

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 62

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: September 3, 2019
Location: Bauman-Eberhardt Center — St. Louis, MO

Results

Most Known Unknowns (c) (Omar Martinez & Vince Espinoza) vs. Smokin' Aces (Freddie Styles & Duce Jones)

Match

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the following non-title tag team contest is your opening match and is scheduled for one fall with no time limit!

"Givenchy" begins to play throughout the arena, Byron saunters from behind the curtain and is soon followed by both Vince Espinoza and Omar Martinez, the CWF World Tag Team Champions. The fans shower them with disapproval which brings a smile to Byron's face as he casually strolls down the aisle.. The MKU slowly follow suit, Martinez nods his head to the beat as Vince has his focus solely on the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first... at a combined weight of four hundred fifty five pounds... being accompanied by Byron Kaliban! They are the CWF World Tag Team Champions! Vince Espinoza.. Omar Martinez.. THE MOST KNOWN UNKNOWNNS!

The three men finally make it to the ring, Byron makes his way up the steps, Vince pulls himself up to the apron and Omar slides under the bottom rope. He's joined in the ring by Byron and Vince as they all stand unmoving in the center of the ring staring out at the crowd.

Jim Gunt: Well this match came about last week when Byron was going on about the lack of competition in the tag division.

Mike Rolash: These guys can talk about the fleeting competition but their opponents tonight could have just stayed involved with the tournament. No one and I mean no one wants to see them team again.

Jim Gunt: Speak for yourself, I'm happy to see the former champs tag together again here tonight.

Mike Rolash: Your lip's got a bit of Duce on it..

The London fans explode in admiration as the sounds of police sirens and helicopters fill the arena. The opening lyrics of The Game's "Ali Bomaye" sound off through the PA system.

Ray Douglas: Their opponents... at a combined weight of four hundred twenty eight pounds! The team of Freddie Styles.. Duce Jones... SMOKIN' ACES!

As the song breaks down, the lights beam back on spotlighting the entrance area as Freddie Styles is seen squatting down, head bent, arms stretched out in front of him, hands in twin pistol formation. Duce Jones stands behind Freddie, his back to the crowd, arms folded across his chest. The fans roaring with applause, as the two men are now facing the crowd.

Jim Gunt: And here are the former two time CWF Tag Team Champions!

Mike Rolash: Wooo... let's throw a parade.

Jim Gunt: Very enthusiastic of you Mike.

Mike Rolash: You know me...team player...

The two men have made their way down the aisle and to the ring. Freddie walks up the steps as Duce hops up on the apron. Both men climb inside of the ring, Styles making his way to the middle rope, while Duce climbs one of the corners. They pose for the cheering London fans but the former champs are immediately attacked by the Most Known Unknowns!

Mike Rolash: YES! Kick their asses!

Jim Gunt: There goes the Mike I know.. However the current champs have knocked the Aces to the outside!

Jones takes the brunt of the attack as he tumbles over the top rope, his left knee smacks the apron as he crashes to the floor. Styles however has his back hit the edge of the apron as he falls into the barricade. Omar goes after Styles as Espinoza focuses his attention on Jones. Styles tries to use the barricade to get vertical but Martinez clubs him back down with a forearm to the back. Vince snatches Jones up by his locks and effortlessly Biel Tosses him over the barricade and into the London fans!

Jim Gunt: How many times has Duce been up close and personal with the fans, Mike?

Mike Rolash: You may be thinking about Byson. They may be twins Jim Bean but they're far from identical.

Jim Gunt: It's been a long two years, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Indeed it has but try and keep up with the Duce/Byson crowd counter.

Martinez throws Styles back inside of the ring and follows him inside. Summits signals for the bell and gets out of the way as Espinoza makes his way inside as well. Omar brings Freddie up and whips him into the ropes, as he rebounds, Omar leap frogs over him, causing to run right into Vince's clutches. Espinoza pops him into the air and catches him on his shoulders in a powerbomb hold. Rebounding off the ropes, Martinez jumps up and connects with an uppercut to Styles' back. Dropping to his back, Martinez holds his knees up as Espinoza spikes Freddie with a Powerbomb onto his partner's bent knees! Styles bounces off, arching his back in pain as Martinez goes for the pin.

ONE!

TW-KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Freddie able to roll his shoulder after the brutal double team from MKU!

Mike Rolash: He should've stayed down.. it can only get worse from here.

Vince moves towards his team's designated corner and steps to the apron as Byson proudly watches on. Omar brings Styles back upright and whips him towards the MKU corner where Freddie crashes. Martinez tags in Vince and whips Freddie cross corner. Getting inside, Vince whips Omar across the ring behind Freddie and using the momentum, Martinez springs off the middle rope and decks Styles with a spin kick! He grabs a dazed Styles and throws him towards a waiting right hand from Espinoza that cleans Freddie's clock! He slumps to the canvas as Vince goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: DUCE OUT OF NOWHERE TO MAKE THE SAVE!

Vince is unfazed by Duce's foot stomping his back, however he doesn't need to react as Omar is right there to toss Jones through the ropes. He goes back to his team's corner as Vince brings Styles back up and down to the mat with a hard scoop slam. Styles cringes from the impact but Vince brings him back up for more punishment. He whips Freddie

into a neutral corner and charges in behind him but Styles has the wherewithal to move out of the way!

Jim Gunt: Espinoza crashes into the corner.. YAKUZA KICK BY DUCE! Styles knocks Martinez off the apron and comes back at Espinoza... STYLES SPLASH!

Mike Rolash: Come on...

Jones hits the ropes as Freddie snapmares Vince from the corner. Rebounding off the ropes, Jones cracks Vince across his mask with a knee strike! Duce clutches at his injured limb as Styles springs off the middle rope on Vince with a moonsault! But Espinoza catches Styles and rolls backwards to his feet with Styles still in his grasp. With ease he throws Freddie up onto his shoulders in a fireman's carry. He then moves towards a still hobbling Jones and lifts him up off his feet!

Jim Gunt: Espinoza is carrying two grown men like they're children!

Mike Rolash: This is awesome!

Jim Gunt: I knew you would be excited by this turn of events.

Mike Rolash: How can I not be?

Still carrying the former tag champs, Vince walks to his corner and tags a returning Martinez who climbs to the top rope. Vince positions himself in front of it and sends the Aces crashing with a Samoan Drop/Fallaway Slam combo! With the Aces lying next to each other, Martinez comes soaring off the top rope with a Frog Splash! Kaliban bounces gleefully upon impact as Omar stays on top for the cover, Summits sliding in for the count!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

THE ACES SEND OMAR FLYING OFF OF THEM AS THEY KICK OUT!

He lands on his knees as both Aces get up. He charges them but this proves costly as Freddie pops him into the air, as he descends down Duce catches him with a knee strike with his good right knee! They turn towards a roaring Espinoza who swings with wild lariats but they duck underneath. Espinoza rebounds and they take him over with a double hip toss! Styles cartwheels in front of him as he sits up and the Aces blast him with double basement dropkicks! The Aces are back vertical and feeding off of the energy of the cheering fans. They perch themselves in opposite corners as Vince rolls to his hands and knees.

Duce comes charging out of his corner and smacks Vince with a D-TRIGGA! Espinoza is dazed but not out as he crawls right into an ATL STOMP!

Jim Gunt: The Aces just dropped Espinoza with The Chronic!

Mike Rolash: We really need to get a wellness policy around here.

Vince rolls out of the ring as the Aces are to their feet and fired up. They both point at the crawling Martinez and sets their sights on him. Freddie brings him up and lifts him onto his shoulders in preparation for Knockin' It Out The Park. Duce hits the ropes and screams out in pain as the sound of a chair meeting flesh reverberates throughout the arena. Loud gasps are heard as the perpetrator is now shown.

Jim Gunt: Oh My Lord! It's Nina! We haven't seen her in months!

Mike Rolash: Ahhhh...what a sight for sore eyes.

Freddie watches on in shock as Summits immediately summons for the bell. However this gives Omar enough time to

break free and shove Freddie into the ropes. When he rebounds, he gets blindsided by Espinoza who Pounces him through the ropes and out of the ring! The London fans are booing with displeasure as the Aces are down and out. Byson cockily enters the ring and stands tall with his new trio!

Jim Gunt: Nina is back!

Mike Rolash: I couldn't be happier.

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners via disqualification....SMOKIN' ACES!!

The Most Known Unknowns could care less as they stand confidently inside of the ring, embracing the jeers from the crowd as the scene fades out.

The Alpha

Match

Jim Gunt: We're off to a great start here tonight Mike, and we still have plenty more to go!

Mike Rolash: Damn right Jimmy boy! I'm fresh and raring to go!

Jim Gunt: Nice to see some actual enthusiasm out of you tonight. Before we continue though, I have been asked to conduct a special interview with one of our Alpha block forerunners. Danny, Danny can you hear me?

The screen splits in two, Jim Gunt on the left, and on the right sat "The Ripper" Danny B.

Jim Gunt: Thank you for joining us Danny, shame you couldn't be here tonight to conduct this interview in person.

Danny B: Jimmy my boy, you should be thankful for my presence at all.

Jim Gunt: Yes, well, with that said, the tournament has been heating up lately, and as it stands, you are one of the top contenders in the Alpha Block, having defeated Tom Marrow this past week. Any thoughts on your progress in the tournament so far?

Danny shakes his head a little, a hint of annoyance crossing his face.

Danny B: Jim, last week we simply returned to normal. We returned to what everyone expects out of me. We all know that if Rishel had pulled his head out of his ass and catered to the fans rather than his executives two weeks ago, I would be standing pretty at 4 points. Nonetheless, the thing you have to take away from this farce is the fact that I am not yet defeated in this tournament. That's how I mean to go on. I might have had it rough in the first round, but that won't matter when I sweep the rest of the tournament and in the final, prove that Alpha will always trump Omega.

Jim Gunt: Well, to do that, you would have to win the next seven in a row, not to mention the final. Anyone in this tournament you think might be a roadblock for you?

Danny B: Jim, please remove your head from your ass. When I am on form there is no one in the world that can hold a candle to me. Still, with that said, a few names certainly stand out to me. We have the dream match that is Freddie Styles falling to The Ripper in a close but decisive contest, and then we Zolton who seems to have buzz around him. It'll be fun killing that at the source. My old pal Konrad Raab is around too, not that I have ever seen him do anything of note. Then there's Nathan Paradine next week, who will be valiant I imagine, but valiant doesn't mean victourious.

Then, my last stepping stone is the one I most looking forward to, because it's the only person in this tournament I believe has any value. Amy Jo Smyth. True fans will know the history between Amy and I, and for those that don't, you'll find out when I tackle her head on. Let's just say though, the result will remain the same.

Jim Gunt: Danny, wouldn't you say it's a little arrogant that you believe you can run through the entire field, considering your record with CWF is less than stellar?

This certainly seemed to annoy Danny, his mouth twitching into a slight snarl.

Danny B: Jim Gunt, wouldn't you say it's a little arrogant to question one of the best to ever lace up a pair of boots? A man that twice has lifted the world title above his head? A golden Intentions winner, tag team champion, a hall of famer? Trust me when I say that the only times I recorded an L is when I lost focus. The list of former world champions of this promotion that has fallen to me is as long as my arm, and I'm only planning on adding more victims as I go. Do you know what Jim, I did this as a favour for all my little Rippers, but you have to just be a smarky git don't you. This is over.

Danny stands from his chair and walks off the screen, shouting something indiscernable in the distance. The shot returns to full screen in just enough time to see Rolash slipping back into his seat behind the booth.

Mike Rolash: Well, what did you expect Jim?

Jim Gunt: Nice to hear you perk up now that's he's gone.

Mike Rolash: You said it yourself. It was your interview.

Jim Gunt: Right... well anyways folks that was a word... or two... from Danny B. Now, Let's get on with the action!

Omega After Week One

Match

Mike Rolash: Christ, I miss America already!

Jim Gunt: The O2 Arena was available, plus the UK is nice! Did you know that this building is bigger than Madison Square Garden when it comes to hosting music?

Mike Rolash: They don't even have a TGI Friday's here!

Jim Gunt: There's one at the entrance of the arena, you blind idiot!

Mike Rolash: You're the one with the glasses!

Jim Gunt: Ich. Regardless, we're about to begin Omega Block action tonight. But joining us for a briefing, we have our very own alpha and omega, in the form of Blake Church and Charles State! Welcome!

Charles State: Thank you Jim.

Blake Church: Ditto.

Mike Rolash: I don't want to waste time. What do we have here so far?

Blake Church: Well, like last week, it's too close to call, even more so since we have a definitive even split. But what is surprising is when we look at the individual matches themselves that caused these scores.

Mike Rolash: Go on.

Charles State: Personally, I was expecting Ariel Shadows to get the one up on Starlight last week, considering the work I have seen in the past from her. Not to discredit Starlight in anyway, but against Ariel Shadows I would consider that match an upset.

Mike Rolash: Is that why she is at the bottom of the table?

Blake Church: It's in alphabetical order unless someone holds a tiebreaker over someone, but that's a story from next week.

Jim Gunt: Is that why Silas is at the top of the board? Surname order if more than one name?

Charles State: Yes, although his match against the Social Justice Samurai was certainly one to watch. Church and I were 50/50 split on the match, since Kyuseishu thoroughly crushed our beloved aristocrat at Paradise, but he did persevere!

Blake Church: Speaking of which, Autumn is off to a disappointing start, but if there was an opportunity to bounce back, it's tonight in the main event. She knows Silas inside and out, she has victories over him, hell! She nearly killed him at Frozen Over! It's hard not to see why this match is hotly anticipated.

Jim Gunt: We're talking about two athletes that started in the CWF around the same time, and we've seen them grow at a tag team before going to war with each other.

Charlies State: That's why it's tonight's main event. It's one of the most anticipated matches on this block. It's up there with Ataxia vs Mora--Omega Block's next main event--Styles vs Jones, it's one of the biggest matches of the tournament, and it's going to determine which of the former members of the Harbingers of Death has the upper hand!

Jim Gunt: Thank you for joining us and we'll see you next week, because it's time for JC and Bubba Love to take to the ring!

JC vs. Bubba Love

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is an Omega Block Match set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit! Introducing first...

"Now wait a minute..."

The London fans are on their feet as soon as they hear the voice of the boss, Jaiden Rishel skirting his way out the curtain, smirking as the English fans greet him with a chorus of boos. The CWF CEO stands at the top of the stage watching them all, before finally turning his eyes back to the ring where Ray just stands with the microphone at his side wondering what's going on.

Jaiden Rishel: This is the third week of competition for the Alpha and Omega Tournament, yes? We've had one big supershow, the second week of Alpha, and now tonight in London, England...we present to you the third week of tournament action!

Cheers from the London crowd. The CEO simply nods back at them and continues.

Jaiden Rishel: Tonight will be a big night of tournament action, but it will not be a normal one either. Because you see after the words Ataxia and Ariel Shadows had for each other, I thought it'd hilarious to throw them together in a tag match just for the hell of it. So instead of five Omega Block matches tonight, you're going to get three singles matches and one tag. I'm the fucking boss, what I say goes. So Tax and Shadows, get out here, you're going against the former matchup and now tandem of JC and Bubba Love!

Waving his hand with the microphone in it, Rishel waits until the lights flicker, knowing what's next.

"AHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA"

"Dangerous Tonight" by Alice Cooper starts to play as Ataxia comes out through the curtain wearing his cloak and tophat, cane, and bag like mask. Ataxia spins the cane around and then points it right into the chest of Jaiden. The Messiah Pariah dead stares him through his mask, neither man taking their eyes off each other before Ataxia finally bursts into psychotic laughter. He backs away, making his way down the ramp as Rishel shakes his head and turns to walk through the apron. Tax comes to the announce table, sitting his hat and cloak on it before entering the ring and blowing kisses to the half cheering, half booing, mostly scared crowd.

Ray Douglas: First, the Messiah Pariah....ATAXIA!!

The opening line to "Inna Gadda Da Vida" begins to play, but it sounds somewhat different. It turns out to be "Hip Hop Is Dead" by Nas, and the crowd not only boos this but also the appearance of the Dreamcatcher from behind the curtain.

Throwing up a sarcastic peace sign with an evil grin, Ariel struts down the ramp to the crowd's jeers. Before entering

the ring, she removes her glasses and sandals; electing to wrestle barefoot.

Ariel slides into the ring underneath the bottom rope, then does a quick push-up like move to bounce up to her feet. Ataxia is waiting for her there, which immediately creeps out Shadows as she backs up into the corner.

Ray Douglas: And his....partner....from Anchorage, Alaska....ARIEL SHADOWS!!

Jim Gunt: What a strange way to start off tonight's tournament action, Mike.

Mike Rolash: You heard Jaiden, he's the boss and he does whatever the fuck he wants!

Richard Dawson's voice comes from the speakers, screaming, "Who loves you? Who do you love?!" The crowd jumps to its feet cheering and applauding as "What is Love" by Haddaway booms out of the speakers. Bubba Love comes from the back, smiling, waving and greeting everyone he can as he enters the arena. Shaking hands, signing anything he can quickly, and just making everyone's star fantasies come true. He gets out to the ring and sets his hand on the apron, using it to help him jump up to the ropes. Standing smiling and waving at his adoring fans, Bubba reaches down and goes underneath the top rope and enters the ring.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents, first from Day, Minnesota....BUBBA LOVE!!

Jim Gunt: Bubba hasn't had the greatest showing in the Alpha and Omega tournament, Mike. I betcha he's happy to have a partner here tonight.

Mike Rolash: I'll be happy when I don't have to see that smiling, waving idiot anymore.

Jim Gunt: So rude. So, so rude.

"I'M FINALLY HOLDING ON TO LETTING GO"

"Unsainted" by Slipknot kicks in and blue pyro blasts from the sides of the stage and JC comes out wearing his trenchcoat, staring out at the audience. Lights start to flash in the arena as he makes his way to the ring to the sounds of the chorus.

JC slides into the ring and climbs up on the middle rope of the side with the hard camera, raising his arms up and down to try to pump up the crowd. He jumps down and walks over to the same side before doing the same thing. JC then moves to a corner and tosses his trenchcoat to the outside before stretching before the match.

Ray Douglas: And his partner, from Jersey City, New Jersey....JC!!

Scott Dean waits as both teams discuss with each other who will begin the match. A red-eyed Ataxia points Shadows to the apron which she obliges with a sneer on her face, and JC from Carnage Wrestling enters the ring to go up against him. Both men circle each other after Dean calls for the bell, both men veterans in their craft and neither one wanting to take the fall in the final week of Alpha and Omega tournament matches. JC goes low for the legs of Ataxia, but instead gets a rising knee to the chin for his troubles! The Messiah Pariah grabs him and pulls him in on the way through.

Floatover DDT!

Ataxia pops up to his feet, and gets slapped across the back! Ariel Shadows waves at him with a smirk on her face, the Messiah Pariah not able to do anything other than head out to the apron as Shadows enters the ring and hits JC with a diving Missile Dropkick. Not wasting a second, she goes to lock in a Fujiwara armbar, but JC is able to get up to his feet and back her into his corner. He tags out to Bubba Love, and the two of them whip Ariel Shadows into the ropes together, holding their arms as one to clothesline her on her return! Love drops down to make the cover on Ariel as JC exits the ring.

ONE!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Quick kickout there from Shadows, she isn't laying down for anybody here tonight!

Mike Rolash: You realize how wrong that sounded, right Jim?

Jim Gunt: Oh shit...

Bubba Love pulls Ariel back up, tossing her into the ropes looking for yet another clothesline. This time the Dreamcatcher bends down and ducks under the stiff arm of Love. The Love Removal Machine turns around just to get hoisted up into the air by Shadows, who crushes him with a Suplex spun into a Hangman's Neckbreaker. With two peace signs in the air on either side of her, Shadows turns them into middle finger guns pointing them at Love, "shooting him".

Jim Gunt: Here we go Mike, time for the kicker...

Mike Rolash: Nope, Ataxia tags back in!

Before Shadows can spin around to hit the Kicker on Bubba Love, she is slapped on the back by Ataxia. The two make eye contact yet again as he enters the ring, the official actually coming between them this time as it appears Shadows and Ataxia will come to blows. Instead she exits out to the apron and Ataxia lifts Love up from behind...E.R Stat German into the corner! He then charges at Love at full speed, screaming as he leaps into the air.

Jim Gunt: THE RECKONING!

Mike Rolash: Bionic Elbow from Shadows from the outside! That's officially a tag back in, and Shadows kicks the unconscious body of her partner Ataxia outside to make the cover on Bubba.

Jim Gunt: Here comes JC to make the save, but Shadows catches him with a Crossbody that sends him outside atop of Ataxia. Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Your winners by pinfall and both picking up two points in the Alpha and Omega Tournament....ATAXIA AND ARIEL SHADOWS!!

Jim Gunt: What a tag team match, despite Shadows and Ataxia not being able to get along throughout, they are somehow able to pick up the victory!

Two Sides Of A Coin

Match

The screen goes to static for a few seconds, before cutting to Jeff Jackson staring into a desk mirror in the basement of his home. The basement is dimly lit, and there is a long haired silver wig hanging around the edge of the mirror.

Jeff Jackson: Maybe this wasn't a good idea after all. Maybe that kid was right about me.

A darker, more sinister voice begins to emanate from Jeff's body, responding to him...self?

Damien: Really? Two weeks in and you're going soft on us? How dare you!

Jeff Jackson: Wh--

Damien: Shut up! I didn't agree to work together so that you could pull this bulls**t! We came here to become the World

Champion, and that's what we're going to do! We're going to show every young punk in this company that they don't hold a candle to us! We're going to show every other veteran this company has that there's only one true LEGEND in this company and it's us! So you go do whatever you need to do to get your ass back on track, and don't come back to me until you do!

After a long pause, Jeff finally speaks again in his normal voice.

Jeff Jackson: You're right. This is our time to shine. We've been buried, second guessed, whispered about, and downplayed for long enough. It's time to take what's been denied us everywhere else we've been. It's time to claim what we've already had, but the value of it was robbed from us. Let's do this goddamn thing!

Jeff and his "better half" share an oddly evil grin as the camera cuts back to ringside.

Starlight vs. "Marksman" Jay Mora

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is an Omega Block Match set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit!

Jim Gunt: Are we actually going to get to see this match, or do you think our almighty boss will come out and switch it up again?

Mike Rolash: Oh come on, Jimbo, that tag team match idea was brilliant! And despite not being able to work together, Ariel Shadows and Ataxia still picked up two points each!

The lights drop in the arena as "Mosh" by Eminem begins to fill the arena with a certain buzz. A neon green target shines brightly on top of the stage before two large pyros BOOM, making the fans ears ring. The Marksman appears at the top of the stage looking left and right before making his slow, strut-like, dickhead walk to the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Chicago, Illinois, the Marksman....JAY MORA!!

The boos could be heard from outside the O2 Arena, the English fans showing that they hate the Marksman just as much as the Americans. Mora makes his way up the stairs with a smug smile on his face. He stops at the post to look right, taking time out to point to a fan and talk some trash before entering the ring.

Jim Gunt: Big fight feel for this one, though, Mike...as both Marksman and Starlight are coming into this one with two points apiece.

Mike Rolash: Indeed. And although both dominated during the week one supershow, only one can come out of London with another set.

Two random voices are heard speaking as if in demonic tones over the system, as the lights go out. The camera pans over to the top of the stage area where three red siren lights begin to spin. The voices continue speaking the lights continue to go.

"Yeah, Be prepared.

Yeah-heh... we'll be prepared, heh.

...For what?

For the death of the Queen.

Why? Is she sick?

No, fool-- we're going to kill her.

Great idea! Who needs a Queen?

No Queen! No Queen! la--la-la--la-laa-laa!

Idiots! There will be a Queen!

Hey, but you said, uh..."

Then a loud scream is heard, as she begins cackling over the system. Then the final line is spoken as a tall woman steps out from behind the curtain. A gas mask covers her face as her long raven hair falls to one side. She is holding a microphone looking up at the crowd her red eyes glowing with the sirens.

"I will be Queen!"

She cackles as she drops the microphone lifting her arms up the sirens cut out." Poor Unfortunate Souls" by Jonathan Young begins playing over the system as her arms go above her head in an X as her hashtag appears on the screen. #Queenslayer appears as blue spotlights appear on the ramp. She walks down the ramp letting her coat flow behind her as she drapes her arms to her side. She looks at the fans as she reaches the bottom of the ramp, she turns then raises her hands and the lights come on, she goes over to the steps slamming her hands down on them hard as she looks into the ring.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Aokigahara, Japan, the hashtag Queenslayer....STARLIGHT!!

She growls as she climbs up the stairs standing on the outside of the ring, she climbs through, taking the gas mask off looking at her opponent laughing as she climbs the turnbuckle, placing her hands above her head in an X once more as she drops down turning to face her opponent.

Jim Gunt: Starlight was very impressive in her victory over Ariel Shadows just two weeks ago, and as we talked about then, she actually obtained a measure of revenge as Shadows held a victory over her before then.

Mike Rolash: But Jay Mora is coming into this match much more fresh, as he laid out Bryan Ford in seconds! Rumor has it he embarrassed Ford so badly that he begged Jaiden to let him out of his CWF contract, and that is why he was dropped from the Alpha and Omega tournament!

Jim Gunt: Oh Mike, you know what they say about rumors...

Scott Dean rings the bell and Marksman looks to end the match early once again, flicking his leg up as Starlight approaches him to knock her out with the Marked superkick. But Starlight sees it coming, and impresses the London fans immediately with her massive frame, grabbing onto the leg of Mora and pulling him in. Marksman attempts to fight back, leg in the air as he swings out just to have Starlight eat the punch and smile back at him. Short-arm lariat from the Queenslayer!

Jim Gunt: My god, Starlight is really taking it to the Marksman here tonight! Not every day where Mora is outweighed and outstrengthened by a woman, but it's happening here tonight!

Mike Rolash: Don't be so sexist, Jimbo. This is 2019.

Jim Gunt: Huh. That's like the pot calling the kettle an asshole.

Mike Rolash: Now you're putting words in my mouth...

Starlight lifts Mora off the canvas, tossing him into the ropes but he comes back faster than expected, leaping up in the air for a Crossbody Block...that Starlight is able to catch! She hoists him up in the air, showing her dominance as the London fans watch on in awe. Gorilla Press Slam from the Queenslayer, and now she calls for the end! Starlight slews black mist into the face of Mora as he comes to his feet turning around. He screams out in pain, holding onto his face, leaving himself prone to the Corkscrew Neckbreaker!

Jim Gunt: Starlight Drive! Starlight hits the mark there!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: The winner by pinfall and picking up two points in the Alpha and Omega tournament....STARLIGHT!!

Mike Rolash: Another dominating victory for Starlight, poor Marksman didn't even see what hit him here tonight.

Jim Gunt: Do you think maybe Mora underestimated Starlight going into this match, Mike?

Mike Rolash: Something. Jay Mora is going to have to come up with a much better gameplan two weeks from now, because he'll be in the main event versus the undefeated maniac Ataxia!

Jim Gunt: That will be a big one. Starlight will also look to continue her dominance, but the Social Justice Samurai will be standing in her way. Speaking of Kyuseishu, he goes one on one with PJ Blake up next, in a match where both competitors will be looking to pick up their first points of the tournament!

Overstand

Match

Overstand

We catch Freddie just coming out of the medics station, walking with no ill effects of the tag match or his match with Jeff Jackson last week. He motions Tara & the camera over.

Tara Robinson: You and Duce once again showed why you're one of the best tag teams in CWF history against the current tag champs, even if the match was ruled a disqualification. How are you feeling about tonight?

Freddie Styles: We just went out there and tore London down tonight. The only thing we didn't get, thanks to that bitch Nina, was a resolution as to who was better tonight. Rest assured, this won't be the last time you see Duce and I on the same side. The Aces will ride high again, that's for damn sure.

Tara Robinson: Speaking of Duce, let's go back to last week, and what CEO Jaiden Rishel said to you. Anything you want to add to that?

Freddie Styles: Look, I know Rish the younger has a vision for what he wants CWF to be. I don't knock that. But where I come from, you don't turn on someone who helped you out the mud just for some fame. I've gotten fame on my own. I've gotten gold on my own. I've done good and done bad. I appreciate him reinstating me, but turning on my bro...I'm not made like that. And my history backs that up.

Tara Robinson: And finally, you have Zolton next week as your third Alpha block match. What are your thoughts on him?

Freddie Styles: Main event, me and him. Winner probably leaves Evo 63 at the top of the Alpha block. I look forward to facing him. That's all you get for right now.

With that, Styles walks away from Tara and she smiles, sending things back to ringside.

Kyuseishu vs. PJ Blake

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is an Omega Block Match scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit!

"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 of all four corners throwing a closed fist to the sky.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Seattle, Washington....PJ BLAKE!!

Jim Gunt: Here we go Mike, time for another tournament match!

Mike Rolash: And unlike the match before, both competitors here are looking to get their first points here tonight.

Jim Gunt: Quite the clash in styles as well, with the young and exuberant PJ Blake versus the veteran Kyuseishu.

The arena lights go off as "Bastard Samurai" starts to play while the rampway fills with purple smoke. The crowd waits before the drums kick in, and out enters Kyuseishu under a single white spotlight. Behind him march eleven red suited kabuki masked wearing disciples. Kyuseishu's jet black hair pulled back in a bun in is in the all too familiar traditional samurai hair style, and wearing a men's blue and black Kimono he raises his arms in a pose of the cross. He soaks in the jeers from crowd before clapping his hands together and bowing towards the ring. The battle is upon him as he slowly walks to the ring hands out and palms up looking to the skies focused only on his battle. Kyuseishu says a small prayer before entering the ring removing his Kimono and mask showing off his powerful body as he looks with one eye through a triangle formed by his hands.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent, from Nishi-Shinjuku, Tokyo, Japan....KYUSEISHU!!

Jim Gunt: The Social Justice Samurai going through the motions as usual, but he certainly didn't seem himself in his Wired promo earlier this week, Mike...

Mike Rolash: Everyone has an off day, Jimbo, as long as Kyu has his game-face on tonight that's all that matters!

PJ Blake barely waits for "Big" Denny Davidson to call for the bell before she sprints over to Kyuseishu, the Samurai holds his hands up as she approaches so she quickly changes it up, going low to take his legs out with a dropkick! Blake turns and runs into the ropes, dashing back to him to hit another dropkick to the head. She waves her fists, getting the London fans on their feet cheering as she awaits Kyuseishu to get back up. She goes for yet another dropkick, but this time Kyu sees it coming, catching Blake through the air and turning her upside down.

Jim Gunt: Massive Piledriver! What a reversal there from Kyuseishu!

Mike Rolash: Well it wasn't hard to see the dropkick coming when Blake hit three of them in a row...

Jim Gunt: You know what they say about getting on a roll, Mike, sometimes you roll all the way downhill.

Mike Rolash: Haha. I never heard that one, but that's good.

Scoop slam to PJ Blake, and Kyuseishu seems to have gotten the offensive advantage now. He turns to London fans, bowing to them which just turns them against him even more, before turning back to Blake who leaps up to pull him over with a snap Headscissors Takedown! Once again using her flashy speed to her advantage, Blake goes in and off the ropes like a banshee before crushing a rising Kyu with a Shining Wizard! She turns him onto his back, hooking both of his legs as Denny attempts to drop down to make the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Kickout at two. PJ Blake is really on her game tonight this evening though, could she be sending Hoyt home with another big L here tonight?

Mike Rolash: You can't call him Hoyt, Gunt, only his friends call him by his god given name.

Jim Gunt: And let me guess, you're one of his friends?

Mike Rolash: Oh best...

Back to her feet, PJ waits for Kyuseishu to get back to his before nailing him with The Rise superkick. Ascending over him, she grabs onto the ropes and pushes herself up to the top rope, doing a spin around in the air with her hands in the air to keep her balance. Now facing the Social Justice Samurai, Blake is ready to take flight.

Jim Gunt: LEGACY FROG SP-NO! Kyuseishu got the knees up!

Mike Rolash: Haha! Poor PJ is hurt now!

Kyuseishu is right up to his feet, grabbing the arms of PJ Blake away from her ribs and pulling her upside down. Deeds of the Saints gotch style Piledriver! Blake is out cold in the middle of the ring, and the Second Coming pulls just one leg up as he looks out to the booing London fans with a malicious smile.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by pinfall and pinfall and picking up two points in the Alpha and Omega Tournament....KYUSEISHU!!

A Little History

Match

The lights dim in the arena as the action from the previous match slowly grinds down. The tron goes black, then slowly fades into a shot of Autumn Raven sitting in a semi-darkened room on a steel chair. The only light in the room is coming from two dual computer monitors which are showing small vignettes from past encounters between Autumn and Silas, how their somewhat tumultuous relationship started to the present moment, interspersed with highlights from each of their careers. On the left monitor, in a small square, is Silas. His recent promo before Evolution is playing back, each word crisp and to the point.

However, the look on Autumn's face reveals a much different tale. It's cold and flat, showing none of the emotion she usually shows. Her fists clench and relax over and over as she listens to the ramblings of her former partner.

"Hello again, Autumn. We really need to stop encountering each other in the ring like this, but no matter what we do, we're like...magnets...a flame next to a firework...just something compatible but not helpful..."

The small little scenes continued to play themselves over and over, but her eyes have no waver, no interest in looking at what was. She only had eyes for him, and what he was saying at the moment. Their history together was interwoven with one another, from her first moments here in CWF to the present time. Everyone knew of it, people spoke of it once in a while, but here in the privacy of this room, she had a front row seat to the entirety of it all. When Silas went quiet while speaking, a random scene on the screen would suddenly boost its volume.

"So look at that crowd! Say goodbye to all of them, say goodbye to Autumn Raven...and say goodbye to your worthless career!"

The knee was brought into his face at Northern Crown's event, and the Aristocrat was sent crashing to the stage below her gaze, bloody and broken while Autumn stood there with a broken grin on her face.

She grinned slightly, an upturning of her mouth.

"And yet, I am terrified of you the most..."

Visions of what she had done to him over the next few weeks after that danced through her head as the images continued to play across the screen, giving her and everyone in the arena a literal tour through history between these two talented stars. They had one of the biggest feuds way back, and everyone had thought at Frozen Over that it was over. Finally over...

Everyone was wrong...

"...but because you're the only one whom can legitimately kill me."

The aftermath of Frozen Over danced through her head, thinking of the damage she had inflicted upon him that night,

leaving him in a pile of wooden tables and other stage equipment.

She grinned.

"I made you, Autumn. I'm the one who pulled you out of lower card hell and pushed you into title contention. My influence ensured that you would stay in the spotlight and steal the show away from the supposed headliners. Have I made mistakes? Of course. Do I regret them? Yes! And I am truly sorry about that."

That grin slowly faded from her face as she heard the venom and spite enter his voice, her head cocking to one side. She snarled and slammed her hands on the keyboard, effectively ending the the video feed on the monitors. She turns and walks away, the scene fading out briefly before fading in to a shot of Autumn walking through a wooded area with a shovel over her shoulder. She stops and starts digging at a certain spot. Her digging grows increasingly angry and frantic as his words continue to echo over everything.

"But I'll be damned if you succeed in damaging my mind, body, and soul again."

She stops and picks something up that was dropped at her feet. A tshirt, and the garb that the man wore to the ring on a daily basis. She tossed it into the hole she had dug and started to fill up the hole, throwing dirt on top quicker and quicker.

"I created you, Autumn. And to achieve a sense of inner peace, I have to destroy the aura I built...Autumn is just beginning, but Autumn Raven will come to an end."

She stops and jams the shovel into the ground, anger written over her face.

Autumn Raven: I don't think so. This ends with me finishing the job that should have been done long ago. I will never end...but you will.

Silas Artoria vs. Autumn Raven

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is another Omega Block Match set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is your MAAAIINNNN EVENT!

Something Got Me Started" by Simply Red begins to play over the sound system as the lights dim to a midnight hue and fog fills the stage. Silas Artoria emerges from backstage, followed closely by his mentor Hidetaka Ito. Artoria pauses for a moment halfway down the ramp to drink in the reaction from the crowd. Artoria shrugs off his jacket and hands it to Ito, who folds it over his arms as his young protege slides into the ring beneath the bottom rope.

Ray Douglas: From Toronto, Canada, he is the Psychotic Aristocrat....SILAS ARTORIA!!

Jim Gunt: Let's talk a little bit about the history of these two competitors, Mike. All the way back in November of 2017 these two fought for the first time, at Frozen Over six, in a falls count anywhere match that Silas was victorious in. They then went on to be a successful stable with the Lost Boys, and although Silas and Autumn were never able to obtain the tag gold for their own, the Boys did. The two's love/hate relationship continued however, and many more times they would go one on one before many thought it would end at the beginning of this year, when yet again at Frozen Over, they would battle it out. This time in a Last Man Standing Match.

Mike Rolash: And we all know how that one ended, Jimbo, because it's been one of the most talked about moments of the year. Autumn knocked Silas off the freaking CWF Tron and Artoria damn near died!

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

"The sun is shining

Though everything's dying

Your stars burned out for good
Somewhere in Hollywood”

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

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Los Angeles, California, the Beautiful Psychopath....AUTUMN RAVEN!!

“The sun is shining
But everything’s dying
Your stars burned out for good
Somewhere in Hollywood
I swear it’s only
Cos you be my lies
Guess I’m misunderstood
You were my deadlihood”

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. Silas Artoria remains calm the entire time, grinding his hands together as he watches his former stablemate from across the ring.

Mike Rolash: Trent Robbins calls for the bell, and here we go, Jim!

Jim Gunt: Indeed, this one starting off hot and heavy with both competitors trading right hands in the middle of the ring. Tonight’s matches have all been under the ten minute mark, with the way these two are coming out of the box this one will be no different!

Following a second right hand from Autumn, Silas waits for her to come in with another one, pulling her limb in to yank her down with an arm drag. He turns the joint, twisting to keep her down to the canvas with an arm wrench. It remains on the outside of the ring watching his pupil with a still look on his face. Autumn begins to fight her way back to her feet, Artoria doing all he can to fight her back down. She hits a back elbow then irish whips him into the ropes, ducking under as Silas comes back with a clothesline. On his return she dives through the air taking his body down with her, right into an STF!

Jim Gunt: Oh, Autumn looking for the submission...that was unexpected!

Mike Rolash: These two know each other inside and out, Jim. They’re going to have to throw their normal gameplans out the window if they want any chance at two points.

Autumn pulls on the STF but unfortunately for her Silas Artoria is too close to the ropes, and a few moments later is able to inch his way there to grab them. Official Robbins calls for the break, but Raven holds onto the hold an extra three seconds before letting go. She gets back to her feet, punt kicking Silas in the back of the head for good measure.

Jim Gunt: A few of the London fans booing the gesture from the Beautiful Psychopath, but if they knew everything she went through with Silas over the last two years, I’m sure they’d forgive her.

Mike Rolash: Oh come on Jim, you guys act like Silas was a cancer or something.

Jim Gunt: More like a bad case of the warts.

Backing up from Silas, Raven screams for him to get back to his feet. She doesn’t wait for him to get fully up before

backing him up into the corner, delivering rapid shots with her knee right to his ribs. Silas fights back though, slicing in a forearm that backs Autumn Raven up in her tracks. He is quick to pull himself up to the middle rope...

BLOCKBUSTER!

The Psychotic Aristocrat does a hard roll back towards Autumn, hooking both of her legs as Robbins drops down to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

T-KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: First cover of the night is not a successful one, and it's too early to tell if Silas will be able to keep the advantage moving forward.

Mike Rolash: That is why you continue to watch, Jim...

Jim Gunt: Well thanks for telling me how to do my job, I wish you'd do yours.

Rolling off his opponent, Silas kips up and immediately goes into stance, finger guns up before launching himself forward for the Knockout bicycle knee. Autumn is able to sidestep the maneuver though, and Artoria's knee bangs right into the top turnbuckle pad! He drops down awkwardly, his knee possibly getting even more damaged on the fall. Autumn Raven doesn't hesitate a second, however, showing no compassion for her former stablemate as she comes over and locks her legs with his, looking for a Sharpshooter!

Jim Gunt: Autumn is able to lock in the Sharpshooter, but Silas is once again quickly to the ropes!

Mike Rolash: When is that woman going to learn to drag her opponent to the middle of the ring?

Robbins informs Raven of Artoria being in the ropes, and she slaps the canvas out of frustration. She lets go of her hold on the legs of Silas Artoria, but seems to do exactly what Rolash said, drag her opponent right back to the middle of the ring. Silas kicks out at her though, breaking the grip on his damaged leg. Autumn goes to grab him again but he rolls over quickly, twisting her into the air and through the top and middle ropes to the outside!

ONE!

Trent Robbins begins his count after checking through the ropes if Autumn Raven can continue.

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Autumn is getting back to her feet already, so it looks like she's in no grave danger of being counted out here.

Mike Rolash: No, but I think it'd be in her best interest to stay out there awhile. Cool off. Have a beer. You think she needs a drinking buddy?

THREE!

Jim Gunt: Be professional!

Pulling herself to her feet with the apron in hand, Autumn rolls back into the ring. The Psychotic Aristocrat is ready for her, however, nailing Raven with a Diving Fist Drop on her arrival.

Jim Gunt: Silas taking a page out of the Autumn Raven playbook! That's one way to do it.

Mike Rolash: Autumn was able to reverse one of Silas' trademark moves earlier, why not try one of hers?

Jim Gunt: Speaking of trademark moves, Mike, Artoria has the Beautiful Psychopath up for the Airplane Spin now!

Mike Rolash: Around and around she goes, where the hell she'll end up, only God knows!

After spinning Autumn Raven in circulation for over ten rotations, an incredibly fast moving Silas spins her one more time high above him before launching her all the way across the ring. A cheer from the appreciative London fans for the match taking place in front of them, and Silas nods back at them, hobbling slightly on his injured leg.

Ray Douglas: TEN MINUTES HAVE ELAPSED! TWENTY MINUTES REMAIN!

Silas Artoria waves for Autumn to get up, and this time the Knockout high bicycle knee hits flush! Raven crumples down to the canvas, the Psychotic Aristocrat's shot doing enough pain to him as well that he flinches up, holding onto his knee for a moment before turning to make the cover on Autumn.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!! AUTUMN KICKS OUT AT TWO AND THREE QUARTERS!

Jim Gunt: What a near fall there! I thought Silas had it with the Knockout, but apparently the birdies inside Autumn's head woke her up just in time!

Mike Rolash: Birdies? Are you sure it isn't voices in her head, Jim?

Rolling off his opponent, a frustrated Silas Artoria immediately makes eye contact with Ito who stands on the outside of the ring with his hands on his hips. Artoria sighs, nodding at his mentor as he turns around back to Autumn. He leans down to pick her up, and gets a Codebreaker for his troubles! She turns to the fans, waving her hand up to rile them up, before leaping up in one quick motion to the top rope. Re-positioning herself, Autumn gets her footing then front flips off. Swanton Bomb!

Jim Gunt: Anti-Hero! Will it be enough!?

ONE!

TWO!

T-SILAS GETS A FOOT ON THE ROPE!

Jim Gunt: Oh come on with the freaking rope breaks already!

Mike Rolash: Well it's ring psychology one oh one Jimmy, I guess Autumn must have skipped through the first few pages of the book.

Seeing the leg of Silas laying on the bottom rope infuriates Autumn Raven, the Beautiful Psychopath climbing right to her feet and stomping down hard on the prone, outstretched leg. She once again looks to place her former stablemate in a leg lock, this time a figure four, but Silas kicks her away before she's able to lock their legs together. He turns to the corner to use the ropes to help him up, but Autumn is already on him from behind. She lifts him straight up for a Back Body Drop, but in mid-air spins it around into a Neckbreaker!

Jim Gunt: Impressive move there from Raven, that we've definitely never seen before!

Mike Rolash: And she goes for yet another cover, and by god this time drags Silas to the middle of the ring beforehand!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO! ARTORIA KICKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: We're over sixteen minutes into this match now, and this one has been yet another classic!

Mike Rolash: You can expect no less when you get Silas and Autumn in the ring together. These two tear the house down every time, and sometimes even more than the house!

Hopping back to her feet, Autumn turns around to take a look at Hidetaka Ito who previously was slapping the canvas for Artoria to kick out. She smiles wickedly, running towards the end of the ring and dropping down to missile dropkick him through the ropes, her boots hitting the top of his chest and shooting him right into the barricade! Silas Artoria is up to his feet, absolutely beside himself as he screams a guttural growl.

Jim Gunt: Uh oh, I think Autumn may have brought out the Passenger, Mike...

Mike Rolash: She shoulda known better!

Doing her best not to show the fear in her eyes, Autumn trembles slightly as she turns around and sees the skin of Silas Artoria slowly starting to change tone. Coming at her at full speed, she raises her hands for a fight but he dives through the ropes instead, popping up and over the ropes before Raven is able to defend herself. Twisted Virtue Suicide Dive Tornado DDT! Silas is not done though, as he turns around full three sixty and Discus Clotheslines the rising Autumn Raven.

Jim Gunt: Silas, or the Passenger, or whoever is going absolutely crazy on Autumn. Snap Dragon Suplex now, and here it comes...

Mike Rolash: The Guillotine knee strike! We rarely see it, but Silas is true to form tonight!

Jim Gunt: True to form, whatever that form is. And now he's going for the cover on Autumn!

Ray Douglas: TWENTY MINUTES HAVE ELAPSED! TEN MINUTES REMAIN!

Mike Rolash: Oh, right at the twenty minute mark to boot!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by pinfall and picking up two points in the Alpha and Omega Tournament...SILAS ARTORIA!!

Alive

Match

Silas is still breathing heavily as he signals Ito for a microphone. Autumn is long gone, and the Canadian's music starts to fade as a still recovering Ito tosses Ray Douglas' microphone to him. The audience turn silent, prepared for his words, and a few taps on the small device indicates that it's on.

A sharp breath escapes him, as Silas paces around the ring with a hurt knee and a damaged spirit, but still victorious.

He stands still, and points to himself.

Silas Artoria: Ladies...and gentlemen...

He looks down at the knee.

Silas Artoria: ...I...survived.

The audience respond kindly. Brief and to the point. Silas starts to pick up some energy.

Silas Artoria: Silas Artoria...survived!

The cheers get louder, and so did he.

Silas Artoria: MY CAREER...IS ALIVE!

Fever pitch.

Silas Artoria: We're now in full gear. The road to the title has begun.

Two fingers.

Silas Artoria: Two weeks.

Four fingers.

Silas Artoria: Four points.

Quick second goes by.

Silas Artoria: The Alpha and Omega tournament has begun proper...

He looks down into the camera.

Silas Artoria: ...and I hope you all at home and you all in the back are paying close attention.

Big grin.

Silas Artoria: For now, from all of us in the CWF. GOOD NIGHT!

A quick haphazard throw of the microphone towards Ray Douglas, and the pairing of Silas and Ito make their way towards the back.

Show Credits

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