Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 56

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: July 2, 2019
Location: Coliseo Cubierto El Camp''edn — Bogota

Results

Chaos vs. Bryan Ford vs. Isaiah Luck vs. Starlight

Match

Jim Gunt: Ladies and gentlemen the air is electric here at the Coliseo de la Ciudad as we present to you, from Havana, Cuba, Evolution 56 and what a card we have lined up for you! Joining me as always, not by my choice but because of contractual obligations...Mike Rolash!

Rolash glares at him from his position behind the announce table.

Mike Rolash: Thanks for the warm welcome Jim. When you say that we have an explosive card lined up, there is literally not a single match here that I'm NOT looking forward to watching for one reason or another. And just look at the main event where we get to witness my man Jarvis King take on Mia Rayne with a World Title shot on the line!

Cue: "Be My Friend" by One Eyed Doll

Jim Gunt: And speaking of the main event, here comes the winner of the 2019 Golden Intentions rumble, Mia Rayne!

Out she comes, all full of energy as she skips around the top of the stage and blows kisses to the crowd. She smiles and does her customary waves, taking her sweet time in getting down to the ring where Bryan Ford, Isaiah Luck, Starlight and Chaos already stand, impatiently waiting to get their match underway.

Mike Rolash: I seriously can't wait for King to show her the error of her ways and make her pay for her insolence.

Jim Gunt: And just last week you were cheering for Mia.

Mike Rolash: Last week she was fighting against an invading force, and turned them back quite handedly. This week she's going against Jarvis King and let's be honest, we all know how I feel about King. I'd throw my new suit coat, nay... I'd throw myself over a puddle to prevent him from having to dirty his boots.

Jim Gunt: Does that mean you'd go to battle for him?

Mike Rolash: Of course!

Jim Gunt: So... Are you going to get in the ring with Mia tonight?

Mike gulps and his face pales realizing the trap he just walked himself into. Luckily; and it isn't often that he catches himself thanking Mia secretly for interrupting him. However, before he can respond to Jim, the music cuts out and Mia takes the stage, allowing Mike to focus on the ring instead of Jim's questioning looks. Inside the four competitors still pace around.

Mia Rayne: So how is everyone doing?

The fans of course pop. Why wouldn't they?

Mia Rayne: We haven't really done this kind of thing for a while, a LONG while, but seeing as how we have recently become a big household name, there's a couple things that need to be addressed by yours truly. So to the four of you in the ring, please be patient...this might take awhile. First and foremost, while we respect Papa Jar as a competitor

and know that he really isn't anyone to particularly overlook... Can anyone really blame us? Like... Who else is ready to just get to Wrestlefest?

Once again the crowd cheers as Jim and Mike add their four cents worth.

Mike Rolash: She better not incur Jarvis' wrath even more! She can't just brush right by him!

Jim Gunt: But she does have a point Mike. No matter what happens tonight, or at Paradise, Mia Rayne is going to the main event of our biggest event of the year. A feat she accomplished with just over a year under her belt. She's held the World Title as Loki Synn, the Tag Titles with Shadow, beaten the likes of MJ Flair, Caledonia, HYBRID's Champion Stacy Jones, and most recently took even Ataxia to a limit few have seen.

He stops talking as all eyes are on him. Maybe Jim is a closet Mia fan? Who knows? She shrugs her shoulders and continues on.

Mia Rayne: Now, with any amount of luck, we don't have to worry about the vision that we have for our Wrestlefest moment. Dan Ryan versus Mia Rayne. Who in the world WOULDN'T want to see that? Dude is a beast and has a tendency to wear his sunglasses inside buildings, which in all honesty is a fad we never truly understood. He goes out and he does as he says and no one can really blame him for that. His Wonder Twin Troy is the same way and the fact that they are the majority of title holders in a federation that we hold near and dear to our heart, a federation that we have dedicated 100% of OUR time to; is something that needs to be addressed. They call themselves CWF champions, but are they really? Like... You lot are all unfortunate enough to see my mug every week, no matter what, unless Jarvis has his monkey's splatter my brains all over the place...

Mike Rolash: She has a point on that having to see her every week thing...

Mia Rayne: But you DO see me every week. Where's your World Champion weekly? Why are we main eventing and acting like the champion the CWF DESERVES, while the champion who carries the belt shows up as he pleases?

She smiles and looks like she's going to continue, but instead, tossing the mic behind her and giggles instead, blowing a kiss to the camera. The cameras cut away as she makes her way to the back as "Be My Friend" rings out overhead. A stagehand can be seen rushing up to the ring, telling the referee and the four competitors that Mia had taken all the time that they had slotted for their fatal fourway. Chaos is pissed, throwing himself around the ring like a child. Starlight shakes her head, her debut ruined, while Isaiah Luck and Bryan Ford contemplate going back to their home federation Carnage Wrestling. Mia however? Simply smiles and waves as she continues to make her way back up the ramp.

Dean Coulter vs. Omar Martinez

Match

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

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

Ray Douglas: Accompanied to the ring by Sam Braxton.. Representing The Lost Boys! He is one half of the CWF WORLD TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! DEAN COULTER!

He waits, kneeling on the apron for Dean, who strides down the ramp to join his partner, kneeling on the apron. Together they look once again around the arena then enter the ring and ascend neighbouring turnbuckles. They raise their hands in front of their faces, fingers interlocked for a moment then descend back to the ring.

Jim Gunt: We're set for singles competition as Dean Coulter, representing Tag Team Champions, The Lost Boys takes

on Omar Martinez of the Most Known Unknowns.. formerly of V.E.N.O.M led by Nina.

Mike Rolash: I wonder whatever happened to her.. she was smoking hot..

Jim Gunt: Well how could you forget that she was last seen on Evolution 50. Where after she was defeated by long time rival, Impact Champion, Autumn Raven.. The now retired Xander Daniels brutally attacked her and put her out of commission.

Mike Rolash: Well that sucks..

The men are cut off as Chaka Khan's "Ain't Nobody" begins to play throughout the Coliseo de la Ciudad Deportiva in Havana, Cuba.. Byson dances out onto the stage, the fans giving him a mixed reaction not really knowing how to react to him. Before Ray can carry on with his job, Kaliban produces a microphone and interruptus the long time announcer, his music abruptly cutting out.

Byson Kaliban: Excuse me.. Ray is it?

Douglas can be seen, nodding his head inside of the ring.

Byson Kaliban: Cool.. Ray.. why don't you go head and climb out of that ring and have a seat because right now.. You're about to collect a free check..

The crowd begins to stir as Ray seems confused.

Jim Gunt: What is Byson up too?

Mike Rolash: It's something about that suit.. you don't trust anyone who wears a suit that bright..

Byson stands on the stage decked in a purple and gold suit, completed with matching Stacy Adams shoes. He waits patiently as Ray slowly begins to exit the ring.

Byson Kaliban: Go on.. it's fine.. you're not gonna get into any trouble.

Coulter and Braxton appear to be agitated by Byson's shenanigans but he could care less. Ray finally has a seat, allowing Byson to clear his throat.

Byson Kaliban: Now.. since I have your undivided attention.. I felt that due to these men heritage and out of respect to you guys heritage.. We had to do things right!

Byson is excited but a murmur breaks out though the Cuban crowd who have the slightest clue.. However Braxton can audibly be heard yelling at Byson.

Sam Braxton: C'mon get the bloody hell on with it!

Byson only smiles from ear to ear.

Byson Kaliban: Patience Sammie.. but.. Damas y caballeros..

The Cuban fans lose their shit from Byson speaking Spanish.

Byson Kaliban: Haciendo su camino hacia el anillo.. Siendo acompañado por "El Monstruo Enmascarado" Vince Espinoza! Presentado por Byson Kaliban Enterprise y Los Desconocidos Más Conocidos! Desde San Juan, Puerto Rico.. El Corredor! OMAR MARTINEZ!

The Cuban fans let out a respectful cheer for the Puerto Ricans as the opening sounds of "Givenchy" by Kaydy Cain and Yung Beef begin to play. Stepping through the curtains are both Vince Espinoza and Omar Martinez. Martinez no longer wears face paint and has his hair tied up in a man bun. He nods his head to the beat of the song but his partner remains the same stoic monster. Byson joins both men as they make their way to the ring.

Jim Gunt: And here comes the belly renamed Most Known Unknowns.. Espinoza and Martinez. These two are looking

to make their names heard in the tag division. But keep in mind, the last time these two teams faced off against each other, the champs were victorious.

Mike Rolash: That may be true but I vaguely remember Nina pointing out they pinned the illegal man in that match. Which in turn left to the Aussies getting a shot at the belts and then eventually winning them.

Jim Gunt: They might've been the case, however The Lost Boys are a tag champions at this point and time.

Mike Rolash: If we're being fair they did say that they wanting some legit competition but the verdict is still in the air about Vince and Omar. Hell I even think this is Omar's first singles match

Braxton steps through the ropes and to the apron as Martinez rolls under the bottom rope. He gets to his feet and he goes to his designated corner where Styles is over to do his mandatory check. When he's done, he signals for the bell and this match is underway. Both men circle the ring and Coulter shoots in for a tie-up. Martinez uses his speed to duck underneath and latches on a rear waistlock. Dean quickly struggles to get free but Omar holds on with all his might. Steadying his base, Coulter is family able to break Omar's grip and twist his arm with an arm wrench.

Jim Gunt: Well early on these two are trying to get a feel for each other.

Mike Rolash: Here goes the boring arm drags and side headlocks..

Coulter twists Martinez's arm in an awkward fashion as he reaches out for any set of ropes he can grab but none of them are even close. So he uses his last option, forward rolling onto his back and twisting over to his stomach before flipping up to his feet and taking Coulter over with an arm whip. Martinez poses for the crowd but they are not fully sold on him just yet.

Mike Rolash: Why is he trying to win over these fans?

Jim Gunt: I have no idea why he's doing it but it might cost him as Coulter just rolled him up!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout… Both men are back up but Martinez is quickest to the punch, taking Dean back down with a clothesline.

Jim Gunt: And just like that, Omar could've lost this match.

Mike Rolash: He really needs to focus on winning this match.

Martinez looks over to Kaliban who instructs him to carry on. He obliges, stomping down onto Coulter's chest a few times before bringing him back up. Martinez connects with an european uppercut that sends Coulter staggering into the corner. Martinez whips him across the ring but Dean puts on the breaks as he approaches the opposite corner. The Racer follows him in and Coulter sends him gasping for air with a sole kick. Martinez does a full spin while coughing only yup turn right into a charging Dean who drops him to the canvas with a calf kick. Coulter is back to his feet and sitting Martinez up. He grabs ahold of Martinez's arm and locks on a Fujiwara Armbar.

Jim Gunt: Coulter looking to wear Martinez down with the submission hold. One of his many areas of expertise.

Mike Rolash: Hey Jim.. what is Vince doing?

Vince slides into the time and stomps down onto Coulter, forcing him to release his grip. Styles immediately calls for the bell but Vince doesn't care as he scoops Coulter off the canvas and up onto his shoulders. He looks to be going for a running powerslam but Braxton makes the save, pulling Dean off of Vince's shoulders. Espinoza turns to face them and they send him stumbling backwards with a double dropkick! The force of the moves appears to be too much for Espinoza as he stumbles through the ropes and to the outside where he lands his feet! He shoots a death glare the tag champs way.

Jim Gunt: Well that ended rather abruptly, Espinoza coming to the rescue of his tag partner.

Mike Rolash: They need to save all their energy for when they face off at Paradise. Martinez was at risk of an injury and Vince was only doing what was right.

Jim Gunt: Risk of an injury? He wasn't in that armbar very long but these two teams are looking to rip each other's heads off come Paradise.

Mike Rolash: Oh yeah.. and I for one cannot wait!

Byson can be seen helping Martinez stay on his feet while at the same time trying to get Vince to leave ringside. However he's being tempted by a hotheaded Braxton and his partner Dean. He finally decides against it as "Become the Enemy" starts up and The Lost Boys take to separate corners with the tag straps in tow, raising them high for the crowd to see.

@Kyuseishu5

Match

The Lights go out as the crowd awes in excitement.

Jim Gunt: What now?

Mike Rolash: Maybe someone didn't pay the electricity bill.

Jim Gunt: Highly unlikely.

From the back zips out 11 shadows holding candles, the light from the candles show they are kabuki wearing masked individuals. Their movement is very fluid, almost like they are floating. They line up the ramp way holding their candles outward which make for an eerie sight.

Jim Gunt: Kyuseishu versus Paradine is next, but it looks like your friend isn't going to wait for a ring introduction.

Mike Rolash: My friend, your savior!

Jim Gunt: Please. Hashtag; not my savior.

"REACH OUT AND TOUCH FAITH"

"Personal Jesus" by Depeche Mode blasts through the arena as the house lights come up slightly illuminating the arena with a white glow as smoke billows down the ramp way. Entering from the back riding on a red Segway is Daisuke Daiki the spiritual adviser/personal bodyguard of Kyuseishu. He is a large man of about 6'9" wearing black karate pants, he is not wearing a shirt showing off his chiseled chest and wearing he is also wearing a solid black kabuki mask with a golden lightning bolt down the center. Daisuke holds the gold-plated bible high above his head.

Mike Rolash: Kyu's spiritual adviser holding the good book, is here!

Jim Gunt: You mean lackey with a weapon.

Mike Rolash: You shouldn't be prejudice Gunt, it's 2019.

Riding out next on a blue scooter is Kyu's business manager Karen. She is a larger woman with dark frame glasses and has the, short in back with a longer swoop in front hairstyle, that every lady who wants to speak with a manager has.

Jim Gunt: This woman earlier today showed up in our preshow meeting explaining to our boss how we should be calling Kyu's matches. She's revolting.

Mike Rolash: She is a handful to say the least, and I love Kyuseishu.

Out next riding on a white Segway, with his emotional support cat Meowru Suzuki under his arm, is Kyuseishu. Kyu stands tall in a white flowing Jesus like robe looking focused on his way to the ring. Daisuke, Karen, and Kyu roll past the disciples and enter the ring side area. Daisuke spins around giving a signal to the 11 disciples who turn around and exit to the back.

Jim Gunt: Why does he need an entire congregation out here?

Mike Rolash: He's a star Gunt, and a very important man in a religious movement. Plus, it's his right.

Kyuseishu and Karen park their Segway's near the timekeepers table. Daisuke places the golden bible in Kyushu's corner, and then spins back to stand guard at the entrance way.

Jim Gunt: Is he expecting company, that he needs the ramp guarded?

Mike Rolash: It is called being prepared Gunt is this the first wrestling show you have ever seen?

Kyuseishu kisses Suzuki on the forehead and places the cat on the ground handing the leash to Karen who walks the cat over to the broadcast booth. While Kyuseishu grabs a mic and enters the ring.

Jim Gunt: What is this now?

Karen places the mean eyed cat on the announce table between the two announcers. The cat stretches and yawn before using his paw to knock Jim Gunt's water off the table in a single swipe. The mean eyed cat doesn't take his glare off Gunt even for a second. Karen sets up a little mic in front of the mean eyed cat, and hands Rolash the cats leash.

Jim Gunt: Come on now, I'm allergic.

Karen: See a doctor on your own time. Meowru Suzuki is an emotional support cat and has every right to be out here.

Jim Gunt: So, put him in Kyuseishu's corner! This is the announce table.

Karen: He's been invited to be the guest color announcer for the next match.

Jim Gunt: This is ridiculous by who!

Meowru Suzuki: Hisssssssss

Mike Rolash: Sorry I didn't know you were allergic.

The cat starts sharping his claws on Gunt's notes staring at Gunt with a grumpy unapologetic face as he does it.

Karen: Do I need to speak with your manager, or can you do your job?

Mike Rolash: I'd personally like to welcome Meowru to the broadcast table.

Jim Gunt: I give up.

Meowru: Prrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

The cat has a look of pleasure on his face briefly. The camera cuts to Kyuseishu standing tall in the ring looking up to the heavens. Karen joins him by his side with a disapproving snarl on her face.

Kyuseishu: CWF…being here is them taking blood money, and I'm ashamed to stand here before you.

The fans boo, but it's not thunderous. Kyu speaks louder and slower.

Kyuseishu: I said this is a horrible nation, that is anti-United States an being here is nothing more than a cash grab from a bankrupt country. It's illogical.

Jim Gunt: It's called spreading culture and being a world brand.

Still a slight response. Karen whispers into Kyu's ear, and now he seems to understand what is going on. He walks over to the ropes and points to the Spanish announce team. He waves over Spanish announcer Juan Ignacio Cimarron. The announcer complies and enters the ring with his own mic.

Kyuseishu: I…need…. you….to…translate…to…. these…sinners....my….words.

Kyuseishu uses obvious hand gestures as he speaks loud and slow to the Spanish announcer.

Juan Ignacio Cimarron: I speak English man.

Karen: Drop the tone hombre, and just translate.

Juan adjusts his suit, and bites his tongue knowing its not worth the argument.

Kyuseishu: Tell these people they live in a Godless country that is anti-American and disgusting.

Juan translates what Kyu said into Spanish and the crowd now erupts in jeers.

Jim Gunt: This is absurd.

Meowru Suzuki: Hisssssssss

Mike Roland: That cat hates you.

Jim Gunt: *Sneezes* It's mutual.

Kyuseishu: Closed boarders, and strict immigration policies? Vile. You don't let anyone who wants to come here to live here. VILE. Plus, your streets look like a Shriners day parade in a small town with those stupid classic cars. Sure, America might be filled with white women drinking White Claws but at least we are FREE!!!

Juan again translates to audience to a thunderous roar.

Kyuseishu: CWF is talking BLOODMONEY to be here. BLOOD MONEY…. BLOOD MONEY….BLOOD MONEY!!!

Kyu shakes his fists dramatically as the crowd jeers louder everytime he speaks.

Kyuseishu: Juan you are relieved they don't deserve to know what I have to say. I will put a good word into the Latino heaven for you when I get home for your religious work here tonight. Now be gone.

Karen: Good job amigo.

Juan gives Karen a dirty look before exiting the ring to go bitch about her and Kyuseishu on the Spanish feed.

Kyuseishu: Ladies in America put down the White Claws and listen up. Beta males of America, stop washing the dishes or centering your stupid beards; pay close attention as I have a major announcement. Get a pen, paper, or your sinful device on standby. My voice shall no longer be censored by the "fake news" reporters of CWF like Tara and Gunt. Mike Rolash is the only semblance of excellence in a sea of mediocracy, and a mass agenda driven bias. No longer will my religious rights be suppressed by corporate entities and political game players. No longer will I wrestle in sinful nations with corrupt paper think government. Freedom shall always be free, and my separation of church and CEO shall be protected. Ladies and gentle your savior, the Pontiff of the CWF, the king of kings, the second coming, the squared circle saint, the social justice samurai…I AM NOW ON TWITTER!!!!!!

The crowd jeers when somebody tosses an eaten elote cobb hitting Kyuseishu in the face they loudly cheer. Karen is outraged and leaves the ring to dress down head of security T.J. Flint and have a fans thrown out. Kyuseishu kicks the cobb out of the ring otherwise ignoring it.

Kyuseishu: Ladies and gentle you can follow me @kyuseishu5 on TWITTER! I'm sure I'm the top trend already so now let me continue my single match winning streak, and put that 3-way mess behind me, as I don't work well with others. Ray Douglas do your job announce me and follow me on twitter.

Referee Scott Dean, and ring announcer Ray Douglas enter the ring.

Kyuseishu vs. Nathan Paradine

Match

Jim Gunt: Well let's get to why we are here, and that's to witness a fight.

Mike Rolash: A religious awakening, if you will.

Jim Gunt: I won't.

Meowru Suzuki: Hiss.

Jim Gunt: Is that cat really staying here to call the match with us?

Mike Rolash: I INVITED HIM!!

Daisuke Daiki rides his Segway over to Kyu's corner while he talks over some last second strategy with the savior.

Ray Douglas: This following contest if for one fall and is a singles match. Already in the ring standing to my right…from God's loins to your salvation…via Tokyo, Japan...making his American residence in Chicago, Illinois...standing 6'5"…and weighing in at 275 pounds…he is the Pontiff of the CWF…God's Champion…and your Personal Jesus…he is KYUSEISHU!!!!

The crowd jeers as Kyu steps to the center of the ring holding the golden bible high above his head smiling at the agitated fans. With no music playing the enraged crowd stands out.

Ray Douglas: His opponent…

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.

Ray Douglas: Hailing from Melbourne, Australia…. standing 6'4" …and weighing in at 240 pounds…he is "The Australian Submission Machine"…"The Nomad"..."The Hostile Exile"…HE IS NATHAN PARADINNNNNNEEEEEEEE!!!!!

The crowd cheers as Paradine climbs the stairs and wipes his boots on the outside of the apron showing respect to his craft 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 warmups before the bell rings.

Jim Gunt: The crowd clearly in the favor of the Australian tonight.

Mike Rolash: Sinner.

Kyuseishu leans back with his arms on the ropes and a snarling face looking across the ring at Nathan Paradine who also has his eyes locked on Kyu. The bell sounds, and the match starts in a furry, as Kyu charges Nathan hitting him in the head with a running boot to the side of Paradine's face. The momentum carries Kyu into Nathans corner forcing him to turn around. Nathan goes down hard, but no sells it, popping up almost immediately and ramming Kyuseishu hard in the chest with his shoulder just as Kyu is turning around. The impact from the hard shoulder sends Kyu stumbling hard backwards into the turnbuckle and falling to the mat. However now Kyu quickly bounces up also no selling, as Paradine starts unloading punches into Kyuseishu face, quickly backing him up into a ring corner as Kyu tries desperately to defend the hard strikes.

Jim Gunt: Explosive start to this match as both men know what is at stake here tonight, and neither is willing to give an inch. Both spent a good amount of time in Japan; and I don't know if they have history, but this seems personal as

they are laying into strikes.

Mike Rolash: It probably involved Suntory, and a woman in Shinjuku.

Left, right, left, right, left, right, left, right as Paradine unleashes on Kyuseishu's head as the crowd cheers him on.

Jim Gunt: Scott Dean is already losing control of this match.

Mike Rolash: Two guys who don't want to be viewed as losers giving it all they got. Who needs control?

Kyuseishu slouches a little down against the turnbuckle but stands up tall after absorbing all the shots to his head. The Savior shakes off the punches almost no selling them as he grabs Paradine by the shoulders and reverses his position with the Australian Submission machine.

Jim Gunt: Kyu now on top with Paradine in the corner. Intensity on display here tonight.

Mike Rolash: Kyuseishu has Jesus like skills in absorbing pain, or at least that's what I was told by his newsletter.

Left, right, left, right, left, right, left, right as now Kyuseishu unleashes on Paradine's head. This time Paradine stands up tall after slumping down a bit and gets in the face of Kyu telling him that this won't be easy for either man.

Nathan Paradine(off mic) : Come' on mate!

Kyuseishu answers the offer, and hits Paradine with a hard left then Irish whips him into the opposite diagonal ring corner. Paradine goes flying but manages to turn around slamming his back into the turnbuckles using the force to charge Kyuseishu with a clothesline who is rushing towards him with intensity and evil thoughts of his own.

Jim Gunt: Paradine with a Spare Change rebound Lariat…NOOOOO…ducked by Kyu….who tries to grab Paradine's head for a Jesus Juice sleeper hold…but Paradine slips out of it almost instantly using both sweat and skill, he now leaping up in the air for an enzuigiri which Kyu NOW DUCKS...the action keeps moving as Kyu tries for a running knee to the seated Paradine…who lays back down ducking the knee strike sending Kyuseishu to the mat on the whiff!! Wow what an opening, with neither side able to get an advantage.

The crowd cheers the pace, and action as both men are now seated up staring at each other in frustration from across the ring. Kyu feels his lip as it's drawn a little blood and as puffing up from catching a stiff right hand.

Mike Rolash: Do they have religion in Australia?

Jim Gunt: I would assume so.

Mike Rolash: What about Cuba?

Jim Gunt: Pestering me already?

Both gladiators slowly rise to their feet as the crowd starts a Par-a-dine chant. Nathan smiles, accepting the crowd's response, whom aren't always with him. Kyuseishu walks off a few of the jabs that hit him earlier in the striking exchange, and starts circling and pacing around Paradine who's standing tall in the center of the ring. Both men's eyes are locked onto each other waiting for the next attack. Paradine cracks his neck and starts to bounce in a fighter's stance.

Jim Gunt: Both men are looking to end losing streaks. Both men know tonight is a deciding night for them, in their separate journeys to Cancun for our next pay-per-view! Join us July 16th, for Paradise Beach in Zona Hotelera! You are not going to want to miss out on this one.

Kyuseishu walks up to Paradine with a sick smile on his face, both men having worked so long in Japan know it's time for a little fighting spirt. Kyuseishu starts off the challenge with a hard chop across the chest of Paradine, who winces in pain as the crowd jeers. Kyu smiles and gestures for Paradine to bring it. Paradine takes his at-bat, returning the favor with a hard chop of his own, moving the crowd to cheer.

Jim Gunt: This is Japanese fighting spirit! Both men will take turns trying to hurt each other, until one man backs off, or falls.

Mike Rolash: Seems very Japanese.

Jim Gunt: I don't know what that even means.

Mike Rolash: Someday you'll get me Jim. Some day.

Kyuseushu hits another hard chop, as the crowd jeers. Paradine hits his chop, as the crowd cheers. This repeats itself for about ten more times as both men's chests are now raw showing deep red marks. The crowd reaches a feverish pitch, loving the sound of the strikes and the stiffness behind them. Kyuseishu changes it up throwing a hard left sending Paradine reeling back while Scott Dean yells at him for the closed fist.

Jim Gunt: Kyuseishu has a 35-pound weight advantage and stands a hair taller not to mention an age advantage and neither man is a spring chicken. I think he got the better of Paradine due to his size and age.

Paradine catches his footing and walks up to Kyuseishu throwing a hard closed fist right which now sends Kyuseishu stumbling backwards. The ref yells at Paradine.

Jim Gunt: Paradine is usually a submission expert, but strikes are his bread and butter as he uses them to wear down body parts, and find his opening for the deadly Gogoplata choke hold finisher he calls the Mark of Judas.

Suzuki Cat: HISS!

Mike Rolash: That cat is cute; I'm honored to have him on commentary for this match!

Jim Gunt: Please.

Suzuki Cat: Hiss Hiss.

Kyuseishu falls all the way back into the ropes catching himself from falling through them as the fans are clearly throwing insults at him in Spanish. Frustrated the savior charges at Paradine with another big boot same one that opened the match, only this time it's caught by the submission machine. Kyuseishu puts up his hands up and pleads for Paradine to let his foot go only to be met with pain, as Paradine twists Kyuseishu's knee with a reverse dragon screw sending him down to the mat and tweaking his ankle in the process on an accidental fall catching of the canvas along with twerking his knee as intended. Paradine wastes no time and applies a figure four leg lock.

Jim Gunt: The social justice samurai is in trouble as the Australian submission machine has the hold locked in tight. Kyuseishu is screaming in pain.

Mike Rolash: That cat is giving you a dirty looks Jim.

Jim Gunt: His mean eyes won't leave me alone. He makes the grumpy cat look happy.

Mike Rolash: That cat died recently. Hes not grumpy anymore, he's dead Jim.

Jim Gunt: Condolences to the grumpy family.

Suzuki Cat: HISSSSSSS

Mike Rolash: Yeah that cat hates you.

The crowd chants TAP TAP TAP as Kyuseishu is clearly out of reach of the ropes and is visibly in pain. Suddenly he reaches his hands to the heavens and starts a one-way dialogue with God.

Mike Rolash: He's tagging in JESUS!!!

Jim Gunt: He's talking to himself.

Suzuki Cat: HISSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!

Paradine, looks shocked as it seems like Kyuseishu is gaining energy from the heavens. Kyu starts speaking in tongues, finding energy to use from deep inside. Kyu uses his size advantage and strength to lift himself off the canvas and hand walks closer and closer to the ropes.

Mike Rolash: COME ON KYU!

The crowd is not happy as the boo meter goes off the charts. Kyu reaches the ropes as Scott Dean steps in yelling for Paradine to release the hold. Paradine can care less as he hangs on until the four count of the referee. As soon as Nathan lets go, Kyu rolls out of the ring and starts to hop on one foot towards the announcer's desk. He's using his hands to gesture a time out. The referee begins his count anyway as Paradine yells at Kyu to get back into the ring.

Jim Gunt: Kyuseishu is coming our way.

Mike Rolash: Probably looking for me to give him some advice.

Jim Gunt: I highly doubt that Mike. The referee is up to a four count.

Kyuseishu hopples over to the table yelling, "safe place, safe place" in the direction of Jim Gunt whose microphone picks up the audio. Kyu then leans in and nudges his head against his emotional support cat Meowru Suzuki. The cat head butts him back affectionately. Kyuseishu scratches behind Suzuki's ears.

Jim Gunt: He better get back in the ring, Scott Dean is up to an 8 count. Again, tonight is a redemption story for one of these two men, and a free fall to the back of the line for the other.

Kyuseishu struggles to the ring apron and rolls in, and then rolls right back out again. His limp from his rolled ankle is still bothering him as heads back to his cat. He stops along the way to admonish a front row fan who is loudly calling him a 'snowflake'. Kyuseishu gets in the fans face, as the entire arena catches on and starts a 'snowflake' chant with a flavorful Cuban accent. Karen is again yelling at the head of security who is telling here there is nothing he can do about a chant.

Mike Rolash: These fans are bullies.

Jim Gunt: I think you have that all spun around.

Paradine is now frustrated and exits the ring in a rage. He spins Kyuseishu around by the shoulder and Irish whips him in hard into the side of the ring back first. Kyu lets out a pained scream. Paradine takes his frustration out on Kyu by again Irish whipping him back into the ring barrier right in front of, and much to the delight of the fan that was being yelled at by Kyu just moments ago. Paradine is not done yet as he Irish whips Kyu back into the hard side of the ring damaging Kyu's back some more. Out of nowhere Kyuseishu's spiritual advisor Daisuke Daiki rolls up on his Segway yelling at Paradine and the ref from behind his kabuki mask. The referee is yelling back at Daisuke Daiki who jumps on the ring apron and uses his massive size to try to intimidate referee Scott Dean. Paradine is watching waiting to jump in if needed.

Jim Gunt: What the hell is he doing out here anyway?

Mike Rolash: How dare you limit our saviors' access to his spiritual adviser slash bodyguard.

Kyuseishu uses this distraction to grab his golden bible charging at Paradine from behind hitting him hard in the back of his head with the good book's solid gold bible cover. Paradine goes down with a sickening thud as Kyu also drops now

selling the shots he took to his back. The spiritual adviser leaves the ring apron as the Scott Dean again starts a ten count.

Mike Rolash: BIBLE STUDY!!

Jim Gunt: Call it what you want, I call it cheating.

Mike Rolash: THE BIBLE STUDY it is!!!

Jim Gunt: This crowd is NOT happy, and why should they be.

The social justice samurai slowly gets up to his feet still holding his back in pain. He rolls Nathan Paradine back into the ring and struggles a bit to get himself into the ring with his injured ankle. Kyu picks up Paradine by his head before kicking him with a boot in the stomach, he then picks up Paradine who is in a crouched over position before dropping him down hard with a fierce powerbomb.

Jim Gunt: Shades of his father “The Malice Man’ Duke Williams. Wow the whole ring shook on that one. Here comes the pin. ONE!

Mike Rolash: It’s over!! It’s over!!

Jim Gunt: TWO

Shoulder up.

The crowd erupts in a “this is awesome” chant.

Jim Gunt: Indeed, it is. Again, very high stakes here as another loss for either of these two men will jeopardize their place in the pecking order here in CWF.

Mike Rolash: Nobody wants to lose Jim.

Kyuseishu stands back up but is clearly still suffering from his injured leg and back. Kyu grabs Paradine by the head helping him up again. He thinks about the Lords Lariat but realizes he can’t plant his foot to execute it. Instead Kyu Irish whips Paradine into a corner with ease as Paradine is still half out of it from the bible shot.

Jim Gunt: Paradine has systematically taken apart your savior, but the use of that golden object has given Kyu a slight illegal upper hand.

Mike Rolash: All he did was spread the words of the good book giving Paradine some much needed religious knowledge.

Kyu starts limping towards Paradine and as he passes Scott Dean, he lightly touches his head causing Scott to pass out and fall backwards, just like a stiff board in that late-night TV preacher style.

Jim Gunt: Kyuseishu just assaulted a referee, Scott Dean is out.

Mike Rolash: He didn’t assault him, he Benny Hinn’d him. He simply felt the power of the lord! Don’t you ever watch late night TV Gunt? He can’t help that Dean couldn’t handle the power of GOD.

Kyuseishu doesn’t even look back at the fallen ref, he just keeps on limping toward the cornered Paradine with a

sadistic look in his eyes. Kyu reaches into his tights and pulls out the golden fork from his last supper and gets about three good jabs into the forehead of Paradine (Abdullah the butcher style) before laughing loudly and looking out at the jeering crowd who is getting really pissed.

Jim Gunt: This is disgusting. He better be; fined, or fired.

Mike Rolash: …or promoted to either head chef, or CWF chaplain!

Paradine falls to one knee as blood starts to streak down his face. Paradine knows he's in trouble but he's a born fighter and not ready to give in the jabs helped him recover by way of adrenaline.

Jim Gunt: This isn't wrestling this is just savage.

Mike Rolash: Ohhhh Yeaaaa.

Suddenly Paradine grabs the leg of Kyuseishu lifting it hard straight up as he stands up tipping him backwards. Using the momentum and holding on to the leg Paradine drags Kyuseishu to the center of the ring where he snaps on an ankle lock submission to the already rolled ankle that's been bugging Kyu. Paradine almost looks crazed as he twists with extreme force on the ankle of Kyu. Blood is still streaking down his face making him look extra badass in the process. The crowd is going wild. Kyu taps out a few seconds after being put in the hold; Paradine releases his grip and raises his arms in victory.

Jim Gunt: Paradine doesn't know the ref is out.

Mike Rolash: Genius!

Kyuseishu is rolling around the canvas grabbing at his ankle in extreme pain. Nathan Paradine looks for the ref after realizing there is no bell sound. He finds him laying behind him still knocked out. Paradine drops his arms out of the victory pose with frustration showing on his blood covered face. Suddenly he pounces on top of Kyu and starts raining down fists, left and right. Kyu is doing everything he can do to block the punches, but a few are getting through to the delight of the fans. Paradine then stands up and starts stomping on Kyu's ankle as Kyu shouts in pain. Paradine suddenly stops, as something catches his eye. The crowd pops loudly as they see what he sees.

Mike Rolash: Oh no.

Jim Gunt: An eye for an eye, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Damn it Jim! I'm a color commentator…not an optometrist.

Paradine smiles as he walks over to the dropped fallen fork. He picks it up glaring at Kyuseishu who sees what he has in his hand as he clutches his ankle in pain. The savior's is still hurting so much he can't flee so he starts begging off the Australian submission machine. Paradine doesn't care, he rushes over and grabs Kyu by his man bun, as the crowd is going wild as he holds the fork high above Kyu's forehead for everyone to see. Paradine gives Kyu four of five good jabs to the forehead of Kyu before spiking the fork into the canvas as the crowd eats it up, he raises his arms in victory again.

Jim Gunt: FORK YOU Kyuseishu, FORK YOU!!!

Mike Rolash: Jesus Gunt, a bit much.

Suzuki Cat: Hissssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss

Jim Gunt: I'm usually balanced, but this con man Kyu just really agitates me. I don't like him, or that mean eyed cat.

The cat yawns, the crowd is still buzzing, and Paradine is demanding that Kyuseishu stand up and fight him like a man. When Kyu ignores him the skilled striker that is Paradine starts lightly throwing taunting kicks against the back of Kyu's head. This clearly angers the savior as his eyes open wide. Kyuseishu again looks to the heavens with blood

streaking down his face still pouring out of his forehead. His head is again rocked with another taunting light kick this time to the side of Kyu's head. Kyu finds his inner strength and stands up clearly sill in pain but not caring, letting out a war cry roar in the process. The two men butt heads face to face screaming at each other as blood flows from both their foreheads. The crowd chants, "this is awesome" as a puddle of blood underneath them starts collecting.

Jim Gunt: Both men agreed to work strong style tonight, and we're being treated to a war. These men do not like each other for some reason, and both are driven by wins, in a match that will end one of these two men's losing streak. Although both men before the match downplayed if they were even really on a losing streak trust me a win tonight will matter.

Mike Rolash: I'm KEEPING THE FAITH!!

Jim Gunt: Wait a minute, the referee Scott Dean is back up and looks confused. Oh no.

Mike Rolash: This can't be the end.

The referee looks at both wrestlers, the fork on the canvas, the head wounds of both men, the mean eyed cat sat sitting ring side, the fallen golden bible disheveled outside the ring…and then directly at Kyuseishu. Scott Dean rubs his temples trying to remember what happened, and suddenly he does.

Jim Gunt: This is an outrageous ending! Paradine is going to win by disqualification. I mean Kyu deserves it but that's a hell of a let down from a war.

Mike Rolash: Another example of religious profiling.

The ref throws his arm back about to call for the bell when suddenly an arm catches his wrist just as it's going forward. The camera reveals it's Paradine.

Jim Gunt: What the hell?

Paradine (off camera): Not like this mate. This fight ends in a fight, not by rules.

The crowd erupts in a "let them fight chant". The ref looks at Kyuseishu who tries to look as blameless as he can, putting his hands behind his back, and whistling innocently, while blood drips from his chin. The Ref pulls his arm out of the grip of Paradine irately and makes a motion with both his arms signaling the wrestlers to fight. Scott Dean backs up, as haymakers start to fly from both men in a wild brawl with Scott Dean letting it happen. The crowd is on their feet.

Jim Gunt: Scott Dean is going to let this one go!

Mike Rolash: It's a miracle!

Jim Gunt: Or a mistake.

Paradine mixes it up with kicks and punches causing Kyuishu to stumble backwards. Paradine senses an opportunity and moves in close to Kyuseishu but is met with a Lords Lariat!!

Mike Rolash: That's Kyu's finisher THE LORDS LARIAT!! It's ovvvvvvvver!

Jim Gunt: I'm not so sure about that, as I don't think he was able to again fully plant or commit to the move.

Kyuseishu is still grabbing his back looking on in frustration as Paradine is not laid out on the canvas but simply knocked back hard. He moves in grabbing the arm of Paradine for a short-armed Lariat. Paradine senses the weakness in Kyu's delivery and finds his stamina to absorb the lariat again this time grabbing Kyu's arm in the process twisting him around while extending his legs going for his finisher the Gogoplata chokehold.

Jim Gunt: Wait a minute if he secures the Mark of Judas it will all be over for Kyuseishu. Also, I think the cat has gas.

Mike Rolash: I thought that was you.

Seemingly sensing the trouble, Kyu goes limp and stumbles backwards out of the hold and into the ropes.

Mike Rolash: It’s a miracle.

Kyuseishu spots Paradine coming at him and uses all he has left to spring off the ropes and go for one more Lord’s Lariat this time with all his might.

Jim Gunt: Look out!!

This time Kyuseishu lands the strike with all he has left in him, as he takes off the bloody head of the Australian submission machine as sweat flies off his body from the impact. Kyu lands on his knees after the impact, and grabs his back in pain but quickly rushes over to cover Paradine hooking the leg just to make sure.

Jim Gunt:The LORDS LARIAT LANDS!!! ONE!

Mike Rolash: Praise be to Kyu!

Jim Gunt: Two

Meowru Suzuki: Prrrrrr

Jim Gunt: Three!! He’s got it!

The bell rings as Kyuseishu falls backwards to the canvas with nothing left to give. His spiritual adviser Daisuke Daiki slides in the ring to defend him if needed and pours holy water on his face to try to revive him.

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match KYUSEISHUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU!!!!

The referee points at the downed Kyuseishu before checking on Nathan Paradine who just shrugs him off as he rolls out of the ring punching the mat in the process in frustration knowing he had Kyuseishu right where he wanted him. Daisuke Daiki helps Kyuseishu up to his feet. Kyu now who starts whipping the blood from his face as he smiles devilishly.

Jim Gunt: I hate to say it, but Kyuseishu managed to pull this one out! Paradine is back to the drawing board.

Mike Rolash: I never lost faith Jim.

Karen comes by to scoop up Meowru Suzuki.

Mike Rolash: I thought the cat really added to our coverage.

Jim Gunt: Let’s just move on.

Taken Over

Match

The camera cuts to the backstage area, in specific the office of the new C.E.O of Championship Wrestling Federation, Jaiden Rishel. The Prodigal Son sits behind his desk, a big smile on his face as he watches his laptop, displaying replays of all the action from tonight so far. Jaiden waves at the camera, acknowledging the audience before speaking.

Jaiden Rishel: Welcome ladies and gentlemen, from Havana, Cuba, where another successful Evolution broadcast takes place under the watch of Jaiden Rishel. You see, when that idiot Stewart went and got in that scuffle with the poor writer that led to his firing, I knew all along that it would be me, sitting here, in front of all of you. Why? Because me and my family's name is wrestling royalty, in particular here in CWF.

Jaiden's cocky smirk goes away for just a second as he seems to get emotional as he's in thought.

Jaiden Rishel: Nineteen long years ago, my father Justin Rishel founded CWF. So many people have come into this

god forsaken company and tried to "right the wrongs" that my dad had caused, but not a god damn one of them; including myself for the longest of times, realized just what a mistake they were making. There were no wrongs to right. There was no "taking the company to all new heights", because under my dads rule, we were more dominant than ever before.

Jaiden once again has that trademark smile on his face as he holds up a piece of paper, the camera zooming in on it slowly to reveal it as the contract that the Prodigal Son signed to become the new C.E.O.

Jaiden Rishel: You see this contract? That means that I have now taken over. Championship Wrestling Federation is now mine, and it will remain that way until the day that I get bored with it. For now? All any of you need to know is this. I can be an easy man to get along with, and I don't plan on getting out there and getting my hands dirty like some of your grungy bosses of the past. I am here to do one job and one job only. To keep the sanctity of CWF, to bring back the integrity that this company had ONLY under the rule of one man. One family.

Jaiden dead stares at the camera and the fans watching at home.

Jaiden Rishel: The Rishel Family.

Brandon Youngblood vs. PJ Blake vs. Tom Marrow

Match

Jim Gunt: Bold statement there from Jaiden Rishel!

Mike Rolash: You're damned right, Jimbo, it's nice to see the First Family back in charge around here!

Ray Douglas: The following is the second Double Jeopardy Match! The team of three who won the six person tag team match last week now will face off in a triple threat match set for one fall, with a fifteen minute time limit!

Red and Blue lights begin flashing, with sirens sounded. The theme song from COPS begins playing, as Amanda the Game Warden struts out in a beige police bedroom costume. She is holding a leash as the song “Who Let The Dogs Out” is mixed in, creating an "interesting" remix. 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.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Florida, Ohio, he is….TOM MARROW!!

Mike Rolash: The fact that this guy is still around makes me sick.

Jim Gunt: The one thing I would say CWF is NOT, after working for this company damn near twenty years on and off, is picky.

Mike Rolash: Ha, you’re damn right! Wait...hey!

“Black Static” by HEALTH plays over the speakers and the fans immediately come to their feet to boo the newest member of the Inner Circle stable, Brandon Youngblood. Youngblood soaks in the reaction from the crowd, confident as ever as he struts down to the ring and rolls in. The Last Diamond pops up right in the face of Tom Marrow, moving back slowly as if to try to intimidate Benji. He simply barks back at him.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada….BRANDON YOUNGBLOOD!!

Jim Gunt: Brandon Youngblood has to be the perennial favorite going into this final match of the Double Jeopardy series. But the question is, Mike, is he the favorite because he was the one to pick up the win for his three person team last week, or because his *actual* three person team is the Inner Circle with World and Paramount Champions Dan Ryan and Lindsay Troy? Pretty strong influences there.

Mike Rolash: Doesn’t matter, Jim. The fact of the matter is Youngblood is the favorite, hell you even said it. It’s obvious

who holds all the cards in this one, Brandon carried his team last week and he'll turn around and embarrass them tonight!

"Light' Em Up" starts to play and not long after PJ Blake throws herself out from behind the curtain and launches a closed fist up towards the sky. PJ makes her way to the ring with a smile on her face and rolls into the ring under the bottom rope. She kicks ups to her feet and proceeds to climb up on the middle rope throwing a closed fist to the sky. The Havana crowd bursts into cheers, surprising young PJ Blake and nearly bringing a tear to her eye as she looks on at the sold out Cuban crowd with a massive smile on her face.

Ray Douglas: And their opponent, from Seattle, Washington….PJ BLAKE!!

Jim Gunt: Talk about a favorite, I would venture to say here is Havana's favorite going into this one!

Mike Rolash: Eh, we all know the only good thing Cuban's have ever created were cigars, what do they know?

Jim Gunt: They know they love PJ Blake, and I can't help but to jump on board and say I do as well! This girl brings an infectious energy unlike any other, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Ah, shaddup.

The Havana crowd is still cheering even as "Big" Denny Davidson calls for the bell, the city showing massive respect to CWF since they don't have major professional wrestling companies come to their island very often. A still excited PJ Blake turns around and bends her arm with her fist out, nodding at the cheering crowd and turning around to immediately take a brutal knife edge chop from Brandon Youngblood.

Mike Rolash: The master of the knife edge chop, Youngblood is going to have PJ wishing she would have just stayed at home and kept on the chef ap…

Jim Gunt: No. Just...no. We're not going to be sexist tonight. We're just not going to go there.

Mike Rolash: ….

Jim Gunt: Can we fire this idiot already?

Mike Rolash: Why are you such a dick tonight, Jim? On your period?

Jim Gunt: Mike! I apologize for my colleague's chauvinistic ways, let's take things back to the action where Blake recovers in the corner after taking a second chop from Youngblood, and now the Dogman himself, Tom Marrow matches up nose to...snout, with the Last Diamond.

Tom Marrow grabs ahold of Youngblood by the head, tucking it underneath quickly and looking to go for a quick Bulldog. Unfortunately for Marrow, he meets nothing but canvas as the Inner Circle member uses his own momentum against him, sending him crashing right into the corner! Brandon Youngblood turns around right into a big dropkick from PJ Blake however, the second generation star hyping up the Cuban fans again before she heads for the ropes, coming back just as Youngblood launches himself through the air.

Jim Gunt: V-Trigger Knee! What a nasty exchange there, as Brandon Youngblood damn near took the head off poor PJ in mid-air, and is now going for the first cover of the match!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Tom Marrow breaks it up with an awkward spin-down elbow to the back of Youngblood!

Mike Rolash: Everything about Tom Marrow is awkward…

Jim Gunt: You have a point there.

An angry Youngblood starts back up to his feet, his attention now fully on Tom Marrow as he follows him right back into the corner. Marrow attempts a chop of his own, but Brandon catches his arm, throws him back hard into the corner and knife edge chops the hell out of him. Screaming in pain, Tom reaches outside for Amanda the Game Warden who just watches on barely caring as Youngblood slaps his blood red chest with another sick chop.

Jim Gunt: Schoolgirl! After Brandon Youngblood has been in control for nearly this entire match, PJ Blake just rolled him up and could have this match won just like that!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO!

At the last second, Brandon Youngblood uses all of his body to kick out, kipping right up to his feet and nailing PJ with a Yakuza Kick! The Last Diamond stands over Cuban's favorite underdog with a nasty smile planted on his face, out of the corner of his eye seeing Tom Marrow struggling to pull himself up to the top rope. Marrow leaps off, and Youngblood easily catches him.

Jim Gunt: Fallaway Slam ALL THE WAY OVER THE TOP ROPE AND INTO THE FREAKING BARRICADE!

Mike Rolash: Well, Tom Marrow's done.

Youngblood wipes his hands clean as he leans over the ropes, watching Marrow unable to even move on the outside. Suddenly he feels a tension on the back of his neck, as PJ Blake leaps up and grabs him from behind. REVERSE SNAP RANA! The Last Diamond lands right on his face, PJ hurrying to push him onto his back and hook both legs as the Havana crowd counts along with "Big" Denny.

ONE!

TWO!

T-KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: What a snap hurricanrana there from PJ Blake! I can't believe you haven't gotten behind her, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Because I actually have some sensibility and style, unlike some people.

Jim Gunt: Riiight.

Looking to continue her momentum, PJ Blake does not let the nearfall deter her, getting right back up to her feet and leaping high in the air to land a picture perfect corkscrew standing moonsault. Another cover from Blake.

ONE!

TWO!

T-OM MARROW BREAKS UP THE FALL!

Jim Gunt: Really surprised to see Tom Marrow back into this thing, but he just came back into the ring with a nice uhh...Dawg Splash from the top rope to break up PJ's cover.

Mike Rolash: Looks like Tom fell flat on his face to me. Luckily, PJ Blake was there to break his fall.

Revving himself up, Tom Marrow calls for the crowd to get behind him as he hops down to all fours, preparing to charge at whichever opponent gets up first. PJ Blake is the first to recover, rolling out of the way and using the ropes for leverage as Tom nearly connects with a Spear. He finds his grounding and turns around, right into a Shining Wizard Kick from PJ. The exhilaration of the sold out Havana crowd has PJ Blake on a whole other level, as she leaps straight

to the top rope looking for the Legacy five star frog splash.

Jim Gunt: LEGA-NO! Brandon Youngblood pushes poor PJ off the top, and all the way to the floor outside!

Mike Rolash: Oh, poor PJ. Cover that goon, Brandon!

Not content in just taking the victory obtained from his opponent, Brandon Youngblood pulls Tom up by his hair, violently putting him into a half nelson.

Jim Gunt: Half Nelson Suplex from Youngblood! It's all academic from there, Mike.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: The winner of Double Jeopardy by pinfall and moving onto Paradise to face Autumn Raven for the Impact Championship….BRANDON YOUNGBLOOD!!

"Black Static" starts up again as Youngblood doesn't even bother to celebrate his victory, rolling out of the ring before "Big" Denny can even raise his arm in the air. Brandon barely looks back at the booing fans, a confident smirk on his face as he heads up the ramp.

Out of the Shadows

Match

The backstage area of the Coliseo de la Ciudad Deportiva, a dimly lit corridor. Not many stagehands and other luminaries can be found here. A single door stands out from the gloom, strangely purple light visible underneath and what appears to be wisps of smoke snaking out from under and instead of a neat name plate, it has the word Ataxia spray painted across the door and its frame. A shadow can be seen in the light and finally the door opens, revealing a black silhouette against the purple smoke that is thick enough to obscure anything beyond.

As the figure steps out into the hallway, three black-robed shadows suddenly emerge, throwing a black bag over the figure's head and ramming it headfirst into the wall. The figure stumbles, but does not fall, a second well-timed ram into the brick wall does the trick, though, and it crumples to the floor. The three robed men (?) then proceed to drag the unconscious figure out of sight, the cameraman visibly afraid to get too close to where they are going.

Autumn Raven (c) vs. Jimmy Allen

Match

Jimmy Allen walks slowly out onto the stage as "Sound of Madness" by Shinedown plays. He pauses there as he gets a huge pop from the crowd. Sprinting towards the ring he leaps and dives under the bottom rope sliding to the center of the ring where he pops up to a standing position.

Ray Douglas: The following is a singles match, set for one fall under a fifteen minute time limit! Introducing first, from Dallas, Texas, the Catalyst….JIMMY ALLEN!!

Purple lights shine around the top of the ramp, fog rolling around it as the beginning lyrics of Sixx A.M's "Somewhere in Hollywood" plays, the CWF 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 Raven 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, the Impact Title over her shoulder, as she starts down the ramp slowly.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Los Angeles, California, she is the current Impact Champion….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: Very interesting match here, Mike. The Impact Championship may not be on the line here, but you've got to think a win by Jimmy Allen puts him right into contention for her gold.

Mike Rolash: Behind Brandon Youngblood, that is, who we all know earned a shot at Autumn earlier tonight by winning his second straight Double Jeopardy Match!

There is a moment where Clark Summits goes over the rules that both opponents stare each other down. The second the bell goes off the two charge. Left by Autumn to Jimmy's face. Right by Jimmy to Autumn's face. The fans get on their feet as the two start doing this exchange of blows. Left. Right. Left. Right. Both competitors' fans in the crowd cheering and booing respectively until there is a frenzy.

Jim Gunt: Who's going to give in first, Mike?

Mike Rolash: Hopefully both of them!

Autumn throws a wild punch and Jimmy ducks it. Jimmy rushes forward with a bulldog taking down the Impact Champion. Jimmy gets up and capitalizes quickly by dropping an elbow to Autumn's sternum, knocking the wind out of her. Jimmy kips up heads to the top turnbuckle. He calls for the "Houston Hangover". Jimmy leaps off the top rope going for flipping leg drop, but mid flip Autumn rolls out of the way to the ring floor on the outside. Jimmy catches himself and lands on his feet. Autumn gets up and gets taken down by a baseball slide to the outside.

Jim Gunt: Now this one is going to get really interesting, as both Raven and Allen take it to the outside.

Mike Rolash: This isn't a falls count anywhere match, what the hell are these two numbskulls doing?

On the outside the brawl continues as Jimmy picks up Autumn and she hits him with a jawbreaker! The two both stumble and get up at the same time, as Clark Summits is forced to count both competitors out.

Jim Gunt: Both competitors throwing some serious shots on the outside of the ring, but as Summits count begins to get past five, you have to think they wanna get back in the ring...

As if by clockwork, they both slide into the ring as Summits gets up to a six count. Autumn rushes in and slides between Jimmy's legs takes him down with a drop toe hold. She gets up quickly and drops a knee to the back of his head. She gets up and waits, readying herself to hit the Claw of the Night when Jimmy stands up. Jimmy gets up, but ducks down missing the superkick. He comes up with an uppercut and sends Autumn flying back into the turnbuckle. Jimmy goes for his own superkick, but Autumn slumps down and rolls out of the ring again. Jimmy misses and Autumn slides back in and goes for a kick to the gut. Enziguri!

Jim Gunt: What an Enziguri from the Impact Champion, as Jimmy goes down to the mat with Autumn stalks him waiting to go for Claw of the Night again.

Mike Rolash: But Allen catches her halfway through with a nasty Capture Suplex! Now that is the side of the Catalyst I miss seeing, as he goes right for the cover following that impressive suplex.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Jimmy now staying right on Autumn, as he pulls her right back to her feet and spins her around to land a spinning neckbreaker.

Mike Rolash: And now Allen is heading up top, looks like he wants to end this one early. Fireball Fist Drop, but Autumn gets her legs up!

After taking a stinging shot to the mouth upon landing, Jimmy Allen rolls to his back and immediately holds his face yelling out. Autumn springs right to her feet, once again tapping her foot angrily against the canvas. She yells out in the direction of the backstage area “This One’s For You, Youngblood” and swings her leg into the air as soon as Allen pulls himself up.

Jim Gunt: Claw of the Night! Finally Autumn hits the Superkick, and this one’s gotta be over!

Mike Rolash: Jimmy did a helluva job avoiding that deadly Superkick all throughout the match, but that could’ve been his fatal mistake in finally being hit with it!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by pinfall….AUTUMN RAVEN!!

“Somewhere in Hollywood” once again plays as Autumn allows the official to raise her arm in the air to a sound response from the Havana crowd, finally rolling out of the ring and grasping onto her Impact Championship close. Raven heads up the ramp as Allen gets to his feet slowly, looking disappointed as he takes a deep breath and then gets attacked from out of nowhere from behind! Two men in blue jean jackets and white t-shirts stomp the hell out of Jimmy Allen before security makes their way quickly into the ring and breaks things up. The two men raise their arms in the air as soon as security comes in, showing that they don’t want any problems as they back away.

Jim Gunt: Well folks, we have no idea who these two men are that attacked Jimmy Allen, but one of them split him wide open! The back of Allen’s head is bleeding like a siv, we need some help out here!

Mike Rolash: Oh, I think Jimmy got all the help he needed here tonight.

Ataxia vs. The Shadow

Match

Jim Gunt: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome back, and next up with a match that we have seen a couple of times now in the last few weeks and months, The Shadow versus Ataxia.

Mike Rolash: They are like Weebles.

Jim Gunt: Indeed-- wait, what?

Mike Rolash: Weebles, remember? The wobble, but they never fall down?

Jim Gunt: What on earth...

Mike Rolash: They have been bashing each other's heads in and they still continue. If I did not despise the two this much, I would actually be intrigued.

Jim Gunt: Alrighty then. Now there is one cloud of doubt over this match, as we have seen earlier--

The picture cuts to the backstage area with Ataxia's locker room and replays the scene of the three figures dragging off the other figure.

Jim Gunt: --nobody has seen or heard of Ataxia or whoever this kidnapped person is, so for all we know Ataxia might not even be in this arena anymore.

Mike Rolash: One can only hope...

Jim Gunt: Anyways, let's hand it over to Ray and see where this will lead.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the next match is scheduled for one-fall. First to the ring--

The lights begin to flicker.

Ray Douglas: He is the Messiah Pariah, hailing from--

"AHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHHAHA"

Ray Douglas: --God knows where - Ataxia!

"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 where he once high-fived the fans, he ignores them, walking straight down the ramp to the ring, where he leaps over the ropes and whips off the cloak. He takes off the mask, hat and cane. A ring attendant grabs them as Ataxia waits, his eyes fixed upon the entrance.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Calgary, Alberta, Canada. He is the Weaver of Dreams - he is - The Shadow!

The fans erupt in cheers as the lights go out, but no music begins to sound, instead a single spotlight appears, aimed at the curtain and a lone figure steps out, the hood drawn low, a staff with a carved ravenhead in hand.

The Shadow: Ataxia, I hope I have your attention. You might be missing something - or someone?

A spotlight now has sprung up in the middle of the ring, illuminating Ataxia, who is cocking his head with what can only be assumed be a furrowed brow.

The Shadow: I've started to drain the cesspool that CWF has become. You don't see Stewart around anymore, do you?

Ataxia scoffs and after one of his trademark cackles replies.

Ataxia: Yeah, because Rish suddenly found the money to weasel his way in and force him out. What does that have to do with you?

The Shadow: Where do you think he got the money from...

Ataxia: He--- Oh, I see! Well played, Shad, well played. So now what am I supposed to be missing?

The Shadow: Let'see. Someone that came out of your locker room about, hm, a good hour or so ago?

Despite the burlap bag it is clear that The Shadow now has Ataxia's fullest attention.

The Shadow: Yes, we have Stewart's henchman, which makes us even. I have someone you want, you have someone I want.

Another spotlight pops up at the edge of the stage and the three druids stand there, the person with the black bag over the head in their midst, propped up by two of them.

Ataxia: I see. So what makes you think that I have who you want?

The Shadow: You can drop the act, Ataxia, you know that the ice is starting to get thin, you wouldn't take the chance not to bring your leverage with you, now would you?

Ataxia looks down, then brings his hand up to his ear and presses a button.

Ataxia: OK, bring her in.

It does not take long before two men roughly bring out another figure in a black cloak out of a side entrance of the backstage area, slowly pushing it up the stairs onto the stage. With a dismissive wave of his hand, Ataxia sighs.

Ataxia: There. Have her. But bring him forward.

Slowly the two parties approach each other. Then just as The Shadow gets close to the hooded figure and Ataxia's men grab the hooded figure from the druids, it throws off its hood, revealing not Myfanwy, but a Goth woman that feels like it would come straight out of a nightmare, wild, unkempt black hair, what appears to be either tattoos or make-up on every visible speck of skin and a demented look in her eyes. With a cackle rivalling Ataxia's she launches herself forward at The Shadow, kicking and clawing, taking him by complete surprise.

Ataxia: AHAHAHAHAAAHAHAAAA! Did you really think I would be this dumb? I knew that I could count on your gullibility my righteous friend!

In that moment, though, the exchanged prisoner surprises one of his captors with an elbow to the gut, making him double over and then follows right through with a DDT to the stage. The second captor bends down to grab the surprise assailant, but two of the other druids are already on him. In the meanwhile The Shadow has managed to shake off the Goth chick, her make-up now smeared into a garish and grotesque mask of derangedness. Amidst the turmoil Ataxia has made his way out of the ring and up the ramp and snatching up the woman, hurriedly exits through the curtain, The Shadow following them right after.

Jim Gunt: OK, now this was-- something. Ladies and gentlemen, nothing, absolutely nothing between these two men seems to be going the normal way and this is yet another chapter in this unusual story, right Mike? Mike?

The cameraman moves behind the commentator desk and finds Mike underneath, cowering, his arms over his head.

Jim Gunt: Good Lord, what is wrong with you again?

Mike Rolash: Is- is she g-gone?

Jim Gunt: Yes, she is gone, it is safe.

Mike Rolash: Promise?

Jim sighs.

Jim Gunt: Yes, Mike, she is as gone as your dignity.

Cya Next Week!

Match

CWF's lead backstage colleague, Tara Robinson knocks at the door of new C.E.O Jaiden Rishel, awaiting the answer patiently as she backs up. The Prodigal Son opens the door nearly a minute and a half later, making Tara wait while awkwardly looking at the camera, finally answering with a cell phone propped up to his ear while talking obnoxiously loud to whoever's on the other end.

Jaiden Rishel: Oh wow, you will!? Okay then, I'll see you next week in Kingston!

Popping the red button, Jaiden closes the call with an ecstatic smile, that is until it turns completely upside down when he takes one look at Tara standing beside him with a microphone pressed into the air.

Tara Robinson: Mr. Rishel.

Jaiden raises a hand.

Jaiden Rishel: Call me Jaiden.

Tara Robinson: Ugh, Jaiden. You were hired by the "powers that be" to be the new C.E.O of Championship Wrestling Federation just one week ago after Jon Stewart lost the job. Some would say your first seven days on the job have been slightly, how can I say this without sounding impolite, uneventful?

Jaiden is immediately taken aback by the words of Tara, clearly offended.

Jaiden Rishel: Uneventful, huh? I made the big main event for tonight last week, between Mia Rayne and Jarvis King, where if Jarvis wins he gets a World Title Shot at Paradise...

Tara Robinson: Yeah but...

Jaiden Rishel: But what!? You want to see something BIG, Tara? Wait until Evolution 57, you'll see something big. Or should I say, SOMEONE! Cya next week, Tara!

Jaiden waves Tara off as he's walking away, a smirk on his face as he struts away. She can barely hide the disgusted look on her face as she sends things back to Jim and Mike.

Duce Jones & Silas Artoria vs. Dan Ryan (c) & Lindsay Troy (c)

Match

Jim Gunt: Poor Tara, I think we need to get Marcus on some of these assignments...

Mike Rolash: You better watch yourself, Jimmerson, that's our new boss! And I would love to see him throw around his authority and get rid of some fat around here!

Jim Gunt: Yeah, me too...

Ray Douglas: The following tag team contest scheduled for one fall… Introducing first…

The lights go out and a dual-spotlight makes an encircling pattern on the entrance area as the opening riff of the song plays. When the riff audio kicks it up a notch, the Paramount Champion, Lindsay Troy to step through the curtain, along with CWF World Champion, Dan Ryan they steps out and pause. With their respective titles strapped around their waist, they look out to the booing crowd and smirk.

Ray Douglas: Making their way to the ring...first she is the Queen of the Ring.. the CWF Paramount Champion.. LINDSAY TROY! Her partner.. He is the holder of the CWF World Champion.. The Ego Buster… DAN RYAN!

Troy and Ryan basks in the ovation and the pyro before marching down the ramp. At the bottom, Troy jumps flat-footed onto the apron, then catapults herself up and over the top rope with a flip, while Ryan slides under the bottom rope. They both scaleal opposite corners to pose a bit before hopping down, Troy turning in mid air to face the stage to wait for others to arrive. 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 filling up with smoke. After about a minute of waiting, Duce Jones slowly emerges through the fog.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, weighing in at two hundred fifteen pounds! From Memphis, Tennessee… DUCE JONES!

Slowly making his way towards the ring, Jones ignores the fans, as he soon makes it to ringside. Climbing onto the apron, Duce goes to the corner to his right, climbing onto the second rope and peering out into the crowd. Finally done, he jumps over the top rope, landing inside of the ring and removes his hooded vest as he prepares for action. "Something Got Me Started" by Simple Red begins to play as the stage fills with fog, illuminated by red lighting. Silas Artoria emerges from behind the curtain. He bestows the fans with some benign nods on his way to the ring, but otherwise ignores the outstretched hands.

Ray Douglas: His partner, from Toronto, Canada.. weighing two hundred twenty pounds! The Psychotic Aristocrat..

SILAS ARTORIA!!

Silas enters the ring and begins to confer with his partner about who will start the contest. The official for this contest, Scott Dean calls for the bell and this match is underway as its Troy starting off with Jones. Duce looks to move in but Troy catches him with a kick to the left leg, causing him to take a step back. Jones reassess the situation, changing his posture to a fighting stance, matching Troy. Duce shoots a kick but Troy raises her leg to block it. She swings a right hook but Jones ducks underneath and attempts a leg sweep. Troy leaps over it and in one fluid motion, drops Jones with a Roundhouse Kick to the head as she lands and he rises. Jones scoots across the canvas towards his team's corner, looking for space as Silas watches on. Astoria says something to Duce and stretches his hand out for the tag. Jones contemplates it for a moment, he rubs his head while looking to Troy who encourages either of the two to step up.

Jim Gunt: Lindsay Troy just a step to quick for Duce right now as he tags in Silas.

Mike Rolash: Duce knew he was outmatched just then against the Paramount Champion and tagging Silas in was the right thing to do.

Troy smiles as Silas steps through the ropes. He doesn't share the same sentiments as he races towards her and leaps up for a knee strike. She sidesteps, turns towards a landing Silas and times him as he charges forward again. She steps off of his leg and rocks him with an enziguri! She gets back upright and makes the tag to Ryan as she makes her way over to a stumbling Artoria. She whips him to the ropes and steps out of the way as Ryan catches him as he rebounds, lifts him and spikes him with a Spinebuster! He hooks the leg for the cover but Jones right in to stomp down on his back before Dean can even attempt a count. Ryan has a few choice words for Jones as he exits the ring without any admonishing from Scott.

Jim Gunt: This contest could possibly be a ticking time bomb waiting to happen. Giving the history between these four competitors, do you think the ring will be able to contain it?

Mike Rolash: It's a lot of bad blood within his contest. Jaiden Rishel saw an opportunity to cash in on some big dollars when he signed off on this one and maybe get some bloodshed in the process.

Ryan snares Artoria by the hair bringing home upright along with himself. The Ego Buster tosses Silas into his team's corner before clocking him with a back elbow and making the tag to Troy. He then uses his boot, placing it across Silas' throat as Troy enters the ring. She drives a knee into Silas' gut as Ryan releases and steps back to the apron. Coughing violently, the Psychotic Aristocrat finds himself being yanked from the corner and locked in a cobra clutch, she slings him from side to side before taking him down with a leg sweep. She floats beautifully over into a cover, Dean slides in for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

Duce is back in the break the pin but catches a SUPERKICK from Ryan! Duce staggers through the ropes and to the outside as Ryan makes his way back to his designated corner.

Mike Rolash: Now that's how you handle an annoying little pest.

Jim Gunt: Duce coming yet again the Silas' rescue but this time it cost him.

Troy doesn't argue the call as she elegantly backwards roll and goes between the top and middle rope, landing on the apron. Without wasting a second, she slingshots over the top rope and drops an elbow drop. She doesn't go for the pin as she gets vertical and soon bring Artoria up as well. She grabs his right leg and dragon screw whips him back down, she keeps control of his leg and flips him over with a Single Leg Boston Crab, sitting deep on Silas' back while pulling hard on his leg. His face turns red as he stretches arms out, searching for either the ropes or his partner. Jones is just

now making it back to his team's corner, begins to pound on the top turnbuckle trying to get the Cuban fans behind his partner.

Jim Gunt: Silas really needs to get Duce into this match if they are going to have any chance of pulling things in their favor.

Mike Rolash: That's highly unlikely, the Inner Circle are a dominant force in the CWF today.

The fans begins to clap in unison as Silas continues to struggle against the hold. With extreme determination, he claws at the canvas, pulling himself forward. Silas pushes up, causing Troy to let up a bit on the hold. Astoria is able to roll to his back and shoves Troy off of him with his free leg. She crashes to the mat, he turns over and forward rolls to his partner, leaps out and tags Duce's hand. Jones gets in the ring and drops a rising Troy with a forearm. He turns to Ryan and catches him with one as well, dropping him off the apron. Jones switches focus back on Lindsay as she rises, Duce strikes her with a kick to the chest, he spins for a backfist but she leaps onto his shoulders and flips backwards, spiking Jones on top of his head!

Jim Gunt: REVERSE RANA BY TROY! DUCE LANDED HORRIBLY HIS NECK!

Mike Rolash: Haha.. I love it!

The Queen of the Ring makes the tag to Ryan and rushes over to Silas, knocking him off of the apron. The World Champ snatches Jones off of the mat by his locks and hooks him in a full nelson. Troy comes charging across the ring and blisters Jones' chest with a stinging knife edge chop. Jones screams in pain as Ryan lifts him off his feet and drives him down with a Full Nelson Slam! He moves towards the ropes as Troy bounces off the opposite and runs towards Duce. She flips and connects with a leg drop across his throat. Troy hurriedy moves out of the way as Ryan springs off the bottom rope and drops his own leg across Jones' throat. Troy exits the ring as Ryan goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Silas stops the count. Troy reenters and attempts a spinning roundhouse heel kick. Artoria ducks and she lands on her feet. She faces Silas. KNOCKOUT! Troy drops as Silas turns into a SUPERKICK! Ryan towers over a downed Psychotic Aristocrat, shouting insults when he turns into the D-TRIGGA! Both men collapse to the canvas as everyone in down inside of the ring.

Jim Gunt: All four of those competitors are down! But which one will be the first to get up?

Mike Rolash: It's Ryan.. are we not watching the same match?

Jim Gunt (under his breath): The things I would give for a new broadcast partner…

Mike Rolash: What ya say Jimbo?

Jim Gunt: That Dan Ryan is an upset man right now.

Ryan is back to his feet infuriated, he brings up Silas and tosses him to the outside near where Troy has rolled to the apron. Troy pops to her feet and waists for Silas to rise which he does.. she runs along the apron, steps to the second turnbuckle post and flips backwards. Descending to the floor, she grabs ahold of Silas' head for a reverse DDT, landing on her feet. Before she's able to drop down, Silas twist and lifts Troy up for a Suplex, dropping her backfirst across the apron! The Cuban fans cringe from the impact as a befuddled Ryan who was watching the action is rolled up from behind by Jones.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Both men are back on their feet and Ryan sends Jones twisting inside out with a vicious lariat! With malice his eyes, Ryan brings Duce back vertical and hooks him in a front chancery. Throwing Jones' arm over his shoulder, he lifts him up for his patented Brainbuster.. Duce quickly drops a knee into the top of Ryan's skull, forcing him to drop Jones back to his feet. Ryan tries to regain his bearings as Jones stumbles back into the ropes where a returning Silas reaches out and makes the blind tag. Duce rebounds and comes running at Ryan for another D-Trigga.. he sidesteps and hooks Jones by the arms. DRAGON SUPLEX! The force of the impact, bounces Jones off the canvas and through the ropes, landing in front of the announce table.

Jim Gunt: Duce has really been off of his game here tonight..

Mike Rolash: Whenever he's in the ring with greatness, he falls off.

Ryan looks to step through the ropes to follow Jones but he falls victim to a Knockout, courtesy of Artoria! Ryan staggers back inside of the ring, grabbing his head in pain. Silas steps into the ring and spins.

Jim Gunt: DISCUS CLOTHESLINE TO SCOTT DEAN AS RYAN PULLS HIM INTO HARM'S WAY!

Mike Rolash: I bet when he woke…

Rolash is cut short as Duce's hands slam against the announce table. He gets to his feet and goes to clutch a steel chair that was formerly occupied by the timekeeper. Inside of the ring, Silas doesn't have time to contemplate what just happened to the official. Before he knows it, Ryan deadlifts him off the mat and plants him with a Humility Bomb! But before he's able to do anything else, the sound of a chair meeting flesh catches his attention. He looks over and see Troy arching her back in pain on the floor, Duce now turning his attention to Ryan.

Jim Gunt: With the official down, Jones is looking to take advantage.

Mike Rolash: Pussy move by Jones.

Jones looks from the steel chair, then to Ryan. Ryan beckons him to bring it. Jones does as he climbs onto the apron and steps through the ropes. The fans are ecstatic as Jones swings for the fences but Ryan moves out of the way. He boots Jones in the stomach, causing him to drop the chair. He picks it up and slams it across Jones' back!

DING! DING! DING!

Ryan looks around confused as he stands there with the steel chair in hand. But he notices that Dean has finally come to and is signaling for the bell. Douglas is over to confer with him about the decision. He gets the okay and makes the announcement.

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners as a result of disqualification....DUCE JONES AND SILAS ARTORIA!!

The fans roared with approval as Ryan is livid about the refs decision.

Mike Rolash: That was highway robbery! He doesn't see Duce use the chair but he wakes up just in time to see Ryan...I call bullshit.

Jim Gunt: Regardless of how you feel, Scott Dean had ruled this one in favor of Jones and Artoria. But can we be fair.. Ryan did pull him into harm's way.

Mike Rolash: I saw no such thing!

Ryan argues with Dean about the call, but he lets him know that his decision final. Meanwhile Ito and Silas have made their way to the back as Jones slowly follows watching an irritated Ryan and recovering Troy eye him the entire time. Jones clutches his back with a smile as he simply shrugs his shoulders, then turns to finish his walk to the back.

Mike Rolash: I'm just at a loss for words at what took place.

Jim Gunt: Well there's still bad blood between these four for sure and as we head towards Paradise. It's quite intriguing to see how things play out.

Jarvis King vs. Mia Rayne

Match

The lights around the arena cut out, as “Cult of Personality” by Living Colour starts playing.

Jim Gunt: We've reached the main event of the evening ladies and gentlemen. It's been a high impact night so far, and things are only about to get more explosive!

Mike Rolash: SHHH! You're ruining the best part!

And during the few moments that we have left,
we want to talk, right down to earth
in a language that everybody here can easily understand

As the song’s iconic guitar riff begins to fill the arena, a single spotlight rests on the entranceway, and in an elegant script, words are scrawled across the screen:

Some men are born great
Some achieve greatness
But only one man is Jarvis J. King

With that, Jarvis King steps out into the entranceway and bounds up and down, smacking himself in the face lightly as Ray makes the introduction.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, from Halifax, Nova Scotia!

He doesn't have a chance to say anything though as Jarvis is attacked from behind by Mia Rayne!

Mike Rolash: That's not fair! It's not her turn yet!

Jim Gunt: If it was Jarvis, you'd say it was strategy...

Mike Rolash: Jarvis is a decorated champion, longest running Paramount Champion, and his legacy has been written in the stars! This is blasphemy!

As Jim and Mike bicker Mia and Jarvis trade blows back and forth making their way down the ramp.

Jim Gunt: Mia with a heavy blow to Jarvis...

Mike Rolash: Jarvis comes right back with a knee to the gut, knocking Mia back into the ring apron!

Jarvis backs up a couple steps, looking for a clothesline but Mia ducks underneath, kicking at the leg of Jarvis. She grazes his knee and he winces slightly, but Mia notices. She smirks and rolls into the ring, coaxing Jarvis to come follow her as he shakes his leg out.

Jim Gunt: Jarvis might be a well documented champion, but for every championship he has won, he has that many well documented injuries.

Mike Rolash: Shush Jim! Don't give that psychotic Mia chick any ideas!

Mia backs up per Trent's orders as Jarvis rolls in, still shaking out his leg but insisting he is fine. Trent calls for the bell and Jarvis rushes in, blasting Mia upside the head with a massive forearm! He backs up slightly and gets a running start, looking for a Yakuza kick...

Jim Gunt: NO! Mia rolled out of the corner! Jarvis is hung up!

Mike Rolash: Move Jarvis!

It's too late though as Mia steps and delivers a kick right to the knee that she grazed earlier! Jarvis' leg flies out behind him, causing him to do a split, his other leg still hung up on the turnbuckle. He yells out in pain and Mia delivers another vicious kick to the outstretched leg of Jarvis. Trent pushes Mia off, but the damage has been done as Jarvis is yelling, grasping at his knee, still extended on the mat, the match all but forgotten... To him. Mia rolls her eyes and drags Jarvis to the center of the ring, pinning him and yelling at Trent to count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Extreme Escalations with Minimal Effort!

Match

Mia yells for a mic, no celebration, no music as the bell sounds hollowly. She paces around Jarvis' body, still very much in pain. She delivers a couple kicks to him, his knee now only a target as she delivers boot after boot to it.

Mike Rolash: She's snapped! Someone get out here and rescue your king!

A couple more boots and she breaths heavy, talking to no one in particular.

Mia Rayne: It didn't have to be this way. It could have been different Jar. Dad, whatever you are. Now? You be broken. Irrelevant. You want another chance at the spotlight at my cost? Suffer the consequences of your hubris.

The fans are split in their reaction to her. She doesn't care though.

Mia Rayne: Telegram for Mr. Ryan! You claim to be looking for competition, you think you've seen everything CWF has to offer and WE Mr. Ryan WE... Do not care about what you think you have to offer. We do not care about the circles you keep in rings or who you've gone through since coming here. You. Haven't. Seen. ANYTHING.

She breaths heavy into the mic her eyes focused on her boot as it rests on the remains of Jarvis' knee.

Mia Rayne: Bring your superwoman, we've gone through them before. Bring your... Pup, or whatever you call him. You have nothing to offer that we fear and you will soon realize that your reign as champion? Can... Can you hear it Dan?

She listens. The fans fall silent as they listen too. Silence falls eerie in its presence.

Mia Rayne: The clock of infinitiy is ticking down until we pry that belt from your cold hands. Whether or not those hands are dead or not? Well, that's on you. We'll see you REAL soon Ryan. Bring your best sunglasses.

She winks as the cameras fade out to bring another episode of Evolution to a close.

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