

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 68

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Results

Entering the Second Half

Match

The Sixty Eighth episode of CWF's flagship show starts off cutting right to the announcer's booth where the team is ready to let you know how the Alpha and Omega Tournament has gone thus far.

Jim Gunt: We are LIVE! From the Taco Bell Arena in Boise, Idaho, this is EVOLUTION!

Mike Rolash: Thank Christ, back on American soil!

Jim Gunt: We are entering the second half of the Alpha and Omega tournament, with the Genesis pay-per-view ultimately deciding who are the top dogs of the Championship Wrestling Federation!

Mike Rolash: It's been a long road but the end is starting to appear over the horizon!

Jim Gunt: Before we get started, a quick recap of where we are. Featuring our own Alpha and Omega, Church and State!

Blake Church: Evening.

Charles State: Howdy.

Jim Gunt: So, let's start with Alpha block. What situation do we have, Church?

Blake Church: Well, as we now head into the second half of the Alpha and Omega tournament, we're going to start seeing some people start dropping out of title contention. In terms of alpha, we've already seen three people out of contention!

Mike Rolash: So what is the point of them continuing with the tournament?

Charles State: Because there are still others in competition. LeStrange still has to face block favourites Freddie Styles and Duce Jones, the latter tonight! Is he gets one win over either of them, regardless on if they win the World Championship or the Paramount Championship, LeStrange would have a legitimate claim to their title.

Blake Church: Alpha and Omega isn't just about crowning champions, it's also about setting up challengers going forward. If Zolton won either the World or Paramount Championships at the finals, Styles could come in and say "I beat you, and yet you have a title. Why isn't that title on me?"

Mike Rolash: But Styles has a commanding lead!

Charles State: He still has Danny B, LeStrange, Jones, and Paradine to face. That's eight points. With Jones and Zolton nipping at his heels, one wrong step could drop him out of the title matches!

Blake Church: Personally, I'm worried about Raab. He's facing Zolton tonight whom has been a dominant force in Alpha block, and if he loses tonight, he'll at least be out of the World championship match!

Jim Gunt: Do you think he could beat Zolton?

Charles State: The possibility is there, it's just a matter of if Raab can take advantage of the tournament's format.

We're going to see some fatigued and tired athletes in the coming weeks, so taking advantage of that can yield some rewards.

Jim Gunt: Moving onto Omega block. State, can you take us through our current standings?

Charles State: Well we have a very clear race to become Omega Block's top dog. Three athletes have been at the top of their game with eight points a piece, with only a single defeat.

Mike Rolash: So no one is out?

Blake Church: Not quite. You might've noticed Bubba Love's name is in yellow. That means that while he cannot win an opportunity for the World title, if the dice roll in his favour, he might have an opportunity at the Paramount Championship.

Jim Gunt: Which comes if you manage to come second place.

Charles State: Indeed, and it just happens that the current second place athlete is his opponent tonight. If he can beat Silas in an upset win, and if Kyuseishu loses his match against Ataxia, he could stay alive in this contest--

???: There will be no contest.

The crowd behind the presenters pipe up as a familiar Japanese man enters the frame.

Mike Rolash: Ito?

The visitor towers over the presenters.

Hidetaka Ito: There will be no contest between Silas and Mr Love.

Jim Gunt: A forfeit?

Hidetaka Ito: No! I mean look at the scoreboard. How many points does my student have?

Charles State: Eight.

Hidetaka Ito: And Mr Love has not succeeded once. Do you attribute this to skill or unfortunate luck? Does Mr Love look like he has a fighting chance?

Blake Church: There is always an opportunity.

Hidetaka Ito: Is there though? You've been trying to convince yourselves that everyone is on equal footing at ever waking hour. Does the Omega board look evenly skilled to you? Does Alpha? You've been salivating over the possibility of upsets that you've blinded yourself to logic.

Jim Gunt: So what are you saying, Mr Ito.

There is a pause, and Ito takes out some money.

Hidetaka Ito: Five dollars Love doesn't last a minute--

Mike Rolash: SOLD!

There is a deep chuckle from the Japanese man, as he finally leaves the frame.

Jim Gunt: Well, before we get sidetracked further we better head to the ring where we are witness to the first match of this evening. It's Ariel Shadows against Jay Mora!

Ariel Shadows vs. Jay Mora

Match

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

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

The Boise fans give Marksman a horrible response, half the crowd being completely quiet as the other half boo half-heartedly. Mora makes his way up the stairs with a smug smile on his face. He stops at the ring post to look right, taking time out to point to a fan and talk some trash before entering the ring.

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

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.

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

Jim Gunt: Very important match here for both competitors, as Shadows and Mora have both fallen on hard times as of late in the tournament, and in the late game...it's make it or break it time for one of them.

Mike Rolash: Maybe one of them, you never know who could come out here and spoil things!

Jim Gunt: That's right, Mike, we have seen numerous interferences here in the last few weeks of the tournament; first with the Judge Jeff Jackson and then the Impact Champion Johnny Graves destroying two competitors. The rules state if a match goes to the full time limit, both competitors pick up one point because of a draw. HOWEVER, if a match is ended in a ref stoppage or double disqualification, neither picks up a point.

As soon as Trent Robbins calls for the bell, Marksman comes in hot, running towards Shadows looking for a wild clothesline. She is able to easily duck underneath however, and even able to sideshift past a second attempt. Behind Mora now, she wraps her arm around her head and takes off to splat him face first with a Bulldog! The Dreamcatcher runs right for the turnbuckle, leaping onto the middle rope then top, coming back to hit a high altitude Moonsault on the Marksman! Shadows holds on for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Mora with the kickout there, but Ariel Shadows is staying right on him. After the dismal showings from both competitors the last few weeks, I have to say Shadows is showing a newfound aggression here tonight.

Mike Rolash: She has Mora in a Fujiwara Armbar right now, and he looks like he's ready to tap out already!

As a last gasp move, Jay Mora rolls over breaking the armbar. Shadows cartwheels and lands right on her feet, smiling as Mora looks on angry at her. He sprints at her looking for the Bullseye spear, but once again Shadows is too fast for him, moving out of the way and assisting him into the corner shoulder first! Before the Marksman can even turn back around, Ariel Shadows blasts him across the back of the head with a running Bionic Elbow! Marksman is down and out, but Shadows is not done with him! Pulling Jay up by his arms, she leaves him staggering half conscious on his feet.

Jim Gunt: THE KICKER!

Mike Rolash: It was a kicker alright, a nasty one!

Following the Trouble in Paradise style kick, Shadows pulls the still unconscious Mora onto his back before going for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

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

Jim Gunt: Wow! Dominating performance by the Dreamcatcher here tonight, it appears that she's back Mike!

Mike Rolash: She certainly is, and the Omega Block may be in trouble!

Beat The Boss - Part I

Match

After a commercial break the scene opens onto the backstage area where "The Australian Submission Machine" Nathan Paradine is shown entering the ring dressed in jeans and a t-shirt, a gym bag slung over his shoulder. As he approaches the locker room door however a voice rings out that causes him to freeze in his tracks and a scowl to immediately break out on his face.

Tara Robinson: Excuse me, Nathan! Could I get a quick word?

Paradine turns around, forcing a smile onto his face as he finds himself confronted by the resident CWF backstage interviewer Tara Robinson and a cameraman.

Nathan Paradine: Sure, Tara. What can I do for you?

Tara Robinson: I just wanted to get your thoughts on your upcoming match tonight, for the viewers who are unaware you've recently suffered some setbacks concerning your wrestling school. Are you sure you're one hundred per cent focused going into your match with Freddie Styles?

A vein visibly pulses on Paradine's forehead, but he manages to compose himself; barely.

Nathan Paradine: My wrestling school doesn't concern the CWF, and if you don't mind I'd prefer to keep those affairs separate to my career here. Now as far as my match tonight I know I've trained harder, I know I'm the better wrestler, but...

Paradine falters off as both Tara and the cameraman look past him off-screen. Paradine himself turns around and finds himself face to face with Jaiden Rishel, the Carnage Wrestling Network Openweight Title slung over the shoulder of his expensive Armani suit. He flashes Paradine and Robinson a smirk and hefts the title so the faceplate catches the light.

Jaiden Rishel: Hello, Tara. Hello, Nathan. Notice anything unusual about me tonight?

Tara Robinson: Mister Rishel, I-

Nathan Paradine: You've got a bloody title belt.

Jaiden Rishel: That's correct. This is the Openweight Championship, won by yours truly in fair competition.

Nathan Paradine: (murmuring) I find that hard to believe...

Jaiden Rishel: Excuse me? What was that?

Nathan Paradine: I said it looks good on you, well done mate. When do you defend it next?

Rishel laughs and pats Nathan condescendingly on the shoulder.

Jaiden Rishel: That's the beauty of this title my friend, it's always on the line twenty-four seven. That's what puts me in a rank above other champions; I have to defend this belt any time, any where. You wouldn't see a regular champion doing something as selfless as that!

Paradine rubs his chin thoughtfully and leans in to inspect the title belt.

Nathan Paradine: Oh really? Any time, any where you say?

Jaiden Rishel: As long as there's a referee present, yeah.

A change suddenly comes over Paradine. He straightens up and grins wolfishly at Rishel, who takes a step backwards at the sight of the expression on Paradine's face.

Jaiden Rishel: Remember, I'm your boss. I will fire your ass if you try anything-

Paradine takes a step forward and Rishel suddenly turns heel and runs, nearly bowling over Jay Mora as he returns to the locker room after the opening match. Paradine slides the strap of his sports back off his shoulder and hands it to a surprised Tara Robinson.

Nathan Paradine: Here, hold this for me would ya darl? I've got a title belt to win.

Without waiting for a reply Paradine runs off down the corridor in pursuit of Justin Rishel, leaving an exasperated Tara Robinson trying to juggle both the heavy bag and her microphone as the scene cuts to the next segment.

Amy Jo Smyth 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!!

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, and 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 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: And her opponent, 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 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. Svenson looks nonplussed at the whole display, simply yawning in his corner as he watches on.

Jim Gunt: Joseph Svenson doesn't seem very impressed by the Good Doctor, but he should be, she has six points in the Alpha and Omega Tournament thus far and with another win here tonight could easily push her way into becoming a real frontrunner!

Mike Rolash: Maybe Svenson knows something we don't, Jim?

Jim Gunt: He has yet to win a single match in the tournament so far, Mike, I think not.

"Big" Denny Davidson finishes up his check ups on both Smyth and Svenson, calling for the bell once he's satisfied with himself. The two competitors move towards each other with different speeds, Svenson coming forward with a slow, methodical approach, while Smyth looks at first to match him but quickly turns to sprint before leaping up to connect with a high angle knee strike!

Jim Gunt: Five-O!

Mike Rolash: Where!?

Jim Gunt: Again, I'm calling the names of the signature moves of the competitors in the match at hand...Mike. I'm a play by play analyst, that's my job...

Mike Rolash: No shit sherlock. Trust me, I do my job as well, providing plenty of color to the commentary table...

Jim Gunt: You got that right. Back in the ring now, Smyth stays right on Svenson following the Five-O knee strike, placing her knee behind his back as she pulls back on his arms to stretch him to capacity.

Joseph Svenson yanks at his arms, pulling his right arm free from the grip of Smyth and alleviating himself long enough to be able to whip her to the canvas with his other arm. When he gets to his feet, he immediately goes for the running bicycle kick but the Good Doctor is able to evade him, landing Svenson awkwardly atop the ropes! He yells out in pain, his midsection bouncing up and down off the top rope as he tries to pull himself off. Backflip Jumping Split Kick from Amy Jo! The kick knocks Svenson all the way to the outside of the ring!

Jim Gunt: Nasty landing to the outside.

Mike Rolash: That's one thing you can't prepare for, Jimmy, being knocked all the way off the top rope to the outside.

Jim Gunt: And Amy Jo Smyth isn't going to give him time to recover either, as she's just rolled out and...Cartwheel Dropkicks him right into the barricade! The Kimberly Hart Collection!

Mike Rolash: What is up with all these weird wrestling move names...

ONE!

"Big" Denny is forced to begin counting both competitors out of the match, but Amy Jo doesn't seem to care about the count, as she celebrates the destruction of Joseph Svenson with part of her fanbase in the front row.

TWO!

THREE!

Joseph Svenson begins to move, rolling to his side and gaining the eye of Amy Jo. She removes herself from the young girl giving her an enthusiastic hug, patting the girl on the back before heading back for her opponent.

FOUR!

Amy goes to lift Joseph up, but he surprises her with a pop-up Uppercut!

FIVE!

Back on his feet now, No Gimmicks Needed attempts to show just how he got that nickname, tossing Smyth back into the ring and heading back in with her. Svenson pulls the Good Doctor to her feet, tossing her back into the corner with a hip toss. She pulls herself right back up using the ropes, but Svenson looks to put her away with the standing Tiger Bomb. No hard elbow to the jaw of Svenson before he can lift her up! She suddenly begins clawing at him violently, before nerve pinching him several times. Fireball! Svenson is able to break away, coming back with an elbow of his own to Smyth this time. But she's right back, with a huge Tornado Kick!

Jim Gunt: Great back and forth action, but I think Svenson may be out, Mike!

Mike Rolash: May be, and if he's not he's about to be!

Jim Gunt: You're right because Amy Jo is about to lock in her famed "Eat Me Out" triangle lock, and Svenson taps immediately!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by submission and picking up two more points in the Alpha and Omega Tournament....AMY JO SMYTH!!

Mike Rolash: Guess he's not one of those guys, Jim.

Jim Gunt: Ahem, anyway, good showing there from the Good Doctor herself as Amy Jo now moves to eight points in the tournament. She goes up a decent challenge next week on her way to the finish line, going one on one with the Iceman, Konrad Raab! For now though, let's get ready for the next Omega block match...as Autumn Raven takes on Starlight!

There are rules to this

Match

"There's always rules to surviving things like this..."

Autumn mutters to herself, propping her phone up against a wall and leaning forward to watch the movie running at full blast on her phone. A few crew members gathered around, watching the ever famous Nightmare on elm street movie....the first one. Not that weird remake.

Man: Yeah don't fall asleep around that guy.

Someone said from over her shoulder. There was a series of chuckles from all around her.

Autumn Raven: You mean there's rules to surviving shit like this?

Autumn sighed, rolling her eyes.

Autumn Raven: You guys haven't watched enough of these movies...or *Scream* for that matter. There's always certain rules to remember in order to survive a horror movie.

Man: Do they actually work?

She shrugged.

Autumn Raven: Depends. Sometimes I think they blatantly just ignore it for shits and giggles.

Man: What does this have to do with wrestling...or your match huh?

Autumn Raven: Absolutely nothing, my dear Watson. This is just me, the Beautiful Psychopath killin time and watchin Freddy here killin these poor kids. I don't see anything in the rules that says I can't do this.

Autumn winks to the camera, and we cut elsewhere.

Tap, Snap, or Clapped

Match

The cameras cut to the backstage area of the Taco Bell Arena where we find Johnny Graves in his locker room. Johnny is seated on the wooden bench wearing a sleeveless black T-shirt and his black Nike shorts with the words 'Sin City' and 'Saint' on either leg. His signature knee pads and boots have not yet been put on as he's only just begun the preparation for his match. Standing behind him and off to the right is the impressive frame of one, Aeryka Aries who leans back against the row of lockers. She wears a black tank top and form-fitting black jeans. Her hair - shaved low on the right side - cascades over her left shoulder. Her arms are crossed over her chest. Suddenly the sound of a door opening is heard and both Johnny and Aeryka look up to see who's decided to enter the room. Soon CWF Interviewer, Tara Robinson steps into the frame - as usual - microphone in hand. Johnny's face immediately turns to one of annoyance while Aeryka steps a small step forward ready to defend her client. Tara eyes Aeryka suspiciously, the intimidation clear in her eyes. She seems to settle herself as she diverts her attention back to the Impact Champion.

Tara Robinson: Johnny, I was hoping you had a moment to discuss your match tonight.

Johnny stares up at Tara for a moment in silence. Finally he sighs and twirls his finger signifying his permission for Tara to continue with her line of questioning.

Tara Robinson: Tonight you defend the Impact Championship for the first time since recapturing it at Evolution 65 against Sean Fuller. A man who also competed in the Make Your Impact Melee that would determine who the new Impact Champion would be. Having already faced Fuller once is there anything new you're expecting to see from him?

Johnny sneers up at Tara for a moment before nodding his head slowly.

Johnny Graves: I would imagine I'll see a whole lotta new, Tamina. I mean clearly everythin' Sean Fuller had to give at Evolution 65 wasn't enough to get the job done. Clearly the fight he brought on that night didn't bring him anywhere near becomin' champion. So I could only imagine he's gone back to the drawin' board and tried to develop a whole new game plan. I mean he would have to right? Given the fact that now I'm the champion and get to pick the stipulations of my defenses and the fact that this isn't exactly gonna be a normal wrestlin' match, not gonna be

somehin' Sean Fuller is too familiar in competin' in by his own admittance.

Johnny pauses for a moment, thinking to himself.

Johnny Graves: Or maybe he doesn't change a thing. Maybe he walks into this match with the exact same gameplan. Listenin' to the guy talk, it's clear where the brains in that marriage lie. But whatever Fuller has up his sleeves, I promise you it doesn't matter. I am Johnny Graves. I am the CWF Impact Champion. I am the only champion in this company that matters. And because of Rishel's genius, I get to ensure that this title is defended in my wheelhouse. I was undefeated in mixed martial arts. And as long as this championship is defended under my rules I will remain undefeated. As far as I'm concerned, Sean Fuller isn't the first challenger to my reign... he's my first victim.

Tara offers a slight nod before against quickly glancing at the muscular woman at Johnny's back.

Tara Robinson: I have to ask... your associate standing behind you. We have never seen her before. Is this a friend of yours or perhaps a new talent for CWF...?

Johnny laughs softly and shakes his head. Aeryka remains completely silent, offering only an intense, stern expression in Tara's direction.

Johnny Graves: You don't have to worry about Aeryka. She's a teddy bear. Honestly. Fuller has his buxom bride lookin' after his interests. So why shouldn't I have someone lookin' out for mine? Aeryka is here because I am a star. I am the best thing happenin' in professional wrestling today. And someone of my stature and importance deserves someone watchin' his back and lookin' out for his best interests. That is simply what Aeryka is here to do. Trust me, Tenille... she's not here to hurt you.

Tara nods slightly.

Tara Robinson: Well you're confidence surely is at an all time high heading into this title defense. Good luck tonight, Johnny.

Johnny returns the nod as a smirk forms on his lips.

Johnny Graves: I don't need luck. I'm the champ and I'm walkin' out the same way I walked in...

The scene slowly fades as it transitions out.

Autumn Raven vs. Starlight

Match

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

"The sun is shining

Though everything's dying

Your stars burned out for good

Somewhere in Hollywood"

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

Ray Douglas: From Los Angeles, California, weighing 120 pounds, she is the Beautiful Psychopath, AUTUMN RAVEN!

"What the hell,

This ain't no way to treat the living dead

Is this something from a novel that you read
It's time to cut the cord and say goodbye
Cause it's the only thing that hasn't happened yet
And when it does I wished we'd never met
I did the best I could."

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.

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

She runs to the corner turnbuckle, climbing to the second one, taunting the crowd, as she flings her arms out to the sides once again before climbing down.

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

"Yeah, Be prepared.

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

...For what?

For the death of the Queen.

Why? Is she sick?

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

Great idea! Who needs a Queen?

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

Idiots! There will be a Queen!

Hey, but you said, uh..."

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

I will be Queen!

She cackles as she drops the microphone lifting her arms up the sirens cut out. "Poor Unfortunate Souls" by Jonathan Young begins playing over the system as her arms go above her head in an X as her hashtag appears on the screen. #Queenslayer appears as blue spotlights appear on the ramp. She walks down the ramp letting her coat flow behind her as she drapes her arms to her side. She looks at the fans as she reaches the bottom of the ramp, She turns then raises her hands and the lights come on, she goes over to the steps slamming her hands down on them hard as she looks into the ring. She growls as she climbs up the stairs standing on the outside of the ring, she climbs through, taking the gas mask off looking at her opponent laughing as she climbs the turnbuckle, placing her hands above her head in an X once more as she drops down turning to face her opponent.

Referee Clark Summits signals for the bell as both women come face to face in the center of the ring. It's clear that Starlight has the size advantage but Autumn doesn't give a damn. Starlight shoves Raven backwards a bit which sparks laughter from Raven in response. Taking offense, Starlight slaps the Beautiful Psychopath hard across the face. The force of the slap sends Raven staggering back into the nearby corner, clutching at her jaw.

Jim Gunt: What a hard slap from Starlight and it looks like Autumn is not liking it one bit.

Mike Rolash: When a woman that size slaps you in the face, there isn't much that you can do about it.

Exploding out of the corner with rage in her eyes, Raven blasts Starlight with repeated forearm shots that sends the larger woman, reeling into the opposite corner.

Mike Rolash: Or you can just do that..

Jim Gunt: Autumn showing that's she's not one to take lightly as she looks to pick up two critical points in the Omega Block.

Coming unleashed on Starlight, Autumn continues to reign down brutal forearm blows until Summits interjects himself after the mandatory five count, pulling Autumn away from Starlight. She screams into his face, forcing him to back up as she charges right into a Starlight clothesline! Crashing with a thud, Raven tries to recover before Starlight is on top of her and just destroying her face with punches. Finally done, she now screams down at Raven before getting to a vertical base and stomps her opponent for good measure.

Jim Gunt: I never got the idea of screaming at an opponent..

Mike Rolash: Yeah it's like watching a volleyball game.. There's a lot of grunting but who's really complaining.

Jim Gunt: Fair point.

Mike Rolash: Did you actually agree with me?

The Boise fans begin to cheer Raven on as Starlight is upright and slowly stalking around the ring, taking in the cheers for her opponent. Now, looking to go back to work, she spots Autumn up on her knees and smiling! She then points to her jaw, telling Starlight to give her, her best shot. Not wanting to disappoint, the Queenslayer cracks her with an elbow shot. Absorbing the hit, Raven looks back up at the larger woman and points to her jaw again. Now looking angered, Starlight creams her with a forearm so hard that she lies flat on the canvas with her knees folded up under her!

Jim Gunt: Oh My Lord! What a shot!

Mike Rolash: Autumn's coming back to life!

Sure enough, the Beautiful Psychopath raises back up to her knees, smiling and laughing at the now infuriated Queenslayer. Starlight screams and kicks Raven across the chest. Raven catches her boot upon impact and hurriedly twist her down by her massive leg with a dragon screw. Popping to her feet and letting out another, loud, screeching yell, Autumn grabs at one of Starlight's legs, looking to lock her in an STF. Struggling to get Starlight over because of

her size, she finds herself ending up on her hindpart after being shoved off by Starlight's huge leg! They both quickly get to their feet and run at each other but Starlight is the first to react as she drops Autumn with a big boot.

Jim Gunt: For a woman her size, she moves really well, things looking to be going downhill for the Beautiful Psychopath right now, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Well if anyone was ever the epitome of the word 'underdog', it would be Autumn, you know just as well as anybody, that you can't count her out.

Bringing Raven back vertical, Starlight looks to whip her into the ropes. Autumn twists through and shoves the Queenslayer into them. Rebounding off, she steps right into Claw of the Night superkick! Starlight crumples to the mat as Raven quickly falls on top, hooking the leg. Summits comes in to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Signaling for the bell once again, Clark gets to his feet and waits for Autumn to rise as he raises her hand in victory as "Somewhere in Hollywood" starts back up.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner via pinfall.. AUTUMN RAVEN!

Take Me To Church

Match

Jim Gunt: I understand our very own Blake Church is with the Kyuseishu.

Hoyt Williams: I asked for the lady microphone holder.

The camera cuts to the back where the "Kyuseishu" Hoyt Williams wearing a gray 90's style Tommy Hilfiger tracksuit, chrome Aviator sunglasses, with a massive golden cross hanging from a chain around his neck stands in front of a CWF backdrop.

Hoyt Williams: I mean I AM the main event tonight let's not saddle me with the B team.

Blake Church stands next to him with a microphone in hand. Hoyt's manager is on the phone loudly talking with the CWF offices trying to get the interview lady. Hoyt waves her off indicated he was going to accept the less announcer as they are live.

Hoyt Williams: Another member of the CWF "fake news"? Whom are you SINNER?

Blake Church: Hello I'm Blake Church and I was wondering if I could get some comments....

Hoyt Williams: Blake Church? Church? I like it dude, keep going kid.

Blake Church: Ok umm last time you faced Ataxia things didn't go so well?

Hoyt Williams: ONE NATION UNDER GOD.....ONE...ONE...ONE NATION UNDER GOD. It's on our damn money, that's how proud we are of it. This is AMERICA. GOD'S NATION. MY FATHERS creation! He whom does art in heaven! God's land is my land. My family heritage. I lose to Ataxia in some nation that doesn't even speak the lord's language of English in some meaningless match and you ask me what I think about it or say it didn't go so well? Just so you know Church, just because your name is churchy stupid people still aren't allowed in heaven. Nor are fat people as the clouds have a weight limit...not that I'm judging you as in 2019 we ARE ALL INCLUSIVE.

The professional young Church shrugs off the comments and drives on.

Blake Church: So, you're motivated for tonight?

Hoyt Williams: I've been a wrestler for a long time and some nights you just give the fans half of what you got, because, why risk it when nothing is at stake. Do you think Christ walked on water every time he saw a puddle?

Blake Church: No.

Hoyt Williams: Of course not. He only walks on the water when he needs to get somewhere. He doesn't turn every glass of water into wine hes no lush. He doesn't heal ever case of leprosy he comes across. That would be silly. It would put doctors out of business and kill our healthy care system. I mean a little common sense. I have all these party favors to but I'm a HUMBLE man. I don't flaunt my greatness nor the miracles I can perform like saving Artoira's career. Blake do you know what I need to do tonight.

Blake Church: ...you need to walk on water?

Hoyt Williams: AMEN! Tonight, I AM THE MAIN EVENT~! The LIGHTS. THE CAMERA'S!! The Quarter hour Q rating! Boise is here to see me at my best even if they are only Boise, and God knows I'm BETTER than Boise. But they will WITNESS biblical history none the less. I'm feeling good tonight, doing this little Church Chat with you Blake.

Hoyt does a little dance before pretending to moonwalk on water.

Hoyt Williams: Meowru Suzuki is here the mean eyed Emotional support Cat. Karen is here as you know. Christ is here in all of us, and BLAKE, it's Big Match Hoyt ready to crucifix and save some souls.

The Kyuseishu looks up to the heavens.

Hoyt Williams: Hell, the whole roster is here tonight to become Hoyt's Witnesses as they watch what they can never be...a deity. A WRESTLING GOD!! I prayed Duce Jones to the hospital, for messing with me on Twitter. I see my disciple Silas Artoira has done nothing but great things since I baptized him in the ring to kick off MY ALPHA & OMEGA tournament. I wanted to keep it interesting. Freddy Styles dancing his way to a date with his Kyuseishu well done my follower. JC (not Jesus Christ) has been doing himself solid in the top spot in this whole thing keeping his Pontiffs throne warm waiting for our match. I know PJ Blake is like a bye week, but hell anything can happen and maybe the little lost soul beat you. JC get ready because once I finish with Ataxia tonight, the redemption of GOD is coming for you!! ALPHA AND OMEGA the greatest tournament in the history of wrestling is about to go down in the BOOK OF HOYT as the genesis to greatness. Remember HOYT SAVES the righteous; and Ataxia tonight I extinguish the vile.

Blake Church: There you have from Kyuseishu himself.

Hoyt Williams: 1 John 5:4 "For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world: and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."

Jim Gunt: "The Messiah Pariah" Ataxia versus "The Kyuseishu" Hoyt Williams happens TONIGHT!

Duce Jones vs. Phoenix LeStrange

Match

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.

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 smiles at claps hands with some of the sold out crowd, 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.

The lights in the arena go out as a mysterious voice is heard over a slowed down "Mia Khalifa" beat.

"L-L-L-LeStrange!"

The real beat to "Mia Khalifa" kicks in. The fans boo as Phoenix LeStrange appears on the stage. The song made famous all over the internet hits with the most known lines.

Ray Douglas: His opponent... PHOENIX LeSTRANGE!

Phoenix skips down the ramp and slides into the ring, dry humping it a couple times for good measure as she sticks her tongue out and crawls, stripper like, to the corner, Duce watches on, unimpressed as she makes it to her feet.

Jim Gunt: Duce appears to be very unenthused about Phoenix LeStrange's actions.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, but honestly... This is probably the most active that we've ever seen LeStrange in a CWF ring.

Rookie official, Scott Dean signals for the bell as LeStrange begins gyrating against her designated corner' middle turnbuckle pad. Watching on from his corner a bit agitated, Duce waits until she's done handling her 'business' and turns towards the center of the ring and move towards Jones. With a deep sigh, Jones races across the ring full speed..

Jim Gunt: KRAYZED KNEE BY JONES! NOW HE'S GOING FOR THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Mike Rolash: Wow, is that a record!?

Duce raises off of an unconscious LeStrange, Douglas making it official.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, via pinfall and earning two points in the Alpha Block! DUCE JONES!

Quickly exiting the ring, Duce heads straight for the back.

Jim Gunt: Well a convincing win by the Kid that Never Dies just then Mike..

Mike Rolash: Maybe if she spent less time dry humping shit, she could've had a dog in this fight.

Jim Gunt: Well nonetheless, Duce has earned two more points in the Alpha Block as we move into the final stretch of this tournament.

Oops, I forgot those were in there!

Match

Travelling on his own for the evening to Evolution this week, without his trusted wife by his side, Sean Fuller pulls up to the gate of the Taco Bell Arena where he is greeted by a security guard.

Security: Hey Sean, pull through and park just ahead on the left, please?

Sean Fuller: Is there some kind of problem?

Security Guard Ned: No, no problem.

Sean shrugs and pulls ahead once he is able to and pulls off to the side. Sean climbs out of his vehicle and leans up against a pillar.

Security Guard Ned: So, you do know when you mention shooting a wrestler we have to take precautions right?

Sean shifts his eyes from left to right.

Sean Fuller: Uh... I... OH THAT!

Ned groans.

Security Guard Ned: Sean, keys?

Sean Fuller: I don't wanna!

Security Guard Ned: Anything we confiscate you can have back, Sean.

Sean Fuller: You know he made fun of my wife, what if he made fun of Carla, Ned? What would you-

Security Guard Ned: Sean, please stop talking.

Celeste: He doesn't have that function.

Celeste says, walking over and onto the scene.

Security Guard Ned: Oh, hey there, Celeste.

Celeste walks over to Ned and places a hand on his shoulder before walking over to Sean, taking his keys from him.

Celeste: Go ahead and hold the keys, because Sean here forgets that if someone pisses me off that I will handle the situation myself and would not need him.

Security Guard Ned: I believe that.

Celeste turns and tosses the keys to Ned, then turns to look at Sean again.

Celeste: Tell me you weren't actually going to shoot-

Sean Fuller: It seemed like something fun to do and it would have definitely gotten people talking.

Celeste: This is why all of your ideas have to go through me, babe.

Sean Fuller: That's why I kept it from you, dear.

Celeste: I always find out, honey.

Sean Fuller: Oh well, I guess I will just have to do things the old fashioned ways and leave him a bloody pile with what I was born with.

Celeste: Thanks Ned, see you later!

Ned waves as Celeste and Sean walks off backstage.

Security Guard Ned: I swear they're both nuts.

Another guard walks ove, standing next to Ned.

Security Guard 2: At least you can talk to her like a reasonable human-being.

Ned: Oh yeah, Grant, most definitely.

Zolton vs. Konrad Raab

Match

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

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, Zolton 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: First, from Amsterdam, Netherlands, the Man of Chaos....ZOLTON!!

Jim Gunt: The Man of Chaos, quite the story when you think about it. Someone many of us haven't even heard of going into the Alpha and Omega tournament, and he has turned many heads since then.

Mike Rolash: I would say so, as Zolton has destroyed everyone in his path EXCEPT Freddie Styles, the undefeated block leader. Zolton hasn't gained many fans along the way, but you know what I say, Jimbo...screw the fans.

Jim Gunt: It's not like you had very many anyway, Mike.

Cold as Ice by M.O.P plays over the sound system as Konrad comes out through the curtain just wearing his blue and white mask with white hair along with his wrestling trousers with his nickname The Iceman on the front of them with Pit Bull Energy logos on the side of his trousers with black gloves on both of his hands with a side cross necklace on his neck 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.

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

He then high fives the fans as he goes up the stairs before going in-between the ropes and does a holdup on each turnbuckle and everyone cheers him as he gets down from the turnbuckle and does a few boxing punches to the cameras before he looks at his opponent waiting for the match to start.

Jim Gunt: This should be a really good match, Mike, as both Zolton and Konrad Raab fight it out looking to get closer to that top spot in the Alpha Block.

Mike Rolash: And both of these men are very familiar with each other to boot!

Jim Gunt: Indeed, both men have faced each other several times in Zolton's home federation of World Wrestling Headquarters. Konrad Raab fell short in their past matches, so let's see if the Iceman can fare any better here in CWF.

Nick McArthur calls for the bell following his checkups on both competitors, Konrad looking to start the match off quickly, meeting the approaching Zolton with a Lou Thesz Press, toppling him and immediately reigning down on him with right hands! Zolton throws him off him, but the damage of the fast right hands show right away, the Man of Chaos stumbling and nearly losing his footing as he attempts to get back up.

The Iceman takes advantage of the situation, taking Zolton in for a shoulder block before whipping him hard into the corner. He charges at him full speed looking for a big splash but Zolton gets his boot up to stop him in his tracks! The Man of Chaos grabs ahold of the staggering Iceman, hoisting him upside down into the air before bringing him down on the square of his back with a vertical suplex.

Jim Gunt: Back and forth the action goes, with neither man able to gain a true advantage. Who do you think this match

favours, Mike?

Mike Rolash: Isn't that obvious?

Jim Gunt: Not even close. You may think that Zolton is the favorite because not only you're a fan of his but he has won matches against Raab in the past in WWH, but this is a whole different ball game here tonight.

Zolton brings Raab up from behind, synching in a Sleeper Hold. Twisting and turning, it looks like the Iceman may be about out, but with the Boise crowd cheering for him to get back into it, a sudden burst of energy gives Raab enough to nearly break out and head to the ropes. Nearly, because Zolton keeps hold of his grip and instead drops him with a Sleeper Hold Slam! The Man of Chaos relishes in the audience's disapproval for him, walking up and over Raab disrespectfully.

Jim Gunt: Zolton sure is showing extra character here tonight, you can tell both of these men may have some leftover animosity from their past battles.

Mike Rolash: Or maybe Zolton is just trying to show the world why he is the dominant Alpha in the Alpha block.

Jim Gunt: Maybe.

As Konrad Raab begins to get to his feet, Zolton once again makes a quick move on him, leaping up to grab ahold of him for the Earth's Answer Standing Arm Triangle Submission. But the Iceman shows off his ungodly strength by deadlifting Zolton high into the air with one arm, before slamming him down hard on his back! Zolton holds onto his back, pulling himself to his feet clearly not at one hundred percent.

Jim Gunt: Zolton may have taken a bad landing there, and Raab is going right for it! He has Zolton from behind, The Frozen Bridging German Suplex!

Mike Rolash: What a maneuver there from the Iceman!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: No! Not enough that time, but Raab isn't letting the nearfall get him down. He's doing exactly what he needs to do to finally get a victory over the Man of Chaos, lifting him right back up for more punishment...

Mike Rolash: But Zolton breaks free...SHORT ARM CLOTHESLINE!

Jim Gunt: Woah!

The Boise fans are rocking following the clothesline, cheering for Raab to get to his feet while a small portion of the crowd even cheer for Zolton. Both men slowly get up to their feet, Zolton swinging a right hand at Raab but the Iceman catches his arm, bringing it over into a chicken wing position. German Suplex from the nasty chicken wing!

Jim Gunt: The Iceman is looking better than ever, could this be his night, Mike?

Mike Rolash: I hope not, Zolton can't afford a loss with Duce picking up yet another victory a little bit ago!

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

Konrad Raab is on fire and he knows it, the Iceman looking to cool off his competition for good as he lifts Zolton up, cracking him in the face with a back elbow. The Iceman quickly heads for the ropes, leaping up onto them and springing backward- RIGHT INTO A THROWING GERMAN SUPLEX FROM ZOLTON! Raab lands the whole way across the ring in a broken down heap!

Jim Gunt: Battle of the German Suplexes here tonight ladies and gentlemen, and I think that could have been the

nastiest one of all!

Mike Rolash: But it isn't the match ender though, Jimmy, although perhaps this could be!

Zolton grabs ahold of the body of Konrad Raab, putting him between his legs and somehow easily hoisting him high overhead. His arms draped in the air, Zolton walks towards the center of the ring looking for the Pearly Gates. But Raab drops out of his grip, landing behind him! The Man of Chaos turns around in shock, Spinebuster! The Taco Bell Arena is rocking as the Iceman seems to have finally found the missing puzzle piece in defeating Zolton. Grabbing him by his neck, he lifts him into the air for a Chokeslam, pulling him down into a massive Powerbomb. The Iceinator! Zolton is out cold and Raab holds on for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NOOO! ZOLTON ROLLS HIS SHOULDER AT 2.999!

The crowd is in shock, most of them eventually booing their lungs out as Raab looks on at referee Nick McArthur just as confused as the fans. Slapping the canvas, the Iceman shoves Zolton away and begins to pull himself back to his feet. Screaming out to his adversary, Raab comes running at him like a freight train looking for a big boot. But Zolton somehow catches it and twists him around with a Gutwrench Powerbomb! The Man of Chaos crashes onto Raab, unable to make a full pin cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: What is it going to take!?

Mike Rolash: Another amazing Alpha and Omega Tournament match here tonight ladies and gentlemen, this tournament really has set a precedent over the rest when it comes to ANY company; once again showing why CWF is above and beyond the competition!

Nick McArthur stands watch as Zolton and Konrad Raab both struggle to get to their feet, the wear and tear of the match showing on both larger than life athletes. Zolton is the first to get to his feet, grabbing ahold of Raab as he gets up to level him with a right hand. Raab takes the shot, smiling as he backs up. Zolton glares at the man not quite knowing what to think, until the Iceman suddenly shoots forward hitting him with a huge Spear! Hooking both legs of Zolton, Raab looks to make his dreams come true!

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO! ZOLTON ROLLS HIS SHOULDER!

The Boise crowd break out in boos, but even they have to appreciate the amazing effort put forth by not only Konrad Raab but the Iceman himself! Raab though is beside himself, slapping himself across the face and talking to himself as he brings Zolton back up to a vertical base. Looking for a Double Arm German Suplex, Raab seems to have gone to the well one to many times as Zolton scouts and sideshifts to his back. GOD'S SMITE! Zolton hits all of his trademark Full Nelson Slam!

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

Looking back and forth from the clock on the CWF Tron down to Raab, Zolton shakes his head and lifts up his

opponent once more looking to finish him off. He brings him up into Powerbomb position, this time Raab barely able to fight off as he throws him across the ring right into the Pearly Gates! Raab is seeing stars, and the biggest one is covering him.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

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

Jim Gunt: What an effort from Konrad Raab, having Zolton nearly finished on numerous occasions, but the Man of Chaos reigns supreme yet again here tonight!

Mike Rolash: And he now has ten points! Who is gonna stop this man?

Beat The Boss - Part II

Match

The scene opens in the office of Jaiden Rishel, empty save for the boss and a cameraman. The door has been barricaded with furniture, and Rishel himself is crouched behind his desk, the top of his head peering nervously over the edge to look at the door.

Jaiden Rishel: Do you think he's given up?

Suddenly the door handle rattles violently and falls silent, and then the entire door shakes from an impact. There's a pause, and then the door shakes again.

Jaiden Rishel: Don't get me wrong, I could take Nathan Paradine any day of the week. But there is no way in hell that that's just him out there, that door has nearly been turned into splinters more times than I can count. You!

The camera suddenly spins to face Rishel directly.

Jaiden Rishel: Do you have a cell phone or something on you? Call TJ Flint and get him to bring security up here immediately.

The camera shakes left to right; no. Rishel rolls his eyes and groans in frustration.

Jaiden Rishel: This is it. I'm finished.

There's another bang, then a crack and the door gives slightly. A loud cheer can be heard from outside the office and Rishel ducks behind the desk again, clutching the Carnage Wrestling Openweight Championship to his chest.

Jaiden Rishel: Alright, I have an idea. I just need you to be ready when the moment comes, okay?

The camera moves up and down; yes. Rishel nods to himself and takes a deep breath.

Jaiden Rishel: Paradine wants my title? Alright, he can fucking try and take it from me then!

There's another crack and the door begins to give. The furniture in front of the door wobbles precariously and Rishel eyes the entrance intently before pushing his desk around so that it is facing the door lengthways.

Jaiden Rishel: Come on, any second now. Any second-

There's a bang and the door bursts open sending bits of wood and furniture flying. Several wrestlers spill into the room; not only Paradine, but also Joseph Svenson, Bubba Love, Phoenix LeStrange and surprisingly, Pandalike. Rishel lets out a roar and charges, pushing the desk in front of him and using it as a battering ram to push his way past the throng. Most of the wrestlers jump out of the way but Rishel manages to clip Svenson and pin him between the desk and the

wall, leaving him struggling desperately as Rishel runs past.

Nathan Paradine: He's bloody running! Get after him!

The camera follows the remaining wrestlers as they run into the hallway after Rishel, scrapping and pushing each other out of the way to be the first one to get a shot at him. Paradine thrusts his leg out and trips up Phoenix LeStrange as she rushes through the door out of the office sending her sprawling against the opposite wall with a meaty thwack, and he gives her an apologetic shrug before running after Bubba Love and Pandalike. The cameraman follows the three men as they pelt along the corridor, occasionally knocking a member of the backstage crew aside carelessly as they pursue Rishel. Finally they emerge into the Gorilla position and Paradine sticks out his arm to slow Bubba down.

Nathan Paradine: I think this is your stop, mate. You've got a match. Me and Panda boy over here though, we've got time.

Bubba opens his mouth to protest but Paradine and Pandalike are already gone down another dark corridor hot on the heels of Jaiden Rishel as the scene cuts to the next segment.

Silas Artoria vs. Bubba Love

Match

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

Richard Dawson: Who loves you? Who do you love?!

The crowd anticipate the music, and it is warmly received. 'What Is Love' by Haddaway starts to play, as Bubba Love emerges from the curtain.

Jim Gunt: For a man on a tightrope, Bubba Love seems to be looking on the bright side of things. He's one defeat away from a definitive tournament defeat, and you could say his competition is tough.

Bubba patiently waits in the ring as the familiar introductory beats of 'Something Got Me Started' by Simply Red starts to play--

--but it cuts out.

Darkness, a dark chuckle comes through the speakers.

Soon, 'Pure Argent Energy' by Mick Gordon starts to play, as eerie red smoke appears. Soon, Silas emerges with Ito. His look is enough to dehydrate cacti, he focus in on the ring only, and on the right side of his face, looked to be a black, skin crawling presence. The fans were unsure what to make of it, but it was clear that whomever Silas was from before, seems to be the one everyone saw at the previous Evolution.

And it was enough to make the commentary team uncomfortable.

Jim Gunt: Mike...do you think the crowd might've been too harsh on him last week?

Mike Rolash: This doesn't look good.

Slowly, Silas takes off his jacket and gives it to Ito, eyes still on Bubba Love in the ring, like a shark circling its prey. He slides in, and stands up, just as the lights turn on to see a focused and determined Silas, with what crawls within making a faint appearance. Bubba seems optimistic.

Ito positions himself next to the commentary team, giving Mike a cheeky smile.

DING!

Jim Gunt: And the match has be--OH CHRIST!

Silas leaps forward with a KNOCKOUT! Love is dazed! His arms are trapped by Silas! SNAP DRAGON! He runs for

the ropes, bounces off, and KNEE TO LOVE'S FACE! THE GUILLOTINE! Silas slides to cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: OH MY GOD!

Ray Douglas: The winner, and gaining two points.....SILAS ARTORIA!!!

Ito chuckles to himself as he approaches the commentary table. He rubs his forefingers together, and Mike Rolash turns to Jim. The latter shrugs.

Jim Gunt: You did agree to the bet!

Hidetaka Ito: Five dollars, plus the five I put on the table.

Mike grumbles as he hands over the bill, just as Silas grabs his jacket. He didn't even break a sweat. He points at Mike.

Silas Artoria: Never gamble against a veteran, Rolash! Jim, how long was that match?

Jim Gunt: Umm, ten seconds or so?

Silas Artoria: Let that be a message. We're in the endgame now, and I'm bringing all the cannons I have.

He pats Ito.

Silas Artoria: [[Let's go.]]

The two start to walk back up the ramp, just as referees and EMTs still crowd around an unconscious Bubba.

Jim Gunt: Well...with that victory that means Bubba Love is officially out!

Mike Rolash: More importantly, I LOST FIVE DOLLARS!

A Night As Beautiful As This

Match

Once again the cameras cut to the locker room of Johnny Graves. Still sitting on the wooden bench though this time he is in complete ring attire. Aeryka Aries still taking her position behind him, dutifully protecting the client she was hired to protect. Johnny is crouched over fiddling with his boots and kick pads, making sure that they are ready for his first Impact Title defense. Both Jonny and Aeryka remain silent, really having no words to exchange with one another. Johnny was one hundred percent focused on his match and opponent. Aeryka understanding this, didn't bother offering any words of encouragement. She simply remained vigilant, performing the job she was assigned to do. Suddenly the sound of knocking is picked up by the camera and is almost immediately followed by the sound of the door opening. Johnny's head raises immediately his eyes coming to focus on the person entering his locker room. After a moment a smile forms on his lips and he pushes himself up to a standing position. He lifts his head quickly in greeting.

Johnny Graves: Hey you...

From the doorway enters Magdalena Lockheart, not dressed to compete tonight. Johnny notices that around her neck is the necklace that he bought her and his smile grows even wider. Before Lockheart could even speak, however, Aeryka was already in the process of confronting her. Maggie lifts her hands but it takes the Impact champion grabbing his bodyguard by the shoulder to keep her from gripping Maggie by the throat.

Johnny Graves: Aerkyka, chill! Mags is cool!

Aeryka grunts and pulls out of Johnny's grasp. But she doesn't say anything nor change the glaring look in her eyes. She stands right next to Johnny continuing to protect him.

Maggie Lockheart: Wow, this must be the new bodyguard, hmm? You didn't mention to me that she's a she.

Johnny Graves: Yeah, well she's a bad ass... just like another girl I know. But damn, I must say you are lookin' fine tonight... I see you wearin' that necklace I got you.

Maggie blushed a little as she ran her hand down from the back of her head and across the side of her neck.

Maggie Lockheart: Aww... You like it?

Johnny Graves: Damn right I do. I like the whole package... But really though I wasn't expectin' you to be here tonight. What's up?

Maggie giggled.

Maggie Lockheart: Oh nothing much, just the usual. Still getting my contract stuff sorted out... Plus I was really hoping to get a lead on who the masked man was who interfered in our match.

Johnny Graves: Ahh... And you think he might strike again tonight in my first defense...

Maggie Lockheart: It's definitely something to think about. But hey, at least you've got She Hulk to watch your back. Doesn't look like you need me after all.

Johnny Graves: Hey, hold on...

Maggie Lockheart: Look, we can talk about it later. Right now you need to focus on Fuller... and don't let me be a distraction, okay?

Johnny Graves: Trust me, I'm one hundred percent focused on, Fuller. That doesn't mean I don't have time if you want to talk. Maybe give me a lil' good luck kiss...?

Maggie Lockheart: Oh, you don't need luck...

Maggie leans forward and kisses Johnny on the cheek.

Maggie Lockheart: But if after the match you're feeling a bit thirsty, there'll be a drink back here with your name on it.

Maggie smiles and waves.

Maggie Lockheart: Got to go. Keep digging them graves, Johnny!

With that Magdalena disappears through the doorway she entered, closing the door behind her. Johnny stares at the door for several moments before an intrigued smirk on his lips. He nodded his head slowly, forcing himself to pull his eyes away from the door and refocus his attention on the task at hand. Johnny turned around to come face to face with the cold, glaring eyes of Aeryka. Johnny flinched slightly in surprise, honestly forgetting - for a moment - she was standing there.

Johnny Graves: Jesus!

Johnny steps past Aeryka and begins bouncing on his toes warming up. The scene cuts away.

Danny B vs. Jeff Jackson

Match

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

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 CWF fans watch on and give him a mixed reaction.

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

Jim Gunt: Danny B is a bona fide legend here in the CWF, and his impressive tournament record speaks for itself tonight. That being said, Jeff Jackson has run through everyone he's faced recently, not caring about winning or losing as long as he can inflict pain on his opponent.

Mike Rolash: Jeff Jackson belongs in the loony bin, plain and simple. Jaiden Rishel sees dollar signs in the man, but he's becoming more of a liability with each passing week.

Danny arrogantly smirks at the announcement, confident in his ways as he makes his way down the ramp and slides into the ring underneath the bottom rope. He rises to his feet and surveys with crowd before performing a mock bow and backing away into the corner to await the start of the match.

Ray Douglas: And introducing the opponent... hailing from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada and weighing in at two hundred and thirty five pounds, he is "THE JUDGE" JEFF JACKSON!

The lights in the area shut off and chanting voices can be heard. After fifteen seconds, the lyrics to "Judgement Day" by Stealth can be heard.

"I can feel the floor shaking, and the glass begin to break. The air is getting thinner with every breath that I take. The calm before the storm, you could hear the drop of a pin. Never been claustrophobic, but now the walls are closing in!"

As the song continues the terrifying figure known as The Judge makes his way to the ring. He is dressed in his purple cloak and hideous demonic skull mask. As he approaches, the chorus begins.

"So strike me down, take me away. Debts are due, it's time to pay. Face what I deserve, here comes Judgment Day! I won't run, the guilt is mine. Too long denying all my crimes. Face what I deserve, here comes Judgment Day!"

Once in the ring, he stands mid ring with his head down. After a long pause, he flings his head back to remove the hood, as purple flames shoot from the posts. As the camera focuses in on the horrific features of the mask, the music fades and the crowd gives him a cheer. The Judge fixes Danny B with an intense stare and "The Ripper" gives an indifferent shrug before urging referee Trent Robbins to get the match started already.

Jim Gunt: Remember, The Judge doesn't care about winning or losing, only causing pain. Evidently, he's judged Danny B of being guilty of something or other here tonight.

Mike Rolash: You almost sound admiring of the freak! Why do we get all the crazies, huh?

The bell rings, and this bout is underway!

The Judge immediately goes after Danny B and forces him into the corner, Danny B trying desperately to prevent The Judge from forcing his fingers into his mouth for an early Judgement Day, the mandible claw maneuver that this persona has taken on as a finishing move. Danny B tries to fight back but The Judge retaliates by tossing him over the top rope to the outside unceremoniously. The Judge follows Danny B to the outside and tosses him into the crowd barricade for good measure before sliding him back into the ring underneath the bottom rope. The Judge follows "The Ripper" back into the ring and forces him back into the corner, stomping down on the CWF legend relentlessly before yanking him to his feet and hitting a HUGE belly-to-belly suplex! Danny B is sprawled out and The Judge tries for a cover!

ONE!

T-KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: And The Judge has taken decisive control of this match early on, manhandling Danny B with almost no trouble at all!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, The Ripper better start rethinking all of his match strategy on the fly if he wants to stand a chance of picking up his two points!

Danny B gets his shoulder up to jeers from the crowd and some of the bravado has gone out of him as he realises the gravity of his current situation. The Judge latches onto his arm and applies an armbar submission but Danny B fights back, managing to get up on his feet before The Judge sends him into the ropes and catches him with a knee trembler on the rebound before dropping down and trying for another cover on Danny B!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Danny B showing some impressive resiliency!

Mike Rolash: Yeah but we both know you can't just keep absorbing shots like that all night. He needs to get on the offensive pronto!

Again, The Ripper manages to get his shoulder up and remains alive in this match. The Judge yanks him back to his feet and whips him into the corner before running and delivering a clothesline to the back of Danny B's head. The Judge attempts to apply the armbar again but Danny B has wisened up to that trick and easily fights his way out of it, delivering a series of stiff elbow shots to the side of The Judge's mask for good measure before running and springboarding off the ropes looking for The Ripper's Blade but The Judge swats him in mid-air! Danny B lands on his feet however and, unperturbed, immediately lashes out with a Kamehameha Kick that sends The Judge reeling against the ropes. Danny B charges and delivers a clothesline that sends The Judge toppling over the top rope and down to the floor! As The Judge regains his bearings and begins to climb to his feet Danny B rebounds off the ropes and launches himself through the air taking The Judge down again with a suicide dive! Both men are sprawled out on the ground but it's Danny B who rises to his feet first and tosses The Judge back into the ring following closely behind.

Jim Gunt: High risk, high reward from Danny B here and he's managed to take The Judge down on the outside!

Mike Rolash: Dammit Jim, you jinxed it!

In the ring The Judge catches Danny B as he attempts to continue his offense and tosses him into the corner, eating an ineffective chop from The Ripper when he tries to attack and delivering one of his own in retaliation. Danny B staggers out of the corner clutching his chest as The Judge climbs to the second rope and he eats an elbow drop to the skull as The Judge jumps through the air! Danny B is laid out motionless as The Judge contemplates between continuing his assault or ending the match. The crowd cheers as The Judge climbs to the second rope again, this time looking for a leg drop, but Danny B rolls at the last moment and The Judge crashes into the mat! The Judge clutches the small of his back as he rises to his feet but Danny B is already in midair having springboarded off the second rope himself and he connects with the Ripper's Blade, damn near turning The Judge inside out! Danny B covers!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Jim Gunt: Somehow The Judge is still conscious after that huge clothesline!

Mike Rolash: I believe there's a difference between conscious and lucid, buddy.

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

Somehow, The Judge retains enough of his senses to get his shoulder up. Both men rise to their feet and The Judge sends Danny B shoulder-first into the opposite ring post and catches him with a back body drop as Danny B staggers back... but Danny B rolls through and lands on his feet! The Judge spins around in surprise and catches a Dragon Strike to the temple courtesy of Danny B's knee! It isn't enough to bring The Judge down though and Danny B runs at the ropes again, springboard, RIPPER'S BLADE! A second Ripper's Blade, and Danny B with the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Trent Robbins calls for the bell and this one is all over!

Jim Gunt: By God, he did it! Danny B beat The Judge!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, but I bet he isn't going to hang around the celebrate.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, and collecting two more points in the Alpha and Omega Tournament... The Ripper, DANNY B!

"Dragon Rider" resumes playing and, as Mike Rolash predicted, Danny B wastes no time in rolling out of the ring and staggering up the ramp, one arm raised in defiance of the boos raining down on him from the crowd. In the ring The Judge rises to his feet and stares down The Ripper who defiantly gives him the middle finger before disappearing behind the curtain.

From Eden

Match

Jim Gunt: IF we didn't get enough of Kyuseishu earlier, he's back.

Mike Rolash: Thank the heavens! The savior has risen!!! Spread the word!

Already standing in the ring and still in his Tommy Hilfiger jump suit is our "Kyuseishu" Hoyt Williams. He is holding a leash, and on the end of it is his white furred mean eyed emotional support cat Meoru Suzuki. Hoyt unzips his jump suit jacket halfway showing off a t-shirt that simply reads, "Hoyt Williams: Better Than Boise". The crowd starts to notice as Hoyt shows it off spinning for all to see. They begin jeering him loudly.

Hoyt Williams: THE MAIN EVENT has arrived, and you all know I'm better than Boise.

The "Fuck Hoyt" chants starts early, and strong. Hoyt grimaces. The Savior gets down on his knees and prays for the trolling fans, before bouncing back up to his feet. The camera cuts to a zoom in of Meowru Suzuki's pissed off expression as he looks out at the chanting crowd.

Hoyt Williams: I hear you Boise, and so does God. He hears you shouting down his favorite son with no RESPECT. He hears you from his little Italian garden in Eden where your mothers just had to play with a long thick snake and mess up human history. I hear you too, and all I have to say is, "And you shall not lie with any animal and so make yourself unclean with it, neither shall any woman give herself to an animal to lie with it: it is perversion." LEVITICUS 18:23

The crowd jeers loudly the cat looks concerned.

Hoyt Williams: Perverts are a plenty around here. Hide your sheep, hide your horses, and the skulls of your dead. Ataxia, you are a lot like these sinners and their bestiality only you are a step farther committing Necrophilia on a roster members dead husband? WHERE is the outrage? Ataxia molested the skull of a madman and not a peep on twitter.

Nobody threatening to stop using advertisers, no calls to the CWF offices, no long winded far left rants from wrestling "journalists" holding up their social justice lynch mob torches on their shitty socially agenda driven podcasts. None of that. You people are as disgusting as Ataxia and you know it! PUT A MASK ON YOUR HIDIOUS FACES!! At least he has the decency to spare us the ugly that is his face.

The crowd starts another "Fuck Hoyt" chant.

Hoyt Williams: Lovely day, lovely day, lovely day, when I'm the main event of this show, and you sit out in the crowd and yell profanity at the man who lost a brother to your sins. When the world is in chaos, a savior emerges. A social justice samurai if you will. A wrestling deity. For I AM HERE to right the wrongs and baptize the innocent while carrying out the crucifixion the damned.

Hoyt starts doing some perfectly formed jumping jacks in the center of the ring as his cat watches on in annoyed amusement. He stops and looks out at the crowd.

Hoyt Williams: Come on people your body is a temple to God, and you sinners look like tents in Tempe at a taco festival in July. JUMP AND BE SAVED!! Get that blood moving for sinners tonight you will witness the gospel of Hoyt save your souls!! Get excited mannnn. Jump damn it!!!

Hoyt stops and is upset by the lack of crowd participation.

Mike Rolash: Jump Gunt!

Jim Gunt: Not happening.

Hoyt Williams: Well I honestly came out here tonight not to judge and shame you, as HOYT WILLIAMS is ALL INCLUSIVE; but rather as your MAIN EVENT tonight to give you a heads up so you don't miss me. You're not going to want to miss the crucifixion of Ataxia, so in about two matches you have time to screw a sheep, smoke your vape, crap, get some popcorn or a baked potatoes from the concession stand, buy my new Better than Boise shit, AND take a leak....as the PJ Blake bathroom break match is on the way. Get it all out, then sit tight, and watch the book of Hoyt being written and that my sinners is the word of the lord so mote it be.

Hoyt drops the mic and exits with his cat in tow.

Jim Gunt: That's crap PJ Blake is one of the best young talents here in our ever expanding CWF roster. We still have the Impact title shoot fight match, Omega block leader JC vs PJ Blake, the undefeated Freddie Styles vs Paradine, and yes Hoyt Williams vs Ataxia in the perfect pre-Halloween encounter.

Mike Rolash: CWF is simply the best. Can I take a break during the PJ bathroom break?

Jim Gunt: Stop it.

Johnny Graves (c) vs. Sean Fuller

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is an Impact Title Match set under Shoot Fight Rules. There will be no time limit, and the only way to win is to submit or K.O your opponent.

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 to 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: Introducing first, the challenger, from unknown, he is....SEAN FULLER!!

Jim Gunt: Big match here for the Iconic Sean Fuller, the man may have come short in the Make Your Impact Melee but it's nice to see him getting another shot here tonight.

Mike Rolash: Before Maggie Lockheart though? When Graves went on the record to say even he thought she deserved a rematch after the way the Melee ended? Come on...

Jim Gunt: Hey, I don't make the matches, Mike. Don't shoot the messenger.

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: half of them cheer while the other half boo. After several moments of anticipation the curtain pulls back and Johnny Graves steps out onto the stage. Graves slowly moves his gaze over the sea of fans, a confident smirk on his lips as he pats the Impact Title draped over his shoulder. 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 his opponent, from Las Vegas, Nevada, he is the reigning and defending CWF Impact Champion....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 gets up, still patting the title proudly as he goes over to the ropes and raises it in the air. He climbs down from the ropes and hands the Impact Title to the timekeeper and goes over to his corner, saying a quick prayer before the match starts.

Mike Rolash: Never knew Graves was a religious man, Jimbo, maybe we could see a stable with him and Kyuseishu start up?

Jim Gunt: Oh please, we can only hope not!

Referee Scott Dean stands between an enthusiastic Sean Fuller and a surefire Johnny Graves, hands up in both directions to stop the competitors from getting further in each other's faces. Davidson finally turns back to the timekeeper, giving him the nod as the bell rings.

Mike Rolash: Here we go Jimmy, the first "shoot fight" of the new era!

Jim Gunt: You're right, Mike. The only match we've ever seen similar to this one would be all the way back to the Paradise pay per view when Kyuseishu defeated Silas Artoria in a Strong Style match, but here the rules are slightly different.

Mike Rolash: Rules chosen by the champion himself! Pinfalls are thrown out the window here, if Fuller wants to become champion he's either going to have to submit Graves or knock him out!

Jim Gunt: Graves will have to do the same to win the match, though...and he's right out of the gate making sure that title stays in his hands! That running knee strike caught Fuller off guard, and now the champion is having his way with him.

Following the running knee strike, Johnny Graves has his opponent dazed in the corner, the champion pushing back Fuller to land a solid knife edge chop to his chest. Fuller winces, pushes Graves away from him...and calls for another one?

Jim Gunt: Okay this Sean Fuller is a little off his rocker, wouldn't you say Mike?

Mike Rolash: A little?

Jim Gunt: He is an in-ring veteran, maybe he took one too many head shots in his day?

Mike Rolash: I don't know about that, but I do know he just took another chop from Graves! Better watch what you wish for!

Chop. Chop. Chop! Three more quick chops to the chest of Sean Fuller, and the challenger's chest is beginning to redden up at this point. The chops finally do their job to take him over the edge, and Fuller comes out of the corner with a kick to Graves ribs that staggers him back a little, and then a nasty running clothesline that finally takes him down. Catching Graves as he tries to get back up, he snaps him right back to the canvas with a release Tiger Suplex! Fuller attempts to go for a cover momentarily, before Scott Dean reminds him that there are no pinfalls allowed in the match.

Jim Gunt: Sean Fuller may have been in hundreds of fights in his life, but it's still taking him a little while to get accustomed to the rules of this particular one!

Mike Rolash: And that's exactly why Graves chose that to be his title stipulation, Jimmy. Our champion is a smart one, that's why he became two time Impact Champion on his first night back in CWF!

Sighing, Fuller instead goes for a different approach, climbing on top of Johnny Graves and landing a hard right hand to the side of his face. Before Graves can take another shot, he uses all his strength to grab his opponent and shove him off. Retreating to the outside is an aggravated Graves, who walks around holding onto his jaw and still running his mouth to the crowd through his teeth despite the pain. Aeryka goes to him to check on him but Graves just shakes his head, turning back to the ring and re-entering just to take a leg drop to the back of the head from a prepared Sean Fuller!

Jim Gunt: Say what you will about Fuller, Mike, but the man is giving it his all here tonight to become the new Impact Champion.

Mike Rolash: He may have had a rough start here in the early going of his career here in CWF, but one win here tonight will vault him right to superstardom. He can't let this opportunity go to waste!

Staying right on the champion, Fuller lands a second leg drop across the neck of Graves for good measure, and then goes right for the crossface. With rope breaks not in effect for this matchup, the Impact Champion has nowhere to go! Johnny's eyes go wide as soon as Sean Fuller fully locks in the Scream for Me crossface, Graves not unable to fight out before he's sunk right in the middle of the submission hold. With Graves arm locked, Fuller pulls back his head to full extension, making the champion literally scream for him.

Jim Gunt: Here it is, Mike! The challenger has the champion locked into the Scream for Me crossface submission, will he regret choosing the shoot fight as his match stipulation!?

Mike Rolash: I hope not! Fuller has certainly impressed so far in this match, but I don't want to see Graves lose his strap already!

Fighting the pain, Johnny Graves somehow begins using his free arm to inch his way towards the ropes. Fuller attempts to pull him back but it's already too late, as Graves grabs onto the bottom rope forcing the break. Scott Dean comes over quickly to count Fuller out in case he doesn't let go, which he actually does break immediately, just to get back up to his feet and leap up, dropping both of his knees across the upper back of Graves!

Graves is now holding onto his back with his left hand, screaming out in pain but Fuller shoves his arm away and begins to stomp down on him. The official once again comes in to intervene, and Aeryka can be seen getting angry on the outside, coming up to the apron to vocalize her disdain for Fuller. He turns his attention to her, which could be a major mistake, as Graves is up behind him. **BACKSTABBER!**

Jim Gunt: What a move by Johnny Graves!

Mike Rolash: Fuller just got wiped out!

Johnny Graves is back up to his feet, sure of himself as ever as he flaunts around the ring getting the disapproval of the Boise audience. He lifts Fuller back up just to bring him back down with a spinning neckbreaker. The Impact Champion backs up as his opponent rolls over, coming back at him with a running Shooting Star Press right across the back of his head! Graves goes over to the official to tell him to check if Fuller is still conscious, but he begins to get right back to his feet!

Jim Gunt: Sean Fuller just won't give up! We could be in for a new champion here tonight, Mike, what a monumental moment that would be!

Mike Rolash: Graves needs to stay on him!

The reigning Impact Champion looks to do just that, taking aim on Fuller as he comes to. He runs at him, looking to punt his head into the second row, but Fuller sideshifts allowing him to miss just in time! Release German Suplex, right into the corner! Johnny Graves is shook, and the challenger knows it. He comes charging into the corner, but Graves suddenly comes to, grabbing him and thundering him down to the canvas with a massive Uranage Slam! Putting two fingers up towards Fuller as he screams "FUCK YOU!" at him, Graves launches his knee strike and spikes an unknowing Fuller right across his jaw!

Jim Gunt: The Silencer! The V-Trigger style knee may have indeed silenced his opponent for the week, because Fuller looks to be out cold!

Scott Dean comes over quickly to check on the scene, grabbing ahold of the arm of Fuller and raising it into the air. When it hits the canvas without any give whatsoever, Dean knows what the right call to make is. He flashes his hands towards the timekeeper, calling for the bell.

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by knockout and STILL CWF Impact Champion of the world....JOHNNY GRAVES!!

Jim Gunt: The ref didn't even give Fuller a chance there!?

Mike Rolash: Oh come on, Jimbo, it's clear that Sean is out cold...you even said it...

Jim Gunt: True, but the rules state you give the competitor three chances to raise his arm...

Mike Rolash: Referee discretion, let the man do his job. Graves is still champ, and he's always gonna be. Get used to it, Jimbo!

"Bank Account" once again playing, Graves celebrates with the Impact Championship on the outside of the ring, placing it high in the air as the fans boo him. He just shakes his head, walking up the ramp as he pats the belt proudly again.

Did Someone Say Alpha & Omega?

Match

The lights suddenly drop in the arena, and the crowd begins buzzing with anticipation.

Jim Gunt: What the hell's going on?

Mike Rolash: How would I know, Gunt?

After a few more seconds, a familiar song begins playing, which only heightens the buzz of the crowd.

"I see, the bad moon rising. I see, trouble on the way. I see, earthquakes and lightning. I see, bad times today. Don't go around tonight, well it's bound to take your life. There's a bad moon...on the rise."

Jim Gunt: Is it!?

Mike Rolash: We know Jackson's been talking to someone lately, and about the history between them. It's gotta be!

As Mourning Ritual's cover of Bad Moon Rising continues, the lights come back up and the crowd erupts into a full blown frenzy!

Jim Gunt: It's him!

Mike Rolash: Scourge is back! And he's got his eyes locked firmly on Johnny Graves!

Graves stands stunned for a moment, soaking it all in. He then goes into fight mode and charges the massive Scourge. After a grueling match, he's simply too worn out. Scourge levels him coming in with a huge boot to the face. He stands over the fallen Graves, a look of intensity he was missing the last time we saw him. He reaches down and grips Graves' face in a claw hold, lifting him to his feet.

Jim Gunt: Here it comes!

Mike Rolash: Darkness Falls!

Jim Gunt: Wait...what's he doing now?

Mike Rolash: Graves is in BIG trouble!

After planting Graves with the claw hold slam, Scourge has held onto the claw. He's squeezing for all he's worth as staff try to pull him off. They finally do, only for Scourge to drop all of them, and go right back to Graves. He applies the claw hold again, and drags Graves to his feet before planting him with a second Darkness Falls. He holds on again, dragging Graves up for a third one! Finally, the giant masked man stands up and backs away, a twisted grin on the exposed half of his face. The lights drop again, and when they return, Graves is alone in the ring except for the fallen security and referees.

Beat The Boss - Part III

Match

The scene opens in the nosebleed seats of the Taco Bell Arena; this high up most of the seats are empty, but a few wide-eyed fans turn around as a curtain hiding a backstage entrance is torn aside and Jaiden Rishel emerges, Armani suit sweat-tained and frayed, the Openweight Championship still clutched in his hand however. Out of breath he staggers down the stairs and finally collapses into an empty seat, hugging his title belt close to his chest. The curtain is ripped aside again and this time Nathan Paradine emerges, visibly relieved at the sight of Rishel sitting in the chair.

Nathan Paradine: There you are! Thought I'd lost you when you ran through catering. The game's up Rishel, just lay down and I promise I'll go easy on ya.

Jaiden Rishel: You've got a match coming up. You need to get ready.

Nathan Paradine: Plenty of time for that mate. Your time, however, is up. Come on, let's do this.

Rishel springs to his feet and stares down Paradine defiantly as "Big" Denny Davidson emerges from the curtain behind Paradine. He holds on the title belt and beckons for Paradine to come closer.

Jaiden Rishel: Come on then, you'll have to pry it out of my cold, dead hands- HEY!

With a yelp Rishel suddenly tumbles backwards, the fans who were previously seated having grabbed him from behind and pulled him to the ground. One of them, a young boy of around fourteen wearing (ironically) a Jaiden Rishel shirt drapes himself over the champion's body while the other fans pin his arms down. Paradine bursts out laughing at the sight and turns to Denny Davidson.

Nathan Paradine: What the bloody hell are you waiting for? Count the pin!

Davidson drops down and counts the pin on the stairs, his hand slapping the bare concrete loudly.

Denny Davidson: ONE! TWO! THREE!!!

The fans release Rishel who immediately jumps to his feet, but not fast enough to snatch the title away from the fourteen year old who now has it draped over HIS shoulder. Rishel scowls at this turn of events, looking from Paradine to Davidson to the teenager.

Jaiden Rishel: Go on then, pin this kid and win the title. Isn't that what you want?

Paradine blinks in surprise.

Nathan Paradine: Jaiden, he's like... twelve years old. I'm not going to beat up a kid to win a title, what sort of person do you think I am? Besides...

Paradine checks his watch and clicks his tongue impatiently.

Nathan Paradine: I've got an actual match to win. Good luck getting your title back, boss.

Paradine turns and walks back up the stairs, disappearing behind the curtain. Rishel turns back to the teenager and fishes his wallet out of his pants with a snarl.

Jaiden Rishel: Here's... a hundred bucks. Give me back that title belt.

Teenager: I'm not stupid, this feels more like... how much have you got?

Rishel opens his wallet again and fishes out a few more bills, which he dangles over the teenager's outstretched hand.

Jaiden Rishel: Five hundred bucks AND you and your friends can have a private meet and greet after the show.

The teenager grins and snatches the notes, handing the Openweight Championship back to Rishel who snatches it back in a similar motion.

Teenager: Pleasure doing business with you Mister Rishel!

Jaiden Rishel: Yeah, fuck off kid.

Rishel tosses the Openweight title back over his shoulder as he makes his way back up the stairs, motioning for Denny Davidson to follow him as he walks through the curtain and out of sight.

Jaiden Rishel: Do you value your job, Denny? Because if you do, you're going to forget that that title change ever happened, understand? Jesus Christ, what a night...

JC vs. PJ Blake

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is an Omega Block Match scheduled for one fall with 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: Introducing first, from Seattle, Washington, she is the Icon....PJ BLAKE!!

"I'M FINALLY HOLDING ON TO LETTING GO"

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

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

Ray Douglas: And her opponent, from Jersey City, New Jersey, the Answer....JC!!

Referee Clark Summits signals for the bell to start the match. Without missing a single beat, the energetic PJ Blake, rushes forward suddenly, charging straight at her veteran opponent. JC is prepared for the attempted blindsides, catching PJ with a hip-toss. The competitor from Seattle shakes off the abrupt counter retaining enough sense to barely manage to duck underneath a lariat attempt from the Answer.

Once more quick on her heels, PJ rises from the ducking-evasion and springs towards the opposing set of ring ropes. JC is shocked only for a moment before rushing after her, in hot pursuit. PJ flips forward, performing a handspring into the ring ropes and bouncing back into a back elbow. JC catches her in mid-air, arms firmly gripped around her waist and clearly has no qualms in taking advantage of the considerable size and weight advantage he has over PJ. He throws her back with a thunderous German Suplex!

Jim Gunt: Impressive German from the Carnage Wrestling #1 Contender, as he asserts his power to maintain the advantage.

Maintaining his grip, JC pulls his opponent back up, setting up for a second German suplex. Instinct and desperation kick-in, PJ realising the dire situation she is in and she starts to struggle against the Answer's vice like grip. Somehow PJ Blake manages to wriggle her way free, grasping JC by the hand for a wrenching wrist-lock. She doesn't give JC the opportunity to muster up a counter-attack, knocking the Jersey Veteran in the face with a back heel kick.

The strike is not enough to floor JC, but does have him reeling. In those vital moments, PJ pounces connecting with a jumping, swinging DDT. Defenceless, JC's head is driven hard into the ring mat. PJ hooks the leg and makes the first attempt at a pinfall for the match.

ONE!

TWO!

JC kicks out!

Jim Gunt: No, not enough!

Mike Rolash: Nice try though!

Putting some distance between herself and JC, the moment, PJ sees the opening she needs, she's off like a gun once more, catching JC as he begins to stir and recover, taking him straight back down with an impressively athletic leaping clothesline. She once more attempts the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Yet again JC kicks out!

Jim Gunt: PJ Blake is on a roll here tonight, if she can get a win over JC it would be possibly her biggest win in CWF to date.

Mike Rolash: And a massive loss for JC, as he tries to keep his spot at the top of the Omega Block.

PJ Blake helps JC back to his feet, only so she can back him up into a nearby corner, quickly stunning him with a stiff spinning back elbow to ensure he stays in place, so she can once again get enough space for a run up.

As PJ comes charging in for yet another attack, JC comes to his senses and springs out of the corner. His opponent is not so lucky however, as PJ is unable to arrest her momentum or course correct in time to avoid a disastrous collision with the unmoving solid steel of the corner turn-post.

JC lifts up PJ Blake and connects with his signature Solitaire Unravelling. He goes for the lateral press pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Th-PJ kicks out!

JC is quick to punish his opponent for her tenacious resistance, locking in a tight fujiwara armbar. Look of pain on PJ's face is evidence enough of the effective application of the submission technique and the immense pressure it's putting on her.

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

Through gritted teeth PJ challenges the grip of JC, finding the strength to clamber to her hands and knees, then rolls forward to loosen his grip and slip free. She favours her arm a moment but a sudden kick into the gut has PH doubled over. JC applies a text-book wrist-lock behind the back of his opponent and uses it for a variation of a Northern Lights Suplex!

JC once more goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Th-PJ rolls her shoulder!

Frustration is building within JC who stomps down hard on the same wrist and hand he targeted before. He moves to apply the armbar again, but PJ takes the Veteran by surprise, rolling him into a small package pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Th-JC breaks free!

The Answer barely has time to recover before PJ strikes again with the Rise, but the Answer shuffles back quickly, out of reach of PJ's wicked superkick. She turns around, right into a huge Overhead Belly to Belly Suplex! The Icon lands hard on her side, and struggles to get back up to her feet, leaving her easy bait as JC runs right at her and nails the Big Boot of Death! Blake snaps down to the canvas, and JC quickly takes advantage with the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

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

Jim Gunt: The Answer maintains his lead over the Omega Block, once again picking up another big win here tonight!

Mike Rolash: We still have Kyuseishu and Ataxia later on in tonight's main event, and undefeated Freddie Styles taking on Nathan Paradine next. But for now, let's head backstage!

The Lion Cometh

Match

Evolution returns from commercial break with no commentary. The camera pans around the restless crowd as they await what's next. Settling on the video screen near the entrance way, the camera stops and the lights fade out in the arena.

A haunting, piano version of "Hey Hey, My My" by Battleme begins to play, quieting the crowd to an uncomfortable silence. The video screen lights up showing a championship title belt lying in a ring. The title is somewhat blurry to conceal its owners identity.

Soon, the title image burns up.

Displayed on the screen is a word:

FORCE

It soon burns up.

On the screen:

HEART

It pulses with the sound of a heartbeat, then bursts to nothing.

On the screen:

RESPECT

It too, burns up.

On the screen:

HEART

It pulses with the sound of a heartbeat, then bursts to nothing.

On the screen:

CHAMPION

Again, it burns up.

On the screen:

HEART

It pulses with the sound of a heartbeat, then bursts to nothing.

On the screen:

ADMIRATION

It burns to nothing.

On the screen:

HEART

It pulses with the sound of a heartbeat, then bursts to nothing.

On the screen:

FREEDOM

It burns with the fires seemingly engulfing the entirety of the screen. As the fire peels away, a scene fades in showing the CWF World Championship lying on a skirt of gold velvet.

The sound of crunching dirt and gravel can be heard as the CWF fans continue to stare in almost complete silence through the darkness. The camera focusing on the CWF World title pans back a little, then up, revealing:

The lion, standing just beyond the title, lets out a loud, thunderous roar as the scene cuts to black immediately, followed by a one quick heartbeat. "Hey Hey, My My" cuts out abruptly.

COMING SOON

The lights fade on in the arena as the image fades out on screen. The CWF faithful cheer loudly in anticipation of what or whom appears to be coming to their kingdom.

Freddie Styles vs. Nathan Paradine

Match

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

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 as he waits on his opponent.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Melbourne, Australia, he is the Australian Submission Machine....NATHAN

PARADINE!!

Jim Gunt: Big match here for the Australian Submission Machine, as he goes up against the Alpha Block leader with a chance to give Styles the first loss of the tournament!

Mike Rolash: Paradine has been up and down in the tournament thus far, picking up a win over Jeff Jackson week four, even if it was by referee stoppage, and losing against Amy Jo Smyth October 1st in week five action.

Jim Gunt: But now we're in the final few weeks of the tournament, and with three supershow in a row...there's no better time for Paradine to get himself on the leaderboard than now!

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.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Atlanta, Georgia, he is Mr. Ballgame....FREDDIE STYLES!!

"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"

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: Can you believe the roll that Freddie Styles is on, Mike? I mean the man is a CWF Hall of Famer, inducted just last year at Wrestle Fest four, but I don't think anyone could have predicted his dominance over the tournament thus far.

Mike Rolash: Especially after being relegated to being a referee the last few months of his career before coming back under the new Jaiden Rishel Alpha and Omega era.

Jim Gunt: Speaking of referees, our own Nick McArthur has done his check-ups on both Styles and Paradine and is just called for the bell, so let's take it to the ring!

Coming to the center of the ring, Nathan Paradine already has his hands in the air looking for a lock up with the undefeated Alpha Block leader. Freddie Styles looks to lock up with him, but instead dashes right before their arms meet, coming to the back of Paradine and pulling him down with a rolling German Suplex. The grip of Styles remains around the waist of the Nomad as he comes right back to his feet, bringing him up and hitting yet another German Suplex!

Jim Gunt: Freddie Styles starting this match off hot as ever, it appears he STILL hasn't lost a step here tonight.

Mike Rolash: Still in the early going, Jimmy, Paradine is a true submission specialist and one wrong move he could have Mr. Ballgame calling for a timeout!

Jim Gunt: There are no timeouts in pro wrestling, Mike.

Following up on the second German Suplex, Freddie Styles stays right on his opponent, bringing Paradine right back up with his arms wrapped around his head, snugly placing him in a sleeper hold. Nathan tries to fight out with a back

elbow to the ribs of Styles but he holds steadfast, cranking on the sleeper even harder and stopping the blood flow to his head as he continues to crank down. A second elbow finally causes Styles to relent, and Paradine is able to go into the ropes, hitting the Spare Change rebound lariat! The Australian Submission Machine may have hit his first move of the night, but it was a big one, and he tries for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Styles with the kickout there at two, wouldn't that have been something though if his undefeated streak was ended with one massive clothesline?

Mike Rolash: This isn't the 80's, Jim. Clotheslines don't end matches in 2019!

Bringing himself back to his feet, the Australian Submission Machine drops down an elbow drop into the heart of Styles. He proceeds to grab a hold of his right arm, looking for a triangle arm submission hold. Mr. Ballgame is easily able to evade however, using all of his strength to muscle Paradine up and over his body! Both men are somehow right back up to their feet, coming at each other at the same time. Nathan Paradine leap frogs over Styles as he approaches, Styles hitting the ropes and coming back to Spear the Australian! Both men land on the canvas, taking several seconds to get up as they breathe in hard.

Jim Gunt: Sixth week of the Alpha and Omega Tournament. These competitors are clearly showing wear at this point.

Mike Rolash: It's a battle of attrition, for sure. Both these men have been in some incredible tough battles, several of them lasting nearly the thirty minute long time limit, but I would say Styles may have had more in-ring time going into this match.

Jim Gunt: He's also had more wins, so that's saying something as well...

Styles turns to his side, as does Nathan Paradine, Both men use the ropes to pull themselves back up to their feet, coming back to the center of the ring slower than normal. Suddenly Styles dashes forward, looking for a Superkick. But the Nomad evades! PARAPLEX! The Exploder Suplex brings Styles down to the canvas, and he calls for the Mark of Judas right after!

Jim Gunt: Nathan Paradine is not messing around tonight, knowing how much not only Styles but he himself is worn out at this point, he wants to end this thing now.

Mike Rolash: But Styles rolls out of the ring! Now I see why the man's undefeated thus far in the Alpha and Omega Tournament, couldn't have been a better time to take a breather there.

Catching his breath and regaining his bearings at the same time, the Alpha Block leader walks back and forth on the outside of the ring. Paradine is not going to let him recover for long though, bouncing against the back side of the ropes to gain momentum. SUICIDE DIVE THROUGH THE TOP AND MIDDLE ROPES DRIVES STYLES BACK INTO THE BARRICADE!

Jim Gunt: What a dive there by Nathan Paradine, who is definitely NOT a high flyer!

Mike Rolash: Certainly not, but he got the job done there Jimmy!

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

ONE!

Nick McArthur begins counting out both competitors as they still lay motionless by the solid barricade.

TWO!

Nathan Paradine is the first to move, rolling off his adversary to a seated position.

THREE!

FOUR!

Bringing Freddie up with him, Paradine walks with him before running him head-first right into the steel turnbuckle.

FIVE!

Freddie Styles is busted wide open from the turnbuckle! Paradine looks to take advantage of the bloodied Styles, taking him as he staggers backwards and rolling him underneath the bottom rope. He re-enters the ring right after him, going into the opposite side to hit the ropes and come back with an elbow drop to the bloodied forehead of Styles. Paradine waves his hands, saying "This is It" before once again attempting the Gogoplata chokehold he calls the Mark of Judas. Styles begins to come to though, rolling to his side and pulling himself up even with Paradine locking on behind him. Running towards the ropes, Styles runs himself into the corner with Paradine taking the brunt!

Jim Gunt: Smart move by Styles to get the so called monkey off his back!

Mike Rolash: Haha, I like what you did there!

Jim Gunt: You're too easy.

Bringing Nathan Paradine out of the corner with his left arm, the Alpha Block alpha brings him back up and hooks him around the waist. High Angled Spinebuster! The crowd goes nuts! Rolling and coming right back to his feet despite clearly showing wear, Styles cracks his neck back and forth calling for Paradine to get back up. Before he can fully do so, Mr. Ballgame moves forward.

Jim Gunt: ATL STOMP! That sick stomp has done the job to put away many men and women in the tournament thus far, I can't see why Nathan Paradine will be any different!

Rolling Nathan Paradine onto his back, a smiling Styles looks out to the Boise crowd as they chant along with Nick McArthur for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

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

Jim Gunt: Another big win by Freddie Styles who STILL remains undefeated after six weeks of competition.

Mike Rolash: Absolutely incredible feat, which really puts him out of reach for many of his fellow competitors in the Alpha Block.

Jim Gunt: Indeed it does, but there are a few who are still able to chase him. But hey we still have one more match to go, before we get to that though...something is going on backstage!?

I Will Take Everything

Match

The cameras pick up in the backstage area of the Taco Bell Arena focusing on the image of Johnny Graves following his title defense against Sean Fuller. His body is covered in a layer of sweat and bruises from the match and more so the aftermath attack from Scourge. The lights in the corridor glistening off his defined muscles as his chest rises and falls in heavy breaths. He wears the signs of war on his entire body, clearing in pain but still carries himself with a

measured confidence having successfully defended his Impact Title. As can be expected, Aeryka Aries follows closely behind him her stern demeanor ever prevalent, but mixed with a look of pride. Perhaps?

Johnny painfully moves through the corridor, clutching the Impact Championship in his right hand. He finally comes to stop in front of a heavy blue door. The nameplate on the door reads: "Johnny Graves." Reaching out with his left hand, he takes the handle and presses down on it before pushing the door open. Johnny steps into his locker room and looks over his shoulder towards Aeryka and holds up his index finger signifying he needs a moment alone. A shower was definitely in his immediate future. Though Aeryka remained posted vigilantly outside the locker room door, the cameraman follows Johnny into the room.

Johnny's eyes rest on a small cart that been placed in the center of the room. On it there was a large metal bucket with a bottle of champagne poking out over the rim. Two glasses were placed in front of the bucket with a card propped against them. Johnny's eyes narrowed as he examined the scene but his expression would soon give way to a smile. He took several steps towards the cart and plucked the card from its position. As he read the card the camera would zoom in over his shoulder to read the words elegantly written upon it:

"To a new future. And future tag champs. Enjoy."

Johnny laughed softly and shook his head in amusement. His teeth sank into his bottom lip as he reread the words on the card. Maggie had flair. He had to give her that. Johnny lifted his eyes to the bottle once more and gave a shrug. He reached out to take the bottle from the bucket...

Voice: She must care for you...

Johnny snapped his head in the direction of the voice but it was too late. He's blindsided by a chair shot that sounds like a shotgun going off. Johnny crumbles, falling into the cameraman and sending both men and the camera to the floor. From the discarded camera, turned on its side, a masked man steps into frame holding a steel chair and staring down at Johnny. The man kneels down beside Johnny examining the damage he's caused.

Masked Man: She'll be the first thing I take...

Suddenly the sound of the locker room door opening is heard and we see the lower half of Aeryka charge into the frame. She locks up with the masked man and they wrestle around. Through the awkward angle we see Aeryka slam the masked man against the wall pinning him there. She doesn't see the knee coming as he plants it in her midsection, doubling her over and forcing her to release her grip on him. Now free the masked man makes his escape. Aeryka glares towards the door, but clutching her stomach drops to her knees beside Johnny checking on him, attempting to bring him back to full awareness. The scene cuts away...

Angel of Small Death & The Codeine Scene

Match

In his ring gear Hoyt Williams takes a moment to play with his mean eyed cat before standing up tall taking a deep breath and heading for an area where a man in a white lab coat stands loading up a syringe. Hoyt talks to the camera that is following him.

Hoyt Williams: I was going to stage the greatest entrance in the history of pro-wrestling with the angel of small death & the codeine scene, then I remembered it was Idaho, and I'm fighting Ataxia. So tonight, we're going basic and I'm doing nothing special besides allowing the people of fly over country to witness Hoyt. Ok doc let me have it.

The Savior holds up his arms as a man in a white lab coat throws delousing powder all over him. He has a biohazard type emergency shower set up to the side and the doctor pulls out a needle and shoots it into Hoyt's arm who winces for a second in pain.

Hoyt Williams: OH YEA FEEL THE STING OF SANITARY!! I'm not getting in the ring with that sleaze ball with out some antibodies to present me from the disease that Ataxia is.

The savior does some shadow boxing, cracks his neck, and smiles a pirate's smile.

Hoyt Williams: The MAIN EVENT IS RIGHT NOW, BRING ON THE Miracles.

The Kyuseishu walks down the hallway toward the ring entrance. A production man is eating a turkey sandwich and as Hoyt walks past he turns the turkey into a fish sandwich by waving his hands over it. The production man hates fish and is disapprovingly looking at his miracle sandwich. A hologram image of Jesus is waiting for Hoyt in the Gorilla position. Jesus smiles a big smile and gives his brother the two thumbs up as Hoyt's music starts to play.

Jesus Christ: Good luck brah.

Hoyt Williams: Faith and Luck is a fine combination my hippie brother. Time for a MAIN EVENT crucifixion SAVIOR STYLE.

Hoyt enters the arena entranceway pushing through the backstage curtain as the camera leaves us hanging on the black curtain blocking our view swaying in motion from the pass through.

Jim Gunt: Here we go!

Kyuseishu vs. Ataxia

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is an Omega Block Match scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is your MAAIIINNNN EVENT OF THE EVENING!

The arena lights go off as "Bastard Samurai" starts to play while the rampway fills with purple smoke. The crowd waits before the drums kick in, and out enters Kyuseishu under a single white spotlight. Behind him march eleven red suited, kabuki masked wearing disciples. Kyuseishu's jet black hair pulled back in a bun in is in the all to familiar traditional samurai hair style, and wearing a men's blue and black Kimono he raises his arms in a pose of the cross.

He soaks in the jeers from crowd before clapping his hands together and bowing towards the ring. The battle is upon him as he slowly walks to the ring hands out and palms up looking to the skies focused only on his battle. Kyuseishu says a small prayer before entering the ring removing his Kimono and mask showing off his powerful body as he looks with one eye through a tringle formed by his hands.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Nishi-Shinjuku, Tokyo, Japan, he is the Social Media Samurai....KYUSEISHU!!

Jim Gunt: Kyuseishu has been on quite the roll as of late, and he's going to need to maintain that roll if he wants to stay on pace with Silas Artoria and JC at the top of the leaderboard.

Mike Rolash: Indeed, the Second Coming of Christ currently sits at eight points, and if he's able to pick up a win here tonight he'll be able to not only maintain the same level of Artoria and JC, but pretty much knock Ataxia out of the tournament.

Jim Gunt: Not quite Mike, there are still a number of weeks of competition left and either way this match falls, both men still have a chance in coming back.

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

"AHAHAHAHHAAAAHAHAHAHA"

"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.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, the Messiah Pariah....ATAXIA!!

Mike Rolash: Let's just send things to Trent Robbins start this match off, I don't have anything to say about Ataxia tonight.

Jim Gunt: But maybe I did?...

Finishing up his check ups on both Ataxia and Kyuseishu, neither man giving him the easiest of times, Trent Robbins finally turns and calls for the bell. The Holy Samurai comes to the center of the ring slowly and methodically and at first Ataxia looks to do the same, until he quickly leaps up looking for a rising knee. Kyuseishu is able to evade, but Ataxia is behind him now, grabbing ahold of him for the Hungarian Reach Around! No Kyuseishu blasts him with a back elbow! He turns around to face the masked freak, bashing both sides of his masked face with a Bell Clap!

Jim Gunt: I betcha Ataxia's ears are ringing now!

Mike Rolash: Why, you think he can hear us talking about him? I really hope he didn't hear me say how much I...

Jim Gunt: Mike, I meant because of the bell clap. Jesus Christ man, get it together.

Bringing Ataxia up by his right arm, the Social Media Samurai looks to end things early, pulling him in and colliding with a mighty Lord's Lariat! The Short Arm Lariat hits flush, Ataxia unable to break free in time as he lands hard on the back of his head. Kyuseishu drops down, going for the cover immediately.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Nearfall only from Hoyt Williams.

Mike Rolash: You can't call him that Jimmy, only his friends call him that.

Jim Gunt: And I suppose you're one of them, right?

Mike Rolash: Oh, we're besties!

Jim just rolls his eyes at his broadcast partner as the action continues in the ring, Kyuseishu lifting Ataxia back up to his feet and hitting him with a Middle Kick to the square of his back. Ataxia comes right back though, spiking the Social Media Samurai with an alternate, grounded version of his Peaceful Tolerance maneuver, the 360 Kick hitting Williams right across the nose and bringing him down to the canvas like a stack of bricks! The Boise crowd are rocking, thousands of fans on their feet cheering the action as both Ataxia and Kyuseishu slowly begin to come to.

Jim Gunt: What a crowd here tonight, I wish we could do our shows here every week!

Mike Rolash: I don't know about that, but they do have hella good french fries!

Jim Gunt: State of the spuds, I don't doubt it.

Ataxia hits Kyuseishu with a knife edge chop across his chest as he gets back to his feet. Kyuseishu comes back with a right hand. Chop. Right hand. Chop. Right hand! CHOP! THE LORD'S LARIAT! The second Short-Arm Lariat-style Clothesline was just as devastating if not more so than the first, turning Ataxia inside out but Kyuseishu unable to go for the cover as the action leaves him flat on his back as well. The two men look up at the sky, the crowd once again

beginning to stomp the floors to make noise again.

Turning to his side, Kyuseishu grabs the ropes and pulls himself up. He turns around, running for Ataxia but he grabs him and pulls him down, the face of the Holy Samurai spiking the lower turnbuckle pad on the way down! Ataxia grabs Kyuseishu by the boot of his right leg, then his other, pulling the man to the center of the ring and allowing the back of his head to bounce several times against the canvas for good measure. The Messiah Pariah now heads up to the top rope, looking for the actual version of the Peaceful Tolerance this time, but somehow Kyu catches him right out of mid-air, turning Ataxia around and planting him right on his head!

Jim Gunt: Woah, Deeds of the Saints out of nowhere!

Mike Rolash: My god, it's got to be over!

Kyuseishu is pleased with himself following the massive reversal, tucking both arms of the unconscious Messiah Pariah over his chest as he goes for a "religious style" cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

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

Jim Gunt: What a finish! I certainly didn't see that one coming, and I would bet Ataxia didn't either!

Mike Rolash: Oh I'm sure not! But another big win for Kyuseishu, who brings himself to ten points now. We have another big supershow on the way next week, so we'll see you then folks, goodnight!

Show Credits

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