

# Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 69

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**Promotion:** Championship Wrestling Federation  
**Date:** October 29, 2019  
**Location:** Cheyenne Ice and Events Center — Cheyenne, Wyoming

## Results

### Your Host For The Evening

Match

Static...

Fade...

As Evolution 69 comes onto the airwaves we open with a previously recorded vignette. We open on an outside shot of the Vivint Smart House Arena, the site for tonight's super show. The sun is high, burning against a blue Utah sky: suggesting that the start of the show is still some time off. In the distance production trucks and trailers hauling equipment from town to town can be seen. There are several men and women milling about, doing whatever their job description requires for Evolution to go off without a hitch each week. And some things above and beyond their pay grade at times. Suddenly, the reigning CWF Impact Champion, Johnny Graves steps into the frame from the right.

Tonight Johnny is adorned in a black snakeskin blazer, black Levi 501s, a pair of black sunglasses with gold frames, and a golden crown with various jewels encrusted within it. The CWF Impact Championship hung around his neck as was customary for the Sin City Saint to do these days.

He stands perfectly still, his left shoulder aimed at the camera so that only his profile can be seen. He stares slightly up into the air, his expression blank. Several long moments pass with Johnny simply just standing there...

Johnny Graves: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to Evolution sixty-nine! I am your unofficial host of tonight's festivities because of course I am! Who else has the tongue game to host such a monumental event? Who else can control the climate enough to match the importance of tonight's action? Who better to moisten your desire for violence? Ladies and gentlemen, there is only one man capable of bringin' you the satisfaction you crave. -Your- C... W... F... Impact... Champion!

Johnny turns to face the camera revealing that under the blazer he wears a white T-shirt with the image of a black tie on it. Johnny's lips curl into a large smile as he stares into the camera's lens.

Johnny Graves: Tonight! The Alpha & Omega Tournament continues as we seek to crown a new CWF World Champion! Tonight there will be winners, there will be losers, dreams will become one step closer to achievement, and others will be dashed! Tonight the men and women that make this show the best thing goin' on Planet Earth will once again prove why CWF is the premiere source for professional wrestlin'!

Johnny takes a pause for a moment.

Johnny Graves: We kick things off with none other than 'The Dud' Jeff Jackson goin' one on one with Phoenix - gee my name is - LeStrange! Okay... okay I get it. Doesn't grab you. Doesn't get you quite amped enough. Well how about-

Johnny suddenly stops as Magdalena Lockheart steps into the frame staring at Johnny through narrowed eyes. She's dressed in a black leather jacket; opened to reveal a white T-shirt and black jeans that show off her figure. She wears the CW UltraViolent Championship around her waist. Johnny smiles towards Maggie.

Johnny Graves: Mags!

Maggie Lockheart: What are you doing?

Johnny looks around at his surroundings before returning his eyes to meet Maggie's.

Johnny Graves: I'm bein' the unofficial host of Evolution sixty-nine... 'Cause of my tongue game and my ability to control the cli...mate...

Maggie's lip curls in a slight sneer as she stares at Johnny. Her eyes betraying her disbelief in the words coming out of Johnny's mouth.

Maggie Lockheart: This is what you've been doing? I thought we were going to talk. You know, come up with a plan. Figure out if we're on the same page. Figure out how to become CWF Tag Team Champions. Track down whoever's responsible for costing me the Impact Championship. Any of this ringing a bell to you?

Johnny nods slightly.

Johnny Graves: Yeah but it's the super show and I'm not booked to wrestle so... I figured... host....

Maggie stares at Johnny, her expression blank. She opens her mouth but no words would come out. Finally she rolled her eyes with a shake of her head. She turned her back on him and walked out of frame leaving Johnny standing with his arms raised slightly in confusion.

Johnny Graves: Mags... Mags! ...Maggie!!

Johnny quickly walks off frame in pursuit of her. Even off frame you can hear him pleading with her.

Johnny Graves: C'mon! I'm doin' this for us, Mags! This is how we get what we want! Mags!

Fade...

Static...

## **Jeff Jackson vs. Phoenix LeStrange**

Match

Ray Douglas: Tonight's opening bout is an Alpha Block Match set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit!

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

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

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

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Halifax, Nova Scotia, he is the Killer....JEFF JACKSON!!

"But I'm not home, I'm not lost, still holding on to what I got. Ain't much left, Lord there's so much that's been stolen! I guess I've lost everything I've had, but I'm not dead, at least not yet. Still alone, still alive, still unbroken. I'm still alone, still alive, I'm still unbroken!"

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

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. 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. Jeff Jackson just shakes his head at the actions of LeStrange, ready to get the action started.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, the Deviant....PHOENIX LESTRANGE!!

Jim Gunt: Well this should be quite the battle to start things off this week, Mike.

Mike Rolash: I would say. Two completely different athletes here, although neither one of them have been able to obtain even a single point in the Alpha and Omega Tournament thus far.

Jim Gunt: No, but Jackson has certainly left his stamp on a number of athletes with influence from the new Judge persona he brings to the table only when he deems necessary.

Mike Rolash: And tonight is not one of those nights apparently, so I guess Phoenix ought to call herself lucky to not feel the Judgment of Jackson here tonight.

Scott Dean rings the bell, and Jeff Jackson immediately mauls LeStrange with a huge clothesline, bringing LeStrange up and over through the air and landing hard back to the canvas.

Jim Gunt: Not so fast, Mike, as Jackson still seems to be ready to deal some sort of judgment to the Odd One.

The Salt Lake City fans just watch on in awe as Jeff Jackson pulls up the already unconscious body of Phoenix back up, hitting another massive lariat, this time a running one from behind, sending the swaying figure of LeStrange down to a crumpled heap.

Jim Gunt: The Halifax Explosion! LeStrange hasn't even been to get out of the gates tonight, Jackson showing complete dominance!

Mike Rolash: And he's not finished, Jimbo! He's going for the Cobra Clutch, ohh and he locks in the crossface as well, there it is...the Garotte! And LeStrange is back awake, just long enough to tap out!

Dean calls for the bell ending the match and then quickly intervenes, pulling off the brute Jeff Jackson with all his might.

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

Jim Gunt: Big win for Jeff Jackson, as he finally picks up his first points of the tournament! Not like wins and losses have seemed to matter much to him as he's just enjoyed the physical destruction of his opponents with that Judgment Day mandible claw.

Mike Rolash: No, but it's got to be encouraging for him to get on the board, especially with things heating up as of late between him and Johnny Graves.

## **Starlight vs. Bubba Love**

Match

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

Richard Dawson's voice comes from the speakers, screaming, "Who loves you? Who do you love?!" The crowd jumps to its feet cheering and applauding as "What is Love" by Haddaway booms out of the speakers. This is the part where Bubba normally comes from the back, smiling, waving and greeting everyone he can as he enters the arena. However,

on this particular night the stage remains empty, Love's music continuing to play away.

Jim Gunt: What's going on here, where's Bubba Love?

Mike Rolash: Maybe he gave up, Jimmy? He is eliminated from the tournament at this point...

Jim Gunt: Folks, I'm hearing that something is going on in the back, let's take you there...

The CWF Tron lights up, showing the backstage hallway corridor leading to the gorilla position. Scattered along the floor are both Bubba Love and Starlight! The two competitors bound to face each other this week looked to have brutally attacked before they even got to the curtain! Their bodies screwn on the floor, neither one are able to move as officials finally run into the scene to check on both of them.

Jim Gunt: I don't think we're going to be seeing these two fight anytime soon, I guess it's your call Ray?

We cut back to ringside where CWF ring announcer Ray Douglas has his right hand up to his ear, listening in on his earpiece.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, as per order of CEO Jaiden Rishel, because neither competitor are able to come to the ring by the count of ten...this match has been ruled a NO CONTEST! Neither Starlight or Bubba Love will pick up any points this evening!

Jim Gunt: Quite the ruling, but I would say it's the right call!

Mike Rolash: It's the only call, Jimbo. I'd still like to know who attacked Bubba and Starlight though, and why!?

## **Sean Fuller vs. Savannah Jade**

Match

Evolution returns from a commercial break, and Savannah Jade is already in the ring awaiting the arrival of her opponent. As "Tough" by Kellie Pickler fades away she throws her arm up into the air, three pointeds pointed directly at the ceiling. Scattered around her are various weapons; tables, ladders and kendo sticks.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, weighing in at one hundred and twenty five pounds and hailing from Nashville, Tennessee, she is the Living Dead Doll... SAVANNAH JADE!

There are scattered cheers for the CWF newcomer, who backs away into the corner of the ring.

Jim Gunt: Alright, I'll say it. What the hell are we about to witness here?

Mike Rolash: Whoever booked this card has a sick sense of humor, Jimbo. That poor girl is about to get picked apart, and we're all going to love every second of it.

The lights dim as "Iconic" by Ledger begins to play. A spotlight focuses on the stage as Sean Fuller emerges from backstage dressed in black tights with the word "Fuller" patterned down the leg in silver... and he's pushing a trolley cart full of weapons to use in the match ahead!

Ray Douglas: And introducing the opponent, weighing in at two hundred and forty six pounds... SEAN FULLER!

A mixed reception for the resident loose cannon of the CWF as he begins to make his way down to the ring. Fuller twitches slightly and mutters to himself as he pushes his cart down the ramp, his attention focused entirely on Savannah Jade.

Jim Gunt: Sean Fuller is a weird dude.

Mike Rolash: You can say that again! We've seen his psyche crumble over the last few weeks, this guy belongs in a

mental institution not a wrestling ring!

Jim Gunt: You could say that for a good portion of the roster actually...

As soon as Fuller reaches the bottom of the ramp Savannah Jade wastes no time in getting things underway by launching herself at the ropes and soaring through the air, taking both Fuller and his cart out with a suicide dive and sending weapons scattering everywhere! Both competitors are on their feet quickly, but it's Fuller who capitalises by grabbing Jade around the waist and hitting a quick release German suplex on the outside mat!

Jim Gunt: Ring the damn bell Sal! The sooner this match starts the sooner we can put an end to this insanity!

Mike Rolash: Damn.. I forgot that Sal was even sitting over there.. Look out, he's looking for a weapon!

Fuller searches through the scattered items from his trolley, eventually settling on a length of thick chain that he wraps around his fist. Jade climbs to her feet and charges at him in a plucky display of courage but Fuller swings and his fist sinks into her midsection sending her down to her knees. Fuller licks his lips and glances around wildly before grabbing Jade and tossing her into the ring underneath the bottom rope. He follows closely behind her, uncoiling the length of chain from his hand and whipping it against the mat as he waits for her to rise to her feet. As soon as she is upright he lashes out and whips the chain across her back, eliciting a scream of pain sending her right back down to her hands and knees.

Jim Gunt: This is barbaric, can't we get a referee to stop this!?

Mike Rolash: This is a hardcore match, Jim! No disqualifications, no stoppages, no rules!

Fuller yanks Jade to her feet and scoops her around, parading around the ring with her in his arms before planting her into the mat with Down the Alley. Fuller rolls Jade over and covers her, and referee Clark Summits makes the count!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner... SEAN FULLER!

Fuller ignores Summits' attempt to raise his hand and instead grabs a handful of Savannah Jade's hair and pulls her to her feet. Summits protests loudly and tries to stop Fuller but he pushes him away roughly before giving Jade another Down the Alley in the middle of the ring. Fuller rolls and climbs to his feet before grabbing a nearby steel chair and placing it in the middle of the ring. He looks at Jade, then at the chair, before pulling her motionless body upright one more time.

Jim Gunt: Get in there and stop this!

Mike Rolash: Who the hell is going to try and stop THAT guy!?

The entire crew of referees spill out of the backstage area and run down to the ring accompanied by TJ Flint and several members of his security crew. They surround the ring while Fuller looks around at them wildly, occasionally making threatening motions towards Jade. Finally, to the shock of the crowd, he drops back and plants her face directly into the steel chair. The referees dive into the ring and restrain him on the mat as "Iconic" resumes playing over the sound system.

Jim Gunt: What we have witnessed here tonight was not a professional wrestling match, ladies and gentlemen. This was like watching a car wreck unfold before your very eyes.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, but don't tell me you could look away for a single second of it!

In the ring, the referees have Fuller restrained while members of the CWF medical team run down the ramp with a

stretcher for Savannah Jade. The medics fix Jade onto the stretcher and carefully remove her from the ring while Fuller twitches uncontrollably, not calming down until she has disappeared backstage. Finally the referees release Fuller and give him a wide berth as he exits the ring looking a little bit shell shocked before Evolution cuts to the next segment.

## **The Lion Cometh II**

Match

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

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Melbourne, Australia, the Australian Submission Machine....NATHAN PARADINE!!

Nathan Paradine is in the ring awaiting his opponent when the arena lights flicker. After a few seconds, the video screen lights up. In a desert area, just like last week. The camera is stationary but somewhere nearby, off camera, is a sizzling sound.

A few moments later a rather large steak comes flying into the picture and falls into the reddish brown colored dirt. The steak is raw but for the BRAND seared into its surface: CWF The camera zooms outward a little, revealing the male lion from last week, though this time, the lion is dressed in chainmail. He sniffs the uncooked steak for a few seconds then touches it with his nose.

Then again.

The lion then lifts the steak with his mouth than flips it into his mouth. Within a few chomps, the steak is devoured. The screen goes dark.

NEXT WEEK

Again, the screen shows the lion in his chainmail but from the side rather than head on. In the chain mail that drapes the lions body is a blue iron cross design.

The lions roars and the scene fades leaving Nathan Paradine shaking his head and rolling his eyes.

## **Nathan Paradine vs. Joseph Svenson**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is an Alpha Block Match set 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 as Paradine looks on, having already entered.

Ray Douglas: Introducing his opponent, from Virginia Beach, Virginia, No Gimmicks Needed....JOSEPH SVENSON!!

Mike Rolash: So this guy takes the phrase "No Gimmicks Needed" to a whole 'nother level, Jimbo. I'm surprised that Svenson has even showed up for tonight's match because he's yet to show up for his allotted time on CWF Wired for weeks now.

Jim Gunt: Maybe he has better things to do?

Mike Rolash: Apparently, like jobbing out every week of Alpha Block competition. Hopefully tonight is more of the same, because Paradine could really use a W after the last few weeks of tough losses!

With Paradine already in the ring following the mysterious video package, Joseph Svenson meets his opposition in the center of the ring, looking sure of himself despite having not picked up one victory in the entire tournament as the bell rings to begin the match. Svenson balls up his biceps, showing off for the Australian Submission Machine. Paradine is not in the mood, quickly taking him down with a russian leg sweep! He flops him over, Mark of Judas!

Jim Gunt: Holy shit, Paradine has the Mark of Judas locked on already!

Mike Rolash: The Australian Submission Machine is not messing around tonight, already having Svenson locked in the Gogoplata chokehold like a spider wrapping a web around it's prey. Svenson can fight all he wants, but it's over!

Joseph Svenson struggles momentarily, trying to roll over or fight his way out of the submission hold. Holding steadfast, Paradine shakes his head "no" as he yanks the hold in even harder. Svenson is finally forced to tap out, quickly hitting the mat to get himself out of the gates of hell. Paradine holds on for good measures however, several seconds passing after Robbins calls for the bell before he can come over and finally force him off.

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

Jim Gunt: Another quick and brutal affair! Svenson becomes shark bait as Nathan Paradine shows why he's not ready to give up just yet on this Alpha and Omega Tournament.

## **Forgive, But Don't Forget**

Match

Paradine climbs to his feet as "Beat The Devil's Tattoo" resumes playing over the sound system, taking a moment to regard Joseph Svenson with distaste before allowing Trent Robbins to raise his arm in victory. As he paces around the ring celebrating his victory his music is abruptly cut off and "The Broken" by Coheed and Cambria begins to play instead.

Jim Gunt: Oh no, looks like we might see a little bit of payback for last week after all!

Mike Rolash: Paradine should know by now that there are consequences when you cross the boss!

Jaiden Rishel emerges from the backstage area the Carnage Wrestling Openweight Championship over his shoulder and a microphone in his hand. Paradine glances at Rishel, stuck between a rock and a hard place. Rishel motions for quiet as the music dies away but it still takes a moment or two before the audience allows him to speak. Rishel shoots Paradine a shit-eating grin before raising the microphone to speak.

Jaiden Rishel: Nathan, let me be the first to congratulate you on your showing out here tonight. It's not often that the CWF fans get to see such a display of aggression, where one wrestler dismantles another with such ease. Bravo, Nathan!

Rishel shoulders the title belt and begins to applaud, encouraging the crowd to join in. Paradine appears to be hesitant, suspecting some kind of trick, and he calls for a microphone of his own that Ray Douglas passes to him through the ropes.

Nathan Paradine: Thanks mate, but I'm sure you'll forgive me for asking just what the hell is going on here?

Rishel looks hurt at the top of the stage and he places a hand of his chest in mock surprise.

Jaiden Rishel: Can't an employer come out to congratulate an employee on a job well done?

Nathan Paradine: I trust you about as far as I could bloody throw you, Rishel.

Jaiden Rishel: Look, Nathan... after that little incident between us last week, I thought long and hard about how I was going to get back at you. It wouldn't be enough for me to simply fire you, which I could very easily have done. I wanted to humiliate you like you humiliated me. I wanted to see you broken and beaten in front of the entire world.

Nathan Paradine: Come on then! You and me, right now!

Jaiden Rishel: Not tonight! Not tonight. Revenge is a game for lesser men, so what I just wanted you to know was... I forgive you, Nathan. I forgive you for chasing me around all night and ALMOST causing me to lose my Openweight Championship. I forgive you and I hope we can let bygones be bygones.

The crowd begins to rise in volume, both cheers and boos raining down on Paradine and Rishel. The Hostile Exile, although still suspicious, eventually nods.

Nathan Paradine: Okay, I'm glad that we can move past it. It was pretty bloody funny after all, wasn't it?

Jaiden Rishel: Very funny, Nathan. Hilarious in fact! But I just want you to know... just because I won't be the one beating you don't mean I'll just be letting you off the hook. Instead of taking care of you myself I went out, I found the hottest free agent on the pro wrestling scene today and I signed him to a CWF contract to do the job for me! He's young, he's talented and he's hungry for a shot at the big time; basically, he's everything you're not! And in good time, you'll get to meet this young prodigy. Not here tonight, in the trash heap known as Salt Lake City. But soon... so if I were you'd, I'd start watching my back. Have a good night!"

"The Broken" resumes playing as Rishel raises his title to more jeers from the crowd before turning as disappearing backstage. The camera lingers for a moment on Nathan Paradine who throws his arms up into the air in frustration before Evolution cuts to a commercial.

## **Amy Jo Smyth vs. Konrad Raab**

Match

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

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, aiming 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: 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, landing in a split in the middle of the ring.

Jim Gunt: Amy Jo Smyth has made quite the impression since coming into CWF, and as many will remember she actually wrestled a match for us long before the Alpha and Omega Tournament started.

Mike Rolash: That's right, Smyth took part in the Superwoman Battle Royale on Evolution 50. It's almost strange to think how long ago that was now, Jimbo.

Jim Gunt: Indeed, but Smyth has truly become a mainstay here. Her opponent Konrad Raab can say the same actually, as both have put up decent efforts in this tournament.

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 her 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 is do or die time for the Iceman, who would need to win out the rest of the tournament and even get a couple miracles to allow him to place either first or second and win a title shot at the Genesis pay per view.

Mike Rolash: Both Smyth and Raab desperately need the win here, but only one can get it. So let's send it to the ring where referee Nick McArthur has already done his check ups on both competitors, and is ready to get this thing started!

CWF's youngest official backs up after calling for the bell, Raab and Smyth coming to the middle of the ring and locking up immediately. Despite the massive size advantage for Konrad Raab, Amy Jo shows no fear, somehow backing him up into the corner. She strikes him across the chest with a knife edge chop. But he comes right back with a massive European Uppercut. Raab grabs ahold of the Good Doctor, Suplexing her right into the corner! Placing two feet on the bottom ropes, Raab pulls himself up to the middle ones and then comes down on Smyth with an Elbow Drop!

Jim Gunt: The Iceman coming out hot tonight, you think he may melt himself?

Mike Rolash: That was corny, Jim, I think you've been hanging around me too long...

Jim Gunt: Definitely. Definitely too long.

Following the elbow drop, Raab drags Smyth to the center of the ring, looking for an early cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Smyth kicks out at two, and Konrad Raab brings her right back to her feet by her hair, eliciting a few boos from the crowd. Smyth suddenly leaps up, crushing him with the Five-O rising knee strike! Raab is out on his feet, but remains on them, wobbling back and forth! Backflip Jumping Kick! Raab finally goes down, and Smyth does another cartwheel around the ring, getting the fans up to their feet.

Jim Gunt: The athletic prowess of the Good Doctor is amazing, Mike.

Mike Rolash: She can do flipsies and dives, but can she actually get the job done when it counts?

Jim Gunt: SQUASHED FROG! I think the answer is yes, because Smyth just nailed the beautiful running backflip standing Corkscrew Moonsault! It's gotta be over now!

Following the moonsault, Smyth holds on for the cover as her fanbase counts along with Nick McArthur.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

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

Jim Gunt: There it is, big win for the Good Doctor and Konrad Raab is now officially eliminated from the tournament!

Mike Rolash: Of course he'll still have to battle on the next two weeks of competition, playing spoiler as he tries to do just what Amy Jo did to him tonight...eliminate the competition at all cost.

## **A Surprise Delivery**

Match

The scene cuts to the backstage area of the Vivint Smart House Arena, where the cameras pick up inside the locker room of Johnny Graves. Johnny - still decked out in his 'formal' attire - stands perfectly still, his head lifted towards the heavens, his eyes closed. Not that you'd really be able to tell with the sunglasses he wears. After several moments Johnny lowers his chin to look directly into the camera's lens.

Johnny Graves: Ladies and gentlemen, what a night tonight has been! As promised there have been winners! There have been losers! The electricity in the air tonight is palpable! Everyone is on the edge of their seats to see who will gain ground, who will pull away from the pack, who will build momentum heading into the final stages of this tournament! Evolution sixty-nine might go down as the greatest display of professional wrestling this world has ever known! ...Not to mention, the fantastic abilities of your unofficial host... -your- CWF Impact Champion... the Sin City Saint... Johnny Graves!

Johnny chuckles confidently for a moment.

Johnny Graves: What a show we've had so far! How about that hardcore match between Sean Fuller and Savannah Jade!? I mean... got dayum what a fight! I'll tell you what, Sean Fuller might be the most borin' personality on the roster but that man is no joke. I would know. I fought him. I won. Anyways! How 'bout Amy Jo Smyth? Am I right? ...Not sure where I was goin' with that. Bein' the unofficial host is hard work. Gimme a break!

Johnny rubs his hands together, the expression on his face suggesting he is extremely excited.

Johnny Graves: But ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls... we are just gettin' started. We still have so many amazing match-ups to come! Match-ups like Ryu vs Amanda Shadows! Anorexia vs BJ Blake! And in the main event... my dude, Duce Jo-

Johnny stops suddenly and his attention is pulled to something off camera. A small man in a courier's uniform steps into

the scene. Johnny reaches up and plucks the glasses from his eyes. His eyes narrowed in an intense glare as he stares down at the man interrupting his moment.

Johnny Graves: Please! Explain to me why you're interruptin' me right now...

The currier looks nervous.

Currier: Uh... well I was hired to... to deliver this to you...

The currier holds up a large manilla envelope and slightly extends his arms offering it to Johnny. Johnny's lips threaten to curl into a snarl as he continues to glare at the man. When he does speak, his voice comes out low and menacing. He snatches the envelope from the man's hands.

Johnny Graves: Leave!

The man quickly scurries off scene. Johnny glares in the direction the man ran off in. After several moments he turns his attention to the envelope in his hands. He pulls the tab up, opening the envelope and reaches inside. He pulls out what appears to be the blank white backside of a photograph. As he pulls the photo free from its manilla casing his expression immediately changes. Rage fills his eyes. The right corner of his mouth twitches, threatening to reveal the emotions that brew beneath the surface. After a few seconds Johnny shoves the picture back into the envelope and stares off camera. Finally he turns his attention back to the camera, his expression blank while his eyes scream the rage burning inside him.

Johnny Graves: Excuse me...

Without another word, Johnny storms off scene. The sound of the locker room door slamming shut is heard before the scene fades to black...

## **JC vs. "Marksman" Jay Mora**

Match

We cut back to ringside where The Marksman is already standing inside of the ring with Ray Douglas as "Mosh" finishes up.

Jim Gunt: Well it seems that Johnny Graves was less than enthused with the package that was just delivered to him.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, I don't know what has our host for the evening so upset but hopefully in due time, we will find out. But what about Jaiden's announcement about having someone to take out the "Australian Submission Machine" and could it possibly be tied to whoever it was behind that video before Nathan's match?

Jim Gunt: Big night so far with more questions than answers. Who attacked LeStrange and Love, the video, that picture that Graves just recieved?

Mike Rolash: I have no idea, Jimbo but it's time for some more Alpha & Omega action as former Paramount Champion, The Marksman is currently inside of the ring. Take it away Ray!

The camera switches over to Ray who's ready to do his job.

Ray Douglas: The following Omega Block contest is scheduled for one fall... and has a thirty minute time limit! Introducing first... currently inside of the ring! Jay "THE MARKSMAN" Mora!

Boos ring out from the Utah fans but Mora could give a fuck less as he stretches in his designated corner. There's then a voice that speaks over the PA system.

"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 Vivint Smart Home Arena as he makes his way to the

ring to the sounds of the chorus.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, from Jersey City, New Jersey! Weighing in at two hundred and fifty-five pounds... "The Answer" JC!

JC slides into the ring and climbs up on the middle rope of the side with the hard camera, raising his arms up and down to try 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.

Jim Gunt: JC has recently been "The Answer" to the question of who looks to be the odds on favorite to come out of the Omega Block.

Mike Rolash: JC's been performing like he still has youth on his side as his showings in the Omega Block have been more than stellar.

"Big" Denny Davidson finishes up his check on JC and immediately signals for the bell as both men begin to circle the ring. They lock-up and JC quickly displays his power by grabbing Mora by the head and forcefully shoving him face first into the canvas. Bouncing up to his knees, Mora checks the early damage done to his face as JC mockingly slaps him across the head. Infuriated, The Marksman looks around to the cheering fans in anger, then to a smiling JC who tells him to bring a real fight.

Jim Gunt: What power shown by JC in the early goings, easily forcing Mora to the mat.

Mike Rolash: Markie had so much potential when he first showed up in the CWF. But after awhile his stock slowly began to dwindle.

Jim Gunt: Exactly, coming in, he was a heavy favorite to be in the finals but he's found himself already eliminated from the competition.

Mike Rolash: I had so much hope for my boy Markie.. Do you remember the classic he had against Christian STARR?

Jim Gunt: Who can forget such a contest?

With a confident smile on his face JC looks over at the agitated Marksman who motions for him to bring it. They both circle the ring and tie-up once again, Marksman quickly ducks behind JC for a rear waistlock and smoothly transitions into a side headlock. He wrenches down on the hold as The Answer fights against his grip, soon able to power Mora's hands from around his neck and brings him for a headlock of his own before flipping over to the canvas with a takeover. Mora slaps the canvas in frustration as JC cinches down tight on the hold. Jay searches for an escape and soon finds one as he wraps his legs around JC's head forcing him to release his grip. Now sensing that he may be in trouble, JC calmly begins to contort and position his body until he's able to flip free to his feet! The Salt Lake fans show their admiration as JC bows to them, Mora however is on his back, less than impressed.

Jim Gunt: What an escape by JC, showing that having nearly twenty years of experience, he hasn't lost a step yet.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, he's been going strong over in Carnage Wrestling and hasn't showed any signs of slowing down.

Mora is back to his feet and catches a charging JC with a drop toe hold, popping up to his feet, The Marksman begins to mockingly slap JC across the head. JC quickly gets vertical and now stares death in Marksman, he charges with a punch but Mora ducks, they spin towards each other and Mora slaps JC hard across the face! A loud "OH!" ring out from the Salt Lake fans as rage now builds up in The Answers' eyes. Backing up near the ropes in confidence, Jay Mora watches as JC looks over, stunned at the official. Davidson throws his hands up, saying that it was a legal strike. Mora laughs and JC explodes, racing at The Marksman and destroying his face!

Jim Gunt: BIG BOOT OF DEATH BY JC! BUT THE MARKSMAN GOES TUMBLING THROUGH THE ROPES!

Mike Rolash: Talk about catching a break, it could've easily been all over just then.

The Marksman lies sprawled on the floor as JC checks his jaw and angrily heads for the ropes and climbs outside. He brings Mora upright and forcefully shoves him back first into the apron, eliciting a cry of pain to escape The Marksman's voice box. Staggering along ringside and clutching at his back, Mora is clocked by a brutal right hand from The Answer. Crumpling to the floor, Mora is in major trouble as JC brings him back up and rolls him into the ring, soon following suit. Just as JC steps through the ropes, Mora pops to his feet and decks JC with his own right hand! The Answer is rocked as Mora whips him into the ropes, no, reversal by JC and it's The Marksman who rebounds off the ropes. JC catches him and in a display of pure strength tosses him overhead with a belly-to-belly suplex!

Jim Gunt: The Marksman is trying to put up a fight but JC seems to have an answer for everything that he tries to attempt.

Mike Rolash: Answer huh? I saw what you did there Jimmy Dean.. Good one.

JC looks incensed as a retreating Mora searches for refuge in a nearby corner, however he doesn't find it as JC is right on him with vicious shots to the skull and body. He yanks Mora out of the corner and onto his shoulders as he moves towards the center of the ring. With a loud roar he spins The Marksman through the air and plants him into the mat with a spinebuster, or as he likes to call it, Solitaire Unraveling! Now looking down at the cringing Mora, JC shoves him to canvas and goes for the pin as Davidson is over to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Mora rolls his shoulder off the canvas just before Denny is able to slap it for the third time. JC rises to his feet as Mora slowly raises up off the mat. The Answer shoots a hard kick into his back that causes the fans to cringe themselves. Looking to cause more pain, he locks on a Dragon Sleeper which causes Mora to frantically flail his free arm, looking for a way out. For the time being, he is unable to find one as The Answer has the hold locked on deep.

Jim Gunt: The Marksman in big time trouble as JC has that Dragon Sleeper on very tight!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, it's becoming very bleak for the former CWF Paramount Champion.

Struggling to get free, The Marksman appears out of it before receiving a sudden surge of energy. He begins to fight against the hold and is finally able to make it to his feet. With JC's grip loosened, Mora is able to spin himself into a front facelock and begins to fire shots into JC's midsection. Releasing his grip, JC decks Mora with a hard right hand that drops him to the canvas. Feeling that he has things in firm control, JC brings Mora back vertical and whips him violently into the corner where he crashes back first into the buckles! Mora slumps to the canvas in clear agony.

Jim Gunt: Vicious irish whip by JC as he moves in on Mora and brings him back up.. Biel Toss by JC!

Mike Rolash: He damn near tossed him clear across the ring. If Markie has any intention of winning this match, he better do something fast.

Crawling into the nearby corner, Mora uses the ropes to get to a vertical base. JC charges in with reckless abandon but crashes into the buckles himself as The Marksman is able to dodge out of the way. Recovering, Mora runs towards towards the ropes and bounces off, sprinting at JC. He connects with a clothesline but JC is still standing as he roars in Mora's face. The Marksman rebounds once again and attempts another clothesline but JC ducks, Mora rebounds off the opposite set and catches The Answer with his patented spear!

Jim Gunt: BULLSEYE BY MORA! AND HE'S GOING FOR THE PIN!

Davidson comes rushing over to make the count.

ONE!

TW-NO!

JC powerful kicks out, shaking his head in denial as a frustrated Mora looks at Davidson and claps his hand rapidly together three times, demanding that he count faster next time. Mora gets back vertical and clubs JC across the back with a hard forearm as he tries to rise up. Fighting through the pain, JC gets vertical as The Marksman tries to whip him into the corner but The Answer reverses and it's Mora who crashes against the buckles. He charges in at Mora but The Marksman catches him with a back elbow that sends him staggering back, clutching at his jaw. Recovering quickly though, JC runs in again but Mora uses his quickness to get out of the way. He races to the ropes and rebounds, charging full speed at a turning JC.

Jim Gunt: BIG BOOT OF DEATH FOR THE SECOND TIME BY JC AND HE'S GOING FOR THE PIN!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, it's academic from here..

Davidson is on the mat making the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

"Big" Denny Davidson signals to Sal to ring the bell as JC rises off of The Marksman, raising his hand in victory.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, via pinfall.. earning two points in the Omega Block! JC!

JC looks down at a reeling Marksman and smirks before exiting the ring and heading towards the back.

Jim Gunt: Impressive showing by the Carnage Wrestling veteran who looks to finish strong in the Alpha & Omega Tournament.

Mike Rolash: At this point, the question is who's going to stop him from taking that top spot.

Jim Gunt: In my opinion, Kyueishu and Silas Artoria are strong picks for the Omega Block as well.

Mike Rolash: Well it's definitely coming down to the wire and I for one am excited to see the final conclusion.

## **About Time**

Match

The scene is filled with darkness when suddenly it's taken over by the sight of dripping blood. It consumes the scene before switching to the smiling face of Byson Kaliban. His patented shit-eating grin is bigger than ever as he looks, gleefully into the camera.

Byson Kaliban: Hey!

He continues to smile as the boos of the Salt Lake fans inside of the Vivincit Smart Arena. He doesn't care though as she continues on.

Byson Kaliban: A little over a month ago, we asked... pleaded.. I would say beg..

He scoffs a bit.

Byson Kaliban: ..but I'm not a begging man.. But i went out, in front of the world and asked Mr. Rishel for some viable opponents for my clients, Most Known Unknowns... And in response, what did we hear from you Jaiden?

Byson goes silent as he tries to stress his point before speaking loudly into the camera.

Byson Kaliban: CRICKETS! NOT A WORD! As my great clients would say, silencio.. Nada.. Just nothing from anyone with any inkling of having any kind of authority around this place. But then, my assistants who lurk through the Twitter

world came to me, telling me how Silas Artoria wanted to run his mouth about us not defending the belts.

He laughs.

Byson Kaliban: At least you addressed the right person in Jaiden because my guys have been chomping at the bit... in anticipation for some real competition around here and tonight, they just might get it.. So who's it gonna be that steps inside of the ring with Vince and Omar tonight.. Is it gonna be the Lunatic Gentlemen and the white guy with the Japanese name..? Or is it going to be the impressive Impact Champ and that other chick..? Who?

Byson's smile fades as he stares intently into the lens of the camera.

Byson Kaliban: Some past team to kick start some nostalgic shit? Or maybe it's some random pairing of nobodies who will get their ass kicked, just like any other team to step up. Tonight! The Most Known Unknowns walk in to this Masquerade fiasco, CWF Tag Team Champions and will walk out exactly the same..

Fade.

### **Most Known Unknowns (c) (Omar Martinez & Vince Espinoza) vs. ???**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is a...erm...Masquerade Ball Match for the CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS! This match will be contested under normal Tag Team match rules, only with both teams wearing masquerade-type masks...

"Second Death of Souls" by Matriarch blasts over the speaker system and Byson Kaliban and Nina accompany the massive tag team of Omar Martinez and Vince Espinoza out, both men wearing purple and blue masks, Espinoza dangling it over his normal heavy mask. The Tag Team champions pat the gold on their shoulders confidently, walking down to the ring with purpose.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, accompanied by Nina and Byson Kaliban respectively, the reigning and defending CWF Tag Team Champions, Vince Espinoza and Omar Martinez....MOST KNOWN UNKNOWN!!

The Most Unknowns place their titles onto the announce table of Gunt and Rolash in sync, the two men nodding at each other before leaping up onto the apron with the ropes in hand. They turn around, soaking in the boos from the Salt Lake City fans as they each raise an arm in the air. The two men eventually enter the ring, testing out the ropes and repositioning the masks on their faces as they wait for their opponents.

Jim Gunt: I have to say, as much as I'm supposed to talk about the challenge that MKU face going up against mystery opponents here tonight with their titles on the line...I just can't take my eyes off the masquerade masks these two men have on...

Jim attempts to stop himself from laughing as his broadcast partner just shakes his head.

Mike Rolash: Wait until Vince and Omar watch the playback, they're going to kill you Jim!

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 heavy beat of "Terrorstorm" blasts from the various speakers throughout the venue. 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 two athletes steps out onto the stage, both of them wearing dazzling, detailed masquerade masks. One male, one female, the male actually adorning the CWF Impact Championship around his neck. The female tries her best to hide what looks to be recent injuries.

Jim Gunt: Well, this couldn't be any more obvious...

Mike Rolash: Looks like Johnny Graves and his girl Maggie Lockheart have accepted the challenge of MKU, this should be an interesting matchup to say the least!

Jim Gunt: Watch calling Maggie Graves' girl, I haven't heard that they were official yet. But as you can see ladies and gentlemen, if this IS Graves and Lockheart, Maggie took some heavy damage at the recent Carnage Wrestling PPV Season of the Witch where she actually defeated Myra Lynnwood for the Ultraviolet Championship!

Jim Gunt: And it certainly was ultraviolet, there was blood everywhere that night!

Mike Rolash: Indeed, and look who's accompanying these two "mystery opponents" here tonight...

To make the team's identity any more obvious, the masked competitors are followed by the Amazonian bodyguard known as Aeryka Aries. They make their way down the rampway, the male coming around and holding the ropes open for the female to enter before turning back around and gracefully placing his title belt atop of the ring steps.

Jim Gunt: Scott Dean is the official on the call, and he's going to have his hands full with this one...

Mike Rolash: Johnny Graves, as well as other CWF superstars such as Silas and Kyuseishu, have recently called out the Tag Team Champions for not defending their titles in the allotted monthly time. Tonight at least one team gets what they asked for, we just aren't exactly sure who...

Jim Gunt: Oh come on Mike, you know that's Graves and Lockheart as well as I do!

Dean is able to get both teams into their corner, ringing the bell once Omar Martinez and the male challenger enter the ring. Before entering, the challenger pats his partner on the shoulder, the female clearly heading back out to the apron looking more than a little ginger. Turning back around, the male is immediately clocked by a right hand from Martinez! Omar grabs him in, shoulder blocking him to literally take the air from him before whipping him hard into the ropes. Graves is able to leap frog over top of Martinez as he ducks down however, and Martinez turns right back around into the Taste of Sin Superkick!

Martinez goes down like a sack of bricks, and the male masquerade ball dancer that looks a lot like Johnny Graves turns to his partner, crawling towards her. She reaches out despite still clearly showing she's in some pain, making the tag into the ring to stop Omar from doing the same. She bounces off the ropes, hitting big Espinoza with an elbow to the double masked face that drops him off the apron before coming back around and hitting a Leg Lariat that topples the rising Martinez!

Jim Gunt: Wow, what offense from the challengers!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, you gotta think these two have teamed in the past...

Jim Gunt: Yes, Graves and Lockheart have...

Mike Rolash: Oh come on Jimbo, let the fans and I have a little fun. We're trying to play the guessing game, god damn it!

The female looks to continue her offense, bringing Omar Martinez right back down with a Japanese Arm Drag. She holds on, looking for an arm bar but he is able to use his power to easily throw her off. She gets back to her feet but eats a massive big boot from Martinez! He drags her over, tagging in Vince Espinoza just as he gets back onto the apron. The two men throw Lockheart into the ropes, catching her with a Double Sidewalk Slam on the return! Her male partner attempts to intervene, but Dean stops him at the underpass! Martinez rolls out of the ring, allowing his partner to go for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Ref be damned, the male challenger comes flying through the ropes, leaping up to Curb Stomp Espinoza in the back of his masked skull! He rolls back to his feet, punt kicking him right in the face! The male challenger has the crowd solidly on his side now as he drags his half dead partner over to their side, exiting the ring just long enough to tag back into

the match! He re-enters the ring, but it's too late, as Espinoza rises up and destroys him with a Pounce! The massive Espinoza adjusts his mask, picking up his challenger to throw him hard into the ropes. But he comes back at full speed, leaping up to smash him with a huge V-Trigger style knee!

Jim Gunt: The Silencer!

Mike Rolash: That's Johnny Graves' move!

Jim Gunt: No shit...

Espinoza goes down like a rock, and the crowd is half booing, half cheering as what looks to be Johnny Graves under a masquerade ball mask lands atop of the big man, looking to pick up his second CWF title.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

AND THE LIGHTS GO OUT!?

WHAT THE FUCK!?

The Salt Lake City fans first scream aloud and then fall silent as the lights quickly turn back on, revealing two more male figures inside the ring with similar masquerade ball masks hiding their identity! Both men stand in the center of the ring, massive figures that stand at over six feet tall a piece. All four of the competitors in the match meet them in the ring, first the female and male challengers coming at the bigger man and taking a MASSIVE double clothesline for their troubles! The force knocks both of them over the ropes and to the floor! MKU look like they'll be more of a challenge however, as Espinoza leaps up to hit a Pounce on the other man. Instead he grabs him out of mid-air, showing absolute brute strength in tossing him high overhead right into the corner!

Jim Gunt: What the hell is going!? We need some help out here!

Mike Rolash: Looks like MKU and their supposed challengers are getting all the help they need, as far as I'm concerned!

The last man standing in opposition, Omar Martinez comes forward fearlessly just to take a big boot from one of the masked men. He drags Martinez up to his feet, effortlessly throwing him up into the air where his partner catches him out of mid-air with a Neckbreaker. The two men stand over the destruction, finally unmasking themselves to be...two men that are unknown to the CWF audience. The sold out crowd boo immediately, showing their disdain for not only the two men but their actions.

Jim Gunt: Who are these behemoths and what the hell do they want?

Mike Rolash: And I thought MKU were the most known unknowns! Haha, whatever these two want, I would bet on them easily getting it, Jimmy! I guess we'll find out soon, but it looks like this match is ending in a No Contest since neither one of these teams can continue following THAT.

## **Kyuseishu vs. Autumn Raven**

Match

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

Purple lights shine around the top of the ramp, fog rolling around it as the beginning lyrics of the song 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. She runs to the corner turnbuckle, climbing to the second one, taunting the crowd, as she flings her arms out to the sides once again before climbing down.

Jim Gunt: Big week for Autumn Raven, as she prepares for what could be her most important match of the entire tournament!

Mike Rolash: Autumn fell behind in the early going of the tournament, leaving her struggling to keep pace with the top runners. She goes up against one of them here tonight, however, so if she can pull off a win versus Kyuseishu she'll bring herself up to eight points!

The arena lights go off as "Personal Jesus" starts to play while the rampway fills with purple smoke. The crowd waits before the drums kick in, and out enters Kyuseishu under a single white spotlight. Behind him march 11 red suited kabuki masked wearing disciples. Kyuseishu's jet black hair pulled back in a bun in is in the all too familiar traditional samurai hair style, and wearing a men's blue and black Kimono he raises his arms in a pose of the cross. He soaks in the jeers from crowd before clapping his hands together and bowing towards the ring. The battle is upon him as he slowly walks to the ring hands out and palms up looking to the skies focused only on his battle. Kyuseishu says a small prayer before entering the ring removing his Kimono and mask showing off his powerful body as he looks with one eye through a triangle formed by his hands.

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

Jim Gunt: Kyuseishu is coming into this match on quite the roll, Mike, having won his first main event match of the tournament just last week.

Mike Rolash: While the masked freak Ataxia went down in flames, the Social Justice Samurai has been running through his competition like the flame of Christ himself!

Jim Gunt: Well he is the self proclaimed Second Coming...

Trent Robbins brings both competitors to the center of the ring following his check ups on both of them, calling for the bell and stepping back as Autumn quickly snaps into action, running up the body of Kyuseishu like a brick wall and leaping up to bring him over with a snap Headscissors Takedown. But Kyu flips over and lands right back on his feet! The Social Justice Samurai's hands go out to maintain his balance, as his smile comes on bright across his face. He looks across the ring at Autumn Raven, calling her in.

Autumn comes running towards her opponent again, once again leaping up but this time Kyuseishu catches her with both arms, doubling his much smaller opposition over with a Fallaway Slam! The Second Coming of Christ saunters across the ring, walking up and over Autumn with his hands in the air soaking in all the jeers from the Salt Lake City crowd.

Jim Gunt: Seems like the crowd here tonight in Salt Lake City is giving your Kyuseishu the same reception that much of the world gives him.

Mike Rolash: This country, hell the whole world, doesn't know what's best for them. They should be bowing at the feet of the great Kyuseishu, asking the Second Coming for redemption!

Jim Gunt: You mean forgiveness, Mike...?

Mike Rolash: Yeah, whatever it is.

Still making his way around the ring like it's a beauty pageant, Kyuseishu finally lowers his hands, giving the stink eye to the Utah crowd before turning back around just in time to get rolled up into a quick pin attempt by the awaiting Autumn Raven!

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO!

Kyuseishu kicks out of the rollup, popping right back to his feet to attempt an angry but wild clothesline that Autumn is easily able to duck under. He turns back around, and she shoots the Claw of the Night Superkick! But Kyuseishu is able to evade this time, dropping backwards to execute a picture perfect matrix type move. The sold out crowd and Autumn Raven herself watch on in awe, but it's not long before she shakes her head out of frustration, backing up and bouncing off the ropes. The Social Justice Samurai is back up and ready for her though, grabbing ahold of both Autumn's arms on the way through and taking her over with a Double Underhook Suplex!

Jim Gunt: Impressive reversals from both competitors here as they try to evade what could be the one move that knocks them out of the match here tonight.

Mike Rolash: Well that Claw of the Night would have certainly done it, we have seen Autumn Raven put out many competitors with that Superkick in the past. One taste of Autumn's boot would have spelled nighty night for our Kyuseishu!

Bringing Autumn up with an Abdominal Stretch, she's finally able to break out sending the Social Justice Samurai into the ropes. Raven leaps up high as Kyuseishu runs through, and when she bounces off the ropes and comes back it is the Second Coming who sends her monkey flipping over to the canvas. But she's right back on her feet, running at Kyuseishu without abandonment, And he catches her...TILT A WHIRL BACKBREAKER!

Autumn is writhing in pain, and Kyuseishu is laughing aloud, calling on the power of Christ to end this thing!

Jim Gunt: Big backbreaker for Kyuseishu as he calls for the end of the match now.

Mike Rolash: The power of Christ compels you!

Jim Gunt: We're not doing an exorcism for God's sakes, Mike...

Lifting Autumn up to her feet, Kyuseishu spikes her on the back of her head with a Lord's Lariat. She already seems like she's finished but the Social Justice Samurai tucks her between his legs for good measure...DEEDS OF THE SAINTS! Raven is planted right on her head! Kyuseishu pushes her onto her back, confidently raising his body over hers.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

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

### **Silas Artoria vs. Ariel Shadows**

Match

The introductory tones of 'Hip Hop is Dead' starts to chime in, before hitting the main beat. The crowd respond favourably to this, as The Dreamcatcher emerges from behind the curtain. Holding of the peace sign, she starts her walk down the ramp and towards the ring, discarding her sunglasses and kicking the sandals off her feet.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is an Alpha and Omega tournament match, scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Anchorage, Alaska. The Dreamcatcher, ARIEL SHADOWS!

Jim Gunt: The Dreamcatcher is coming into this match in a very difficult position. She has six points, tied in place with Ataxia, but is on the brink of being eliminated alongside Love, Mora, Starlight, Blake, and now Raven! One more loss and it's over!

Mike Rolash: It's almost unfair to pair her up with Silas.

Jim Gunt: Unfortunately, that's the nature of the Alpha and Omega tournament. Like it or not, you're going to be placed in situations that are unfavourable to you!

She slides into the ring, ready to roll, as the lights go out. There's an eerie done in the background. Nothing aggressive, not red lights to indicate the Passenger present. No ominous voices are present.

Soon, the hook for 'Spoiler' by Hyper kicks in, and the titantron flickers in white interference. An outline of two figures can be seen, and soon, purple and other deep neon colours cover the stage, and at the centre stands Silas Artoria and his mentor.

Silas in a white shirt, black overcoat with a neon outline to light up his upper body, and sunglasses to complete the look.

Little acknowledgement as he begins his descent down the ramp and towards the ring.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent. From Toronto, Canada. The Psychopathic Aristocrat, SILAS ARTORIA!

Jim Gunt: Well, we've seen a different side to Silas in the past few weeks and it looks like the Omega favourite is trying a new look. Radical change. Seems like the "Psychopathic Aristocrat" is ill fitting for this look.

Mike Rolash: You want my thoughts?

Jim Gunt: Not particularly but go ahead.

Mike Rolash: I like it! Fresh, bold, stark contrast to his rich boy outfit! Only downside is that we need to photograph him again for our roster profile!

Silas looks upon the woman in the ring, before carefully taking off his jacket and handing it to Ito. His white shirt covers his body, but one arm is exposed, and the other is completely wrapped with a white tape. A black glove at the end completes the covering. Ariel looks upon her opponent with a sense of determination, while Silas keeps his transfixed gaze on her. She couldn't help but look upon his concealed arm.

DING!

Jim Gunt: And our athletes respective seventh round has begun!

The two are slow to start, initially circling around each other trying to find a clear weakness. Silas is the first to make a move, as he quickly leans forward to try and grab her arm. She jumps back, but Silas dashes forward and behind her. Waist lock, trying to get her off her feet. She grabs hold of his wrist, and lightly twists it, breaking herself free. Under the arm for the wrist lock, keeping the Canadian under control. Silas grabs her wrist and swings under, locking her in. Another twist under her arm to keep her under control. He swings under her again, forcing her to tumble forward onto her back. Her arm locked to the mat, Silas swings his leg back and aims for the arm. She spins, and grabs him in a headlock. She cinches it in tightly, but Silas' free arms break him free. Headlock on Ariel, and he tightens the grip.

Ariel tries to push free, but can't. She pulls the two of them backwards and into the ropes, and the bounce forces Silas to break free and head to the opposite ropes. He comes back, Ariel quickly ducks under. He bounces back, Ariel jumps over! He returns, Ariel attempting an arm drag, but Silas quickly cartwheels to the side as Ariel lands on her back. She jumps up and sees Silas charging towards her. The armdrag takedown works! She scrambles to lock his head in, but he breaks free. The two jump to their feet, and Ariel charges towards him. Armdrag takedown on Ariel! And Silas locks in the headlock. Ariel can't break free, but her legs take hold of Silas' neck and forces the reverse of advantage! Silas struggles to break free, but his legs swing around to lessen the advantage. His head is still pinned between her legs, but his back is upright.

Ariel wraps her arms around him, and thrusts her legs upwardward. Gravity takes hold. SILAS' HEAD GETS SPIKED! Ariel goes to her feet, as Silas grips his head.

Jim Gunt: Very inventive move.

Mike Rolash: A mini piledriver?

Jim Gunt: Think about it Mike. What move has put away most of the competitors in the tournament? The Fall of Man. You have a small chance to escape from that electric chair position, and if Silas withstands those strikes to the head for long enough, it's over. But if you make the head and neck sore enough, even a flick could be enough to avoid that devastating move!

Ariel pulls Silas up by the ear, and a light headbutt to put him into the corner. Silas blinks twice in a daze, before Ariel headbutts him again. Silas tumbles down the rope line towards the turnbuckle on the opposite side, but Ariel grabs her arm. Hard whip to the opposite turnbuckle, Silas bounces off roughly, and lands on the mat. Ariel looks at her opponent, whom is grunting and clutching his head in pain, then grabs hold of his hair as he stands back up. Head first into the turnbuckle. Silas holds onto the top as to not collapse again. Ariel grabs the arm again, and whips him to the opposite corner. Silas hits it, but sustains himself, just as Ariel dives towards him with a hard shoulder. Silas stumbles forward, as Ariel hits the ropes. She sprints back towards him! SNAP-RANA SENDS ARIEL TUMBLING OUT OF THE RING! Ariel lands like a sack of potatoes, as Silas grips his neck and head.

Jim Gunt: Great reversal from Silas as Shadows goes flying out of the ring! Brilliant exchange to start off.

Mike Rolash: But Ariel needs to be careful. One wrong move and an unwanted element will come into play! Still, too early to call a clear winner.

Silas gazes towards a rising Ariel with deadly eyes, as he too rises and points to his unaware opponent. He runs towards her, bounces on the ropes. He charges towards the opposite ropes. Bounce. A full on sprint! DIVING MISSILE DROPKICK FROM ARIEL!

Ariel doesn't take long to recover, and drags Silas back to his feet. She locks in his head, and lifts him up. Suplex, a loud bang followed with Silas clutching his head. For the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout. Ariel stands up to contemplate what to do next, as her opponent drags himself to the nearby corner turnbuckle. He ascends to sit up, and Ariel sees an opportunity. Cannonball into Silas! Ariel drags him up. Head between her leg, and she lifts him up! BANG! Slams him down on the mat! For the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

TH...

AND KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: As everyone whom has faced Silas can attest, it's going to take more than that to put him down. Good effort!

The two rise, Ariel more energetic than the other, and she clenches her fists. Time for the big guns. She grabs his neck, going for a suplex. She lifts him up! But Silas scrambles and keeps grounded. Second attempt, Silas keeps kicking, and stays grounded. He strikes Ariel and manages to break free! DISCUS CLOTHESLINE--Ariel ducks and grabs Silas' waist. GERMAN SUPLEX! SILAS STANDS UP! Ariel turns around. KNOCKOUT! Ariel staggers. SECOND KNOCKOUT! ARIEL SLUMPS DOWN!

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

Silas rubs the back of the neck, tilting it side by side, before focusing back on Ariel. He can't go for the pin, her head and arm are slumped under the ropes. He twists his uncovered wrists, a little stiff, but he had to get back on track. He grabs her feet and drags her back inside, and drags her back to her feet. Arms locked in. SNAPDRAGON! Ariel lands on her neck, but doesn't have time to absorb because Silas drags her back on her feet! SECOND SNAPDRAGON! She clutches her neck as Silas seethes through his teeth. Again, back on his feet to bring her up. Arms locked in for a third! Denied! Hard elbow to Silas' head! She's free. Going for a lariat! Silas brings her down and locks her in an armbar!

He's tugging it tight! Ariel's eyes are wide open! And she's scrambling her arms to reach for the ropes! Silas is putting his entire body weight behind the hold! He's trying to pop it out of the socket! Ariel rolls with the body weight! And gets her arm on the ropes!

Silas immediate breaks the hold, and he runs for the ropes. Bounce, for the KNOCKOUT--Ariel scouted ahead! Behind him! She has his waist! GERMAN SUPLEX ONTO HIS NECK! Ariel screams in energy and pain! And she runs for the ropes as Silas gets to his feet. FOR THE FLYING CROSS BODY-- SILAS CATCHES HER! He lifts her onto his shoulders, but she gives his head a stiff knee! He drops her. Spinning for a DISCUS CLOTHESLI--HIP TOSS BY ARIEL TO SEND SILAS TO THE MAT!

Jim Gunt: SCOUTED HIM OUT! STRIKE THE HEAD, AND ESCAPE THE FALL OF MAN! For the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Nearly got him!

Mike Rolash: He's tough, but everyone has their limits!

Jim Gunt: Right you are, and with that damage to the head, it's difficult to really gauge how it can end. If Ariel can keep it up, she could have a chance at staying in the tournament! Her chances of a championship shot are at stake!

Ariel rises to her knees as Silas does the same. The two look at each other, eye to eye. Seconds pass before Ariel starts...laughing? Responding, Silas does the same! A lion coming face to face with a lion.

Silas with a swinging kick! But Ariel ducks under and rises to her feet! Going for a kneedrop on Silas! But he rolls and rises to his feet! For the double foot stomp on Ariel's shoulder! She rolls and jumps up! Silas lunges forward for a KNOCKO--Swift kick to his joint stops the momentum! She grabs his head! SUPLEX! HE LANDS ON HIS FEET! His knee gives away a little, just as Ariel ascends for another charge! FRANKENSTEINER BY SILAS!

Silas slides back to his feet and drags Ariel to her feet! In the electric chair position!

Mike Rolash: Here we go!

Jim Gunt: FALL OF MAAAA--NO!

Ariel jumps out of the position when Silas pushed her up! Onto her feet--BIONIC ELBOW ON THE WAY DOWN! SILAS HIT ON THE DOME! ARIEL GOING FOR THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEE--

NO! KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: BY THE SLIMMEST OF MARGINS! COME ON ARIEL! FIRE ALL THE CANNONS!

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

Ariel is frustrated, and jumps to her feet and screams with a burst of energy. Silas staggers to his feet and Ariel turns to face him. No nonsense. Going for THE KICKER--Silas ducks under and Ariel lands on the mat! Silas backs against the ropes and charges forward! KNOCKOUT TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD! SHE DIDN'T SEE HIM COMING! SILAS IS FIRED UP AS ARIEL CRAWLS TO THE ROPES!

Silas points to the dazed Dreamcatcher, runs for the ropes into a sprint! KNOCKOUT! ARIEL IS OUT! Silas drags her to her feet, ready for the electric chair! He elevates her up! Half way!

Ariel slips out behind him for the ROLLUP!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

HE KICKS OUT!

KNOCKOUT TO HER FACE!

Mike Rolash: This has to be it. It's got to be it!

Silas drags her to their feet. Legs between his head. Ascension. Electric chair position! Elevation!

Jim Gunt: FAAAAALLLLL OF MAAAAAAAANNNNNNN

A mighty crash follows! For the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Silas slumps onto his back clutching his head, exhaling deeply.

Ray Douglas: Your winner...and gaining two points in the Alpha and Omega Tournament...SILAS ARTORIA!!

Jim Gunt: And with that, The Dreamcatcher becomes the latest athlete to be officially out of the championship running in Alpha and Omega, as Silas clings onto the top of the tree!

Mike Rolash: How come we have to keep having matches with these eliminated athletes?

Jim Gunt: Points reasons Mike, shut up.

Silas gets on his knees as Ito slides in to give his neck an ice packet. He took the punishment, Ariel was one hell of a competitor, but she was unfortunate enough to come up against Silas. He was handed his jacket, and a brief moment later he pulls out a card and places it on Ariel's chest.

Mike Rolash: Oh...?

Silas turns to Ito, and indicates the time to leave. The two slide out of the ring near the commentary desk, where Jim immediately grabs Silas' attention.

Jim Gunt: Silas! What did you give Ariel?

Silas Artoria: Sorry?

Jim Gunt: That card! What's on it?

Silas let out a little chuckle.

Silas Artoria: My address.

Jim Gunt: What!?

Silas Artoria: We agree the loser buys pizza, Jim. I'm not one to let go of promises!

Ariel leans up and looks at Silas, whom catches her sight. A quick smile and a respectful nod, he disappears with Ito to the back of the curtain, certain that he'll end up competing for a championship at Genesis.

## **Leave My Talking For The Ring**

Match

Danny B can be seen walking through the backstage corridor, ring gear fully adorned as he makes his way close to the gorilla position for quite possibly his biggest match to date in the Alpha and Omega Tournament. Cutting him off at the underpass is our own Tara Robinson, who stands as ready as ever in an elegant white sparkly dress and microphone in hand.

Tara Robinson: Excuse me Mr. Ripper, if I could, I'd like to have a word with you before your match this evening?

Danny looks impatient, but stops in his tracks. He turns around to Robinson, allowing her to continue.

Tara Robinson: Many say your best days are behind you, Danny, that this tournament is something you may as well give up at this point. You have your toughest challenge to date ahead of you tonight, the undefeated Alpha Block favorite, Freddie Styles...

Danny raises a hand in the air, stopping Tara from saying anything more.

Danny B: I plan on leaving my talking for the ring, Tara, now if you'd please get the hell outta my face...

As serious as ever, Ripper pushes his way away from Tara Robinson, continuing to make his way to gorilla.

## **Freddie Styles vs. Danny B**

Match

Freddie Styles vs. Danny B

Ray Douglas: The following contest is an Alpha Block match and is scheduled for one fall, with a thirty minute time limit! Introducing first...

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: Making his way to the ring, from Atlanta, Georgia.. Weighing in at two hundred and twenty-three pounds! "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: Here's Freddie Styles, Mike, the odds on favorite to come out on top in the Alpha Block.

Mike Rolash: Freddie's been on a roll lately, being the only undefeated man left in this tournament so far. But he faces off against the former CWF World Champion and Hall of Famer in "The Ripper" Danny B here tonight.

Jim Gunt: Although this is not going to be a walk in the park for Freddie.. We must not forget that Styles is a Hall of Famer himself, being inducted last year.

Mike Rolash: Freddie's done just about everything that could be done in CWF, but the World title has eluded him for his entire career here, but the way he's rolling in this tournament, he just might be able to achieve it.

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: His opponent, hailing from Brighton, England and weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds... he is "The Ripper"... DANNY B!

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.

Jim Gunt: Danny B is also a favorite in the Alpha Block and also very capable of ending Freddie's streak.

Mike Rolash: If anyone can give Styles his first loss in this block, it's definitely has to be the man to do it.

The official, Clark Summits looks ready to call the action as he signals for the bell. Styles and The Ripper both circle the ring. Styles goes for a lock-up but Danny B drops to the mat and rolls out of the ring, under the bottom rope. The Ripper confidently strolls around ringside, he points at his wrist, telling Freddie that they have plenty of time. Annoyed, Styles watches on as Danny B rounds the apron and stops in front of the announce table to have a brief conversation with Gunt and Rolash.

Jim Gunt: You can't be serious, you have a match to compete in.

Mike Rolash: Nevermind him champ, I've been doing fin.. WATCH OUT!

Turning just in time, Danny is on the receiving end of a suicide dive, courtesy of Mr. Ballgame as both men crash into the front of the table. Both men are still on their feet as Styles socks The Ripper with a right hand. Danny goes stumbling into the barricade, where Styles charges in and blisters his chest with a knife edge chop! Clutching at his chest, The Ripper tries to escape but Styles keeps him pressed up against the barricade where he stings Danny's chest with another chop, dropping him down to the floor.

Jim Gunt: Styles looking to get things started immediately with that suicide dive in the early stages and now he has Danny reeling right now.. Another brutal chop by Styles.

Mike Rolash: Oh my Freddie is bringing the fight right now. But next time, he better not pull no stunts like that again.

Making it across ringside, Danny begins to plead with Styles to let up but it's no cigar as Styles moves in and decks him with another right hand. Not giving the former World Champion any time to breathe, Freddie hooks him in a front facelock and plants him into the thin floor mats with a vertical suplex. Danny cringes from the impact, arching his back in pain. Styles gets vertical and looks out to the cheering Salt Lake fans. He looks to go back to work on his opponent while acknowledging that Summits is up to six on his count.

Jim Gunt: Freddie needs to get this fight back inside of the ring.

Mike Rolash: Indeed he does, he would hate if this match ended in a double countout.

Freddie watches on as Danny scurries away, Styles smirks and slides in and back out under the bottom rope, momentarily breaking Summits' count. He then sets his eyes on Danny, moving around ringside swiftly before connecting with another chop to Danny's chest followed by another right hand. Clark pleads with Freddie to bring the action back inside of the ring, he obliges but not before slamming Danny's head into the apron. He rolls a stunned Ripper back into the ring. Climbing up onto the apron, Styles pauses and watches as Danny quickly springs up to his feet and back pedals into the nearby corner, pleading with Styles to give him a break.

Jim Gunt: The Ripper looks to be asking for some time right now, Mike. Do you think Danny came into this contest unprepared.

Mike Rolash: Are you serious, Jimbo? Danny was blatantly attacked from behind by Styles. If they were face-to-face, no way Freddie would have the advantage right now.

Freddie slowly steps through the ropes and asks Danny if he's serious. The two have a brief conversation but much of it is inaudible. Styles closes the space between them as he moves closer but Danny exploded from the corner, charging like a bull at Styles. Freddie ducks his shoulder and flips Danny up and over into the mat with a back body drop. Danny is back up to his feet in pain but Styles quickly forces him into the ropes and whips him across the ring. Rebounding off, Danny is picked high into the air by Freddie before being driven viciously into the mat.

Jim Gunt: BRUTAL SPINEBUSTER BY STYLES! Did you hear the sound of that impact.

Mike Rolash: Danny's tough, this is a small thing to a giant like him.

Freddie goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Danny shoves Styles off of him, breaking up Clark's count. Styles gets vertical, bringing The Ripper up along with him. Styles decks him with another right that sends him staggering into the ropes where Freddie moves in once more, pulling Danny out of the ropes and spiking him on his shoulder blades with a sambo suplex! He goes for another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Freddie slaps the mat in frustration but gets to his feet and watches as Danny crawls to the ropes, using them to help himself to his feet. Like a moth to a flame, Mr. Ballgame is right there with chop after brutal chop. Freddie begins to feed off the energy that Utah fans are giving him as he continues to butcher Danny's chest. He ends it with one final chop that sends Danny's legs flying up into the air before he comes crashing down onto the mat, clutching his now red chest in pain.

Jim Gunt: Freddie's on a war path right now, is there anything Danny can do to get back in this one.

Mike Rolash: Please do not fail to mention that Freddie jumped him before the match.

Freddie brings Danny back up but he's finally had enough of the abuse from Mr. Ballgame as he catches him with a shot to the gut before rocking him with his own right hand. Now it's his turn to though chops as he cracks Styles with his own brutal knife edge. Danny begins to talk trash to Styles before stinging his chest again. Freddie fires back with his own chop, this time he roars with each slap of Danny's chest as he chops him all the way back into the ropes. Danny catches him with a knee lift before taking a moment to collect some oxygen. Danny fires back with his own collection of chops, sending Styles backing up across the ring. But Freddie comes back fired up with more chops, sending Danny B back into the opposite ropes before leaping up and drilling The Ripper with a dropkick!

Jim Gunt: These two aren't looking for a wrestling match, this has turned into a straight fight!

Mike Rolash: It's almost a game of one upmanship between the two but I told you that Danny wasn't going down without a fight.

Jim Gunt: Yeah but that dropkick has him seated on the bottom rope right now, almost unconscious.

Pulling Danny up, Styles hooks him and drives him into the canvas with a snap suplex before floating over into the pin..

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Freddie appears a bit irritated but nonetheless gets back to his feet. He brings Danny up and whips him into the ropes, The Ripper holds onto the ropes, prevented himself from rebounding. He drops to the mat and rolls out of the ring and tells Freddie to fuck off. Freddie charges and slides out of the ring but Danny slides back inside at the same time and races to the ropes. He rebounds and comes flying through at a confused Freddie!

Jim Gunt: TOPE SUICIDA BY THE RIPPER TAKING OUT MR. BALLGAME!

Mike Rolash: Tope Suicida? You just called it a Suicide Dive earlier..

Jim Gunt: It's the same thing, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Maybe, but can we stick to one technical name for it.

Feeling the momentum shift, Danny B pops to his feet and brings Styles up, rolling him into the ring. He slides in himself and opts not to go for the pinfall as he mounts Freddie and strikes him viciously with elbow shots. Styles tries to cover up but it's not enough to prevent the precise shots. He lets up and gets to his feet, taunting the booing fans as Freddie checks his face for any cuts. The Utah lets the Englishman have it but he could care less as he brings Freddie vertical and works him over with multiple striking combinations that has Mr. Ballgame reeling. A Irish whip into the corner is reversed by Styles as Danny B crashes into the buckles. Freddie charges and jumps up for the Styles Splash!

Jim Gunt: The Ripper able to avoid the big time move attempted by Styles.. He boots Styles in the midsection, butterflies the arms... TRUE SIN!

Mike Rolash: Oh my, that was beautiful as Danny shoots the half, going for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Freddie's able to get the shoulder up as Danny appears frustrated as he thought the double arm DDT would have done it. He gets to his feet as Freddie rolls towards the ropes. Danny moves in as Styles is now back upright, he connects with another well timed combination that has Freddie rocked and out in the ropes. Danny goes for a boot but Freddie catches his foot as he now has Danny hopping backwards on one foot. Tripping The Ripper down onto the mat and looking for a half crab but Danny uses his free leg to shove Mr. Ballgame off and crashing to the canvas. Both men roll to their feet and charge towards each other.

Jim Gunt: RKS! RKS! HE JUST CAUGHT FREDDIE WITH THE RIPPER KILL SHOT!

Danny slithers on top of Freddie, going for the pin..

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Summits signals for the bell as the Salt Lake fans are in shock. Danny only smiles as he rolls out of the ring and heads towards the back, celebrating as he walks up the aisle.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, via pinfall.. "The Ripper" DANNY B!

The Ripper cockily waves farewell to the booing fans as he turns and walks through the curtain.

## **Ataxia vs. PJ Blake**

Match

Ataxia vs. PJ Blake

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....PJ BLAKE!!

Jim Gunt: The wild and crazy PJ Blake, you gotta love her!

Mike Rolash: Do you, Jim? PJ may have the crowd on her side here tonight, but she is desperately needing a win and going up against quite the challenge to get it...

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

"AHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA"

"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 her opponent, the Messiah Pariah....ATAXIA!!

Jim Gunt: After starting off the Alpha and Omega Tournament hotter than most with an undefeated streak, Ataxia has turned unbelievably cold as of late picking up loss after loss.

Mike Rolash: Who knows what is happening to the career of the masked maniac, maybe he's given up on his tirade to destroy Jaiden Rishel's CWF?

Jim Gunt: I believe he's tired of fighting the fight without his Forsaken buddies in tow. Unfortunately for Ataxia, he has a few more weeks to go before this tournament is said and done. So let's send things to the ring where Nick McArthur seems to be about done checking both competitors for weaponry!

Following his check on PJ Blake, McArthur comes over to Ataxia, patting the man down from his shoulders down to his pants area where he stops looking at the masked man with a weird look on his face. The Messiah Pariah shrugs, pulling a lengthy plunger out from his wrestling pants, cackling as he throws it aside. Nick McArthur simply shakes his head, PJ watching on in awe as he calls for the bell. Ataxia looks to take advantage of the befuzzled Blake, running at her and leaping up for a Cross Body Block!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia using all of his body to take down the Icon, PJ Blake. That was one hell of a distraction to start this match...

Mike Rolash: It's pretty obvious that Ataxia will do whatever it takes to get back in the win column at this point, Jimmy.

The bodies of Ataxia and PJ Blake roll over following the cross body block, the Messiah Pariah popping up to his feet first and looking to come right back onto the offensive quickly, going for a running clothesline. PJ is able to evade however, ducking underneath the arm of Ataxia and catching it on the way through, pulling him into a wrist lock. Ataxia attempts to turn his arm to get out of the hold, but receives a Back Heel Kick instead! PJ runs against the ropes as he brings himself back up, leaping up and springing off the ropes, flipping and flying into the air to hit her own Crossbody! Blake holds on, going for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Ataxia kicks out!

Jim Gunt: Battle of the Crossbody Blocks, and neither one is enough to put away their opponent!

Mike Rolash: I wish PJ Blake would crossbody me...

Jim Gunt: Mike!

Both competitors back up to their feet quickly, the pace of the match remains at a fast pace as Ataxia nails PJ Blake with a Roundhouse Kick. She is nearly out of her feet, but he pulls her in, tossing her hard into the corner. The Messiah Pariah licks his lips, pointing at his opponent before running into the corner and getting spiked in the face by a big boot from PJ Blake! She hurries up to the top rope, leaps off and hits a variation of the Legacy Frog Splash, going right through Ataxia to take him down to the canvas! Blake holds on for another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Jim Gunt: Great offense here by PJ Blake, she's doing everything in her power to keep her from taking another loss her tonight and eliminating her from any chance at placing in the tournament.

Mike Rolash: But Ataxia isn't giving up either, Jimmy. Blake is giving the masked psycho everything she has, and he keeps getting up asking for more...

Doing exactly that, Ataxia is on his hands and knees, asking the Icon for more punishment as he begins laughing right at her. PJ Blake looks out to the quieted fans and then back to Ataxia, shrugging before running right at him and executing a Shining Wizard Kick so beautiful it would make Miss America blush. The Messiah Pariah is unconscious in the middle of the ring, so Blake doesn't bother delivering any more pain to him, pushing him over and 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....PJ BLAKE!!

## **Duce Jones vs. Zolton**

Match

1 capture

22 Sep 2020

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**CHAMPIONS**

[World Champion](#)

Freddie Styles

Impact Champion

Johnny Graves

Paramount Champion

Zolton

Tag Team Champion

Autumn Raven and PJ Blake

Evolution 69

29 Oct 2019

Vivint Smart Home Arena, 18,300 (seats Salt Lake City, Utah)

Tweet Roleplay

Your Host For The Evening

Static...

Fade...

As Evolution 69 comes onto the airwaves we open with a previously recorded vignette. We open on an outside shot of the Vivint Smart House Arena, the site for tonight's super show. The sun is high, burning against a blue Utah sky: suggesting that the start of the show is still some time off. In the distance production trucks and trailers hauling equipment from town to town can be seen. There are several men and women milling about, doing whatever their job description requires for Evolution to go off without a hitch each week. And some things above and beyond their pay grade at times. Suddenly, the reigning CWF Impact Champion, Johnny Graves steps into the frame from the right.

Tonight Johnny is adorned in a black snakeskin blazer, black Levi 501s, a pair of black sunglasses with gold frames, and a golden crown with various jewels encrusted within it. The CWF Impact Championship hung around his neck as was customary for the Sin City Saint to do these days.

He stands perfectly still, his left shoulder aimed at the camera so that only his profile can be seen. He stares slightly up into the air, his expression blank. Several long moments pass with Johnny simply just standing there...

Johnny Graves: Welcome ladies and gentlemen to Evolution sixty-nine! I am your unofficial host of tonight's festivities because of course I am! Who else has the tongue game to host such a monumental event? Who else can control the cli... mate enough to match the importance of tonight's action? Who better to moisten your desire for violence? Ladies and gentlemen, there is only one man capable of bringin' you the satisfaction you crave. -Your- C... W... F... Im...

pact... Champion!

Johnny turns to face the camera revealing that under the blazer he wears a white T-shirt with the image of a black tie on it. Johnny's lips curl into a large smile as he stares into the camera's lens.

Johnny Graves: Tonight! The Alpha & Omega Tournament continues as we seek to crown a new CWF World Champion! Tonight there will be winners, there will be losers, dreams will become one step closer to achievement, and others will be dashed! Tonight the men and women that make this show the best thing goin' on Planet Earth will once again prove why CWF is the premiere source for professional wrestlin'!

Johnny takes a pause for a moment.

Johnny Graves: We kick things off with none other than 'The Dud' Jeff Jackson goin' one on one with Phoenix - gee my name is - LeStrange! Okay... okay I get it. Doesn't grab you. Doesn't get you quite amped enough. Well how about-

Johnny suddenly stops as Magdalena Lockheart steps into the frame staring at Johnny through narrowed eyes. She's dressed in a black leather jacket; opened to reveal a white T-shirt and black jeans that show off her figure. She wears the CW UltraViolent Championship around her waist. Johnny smiles towards Maggie.

Johnny Graves: Mags!

Maggie Lockheart: What are you doing?

Johnny looks around at his surroundings before returning his eyes to meet Maggie's.

Johnny Graves: I'm bein' the unofficial host of Evolution sixty-nine... 'Cause of my tongue game and my ability to control the cli...mate...

Maggie's lip curls in a slight sneer as she stares at Johnny. Her eyes betraying her disbelief in the words coming out of Johnny's mouth.

Maggie Lockheart: This is what you've been doing? I thought we were going to talk. You know, come up with a plan. Figure out if we're on the same page. Figure out how to become CWF Tag Team Champions. Track down whoever's responsible for costing me the Impact Championship. Any of this ringing a bell to you?

Johnny nods slightly.

Johnny Graves: Yeah but it's the super show and I'm not booked to wrestle so... I figured... host....

Maggie stares at Johnny, her expression blank. She opens her mouth but no words would come out. Finally she rolled her eyes with a shake of her head. She turned her back on him and walked out of frame leaving Johnny standing with his arms raised slightly in confusion.

Johnny Graves: Mags... Mags! ...Maggie!!

Johnny quickly walks off frame in pursuit of her. Even off frame you can hear him pleading with her.

Johnny Graves: C'mon! I'm doin' this for us, Mags! This is how we get what we want! Mags!

Fade...

Static...

Jeff Jackson vs. Phoenix LeStrange

Ray Douglas: Tonight's opening bout is an Alpha Block Match set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit!

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

the crowd for a few seconds and begins to walk with a purpose to the ring, the lyrics kick in.

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

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

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Halifax, Nova Scotia, he is the Killer....JEFF JACKSON!!

"But I'm not home, I'm not lost, still holding on to what I got. Ain't much left, Lord there's so much that's been stolen! I guess I've lost everything I've had, but I'm not dead, at least not yet. Still alone, still alive, still unbroken. I'm still alone, still alive, I'm still unbroken!"

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

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. 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. Jeff Jackson just shakes his head at the actions of LeStrange, ready to get the action started.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, the Deviant....PHOENIX LESTRANGE!!

Jim Gunt: Well this should be quite the battle to start things off this week, Mike.

Mike Rolash: I would say. Two completely different athletes here, although neither one of them have been able to obtain even a single point in the Alpha and Omega Tournament thus far.

Jim Gunt: No, but Jackson has certainly left his stamp on a number of athletes with influence from the new Judge persona he brings to the table only when he deems necessary.

Mike Rolash: And tonight is not one of those nights apparently, so I guess Phoenix ought to call herself lucky to not feel the Judgment of Jackson here tonight.

Scott Dean rings the bell, and Jeff Jackson immediately mauls LeStrange with a huge clothesline, bringing LeStrange up and over through the air and landing hard back to the canvas.

Jim Gunt: Not so fast, Mike, as Jackson still seems to be ready to deal some sort of judgment to the Odd One.

The Salt Lake City fans just watch on in awe as Jeff Jackson pulls up the already unconscious body of Phoenix back up, hitting another massive lariat, this time a running one from behind, sending the swaying figure of LeStrange down to a crumpled heap.

Jim Gunt: The Halifax Explosion! LeStrange hasn't even been to get out of the gates tonight, Jackson showing complete dominance!

Mike Rolash: And he's not finished, Jimbo! He's going for the Cobra Clutch, ohh and he locks in the crossface as well, there it is...the Garotte! And LeStrange is back awake, just long enough to tap out!

Dean calls for the bell ending the match and then quickly intervenes, pulling off the brute Jeff Jackson with all his might.

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

Jim Gunt: Big win for Jeff Jackson, as he finally picks up his first points of the tournament! Not like wins and losses have seemed to matter much to him as he's just enjoyed the physical destruction of his opponents with that Judgment Day mandible claw.

Mike Rolash: No, but it's got to be encouraging for him to get on the board, especially with things heating up as of late between him and Johnny Graves.

Starlight vs. Bubba Love

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

Richard Dawson's voice comes from the speakers, screaming, "Who loves you? Who do you love?!" The crowd jumps to its feet cheering and applauding as "What is Love" by Haddaway booms out of the speakers. This is the part where Bubba normally comes from the back, smiling, waving and greeting everyone he can as he enters the arena. However, on this particular night the stage remains empty, Love's music continuing to play away.

Jim Gunt: What's going on here, where's Bubba Love?

Mike Rolash: Maybe he gave up, Jimmy? He is eliminated from the tournament at this point...

Jim Gunt: Folks, I'm hearing that something is going on in the back, let's take you there...

The CWF Tron lights up, showing the backstage hallway corridor leading to the gorilla position. Scattered along the floor are both Bubba Love and Starlight! The two competitors bound to face each other this week looked to have brutally attacked before they even got to the curtain! Their bodies screwn on the floor, neither one are able to move as officials finally run into the scene to check on both of them.

Jim Gunt: I don't think we're going to be seeing these two fight anytime soon, I guess it's your call Ray?

We cut back to ringside where CWF ring announcer Ray Douglas has his right hand up to his ear, listening in on his earpiece.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, as per order of CEO Jaiden Rishel, because neither competitor are able to come to the ring by the count of ten...this match has been ruled a NO CONTEST! Neither Starlight or Bubba Love will pick up any points this evening!

Jim Gunt: Quite the ruling, but I would say it's the right call!

Mike Rolash: It's the only call, Jimbo. I'd still like to know who attacked Bubba and Starlight though, and why!?

Sean Fuller vs. Savannah Jade

Evolution returns from a commercial break, and Savannah Jade is already in the ring awaiting the arrival of her opponent. As "Tough" by Kellie Pickler fades away she throws her arm up into the air, three pointeds pointed directly at the ceiling. Scattered around her are various weapons; tables, ladders and kendo sticks.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, weighing in at one hundred and twenty five pounds and hailing from Nashville, Tennessee, she is the Living Dead Doll... SAVANNAH JADE!

There are scattered cheers for the CWF newcomer, who backs away into the corner of the ring.

Jim Gunt: Alright, I'll say it. What the hell are we about to witness here?

Mike Rolash: Whoever booked this card has a sick sense of humor, Jimbo. That poor girl is about to get picked apart, and we're all going to love every second of it.

The lights dim as “Iconic” by Ledger begins to play. A spotlight focuses on the stage as Sean Fuller emerges from backstage dressed in black tights with the word “Fuller” patterned down the leg in silver... and he’s pushing a trolley cart full of weapons to use in the match ahead!

Ray Douglas: And introducing the opponent, weighing in at two hundred and forty six pounds... SEAN FULLER!

A mixed reception for the resident loose cannon of the CWF as he begins to make his way down to the ring. Fuller twitches slightly and mutters to himself as he pushes his cart down the ramp, his attention focused entirely on Savannah Jade.

Jim Gunt: Sean Fuller is a weird dude.

Mike Rolash: You can say that again! We’ve seen his psyche crumble over the last few weeks, this guy belongs in a mental institution not a wrestling ring!

Jim Gunt: You could say that for a good portion of the roster actually...

As soon as Fuller reaches the bottom of the ramp Savannah Jade wastes no time in getting things underway by launching herself at the ropes and soaring through the air, taking both Fuller and his cart out with a suicide dive and sending weapons scattering everywhere! Both competitors are on their feet quickly, but it’s Fuller who capitalises by grabbing Jade around the waist and hitting a quick release German suplex on the outside mat!

Jim Gunt: Ring the damn bell Sal! The sooner this match starts the sooner we can put an end to this insanity!

Mike Rolash: Damn.. I forgot that Sal was even sitting over there.. Look out, he’s looking for a weapon!

Fuller searches through the scattered items from his trolley, eventually settling on a length of thick chain that he wraps around his fist. Jade climbs to her feet and charges at him in a plucky display of courage but Fuller swings and his fist sinks into her midsection sending her down to her knees. Fuller licks his lips and glances around wildly before grabbing Jade and tossing her into the ring underneath the bottom rope. He follows closely behind her, uncoiling the length of chain from his hand and whipping it against the mat as he waits for her to rise to her feet. As soon as she is upright he lashes out and whips the chain across her back, eliciting a scream of pain sending her right back down to her hands and knees.

Jim Gunt: This is barbaric, can’t we get a referee to stop this!?

Mike Rolash: This is a hardcore match, Jim! No disqualifications, no stoppages, no rules!

Fuller yanks Jade to her feet and scoops her around, parading around the ring with her in his arms before planting her into the mat with Down the Alley. Fuller rolls Jade over and covers her, and referee Clark Summits makes the count!

ONE!

TWO!!

THREE!!!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner... SEAN FULLER!

Fuller ignores Summits’ attempt to raise his hand and instead grabs a handful of Savannah Jade’s hair and pulls her to her feet. Summits protests loudly and tries to stop Fuller but he pushes him away roughly before giving Jade another Down the Alley in the middle of the ring. Fuller rolls and climbs to his feet before grabbing a nearby steel chair and placing it in the middle of the ring. He looks at Jade, then at the chair, before pulling her motionless body upright one more time.

Jim Gunt: Get in there and stop this!

Mike Rolash: Who the hell is going to try and stop THAT guy!?

The entire crew of referees spill out of the backstage area and run down to the ring accompanied by TJ Flint and several members of his security crew. They surround the ring while Fuller looks around at them wildly, occasionally making threatening motions towards Jade. Finally, to the shock of the crowd, he drops back and plants her face directly into the steel chair. The referees dive into the ring and restrain him on the mat as "Iconic" resumes playing over the sound system.

Jim Gunt: What we have witnessed here tonight was not a professional wrestling match, ladies and gentlemen. This was like watching a car wreck unfold before your very eyes.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, but don't tell me you could look away for a single second of it!

In the ring, the referees have Fuller restrained while members of the CWF medical team run down the ramp with a stretcher for Savannah Jade. The medics fix Jade onto the stretcher and carefully remove her from the ring while Fuller twitches uncontrollably, not calming down until she has disappeared backstage. Finally the referees release Fuller and give him a wide berth as he exits the ring looking a little bit shell shocked before Evolution cuts to the next segment.

The Lion Cometh II

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

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Melbourne, Australia, the Australian Submission Machine....NATHAN PARADINE!!

Nathan Paradine is in the ring awaiting his opponent when the arena lights flicker. After a few seconds, the video screen lights up. In a desert area, just like last week. The camera is stationary but somewhere nearby, off camera, is a sizzling sound.

A few moments later a rather large steak comes flying into the picture and falls into the reddish brown colored dirt. The steak is raw but for the BRAND seared into its surface: CWF The camera zooms outward a little, revealing the male lion from last week, though this time, the lion is dressed in chainmail. He sniffs the uncooked steak for a few seconds then touches it with his nose.

Then again.

The lion then lifts the steak with his mouth than flips it into his mouth. Within a few chomps, the steak is devoured. The screen goes dark.

NEXT WEEK

Again, the screen shows the lion in his chainmail but from the side rather than head on. In the chain mail that drapes the lions body is a blue iron cross design.

The lions roars and the scene fades leaving Nathan Paradine shaking his head and rolling his eyes.

Nathan Paradine vs. Joseph Svenson

Ray Douglas: The following is an Alpha Block Match set 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 as Paradine looks on, having already entered.

Ray Douglas: Introducing his opponent, from Virginia Beach, Virginia, No Gimmicks Needed....JOSEPH SVENSON!!

Mike Rolash: So this guy takes the phrase "No Gimmicks Needed" to a whole 'nother level, Jimbo. I'm surprised that Svenson has even showed up for tonight's match because he's yet to show up for his allotted time on CWF Wired for weeks now.

Jim Gunt: Maybe he has better things to do?

Mike Rolash: Apparently, like jobbing out every week of Alpha Block competition. Hopefully tonight is more of the same, because Paradine could really use a W after the last few weeks of tough losses!

With Paradine already in the ring following the mysterious video package, Joseph Svenson meets his opposition in the center of the ring, looking sure of himself despite having not picked up one victory in the entire tournament as the bell rings to begin the match. Svenson balls up his biceps, showing off for the Australian Submission Machine. Paradine is not in the mood, quickly taking him down with a russian leg sweep! He flops him over, Mark of Judas!

Jim Gunt: Holy shit, Paradine has the Mark of Judas locked on already!

Mike Rolash: The Australian Submission Machine is not messing around tonight, already having Svenson locked in the Gogoplata chokehold like a spider wrapping a web around it's prey. Svenson can fight all he wants, but it's over!

Joseph Svenson struggles momentarily, trying to roll over or fight his way out of the submission hold. Holding steadfast, Paradine shakes his head "no" as he yanks the hold in even harder. Svenson is finally forced to tap out, quickly hitting the mat to get himself out of the gates of hell. Paradine holds on for good measures however, several seconds passing after Robbins calls for the bell before he can come over and finally force him off.

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

Jim Gunt: Another quick and brutal affair! Svenson becomes shark bait as Nathan Paradine shows why he's not ready to give up just yet on this Alpha and Omega Tournament.

### Forgive, But Don't Forget

Paradine climbs to his feet as "Beat The Devil's Tattoo" resumes playing over the sound system, taking a moment to regard Joseph Svenson with distaste before allowing Trent Robbins to raise his arm in victory. As he paces around the ring celebrating his victory his music is abruptly cut off and "The Broken" by Coheed and Cambria begins to play instead.

Jim Gunt: Oh no, looks like we might see a little bit of payback for last week after all!

Mike Rolash: Paradine should know by now that there are consequences when you cross the boss!

Jaiden Rishel emerges from the backstage area the Carnage Wrestling Openweight Championship over his shoulder and a microphone in his hand. Paradine glances at Rishel, stuck between a rock and a hard place. Rishel motions for quiet as the music dies away but it still takes a moment or two before the audience allows him to speak. Rishel shoots Paradine a shit-eating grin before raising the microphone to speak.

Jaiden Rishel: Nathan, let me be the first to congratulate you on your showing out here tonight. It's not often that the CWF fans get to see such a display of aggression, where one wrestler dismantles another with such ease. Bravo, Nathan!

Rishel shoulders the title belt and begins to applaud, encouraging the crowd to join in. Paradine appears to be hesitant, suspecting some kind of trick, and he calls for a microphone of his own that Ray Douglas passes to him through the

ropes.

Nathan Paradine: Thanks mate, but I'm sure you'll forgive me for asking just what the hell is going on here?

Rishel looks hurt at the top of the stage and he places a hand of his chest in mock surprise.

Jaiden Rishel: Can't an employer come out to congratulate an employee on a job well done?

Nathan Paradine: I trust you about as far as I could bloody throw you, Rishel.

Jaiden Rishel: Look, Nathan... after that little incident between us last week, I thought long and hard about how I was going to get back at you. It wouldn't be enough for me to simply fire you, which I could very easily have done. I wanted to humiliate you like you humiliated me. I wanted to see you broken and beaten in front of the entire world.

Nathan Paradine: Come on then! You and me, right now!

Jaiden Rishel: Not tonight! Not tonight. Revenge is a game for lesser men, so what I just wanted you to know was... I forgive you, Nathan. I forgive you for chasing me around all night and ALMOST causing me to lose my Openweight Championship. I forgive you and I hope we can let bygones be bygones.

The crowd begins to rise in volume, both cheers and boos raining down on Paradine and Rishel. The Hostile Exile, although still suspicious, eventually nods.

Nathan Paradine: Okay, I'm glad that we can move past it. It was pretty bloody funny after all, wasn't it?

Jaiden Rishel: Very funny, Nathan. Hilarious in fact! But I just want you to know... just because I won't be the one beating you don't mean I'll just be letting you off the hook. Instead of taking care of you myself I went out, I found the hottest free agent on the pro wrestling scene today and I signed him to a CWF contract to do the job for me! He's young, he's talented and he's hungry for a shot at the big time; basically, he's everything you're not! And in good time, you'll get to meet this young prodigy. Not here tonight, in the trash heap known as Salt Lake City. But soon... so if I were you'd, I'd start watching my back. Have a good night!"

"The Broken" resumes playing as Rishel raises his title to more jeers from the crowd before turning as disappearing backstage. The camera lingers for a moment on Nathan Paradine who throws his arms up into the air in frustration before Evolution cuts to a commercial.

Amy Jo Smyth vs. Konrad Raab

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

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, aiming 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: 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, landing in a split in the middle of the ring.

Jim Gunt: Amy Jo Smyth has made quite the impression since coming into CWF, and as many will remember she actually wrestled a match for us long before the Alpha and Omega Tournament started.

Mike Rolash: That's right, Smyth took part in the Superwoman Battle Royale on Evolution 50. It's almost strange to think how long ago that was now, Jimbo.

Jim Gunt: Indeed, but Smyth has truly become a mainstay here. Her opponent Konrad Raab can say the same actually, as both have put up decent efforts in this tournament.

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 her 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 is do or die time for the Iceman, who would need to win out the rest of the tournament and even get a couple miracles to allow him to place either first or second and win a title shot at the Genesis pay per view.

Mike Rolash: Both Smyth and Raab desperately need the win here, but only one can get it. So let's send it to the ring where referee Nick McArthur has already done his check ups on both competitors, and is ready to get this thing started!

CWF's youngest official backs up after calling for the bell, Raab and Smyth coming to the middle of the ring and locking up immediately. Despite the massive size advantage for Konrad Raab, Amy Jo shows no fear, somehow backing him up into the corner. She strikes him across the chest with a knife edge chop. But he comes right back with a massive European Uppercut. Raab grabs ahold of the Good Doctor, Suplexing her right into the corner! Placing two feet on the bottom ropes, Raab pulls himself up to the middle ones and then comes down on Smyth with an Elbow Drop!

Jim Gunt: The Iceman coming out hot tonight, you think he may melt himself?

Mike Rolash: That was corny, Jim, I think you've been hanging around me too long...

Jim Gunt: Definitely. Definitely too long.

Following the elbow drop, Raab drags Smyth to the center of the ring, looking for an early cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Smyth kicks out at two, and Konrad Raab brings her right back to her feet by her hair, eliciting a few boos from the crowd. Smyth suddenly leaps up, crushing him with the Five-O rising knee strike! Raab is out on his feet, but remains on them, wobbling back and forth! Backflip Jumping Kick! Raab finally goes down, and Smyth does another cartwheel around the ring, getting the fans up to their feet.

Jim Gunt: The athletic prowess of the Good Doctor is amazing, Mike.

Mike Rolash: She can do flipsies and dives, but can she actually get the job done when it counts?

Jim Gunt: SQUASHED FROG! I think the answer is yes, because Smyth just nailed the beautiful running backflip standing Corkscrew Moonsault! It's gotta be over now!

Following the moonsault, Smyth holds on for the cover as her fanbase counts along with Nick McArthur.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

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

Jim Gunt: There it is, big win for the Good Doctor and Konrad Raab is now officially eliminated from the tournament!

Mike Rolash: Of course he'll still have to battle on the next two weeks of competition, playing spoiler as he tries to do just what Amy Jo did to him tonight...eliminate the competition at all cost.

#### A Surprise Delivery

The scene cuts to the backstage area of the Vivint Smart House Arena, where the cameras pick up inside the locker room of Johnny Graves. Johnny - still decked out in his 'formal' attire - stands perfectly still, his head lifted towards the heavens, his eyes closed. Not that you'd really be able to tell with the sunglasses he wears. After several moments Johnny lowers his chin to look directly into the camera's lens.

Johnny Graves: Ladies and gentlemen, what a night tonight has been! As promised there have been winners! There have been losers! The electricity in the air tonight is palpable! Everyone is on the edge of their seats to see who will gain ground, who will pull away from the pack, who will build momentum heading into the final stages of this tournament! Evolution sixty-nine might go down as the greatest display of professional wrestling this world has ever known! ...Not to mention, the fantastic abilities of your unofficial host... -your- CWF Impact Champion... the Sin City Saint... Johnny Graves!

Johnny chuckles confidently for a moment.

Johnny Graves: What a show we've had so far! How about that hardcore match between Sean Fuller and Savannah Jade!? I mean... got dayum what a fight! I'll tell you what, Sean Fuller might be the most borin' personality on the roster but that man is no joke. I would know. I fought him. I won. Anyways! How 'bout Amy Jo Smyth? Am I right? ...Not sure where I was goin' with that. Bein' the unofficial host is hard work. Gimme a break!

Johnny rubs his hands together, the expression on his face suggesting he is extremely excited.

Johnny Graves: But ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls... we are just gettin' started. We still have so many amazing match-ups to come! Match-ups like Ryu vs Amanda Shadows! Anorexia vs BJ Blake! And in the main event... my dude, Duce Jo-

Johnny stops suddenly and his attention is pulled to something off camera. A small man in a courier's uniform steps into the scene. Johnny reaches up and plucks the glasses from his eyes. His eyes narrowed in an intense glare as he stares down at the man interrupting his moment.

Johnny Graves: Please! Explain to me why you're interruptin' me right now...

The courier looks nervous.

Courier: Uh... well I was hired to... to deliver this to you...

The courier holds up a large manilla envelope and slightly extends his arms offering it to Johnny. Johnny's lips threaten to curl into a snarl as he continues to glare at the man. When he does speak, his voice comes out low and menacing. He snatches the envelope from the man's hands.

Johnny Graves: Leave!

The man quickly scurries off scene. Johnny glares in the direction the man ran off in. After several moments he turns his attention to the envelope in his hands. He pulls the tab up, opening the envelope and reaches inside. He pulls out what appears to be the blank white backside of a photograph. As he pulls the photo free from its manilla casing his expression immediately changes. Rage fills his eyes. The right corner of his mouth twitches, threatening to reveal the emotions that brew beneath the surface. After a few seconds Johnny shoves the picture back into the envelope and stares off camera. Finally he turns his attention back to the camera, his expression blank while his eyes scream the rage burning inside him.

Johnny Graves: Excuse me...

Without another word, Johnny storms off scene. The sound of the locker room door slamming shut is heard before the scene fades to black...

JC vs. "Marksman" Jay Mora

We cut back to ringside where The Marksman is already standing inside of the ring with Ray Douglas as "Mosh" finishes up.

Jim Gunt: Well it seems that Johnny Graves was less than enthused with the package that was just delivered to him.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, I don't know what has our host for the evening so upset but hopefully in due time, we will find out. But what about Jaiden's announcement about having someone to take out the "Australian Submission Machine" and could it possibly be tied to whoever it was behind that video before Nathan's match?

Jim Gunt: Big night so far with more questions than answers. Who attacked LeStrange and Love, the video, that picture that Graves just recieved?

Mike Rolash: I have no idea, Jimbo but it's time for some more Alpha & Omega action as former Paramount Champion, The Marksman is currently inside of the ring. Take it away Ray!

The camera switches over to Ray who's ready to do his job.

Ray Douglas: The following Omega Block contest is scheduled for one fall... and has a thirty minute time limit! Introducing first... currently inside of the ring! Jay "THE MARKSMAN" Mora!

Boos ring out from the Utah fans but Mora could give a fuck less as he stretches in his designated corner. There's then

a voice that speaks over the PA system.

"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 Vivint Smart Home Arena as he makes his way to the ring to the sounds of the chorus.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, from Jersey City, New Jersey! Weighing in at two hundred and fifty-five pounds... "The Answer" JC!

JC slides into the ring and climbs up on the middle rope of the side with the hard camera, raising his arms up and down to try 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.

Jim Gunt: JC has recently been "The Answer" to the question of who looks to be the odds on favorite to come out of the Omega Block.

Mike Rolash: JC's been performing like he still has youth on his side as his showings in the Omega Block have been more than stellar.

"Big" Denny Davidson finishes up his check on JC and immediately signals for the bell as both men begin to circle the ring. They lock-up and JC quickly displays his power by grabbing Mora by the head and forcefully shoving him face first into the canvas. Bouncing up to his knees, Mora checks the early damage done to his face as JC mockingly slaps him across the head. Infuriated, The Marksman looks around to the cheering fans in anger, then to a smiling JC who tells him to bring a real fight.

Jim Gunt: What power shown by JC in the early goings, easily forcing Mora to the mat.

Mike Rolash: Markie had so much potential when he first showed up in the CWF. But after awhile his stock slowly began to dwindle.

Jim Gunt: Exactly, coming in, he was a heavy favorite to be in the finals but he's found himself already eliminated from the competition.

Mike Rolash: I had so much hope for my boy Markie.. Do you remember the classic he had against Christian STARR?

Jim Gunt: Who can forget such a contest?

With a confident smile on his face JC looks over at the agitated Marksman who motions for him to bring it. They both circle the ring and tie-up once again, Marksman quickly ducks behind JC for a rear waistlock and smoothly transitions into a side headlock. He wrenches down on the hold as The Answer fights against his grip, soon able to power Mora's hands from around his neck and brings him for a headlock of his own before flipping over to the canvas with a takeover. Mora slaps the canvas in frustration as JC cinches down tight on the hold. Jay searches for an escape and soon finds one as he wraps his legs around JC's head forcing him to release his grip. Now sensing that he may be in trouble, JC calmly begins to contort and position his body until he's able to flip free to his feet! The Salt Lake fans show their admiration as JC bows to them, Mora however is on his back, less than impressed.

Jim Gunt: What an escape by JC, showing that having nearly twenty years of experience, he hasn't lost a step yet.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, he's been going strong over in Carnage Wrestling and hasn't showed any signs of slowing down.

Mora is back to his feet and catches a charging JC with a drop toe hold, popping up to his feet, The Marksman begins to mockingly slap JC across the head. JC quickly gets vertical and now stares death in Marksman, he charges with a punch but Mora ducks, they spin towards each other and Mora slaps JC hard across the face! A loud "OH!" ring out from the Salt Lake fans as rage now builds up in The Answers' eyes. Backing up near the ropes in confidence, Jay

Mora watches as JC looks over, stunned at the official. Davidson throws his hands up, saying that it was a legal strike. Mora laughs and JC explodes, racing at The Marksman and destroying his face!

Jim Gunt: BIG BOOT OF DEATH BY JC! BUT THE MARKSMAN GOES TUMBLING THROUGH THE ROPES!

Mike Rolash: Talk about catching a break, it could've easily been all over just then.

The Marksman lies sprawled on the floor as JC checks his jaw and angrily heads for the ropes and climbs outside. He brings Mora upright and forcefully shoves him back first into the apron, eliciting a cry of pain to escape The Marksman's voice box. Staggering along ringside and clutching at his back, Mora is clocked by a brutal right hand from The Answer. Crumpling to the floor, Mora is in major trouble as JC brings him back up and rolls him into the ring, soon following suit. Just as JC steps through the ropes, Mora pops to his feet and decks JC with his own right hand! The Answer is rocked as Mora whips him into the ropes, no, reversal by JC and it's The Marksman who rebounds off the ropes. JC catches him and in a display of pure strength tosses him overhead with a belly-to-belly suplex!

Jim Gunt: The Marksman is trying to put up a fight but JC seems to have an answer for everything that he tries to attempt.

Mike Rolash: Answer huh? I saw what you did there Jimmy Dean.. Good one.

JC looks incensed as a retreating Mora searches for refuge in a nearby corner, however he doesn't find it as JC is right on him with vicious shots to the skull and body. He yanks Mora out of the corner and onto his shoulders as he moves towards the center of the ring. With a loud roar he spins The Marksman through the air and plants him into the mat with a spinebuster, or as he likes to call it, Solitaire Unraveling! Now looking down at the cringing Mora, JC shoves him to canvas and goes for the pin as Davidson is over to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Mora rolls his shoulder off the canvas just before Denny is able to slap it for the third time. JC rises to his feet as Mora slowly raises up off the mat. The Answer shoots a hard kick into his back that causes the fans to cringe themselves. Looking to cause more pain, he locks on a Dragon Sleeper which causes Mora to frantically flail his free arm, looking for a way out. For the time being, he is unable to find one as The Answer has the hold locked on deep.

Jim Gunt: The Marksman in big time trouble as JC has that Dragon Sleeper on very tight!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, it's becoming very bleak for the former CWF Paramount Champion.

Struggling to get free, The Marksman appears out of it before receiving a sudden surge of energy. He begins to fight against the hold and is finally able to make it to his feet. With JC's grip loosened, Mora is able to spin himself into a front facelock and begins to fire shots into JC's midsection. Releasing his grip, JC decks Mora with a hard right hand that drops him to the canvas. Feeling that he has things in firm control, JC brings Mora back vertical and whips him violently into the corner where he crashes back first into the buckles! Mora slumps to the canvas in clear agony.

Jim Gunt: Vicious irish whip by JC as he moves in on Mora and brings him back up.. Biel Toss by JC!

Mike Rolash: He damn near tossed him clear across the ring. If Markie has any intention of winning this match, he better do something fast.

Crawling into the nearby corner, Mora uses the ropes to get to a vertical base. JC charges in with reckless abandon but crashes into the buckles himself as The Marksman is able to dodge out of the way. Recovering, Mora runs towards towards the ropes and bounces off, sprinting at JC. He connects with a clothesline but JC is still standing as he roars in Mora's face. The Marksman rebounds once again and attempts another clothesline but JC ducks, Mora rebounds off

the opposite set and catches The Answer with his patented spear!

Jim Gunt: BULLSEYE BY MORA! AND HE'S GOING FOR THE PIN!

Davidson comes rushing over to make the count.

ONE!

TW-NO!

JC powerful kicks out, shaking his head in denial as a frustrated Mora looks at Davidson and claps his hand rapidly together three times, demanding that he count faster next time. Mora gets back vertical and clubs JC across the back with a hard forearm as he tries to rise up. Fighting through the pain, JC gets vertical as The Marksman tries to whip him into the corner but The Answer reverses and it's Mora who crashes against the buckles. He charges in at Mora but The Marksman catches him with a back elbow that sends him staggering back, clutching at his jaw. Recovering quickly though, JC runs in again but Mora uses his quickness to get out of the way. He races to the ropes and rebounds, charging full speed at a turning JC.

Jim Gunt: BIG BOOT OF DEATH FOR THE SECOND TIME BY JC AND HE'S GOING FOR THE PIN!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, it's academic from here..

Davidson is on the mat making the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

"Big" Denny Davidson signals to Sal to ring the bell as JC rises off of The Marksman, raising his hand in victory.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, via pinfall.. earning two points in the Omega Block! JC!

JC looks down at a reeling Marksman and smirks before exiting the ring and heading towards the back.

Jim Gunt: Impressive showing by the Carnage Wrestling veteran who looks to finish strong in the Alpha & Omega Tournament.

Mike Rolash: At this point, the question is who's going to stop him from taking that top spot.

Jim Gunt: In my opinion, Kyueishu and Silas Artoria are strong picks for the Omega Block as well.

Mike Rolash: Well it's definitely coming down to the wire and I for one am excited to see the final conclusion.

About Time

The scene is filled with darkness when suddenly it's taken over by the sight of dripping blood. It consumes the scene before switching to the smiling face of Byson Kaliban. His patented shit-eating grin is bigger than ever as he looks, gleefully into the camera.

Byson Kaliban: Hey!

He continues to smile as the boos of the Salt Lake fans inside of the Vivincit Smart Arena. He doesn't care though as she continues on.

Byson Kaliban: A little over a month ago, we asked... pleaded.. I would say beg..

He scoffs a bit.

Byson Kaliban: ..but I'm not a begging man.. But i went out, in front of the world and asked Mr. Rishel for some viable opponents for my clients, Most Known Unknowns... And in response, what did we hear from you Jaiden?

Byson goes silent as he tries to stress his point before speaking loudly into the camera.

Byson Kaliban: CRICKETS! NOT A WORD! As my great clients would say, silencio.. Nada.. Just nothing from anyone with any inkling of having any kind of authority around this place. But then, my assistants who lurk through the Twitter world came to me, telling me how Silas Artoria wanted to run his mouth about us not defending the belts.

He laughs.

Byson Kaliban: At least you addressed the right person in Jaiden because my guys have been chomping at the bit... in anticipation for some real competition around here and tonight, they just might get it.. So who's it gonna be that steps inside of the ring with Vince and Omar tonight.. Is it gonna be the Lunatic Gentlemen and the white guy with the Japanese name..? Or is it going to be the impressive Impact Champ and that other chick..? Who?

Byson's smile fades as he stares intently into the lens of the camera.

Byson Kaliban: Some past team to kick start some nostalgic shit? Or maybe it's some random pairing of nobodies who will get their ass kicked, just like any other team to step up. Tonight! The Most Known Unknowns walk in to this Masquerade fiasco, CWF Tag Team Champions and will walk out exactly the same..

Fade.

Most Known Unknowns (c) (Omar Martinez & Vince Espinoza) vs. ???

Ray Douglas: The following is a...erm...Masquerade Ball Match for the CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIPS! This match will be contested under normal Tag Team match rules, only with both teams wearing masquerade-type masks...

"Second Death of Souls" by Matriarch blasts over the speaker system and Byson Kaliban and Nina accompany the massive tag team of Omar Martinez and Vince Espinoza out, both men wearing purple and blue masks, Espinoza dangling it over his normal heavy mask. The Tag Team champions pat the gold on their shoulders confidently, walking down to the ring with purpose.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, accompanied by Nina and Byson Kaliban respectively, the reigning and defending CWF Tag Team Champions, Vince Espinoza and Omar Martinez....MOST KNOWN UNKNOWN!!

The Most Unknowns place their titles onto the announce table of Gunt and Rolash in sync, the two men nodding at each other before leaping up onto the apron with the ropes in hand. They turn around, soaking in the boos from the Salt Lake City fans as they each raise an arm in the air. The two men eventually enter the ring, testing out the ropes and repositioning the masks on their faces as they wait for their opponents.

Jim Gunt: I have to say, as much as I'm supposed to talk about the challenge that MKU face going up against mystery opponents here tonight with their titles on the line...I just can't take my eyes off the masquerade masks these two men have on...

Jim attempts to stop himself from laughing as his broadcast partner just shakes his head.

Mike Rolash: Wait until Vince and Omar watch the playback, they're going to kill you Jim!

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 heavy beat of "Terrorstorm" blasts from the various speakers throughout the venue. 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 two athletes steps out onto the stage, both of them wearing dazzling, detailed masquerade masks. One male, one female, the male actually adorning the CWF Impact Championship around his neck. The female tries her best to hide what looks to be recent injuries.

Jim Gunt: Well, this couldn't be any more obvious...

Mike Rolash: Looks like Johnny Graves and his girl Maggie Lockheart have accepted the challenge of MKU, this should be an interesting matchup to say the least!

Jim Gunt: Watch calling Maggie Graves' girl, I haven't heard that they were official yet. But as you can see ladies and gentlemen, if this IS Graves and Lockheart, Maggie took some heavy damage at the recent Carnage Wrestling PPV Season of the Witch where she actually defeated Myra Lynnwood for the Ultraviolet Championship!

Jim Gunt: And it certainly was ultraviolet, there was blood everywhere that night!

Mike Rolash: Indeed, and look who's accompanying these two "mystery opponents" here tonight...

To make the team's identity any more obvious, the masked competitors are followed by the Amazonian bodyguard known as Aeryka Aries. They make their way down the rampway, the male coming around and holding the ropes open for the female to enter before turning back around and gracefully placing his title belt atop of the ring steps.

Jim Gunt: Scott Dean is the official on the call, and he's going to have his hands full with this one...

Mike Rolash: Johnny Graves, as well as other CWF superstars such as Silas and Kyuseishu, have recently called out the Tag Team Champions for not defending their titles in the allotted monthly time. Tonight at least one team gets what they asked for, we just aren't exactly sure who...

Jim Gunt: Oh come on Mike, you know that's Graves and Lockheart as well as I do!

Dean is able to get both teams into their corner, ringing the bell once Omar Martinez and the male challenger enter the ring. Before entering, the challenger pats his partner on the shoulder, the female clearly heading back out to the apron looking more than a little ginger. Turning back around, the male is immediately clocked by a right hand from Martinez! Omar grabs him in, shoulder blocking him to literally take the air from him before whipping him hard into the ropes. Graves is able to leap frog over top of Martinez as he ducks down however, and Martinez turns right back around into the Taste of Sin Superkick!

Martinez goes down like a sack of bricks, and the male masquerade ball dancer that looks a lot like Johnny Graves turns to his partner, crawling towards her. She reaches out despite still clearly showing she's in some pain, making the tag into the ring to stop Omar from doing the same. She bounces off the ropes, hitting big Espinoza with an elbow to the double masked face that drops him off the apron before coming back around and hitting a Leg Lariat that topples the rising Martinez!

Jim Gunt: Wow, what offense from the challengers!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, you gotta think these two have teamed in the past...

Jim Gunt: Yes, Graves and Lockheart have...

Mike Rolash: Oh come on Jimbo, let the fans and I have a little fun. We're trying to play the guessing game, god damn it!

The female looks to continue her offense, bringing Omar Martinez right back down with a Japanese Arm Drag. She holds on, looking for an arm bar but he is able to use his power to easily throw her off. She gets back to her feet but eats a massive big boot from Martinez! He drags her over, tagging in Vince Espinoza just as he gets back onto the apron. The two men throw Lockheart into the ropes, catching her with a Double Sidewalk Slam on the return! Her male partner attempts to intervene, but Dean stops him at the underpass! Martinez rolls out of the ring, allowing his partner to go for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Ref be damned, the male challenger comes flying through the ropes, leaping up to Curb Stomp Espinoza in the back of his masked skull! He rolls back to his feet, punt kicking him right in the face! The male challenger has the crowd solidly on his side now as he drags his half dead partner over to their side, exiting the ring just long enough to tag back into the match! He re-enters the ring, but it's too late, as Espinoza rises up and destroys him with a Pounce! The massive Espinoza adjusts his mask, picking up his challenger to throw him hard into the ropes. But he comes back at full speed, leaping up to smash him with a huge V-Trigger style knee!

Jim Gunt: The Silencer!

Mike Rolash: That's Johnny Graves' move!

Jim Gunt: No shit...

Espinoza goes down like a rock, and the crowd is half booing, half cheering as what looks to be Johnny Graves under a masquerade ball mask lands atop of the big man, looking to pick up his second CWF title.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

AND THE LIGHTS GO OUT!?

WHAT THE FUCK!?

The Salt Lake City fans first scream aloud and then fall silent as the lights quickly turn back on, revealing two more male figures inside the ring with similar masquerade ball masks hiding their identity! Both men stand in the center of the ring, massive figures that stand at over six feet tall a piece. All four of the competitors in the match meet them in the ring, first the female and male challengers coming at the bigger man and taking a MASSIVE double clothesline for their troubles! The force knocks both of them over the ropes and to the floor! MKU look like they'll be more of a challenge however, as Espinoza leaps up to hit a Pounce on the other man. Instead he grabs him out of mid-air, showing absolute brute strength in tossing him high overhead right into the corner!

Jim Gunt: What the hell is going!? We need some help out here!

Mike Rolash: Looks like MKU and their supposed challengers are getting all the help they need, as far as I'm concerned!

The last man standing in opposition, Omar Martinez comes forward fearlessly just to take a big boot from one of the masked men. He drags Martinez up to his feet, effortlessly throwing him up into the air where his partner catches him out of mid-air with a Neckbreaker. The two men stand over the destruction, finally unmasking themselves to be...two men that are unknown to the CWF audience. The sold out crowd boo immediately, showing their disdain for not only the two men but their actions.

Jim Gunt: Who are these behemoths and what the hell do they want?

Mike Rolash: And I thought MKU were the most known unknowns! Haha, whatever these two want, I would bet on them easily getting it, Jimmy! I guess we'll find out soon, but it looks like this match is ending in a No Contest since neither one of these teams can continue following THAT.

Kyuseishu vs. Autumn Raven

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

Purple lights shine around the top of the ramp, fog rolling around it as the beginning lyrics of the song 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. She runs to the corner turnbuckle, climbing to the second one, taunting the crowd, as she flings her arms out to the sides once again before climbing down.

Jim Gunt: Big week for Autumn Raven, as she prepares for what could be her most important match of the entire tournament!

Mike Rolash: Autumn fell behind in the early going of the tournament, leaving her struggling to keep pace with the top runners. She goes up against one of them here tonight, however, so if she can pull off a win versus Kyuseishu she'll bring herself up to eight points!

The arena lights go off as "Personal Jesus" starts to play while the rampway fills with purple smoke. The crowd waits before the drums kick in, and out enters Kyuseishu under a single white spotlight. Behind him march 11 red suited kabuki masked wearing disciples. Kyuseishu's jet black hair pulled back in a bun in is in the all too familiar traditional samurai hair style, and wearing a men's blue and black Kimono he raises his arms in a pose of the cross. He soaks in the jeers from crowd before clapping his hands together and bowing towards the ring. The battle is upon him as he slowly walks to the ring hands out and palms up looking to the skies focused only on his battle. Kyuseishu says a small prayer before entering the ring removing his Kimono and mask showing off his powerful body as he looks with one eye through a triangle formed by his hands.

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

Jim Gunt: Kyuseishu is coming into this match on quite the roll, Mike, having won his first main event match of the tournament just last week.

Mike Rolash: While the masked freak Ataxia went down in flames, the Social Justice Samurai has been running through his competition like the flame of Christ himself!

Jim Gunt: Well he is the self proclaimed Second Coming...

Trent Robbins brings both competitors to the center of the ring following his check ups on both of them, calling for the bell and stepping back as Autumn quickly snaps into action, running up the body of Kyuseishu like a brick wall and

leaping up to bring him over with a snap Headscissors Takedown. But Kyu flips over and lands right back on his feet! The Social Justice Samurai's hands go out to maintain his balance, as his smile comes on bright across his face. He looks across the ring at Autumn Raven, calling her in.

Autumn comes running towards her opponent again, once again leaping up but this time Kyuseishu catches her with both arms, doubling his much smaller opposition over with a Fallaway Slam! The Second Coming of Christ saunters across the ring, walking up and over Autumn with his hands in the air soaking in all the jeers from the Salt Lake City crowd.

Jim Gunt: Seems like the crowd here tonight in Salt Lake City is giving your Kyuseishu the same reception that much of the world gives him.

Mike Rolash: This country, hell the whole world, doesn't know what's best for them. They should be bowing at the feet of the great Kyuseishu, asking the Second Coming for redemption!

Jim Gunt: You mean forgiveness, Mike...?

Mike Rolash: Yeah, whatever it is.

Still making his way around the ring like it's a beauty pageant, Kyuseishu finally lowers his hands, giving the stink eye to the Utah crowd before turning back around just in time to get rolled up into a quick pin attempt by the awaiting Autumn Raven!

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO!

Kyuseishu kicks out of the rollup, popping right back to his feet to attempt an angry but wild clothesline that Autumn is easily able to duck under. He turns back around, and she shoots the Claw of the Night Superkick! But Kyuseishu is able to evade this time, dropping backwards to execute a picture perfect matrix type move. The sold out crowd and Autumn Raven herself watch on in awe, but it's not long before she shakes her head out of frustration, backing up and bouncing off the ropes. The Social Justice Samurai is back up and ready for her though, grabbing ahold of both Autumn's arms on the way through and taking her over with a Double Underhook Suplex!

Jim Gunt: Impressive reversals from both competitors here as they try to evade what could be the one move that knocks them out of the match here tonight.

Mike Rolash: Well that Claw of the Night would have certainly done it, we have seen Autumn Raven put out many competitors with that Superkick in the past. One taste of Autumn's boot would have spelled nighty night for our Kyuseishu!

Bringing Autumn up with an Abdominal Stretch, she's finally able to break out sending the Social Justice Samurai into the ropes. Raven leaps up high as Kyuseishu runs through, and when she bounces off the ropes and comes back it is the Second Coming who sends her monkey flipping over to the canvas. But she's right back on her feet, running at Kyuseishu without abandonment, And her catches her...TILT A WHIRL BACKBREAKER!

Autumn is writhing in pain, and Kyuseishu is laughing aloud, calling on the power of Christ to end this thing!

Jim Gunt: Big backbreaker for Kyuseishu as he calls for the end of the match now.

Mike Rolash: The power of Christ compels you!

Jim Gunt: We're not doing an exorcism for God's sakes, Mike...

Lifting Autumn up to her feet, Kyuseishu spikes her on the back of her head with a Lord's Lariat. She already seems

like she's finished but the Social Justice Samurai tucks her between his legs for good measure...DEEDS OF THE SAINTS! Raven is planted right on her head! Kyuseishu pushes her onto her back, confidently raising his body over hers.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

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

Silas Artoria vs. Ariel Shadows

The introductory tones of 'Hip Hop is Dead' starts to chime in, before hitting the main beat. The crowd respond favourably to this, as The Dreamcatcher emerges from behind the curtain. Holding of the peace sign, she starts her walk down the ramp and towards the ring, discarding her sunglasses and kicking the sandals off her feet.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is an Alpha and Omega tournament match, scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Anchorage, Alaska. The Dreamcatcher, ARIEL SHADOWS!

Jim Gunt: The Dreamcatcher is coming into this match in a very difficult position. She has six points, tied in place with Ataxia, but is on the brink of being eliminated alongside Love, Mora, Starlight, Blake, and now Raven! One more loss and it's over!

Mike Rolash: It's almost unfair to pair her up with Silas.

Jim Gunt: Unfortunately, that's the nature of the Alpha and Omega tournament. Like it or not, you're going to be placed in situations that are unfavourable to you!

She slides into the ring, ready to roll, as the lights go out. There's an eerie done in the background. Nothing aggressive, not red lights to indicate the Passenger present. No ominous voices are present.

Soon, the hook for 'Spoiler' by Hyper kicks in, and the titantron flickers in white interference. An outline of two figures can be seen, and soon, purple and other deep neon colours cover the stage, and at the centre stands Silas Artoria and his mentor.

Silas in a white shirt, black overcoat with a neon outline to light up his upper body, and sunglasses to complete the look.

Little acknowledgement as he begins his descent down the ramp and towards the ring.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent. From Toronto, Canada. The Psychopathic Aristocrat, SILAS ARTORIA!

Jim Gunt: Well, we've seen a different side to Silas in the past few weeks and it looks like the Omega favourite is trying a new look. Radical change. Seems like the "Psychopathic Aristocrat" is ill fitting for this look.

Mike Rolash: You want my thoughts?

Jim Gunt: Not particularly but go ahead.

Mike Rolash: I like it! Fresh, bold, stark contrast to his rich boy outfit! Only downside is that we need to photograph him again for our roster profile!

Silas looks upon the woman in the ring, before carefully taking off his jacket and handing it to Ito. His white shirt covers his body, but one arm is exposed, and the other is completely wrapped with a white tape. A black glove at the end completes the covering. Ariel looks upon her opponent with a sense of determination, while Silas keeps his transfixed

gaze on her. She couldn't help but look upon his concealed arm.

DING!

Jim Gunt: And our athletes respective seventh round has begun!

The two are slow to start, initially circling around each other trying to find a clear weakness. Silas is the first to make a move, as he quickly leans forward to try and grab her arm. She jumps back, but Silas dashes forward and behind her. Waist lock, trying to get her off her feet. She grabs hold of his wrist, and lightly twists it, breaking herself free. Under the arm for the wrist lock, keeping the Canadian under control. Silas grabs her wrist and swings under, locking her in. Another twist under her arm to keep her under control. He swings under her again, forcing her to tumble forward onto her back. Her arm locked to the mat, Silas swings his leg back and aims for the arm. She spins, and grabs him in a headlock. She cinches it in tightly, but Silas' free arms breaks him free. Headlock on Ariel, and he tightens the grip.

Ariel tries to push free, but can't. She pulls the two of them backwards and into the ropes, and the bounce forces Silas to break free and head to the opposite ropes. He comes back, Ariel quickly ducks under. He bounces back, Ariel jumps over! He returns, Ariel attempting an arm drag, but Silas quickly cartwheels to the side as Ariel lands on her back. She jumps up and sees Silas charging towards her. The armdrag takedown works! She scrambles to lock his head in, but he breaks free. The two jump to their feet, and Ariel charges towards him. Armdrag takedown on Ariel! And Silas locks in the headlock. Ariel can't break free, but her legs take hold of Silas' neck and forces the reverse of advantage! Silas struggles to break free, but his legs swing around to lessen the advantage. His head is still pinned between her legs, but his back is upright.

Ariel wraps her arms around him, and thrusts her legs upwardward. Gravity takes hold. SILAS' HEAD GETS SPIKED! Ariel goes to her feet, as Silas grips his head.

Jim Gunt: Very inventive move.

Mike Rolash: A mini piledriver?

Jim Gunt: Think about it Mike. What move has put away most of the competitors in the tournament? The Fall of Man. You have a small chance to escape from that electric chair position, and if Silas withstands those strikes to the head for long enough, it's over. But if you make the head and neck sore enough, even a flick could be enough to avoid that devastating move!

Ariel pulls Silas up by the ear, and a light headbutt to put him into the corner. Silas blinks twice in a daze, before Ariel headbutts him again. Silas tumbles down the rope line towards the turnbuckle on the opposite side, but Ariel grabs her arm. Hard whip to the opposite turnbuckle, Silas bounces off roughly, and lands on the mat. Ariel looks at her opponent, whom is grunting and clutching his head in pain, then grabs hold of his hair as he stands back up. Head first into the turnbuckle. Silas holds onto the top as to not collapse again. Ariel grabs the arm again, and whips him to the opposite corner. Silas hits it, but sustains himself, just as Ariel dives towards him with a hard shoulder. Silas stumbles forward, as Ariel hits the ropes. She sprints back towards him! SNAP-RANA SENDS ARIEL TUMBLING OUT OF THE RING! Ariel lands like a sack of potatoes, as Silas grips his neck and head.

Jim Gunt: Great reversal from Silas as Shadows goes flying out of the ring! Brilliant exchange to start off.

Mike Rolash: But Ariel needs to be careful. One wrong move and an unwanted element will come into play! Still, too early to call a clear winner.

Silas gazes towards a rising Ariel with deadly eyes, as he too rises and points to his unaware opponent. He runs towards her, bounces on the ropes. He charges towards the opposite ropes. Bounce. A full on sprint! DIVING MISSILE DROPKICK FROM ARIEL!

Ariel doesn't take long to recover, and drags Silas back to his feet. She locks in his head, and lifts him up. Suplex, a

loud bang followed with Silas clutching his head. For the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout. Ariel stands up to contemplate what to do next, as her opponent drags himself to the nearby corner turnbuckle. He ascends to sit up, and Ariel sees an opportunity. Cannonball into Silas! Ariel drags him up. Head between her leg, and she lifts him up! BANG! Slams him down on the mat! For the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

TH...

AND KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: As everyone whom has faced Silas can attest, it's going to take more than that to put him down. Good effort!

The two rise, Ariel more energetic than the other, and she clenches her fists. Time for the big guns. She grabs his neck, going for a suplex. She lifts him up! But Silas scrambles and keeps grounded. Second attempt, Silas keeps kicking, and stays grounded. He strikes Ariel and manages to break free! DISCUS CLOTHESLINE--Ariel ducks and grabs Silas' waist. GERMAN SUPLEX! SILAS STANDS UP! Ariel turns around. KNOCKOUT! Ariel staggers. SECOND KNOCKOUT! ARIEL SLUMPS DOWN!

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

Silas rubs the back of the neck, tilting it side by side, before focusing back on Ariel. He can't go for the pin, her head and arm are slumped under the ropes. He twists his uncovered wrists, a little stiff, but he had to get back on track. He grabs her feet and drags her back inside, and drags her back to her feet. Arms locked in. SNAPDRAGON! Ariel lands on her neck, but doesn't have time to absorb because Silas drags her back on her feet! SECOND SNAPDRAGON! She clutches her neck as Silas seethes through his teeth. Again, back on his feet to bring her up. Arms locked in for a third! Denied! Hard elbow to Silas' head! She's free. Going for a lariat! Silas brings her down and locks her in an armbar!

He's tugging it tight! Ariel's eyes are wide open! And she's scrambling her arms to reach for the ropes! Silas is putting his entire body weight behind the hold! He's trying to pop it out of the socket! Ariel rolls with the body weight! And gets her arm on the ropes!

Silas immediate breaks the hold, and he runs for the ropes. Bounce, for the KNOCKOUT--Ariel scouted ahead! Behind him! She has his waist! GERMAN SUPLEX ONTO HIS NECK! Ariel screams in energy and pain! And she runs for the ropes as Silas gets to his feet. FOR THE FLYING CROSS BODY-- SILAS CATCHES HER! He lifts her onto his shoulders, but she gives his head a stiff knee! He drops her. Spinning for a DISCUS CLOTHESLI--HIP TOSS BY ARIEL TO SEND SILAS TO THE MAT!

Jim Gunt: SCOUTED HIM OUT! STRIKE THE HEAD, AND ESCAPE THE FALL OF MAN! For the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR...

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Nearly got him!

Mike Rolash: He's tough, but everyone has their limits!

Jim Gunt: Right you are, and with that damage to the head, it's difficult to really gauge how it can end. If Ariel can keep it up, she could have a chance at staying in the tournament! Her chances of a championship shot are at stake!

Ariel rises to her knees as Silas does the same. The two look at each other, eye to eye. Seconds pass before Ariel starts...laughing? Responding, Silas does the same! A lion coming face to face with a lion.

Silas with a swinging kick! But Ariel ducks under and rises to her feet! Going for a kneedrop on Silas! But he rolls and rises to his feet! For the double foot stomp on Ariel's shoulder! She rolls and jumps up! Silas lunges forward for a KNOCKO--Swift kick to his joint stops the momentum! She grabs his head! SUPLEX! HE LANDS ON HIS FEET! His knee gives away a little, just as Ariel ascends for another charge! FRANKENSTEINER BY SILAS!

Silas slides back to his feet and drags Ariel to her feet! In the electric chair position!

Mike Rolash: Here we go!

Jim Gunt: FALL OF MAAAA--NO!

Ariel jumps out of the position when Silas pushed her up! Onto her fee--BIONIC ELBOW ON THE WAY DOWN! SILAS HIT ON THE DOME! ARIEL GOING FOR THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREEEE--

NO! KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: BY THE SLIMMEST OF MARGINS! COME ON ARIEL! FIRE ALL THE CANNONS!

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

Ariel is frustrated, and jumps to her feet and screams with a burst of energy. Silas staggers to his feet and Ariel turns to face him. No nonsense. Going for THE KICKER--Silas ducks under and Ariel lands on the mat! Silas backs against the ropes and charges forward! KNOCKOUT TO THE BACK OF THE HEAD! SHE DIDN'T SEE HIM COMING! SILAS IS FIRED UP AS ARIEL CRAWLS TO THE ROPES!

Silas points to the dazed Dreamcatcher, runs for the ropes into a sprint! KNOCKOUT! ARIEL IS OUT! Silas drags her to her feet, ready for the electric chair! He elevates her up! Half way!

Ariel slips out behind him for the ROLLUP!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

HE KICKS OUT!

KNOCKOUT TO HER FACE!

Mike Rolash: This has to be it. It's got to be it!

Silas drags her to their feet. Legs between his head. Ascension. Electric chair position! Elevation!

Jim Gunt: FAAAAALLLLLL OF MAAAAAAAANNNNNNNN

A mighty crash follows! For the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Silas slumps onto his back clutching his head, exhaling deeply.

Ray Douglas: Your winner...and gaining two points in the Alpha and Omega Tournament...SILAS ARTORIA!!

Jim Gunt: And with that, The Dreamcatcher becomes the latest athlete to be officially out of the championship running in Alpha and Omega, as Silas clings onto the top of the tree!

Mike Rolash: How come we have to keep having matches with these eliminated athletes?

Jim Gunt: Points reasons Mike, shut up.

Silas gets on his knees as Ito slides in to give his neck an ice packet. He took the punishment, Ariel was one hell of a competitor, but she was unfortunate enough to come up against Silas. He was handed his jacket, and a brief moment later he pulls out a card and places it on Ariel's chest.

Mike Rolash: Oh...?

Silas turns to Ito, and indicates the time to leave. The two slide out of the ring near the commentary desk, where Jim immediately grabs Silas' attention.

Jim Gunt: Silas! What did you give Ariel?

Silas Artoria: Sorry?

Jim Gunt: That card! What's on it?

Silas let out a little chuckle.

Silas Artoria: My address.

Jim Gunt: What!?

Silas Artoria: We agree the loser buys pizza, Jim. I'm not one to let go of promises!

Ariel leans up and looks at Silas, whom catches her sight. A quick smile and a respectful nod, he disappears with Ito to the back of the curtain, certain that he'll end up competing for a championship at Genesis.

### Leave My Talking For The Ring

Danny B can be seen walking through the backstage corridor, ring gear fully adorned as he makes his way close to the gorilla position for quite possibly his biggest match to date in the Alpha and Omega Tournament. Cutting him off at the underpass is our own Tara Robinson, who stands as ready as ever in an elegant white sparkly dress and microphone in hand.

Tara Robinson: Excuse me Mr. Ripper, if I could, I'd like to have a word with you before your match this evening?

Danny looks impatient, but stops in his tracks. He turns around to Robinson, allowing her to continue.

Tara Robinson: Many say your best days are behind you, Danny, that this tournament is something you may as well give up at this point. You have your toughest challenge to date ahead of you tonight, the undefeated Alpha Block favorite, Freddie Styles...

Danny raises a hand in the air, stopping Tara from saying anything more.

Danny B: I plan on leaving my talking for the ring, Tara, now if you'd please get the hell outta my face...

As serious as ever, Ripper pushes his way away from Tara Robinson, continuing to make his way to gorilla.

Freddie Styles vs. Danny B

Ray Douglas: The following contest is an Alpha Block match and is scheduled for one fall, with a thirty minute time limit! Introducing first...

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: Making his way to the ring, from Atlanta, Georgia.. Weighing in at two hundred and twenty-three pounds! "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: Here's Freddie Styles, Mike, the odds on favorite to come out on top in the Alpha Block.

Mike Rolash: Freddie's been on a roll lately, being the only undefeated man left in this tournament so far. But he faces off against the former CWF World Champion and Hall of Famer in "The Ripper" Danny B here tonight.

Jim Gunt: Although this is not going to be a walk in the park for Freddie.. We must not forget that Styles is a Hall of Famer himself, being inducted last year.

Mike Rolash: Freddie's done just about everything that could be done in CWF, but the World title has eluded him for his entire career here, but the way he's rolling in this tournament, he just might be able to achieve it.

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: His opponent, hailing from Brighton, England and weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds... he is "The Ripper"... DANNY B!

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.

Jim Gunt: Danny B is also a favorite in the Alpha Block and also very capable of ending Freddie's streak.

Mike Rolash: If anyone can give Styles his first loss in this block, it's definitely has to be the man to do it.

The official, Clark Summits looks ready to call the action as he signals for the bell. Styles and The Ripper both circle the ring. Styles goes for a lock-up but Danny B drops to the mat and rolls out of the ring, under the bottom rope. The Ripper confidently strolls around ringside, he points at his wrist, telling Freddie that they have plenty of time. Annoyed, Styles watches on as Danny B rounds the apron and stops in front of the announce table to have a brief conversation with Gunt and Rolash.

Jim Gunt: You can't be serious, you have a match to compete in.

Mike Rolash: Nevermind him champ, I've been doing fin.. WATCH OUT!

Turning just in time, Danny is on the receiving end of a suicide dive, courtesy of Mr. Ballgame as both men crash into the front of the table. Both men are still on their feet as Styles socks The Ripper with a right hand. Danny goes stumbling into the barricade, where Styles charges in and blisters his chest with a knife edge chop! Clutching at his chest, The Ripper tries to escape but Styles keeps him pressed up against the barricade where he stings Danny's chest with another chop, dropping him down to the floor.

Jim Gunt: Styles looking to get things started immediately with that suicide dive in the early stages and now he has Danny reeling right now.. Another brutal chop by Styles.

Mike Rolash: Oh my Freddie is bringing the fight right now. But next time, he better not pull no stunts like that again.

Making it across ringside, Danny begins to plead with Styles to let up but it's no cigar as Styles moves in and decks him with another right hand. Not giving the former World Champion any time to breathe, Freddie hooks him in a front facelock and plants him into the thin floor mats with a vertical suplex. Danny cringes from the impact, arching his back in pain. Styles gets vertical and looks out to the cheering Salt Lake fans. He looks to go back to work on his opponent while acknowledging that Summits is up to six on his count.

Jim Gunt: Freddie needs to get this fight back inside of the ring.

Mike Rolash: Indeed he does, he would hate if this match ended in a double countout.

Freddie watches on as Danny scurries away, Styles smirks and slides in and back out under the bottom rope, momentarily breaking Summits' count. He then sets his eyes on Danny, moving around ringside swiftly before connecting with another chop to Danny's chest followed by another right hand. Clark pleads with Freddie to bring the action back inside of the ring, he obliges but not before slamming Danny's head into the apron. He rolls a stunned Ripper back into the ring. Climbing up onto the apron, Styles pauses and watches as Danny quickly springs up to his feet and back pedals into the nearby corner, pleading with Styles to give him a break.

Jim Gunt: The Ripper looks to be asking for some time right now, Mike. Do you think Danny came into this contest unprepared.

Mike Rolash: Are you serious, Jimbo? Danny was blatantly attacked from behind by Styles. If they were face-to-face, no way Freddie would have the advantage right now.

Freddie slowly steps through the ropes and asks Danny if he's serious. The two have a brief conversation but much of it is inaudible. Styles closes the space between them as he moves closer but Danny exploded from the corner, charging like a bull at Styles. Freddie ducks his shoulder and flips Danny up and over into the mat with a back body drop. Danny is back up to his feet in pain but Styles quickly forces him into the ropes and whips him across the ring. Rebounding off, Danny is picked high into the air by Freddie before being driven viciously into the mat.

Jim Gunt: BRUTAL SPINEBUSTER BY STYLES! Did you hear the sound of that impact.

Mike Rolash: Danny's tough, this is a small thing to a giant like him.

Freddie goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Danny shoves Styles off of him, breaking up Clark's count. Styles gets vertical, bringing The Ripper up along with him. Styles decks him with another right that sends him staggering into the ropes where Freddie moves in once more, pulling Danny out of the ropes and spiking him on his shoulder blades with a sambo suplex! He goes for another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Freddie slaps the mat in frustration but gets to his feet and watches as Danny crawls to the ropes, using them to help himself to his feet. Like a moth to a flame, Mr. Ballgame is right there with chop after brutal chop. Freddie begins to feed off the energy that Utah fans are giving him as he continues to butcher Danny's chest. He ends it with one final chop that sends Danny's legs flying up into the air before he comes crashing down onto the mat, clutching his now red chest in pain.

Jim Gunt: Freddie's on a war path right now, is there anything Danny can do to get back in this one.

Mike Rolash: Please do not fail to mention that Freddie jumped him before the match.

Freddie brings Danny back up but he's finally had enough of the abuse from Mr. Ballgame as he catches him with a shot to the gut before rocking him with his own right hand. Now it's his turn to though chops as he cracks Styles with his own brutal knife edge. Danny begins to talk trash to Styles before stinging his chest again. Freddie fires back with his own chop, this time he roars with each slap of Danny's chest as he chops him all the way back into the ropes. Danny catches him with a knee lift before taking a moment to collect some oxygen. Danny fires back with his own collection of chops, sending Styles backing up across the ring. But Freddie comes back fired up with more chops, sending Danny B back into the opposite ropes before leaping up and drilling The Ripper with a dropkick!

Jim Gunt: These two aren't looking for a wrestling match, this has turned into a straight fight!

Mike Rolash: It's almost a game of one upmanship between the two but I told you that Danny wasn't going down without a fight.

Jim Gunt: Yeah but that dropkick has him seated on the bottom rope right now, almost unconscious.

Pulling Danny up, Styles hooks him and drives him into the canvas with a snap suplex before floating over into the pin..

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Freddie appears a bit irritated but nonetheless gets back to his feet. He brings Danny up and whips him into the ropes, The Ripper holds onto the ropes, prevented himself from rebounding. He drops to the mat and rolls out of the ring and tells Freddie to fuck off. Freddie charges and slides out of the ring but Danny slides back inside at the same time and races to the ropes. He rebounds and comes flying through at a confused Freddie!

Jim Gunt: TOPE SUICIDA BY THE RIPPER TAKING OUT MR. BALLGAME!

Mike Rolash: Tope Suicida? You just called it a Suicide Dive earlier..

Jim Gunt: It's the same thing, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Maybe, but can we stick to one technical name for it.

Feeling the momentum shift, Danny B pops to his feet and brings Styles up, rolling him into the ring. He slides in himself and opts not to go for the pinfall as he mounts Freddie and strikes him viciously with elbow shots. Styles tries to cover up but it's not enough to prevent the precise shots. He lets up and gets to his feet, taunting the booing fans as Freddie checks his face for any cuts. The Utah lets the Englishman have it but he could care less as he brings Freddie vertical and works him over with multiple striking combinations that has Mr. Ballgame reeling. A Irish whip into the corner is reversed by Styles as Danny B crashes into the buckles. Freddie charges and jumps up for the Styles Splash!

Jim Gunt: The Ripper able to avoid the big time move attempted by Styles.. He boots Styles in the midsection, butterflies the arms... TRUE SIN!

Mike Rolash: Oh my, that was beautiful as Danny shoots the half, going for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Freddie's able to get the shoulder up as Danny appears frustrated as he thought the double arm DDT would have done it. He gets to his feet as Freddie rolls towards the ropes. Danny moves in as Styles is now back upright, he connects with another well timed combination that has Freddie rocked and out in the ropes. Danny goes for a boot but Freddie catches his foot as he now has Danny hopping backwards on one foot. Tripping The Ripper down onto the mat and looking for a half crab but Danny uses his free leg to shove Mr. Ballgame off and crashing to the canvas. Both men roll to their feet and charge towards each other.

Jim Gunt: RKS! RKS! HE JUST CAUGHT FREDDIE WITH THE RIPPER KILL SHOT!

Danny slithers on top of Freddie, going for the pin..

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Summits signals for the bell as the Salt Lake fans are in shock. Danny only smiles as he rolls out of the ring and heads towards the back, celebrating as he walks up the aisle.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, via pinfall.. "The Ripper" DANNY B!

The Ripper cockily waves farewell to the booing fans as he turns and walks through the curtain.

Ataxia vs. PJ Blake

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....PJ BLAKE!!

Jim Gunt: The wild and crazy PJ Blake, you gotta love her!

Mike Rolash: Do you, Jim? PJ may have the crowd on her side here tonight, but she is desperately needing a win and going up against quite the challenge to get it...

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

"AHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHAHAHA"

"Dangerous Tonight" by Alice Cooper starts to play as Ataxia enters the arena wearing his cloak of raven feathers, top hat, 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 her opponent, the Messiah Pariah....ATAXIA!!

Jim Gunt: After starting off the Alpha and Omega Tournament hotter than most with an undefeated streak, Ataxia has turned unbelievably cold as of late picking up loss after loss.

Mike Rolash: Who knows what is happening to the career of the masked maniac, maybe he's given up on his tirade to destroy Jaiden Rishel's CWF?

Jim Gunt: I believe he's tired of fighting the fight without his Forsaken buddies in tow. Unfortunately for Ataxia, he has a few more weeks to go before this tournament is said and done. So let's send things to the ring where Nick McArthur seems to be about done checking both competitors for weaponry!

Following his check on PJ Blake, McArthur comes over to Ataxia, patting the man down from his shoulders down to his pants area where he stops looking at the masked man with a weird look on his face. The Messiah Pariah shrugs, pulling a lengthy plunger out from his wrestling pants, cackling as he throws it aside. Nick McArthur simply shakes his head, PJ watching on in awe as he calls for the bell. Ataxia looks to take advantage of the befuddled Blake, running at her and leaping up for a Cross Body Block!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia using all of his body to take down the Icon, PJ Blake. That was one hell of a distraction to start this match...

Mike Rolash: It's pretty obvious that Ataxia will do whatever it takes to get back in the win column at this point, Jimmy.

The bodies of Ataxia and PJ Blake roll over following the cross body block, the Messiah Pariah popping up to his feet first and looking to come right back onto the offensive quickly, going for a running clothesline. PJ is able to evade however, ducking underneath the arm of Ataxia and catching it on the way through, pulling him into a wrist lock. Ataxia attempts to turn his arm to get out of the hold, but receives a Back Heel Kick instead! PJ runs against the ropes as he brings himself back up, leaping up and springing off the ropes, flipping and flying into the air to hit her own Crossbody! Blake holds on, going for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Ataxia kicks out!

Jim Gunt: Battle of the Crossbody Blocks, and neither one is enough to put away their opponent!

Mike Rolash: I wish PJ Blake would crossbody me...

Jim Gunt: Mike!

Both competitors back up to their feet quickly, the pace of the match remains at a fast pace as Ataxia nails PJ Blake with a Roundhouse Kick. She is nearly out of her feet, but he pulls her in, tossing her hard into the corner. The Messiah Pariah licks his lips, pointing at his opponent before running into the corner and getting spiked in the face by a big boot

from PJ Blake! She hurries up to the top rope, leaps off and hits a variation of the Legacy Frog Splash, going right through Ataxia to take him down to the canvas! Blake holds on for another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Jim Gunt: Great offense here by PJ Blake, she's doing everything in her power to keep her from taking another loss her tonight and eliminating her from any chance at placing in the tournament.

Mike Rolash: But Ataxia isn't giving up either, Jimmy. Blake is giving the masked psycho everything she has, and he keeps getting up asking for more...

Doing exactly that, Ataxia is on his hands and knees, asking the Icon for more punishment as he begins laughing right at her. PJ Blake looks out to the quieted fans and then back to Ataxia, shrugging before running right at him and executing a Shining Wizard Kick so beautiful it would make Miss America blush. The Messiah Pariah is unconscious in the middle of the ring, so Blake doesn't bother delivering any more pain to him, pushing him over and 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....PJ BLAKE!!

Duce Jones vs. Zolton

Ray Douglas: The following match is an Alpha Block Match set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit, and will be contested in a....HELL IN A CELL!

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: Introducing first, from Amsterdam, Holland, Netherlands, the Man of Chaos....ZOLTON!!

Jim Gunt: Look at that structure above the ring, Mike, we're about to see hell on earth!

Mike Rolash: Certainly one of the most sadistic matches CWF has to offer, but as nasty as a normal Hell in a Cell Match is, I have a feeling these two are about to turn it up a couple more notches.

Jim Gunt: They're going to have to. The leaderboard of this tournament depends heavily on this match, especially after Danny B was able to pull off what many would call an upset earlier tonight in unseating Freddie Styles and giving Mr. Ballgame his first defeat of the Alpha and Omega Tournament.

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....”

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 cell slowly begins its descent from high above the crowd, the lighting system shining up on it to give it an extra eerie feel.

Jim Gunt: We’ve seen all types of destruction in the Alpha and Omega Tournament thus far, and Duce has taken a lot said destruction himself.

Mike Rolash: Indeed. After being systematically destroyed by the Judge and only winning by disqualification, Jones was unable to continue a match with Sean Fuller after Fuller struck Jones with a steel chair shot to the head. Also Jones has been wearing himself thin a little bit, wrestling all over the world in GCWA as well as here in CWF.

The massive steel structure continues lowering over the combatants as Trent Robbins does his checks on both of them, making sure they know what they’re getting themselves into. As Robbins moves from Jones to Zolton to pat him down, Jones suddenly snaps into action running full speed and leaping up as Trent moves out of the way just in time for Zolton to take a huge D-TRIGGA KNEE! Zolton goes crashing over the top rope, landing outside the ring and rolling right to where the cell is coming down!

Jim Gunt: Oh my god, Zolton is about to be crushed! But out goes Duce like a man on fire, baseball sliding and taking himself and Zolton across the other side of the fence, so to speak, as the cell lowers down seconds before crushing either of them!

Mike Rolash: But this match can’t start outside the ring, Jimbo! Trent Robbins is furious inside the ring, trying to figure out how he’s going to get the competitors back inside.

Pacing around the ring, CWF’s lead official puts his hands on his hips, shaking his head out of frustration. With the Hell in a Cell structure fully sat at this point, Duce is the first to get back to his feet on the outside, hitting Zolton with another knee, this time to his gut as he tries to get back up. The Kid That Never Dies grabs ahold of his opponent from the back of his head, raking him across the steel structure! Zolton somehow remains unscratched as he back elbows Duce to break out, before turning around blowing him apart with a Short Arm Clothesline!

Jim Gunt: The action continues on outside the ring, despite this match still not officially started.

Mike Rolash: And now Zolton has full control of Douche Bones, he’s about to break them.

Jim Gunt: I hear that you watched Zolton’s promo on CWF Wired this week, about time you do your job scouting things, Mike...

Mike Rolash: I know, impressive huh?

Taking Duce by his left arm, Zolton pulls him in looking for another short arm clothesline. This time Duce Jones is somehow able to leap up over the arm, taking ahold of Zolton on the way down to snap him with a reverse Neckbreaker! With Trent Robbins outside the ring finally attempting to unlock the lock on the cell door, Jones turns to

Zolton and then looks up at the cell, quickly running to it and climbing up it like he's escaping a prison wall, backflipping right into the arms of an awaiting Zolton!

**RUNNING POWERSLAM...THROUGH THE FUCKING ANNOUNCE TABLE!**

Sections of the board as well as both Gunt and Rolash's monitors go flying as Duce Jones' body explodes through the announce table. The Salt Lake City fans are on their feet booing the Man of Chaos but he is not perturbed, actually relishing in the boos as he gets up and stands over the body of Jones. Zolton flicks off the sold out crowd, leaning down to pick up Duce by his throat with both arms. Zolton brings him all the way into the air, dangling the Kid like a baby before throwing him mercilessly into the cell! Duce bounces off the cell wall and lands with a disgusting thud!

Jim Gunt: Trent Robbins has finally figured out how to reopen the Hell in a Cell structure; but this thing may be over before it even technically got started, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Duce hasn't moved one bit since not only being put through our table, but also damn near destroying the cell wall with his body!

With the cell door open, Zolton grabs ahold of the unmoving Jones by his dreadlocks, dragging him on his feet several feet before whipping him into the steel post. The Man of Chaos turns around himself, frantically re-locking the cell door before going back to Jones and rolling him into the ring. Zolton re-enters, immediately going over to Trent Robbins and bullying the head official to start the match. Robbins gets right back in his face however, showing no fear whatsoever despite Zolton's massive size! Robbins turns from him, indeed calling for the bell though.

Jim Gunt: Cool to see Trent Robbins sticking up for himself!

Mike Rolash: He only did what Zolton wanted, Jimmy, the Man of Chaos has him right in the palm of his hands...

Jim Gunt: Well you're correct that Zolton wanted the match officially started, because now he has Duce just where he wants him. Here comes Big Zolton with another big clothesline...**SUPERMAN PUNCH!**

Out of desperation, Duce leaps up and nails Zolton with a thunderous Superman Punch just as he's about to take him out in the corner. Zolton backs up, and Duce moves into action, bringing one arm over him and tucking his leg up. Fisherman's Suplex! Jones turns around, bringing Zolton right back to his feet. Zolton blasts him with a right hand however. D-Trigga Knee! Zolton is out on his feet, but Duce isn't done as he brings his opponent up for a Suplex spinning it into a Neckbreaker. He lifts him right back up two more consecutive times, nailing the Eye of the Hurricane! An exhausted Duce may have done enough to put away the Man of Chaos, he hopes so as he lays his body out for the cover.

**ONE!**

**TWO!**

**T-KICKOUT!**

Jim Gunt: Skillful offense from Duce Jones as usual, but one has to wonder is he going to have to pull a new rabbit out of the hat for him to be able to defeat Zolton here tonight?

Mike Rolash: Zolton is a task and a half to defeat on ANY given night. With Duce taking a beating week after week not coming into this match even close to a hundred percent, plus the way Zolton had his way with him outside the cell before the match even started? I'd say Jones is as good as toast.

Jim Gunt: With THC infused butter?

Mike Rolash: Never. Don't do drugs kids! Stick to beer and you'll be just fine!

Slapping the canvas as he awaits Zolton to get back to his feet, Duce comes out of the corner looking for a Bicycle Kick

on the rising Zolton. He somehow is able to catch the Kid That Never Dies in midair though, the back of his leg wrapped up over his head as he hoists him high in the air. Zolton brings Duce to the center of the ring, throwing him down hard with an Oklahoma Slam! The back of Duce's head snaps against the canvas with a nasty sound, bringing Robbins over to check on him but Zolton shoves him right out of the way to deliver an array of stomps to the face of Jones.

Jim Gunt: Disqualify him, ref!

Mike Rolash: You know how lame of an ending that would be, Jim? There are no disqualifications in a Hell in a Cell Match!

Jim Gunt: Tell that to...nevermind.

Only stopping his attack after the count of four, Zolton finally relents, backing up following one last stomp on Jones. The Kid That Never Dies rolls around the ring, holding the side of his head after being stomped into the canvas several times. Zolton makes his move towards Jones but he rolls out of the ring, flicking off the Man of Chaos from outside the ring. This makes Zolton go completely nuts, as he backs up into the ropes and comes at Jones with a Suicide Dive. Jones is able to take advantage of Zolton's sudden change of styles, however, catching him through the air and Butterfly Suplexing him right into the cell wall! The entire structure shakes from the impact, and Zolton crashes right on the back of his neck!

Jim Gunt: Sick landing there! Zolton barely moves his body just in time or he may have had his neck snapped in half!

Mike Rolash: I'm still not sure he doesn't have a broken neck after that one, Jimmy...

Jim Gunt: And now Duce Jones shows his own sense of relentless, going right for Zolton and lifting him right up despite the possible injury, turning back around to smash Zolton face first into the cell!

Mike Rolash: And there's the blood! YES BLOOD!

A small stream of blood drips from the forehead of Zolton but Duce is not done, seeing the opening of his opening and once again smashing him into the cell again and again and again! Robbins rushes to the outside of the ring to break it up but Duce shoves him off, hoisting Zolton's legs up onto the apron, hanging him halfway down. He backs up...NICE TO KNEE YOU! The Swinging Knee Lift connects and knocks him up into the air and off the apron! Duce turns over Zolton, yelling at Robbins to make the cover as he drops down.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO! ZOLTON KICKS OUT!

Duce rolls off his opponent, looking at Robbins with a look of frustration in his eyes. He takes a deep sigh, turning back around to plant Zolton with a heavy right hand.

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

Another right hand from Duce Jones as he's seemingly snapped at this point. A third right hand and Zolton is not even moving to stop the offense of the Kid That Never Dies. Robbins comes in again looking like he may be calling it, but Zolton suddenly awakes with his hands around the throat of Jones! A shocked Jones is unable to land another right as he brings him right into the air...MASSIVE DOUBLE ARM CHOKESLAM! Zolton is unable to go for the cover immediately though, rolling to his side as both men breathe heavily outside the ring, the Salt Lake City fans on their feet cheering their hearts out for the effort of both men.

Jim Gunt: We're beyond the ten minute mark, but really the time stamp doesn't do this match justice folks. These two battle tested warriors of course fought outside the cell for several minutes before this one officially begun.

Mike Rolash: And now Zolton is finally crawling over to Duce, hopefully he didn't waste enough time recovering!

ONE!

TWO!

DUCE KICKS OUT!

Zolton rolls right back over onto his backside, still unable to collect himself following the two count. He grabs a handful of cell, pulling himself up with the links of the structure. He comes over to Duce to pick him up, but receives a Pele Kick for his trouble! Duce Jones is right back onto his feet, running at Zolton at a speed so fast he's unable to stop himself as Zolton leans forward and doubles him up into the air with a Back Body Drop. JONES GOES FLYING, SPLATTING HARD AGAINST THE CELL!

BOOO!!

The Salt Lake City fans are letting Zolton have him, showing their support for their beloved Duce Jones which doesn't seem to be helping Jones as Zolton lifts him up and chucks him up through the middle and bottom ropes back into the ring. Zolton re-enters the ring, lifting Duce up and spiking him with a Throwing German Suplex! Zolton continues to have his way with his opponent, bringing him right back up from behind. Duce struggles against the grip of Zolton but is unable to break out, being lifted in the air...FULL NELSON SLAM!

Jim Gunt: The God's Smite! What a Full Nelson Slam, and it's gotta be over!

Mike Rolash: I don't know, they don't call Duce the kid that never dies without reason, Jimmy...

ONE!

TWO!

THRE - NO!

DUCE ROLLS A SHOULDER AT THE LAST POSSIBLE MILLISECOND!

THE MATCH CONTINUES, AND THE CROWD ERUPTS IN CHEERS!

At least for now, as Zolton sneers out of pure anger, lifting a barely moving Duce Jones right back up into Powerbomb position. Duce pushes out though, both hands shoving Zolton off him hard. The Man of Chaos comes back at him, just to receive a third D-Trigga Knee! No- Zolton catches the big knee this time, grabbing ahold of his other one and pulling him hard onto his shoulders. THE - PEARLY - GATES! The Crucifix Powerbomb splats Duce Jones like a bug, and the shocked fans watch on half in awe, half booing aloud as Zolton crawls over to him, hooking both legs of Jones as Robbins drops down to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by pinfall....ZOLTON!!

"Rise" plays over the speakers yet again as the fans continue booing the Man of Chaos even as the cell begins to raise back into the air, Robbins forced to raise Zolton's arm into the air as he stands over Duce Jones with a wicked smile on his face.

Jim Gunt: What a brutal match, ladies and gentlemen, I certainly can't say this is the way I saw this one ending...

Mike Rolash: Why not, Jim? You said it yourself that Duce was coming into this match far less than one hundred percent, Zolton just took full advantage of the situation and now finds himself tied with Freddie Styles point-wise at the

top of the tournament!

Jim Gunt: That'll be it for tonight, we'll see you all next week from Las Vegas. Goodnight everyone!

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite