Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 65

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
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Location: Mercedes-Benz Arena — Berlin, Germany

Results

Supershow Briefing

Match

Jim Gunt: Our journey throughout Europe is nearing its end as we make our penultimate stop in Cologne, for our Alpha and Omega tournament supershow!

Mike Rolash: Thank god!

Jim Gunt: Tonight we have major clashes as we see Zolton try to rebound from his major defeat, Silas Artoria begin the next stage of the tournament against Starlight, Freddie Styles fights to keep his place on top of the leaderboard as he goes one on one with Amy Jo Smyth, and the top fight of Omega will be decided between Ataxia and JC!

Mike Rolash: As long as you keep the sack headed psycho away from me I'll be fine and dandy!

Jim Gunt: But before we get to that, we have to recap whereabouts we are, and figure out the stakes in this tournament. So joining us for now is our own alpha and omega, Church and State!

Blake Church: Which is which?

Mike Rolash: Decide for yourselves!

Jim Gunt: Let's start with Alpha and their current standings.

Jim Gunt: We've got Freddie Styles continuing to dominate the block and now Danny B has stumbled! One loss and he ends up on the lower half of the bracket!

Charles State: It certainly shows how valuable and fragile your footing is when you're high on the card. We're only three weeks, or three matches, in and now we're seeing a clearer picture in terms of skill and endurance. In the case of Zolton and Smyth, it's a matter on whom is first to make a mistake, before they inevitably encounter each other. We may have four people at four points, but their matches against each have determined their standing.

Mike Rolash: And the bottom three?

Blake Church: They're going to have to move from there at some point. After tonight, Svenson and LeStrange are facing each other next, and Jackson is facing Styles so all three need to step up their game. They do still have a chance at succeeding in reaching in the top two of their bracket, but from the current trend we're seeing, it's unlikely we're going to be seeing that.

Jim Gunt: Tonight we're going to be treated to Duce Jones going head to head with Konrad Raab. Duce has been lossless all tournament, two wins and one draw, but at this point surely the stress and fatigue starts to set in?

Charles State: Some people start to experience it later than others, but we're certainly starting to see it in competitors in both blocks. If you have long matches, that's going to bite you back in the backside later down the line, so I think we're going to see people attempt to keep their matches short to conserve energy.

Jim Gunt: Any predictions before we get to Omega block?

Mike Rolash: I'm putting my money on Raab. A defeat is what's needed to push someone over the edge, and Raab could finally make Duce humble in front of his hometown crowd!

Jim Gunt: Church and State?

Charles State: I think we'll see some interesting events taking place today. I think Zolton will start bouncing back, but I also think Jackson has a chance of delivering an upset win, hoping to make a point.

Blake Church: I'm going to say Styles and Jones. I'll go a little further by saying that those two facing each other will be the deciding factor on who wins Alpha block, but there are many opportunities to break this dominance in the meantime.

Jim Gunt: Let's move on to Omega block and if we look at the table, the matches last week have solidified whom is undisputed king of the bracket!

Mike Rolash: Christ alive!

Jim Gunt: We've seen some interesting developments last week but I didn't expect that it would result in the whole table being clearly ranked! Barring the bottom two, we could say that Omega block has been made!

Blake Church: It depends on the opponents they've faced. You might've had some victories but they could've been against people towards the bottom of the table. Autumn Raven, for instance, has had to take on some extremely difficult opponents, whilst Starlight has had a comparatively comfortable start. JC is facing Ataxia and will inevitably cross paths with Kyuseishu, whom has been making waves in the CWF for the past two months, so it is safe to say that it's too close to call. We have five people with four points a-piece, and Ataxia has six. It's too early to tell whom will ultimately be the victor.

Mike Rolash: Who does the sack man have to face today?

Blake Church: JC.

Mike Rolash: YES!

Charles State: Excuse me?

Mike Rolash: Correct me if I am wrong but JC defeated a tournament favorite last week, so maybe he can defeat another tournament favorite tonight as well!

Jim Gunt: You're comfortable with an outsider winning the whole thing!?

Mike Rolash: If it means keeping that freak in check, then I am more than happy to offload my credibility!

Jim Gunt: You had credibility?

Mike Rolash: What!?

Jim Gunt: What?

Blake Church: Gentlemen! If we can stick to the tournament! Silas is going to take on Starlight to try and see whom has the edge on the other. Kyuseishu is taking on the heavy hitter that is the Marksman…

Charles State: ...and we have Autumn Raven taking on Ariel Shadows, with PJ Blake and Bubba Love going head to head!

Jim Gunt: Predictions?

Charles State: My money is on Autumn, Ataxia, and Silas to take home tonight. I have said that Autumn might be on the upswing and been proven wrong, but the signs are there. Autumn wants to get out of her losing ditch, Ariel has taken a loss, it's an opportunity ripe for the taking!

Blake Church: My money is on Jay Mora and PJ Blake. Blake had a difficult start but she does have some momentum and that could carry her towards a victory, and with all due respect to Kyuseishu, Jay Mora has been in and out of the CWF for a long time, and when an opportunity like this comes along, Mora is not someone to back off from a difficult fight.

Jim Gunt: Thank you gentlemen, we'll see you two next week as we turn our attention to the ring for our first match of the night!

Zolton vs. Joseph Svenson

Match

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

The arena lights begin flashing as the stage lights up. The CWF fans stand up and watch the stage as Joseph Svenson makes his way out and walks directly towards the ring. Reaching ringside, Joseph Svenson makes his way up the staircase then climbs through the ropes. Moments after entering the ring, he makes his way over to the near corner and begins to stretch for his match.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Virginia Beach, Virginia….JOSEPH SVENSON!!

Jim Gunt: Svenson replaced underrated fan favorite Tom Marrow after week two of the competition, and unfortunately for him, has been falling short ever since.

Mike Rolash: I don't know why you're rubbing Tom the right way, dog's always rubbed me the wrong way.

Jim Gunt: Ahem...anyway…

As the opening of "Rise" hits the speakers, the arena goes dark with fog filling the entrance area. Upon the entrance screen a video montage begins to roll of Zolton standing atop a mountain and behind him is highlights of what he has done in a wrestling ring. As the lyrics begin to be heard, Zotlon himself steps out onto the stage area among the smoke. The crowd begins to boo loudly. Zolton relishes in the dissatisfaction of the crowd with an arrogant grin. His long leather trench coat gleams off the now bright spot light shining down upon him.

He now begins to make his way down the ramp toward the ring. Refusing to acknowledge the crowd as he passes them. Reaching the ring he steps up the ring steps slowly, his arrogant smile plastered all over his face. He then jumps to the top turnbuckle of the corner of the ring. He calls it his throne as the arena lights return to normal and the song fades to silence. Zolton ignores the crowd as he lets his trench coat slide down off his shoulders to the floor.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Amsterdam, Netherlands….ZOLTON!!

Jim Gunt: The Man of Chaos, who looked completely unstoppable until just two weeks ago when Freddie Styles was able to finally defeat the man on the main event of the week three Alpha Block.

Mike Rolash: Zolton looks to be in quite the mood here tonight though, I don't think he's very happy with the way last week went…

Jim Gunt: Well I bet not, Zolton went from being tied at first place in the Alpha Block to falling all the way to third in a matter of one match.

Trent Robbins calls for the bell and Joseph Svenson comes to the center of the ring looking for a collar tie up with Zolton but instead the Man of Chaos spins around and nails him with the spinning Roundhouse Kick immediately! Svenson is not only caught off guard, but knocked silly, as he crashes to the ground and rolls to his side holding his head.

Jim Gunt: Titan Crush! Zolton is not messing around tonight, and now he's looking to finish this thing already!

An angry Man of Chaos grabs Svenson off the canvas, slapping him across the back of the head before placing him between his legs. He pulls him up into the air with ease. Crucifix Sit Out Powerbomb!

Jim Gunt: The Pearly Gates!

Mike Rolash: Svenson didn’t even get out of the gates...haha!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

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

Jim Gunt: Well that was one of our quicker matches of the entire tournament, with Zolton showing his complete dominance over the competition.

Mike Rolash: The Man of Chaos could be more dangerous than ever following his loss to Styles, look out Alpha Block!

PJ Blake vs. Bubba Love

Match

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

"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. 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.

Ray Douglas: From Seattle, Washington….PJ BLAKE!!

Jim Gunt: PJ was finally able to obtain her first two points of the Alpha and Omega Tournament just last week, in a grueling match against Autumn Raven.

Mike Rolash: PJ Blake had to dig deep to get that win over Autumn, who was also desperate to pick up her first two points of the tournament. Tonight she’s in the exact same scenario, going up against Bubba Love who has been as big of a disappointment as anyone in A and O.

Richard Dawson's voice comes from the speakers, screaming, "Who loves you? Who do you love?!" The crowd jumps to its feet, most of them cheering but a number of the Cologne fans booing as "What is Love" by Haddaway booms out of the speakers. Bubba comes from the back, and ignores everyone on the way down to the ring. He gets half way down the ramp, then breaks into a jog. Approaching the ring, he slides under the rope and comes face to face with Blake, not standing down a bit but neither does the Icon.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent, from Day, Minnesota….BUBBA LOVE!!

Jim Gunt: Bubba has had a tragic start to this tournament, not quite sharing the amount of success he had in his home federation Hostility man years ago.

Mike Rolash: Bubba wasn’t invited for CWF’s version of the Hostility remake, and we can see why with his performance in the tournament so far Jimmy. Tonight he needs to put the fun and games aside and get serious, it’s do or die time!

“Big” Denny Davidson checks on both competitors and calls for the bell. PJ Blake comes to the center of the ring,

ambitious as ever to get this thing started, but Love remains in his corner with his back turned to his opponent. To the shock of the Cologne fans watching on from the front rows, Love sticks his entire right arm down his trunks as PJ begins to approach.

Jim Gunt: Oh my god....what the hell is Bubba Love doing!?

Mike Rolash: Looks like he may have to re-adjust something Jimmy, give the man a break!

Just as PJ Blake approaches Bubba, he turns around pulling something out of his trunks. It's a 8x10 photo of himself! The Love Removal Machine excitedly waves the photo out for PJ Blake to take it, but the Icon is not having it. She simply looks on at Bubba in shock, finally causing him to put a finger in the air as if he forgot something. Once again he reaches back into his trunks.

Jim Gunt: Oh lord...we're going to get taken off the air…

Mike Rolash: He forgot his sharpie!

Indeed, Bubba Love pulls a black sharpie marker out of his trunks and offers to sign the photograph for PJ Blake. This finally causes the usually light-hearted Blake to snap, and she blasts him in the face with a Spinning Back Elbow that he wasn't expecting. The photo and marker fly up in the air, but Blake pays no mind, going right back for Bubba and hitting the Scooping Reverse DDT Driver.

Jim Gunt: Screw The Rules! And PJ Blake is doing just that, not even giving Bubba a chance to get back up to his feet here.

Mike Rolash: Apparently PJ doesn't like autographs? What a celebrity-aphobe!

Jim Gunt: Is that even a thing?...

Blake is now up on the top rope, and she leaps off high before Bubba can even attempt to get back to his feet. LEGACY! She doesn't cover after the Frog Splash however, popping right back up to her feet and waving for the German fans to get on their feet. She taps the canvas once, and then taps the side of Bubba's head once with her boot. Backing up, she awaits Love to crawl unknowingly to his feet.

Jim Gunt: THE RIIIISSEEE! The Superkick knocks Bubba silly, if he was ever normal...and now PJ is going for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

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

"Coming in Hot" once again plays and PJ doesn't even let "Big" Denny raise her hand in victory, instead shaking her head and rolling out of the ring. Her entourage meets her outside the ring and the three of them head back up together.

On To Next Week

Match

The Man of Chaos himself, Zolton, is seen walking through the corridors of the Lanxess Arena, making his way towards the parking lot area. Before he can go through the door, resident interviewer Tara Robinson cuts him off at the underpass with a microphone in hand.

Tara Robinson: Zolton, if you don't mind, I'd like to get a word with you following your victory over Joseph Svenson earlier tonight?

Tara attempts to put the microphone Zolton's way, but the Man of Chaos continues towards the parking lot as if he didn't even hear her. An aggravated Robinson continues to follow him, bringing the microphone back up to her lips to talk as she walks.

Tara Robinson: Uh, okay...well Zolton, the fans here in Germany deserve to know, do you feel like your win here tonight vindicated yourself after falling short against Freddie Styles two weeks ago?

Zolton continues passing through the doorway, but the words of Tara Robinson seem to have caused him to rethink. He stops in his tracks, turning back around to Tara and the camera.

Zolton: Freddie Styles got one win over me. Two points, that's all it was. These fans can think what they want of me, but I'm not here to please them. I proved yet again tonight why the Man of Chaos is the true Alpha, and next round will be much of the same. Danny B? On to the next week.

Zolton puts his hand up before Tara can ask him any further questions, walking away from the scene.

Nathan Paradine vs. Jeff Jackson

Match

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

As the opening riff of Lynyrd Skynyrd's 'Still Unbroken' begins, the lights dim. When the main riff takes over, the lights power back on in time with the change. They reveal 'The Killer' Jeff Jackson standing at the top of the entrance way, arms outstretched in a T shape. As this happens, he let's out a guttural scream and the crowd goes wild. As he scans the crowd for a few seconds and begins to walk with a purpose to the ring, the lyrics kick in.

"Broken bones, broken hearts, stripped down and torn apart. A little bit of rust, I'm still running. Counting miles, counting tears, twisting roads, shifting gears. Year after year, it's all or nothing!"

As the chorus begins, Jeff hits his pose and scream again mid ring.

Ray Douglas: First, from Halifax, Nova Scotia, the Killer….JEFF JACKSON!!

During the rest of the chorus, Jeff stands facing the hard camera and rocks out to the music, mouthing the words of the last line in particular. The music fades as Jeff warms up in one of the nearby corners.

Jim Gunt: We saw quite the transformation in Jeff Jackson in his CWF Wired promo earlier this week. Perhaps Silas Artoria is his inspiration, because Jackson seems to have a Passenger of his very own.

Mike Rolash: Whatever it is, I’m not sure Paradine is ready for this new Jeff Jackson…

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

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Melbourne, Australia….NATHAN PARADINE!!

Jim Gunt: The Australian Submission Machine, coming into tonight’s match really sitting in the middle of the pack in the Alpha Block at this point.

Mike Rolash: That’s right Jim, Nathan Paradine only has four points currently, but that’s a lot more than Jeff Jackson can say. He hasn’t been able to pick up a win yet!

Jim Gunt: Well Paradine is certainly sure of himself, as he now climbs the corners to raise his arms in victory before this match even begins...wait a second Jackson has slid out of the ring and now has the apron pulled up, looking or something. Steel chair!

Mike Rolash: And that idiot Paradine has no clue!

Jeff Jackson rolls back into the ring with the steel chair in hand, Clark Summits attempting to back him up and take the chair out of his hands. The official is finally able to grab ahold of the chair as Paradine drops down from the turnbuckle, coming to the center of the ring to see what all the fuss is all about. Summits drops the steel chair outside the ring, calling for the bell to start the match.

Jim Gunt: And here we go, this one is finally officially started!

Mike Rolash: Are you sure, Jimbo? Because Jackson just BLASTED Paradine with a right hand, and yep I was right, brass knuckles!

Jim Gunt: Summits sees it immediately! Disqualification!

The bell rings, and rings, and rings, but Jeff Jackson pays it no mind, continuing to pummel down on Nathan Paradine. The Killer is blacked out, beating on the Australian Submission Machine relentlessly.

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by disqualification and picking up two points in the Alpha and Omega Tournament….NATHAN PARADINE!!

Finally a number of referees and other backstage officials run out from the back, quickly entering the ring and pulling Jackson off of Paradine as he begins to choke him. The Killer throws two unknown officials, each one of them to the side as he goes right back for Nathan. As he drops down, a number of other officials and security swarm in and are finally able to pull him off Paradine. The Cologne fans boo Jackson as he is pulled outside the ring and up the ramp.

Jim Gunt: I have never seen such brutality! Jackson just destroyed Paradine out here, and officially allows the Australian Submission Machine to pick up two more points by disqualification as he pounded the hell out of him!

Mike Rolash: Going to be a struggle for Paradine to teach his classes this week, Jimbo!

Danny B vs. Phoenix LeStrange

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is scheduled for one fall, with a thirty minute time limit!

The lights in the arena dim as a voice can be heard whispering over a slowed down beat to the song “Mia Khalifa” by ilovefridays.

"L-L-Lestrange!"

The real beat to the song kicks in as Phoenix Lestrange emerges from backstage, a wicked smirk on her face as she surveys the jeering audience. She takes a step forward, hands held behind her back, before she suddenly starts skipping to the ring.

Jim Gunt: And here she is, the incomparable Phoenix Lestrange… and not in a good way either.

Mike Rolash: Heh, speak for yourself! This is prime viewing, and we have the best seats in the house!

Ray Douglas: Introducing first… weighing in at one hundred and ten pounds, she is The Deviant… PHOENIX LESTRANGE!

LeStrange slides into the ring underneath the bottom rope, dry-humping it several times before sticking out her tongue and crawling to the corner.

Jim Gunt: Nothing we haven't seen before from this woman.

Mike Rolash: You say it like it's a bad thing!

A large golden spotlight shines over the center of the stage as "Dragon Rider" by Two Steps From Hell begins. A blast of pyro, and "The Ripper" Danny B makes his presence known. The CWF legend pushes his way out of the apron, standing in the center of the golden spotlight as the German fans watch on and give him a mixed reaction.

Ray Douglas: Introducing the opponent, hailing from Brighton, England and weighing in a two hundred and twenty pounds… he is "The Ripper"... DANNY B!!

Danny smirks at the announcement, confident in his ways as he makes his way down the ramp, breaking into a sprint halfway down the ramp and diving into the ring. He bounds to his feet and meets Lestrange in the middle of the ring, catching her by surprising and delivering a series of forearm shots!

Jim Gunt: Danny B isn't wasting any time, the damned bell hasn't even been rung yet!

Mike Rolash: You gotta be in it to win it, Jimbo!

The bell rings as referee Scott Dean desperately tries to pull Danny B off Lestrange, "The Ripper" now clutching the top rope as he delivers a series of vicious stomps to a cowering Lestrange. Dean finally succeeds in getting Danny to relent by threatening a disqualification… but only for as long as it takes Lestrange to wobbily get to her feet before he continues his assault as he immediately seizes her in a bear hug and delivers a belly to belly suplex, planting Lestrange squarely in the middle of the mat.

Jim Gunt: Get the referee to call it, this isn't a wrestling match, it's a mauling!

Mike Rolash: It's beauty and the beast in that ring, you need to let nature take its course!

Danny isn't finished yet though, as he pulls Lestrange to her feet and drapes her over his shoulder. He parades her around the ring before driving her back into the mat, remaining on his knees in order to seize Lestrange's arm and apply a vicious shoulder lock. The limp Lestrange shudders to life and screams as she tries to escape the hold, but Danny B relents and releases her with a sneer before she can tap out. He kicks her away from him and backs away into the corner, leaning leisurely against the ropes as he watches her attempt to crawl to her feet.

Jim Gunt: Looks like his parents never told him not to play with his food before he eats it.

Mike Rolash: Oh, so you think he's going to eat her? Right here in the middle of the ring?

Jim Gunt: I- what, that's not what I-

Mike Rolash: Get your mind out of the gutter, this is a family television show.

In the ring, Lestrange feebly grinds against the ring as she uses the ropes to pull herself to her feet, to the delight of several pre-adolescent fans at ringside.

Mike Rolash: Well, some of the time it is anyway.

Danny B immediately goes back on the attack, grabbing Lestrange around the waist and planting her with a German suplex… and another… and another… and another! The crowd cheers as Danny climbs to his feet and stands over a motionless Lestrange with his hands on his hips to admire his handiwork. He drops down and drapes himself over her body, looking for a pinfall!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Somehow, against all odds, Lestrange gets her shoulder up!

Jim Gunt: I can't help but feel that maybe Lestrange should have just taken the loss there.

Mike Rolash: I thought you were all for an underdog story? She's on zero points, facing elimination from the Alpha and Omega Tournament. This could be her last chance to make an impact!

Jim Gunt: If she wants to make an impact, she's in the wrong match!

Danny B sits up and looks at Lestrange, who is now stirring on the mat. He rolls to his feet and steps between the ropes to the outside of the apron, screaming at Lestrange to get to her feet. She begins to rise, ever so slowly, and outside the ring The Ripper motions frantically for her to get up.

Danny B: Get up! GET ON YOUR FEET!

Somewhere, far up in the stands, some of the German crowd begins a loud "On Your Feet!" chant.

Jim Gunt: Scott, end it! End this match before she gets seriously hurt!

Mike Rolash: No, LET THEM FIGHT!

Slowly, slow, Lestrange stands up… she turns around one… she turns around twice and takes a step to her left… and Danny B pounces! The Ripper jumps to the top rope and throws himself through the air, hitting a picture perfect Ripper's Blade and damn near taking off Lestrange's head with it! Danny B covers!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match and picking up two more points in the Alpha and Omega Tournament, the Ripper....DANNY B!!

Jim Gunt: A quick and decisive win for Danny B!

Mike Rolash: You know his history. Would you expect anything else from a bona fide CWF legend like The Ripper?

Danny B slides out of the ring, ignoring the jeers from the fans at ringside as he wipes away an imaginary sheen of sweat from his forehead and begins to make his way to the back as the show cuts to a commercial break.

Hometown Hero Appears

Match

It was a different theme song tonight as Motivation by Dope plays over the sound system as the crowd was silent until Konrad Raab walks out of the curtain with the German flag in his hands. He stands there, closing his eyes as he hears how ballistic the crowd were for Konrad. He then opens his eyes and holds up the German flag with a light scream. You can see on his mask; there's a German flag stickered on the sides of his mask.

He slaps the hands of everyone. As he reaches the ring, he slides in and climbs up on every turnbuckle, holding up the German flag as he gets down and picks up the microphone. As he tried to talk, the fans cheered like crazy, chanting, let's go, Konrad. Five minutes later, the crowd is silent as he begins to speak.

Konrad Raab: Wow, it's great to be back here in my hometown with you electrified fans. It's certainly been a long time the last time I wrestled in Lanxess Arena. It's always a great pleasure to come here to wrestle in front of all of you tonight. It means so much for me to wrestle in my hometown, nearly was in tears because I've always dreamed of wrestling here at least once a year.

The crowd cheers for Konrad as he takes a deep breath as he speaks again.

Konrad Raab: You have a special treat on your hands as not only you're seeing me wrestle against Duce Jones, but you're also seeing me wrestle for the Impact title. I like to call the match for myself, make my hometown impact because that's what I'm going to do here tonight. I've heard other wrestlers trash-talking me, but I'm in way too good of a mood to do that as each one of of my opponents both in the melee and Duce Jones aren't going to be easy. All of my opponents tonight are talented equally, but the problem is while they are motivated to win, they aren't as motivated as me because I will use all the cheers and energy you have for me to wrestle to my full potential.

Konrad nodded with what he said, even though he wasn't much of a trash talker unless he had a reason to. He continues after the fans quieten down.

Konrad Raab: Winning against the undefeated Duce Jones in the Alpha/Omega tournament and the chance to be the new Impact champion will mean so much tonight, especially both aren't easy challenges to overcome, but I'm willing to push myself to the limits and do everything I can to overcome Duce Jones, Sean Fuller, Magdalene Lockheart, Ariel Shadows and Johnny Graves tonight and will walk away with two wins in the bag in front of all of you. When I win the Impact title, I won't be going straight to the back; I will go and celebrate in the crowd."

The fans cheer like crazy for it, it was clear Konrad wanted it to be a very special day for the fans, and he hadn't forgotten about a few people in the crowd as he mentions it while pointing to where they are sitting.

Konrad Raab: I brought my family, friends and my wife here tonight, wanting to watch me wrestle because they are my biggest fans along with all of you as well and they know for sure, they will see me perform and bring home the gold and adding a few more points to the table. I will be going home tonight a happy man because my confidence is the highest it's been because tonight, I will win both matches and celebrate with all of you because I never give up. Someone will be pinned for the three count tonight, and I'd be more than happy to stick around and defend the Impact title. Tonight to everyone I'm facing, Bereiten Sie sich darauf vor, von The Hometown Iceman vereist zu werden.

Motivation by Dope plays over on the sound system as Konrad did a hold up in the ring with the crowd going ballistic as he picks up his German flag and slides under the ring. He goes over to his family, friends and his wife as he hugs each one of them kisses Fizz on her cheek before he goes up the ramp, holding up the German flag before he walks to the back to get ready for the Make Your Impact Melee.

Silas Artoria vs. Starlight

Match

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

"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: Introducing 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 protege slides into the ring beneath the bottom rope.

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!"

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!"

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Aokigahara, Japan….STARLIGHT!!

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. Taking off her coat and gas mask, she places them on the announce table and enters the ring.

Jim Gunt: Big match here for both Starlight and Silas Artoria, as both competitors sit at four points a piece in the Alpha and Omega Tournament.

Mike Rolash: And with us at the halfway point of this tournament, it's definitely do or die time. Picking up two points is more important than ever now.

"Big" Denny Davidson rings the bell and Starlight looks to start this match off quickly, running at Silas and leaping up to attempt a high flying move, slightly out of her normal repertoire. Silas Artoria is able to reverse the flying Headscissors Attempt though, taking the legs of Starlight and spinning her through the air three quick times before tossing her across the ring!

Jim Gunt: Airplane Spin from Silas Artoria, as he takes advantage of Starlight trying to switch up her gameplan a little too much.

Mike Rolash: Well I've never seen Starlight be much of a high flyer, but whatever it takes to pick up the win.

Jim Gunt: Unfortunately for her, it didn't work and now Silas has the edge. He lifts Starlight up to a vertical position, Snap Dragon Suplex!

The German fans are on the side of Silas Artoria as he looks to put away Starlight quickly, obviously not in the mood following his loss to JC just one week ago. He looks into the camera for just a moment, quickly looking away as if he doesn't want his face seen on camera. Silas pulls Starlight up from behind, German Suplexing her back to the canvas. He then bounces off the ropes…High Bicycle Knee!

Jim Gunt: KNOCKOUT!

Mike Rolash: Starlight is indeed knocked out, Jimmy, but why is Silas trying to stay out of the camera?

Jim Gunt: I don't know, but he's going right for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

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

Jim Gunt: Big win here for Silas who gets back on the winning ways after falling short to JC in week three.

Unsatisfied

Match

Silas Artoria: You expected less, Jim?

Silas leans over the ropes to look at both Jim and Mike with an unsatisfied look on his face.

Jim Gunt: You won! Aren't you happy?

Silas Artoria: Wait until how it feels to be hit with a brick wall, then come back and tell me that a week is enough to eliminate the weight off your shoulders!

He twitched once, and returns his attention to his victory in the ring.

Silas looks around the arena, seeing and hearing the people shower him with a positive response, yet he didn't look happy. He's gritting his teeth, he's glaring, he looks tetchy despite his best efforts to look away from the camera.

He walks towards the ropes to exit, but stops.

He looks at Ito, who seems proud of his protege from the look on their face. The Japanese legend is applauding, but Silas doesn't shoot even a glimmer of positivity back. He looks at Ito for several seconds, then turns to look at Starlight.

She was struggling to shrug off the Knockout Silas had delivered only moments ago, judging by her crawl towards the opposite ropes.

And yet, with a red twinkle in his eye, the tension within him increased.

He squats down and points towards Starlight.

Jim Gunt: What the hell is he doing!?

Silas Artoria: GET UP!

Starlight is still dazed as Silas grows impatient.

Silas Artoria: Get up! GET UP!

His teeth are gritted, he's ready to go! Starlight starts to pull herself up on the ropes…

...and a scream escapes Silas!

His foot is pulled and is dragged under the ropes. Silas spins to shoot a daggered look at the person responsible!

Ito grabs his face and demands full eye contact.

Calmness contrasting the frustrated Silas.

Hidetaka Ito: You've won. Let's get some dinner, eh?

Ito lets go of Silas' head, and the Canadian shoots Starlight a look, but of little use. Without another word, he heads towards the back, barely acknowledging the cameras or the trailing Ito as he strides to the exit. Another two points gained as he finally leaves through the curtain.

Sean Fuller vs. Magdalene Lockheart vs. Ariel Shadows vs. Johnny Graves vs. Konrad Raab

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is a ‘Make Your Impact Melee’, a five way elimination match with no time limit, where anything goes and falls count anywhere. The winner will become the newly re-christened CWF IMPAAACT CHAMPION!

The lights go down as "Iconic" starts to play. Sean steps out onto the stage, into a literal spotlight with his head bowed. He's dressed in a pair of all black tights with "Fuller" running down his left-leg in silver. The fans cheer as he lifts his head once the lights come up and he proceeds down the ramp towards the ring. Sean hops up on the side of the ring, planting only one knee while the other dangles over the side. Sean steps over the middle rope and then falls back falling close to the bottom turnbuckle and pulling himself the rest of the way.

Ray Douglas: First, from unknown, he is….SEAN FULLER!!

Jim Gunt: Sean Fuller has made a decent impact since joining CWF a number of weeks ago. Although he entered the fray a little too late to get involved with the Alpha and Omega tournament, we have seen him successful in six man tags and the like. Tonight he gets his first chance in tasting gold though!

Mike Rolash: Who would want to taste gold? I mean...unless it’s the edible variety.

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. 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 simply awaits in the corner for the rest of her opponents.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, first from Anchorage, Alaska, the Dreamcatcher….ARIEL SHADOWS!!

Jim Gunt: Sitting at just four points, Ariel Shadows has fallen down the rankings of the Omega Block a little bit as of late.

Mike Rolash: But she has Autumn Raven later tonight, which is pretty much an automatic win…

Jim Gunt: That’s harsh, Mike, and completely inaccurate. Shadows will be actually be the one coming into that match at a disadvantage, since she put herself in the position to have to wrestle two matches here tonight.

The lights throughout the venue cut leaving the fans sitting in complete darkness. Suddenly red and blue lights begin flashing throughout the arena as the sound of police sirens pierce the silence. Suddenly the melody of "Bank Account (Remix)" blasts from the various speakers throughout the arena. The fans rise to their feet in a thunderous response for the returning Johnny Graves as he steps out onto the small stage. Graves slowly moves his gaze over the sea of fans, a confident smirk on his lips. He drops down onto his knees where he sits for several moments. Finally he pushes himself up to his feet and begins strutting confidently towards the ring.

Ray Douglas: And their opponent, from Las Vegas, Nevada….JOHNNY GRAVES!!

The fans on either side of the aisle reach out looking to get a high five or anything from the passing Graves who ignores them completely, his intense eyes fixated on the ring, confident smirk on his lips. As he nears the ring he picks up his pace until he's in a jog. He slides into the ring feet first, sliding all the way to the center of the ring where he again sits on his knees. He slowly rises his right hand and points to the sky with his index finger. He springs up to his feet and walks right past Fuller and Shadows to move to the corner where he ascends to the middle rope and begins

yelling towards the fans at ringside, the cameramen, whoever happens to look in his direction. He climbs down from the ropes and kneels in the corner resting his head against the middle turnbuckle and says a quick prayer. Back on his feet again he begins pacing back and forth in the corner like a caged animal longing for the moment he's freed and can pounce on its prey.

Mike Rolash: It’s so great to have Graves back, Jimbo!

Jim Gunt: This guy is about as pompous as it gets, who the hell even invited him back after the way he walked out on us last time?

Mike Rolash: It’s all about the mighty dollar sign as far as our CEO Jaiden Rishel is concerned, and like him or not, Johnny Graves brings in the money!

The deep, heartbeat bass of Taylor Swift’s "Look What You Made Me Do" drops over the arena’s speakers as the artist Magdalena Lockheart emerges from behind the curtain. Magdalena steps out into the center of a light blue spotlight wearing a long black dress. For a moment she stands at the top of the stage and applies a dark cherry lipstick to her lips with the aid of a pocket mirror. The ramp in front of her lights up like a model’s runway. Lockheart struts down the ramp as if she’s modeling the dress, pausing briefly at the bottom to pose while flashbulbs go off all around her.

Ray Douglas: And their opponent, from Inwood, New York - She is the FUTURE, the Artist known as….MAGDALENA LOCKHEART!!

Lockheart walks around the ring towards the camera side, moving all of the way to the southeast ringpost before pulling herself up onto the ring apron. She centers herself on the apron and stands facing the crowd.

“But I got smarter, I got harder, In the knick of time.
And me I rose up from the dead I do it all the time.
I got a list of names, yours is in red underlined.
I check it once, then I check it twice- Ooh!”

Lockheart grabs her dress with both hands and on beat with the song, she rips the dress down the center! Another green spotlight shines straight down on her as glittering, sparkling confetti rains down from the ceiling onto the crowd. Flashes go off from all of the hungry cell phone cameras in attendance as Lockheart sheds the rest of her dress and reveals her slim waistline beneath. Lockheart pauses for a few moments to allow the crowd to snap more photographs before entering the ring. She makes eye contact with each of her three opponents who have entered so far, making her way to her respective corner.

Jim Gunt: Magdalena Lockheart, one of Carnage’s finest and one member of the roster that we have yet to have in our presence here at CWF!

Mike Rolash: Well Maggie seems to have had a falling out as of late with Carnage president Jason Bridges, and that may be why she is branching out here tonight. Regardless, Lockheart finds herself in one hell of fight here tonight...and one she’s all too familiar with with her Ultraviolent background!

Jim Gunt: And she is actually familiar with this match’s final competitor, who just happens to be from right here in Cologne, Germany!

“Motivation" by Dope plays over the sound system as a cage begins lowering down from the ceiling over the entrance ramp with ice fireworks coming out on the side of the cage with white snow comes down on the ramp. Konrad Raab is seen standing in the cage doing boxing punches wearing his sunglasses along with his hooded coat with his pitbull logos and his The Iceman nickname on the back of his coat, along with his white and blue wrestling trousers with black gloves and wearing sunglasses with the blue and black yin-yang tattoo on his right shoulder, Iceman from X-Men tattoo on his back, Ice wolf on his left chest and ice bear on his right chest as the crowd cheer the hell out of Konrad. As the

cage comes to the ground, Konrad then opens the cage doors and he then holds up a German flag on the ramp.

Ray Douglas: And finally, from Cologne, Germany, he is your hometown man The Iceman….KONRAD RAAB!!

He walks down the ramp, giving the fans high fives from the ramp, all the way to everyone at ringside, even to the commentators before going up the stairs, going in-between the ropes and stands in the middle of the ring, lifting up his hoodie from his head to see the blue and white mask and holds the German flag up again for the huge reaction of the crowd as he gives the coat, the sunglasses and the German flag to the ring announcer as he does a few punches to the camera before the match begins.

Jim Gunt: Alright Mike, all five competitors are in the ring...but for how long will this match STAY in the ring?

Mike Rolash: I guess there's only one way to find out, let's send it to the ring where Trent Robbins is going to have his hands full with this one!

Senior official Trent Robbins stands in the middle of the pack, five competitors surrounding him on either side of the ring as he turns around to each of them to read the rules of the match again. Finally satisfied, Robbins turns towards the time keeper and calls for the bell. Ariel Shadows and Maggie Lockheart square up immediately, Shadows ducking under a clothesline attempt from Lockheart and placing her arm around her head to set her up for a Bulldog. Instead Johnny Graves takes advantage of the situation, grabbing Shadows from behind and tucking her legs over head into a quick rollup!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: ARIEL SHADOWS HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

Jim Gunt: And just like that...we have our first elimination of the match, Mike!

Mike Rolash: I bet you Shadows didn't see that coming! Maybe she should have smoked one less joint before tonight's match, must've had some smoke in her eyes…

Jim Gunt: I have no idea about that one, but what I do know is at least Shadows will be fresh for her Omega Block Match against Autumn later!

Mike Rolash: Haha, that's one positive...but Ariel is irate! She's now made her way to the outside of the ring, right in front of us here...hey that's my notes!

A screaming Ariel Shadows takes a stack of papers in front of the announcers and tosses it in the air, walking away from the scene and up the ramp as the match continues on. Johnny Graves tries to get Maggie Lockheart to thank him for "saving her" from Shadows, but instead she delivers a spinning heel kick to the former Impact Champion. Graves retreats, walking right into Konrad Raab, who hoists him right up into the air...Press Slamming him over the top rope and to the outside!

Jim Gunt: Graves just got dumped there, thankfully for him this is not traditional battle royale rules!

Mike Rolash: Good point, but that had to be painful nonetheless!

Sean Fuller now enters the fray, attacking Konrad Raab from behind with a knee to his ribs. Fuller turns Raab around, attempting to whip him into the ropes, but this time it is Raab in with a knee to stop him. He transitions behind Fuller before executing a Double Arm German Suplex that brings the wild hometown fans to their feet! The Iceman is on fire now, but looking to make him melt is Magdalena Lockheart, who has ascended to the top rope...THE BLACK STAR! The top rope hesitation drop kick nails Raab hard in the face, and instantly drops him! Lockheart looks to take

advantage of the big maneuver, staying atop of Raab for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO! RAAB HURLS LOCKHEART THREE QUARTERS ACROSS THE RING!

Jim Gunt: This Konrad Raab is something else! I don't know if it's the energy of his home country, hometown fans, or what, but this man is a ball of fire here tonight!

Mike Rolash: He's going to need all the energy he can muster, Jimbo, because he has not only this match to fight in...but a match against one of the top contenders in the entire Alpha and Omega tournament, Duce Jones later.

Jim Gunt: That's right, he does. For now though Johnny Graves has made his way back into the ring, and is surprisingly going right back to Raab!

Mike Rolash: Does Graves have a death wish?

Getting right in the face of Konrad Raab, the hot-headed Graves shoves him hard in the chest. Raab backs up, smirking the entire time as he looks back at the quieted crowd and then comes right at Graves with a Lou Thesz Press. Graves is sandwiched between Raab and the canvas as the Iceman pelts away at him with right hands.

On the other side of the ring, Maggie Lockheart and Sean Fuller are locked into a collar tie up, neither competitor getting the advantage right away. Fuller is finally able to hit a rising knee to Lockheart, breaking up the lock up before throwing her back against the corner. Running in for a shoulder block, Lockheart dodges just in time to leave Fuller crashing shoulder first into the turnbuckle!

Jim Gunt: This thing is getting crazy, Mike, but I have to say I'm a little surprised to see these competitors still remaining in the ring for the most part.

Mike Rolash: I agree with you. The entire Lanxess Arena is at their disposal, these four are wasting a golden opportunity to brutalize each other!

Jim Gunt: You love your brutality, don't you?

Mike Rolash: Who doesn't!?

Jim Gunt: You got me there, partner. Speaking of brutality, Raab has beaten Johnny Graves into absolute submission with those right hands. Robbins should be calling for a stoppage here, but at least Raab may be about to put an end to Graves' return with a pinfall attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO! LOCKHEART IN WITH THE SAVE!

Calf Kick to the back of Raab's knee, followed by a nasty Buzzsaw Kick to the side of his head.

Jim Gunt: EVENT HORIZON! Maggie Lockheart saves Graves with the Event Horizon kicks...but why?

Mike Rolash: Maybe she's finally showing her appreciation to Graves for saving her earlier. Better late than never!

Graves gets to his feet and goes eye to eye with Lockheart, but before anything can happen Fuller turns Graves around and pulls him in. Sambo Suplex! He goes back to Maggie Lockheart but receives a boot to the stomach for his troubles. Lockheart quickly goes up to the middle rope, leaping off to hit a diving knee drop to the head of Fuller. She measures him up...Curb Stomp! Fuller's head is damn near popped like a pimple!

Jim Gunt: Lacrimosa! The Curb Stomp of choice has Fuller knocked out cold, Lockheart now with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: SEAN FULLER HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

Jim Gunt: Another one bites the dust! We're now down to our final three competitors, one of these three WILL be our new Impact Champion!

Mike Rolash: You have Maggie Lockheart, Johnny Graves, and hometown boy Konrad Raab...who will it be, Jimbo?

Jim Gunt: My money is on Raab, he's dominated much of this match. But Graves and Lockheart seem to be working together despite her already turning sour on him once, so if they can continue to work as a team against Raab maybe the momentum will truly shift!

Lockheart and Graves seem to do just that as Konrad Raab slowly gets to his feet, accepting the challenge ahead of him immediately as he calls for both competitors to attack him. Graves comes in first, and eats a Spinebuster from the Iceman! A now weary Magdalena Lockheart slowly walks towards Konrad, the Iceman circling back around as she approaches. She attempts to go down low, but he grabs her across the waist, flinging his body around to spike her with a Northern Lights Suplex.

Mike Rolash: So much for that gameplan working, Raab snuffed out Graves and Lockheart immediately.

Jim Gunt: This Konrad Raab is one tough order. Question is, is he expending too much energy in this Melee and leaving himself wide open for Duce to take advantage later on?

Mike Rolash: That's a good question, but one I don't yet have the answer to.

Jim Gunt: That was theoretical, Mike…

Going back to Graves, Raab takes him by the arm and pulls him out of the ring with him. Taking the limb of his opponent, the Iceman hurls him up into the air, Graves landing hard against the side of the steel steps. Raab points at the sold out hometown crowd, who pop immediately, making one quick leap onto the apron and Moonsaulting backward onto Graves! Another loud cheer from the crowd, as Raab pulls Graves away from the steps to go for the cover. Robbins quickly rolls out of the ring to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO! GRAVES KICKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: How?

Mike Rolash: I don't know Jimmy, intestinal fortitude? The will to win? You got me, but Graves is still in this thing!

Jim Gunt: And now Maggie Lockheart has found her way outside the ring as well, as she looks to get a measure of revenge on Raab with the Meteorkick!

Raab is out on his stomach following the Scissors Kick from Lockheart, and she quickly rolls him back over to make the cover. Robbins once again drops down to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO! GRAVES BREAKS UP THE COUNT!

AND LOCKHEART IS FURIOUS!

She gets back to her feet, shoving Graves in the chest. A smiling Johnny Graves just shrugs his shoulders, and crushes her with the Silencer V-Trigger knee to the face! Moving right back to Konrad Raab, Graves takes advantage of Lockheart's maneuver and quickly covers him.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

"BOOOOOO!!!!"

Ray Douglas: KONRAD RAAB HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

Jim Gunt: What a scoundrel! Johnny Graves took advantage of Lockheart, and now I can see why she was so hesitant to work with him in this match!

Mike Rolash: Graves was just doing whatever it took to get him the victory, Jimbo. And now the biggest threat to this match has been eliminated...Lockheart should be happy!

Jim Gunt: Oh yeah, happy that Graves stole her victory…

A cocky Johnny Graves stands over both Konrad Raab and Maggie Lockheart, his arms in the air as he shouts out to the booing German fans that they should already be crowning him the Impact Champion. He turns around, stomping on their hometown boy for good measure before going back to Lockheart. Graves grabs her by her hair, pulling her up the halfway up the ramp before hip tossing her down onto the steel. He runs at her looking to punt her head off as she attempts to pull herself back to her feet. But somehow Lockheart springs to her knees and catches the legs of Graves on the way through to trip him and dump him right on his face!

Jim Gunt: Makeshift drop toe hold there, but it got the job done as Johnny Graves' nose has been split open!

Mike Rolash: Oh no, you're going to ruin his boyish good looks!

Jim Gunt: Lockheart doesn't seem to care about that, Mike, as she's just locked in a Crossface...pulling back on that face and potentially doing even more damage to Graves' nose!

The Cologne fans are on their feet, anticipating Johnny Graves tapping out on the ramp, but somehow he continues to endure the pain of Lockheart's Crossface submission. One knee up, and then another, and Graves begins to slowly pull himself to his feet with Maggie still attached to him! A knee to the ribs nearly stops him in his tracks, but Graves takes off in a sprint, leaping off the corner of the entrance ramp with Lockheart in tow- BOTH COMPETITORS EXPLODING RIGHT THROUGH AN ELECTRIC PANEL BOX COVERED BY A BLACK SHEET!

SPARKS SHOOT UP EVERYWHERE AS ELECTRICITY LITERALLY IS IN THE AIR HERE AT THE LANXESS ARENA!

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Jim Gunt: That's one saying that is known around the world, and it certainly fits here!

Mike Rolash: Are Lockheart and Graves even alive!?

Both competitors lay in a heap of cable wires, broken table pieces, torn sheets and other rubbage. Trent Robbins comes to the aid of both Maggie and Johnny, checking on both of the final competitors in the Make Your Impact Melee, but is not getting a response from either of them. He checks on his headset to see if he should allow this match to continue, and after sighing deeply, stands back and waves the match on. Lockheart is now slowly starting to move, as she is somehow not only still breathing, but able to turn over to Graves and make the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NOOO!

GRAVES ROLLS HIS SHOULDER AT 2.9999!!

The crowd give off a massive response of mostly boos but some cheers, showing their gratitude for such a brutal match. Lockheart rolls back to her own back, sighing as she wonders just what it's going to take to get the victory. After what seems like another two minutes time, both competitors are finally able to pull themselves away from the wreckage and go right back at each other, neither one backing down as Graves hits a right hand just to be blasted with one by Lockheart.

Right by Graves. Lockheart turns around and Pele Kicks Graves!

Jim Gunt: Maggie is in control now, come on girl!

Mike Rolash: Ah shaddup.

Magdalena Lockheart somehow kips up to her feet, looking woozy as she does so but going right back for Graves. She leaps up into the air looking for another Lacrimosa but Graves is able to roll out of the way just in time. He's now up to his feet as well, but unable to dodge a discus elbow from Maggie. She follows it right up with a Spinning Back Elbow!

Jim Gunt: Beat Rush! Graves is on dream street!

Mike Rolash: Wait a minute...a fan has just jumped over the barricade, Jimmy…

Jim Gunt: That's no fan, that's somebody with a skee mask over his head and a steel chair...what the hell is going on here!?

Just as Lockheart unknowingly goes for another Lacrimosa, this time thinking she has Graves right where she wants him, she is blasted in the back of the head with a steel chair! The Carnage star goes down like a ton of bricks, the Cologne fans booing the actions of this masked man as he drags an unconscious Johnny Graves over her. Robbins is hesitant to make the cover but the masked man screams in a deep voice at him.

ONE!

TWO!

"BOOO!"

THREE!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match and NEW CWF Impact Champion….JOHNNY GRAVES!!

As "Bank Account" re-starts, the huge masked man hoists Graves up onto his shoulder, carrying him through the side entrance as the camera zooms back to Maggie Lockheart who lays on the concrete with a bent steel chair beside her head.

Jim Gunt: What a tragic ending to what was otherwise one hell of an Impact Title match. Johnny Graves is our first champion of the new era, but boy I'd like to know who that masked man is that basically handed him the victory...

Mike Rolash: I'm sure Lockheart would love to know too, but we don't always get what we want. The one thing we do get though, Jim? Is another Alpha and Omega tournament match, are you ready!?

Kyuseishu vs. Jay Mora

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

Before Ray can even get his introduction done there is suddenly a brawl in the entranceway! Marksman is attacking Kyuseishu from behind! The two start brawling up the entranceway as Marksman seems to have the upperhand with this hit and run tactic. The match offically starts once Marksman throws Kyu into the ring!

Jim Gunt: Apparently Jay “The Marksman” Mora wants to pull what Ataxia did last week to him to Kyuseishu!

Mike Rolash: Well it did get him the win...

Marksman gets into the ring and picks up Kyu and kicks him in the gut to go for a DDT, but Kyu pushes him off back into the ropes. On the rebound Kyu sticks his leg out for a kick. Marksman catches it. Kyu smiles as he hits an Enzuiguri! Marksman goes down as Kyu kips up and then drops down with a nasty elbow to Marksman's sternum! Kyu gets up and waits for Marksman to start to get up. Once he's up, Kyu charges at Marksman and hits a running neckbreaker on him!

Jim Gunt: While Marksman had a strategy it seems Kyuseishu has got a plan of his own that's working.

Mike Rolash: Kyuseishu does come off a bit odd, but in the ring he actually is a dangerous type of opponent because you think he's gonna act the same way in the ring all the ti...

Jim Gunt: Kind of like how you say assaine comment all the time and then suddenly you get insightful?

Mike Rolash: Fuck off.

Kyu gets up and picks up Marksman and hits him with a Russian Legsweep! Kyu gets back up and starts running the ropes. Marksman slowly gets to his feet and Kyu slams him hard with a running version of his Lords Lariat!! He hits Marksman with such force that Marksman flips mid air before landing hard on the mat. Kyu gets up and poses in a crucifix pose!

Jim Gunt: Kyuseishu is calling for the end of this match and the crowd is behind it!

Mike Rolash: This is just pure domination at this point! I love it!

Kyu drags Marksman to the center of the ring and sets him up for “Deeds of the Saints”! He hits the Gotch Style Piledriver with authority and covers Marksman.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner...Kyuseishu!!!

The Social Justice Samurai gets up and poses basking in his win as Marksman rolls out of the ring obviously frustrated with himself.

Jim Gunt: Two points for Kyuseishu in the Omega Block.

Mike Rolash: This night just keeps getting better and better...wait Ataxia is gonna be out here later right?

Jim Gunt: Yup!

Mike Rolash: Damn it! Better go change into some depends during the commercial break cause I know this is gonna be a shit show...

Making An Offer

Magdalena Lockheart is seen in her locker room packing up her things and getting ready to leave for the evening when there is a knock on her door. She continues stuffing her ring gear into her gym bag when the person on the other side knocks again and to the point where Maggie finally has had enough of it. She finally answers with a frustrated tone, her hand rubbing the back of her head which clearly still stings from the chair shot.

Maggie Lockheart: Ugh… what?

The door opens and in comes the CWF C.E.O. himself Jaiden Rishel. Lockheart is initially surprised to see him but quickly returns to packing what's left of her things.

Jaiden Rishel: Tough loss out there tonight.

Magdalena Lockheart: Doesn't really matter much, does it? But it's nice to see you let just anyone come into the doors with a black mask on and take out the talent.

Jaiden Rishel: Look I'm sorry about that, and I have my security looking into who helped Graves out there. But before that, it was a real close match. I was impressed with your showing out there.

Maggie stands up from the bench and throws her gym bag over her shoulder.

Magdalena Lockheart: I wasn't. I'm not the new Impact Champion, so not good enough.

Jaiden Rishel: So that's just it, then? Where are you headed now? Back to the hotel or…?

Maggie rolls her eyes.

Magdalena Lockheart: I figured I'd head out to the airport. Germany is nice and all but I'll be happy when the plane lands in Baltimore.

Rishel nods his head. Maggie starts to walk towards the door.

Jaiden Rishel: Well thank you again for coming out here to be a part of the show.

Maggie stops and sighs.

Magdalena Lockheart: …thanks for having me. Too bad I couldn't make that much of an impact… right?

Jaiden Rishel: Well actually I was hoping that when you get back home that you'd take a trip up to State College and visit the office sometime.

Magdalena Lockheart: Why? So I can pick up my check?

Rishel laughs.

Jaiden Rishel: Well, there's that. But I was hoping that we could sit down and discuss what kind of contract offer would look appealing to you.

Maggie stood for a moment completely still. She didn't talk, didn't move, barely even blinked.

Jaiden Rishel: That is… Of course… If you're interested. Why don't you take a few days and think it over?

Maggie thought for a few moments longer and then eventually nodded her head.

Magdalena Lockheart: A few days sounds good.

Jaiden Rishel: And maybe you might want to stick around for the rest of the show, too? I have a great place up in one of the sky boxes… we could get you a drink and a bite to eat…

Whatever Rishel said seems to have snapped Maggie out of her trance almost instantly.

Magdalena Lockheart: Yeah… no thanks. Some other time maybe.

Jaiden Rishel: All right, just thought I'd make the offer.

But with that Maggie didn't even respond to him. She just walks right out the door as the camera cuts back to ringside.

Duce Jones vs. Konrad Raab

Match

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

The fans are buzzing, as a voice begins to speak through the PA system.

“And the whole world loves it when you sing the blues… Da. Da.. Da. Da. Da.. Da….”

The opening sounds of “Godspeed” by Don Trip begins to play as the lights inside of the arena turn a crimson hue color, soon the stage filling up with smoke. After about a minute of waiting, Duce Jones slowly emerges through the fog, instantly inciting cheers from the crowd. A large number of the Cologne fans are giving Jones the opposite response however.

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

Slowly making his way towards the ring, Jones doesn’t bother to slap hands with any of the Cologne fans this time, as he soon makes it to ringside. Climbing onto the apron, Duce goes to the corner to his right, climbing onto the second rope and peering out into the crowd. Finally done, he jumps over the top rope, landing inside of the ring and removes his hooded vest as he prepares for action.

Jim Gunt: Duce Jones receiving the reaction we all expected he would here in Cologne, Germany. Although the Kid that Never Dies is beloved all over the world, he is definitely not the favorite here!

Mike Rolash: It’s Konrad Raab’s hometown, Jimbo, of course not! The real question is, will the Iceman be able to use the love from his home city to his advantage, or will one knee from Duce wipe that all out?

“Motivation” by Dope plays over the sound system as a cage begins lowering down from the ceiling over the entrance ramp with ice fireworks coming out on the side of the cage with white snow comes down on the ramp. Konrad Raab is seen standing in the cage doing boxing punches wearing his sunglasses along with his hooded coat with his pitbull logos and his The Iceman nickname on the back of his coat, along with his white and blue wrestling trousers with black gloves and wearing sunglasses with a blue and black yin-yang tattoo on his right shoulder, Iceman from X-Men tattoo on his back, Ice wolf on his left chest and ice bear on his right chest as the crowd cheer the hell out of Konrad. As the cage comes to the ground, Konrad then opens the cage doors and he then holds up a German flag on the ramp.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Cologne, Germany, he is your hometown man, The Iceman….KONRAD RAAB!!

Even though Konrad Raab looks worse for wear following the Make Your Impact Melee, he does his best to brush it off, walking down the ramp, giving the fans high fives from the ramp, all the way to everyone at ringside, even to the commentators before going up the stairs. He goes in-between the ropes and stands in the middle of the ring, lifting up his hoodie from his head to see the blue and white mask and holds the German flag up again for the huge reaction of the crowd as he gives the coat, the sunglasses and the German flag to the ring announcer as he does a few punches to the camera before the match begins.

Jim Gunt: I have to say, Mike, even I want to get up and cheer this guy tonight! What a response for Konrad Raab!

Mike Rolash: If this guy is anything like the city he represents, he’s going to be boring and bland. We can only hope is that this match is over quickly.

Jim Gunt: ....You do realize you've been calling Konrad's Alpha and Omega Tournament matches for weeks now, right?

Mike Rolash: I don't have much of an attention span, Jimmy, you should know that.

Jim Gunt: You don't say?

Rookie referee Nick McArthur may have been with Championship Wrestling Federation for months now, but following a couple weeks of vacation, he now comes back to the fold to call what is sure to be a massive Alpha Block Match! After checking on both competitors, he motions for the bell and backs up as the Duce quickly approaches Konrad Raab, looking to put away the veteran early after the damage he took in the Make Your Impact Melee less than a half hour ago. Duce leaps up just high enough to hit Konrad with a dropkick to his damaged ribs. Landing on his feet, Jones pushes Raab back into the corner and delivers another couple quick kicks to his ribs.

Jim Gunt: Duce Jones getting some early offense in this match, doing exactly what he said he would do going into this match, taking advantage of Konrad Raab's decision to take part in the Make Your Impact Melee.

Mike Rolash: And Raab was unsuccessful in his quest to become Impact Champion, Jimmy, although he fought valiantly to get him nearly to the end of the match.

Jim Gunt: Indeed, Raab was able to make it to the top three before falling short to Maggie Lockheart and Johnny Graves.

Mike Rolash: Unfortunately? Graves is the champion we all need! Ouch, Raab finally fights back against Jones, coming out of the corner with a HUGE boot!

Damn near taking the head off of Duce Jones with the big boot, Konrad Raab looks to stay on the offense, using his sheer power to deadlight Jones from behind. German Suplex on the Kid that Never Dies! The Iceman does not let go of his hold however, his arms remaining tight around the stomach of Duce as he yanks him right back to a vertical position. Jones swings a wild elbow that misses, and Raab German Suplexes him yet again, bringing the Cologne fans all to their feet to scream and cheer! This time Raab bridges the German into a pin!

Jim Gunt: The Frozen! Let's see if the Bridging German Suplex will be enough to put Duce away, Mike!

ONE! *EINER!*

TWO! *ZWEI!*

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: NO! Nearfall there, but Duce was able to kick out!

Mike Rolash: What the heck are the fans chanting?

Jim Gunt: They were counting along with Nick McArthur in German, Mike…

Jim rolls his eyes at his broadcast partner's obviousness, as Konrad Raab brings Duce right back up to his feet by his dreadlocks. The Iceman pushes him backwards by his hair, and then comes right at him with an array of boxing punches. Each punch hits flush against the chest of Duce Jones, and he looks like he's going to be knocked off his feet, but out of desperation he leaps up and D-Trigga Knee's Raab to his ribs! This just seems to anger Raab however, the big grizzled veteran coming after him again just to get another D-Trigga!

Jim Gunt: Raab drops to his knees, gasping for air after taking two massive D-Trigga knees to the ribs!

Mike Rolash: This is Duce's chance to take advantage of Raab, and maybe the only one he'll get!

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

Looking up at the CWF Tron that flashes the time as Ray reads it, Duce Jones acknowledges the time before going right back to Konrad Raab. Taking his thumb, he grinds it into the eye of Konrad Raab as he remains on his knees! The German fans boo Duce Jones who just laughs back at them, his hands in the air as McArthur comes over to warn him of disqualification. Jones goes back to Raab who is now on his side holding his eye in pain, attempting to pull up the Iceman who low blows him on the way up, hitting an uppercut that goes all the way across the groin of Jones to his back!

Mike Rolash: That was highly illegal!

Jim Gunt: Tit for tat, Mike, Duce poked the eyes of Konrad so he hit him with a low blow. All is fair in love, war and wrestling!

Mike Rolash: That is not true! Disqualify somebody, McArthur!

Nick McArthur does indeed warn Konrad Raab of disqualification, but he brushes off the official going back to Duce and stomping down on him. Jones rolls over, but Raab is adamant in his attack, continuing to stomp down viciously even as Jones continues rolling towards the corner. He pulls the former CWF World Champion up to his feet, landing quick short arm clotheslines to him, each one taking the breath right out of the Kid that Never Dies. Finally he props him up on the top rope, but facing out to the crowd. Breathing heavily himself, Raab slowly makes his way up to the top with Jones. He grabs him from behind….EVEREST GERMAN SUPLEX!

Both men land hard on the center of the ring, a mangled mess as the Cologne fans are once again back to their feet cheering aloud.

“LET’S GO KON-RAD!”

“LET’S GO ICE-MAN!”

Mike Rolash: These German fans can’t even get in sync, Jimmy...haha!

Jim Gunt: At least they know who they love, Mike, and Konrad is finally crawling over to Duce for the cover, but did he wait too long to make it there?

ONE! *EINER!*

TWO! *ZWEI!*

THR-NO!

Konrad Raab slaps the canvas out of frustration, turning to his side to pull himself up with the help of the ropes following Jones’ nearfall kickout. He looks out to the sold out crowd, each one of them still cheering for him to keep the veteran going. Raab pumps his fist at the crowd, turning back around and eating a Pele Kick from Duce Jones! Jones is up to his feet in an instant, attempting to whip Raab into the ropes, but Raab sideshifts and instead throws Jones into the ropes. Monkey flip by Raab but Jones continues on, and when Konrad turns around he’s met with a Superman Punch!

Jim Gunt: Superman Punch by CWF’s Superman himself, Duce Jones!

Mike Rolash: Oh don’t get caught up in yourself Jimmy, Duce is not the favorite here in Germany.

Jim Gunt: That may be true but...inverted hip toss from Duce, here comes the knee….Being IntroDUCED!

Continuing right on with the knee based offense, the Kid that Never Dies mounts Konrad Raab and blasts him with three rapid, successive knees to the face. Raab is seeing birdies at this point, flat on his back looking up at the lights.

Jim Gunt: Do you think Konrad Raab is regretting fighting in two matches here tonight, Mike? Maybe if he hadn’t already competed in the Make Your Impact Melee earlier tonight then he would have more in him for this bout.

Mike Rolash: Raab was incredibly ambitious hoping to pick up two big victories in front of his hometown fans, unfortunately for him it may have cost him both of them.

Jim Gunt: We'll see, because Duce is setting him up for the Final Tic 2.0. And if he hits that we ALL know it's over!

Looking for the Fireman's Carry, Duce lifts Raab up onto his shoulders and eats an elbow to the mouth for his troubles. Jones drops the Iceman and he quickly pulls him in chest first, hoisting Jones into the air and dumping him on his back with a Spinebuster! The Iceman looks out to his hometown fans, calling for the end of the match! Running across the ring, Konrad leaps up and springboards off the ropes. But Duce Jones is ready for him, catching him in midair and spinning him around through the air.

Jim Gunt: Duce just reversed the Ice Storm into the Final Tic 2.0! HOLY SHIT THAT WAS AWESOME!

Mike Rolash: Lights out Iceman!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

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

"Godspeed" plays yet again and the German crowd immediately begin to boo, hoping and expecting that their hometown favorite would be able to pull off the big win against Duce. He just smiles as Nick McArthur holds his arm in the air.

Jim Gunt: At eighteen minutes and thirty five seconds, Duce Jones picks up another big win as he moves up to seven points, making him the current block favorite on the Alpha side. Will his partner Freddie be able to keep up later tonight when he takes on Amy Jo Smyth?

Mike Rolash: Should be a big match, and to Konrad Raab...tough loss buddie, but I'm sure it's nothing a little Jaegermeister won't help.

Back on Track

Match

Autumn runs her hands through her hair, tucking the loose pieces out of the way as she checks her face paint one more time to make sure it was on straight. Thank god for a decent mirror otherwise she'd look pretty stupid. She let out a sigh, just staring at her face in the reflection of the mirror.

Autumn Raven: Dammit, I'm still at zero points in this tournament. How the hell am I supposed to come back from that crap? I might as well throw in the towel and just say screw it, I'll go home and take a vacay until the whole stupid thing is over. This is ridiculous.

Shaking her head in disappointment, she turns around to her duffel bag and begins to ruffle through it, looking for that bottle of pop she had shoved in her earlier. Her eyes widened as she pulled out a tattered black book bearing red writing that said 'Book of Truth'. Her hand began to shake and her jaw clenched as memories of that time came rolling back to her.

Her hand clenched the book so tight her knuckles turned white.

Autumn Raven: I'm not gonna let this stupid piece of crap book or anything dictate the way I run my life! I'm gonna do what I always do and come back from the depths, and not worry about where I end up on the end of it.

Autumn grabs the door handle and marches out of her locker room, going to a nearby trash can and beginning

to dismantle the stupid thing one page at a time. Tearing one page and grumbling under her breath as she did it.

Autumn Raven: No more....no more...NO MORE!

Autumn Raven vs. Ariel Shadows

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is scheduled for one fall, with a thirty minute time limit!

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.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, hailing from Anchorage, Alaska and weighing in at one hundred and forty six pounds... she is The Dreamcatcher, Ariel Shadows!

Jim Gunt: Last time she was here Ariel Shadows pulled off a victory over Bubba Love. Can she repeat the same success tonight?

Mike Rolash: Look, she's got a good set of crazy eyes on her tonight. I can see them from here!

Ariel 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 simply awaits in the corner for her opponent.

Ray Douglas: And introducing the opponent... hailing from Los Angeles, California and weighing in at one hundred and twenty five pounds... she is the Beautiful Psychopath, AUTUMN RAVEN!

Purple lights shine around the top of the ramp, fog rolling around it as the beginning lyrics of "Somewhere in Hollywood" by Sixx AM 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.She walks around the ring, glaring at the fans sitting at ringside before sliding under the bottom rope and leaping to her feet, giving the crowd a smug smile. She runs to the corner turnbuckle, climbing to the second one, taunting the crowd, as she flings her arms out to the sides once again before climbing down.

Jim Gunt: Autumn Raven looking very confident out here tonight!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, especially for someone who hasn't picked up a single point in the Alpha and Omega Tournament yet.

Referee Scott Dean calls for the bell, and this one is underway!

Shadows and Raven circle each other and lock up in the middle of the ring, with Raven quickly getting the Dreamcatcher into a headlock and driving her down to her knees in a surprising display of aggression. Shadows struggles valiantly, but Raven suddenly drives her forward and smashes her face into the mat, eliciting a dull grunt of

pain. Raven seizes a handful of Ariel's hair and pulls her back to her feet before pushing her towards the corner, mounting her onto the second rope but Shadows drops forward and hits a sunset flip! Shadows has Raven pinned!

ONE!

TWO!!

Kickout!

Raven breaks free of the pin attempt!

Jim Gunt: And we're off to an interesting start here with Autumn Raven coming out of the gate guns blazing, but Ariel Shadows has once again found a way to take control of the match.

Mike Rolash: Can you blame her? She's got those crazy person reflexes, it's why it takes like three guys to catch someone when they escape their room at the nut house.

Back in the ring Raven and Shadows are back on their feet and trading blows. Shadows backs up and bounces off the ropes looking for a wild clothesline but Raven ducks underneath her outstretched arm, catching her with a solid kick to the jaw as Shadows spins back around. The Dreamcatcher is stunned, and Raven rolls her up looking for a pinfall of her own!

ONE!

TWO!!

Kickout!

Shadows gets the shoulder up, but as she sits up she realizes that Raven is already running at the ropes again. Before Shadows can react, Raven dropkicks her in the torso! Shadows is down and Raven tries for another cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

Kickout!

Again Shadows gets the shoulder up!

Jim Gunt: It's a relentless assault from Autumn Raven! I'll just remind the viewers at home that this is make or break time for her as she faces a potential elimination from the Alpha and Omega Tournament due to her current score of zero points.

Mike Rolash: Yeah and the Dreamcatcher is sitting pretty on four points total. The odds aren't great, and I'm glad I'm not a gambling man.

Jim Gunt: Is that entirely true?

Mike Rolash: I prefer a sure chance of winning, which doesn't seem to be the case here.

In the ring Autumn Raven is pounding away at the head of Ariel Shadows until Scott Dean interferes to try and force a bit of breathing space. Raven complies with his orders and releases Shadows, backing away into the corner to wait for The Dreamcatcher to climb back to her feet. As soon as she's completely upright Raven charges... but Shadows is ready! Shadows with a spinning kick... and RAVEN DUCKS UNDERNEATH HER LEG! Raven is behind Shadows and she jumps into the air, hitting a double knee backbreaker before rolling through and seizing Shadows around the neck... NEVERMORE! Autumn Raven has her signature submission hold locked in tight!

Jim Gunt: She's got it! By God she's got it!

Mike Rolash: Aw jeez, I shoulda bet it all on black!

Autumn Raven wrenches on the neck of Ariel Shadows, and with a pained snarl The Dreamcatcher frantically taps the mat! This one is all over!

Ray Douglas: You winner, by submission... AUTUMN RAVEN!

"Somewhere in Hollywood" resumes playing as Autumn Raven releases Ariel Shadows and rolls out of the ring looking stunned at her victory. She slowly backs up the ramp, never taking her eyes off an enraged Shadows as she is checked by Scott Dean in the middle of the ring.

Jim Gunt: Autumn Raven has pulled off a major upset here tonight... in less than five minutes! Could this be a new turn moving fowards in the Alpha and Omega Tournament?

Mike Rolash: After a loss like that, you'd have to imagine that Ariel Shadows will be gunning for some payback, and soon!

Freddie Styles vs. Amy Jo Smyth

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contest is an Alpha Block Match and is scheduled for one fall...

The lights lower and the remaining lights turn to a golden color. “Shoot to Thrill” by Halestorm hits. The crowd explodes into cheers. Amy Jo Smyth steps out onto the stage, her back turned to the crowd, head covered by the hood of her jacket. The golden lights change and simulate a cascade of glitter over her. Smyth spins around on her toes and faces the crowd as a single spotlight falls on her. She holds a large silver cannon connected to a tube running backstage.

The Good Doctor lifts the cannon, aims upward…

I got my gun at the ready gonna fire at will

‘Cause I shoot to thrill and I’m ready to kill

I can’t get enough and I can’t get my fill

Shoot to thrill play to kill

Pull the trigger, pull it

Pull it, pull it

Pull the trigger

Smyth screams as she presses the trigger on the handheld cannon. Large pieces of golden glitter shoot into the air and rain down over the right side of the crowd. Smyth moves to the left, aims again, and fires off another round of glitter into the air.

Smyth hands the cannon off to a production staffer standing in the wings. She then throws her head back and arms upward and outward, letting the remaining glittering light wash over her. She slowly makes her way down the ramp, looking over the crowd, giving the occasional high five to a fan with a perfectly placed hand. She reaches the end of the ramp and throws a fist up in the air. The crowd pops.

Ray Douglas: …Hailing from the great state of New Jersey… She has her Ph.D. in submissions… “The Good Doctor” AMY JO SMYTH!

After a quick moment of listening to the crowd, she rushes forward, slides into the ring, and stands. Smyth throws her hood down, unzips her hoodie, and spins on her toes with her arms raised. She throws both arms down triggering an explosion of glittering light over the ring.

She strips of her hoodie and passes it off to the nearest person on the outside. The lights come back up but remain golden. In the usual show of her abilities, Smyth bounces off the ropes, cartwheels forward, and performs a standing corkscrew twist that carries over into a butterfly twist. That quickly turns into a front handspring that takes her to the center of the ring where she starts a series of backflips. All of that floats into single front handspring where she lands on one hand and performs a single-armed handstand. She comes down and lands in a split.

She pushes herself upward to standing.

Jim Gunt: Another grand entrance by The Good Doctor here tonight who sits at four points currently.

Mike Rolash: She's been having a roller coaster ride so far in this tournament but let's see how she fairs against Mr. Ballgame.. Freddie Styles.

The lights go down, and all you see is a silhouette of a man, bouncing side to side as the bridge hits...

Heavy is the crown

Only for the weak…

As the song moves into the verse, Freddie steps out from behind the curtain as he just stands there in his hooded vest, hood over his head, bouncing from side to side, before making his slow walk towards the ring.

The knife in my heart couldn't slow me down

'Cause power is power, the fire never goes out

I rise from my scars, nothing hurts me now

'Cause power is power

Now watch me burn it down

Ray Douglas: Her opponent, from Atlanta, Georgia! Weighing in at two hundred twenty three pounds… Mister Ballgame.. FREDDIE STYLES!

Freddie slowly walks up the ring steps, and steps through the ropes. He then stands on the middle rope, holding one arm above him, before stepping down, and leaning over in a corner. He takes the hood from off his head, then takes the vest off completely, tossing it to the floor, awaiting the beginning of the match.

Jim Gunt: Freddie comes in tonight as the front runner of the Alpha Block. Do you think he'll be able to keep that undefeated streak going?

Mike Rolash: Freddie's been on a roll since the Alpha & Omega Tournament started pulling out victory after victory. He says that he's trying to be in a league of his own and he's damn well proving it.

The official for this match, Clark Summits, signals for the bell and this contest is underway as both competitors circle the ring before meeting in the middle with a tie-up. Being the bigger of the two, Styles forces Smyth back into a corner where Summits immediately calls for the break. Styles adheres to the call as he releases his grip and backs up, allowing Amy Jo to step out from the corner. They circle the ring again and meet with another tie-up. A small struggle ensues as Smyth now backs Styles into the corner. Summits is right on the scene, calling for the break and she backs up. Styles seems slightly impressed.

Jim Gunt: Amy Jo showing a little bit of strength here Mike, able to back Styles into the corner.

Mike Rolash: That's all those years of detective work that she does coming into play just then.

Styles moves towards Amy Jo but she catches him with a boot to the gut, doubling him over. She locks in a side headlock but Styles quickly spins through her clutches and clocks her with a forearm shot. Another one has her rocked as Styles hits the ropes and drops her with a clothesline on his return. Staggering to her feet, the Good Doctor is caught by surprise by Styles who races past her and springs off the middle rope, taking her down with a moonsault!

Jim Gunt: Styles connecting with a Springboard Moonsault and he has Amy Jo on her heels as he scaling to the top rope!

Mike Rolash: Styles trying to call it an early night as she cracks Smyth across the jaw with a missile dropkick! He's going for the cover!

The ref slides in to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Not wanting to argue the count, Freddie gets to his feet and steps through the ropes to the apron. He goes to climb up to the top rope again but Amy Jo is back to her feet and right there to cut Styles off from whatever he had planned. She cracks him across the nose with a punch but he returns the favor with a punch of his own. The Good Doctor drops down from the ropes but pops back onto them fired up, catching Styles with another shot to the jaw.

Jim Gunt: Things could end horribly as these two are battling in the corner.

Mike Rolash: Amy Jo isn't going down without a fight and she's bringing it to Styles, right now.

The two slug it out on the top turnbuckle until Smyth counters a punch and drops from the corner, driving Styles shoulder first into the canvas! She doesn't give Freddie a chance to recover as she's right on him with stomps to the shoulder and arm area. Sitting him up, she applied a seated cobra clutch. She wrenches the hold aggressively but Styles powers up to a vertical base. He quickly drops down, freeing himself with an arm drag. Both competitors are up to their feet as Amy Jo is the first to strike. She leaps up onto Styles' shoulder and goes for a hurricanrana!

Jim Gunt: Styles with the block as he has Smyth still in his clutches!

Mike Rolash: He just transitions her into a fireman's carry with ease. The Good Doctor looks like she's gonna need a check up herself.

Freddie walks around the ring with a struggling Amy Jo on his shoulders before lifting her up and spiking her with a knee to the face! Smyth is out in her feet, stumbling around the ring. Mr. Ballgame takes a step back and spins through, blasting her across the temple with a kick!

Jim Gunt: STYLES JUST NAILED HER WITH BALLGAME!

Mike Rolash: It should be academic from here..

Smyth crumples to the canvas as Styles hooks get leg with ease, going for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The ref signals for the bell as Styles let's up on the cover.

Ray Douglas: Here's your winner, via pinfall.. and earning two points in the Alpha Block! FREDDIE STYLES!

No Luck Needed

Match

JC is seen walking through the Lanxess Arena with his better half, Lucy Wylde. The two of them converse to themselves about the sights they've seen in Germany so far, Lucy having surprised JC by coming out and seeing him for the show and doing a little sight seeing along the way. JC looks all business however, dressed to the nines in his wrestling gear as he makes his way down the corridor towards the gorilla position.

Lucy Wylde: You got this babe, don't worry about Ata...

With that, the CEO of Championship Wrestling Federation, Jaiden Rishel walks into camera view dressed in a black suit and slacks, a red tie and his hand traditionally placed on his chin thoughtfully. Rishel looks JC up and down, checking him out on his turf.

Jaiden Rishel: Well, well, well, if it isn't "The Answer"...

JC turns to Lucy momentarily, placing a hand on her shoulder to let her know it's okay before turning his attention back to the scumbag that is the CWF president.

JC: Look Rishel, I don't what your game is here and I've been around the block long enough to know that you always have a game. I don't have time for your shit, I have another tournament match to win, another two points to pick up, and a masked freak to put down.

Jaiden Rishel just smiles.

Jaiden Rishel: No games JC, I just wanted to make sure you were indeed ready for Ataxia here tonight. You see, you and I may not see eye to eye on a number of subjects but Ataxia is downright evil. He is the epitome of destruction, and if we let his mission fester...if we let him get out of control....we could be in some real trouble.

Jaiden looks down at the ground, seemingly talking in circles to JC, Lucy Wylde and all the fans listening at home, but no one truly knows the emotional and psychological damage Ataxia has done and continues to do to Jaiden.

Jaiden Rishel: Just...go out there and kill that son of a bitch, for me...okay?

JC moves forward, getting right in the face of Jaiden.

JC: Let's get something straight right away bucko, I don't do a damn thing for you. But I will go out there and do the job I promised to do, and that is dominate Ataxia. Now watch how a pro does it.

JC pushes through Jaiden Rishel, Lucy following him in tow, as the CWF CEO simply sneers back at him.

Ataxia vs. JC

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is an Omega Block Match set for a thirty minute time limit and is tonight’s MAAAAIIIINNN EVENT!

"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: First, from Jersey City, New Jersey….JC!!

Jim Gunt: The Answer, JC, wrestling veteran and a man who is coming into this match on one helluva roll after ending Silas Artoria's Alpha and Omega undefeated streak just one week ago.

Mike Rolash: And like you said, that was just one week ago with this being a Supershow. So both JC and Ataxia come into this match not as fresh as they have been with the usual two week layoffs.

Jim Gunt: Well, it's not like JC isn't wrestling in Carnage on a regular basis…

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

"AHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHHAHA"

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

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from the great unknown, the Messiah Pariah….ATAXIA!!

Jim Gunt: The great unknown is right, because that describes Ataxia to a tee. Through all the years that this man has competed in, and dominated, the CWF scene, we still don't know that much about him.

Mike Rolash: And I'd like to keep it that way!

Jim Gunt: The one thing we do know is that Ataxia has his mind dead set to destroy CWF, and a dangerous Ataxia is not a fun Ataxia!

Mike Rolash: IS there a fun Ataxia?

Trent Robbins checks on both Ataxia and JC and turns around and rings the bell. As soon as he does, the Messiah Pariah pulls a dark, maroon box from seemingly out of nowhere.

Mike Rolash: What the hell!? Robbins literally just checked both competitors for any foreign objects!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia is a mystery, Mike, you of all people should know that.

Coming towards Ataxia, the head official attempts to take the box out of his hand but Ataxia turns his back to him, hovering over it. JC now approaches him, and Ataxia opens his arms up, allowing the box to pop open and a Jack in the Box looking exactly like the Carnage Wrestling superstar pops up!

Jim Gunt: Wow, that Jack in the Box looks exactly like JC, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Well, yeah, all but that knife jabbed in the side of his neck!

Jim Gunt: That's just gruesome!

JC is shocked at the display in front of him, the Messiah Pariah cackling as he throws the box right at him. Robbins doesn't know what to do at this point, but an angry JC does, coming right at Ataxia and Shotgun Dropkicking him into the corner! JC is right back to his fight, beating on the masked maniac with brutal right hands, but Ataxia is able to reverse and throw him into the ropes, blasting him with a headbutt through the mask!

Jim Gunt: JC exploded with offense to start this match, furious after Ataxia made what was some kind of makeshift combination voodoo doll slash jack in the box, but now the Messiah Pariah is able to "use his head" to get back into this match!

Mike Rolash: Ataxia has done whatever it takes to come out of these Alpha and Omega matches victorious. He has

vowed to not only run through this tournament, but destroy Jaiden Rishel in the process, and I hate to say it...I believe him.

Jim Gunt: Well he's going to have to get through a very game JC to continue on that quest, which for now he seems to be having no trouble with, as the Messiah Pariah props JC up on the top rope and blasts him with an uppercut!

He scurries up the top rope, wrapping his legs around JC's throat and hurling himself backward. Dragonrana! The Messiah Pariah seems to have hurt himself on the landing as well, but he pays the pain no attention, slapping his own masked head to get himself going. Ataxia turns towards JC, grabbing him by the hair and pulling him up to his feet. Roundhouse Kick from Ataxia and JC falls backwards, only the ropes holding him up.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia has this match in hand now, do you think he will be able to defeat another game opponent and remain undefeated, Mike?

Mike Rolash: I don't know, JC was already underestimated by one undefeated competitor in the Omega Block a week ago...hopefully Ataxia won't make the same mistake.

Jim Gunt: JC attempting to fight out of the ropes now, grabbing Ataxia's arm and attempting to drag him down with a Crossface, but the Messiah Pariah is able to slither out and get behind him. E.R. STAT!

The German Suplex sends JC right into the corner, the sound of his spine hitting against the pads making it's way all the way up the third row. The Answer screams out in pain, holding onto the small of his back, but Ataxia is right back to the attack, heading all the way to the other side of the ring and going up to the other turnbuckle.

Jim Gunt: What the hell is Ataxia doing here, Mike?

Mike Rolash: Looks like he's going for the opposite corner, duh…

Jim Gunt: PEACEFUL TOLERANCE! Somehow, someway Ataxia hits the 360 kick from all the way across the ring as JC turns around! The Answer is unconscious, this one's over!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NOOOO!!

Jim Gunt: No! What a nearfall there, as Ataxia hits an incredible version of his former finishing maneuver, the Peaceful Tolerance.

Mike Rolash: I have absolutely no idea how JC kicked out there, but I'd bet that he doesn't have much left. If Ataxia wants this match as bad as he says he does, he needs to find the answer to putting away the Answer now!

JC and Ataxia roll to their sides simultaneously, both men getting back to their feet and coming back at each other in the center of the ring. Ataxia throws a right hand that JC ducks under. He turns around to an overhead Belly to Belly Suplex from the Carnage star. JC goes right back to Ataxia, putting him in an Indian Deathlock.

Jim Gunt: The Answer is looking for the submission victory here, as this match's momentum has truly swung back and forth!

Mike Rolash: Ataxia is inching his way towards the ropes though, and we're just about at our ten minute mark Jimmy!

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

Jim Gunt: We're exactly at ten minutes!

Mike Rolash: I can hear Ray just fine, you idiot.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia has the ropes! The Indian Deathlock had to have done a lot of damage to the legs of the Messiah Pariah though.

Warning JC of disqualification, Trent Robbins begins to count as he continues to hold the Indian Deathlock on Ataxia for every extra second he can. Finally he lets go at four, pulling himself up with the same ropes Ataxia saved himself with, grabbing ahold of the legs of Ataxia to place them up on the bottom rope. Nasty leg drop right through the limbs of the Messiah Pariah! JC pulls him away from the ropes now, grabbing both damaged legs of Ataxia and hooking them to cover him.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: NO! Ataxia kicks out, the man will not give up!

Mike Rolash: He's too stupid to!

Jim Gunt: Don't let Ataxia hear you say that Mike, I don't think you want any more trouble with him…

Mike Rolash: No no, you're right about that.

JC doesn't let himself get caught up in the nearfall from Ataxia, holding himself together long enough to bring the masked maniac back to his feet and send him crashing all the way back to the center of the ring with a Northern Lights Suplex. The Answer looks out to the Cologne fans, many who cheer him and a few who boo him, before turning back to his opponent and going right back for him, mounting Ataxia and blasting him with repeated right hands.

Ataxia is able to shove JC off of him quickly however, kipping to his feet and rushing towards him, leaping into the air as he approaches. Tax spins through the air like a top, before coming crashing down to destroy JC with a Ground Corkscrew Kick! Crawling towards his opponent, Ataxia shoves him onto his back and barely pulls himself over top of him.

ONE!

TWO!

TH- NO! JC ROLLS HIS SHOULDER!

Jim Gunt: The Messiah Pariah pulling moves out of his arsenal that somehow we've yet to see, but that spinning Corkscrew Kick was STILL not enough to put away JC!

Mike Rolash: JC is on an absolute tear as of late, Jimmy. I wouldn't be surprised to see him take the entire Omega Block at this point.

Jim Gunt: He's going to have to withstand the onslaught from Ataxia first, because it seems like the Messiah Pariah is far from done with him!

Ataxia pulls JC up, looking for the Hungarian Reacharound, but JC is able to reverse out of it, hitting the masked maniac with a Stunner before he can lock it in. The Answer rolls to his side, wiping away the remnants of Ataxia's glove from near his mouth, before rolling again to the ropes to pull himself up. Making his way over to Ataxia, he hoists him up into a Fireman's Carry position.

Jim Gunt: Here we go, could JC be going for the Solitaire Unraveling?

Mike Rolash: No, Ataxia out from behind, rolling JC backwards with him into a Crucifix pin attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

JC KICKS OUT- TO THE FACE OF ATAXIA!

The hard boot is enough to send Ataxia flying off him, and JC quickly goes into motion to take advantage of the momentum swing. He springs against the ropes just as the Messiah Pariah wearily turns back around. BIG BOOT OF DEATH CRUSHES HIM! Ataxia is once again sent flying across the ring, but JC makes sure to pull him away from the ropes before going for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

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

Jim Gunt: Another massive win by JC, as he now unseats Ataxia from the top of the Omega block!

Mike Rolash: Technically yes, because we have a number of superstars who now sit at six points. We'll have to wait two weeks time to see how the Omega Block continues to unfold though, because we're all Alpha Block next week from...Munich, Germany.

Jim Gunt: The fun in Germany continues, as we're on our last block of our international tour. From Cologne, goodnight everybody and see you next week!

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