

Jim Gunt: So Mia is declaring that she's going after Ataxia to prove her love to him? That's quite the backwards love story...

Mike Rolash: God damn it Jim! It's 2019! I'm supposed to be the one resistant to that kind of crazy, mixed up...

Mia Rayne: I know Jim and Mike are probably talking about us, but it's ok, we have a time crunch to attend to and we have one... Perhaps two... More points of interest. We talk big words and we carry a big poking stick when the time comes, but we acknowledge Stewart's penchant for making things... Difficult as well as the numerous targets on our back. They say that history is the best of teachers and tonight! Ooooo, tonight you're all going to see us put this theory to the test! We know Juice Dones is gone, but Freddie remains. Jarvis remains. Jace Valentine? He IS remains. Our point is they feel that we are a cancer and we are here to prove that if they want a fight?

The lights flicker and the fog is suddenly sucked from the air revealing two figures wearing burlap masks standing in spotlights.

Mia Rayne: To our left we have Tax #1...

She gestures at the bigger of the two men, more than six feet tall and an incredibly imposing personality. The man only stands, oozing the feeling one gets when they meet a person that just wants to hurt something.

Mia Rayne: To our right, of course is Tax #2...

She gestures to the other man, wearing an identical mask to #1, smaller in stature but oozing that same feeling of deadliness.

Mia Rayne: Frands and enemies alike! Join us as we venture onto a journey of love and romance as we pursue our Honey Pie Snoogie Boogums and prove our love to him! Hashtag spoiler alert! Should you try to impede us in any way? Well, we have frands of our own now. Boys, shall we venture off into the wild blue yonder?

She points and makes her way to the back, Tax 1 and 2 follow her at either side as she skips out of sight leaving everyone to question...

Dafuq?

Waiting and Watching

Match

Autumn Raven sits down on a random empty chair backstage, the Impact Championship slung over her shoulder proudly as she watches the rest of the show happen on one of the monitors that was placed there. She smiles, watching the action in the ring unfold before her eyes. Someone from the crew hands her a water bottle, smiles, then

walks away before she could utter a thanks. She shrugs, cracks the top open and takes a long drink, thinking deeply afterwards.

Autumn Raven: I'll stand my ground against anyone, even if it's these outsiders coming in, trying to screw things up, trying to take titles from those who are deserving, and just being a literal pain in the ass all together. disOrder came in, and ran their mouths about changing things. That is, until I stepped up and took away the Impact title here from their precious leader. I fought off the enemy, and sent him packing. No one comes in here and does that crap without getting punishment for it.

She sniffs, narrowing her eyes.

Autumn Raven: Then you've got Bryan Ford here, coming all the way from Carnage, sitting in on my match because he's curious. Because he's got an interest in my title. He wants to sneak in here, come into this yard and run his mouth about absolute nonsense about me. He knows nothing about me, and I will be damned if I let him wander in here and do as he pleases. I'll make my stand again, and represent the CWF against him if and when we cross paths. This also goes out to anyone...anyone out there who's thinking of sneaking in here and screwing things up.

Don't.

With that, the camera cuts back to the ringside.

The Shadow vs. Zach Van Owen

Match

Jim Gunt: Bold words there from Autumn Raven, who has been on an absolute tear lately.

Mike Rolash: She even did what many thought she couldn't do, and stall the come back of the returning Hall of Famer Freddie Styles at Twilight of the Gods, retaining her Impact Championship against him. And now the poor guy is a referee around here!

Jim Gunt: Maybe we'll get to see Freddie in action next week, Mike?

Ray Douglas: The following context 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 and his Alistair the Scottish druid step through the curtains, cold, blue light illuminating wafting fog. Clad in their hooded robes the Shadow appears to be leaning on Alistair walking slowly, with the hints of a slight limp.

Jim Gunt: The Shadow fought a gruelling match at Twilight of the Gods and is clearly still feeling the effects of that harrowing experience.

Mike Rolash: Then his upcoming match against Zach van Owen is gonna be a short affair.

Jim Gunt: You should probably wipe that smile off your face.

Nervously Alistair allows the Weaver of Dreams to tentatively step into the ring, while he passes over a microphone.

The Shadow: Let us dispense with all of this. Where are you going to appear from this time Zach? The rafters? The stands? Or perhaps you will come from underneath the ring and try to jump me once again? Well I am here. So let's no waste any more time.

Jim Gunt: The Shadow knows he's not operating at 100% but there's a lot of baggage around this match up and injured or not, former friend or not. The Shadow isn't backing down and wants to get straight to business.

Mike Rolash: Eager for his own arse-kicking? I could get behind that.

One-Winged Angel plays as the arena is bathed in fog amidst flickering lights. The Shadow and Alistair look from the rafters, to the stands and the back again expecting a sneak attack from the Game-Changer. Veiled by the fog, Zach van Owen appears, arms outstretch and head bowed. He has a microphone in his hand.

Zach van Owen: Really Shadow? Is this how you wish to play? No preamble, no tutorial, straight to the final fight?

The Shadow: I see no reason to draw this out.

Zach van Owen: Resigned to your fate...I can respect that.

Jim Gunt: Strange. Zach has shown more of an aggressive nature. The fact he's here and willing to talk with The Shadow hints at perhaps he hasn't completely forgotten where he came from.

Mike Rolash: Or he's come to gloat!

Zach slowly marches down the ramp, pausing at about half way and cocking his head quizzically at The Shadow.

Zach van Owen: There must be something more. There always is with you, you just have a high Persuasion score.

The Shadow: I have always ever watched as others walk their path, never have I interfered, nor directed others where to go. But you have to admit that this path you now walk on...it is not your own.

Zach van Owen: No...You truly believe after everything I've said and done you can still save my soul?

The Game-Changer steps into the ring.

Zach van Owen: Haven't you grown tired of being wrong? Of fighting for the wrong causes?

The Shadow: At least I still fight for something...and not unwittingly for someone else's gain.

That strikes a nerve and Zach advances, standing nose to nose with his opponent.

Mike Rolash: Well then go on, get to fighting. Less talking. More fighting!

The Shadow: Go ahead. I offer no resistance.

Alistair doesn't seem as enthused by the idea.

The Shadow: Or is it you'd rather attack me from behind? Earn that bonus damage from a sneak attack? Are you that far gone?

There is a tense moment of pause between the two competitors, former friends and allies, now turned bitter opponents. Zach takes a step back and seemingly the entire arena resumes breathing.

The Shadow: Despite what you have done. I am not your quarry, and you are not mine. There is little to be gained here.

Zach van Owen: You're right. There's no pride, nor satisfaction in this victory. We both know this can only end one way. If I am to beat you, I want you at your best. So go, come back to me after drinking a Health Potion.

Making an exit, the former Impact Champion, turned Number 1 Contender for the World Title, pauses between the ring ropes.

Zach van Owen: I may walk a different path, but it is my path. Not you, the rest of the Fallen Forsaken, or even Stewart himself can control and direct me. I got the D-Pad. But regardless, all paths lead to the same ending, and it's not the good one. I'll either be CWF's saviour, or its reckoning. And that's Game Over!

Zach drops the microphone and exits the ring, leaving a incensed Clark Summits and a still, silent Shadow in his wake. Mike Rolash is neither of those things.

Mike Rolash: What the fuck was that? There's supposed to be a match on right now. Why is he walking away?

Jim Gunt: I could explain to you the possible nuances of what just happened, but I've learnt not to bother anymore. So don't you worry Mike, the next match isn't far off and I'm sure there'll be some proper action for you.

Mike Rolash: There better! What a joke! I thought Zach was cool! But that...ugh!

Always Be The Smartest Man In The Ring

Match

WWH Superstar Noah Hanson is shown sitting at ringside, signing a few autographs and even taking a couple of photo ops with fans. He has a bag of popcorn and a large fountain drink and seems to be enjoying the show. Interviewer Tara Robinson can be seen making her way to Noah and one of the fans sitting near Noah moves so she can sit next to him.

Tara Robinson: Welcome to CWF Mr.Hanson!

Noah Hanson: (smirking confidently and then looking Tara up and down as he slides his trademark lime green Oakley sunglasses down and then slowly pulls them off his face, folds them up and then puts them in his coat pocket.) The pleasure is all yours of course unless you have something else in mind.

Tara Robinson: (blushing slightly) Hmmm... Trying to be professional here. What are your thoughts about the competition in the Golden Intentions rumble that you entered? We have CWF legends coming back, we have superstars coming in from federations all around the world. A lot of buzz going on right now.

Noah Hanson: That is a good question, see I decided to take in the show to get a good, front row seat of the competition and to see just what I am stacked against. I mean people here need to realize it was just a couple months ago that I won a thirty man battle royal. And this is no different. I know I won't be the fastest, strongest, the most agile or anything like that but what I am is someone that ALWAYS has a plan.

Tara Robinson: So what do you think of the show so far?

Noah Hanson: Love the production value, you guys have some great concessions and no outside vendors selling stuff that is unlicensed by this place and THAT is a real bonus to me. See where I come from we have a real issue with rogue vendors making money off me and not giving me a cut, nice to see this place has shut that shit down.

Tara Robinson: So what is your strategy for the match itself? I mean do you think you can really add your name to a list that includes the likes of Andy Murray, Alex Cain, The Ripper Danny B., and so many more?

Noah Hanson: (looking oddly at Tara) Do I really think I can win this? Did you really ask me that question? I mean what do you think?! That I don't intend to win this whole damn thing and try to take some more gold with me?! See sunshine, here's the deal, a few years ago I was a double champion in two different feds; Fight One and North Atlantic Wrestling. I was nearly a triple threat champion when I was this close.

Hanson holds out a hand with two fingers showing just how close he was to be a triple champion.

Noah Hanson: To be a champion in different feds and the third would have been Boardwalk Wrestling, but things just never worked out the way I wanted. But now, now is a new era, a new time but not a new Noah Hanson. See darling Noah Hanson is like a fine wine or an aged piece of cheese, it just gets better with age. One thing everyone in this clam bake need to remember is this. I don't have to be bigger, faster or stronger than anyone in this deal.

CWF's lead backstage interviewer just looks on at the pompous Hanson, clearly annoyed but holding the microphone up to do her job.

Tara Robinson: Then how DO you plan on winning the match?

Noah Hanson: Walter Cronkite has nothing on your investigative journalism, but the very question you wanna know is how I plan on walking out with the win? Simple...I don't even need to eliminate every last person that is in the ring with

me. I don't have to be great at anything, all I need to do is survive and I've been doin' that my whole life. Make no mistake I am not underestimating anyone in this, I'm sure there are some elite talent in this but I've been all around the world and seen just about everything; so there is NOTHING that is gonna take me off my game or rattle me enough to abandon my plan. Hanson Rule Number One...."Always be the smartest man in the ring..."

Tara Robinson: Thank you for your time Mr. Hanson.

Noah Hanson: (nodding) The orgasm is all mine...

Tara rolls her eyes and quickly sends things back to Jim and Mike.

Good Friends, Better Enemies - IV

Match

The scene opens in the medical area backstage, where Nathan Paradine is sitting on a bench getting cleaned up following his brawl earlier in the evening with Xander Daniels, now dressed in his street clothes. His broken nose has been realigned, although his face is beginning to bruise and swell. Dr. Harmon Leggett examines him closely, prodding just below his eye.

Dr. Harmon Leggett: Could've lost the eye if you weren't so lucky. Watch out for the boot next time, eh?

Paradine stares at Leggett for a moment then nods and climbs to his feet gingerly.

Dr. Harmon Leggett: Take it easy for a while. Maybe take the week off.

Paradine nods again and leaves the medical area, pausing to carefully look back and forth before he steps into the hallway again. He pauses and looks over his shoulder at the cameraman filming him.

Nathan Paradine: You, come with me. If Xander Daniels tries anything else I want there to be a goddamn witness, alright?

The camera follows him as he walks, passing through the catering area and ignoring the whispers and stares of the various members of the CWF crew. He makes a turn and exits the arena through a side door, carefully to avoid several fans milling around outside the arena. As he crosses an open terrace area there's a sudden screech of tires and the headlights from a parked car suddenly illuminate to his right. He dives for cover as the car speeds forwards and collides with a low brick retaining wall with a loud crash. There are screams from a few of the onlookers as the drivers side door opens and Xander Daniels emerges, a cruel smirk on his face.

Xander Daniels: I told you I was just getting started, Nathan! This isn't over between us, not by a long shot!

Paradine scrambles to his feet as Daniels advances, wasting no time in charging forwards as soon as he is upright and dealing out a flurry of strikes again. Daniels throws up an arm to block him and sends him reeling with an open handed slap before spearing him into the ruin of the retaining wall amidst bits of broken brick and concrete. Paradine kicks out with his leg, catching Daniels on the jaw and buying him a moment to crawl away and try to get back onto his feet. The fans from the arena entrance have appeared now, some shouting encouragement while others are opting to simply film the fight on their phones.

Xander Daniels: You're not getting away from me that easily!

Daniels raises a brick to try and club Paradine but the Hostile Exile rolls away from the blow at the last second and grabs Daniels around the waist, pulling him down onto the ground and attempting to get his hands around his throat in an attempt to throttle him. Somewhere nearby sirens can be heard, and Paradine tightens his grip around Daniels' throat.

Nathan Paradine: I'm going to kill you, ya bastard-

Daniels, gasping for breath, raises his hand and manages to get a grip on Paradine's face, his thumb digging deep into his eye and eliciting a howl of pain from the Australian Submission Machine as he releases Daniels, who crawls away desperately trying to suck in air as Paradine clutches at his face. There's shouting all of a sudden, and both Paradine and Daniels are illuminated by flashlight and the tell-tale red and blue of a police car siren as a pair of officers approach, demanding that both men remain on the ground.

Police Officer #1: Stay on the ground, both of you! Hands where I can see 'em!

The second officer approaches Xander Daniels who remains on his knees with his hands raised, submitting without complaint as the officer places him in handcuffs. The first officer rolls Paradine onto his stomach despite protestations and wrenches both his arms in order to cuff him as well, a larger crowd starting to gather as the scene cuts back to the ring to continue the broadcast of Evolution.

Dan Ryan (c) vs. Silas Artoria (c)

Match

Jim Gunt: Well Mike, looks like we have another entrant for the Golden Intentions rumble. Just don't ask him if he thinks he actually has a chance in it.

Mike Rolash: Haha, definitely not. Hanson will make a great addition to Golden Intentions though, so it's great to see another talented individual come out of the woodwork for a shot at the World Title on the biggest night of them all...

Ray Douglas: The following is a singles match set for one fall under a thirty minute time limit, and is tonight's MAAAAIIINNN EVENT!

Jim Gunt: Guess it's that time!

The lights go out suddenly. Boom!

???: I love you.

Boom!

???: Show me!

The lights shine upon the stage as Silas Artoria emerges to "Something Got Me Started" by Simply Red. Smiling despite looking fatigued and bruised, he looks around to see the crowd bellowing their support upon The Aristocrat as he proudly holds the Paramount Championship over his right shoulder. He closes his eyes to soak it all in, his mentor Hidetaka Ito emerging to stand beside him before the two of them make their way to the ring.

Jim Gunt: Silas had one hell of a challenge ahead of him at Twilight of the Gods, but he shocked the world when he defeated not one, but four challengers back to back to back to back in a gauntlet match to successfully defend his Paramount Championship.

Mike Rolash: And Mr. Artoria finds himself completely out of his element here tonight.

Jim Gunt: I beg your pardon?

Mike Rolash: Silas, he's up against the Ego Buster here tonight. Two time CWF World Heavyweight Champion. Twenty three thousand time World Heavyweight Champion, just ask him he will tell you about his title reigns for days if you let him. Silas? He's an exhausted, beat up mess after that gauntlet. Easy pickings for Dan Ryan.

Jim Gunt: Don't be so sure, Mike, Silas has surprised us many times in the past. If you remember back months ago he defeated MJF during one of her title reigns in a non title match, and just a week later took her to one of the most exhilarating matches in CWF history for the World Title in a sixty minute iron man match.

Ito remains out of the ring with the Paramount Championship as Silas heads up the steps and into the squared circle, a

determined look on his face as he waves for Ryan to come on out. The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of "Zero" by the Smashing Pumpkins plays. When the riff audio kicks it up a notch, Dan Ryan steps out with the CWF World Title back around his waist, looking into the booing audience, then heads down the aisle as pyro blasts behind him. Ryan walks directly to the ring, rolls in under the bottom rope and climbs the nearest turnbuckle, keeping his arms down and smirking into the crowd as the music plays.

Mike Rolash: Now here is what a champion should look like, Jimmy.

Jim Gunt: What, like a freaking Gigantor?

Mike Rolash: Huh?

Dan Ryan walks past Silas as he tries to meet up with him in the middle of the ring for a friendly handshake, completely ignoring him as he goes over and hands his World Heavyweight Title over the ropes to the time keeper. Ray Douglas stands beside official Nick McArthur in the middle of the ring, ready to make the introductions.

Ray Douglas: First, accompanied by Hidetaka Ito, from Toronto, Canada, he is the Psychotic Aristocrat...the Paramount Champion....SILAS ARTORIA!!

Artoria smiles as the crowd gives him a mighty cheer, the Ivory Champion cracking his neck back and forth as he eyes up Ryan from across the ring.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Houston, Texas, he is the Ego Buster...the CWF World Heavyweight Champion....DAN RYAN!!

And just as loud as the crowd got for Silas Artoria, they intensify twice as loud for the World Champion, just in the complete one eighty direction. Ryan doesn't seem to be bothered by the hatred one iota however, not even bothering to look back at the crowd as waves his hands for official McArthur to hurry up and call for the bell.

Jim Gunt: Does it seem like the World Champion isn't looking to get his hands dirty here tonight, or is it just me, Mike?

Mike Rolash: It's probably just you, Jim. I've never seen you get your hands dirty a day in your life.

Jim Gunt: Not all of us are Golden Intentions MVP's, admittedly.

Mike Rolash: You're damn right...hey!

After checking on both competitors, Nick McArthur calls for the bell and stands back as they meet each other in the center of the ring, Ryan immediately raising his right hand in the air for a test of strength. Silas Artoria looks back at his mentor Ito and just smiles, quickly leaping up to blast him with a kick to the ribs instead. Flinching, Dan Ryan backs up with his hands in the air, suddenly coming to a stop and calling Artoria in for more. The Paramount Champion obliges, but when he comes running in Ryan is ready for him.

Jim Gunt: Spinebuster from the World Champion! This one is starting very psychological, Mike, as both of our champions here tonight have been around the block a time or two. They're doing their best to get into their opponents head, but so far all we've seen is a match of counters.

Mike Rolash: These two didn't get to where they're at today by accident, Ryan and Artoria are two of the very best in CWF today.

Jim Gunt: Surprised to see you pay such a compliment to Silas, Mike, but I can't say I disagree. But if Artoria wants to live up to those words, he's going to have to get out of the corner as Dan Ryan has control of him now with his big boot jammed into the neck and chin of the Paramount Champion.

The Ego Buster continues grinding his boot into the neck of Artoria even as Nick McArthur begins to count him out, finally coming to a stop and delivering a boot to Silas' gut for good measure. A shoulder block follows, taking the breath

from Artoria before Ryan looks to shoot him across the ring with an irish whip. No- the Psychotic Aristocrat holds and reverses, sending Dan crashing in the corner on the opposite side!

Jim Gunt: Another big reversal there, this time for Silas, and here he comes like a freight train towards Dan Ryan...

Mike Rolash: But THE Champion catches him out of mid-air...holy shit what a Uranage Slam! Ryan nearly drove Silas through the ring there!

Jim Gunt: And now he's going for the first cover of the matchup, Mike, and this one could be over already.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO! SILAS ROLLS A SHOULDER AND THE CROWD BREAKS OUT IN CHEERS!

Jim Gunt: With Hidetaka Ito cheering him on at ringside, Silas gets a shoulder up just before the three count! The resiliency of our Paramount Champion is unreal, as he just ducked under a clothesline attempt from Ryan-SUPERKICK!

Mike Rolash: NO!!

The body and spirit of Silas Artoria may be still be battered from the gauntlet match at Twilight of the Gods, but his mind is ecstatic as he just lays exhausted over the body of Dan Ryan listening to Nick McArthur make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Ryan kicks out at two! This one continues as both men get to their feet as quickly as possible, this one much faster of a pace than I expected, Mike.

Mike Rolash: That is exactly the type of offense Silas needs to be employing against Ryan. The World Champion may be a living legend, but he's a much bigger, much slower competitor than Artoria. Play to those strengths and he might actually have a shot here.

As both competitors get to their feet Ryan looks to charge in first but Artoria is able to sidestep him and get behind the World Champion, attempting to hook a German Suplex. Instead he receives a nasty back elbow right to the face!

Mike Rolash: On second thought...Silas is toast.

The cut to Silas Artoria's lip from the pay per view is once again busted open, as blood begins to drip quickly down his chin. Sensing the blood like a shark in water, Ryan swipes away his hands from his face and stings him with another elbow shot right to the mouth. The Ego Buster then proceeds to pull the Paramount Champion into him, quickly bringing him up to a vertical position and holding him there for several seconds letting the blood drip down the head of Artoria.

Jim Gunt: BRAINBUSTER! Silas Artoria was just planted right on the back of his head there from a perfectly executed brainbuster.

Mike Rolash: Isn't everything perfectly executed when it comes to Dan Ryan?

Jim Gunt: Are you ever going to stop kissing the man's ass?

Mike Rolash: When I run out of chapstick, maybe.

Deciding against another cover attempt, Ryan grabs Artoria by his wavy hair and yanks him right back to his feet. A few "words of encouragement" are spoken to his fellow champion, which actually seem to awaken the demon inside Silas Artoria as he NAILS him with the Knockout Bicycle Knee Strike! Dan Ryan is nearly out on his feet, but somehow he

remains standing!

Jim Gunt: I can't believe the World Champion is still on his feet after that Knockout Knee, but wait...MY GOD ANOTHER KNOCKOUT!

Mike Rolash: The champion is down! Get out of the ring Dan, hurry!

Having landed right by the ropes, Dan Ryan starts to slip outside the ring before Artoria catches him by his boots, dragging him back to the center of the ring.

Jim Gunt: Standing Corkscrew Shooting Star Press! Silas Artoria is pulling out all the stops here tonight against the World Champion! But will it be enough as he goes for another cover here?

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Mike Rolash: Nope! Silas is unable to handle the massive frame of Dan Ryan, he's barely even able to hook both of the man's legs.

Jim Gunt: Ryan has six inches and over eighty pounds on Artoria, Mike. But even you have to admit that the Paramount Champion is certainly earning the respect of his fellow Champion here tonight.

Mike Rolash: The Ego Buster doesn't respect anybody, haven't you learned that by now Jimmy?

Jim Gunt: You may be right, but if he doesn't feel respect for Silas after this match, maybe after whatever he's about to hit from the top rope here he'll at least be feeling SOMETHING.

Indeed Silas Artoria has made his way up to the nearest corner, climbing quickly to the top as he looks down on Ryan who begins to slowly come to. He leaps off the top for a Frog Splash that lands him right on the "lily" knee pads of Dan Ryan!

Jim Gunt: Double knees to the chest of Silas as the crafty Ego Buster gets his legs up just in time to prevent what could have been a match ender there!

Mike Rolash: You think everything is a match ender, Jimmy. What part of Dan Ryan is an unstoppable force and he's not going to lose this match do you not understand?

Jim Gunt: We'll see. For once I would love to see you eat a big plate full of your own words.

Mike Rolash: That doesn't sound appetizing in the slightest.

Showing his dominance over the "lesser" champion, Dan Ryan drags Silas over to the nearest corner by his arm and leans him on the bottom turnbuckle pad. He proceeds to stomp wildly down on the chest and mouth of Artoria, bringing a flow of fresh blood out of lip of Silas. McArthur begins to count out Ryan and at the count of four he finally backs up with his hands once again in the air, a small smirk on his face as he hears the Little Rock fans boo him aloud. Pulling Artoria back to his feet, he hurls him halfway across the ring with a nasty Overhead Belly to Belly Suplex!

Jim Gunt: Dan Ryan is putting on an absolute display of power now.

Mike Rolash: See what I mean, Jimmy? You want to call him the Unstoppable Force yet?

Jim Gunt: I wish Stewart would unsuspend Duce because we've certainly seen him stop Ryan before...

Mike Rolash: Don't you even bring up that name! I should sue that son of bi...

An extremely confident Dan Ryan struts around the ring, finally coming back to Artoria and grabbing him by the mouth, pulling him up by his jaw and mouth painfully. Almost laughing at the agony of his opponent, Ryan plants him between

his legs and begins to hook both arms. But before he can hit the double underhook piledriver Artoria begins to fight back, pulling up on his body with all his might.

Jim Gunt: Back body drop! What a reversal there for Silas Artoria, and there he goes for the top rope yet again. I have to say I've never seen Artoria employ such a high flying arsenal, but it has worked like gangbusters so far for him here tonight.

Mike Rolash: Has it, Jim? Because Dan Ryan is up and meeting Artoria in the corner with a HARD knife edge chop! Both men are now on the ropes, vying for position!

Jim Gunt: Right hand by Ryan. Right hand by Artoria. Something's got to give here!

Mike Rolash: Oh no, and I think it may be the champion as Artoria has connected with another brutal knee and is now climbing up on his shoulders. FRANKENSTEI-NO...Ryan holds on!?

Jim Gunt: Yes, the World Champion holds fast to the ropes and now he has control of Artoria...HUMILITY BOMB OFF THE FUCKING TOP ROPE!

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

The body of Silas Artoria snaps like a twig as it blasts back and head first onto the canvas following the High-Angle Layout Powerbomb from the top rope. Ryan flinches from the landing himself, but is still able to land in position to hold onto the powerbomb as the booing crowd watches McArthur make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winner by pinfall....DAN RYAN!!

"Zero" once again begins to play over the arena as Ryan rolls off of a still barely conscious Artoria, the Ego Buster quickly heading out of the ring and snatching his title off the announce table, scoffing at Gunt as he does so. Ryan pushes past a frustrated and intense looking Hidetaka Ito, making his way up the ramp as he goes into the ring and checks on Artoria. The World Champion raises his title in the air as the fifty second episode of Evolution goes off the air.

Show Credits

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