

# Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 64

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**Promotion:** Championship Wrestling Federation  
**Date:** September 17, 2019  
**Location:** Ingenieros Coliseum — Tegucigalpa

## Results

### The Alpha Scouts the Omega Block

Match

We open on a CWF banner and a lone chair. In the scene steps the leader of the Alpha block, Freddie Styles. He turns the chair around before sitting down.

Freddie Styles: I've been out here handling my business on the Alpha side of things, and next week I have Amy Jo Smyth. I'll get to her in due time, but I have been keeping my eyes on the Omega side....and to be honest, I thought it would have gone a different way. I expected more from Autumn Raven. The former Impact champion shouldn't be sitting with a goose egg...but in these things, it's always a crapshoot. I see old boss Ataxia at the top of the charts. That doesn't surprise me. There's enough soft touches on that side of the ledger, which is why I'm disappointed in Autumn. Silas is a surprise at the top, but in a good way. I think he's finally showing that potential. But he's got the main event spot tonight...can he make good and keep pace with the wild burlap man? I'll pull out a chair and take a front row seat to see that one. I'll also be checking on Starlight vs Kyuseishu. That's a big boy match. Can Starlight close the door, or will Kyuseishu kick that bitch in? Either the cream will rise to the Omega crop and we'll have a defined number 1 & 2 spots, or we could descend into a clusterfuck of people with 4 points. Either way...the Alpha of the Alpha block will be watching and scouting intently. Someone's gotta come outta there and get their skull cracked by yours truly. Ladies and gentlemen of Amsterdam...welcome to Evolution 64!

With that, the smiling Alpha Block leader, Freddie Styles sends it to the ring.

### Starlight vs. Kyuseishu

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit, and is another Omega Block Match! Introducing first from Aokigahara, Japan....STARLIGHT!!

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. 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 turn buckle, placing her hands above her head in an X once more as she drops down.

Jim Gunt: Third week of the Omega Block and tonight we kick things off with Starlight looking to teach Kyuseishu, the Holy Samurai, the truth of the way of the Samurai.

Ray Douglas: And the opponent, from Tokyo, Japan. 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 11 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 tringle formed by his hands.

Mike Rolash: Besting this unit of a man will be no small feat for Starlight.

Referee Trent Robbins motions for the bell to start the match. It has barely finished ringing before The Holy Samurai moves in for the attack.

Mike Rolash: Kyu not wasting any time.

Kyuseishu's speedy advance takes Starlight by surprise and she is unable to defend as Kyu throws her down with a simple headlock takeover. The headlock takeover is, in of itself, not a grossly damaging move, more for unbalancing an opponent, but it is the low roundhouse kick to the face that quickly follows that really rocks Starlight's world.

Jim Gunt: Kyuseishu's style is a perfect blend of grappling art and quick, effective striking.

A running, sliding dropkick further accentuates the point and the Holy Samurai is quick to drop down for a cover attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

Starlight kicks out!

Jim Gunt: Not a great start for Starlight unfortunately.

Mike Rolash: She may as well have stayed home. Let's be honest.

Advancing on the stirring Starlight, Kyuseishu looks to push his advantage. Starlight takes the Holy Samurai by surprise with a hip-toss, keeping a firm grip on her opponent's arm to force Kyu back to his feet a split second after the impact of the toss. She twists and wrenches her opponent's arm in its socket, applies a hammerlock for added pressure, only to summon a surge of strength and take Kyuseishu to the mat with an impressive spinebuster variation. She hooks the leg for a pin.

ONE!

TWO!

The Holy Samurai kicks out, but Starlight quickly finds a new position to punish his tenacity and setting up the Knightfall sleeper submission.

Jim Gunt: But then in the blink of an eye, the tide of the matches drastically turns.

Mike Rolash: I never was fond of the beach...

Fighting through the pain, Kyuseishu struggles back to his feet, twisting his body around to loosen the grip of his opponent, swing around behind and take Starlight down once more with a backdrop suplex.

Jim Gunt: Starlight just can't seem to catch a break, Kyueishu proving just too determined and dogged in this early match-up.

The Holy Samurai lifts his opponent back to her feet, dragging Starlight by the arm for an irish-whip. Instead of releasing Starlight into the ropes, Kyuseishu pulls her back suddenly and jarringly, into a very sudden and very stiff Lords Lariat.

Jim Gunt: That'll leave Starlight more than a bit dazed and confused.

Mike Rolash: A perfect opportunity for Kyu to put an end to it right here and now.

Jim Gunt: I'm not liking Star's chances.

With a deft motion for the fast approaching end of the match, the Holy Samurai sets up for the Deeds of the Saints. Starlight offers no resistance and is driven into the mat hard by the signature piledriver. The Holy Samurai hooks the leg once more.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

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

Mike Rolash: Well...I mean, at least it was short.

Jim Gunt: Question is now, how can Starlight pull herself up from this situation?

## **Ariel Shadows vs. Bubba Love**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is scheduled for one fall... introducing first, hailing from Day, Minnesota and weighing in at two hundred and thirty five pounds... he is the Love Removal Machine, BUBBA LOVE!

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 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.

Jim Gunt: Bubba Love has had a tough run in the Alpha and Omega Tournament so far; the last time we saw him he was thrown into an impromptu tag team match thanks to Jaiden Rishel which resulted in a rough loss.

Mike Rolash: Ahem, that's MISTER Rishel to you Jimbo! I don't think he's forgotten Bubba's refusal to take part in the short-lived Hostility reunion from earlier in the year.

Jim Gunt: And after how that turned out, can you blame him?

Bubba Love gets out to the ring and sets his hand on the apron, using it to help him jump up to the ropes. He stands smiling and waving at his adoring fans before he reaches down and goes underneath the top rope and enters the ring, eagerly awaiting the start of the match.

Ray Douglas: And introducing the opponent... hailing from Anchorage, Alaska and weighing in at one hundred and forty six pounds... she is The Dreamcatcher, ARIEL SHADOWS!

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.

Jim Gunt: And a reaction here that could only be described as "mixed" for Ariel Shadows!

Mike Rolash: Can you blame 'em? The girl is nuttier than squirrel shit.

Jim Gunt: Yeah, well, some people say it was the death of her husband that pushed her over the edge. Tonight Bubba Love stands between her and two points in the Alpha and Omega tournament and frankly I don't like his chances.

Before entering the ring, Ariel removes her glasses and sandals; electing to wrestle barefoot. She slides into the ring underneath the bottom rope, then does a quick push-up like move to bounce up to her feet. Ariel runs the ropes a couple of times, opting not to pose. After a couple of bounces off the ropes, she does a couple of stretches in the corner, and a high kick putting the foot above her head. She then turns to face Bubba Love, a wicked grin on her face.

The bell rings, and this match is underway!

Shadows is immediately on the offensive, dishing out left and right kicks to the body of Bubba Love, forcing him back onto the ropes. Love desperately tries to cover up but a well-timed kick to the head leaves him woozy. Shadows whips him into the opposite ropes and catches him with a hurricanrana on the rebound, hooking the leg of Love as she plants him on the mat! Referee "Big" Denny Davidson drops to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

Bubba Love kicks his feet out and rolls Shadows backward, pinning her to the mat! Bubba Love with the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Ariel Shadows kicks out, rolls back nimbly onto her feet and dropkicks Bubba Love as he rises to his knees. Shadows ducks to the outside of the apron and jumps to the top rope, launching herself through the air towards Love... but he catches her and drives her into the mat with a suplex! Shadows flails desperately as Love positions himself to lock in an inverted full nelson, a regular move in his repertoire, and he gets the hold locked in! Shadows begins to struggle!

Jim Gunt: What an exchange we've already seen here tonight, but it would seem that Bubba Love has now taken control of the match.

Mike Rolash: The Dreamcatcher took a risk and now she's paying the price... but I think the tides are turning!

In the ring, Shadows is still struggling against Love, but she manages to gain some leverage and flip herself over... right into a bridging pin! Love's shoulders are down on the mat!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Love again manages to kick out, to a collective sigh of relief from the crowd. Both competitors rise to their feet and regard each other for a moment before Shadows charges forward, ducking underneath an outstretched arm from Bubba Love and springboarding off the ropes into a spinning kick! She wraps her arms around Love's waist however she can't manage to get the heavier wrestler off his feet. Love breaks her grip and spins around, hoisting her into the air and dropping her back down onto the mat.

Jim Gunt: Yeah, Shadows'll have to rethink things if that was her strategy. She's not sweeping Bubba Love off his feet anytime soon...

Mike Rolash: I wouldn't be so sure about that, dreams have a funny habit of turning into nightmares if you're not careful.

Jim Gunt: ...what?

Mike Rolash: You heard me!

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

Looking at Ray for a moment to acknowledge the time, Shadows goes back and uses the ropes in the corner to pull herself back to her feet. She rolls over the top of Bubba Love when he charges at her, grabbing him around the neck from behind and hitting a snappy reverse DDT. She rolls Love into the middle of the ring and follows up with a savage stomp for good measure, eliciting a dull "oof!" of pain from her opponent. She backs away a step or two, and as Love rises to his hands and knees she jumps forward and drives her knee into his back to a chorus of boos from the crowd. She waits for Love to get back up and then does it again, this time to his neck. The third time Love tries to rise she grabs him and whips him into the ropes, launching herself into the air and connecting with the Kicker, her patented finishing move! Love drops like a ton of bricks and Shadows covers!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, and picking up two more points in the Alpha and Omega Tournament... ARIEL SHADOWS!

In the ring "Hip Hop is Dead" resumes playing as The Dreamcatcher rolls away from Bubba Love who is beginning to stir from the kick to the head. The crowd boos and jeers as she makes her way back up the ramp, taunting Love as he climbs to his feet in the ring.

Jim Gunt: Short and sweet is the story she wrote here tonight ladies and gentlemen, as The Dreamcatcher picks up a win over Bubba Love.

Mike Rolash: The Alpha and Omega Tournament continues, right after this break!

## **Make Your Impact Melee**

Match

The CWF C.E.O Jaiden Rishel is seen back in his office, going through a set of paper work. When he notices that a camera man has been brought into his office, Rishel's face first turns to a scowl but then a smile slowly starts to take over. He plucks one paper from the many on his desk, showing it to the camera. The plain white paper reads many things in black ink, but the main point is stated in bold at the very top.

**THE MAKE YOUR IMPACT MELEE: A FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE BATTLE ROYALE FOR THE IMPACT TITLE  
SEPTEMBER 24TH AT THE ALPHA/OMEGA SUPERSHOW**

Jaiden places the paper, or better yet contract, back on his desk and once again smirks at the camera.

Jaiden Rishel: As you can see, I have been very hard at work over the last week...and I'm not just talking about over there in Baltimore at Carnage Wrestling either. For those of you that can't read good, September 24th, in one week's time, we are having a Supershow with both Alpha and Omega block matches. HOWEVER, those will not be the ONLY matches on this card. Because there will be one match that we've NEVER done before, that will be for the completely revamped Impact Championship.

Jaiden flips through page one of the contract, nodding as he reads through it.

Jaiden Rishel: The Make Your Impact Melee will be a falls count anywhere, anything goes battle royale where you can only eliminate an opponent by pinfall or submission. At the end of the match, whoever is the last man or woman standing will then become the first Impact Champion of the new era, with the new rule set. The new rules of the Impact Championship are as follows; whoever wins said championship will choose a stipulation for the title to be defended every single defense until that champion loses the title. Whenever a new champion is crowned, a new stipulation is named.

Jaiden finally stops flipping through his paperwork and once again looks directly into the camera.

Jaiden Rishel: So that is the gist of it, ya get me? In one week's time, we crown our first single's champion of the new era. Most Known Unknowns are already holding down the Tag Team division, who will be our first singles champ? Tune in next week to find out! But for now, let's head back to the ring for another Alpha and Omega match!

## **Ataxia vs. Jay Mora**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contests is set for one fall and is part of the Omega Block...

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 from CHICAGO, ILLINOIS....Jay THE MARKSMAN Moraaaa..AHH!!

From out of the crowd comes Ataxia who just leaps off the ring barricade and slams his knee's right into Marksman's face! He grabs Marksman and tosses him into the ring and then slides in. He yells to ring the bell as Big Denny Davidson rushes into the ring to start the match.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia from out of nowhere pearl harbors "Marskman" Jay Mora!

Mike Rolash: Really? Pearl Harbor? Could you not think of a bett...oh...no...no forget what I said.

Jim Gunt: Uh huh.

Mike Rolash: I have some good taste after all...ask your mom.

Jim Gunt: You son of a...

Ataxia grabs Marksman's and tosses him into the turnbuckle like a ragdoll and just starts kicking the shit out of him. Just flat out stomping and kicking until Denny finally pulls him off. Ataxia shoves Denny and then charges the corner with a shoulder right into Marksman's ribcage. Marksman slumps down and Ataxia picks him up and hiptosses him square into the center of the ring. Ataxia goes up top and drops a devastating 450 elbow drop right into the center of Marksman's chest!

Jim Gunt: JESUS!! That elbow drop hurt my ribs!

Mike Rolash: OHHH YEAHHHHH!!!!

Jim Gunt: ...

Mike Rolash: ...

Jim Gunt: Cup of coffee?

Mike Rolash: A CUP OF COFFEEEEHHH!!!

Big Denny goes down to the assumed count, but you know what assuming gets you. Ataxia doesn't go for one he just picks up Marksman and bitchslaps him! Ataxia picks him up and does it again! He goes for a third time and Marksman kicks him square in the nuts! Big Denny shrugs and lets it happen as payback for the earlier Attack. Marksman charges and takes down Ataxia with a lou thez press and starts punching him like he owes him money. A lotta money. Denny pulls off Marksman after the punches get into the double digits. Ataxia rolls out of the ring and Marksman follows. He runs at Ataxia and Ataxia drop toe holds Marksman right into the ring steps! Marksman hits with such force on his head that he flips over and lands right in front of the announcers table.

Jim Gunt: Yup...that's a concussion.

Mike Rolash: That's a living concussion in the mask thou.

Jim Gunt: With as mad as he has been lately Mike do you think it's a good idea to make fun of him this close?

Mike Rolash: I didn't learn that it's a bad idea to stick a penny in a light socket so I'll be damned if I stop doing stupid stuff now. HEY BAGHEAD! You suck!

Ataxia points to Mike and flips him off and then...grabs the ring bell! Big Denny gets out on the outside and grabs it from Ataxia before he can use it. Ataxia sighs and throws Marksman back into the ring. Ataxia gets in and throws Marksman into the ropes. He looks to be going for "The Reckoning", but Marksman ducks and keeps going. Ataxia leapfrogs over a returning Marksman and heads to the ropes. Both men go for a clothesline. Miss. Both men go for a running knee. Miss. Marksman goes to set up a back body drop, but Ataxia stops. "HAI FRAND!" Ataxia kips back up and puts Marksman in a hammerlock and...HUNGARIAN REACH AROUND!!!

Jim Gunt: Marksman taps!

Mike Rolash: Anything to get Ataxia's hand out of his mouth!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner by submission, and picking up two points in the Alpha and Omega Tournament... "The Messiah Pariah" Ataxxiaaaa!!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia went for a submission win...not his usual tactic.

Mike Rolash: Did you see him grab that bell. I thought he was actually going to hit me...the nerve!

Ataxia finally lets go of the hold and rolls out of the ring. He stops right in front of the announcers table. He leans into Rolash who starts to panic a bit.

Ataxia: Tell your boss...When I'm done destroying his wrestlers if he wants to man up...I'll be waiting!  
AHAHHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAH!!!!

The lights flicker and Ataxia is gone.

Jim Gunt: You gonna tell him?

Mike Rolash: Yes...after I change my pants...JEEZZZUSSS!!

## **Autumn Raven vs. PJ Blake**

Match

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

Purple lights shine around the top of the ramp, fog rolling around it as the beginning lyrics of the song starts 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: From Los Angeles, California, weighing 120 pounds, she is the Beautiful Psychopath....AUTUMN RAVEN!!

Jim Gunt: The Beautiful Psychopath is coming in week three of the Alpha and Omega Tournament shockingly with zero points. Will she be able to redeem herself tonight, Mike?

Mike Rolash: If history repeats itself, I would say not. Autumn has already lost to PJ Blake before...

Jim Gunt: Indeed she did, but only because of mind games of Brandon Youngblood, who distracted her before their Paradise match back in July. Youngblood is long gone now, so I would expect this one to be a clean contest.

Mike Rolash: That's your problem, Jimmy, you never expect anything in this business!

Gunt mumbles something under his breath, saying "not when I work with you every week", while Autumn walks around the ring, glaring at the fans sitting at ringside as she claps hands with a few of them. Finally she slides under the bottom rope and leaping to her feet, giving the crowd a smug smile.

"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 runs to the corner turnbuckle, climbing to the second one, taunting the crowd, and she flings her arms out to the

sides once again before climbing down. "Coming In Hot" by Diamante hits as two women step out and walk to the edge of the stage where it meets the ramp and stand there with their heads bowed.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent, accompanied by Marisol and Nicole, from Seattle, Washington....PJ BLAKE!!

PJ Blake saunters out wearing a pastel blue hooded sweatshirt and stands between her entourage, slowly setting her feet right and bringing her arms straight out. PJ throws back her head and then proceeds down to the ring. She slides into the ring under the bottom rope, whipping her legs all the way around and winding up in the middle of the ring on one-knee and her arms spread like an Eagle's wings. She slowly lifts her head, revealing a smile to the crowd of fans cheering and raving for her as her entourage simply stands at the bottom of the ramp.

Jim Gunt: Certainly a big fight feel for this one, despite this only being the semi main event. Both PJ Blake and Autumn Raven need a win tonight, bad.

Mike Rolash: You'd have to think desperation kicks in by this point, Jim. Blake of course came into Alpha and Omega with the disadvantage of not being in the tournament from the start up, but Autumn has had some heartbreakers herself. Two weeks ago, many fans were hoping to see her defeat her "demon" Silas Artoria, but alas it was not meant to be.

Jim Gunt: It did take a certain Passenger poking his way out to get the victory, but nonetheless. Time to send it to the ring!

Clark Summits, already having checked both women, calls for the bell. Both vibrant warriors meet each other in the center of the ring, not for a standard collar tie up but instead a showing of sportsmanship, both women shaking each other's hands as the match gets started. The Amsterdam crowd cheers for the moment, but Raven quickly takes advantage of the young Blake's naiveness, pulling that same arm in and whipping her to the mat with an arm drag. Raven stands over the body of PJ, looking over her and waving sarcastically before booting her right in the armpit.

Jim Gunt: Ouch, that had to hurt Mike...

Mike Rolash: I don't know, you wanna let me try it on you?

Jim Gunt: No thank you, but I'm surprised to see Autumn's attitude change so quickly. She came into this match showing nothing but respect to PJ Blake, but she's quickly soured.

Mike Rolash: That is what back to back losses will do to you, make you angry and bitter. If Autumn Raven can use that to her advantage instead of her detriment here tonight, she should be able to walk out of Amsterdam with a dominating victory over young Blake.

With PJ Blake's arm still in her grasp, Autumn cranks on it, before turning the right arm of Blake instead out and snapping it downward. Marisol and Nicole walk around the ring looking nervous, but neither of them looks to make a move to interfere with the match. However, the distraction of the two women is enough for Raven to walk over to the apron and yell at one of them. Nicole turns around, taking a step towards Raven and instead stops and points to her...or behind her. Raven turns around, and Blake scoops her up for a Small Package!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

RAVEN KICKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: Oohh quick pin attempt there from PJ Blake, but Autumn is going to make her pay for her trying to steal one off the distraction.

Mike Rolash: Don't speak so fast, Jim, both women are back to their feet and PJ blocks the high kick from Autumn!

Jim Gunt: But Raven comes in low with a leg sweep instead! And the Beautiful Psychopath wastes no time dropping to the canvas to wrap her own legs around the head of Blake...KOJI CLUTCH!

With Autumn wrapped around her like a spider, PJ Blake's eyes open up wide, the young upstart doing all she can to fight her way to the ropes. Raven squeezes her legs tighter, but the Icon is already too close to the ropes, draping her left leg to the nearest bottom rope. Raven sighs as the official warns her off the submission.

Mike Rolash: Here we go again with the rope breaks, apparently Autumn didn't learn a thing from her loss to Silas two weeks ago!

Jim Gunt: The squared circle isn't as big as it looks, Mike, and these superstars are pros at getting to the ropes. When you're in a submission hold you do whatever it takes to find your way out, that's just the name of the game.

Mike Rolash: Here I thought the name of the game was pro wrestling...

Letting go of the submission, Autumn pushes herself off of PJ Blake, rolling over and taking a breather before coming back to her feet. She proceeds to rush at Blake, looking for a Missile Dropkick that meets nothing but the turnbuckle pads as Blake rolls out of the ring just in time. She regroups with Marisol and Nicole, who quickly come to her side despite PJ saying she has the match in hand.

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

Jim Gunt: SUICIDE DIVE FROM AUTUMN RAVEN TAKES OUT ALL THREE WOMEN ON THE OUTSIDE!

Mike Rolash: I think Autumn really was trying to kill herself there, that was insane!

Raven, Blake, Marisol and Nicole all lay outside the ring in a heap, with the Amsterdam crowd the only people in the arena on their feet other than Clark Summits, who begins to count out both women.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Finally Autumn rolls over to her side, but notices that PJ Blake is up into a seated position as well. Raven takes a right hand from Blake. She rolls backwards, and blasts Blake with a sprawled out kick to the side of the head.

FOUR!

FIVE!

Both women kip up to their feet, rushing towards the ring but Raven grabs ahold of PJ Blake before she can re-enter the ring, instead pushing her hard into the steel steps!

SIX!

Most of the Amsterdam crowd boo Autumn Raven, as she actually looks like she wants to go over and check on PJ for a second. Instead the Beautiful Psychopath shakes her head, coming to her senses and instead rolls into the ring.

SEVEN!

Jim Gunt: It looks like Autumn is content on taking a countout victory here tonight, and she very well may do it as PJ Blake still hasn't moved an inch since being hurled into those unforgiving steel steps!

EIGHT!

Mike Rolash: Raven is showing a vicious side we rarely see from her, and that's exactly what she needs to bring out if

she wants to get the two points she desperately needs in this tournament.

NINE!

Jim Gunt: PJ is up! PJ is up, and now she's back in the ring!

Blake indeed slides under the ropes at the last possible second, exciting the crowd for a second until Autumn Raven viciously stomps down on her upon her entrance. Raven plucks the Icon off the canvas, an evil smile on her face as she grabs her around the shoulders. Backstabber! The Beautiful Psychopath then looks for the Nevermore, trying to put away Blake with a submission yet again, but she bites her fingers! A screaming Autumn retreats, rolling backwards a couple of times to the corner to check on her fingers.

Jim Gunt: What a reversal there from PJ Blake, unconventional, but like I said earlier...you do whatever it takes.

Mike Rolash: Just don't give me another speel about the name of the game, Jimmy.

Jim Gunt: I'll spare you. PJ on the other hand isn't sparing Autumn anything, as she is right up to her feet following her biting Raven's hands.

Blake holds down Autumn's arm with her legs before leaping up and hitting her with a leg drop across the neck. She quickly follows it up, scooping her opponent into the air into a Reverse DDT position. She lifts her straight up, driving the Beautiful Psychopath on the back of her head.

Jim Gunt: Screw The Rules!

Mike Rolash: Really!? What's came over you all of a sudden, heel Jim?

Jim Gunt: ...The name of PJ Blake's maneuver, and now she goes for the cover! This could be it!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO!

AUTUMN KICKS OUT, HALF THE FANS CHEERING AND THE OTHER HALF BOOING!

Jim Gunt: Mixed reaction for Raven here tonight, as PJ Blake has picked up quite a reputation with the young members of the audience.

Mike Rolash: Also Autumn has been on quite the downturn as of late, and we all know how fickle these fans are.

Rolling off Autumn, PJ grabs onto the middle rope and pulls herself to her feet. She turns around to go back after the former Impact Champion, but this time it is Raven who catches her with a Small Package!

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO! PJ KICKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: Now it's Autumn looking for the fast one there, but it wasn't enough!

Mike Rolash: But it took PJ out of her game, Jimmy, so maybe it was.

The young upstart PJ Blake slaps the canvas as she gets back to her feet, Autumn smiling as the two women circle each other in the center of the ring. The Amsterdam crowd is absolutely lit for this extraordinary contest between two of CWF's top tier women who somehow haven't picked up one point in the Alpha and Omega Tournament yet. PJ moves in to grab the legs of Autumn but she blasts her in the stomach with a kick. Blake backs up, allowing Raven to come at her before floating her over with an arm drag.

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

Jim Gunt: Here we go! Time to turn it to overdrive, neither of these women want to see this thing end in a draw...

Mike Rolash: At least they would actually walk out of Evolution with a point a piece, Jim, not entirely a bad thing.

Jim Gunt: But not exactly what Autumn or PJ want, trust me. While Starlight fell to Kyuseishu earlier, keeping her at four points, it also brought Kyu himself up to four. Ariel Shadows is also at four points. Tonight's main event will show us whether Silas Artoria can gain two points and tie the new block leader Ataxia, or the Born Villain could pick up two points to get HIM at four.

Mike Rolash: Sorry to interrupt you, Jim, not really but...PJ is going up top, looking to end things now!

Jim Gunt: LEGACY FROG SPLASH-MEETS THE KNEES OF AUTUMN RAVEN!

Taking the breath out of PJ Blake, the outstretched knees of Autumn are enough to leave her debilitated and falling to her back. She quickly takes advantage, rolling over and pinning her.

ONE!

TWO! NO! PJ KICKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: Barely a two count there! What is it going to take to keep PJ Blake down!?

Mike Rolash: PJ's one spunky daughter of a bitch!

Jim Gunt: Hey now.

Not giving Blake a second to recover, Autumn grabs her by her hair and pulls her right back to her feet. She walks her over to her newfound friends Nicole and Marisol, laughing as she looks to the outside of the ring and then back to Blake to blast her with an elbow to the jaw. The Beautiful Psychopath pulls her in, looking to whip her into the ropes but PJ Blake reverses the irish whip. She leaps onto the ropes, springboarding as Raven comes back to hit her with a Springboard Crossbody Block! Blake kips up, going right over to Autumn and placing her head underarm. But Raven rushes her into the corner.

Jim Gunt: Blake tried to end things there with the Sizzle single arm DDT, but Raven had her scouted there.

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

Mike Rolash: Now she better take advantage, because time is ticking away!

Autumn looks to do just that, shoulder blocking PJ Blake into the corner three more successive times. She follows it up by picking her high into the air, placing her up onto the top rope before hurrying up behind her.

Jim Gunt: DRAGONRANA! But PJ Blake lands on her feet!?

Mike Rolash: HOLY BEJEEBUS!

Jim Gunt: THE RISE! Blake hits a Superkick of her own, and could she have Raven beat with it!?

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: YEESSS!

Ray Douglas: The winner by pinfall and picking up two points in the Alpha and Omega Tournament....PJ BLAKE!!

"Coming in Hot" once again plays and an exhausted "Icon" PJ Blake rolls off of her opponent, who already rises up to a

seated position, sighing deeply as she shakes her head out of anger. Blake offers a hand out to Raven, who at first pushes it away, but when PJ doesn't celebrate with Summits and instead offers to help Raven to her feet, Autumn finally takes the offer. The two women celebrate together to cheers from the Amsterdam crowd.

Jim Gunt: What a showing of sportsmanship from PJ Blake, who finally is able to successfully get herself two points her tonight.

Mike Rolash: And while Autumn may have been a little bitter about the loss, now the two look like they're best friends again. Yay, someone bake them a freaking cake...

## **Silas Artoria vs. JC**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contest has a thirty minute time limit and is scheduled for one fall! It is the final Omega Block contest of the evening and YOUR main 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.

Ray Douglas: Intriguing first... being accompanied by Hidetaka Ito.. from Toronto, Ontario, Canada! The.. "Psychotic Aristocrat".. SILAS ARTORIA!

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 protegee slides into the ring beneath the bottom rope.

Jim Gunt: Earlier tonight, Ataxia took the lead in the Omega Block with his victory over The Marksman, gaining him six points. However if Silas is able to pull off a win over JC in this contest then they will be tied.

Mike Rolash: Yes, IF he's able to beat a nineteen-year veteran like JC. A man who's been going strong for years.. I doubt it..

"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 trench coat, 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.

Ray Douglas: His opponent, from Jersey City, New Jersey.. weighing two hundred and fifty-five pounds.. "The Answer" JC!

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 and 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.

Jim Gunt: If JC is able to win, then him and Silas will be tied with four points. But Mike, when did you become a fan of Carnage wrestlers?

Mike Rolash: I'm not.. just found myself caught in the hype.

Jim Gunt: You never fail to amaze me...

Mike Rolash: That's why I get paid the big bucks..

Senior official, Trent Robbins finishes his mandatory check on both competitors and signals for the bell. They both move towards the center of the ring. JC goes for a tie up but Artoria ducks underneath his clutches and drives a firearm into the small of his back. Quickly spinning and clutching his back a bit, JC goes for Silas again. Artoria dodges a

clothesline attempt and rebounds off the ropes, JC drops to the mat as Silas runs over top of him. JC's back up and charging towards Silas who side steps and sends him into the ropes. Rebounding off JC catches a leap frogging Silas in mid air and sends him flying overhead with a belly-to-belly suplex! Silas crashes into the mat but instinctively back crawls out of the ring.

Jim Gunt: Right out of the gate, Silas was trying to use his size and speed to his advantage but JC proving that he can still keep up.

Mike Rolash: I must admit, we can not overlook the impressive shape that he's managed to stay in, all of these years. But Artoria is a proven CWF veteran who's going to give him a run for his money.

JC climbs out of the ring and decks a reeling Artoria with a punch before throwing him back in the ring. Artoria rolls into a nearby corner, using the 'buckles to get vertical. JC is right on him, clubbing him with more punches before whipping him across the ring with all his might. Crashing chest first into the turnbuckles, Silas staggers backwards into JC's clutches. Lifting Silas up, JC spikes him down with a belly-to-back suplex, the impact bouncing Artoria off of the mat a bit. JC is back to his feet and bringing his opponent up along with him, he lifts Artoria onto his shoulders in a firearm's carry. Sensing that he's in danger, Silas wiggles free, spinning around JC's large frame and grabbing his arm on the way down, sending JC sliding under the bottom rope with an arm drag.

Jim Gunt: What a unique counter by Silas to buy himself some breathing room.

Mike Rolash: JC was looking to make quick work of the Psychotic Aristocrat but his elusiveness worked to his favor just then.

Silas has the CWF faithful firmly behind him as he rises to his feet. He points towards a recovering JC and rebounds off of the ropes. Returning towards JC, he fires like a missile through the ropes but JC has The Answer as he catches Silas out of mid air! He lifts Artoria up and drops him chest first across the barricade. Trent begins his count.

ONE!

TWO!

JC brings Silas up and whips him along ringside into the barricade, where he crashes hard!

THREE!

Mike Rolash: Hey! This isn't that garbage company. You can't do things like that!

FOUR!

Silas uses the barricade to get vertical and catches a charging JC with a boot.

FIVE!

Artoria now rushes at JC but gets flipped up and over with a back body drop, crashing with a loud thud on the thin mats.

Jim Gunt: Silas isn't able to get any kind of momentum going.

SIX!

JC brings Artoria up and rolls him into the ring, breaking the count. He follows suit as Silas retreats to a far corner. JC meets him there and stings his chest with a knife edge chop. Artoria, never one to back down, connects with a forearm to The Answer's jaw. Another one has JC backing up into the ropes where Silas now blisters his chest with a chop. JC fires back with a brutal kick to Silas' knee, dropping him down to the canvas.

Jim Gunt: What does Silas have to do to stay on top in this contest?

Mike Rolash: Yeah Artoria immediately grabbing at that hamstring. JC looks to be softening him up for his patented The Beginning of the End submission hold.

Silas doesn't give a chance however as he quickly moves to another corner and gets vertical. But JC is right on him and whipping him cross corner, Silas crashes into the buckles and JC crushes him with a clothesline on the follow through. JC grabs his arm again and goes to whip Artoria back across the ring but Silas twists through and pulls the larger JC onto his shoulders and begins to spin in multiple circles!

Jim Gunt: Silas able to get JC up for the Airplane Spin and look at him go!

Mike Rolash: It's an outdated move but still effective.

After about a good ten rotations, Silas drops a dizzy JC down to the mat, where he rolls out of the ring to gather his equilibrium. Silas doesn't let up though, running to the ropes and pulling himself over the top and crashing down on JC! The fans erupt after the high risk move, Ito cheers Silas on as he hurriedly gets JC back under the bottom rope. Silas climbs from the floor onto the nearest top buckle and waits for The Answer to get upright. He finally does and Artoria goes for broke.

Jim Gunt: MISSILE DROPKICK BY ARTORIA! He's back to his feet, waiting for JC to get up.

JC staggers up to his feet but gets clobbered by a spinning Artoria.

Mike Rolash: DISCUS CLOTHESLINE BY SILAS AND HE'S GOING FOR THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Silas slaps the mat in frustration but soon feeds off of the energy of the fans as he slowly rises to his feet. He hits the ropes and comes charging in for the Knockout but JC stands up and goes around him, locking his hands around Silas' waist, he flings Artoria backwards with a German Suplex! Silas flips through and lands on his feet, he latches onto JC and drills him with a backdrop suplex! Artoria is back up and telling the crowd that it's over as he positions himself behind a rising JC and goes to lift him onto his shoulders.

Jim Gunt: Silas is going for the Fall of Man! If he's able to execute it, this one could be all over.

Mike Rolash: JC's able to break free and he spikes Silas with a German Suplex! But he's not letting go!

JC holds on as he brings Silas back up and plants him with another German Suplex. Still not finished, he brings Artoria up for a third time and drills him with another one before holding on for the pin.. Robbins slides in to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Silas' able to get his shoulders off of the mat! JC sits up as Silas lays sprawled front first on the canvas. JC gets vertical and brings Silas up with him. He pulls him in for a short-arm clothesline but Silas recovers and dodges, spiking JC with a Snap Dragon Suplex! The fans cringe upon impact as JC's folded over on the canvas. Silas shoves JC's legs back to the mat and goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO! JC KICKS OUT!

Ray Douglas: Ten minutes elapsed! Twenty minutes remaining!

Silas looks spent but he acknowledges the time frame that he has left. Taking a deep breath, he grabs ahold of JC, pulling both himself and his opponent up to his feet. He attempts another quick Snap Dragon Suplex, but the Born Villain boots him right in the gut instead. Hooking both legs of his own, JC hits a Suplex of his own, tossing Artoria violently with a Butterfly Suplex. JC saunters over to Artoria, standing over the CWF veteran telling the Amsterdam crowd that it is all over for him.

Jim Gunt: Looks like JC is calling for the end, Mike.

Mike Rolash: What would have gave you that idea? \*rolls eyes\*

Pulling Silas up by his arm, JC yanks him into a shoulder block. He follows it up by whipping him hard into the ropes, here comes the Big Boot of Death! But Silas Artoria ducks under, going back into the ropes quickly, coming right back into a massive Spinebuster from JC! The Carnage Superstar is unable to capitalize immediately however, the landing of the Spinebuster apparently hurting his left knee on the way down.

Jim Gunt: Interesting development now as JC seems to have injured himself on that Spinebuster.

Mike Rolash: JC's an old man in a young man's game. He could break a bone out there!

Slapping his knee to get the feeling back in it, JC wiggles over to Silas on his ass and blasts him with a right hand. The Psychotic Aristocrat maneuvers his body around quickly, turning his legs up and over JC to pull him into an STF! The Carnage star doesn't see the submission coming, and is immediately locked in!

Jim Gunt: Silas Artoria stealing a page from the JC playbook, and it works! Will JC tap out to his own STF submission hold?

Mike Rolash: Let's see if those old bones can hold up!

Jim Gunt: It looks like they will, Mike, because JC has fought himself to the ropes! Which really is an amazing feat because Silas applied that submission right in the middle of the ring.

A disappointed Silas Artoria lets go of the STF at the direction of Trent Robbins, and JC immediately rolls out of the ring to regroup. Artoria attempts to go right after him, but the referee holds him back. When Robbins tells JC to get back in the ring and he doesn't listen, he's forced to count him out.

ONE!

Silas looks on in the ring impatiently.

TWO!

THREE!

JC continues to slowly pace back and forth on the outside of the ring.

FOUR!

Silas has had enough at this point, moving backward a little bit to get out of the grasp of Trent Robbins and then quickly sliding underneath his legs to go under the ropes. But JC is ready for him on the outside, pulling his legs right out of the air and using them to shotput Silas Artoria right into the steel barricade! Artoria's body turns inside out as he damn near falls straight on the top of his head, luckily turning over just in time. An angry Trent re-starts his count with both competitors now outside.

ONE!

TWO!

JC takes in the boos from the Amsterdam crowd, almost as if he's expecting them as he stands over the unconscious body of Silas.

THREE!

Grabbing Artoria up, JC tosses him like yesterday's trash in between the middle and bottom rope. He lands awkwardly back in the ring, and JC hurries to re-enter to continue the damage. He lifts him up only momentarily.

Jim Gunt: SCHISM! Artoria has no answer to the Package Piledriver, and this has got to be it!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

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

"Unsainted" once again plays as JC rolls off his opponent, exhausted and hurt, but once again victorious. Trent raises JC's arm in the air as the Amsterdam crowd shows him a mixed response.

Jim Gunt: Well Mike, the fans may not have gotten the ending they were hoping or expecting here tonight, but Silas did put up one hell of a fight.

Mike Rolash: You're damned right he did, and he has nothing to be ashamed about. Tonight, however, JC was the better man and has now gotten himself two more important points to put him to four himself! As we know Ataxia put himself up to six earlier tonight, so he is our block leader.

Jim Gunt: Next week, the big Supershow. And we crown our first Impact Champion in the Make Your Impact Melee, should be a massive night. Goodnight folks!

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite