Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 72

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Results

The Final Week, The Final Recap

Match

Jim Gunt: We are at the end of the Alpha and Omega tournament! We are in Mexico City! We are live to see whom will face Freddie Styles, Danny B, and Duce Jones at Genesis! WELCOME TO EVOLUTION!

Mike Rolash: You tried the drinks here Jim? They're awesome!

Jim Gunt: That's river water Mike. Tonight we are here to crown the winner and the runner up of Omega Block, and it will give us just a taste for what is to come at Genesis in December! But, for one last time, we have Blake Church and Charles State to give us a rundown for what tonights matches may have in store for us!

Blake Church: Evening.

Charles State: How do.

Jim Gunt: So, clear divide here, take us through it.

Blake Church: We know for definite that the championship matches at Genesis will involve either Silas Artoria and Kyuseishu most likely, with JC potentially getting a Paramount Championship match if the odds play in his favour.

Mike Rolash: Explain.

Charles State: JC needs to win to mathematically still be in championship contention, and only of Silas loses tonight would it mean he's given the best case scenario. Silas could lose tonight. JC has Ariel Shadows to contend with, whom has half the amount of points he has, and Silas has Ataxia to deal with, which might not look like an issue on the table but they've battled each other before. Ataxia has come on top of Silas before!

Blake Church: I'm actually interested with Kyuseishu facing Leo Hermanne. Bubba Love was slated to be his original opponent, but they've done such a bad job at putting up a fight that management has decided to give Hermanne a chance. We don't know anything about this guy, they've never competed in CWF before, so we could be in for a surprise.

Jim Gunt: But what about the best of the rest?

Charles State: It's a little less complicated. They don't have leverage against the top three athletes, but Ataxia and Ariel Shadows will have a chance tonight. They've proven to be fiercely competitive, so there is a chance of an upset victory. As for the others, I've been impressed with Raven's improvement and the fantastic breakthrough PJ Blake has had, but massively disappointed in Mora. What happened to him?

Jim Gunt: Predictions?

Blake Church: I'm going to be boring and say the tables stay the same. I think Silas will clinch the victory and so will Kyuseishu for the World and Paramount shots respectively.

Charles State: I'm actually going to go for a bit of a wildcard combination here. I think Kyuseishu will get the World Championship shot, but only because he's going to cost Silas the match. One look on Twitter should give you an idea

on how borderline obsessed he is with our aristocrat.

Jim Gunt: Gentlemen, for the last time, thank you and we'll see you at the bar when we finish tonight. For now, let's get into the ring with my friend, Ray Douglas, for our first match of the night!

Magdalena Lockheart vs. Savannah Jade

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is your opening contest, scheduled for one fall, with a twenty minute time limit! Introducing first…

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

Ray Douglas: Standing at five feet three inches tall, and weighing in at one-hundred and eleven pounds; from Inwood, New York - She is the FUTURE, the Artist known as MAGDALENA LOCKHEART!!!

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

"But I got smarter, I got harder, In the knick of time.

And me I rose up from the dead I do it all the time.

I got a list of names, yours is in red underlined.

I check it once, then I check it twice- Ooh!"

Lockheart grabs her dress with both hands and on beat with the song, she rips the dress down the center! Another green spotlight shines straight down on her as glittering, sparkling confetti rains down from the ceiling onto the crowd. Flashes go off from all of the hungry cell phone cameras in attendance as Lockheart sheds the rest of her dress and reveals her slim waistline beneath. Lockheart pauses for a few moments to allow the crowd to snap more photographs before entering the ring.

Jim Gunt: Here is a young lady who has done nothing but impress since making her CWF debut at Evolution 65! First coming up just short of winning the Impact Championship in her debut match and then teaming up with the current champion, Johnny Graves. The two have been impressive as a tag team.

Mike Rolash: Well you're seeing the bond that these two young stars have between them as our Impact Champion escorts the lovely Maggie Lockheart to the ring for some one on one action. Graves has a big match of his own a little later on. You've got to give props to the kid for being out here to support his partner.

Jim Gunt: The alliance between Johnny and Maggie has certainly paid dividends for the both of them. A couple weeks ago they came within an inch of becoming CWF Tag Team Champions.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent…

The lights throughout the arena dim and Kellie Pickler's "Tough" begins pouring in from the speakers. The arena is suddenly cast in blue and purple lights as the fans look on in anticipation. Suddenly the curtain flies open and Savannah Jade struts confidently out onto the stage. She comes to a stop at the edge of the ramp and looks over the

sea of people, a huge, genuine smile on her face. Savannah fires her right hand up into the air, holding up three fingers that signal ‘I love you.’

Ray Douglas: From Nashville, Tennessee, she weighs in at one hundred twenty-five pounds, she is the Living Dead Doll… SAVANNAH JADE!!

She begins strutting down the ramp confidently, her hips swaying with each deliberate steps she takes. As she approaches the ringside area she moves around the turnbuckle coming towards the hardcam. She quickens her pace and leaps up onto the apron landing on her knees. She looks over the crowd before her, flashing them that same great smile. Before slowly transitioning onto her feet and rising slooooowly giving every at ringside a good look at her ‘assets.’ She turns towards the ring and grabs the top rope before front flipping into the ring. She immediately charges towards the far corner and jumps up onto the middle rope. She again fires her right hand into the air holding up three fingers.

Mike Rolash: Something seems different about this girl, Jim.

Jim Gunt: Well we did see the debut of Savannah Jade several weeks ago. Unfortunately she was unsuccessful in her first outing. But word is this young woman has been working hard on honing her craft and she’s looking to turn things around here against Lockheart.

Mike Rolash: Good luck! Maggie Lockheart is red hot right now! She’s got all the momentum! And she’s got Johnny in her corner? I’m not liking Savannah’s chances.

With both competitors warmed up and ready for the action the official in charge calls for the bell and the match is officially underway. The two young women circle each other in the ring, each looking for an early opening to exploit. Savannah steps forward and locks up with Maggie, each jostling for control. A slight strength advantage is shown by Savannah as she simply shoves Maggie away. Maggie quickly regains her footing and turns toward Savannah with a big right hand. Savannah slips it and catches Maggie on the jaw with a forearm smash that has her stumbling backwards a little. Savannah meets Maggie as Maggie reaches the ropes and grabs her hand before Irish whipping her across the ring. Savnnah looks for a back body drop but telegraphs it and Maggie kicks her square in the mouth. Now it’s Savannah that’s reeling. Maggie fires off a snap front kick and follows it up immediately with an open palm uppercut that catches Savannah clean under the jaw. Savannah falls against the turnbuckles stunned.

Jim Gunt: Well it looked as though Savannah was going to get this match started out at her pace. An early mistake and now it appears that Lockheart has taken control. At least in the early stages.

Mike Rolash: I’m telling you, Jim, right now Maggie Lockheart is on top of her game. Every single time she steps into the ring she looks more and more impressive. I’m not sure where the ceiling is for this woman!

Maggie wraps her hands around Savannah’s head and contorts the neck in a cravat fashion. She leads Jade towards the center of the ring before she begins driving the point of her knee up into the side of Savannah’s head. Over and over, one vicious knee strike after another. Finally Maggie releases her and Savannah collapses down to one knee. Maggie wastes little time charging towards the ropes, she rebounds off, and drills Savannah with a step-up enzugiri. Maggie immediately crawls into the cover, hooking the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Savannah manages to kick out shortly after the second slap of the canvas. Maggie rolls her eyes but remains focused as she pushes herself up to her feet. She backs away from Jade, never breaking her gaze from her target. She moves forward again before leaping into the air and driving her knee down into the forehead of Savannah.

Mike Rolash: I think I figured it out.

Jim Gunt: What's that?

Mike Rolash: Why Natural Selection is such a great tag team. Both Lockheart and Graves use every part of their body as a weapon. You ever been kneed in the face, Jim? It hurts!

Maggie quickly moves into a mounted position and begins raining down forearm shots. Savannah does her best to cover up and absorb the blows with her forearms but the assault is relentless. The official moves in and administers a count. Wisely Maggie ceases at four avoiding the disqualification. Now firmly in control Maggie grabs Savannah by the head and begins pulling her up to her feet. Savannah fires off a desperation right hand to the ribs that seems to momentarily stun Maggie. Another big right hand from Savannah definitely gives Maggie pause. However, it's only temporary as Maggie answers back with a big chop to the back of the neck. Maggie succeeds in getting Savannah back to her feet and turns and charges at the ropes once again. As she moves in on Savannah he jumps into the air looking for a leg lariat but Savannah catches her in midair once again displaying her strength. Savannah squares herself and then hoists Maggie up and over with a modified fall away slam. Maggie rolls through the hard landing and quickly wills herself back to her feet. She rushes in and Savannah catches her - arms wrapped around her torso - and lifts her up before driving her down with a belly to belly slam.

Jim Gunt: And some life here from Savannah Jade! This one's not over just yet!

Mike Rolash: Don't get excited! We've seen Maggie with her back against the wall before!

Maggie again wills herself to her feet but much slower this time. As she turns to locate Savannah she catches a boot to the midsection followed up quickly by a heavy right hand that drops Maggie to one knee. Savannah moves in applying a front facelock and grabbing hold of Maggie's tights. Form a kneeling position, Savannah lifts Maggie into the air and drives her back down to the canvas with a fisherman's suplex, bridging into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Two count! Maggie gets the left shoulder up just in time!

Mike Rolash: That was a little close for comfort…

Savannah slaps the canvas in frustration, but she too remains focused on the task at hand. Grabbing Maggie by the hair she pulls her up to her feet. A quick go behind and Savannah applies a waist lock. Lifting Maggie off her feet, Savannah looks for a release German Suplex but somehow Maggie manages to flip through and land on her feet. Savannah - completely unaware - gets to her feet and turns around looking to inflict more damage but runs right into The Lunar Eclipse. Savannah crumbles to the canvas and Maggie drops down to one knee still feeling the effects. Regaining herself she quickly crawls into the cover again.

ONE!

TWO!

THR - NO!

Jim Gunt: She kicked out! My God, Savannah Jade kicked out!

Mike Rolash: How in the world…? Maggie caught her clean on the jaw!!

Maggie can't believe that Savannah managed to escape the pin. She quickly rises to her feet - determination in her eyes - looking to put this one away. She backs away from Savannah again until she's in the corner. As Savannah

begins to stir Maggie motions for her to get up. As Savannah reaches all fours, Maggie charges forward. She jumps into the air and brings Savannah's face crashing into the canvas with the Lacrimosa. She drops to her knees and pushes Savannah over onto her back before making the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, via pinfall, "The Artist" … MAGDALENA LOCKHEART!!

Jim Gunt: Another impressive showing from Maggie Lockheart here tonight. But give Savannah Jade a lot of credit. She took everything Lockheart could throw at her tonight and still battled back.

Mike Rolash: I'll be honest, Savannah Jade may've earned some respect points here tonight. Girl's tough as nails. But in the end it was the Lacrimosa that did her in and got Lockheart another victory.

King of the Alpha: The Arrival

Match

After the rousing opening match that finds Maggie Lockheart victorious, we go backstage, as we see a murdered out Range Rover pull up. Out steps the winner of the Alpha block, Freddie Styles, wearing a black suit with red accents. Freddie shakes hands with some of the backstage crew, before gaining a glimspe of Kyuseishu heading in the opposite direction. Freddie sneers at that sight, before focusing back on Tara Robinson, who's just come out to get a word.

Tara Robinson: Freddie...after your hard fought victory over your former tag partner and friend Duce Jones to win the Alpha block, what brings you to Mexico City? Here to check out your competition?

Freddie Styles: Tara...I'm here to steal the damn show. I'm the King of the Alpha block...and I'm just here to give the "devo" block some of my shine before Genesis. Somebody get Twitter fingers that needs to be met with some face to face action. We'll see if that person can at least hold their own, cause clearly they ain't beating me, or will they bitch up when I step to them man to man. Either way, you'll see me standing tall at the end of the night. As the King should.

Tara Robinson: Good luck with that, Freddie. Back to you guys, Jim and Mike.

With that, Tara waves the camera back to ringside.

Sean Fuller vs. Thaddeus Duke

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contest is set for ONE FALLL!

"Iconic" by Ledger plays.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first… Weighing 2 hundred 46 pouunnnds. SEANNN FULLLERRRRR!

Jim Gunt: Sean Fuller, the hardcore icon!

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

Mike Rolash: It'll be interesting to see, Jim, how he fares against an unknown commodity in Thaddeus Duke.

Jim Gunt: Thaddeus Duke is a champion wrestler, Mike.

Mike Rolash: He’s been kicking Nathan Paradine’s teeth down his throat all month long so I can’t wait to see him kick Fuller’s down HIS throat!

Ray Douglas: And his opponent...

“My Name Is Human” by Highly Suspect plays.

Ray Douglas: Currently residing in New York City… Weighing 2 hundred 10 pounds… He is the Lionheart… THADEUSSS DUUUUUUKKKKE!

Silence.

Darkness.

GUITAR! White light bursts through the darkness pointing straight up from the ring posts illuminating the vertical Illuminatus Iron Cross banners (white field, blue cross,) hanging from the lighting rigging above each corner of the ring. More guitar, the screen flashes to behind the curtain where Thaddeus is shown wearing a white Duke hoodie with the hood up, rocking back and forth in anticipation and excitement.

Back to the mostly darkened arena. 'OKAY,' the arena lights pop on, strobing in blue and white colored lighting with Thaddeus Duke, hood up, standing on stage not moving.

GUITAR WINDS UP, CHORUS: The crowd cheers as he throws off the hood and walks to either side of the stage, pointing out toward the fans. He backpedals toward center stage and then heads toward the ring. Once he can reach fans, he slaps hands old school style, going from side to side. He runs up the steps and pauses, looking at his admirers…

Jim Gunt: Oh he’s been waiting for this!

MIKE ROLASH: Are you gonna cry Jim?

Jim Gunt: THIS IS A TOUCHING MOMENT!

MIKE ROLASH: “…..”

Jim Gunt: “MEXICO CITY HAS BECOME DUKE NATION AND THEY ARE ON THEIR FEET!”

MIKE ROLASH: “Yep.”

Jim Gunt: “Thaddeus taking time out to give selfies and a few quick autographs to his fans here at ringside!”

MIKE ROLASH: “Tune in to ABC tomorrow morning where Jim joins the cast of The View where he can cry without judgment.”

The bell rings as Thaddeus Duke finally enters the ring. He and Fuller circle the ring, eyeballing each other and really just measuring each other up. The two men lock horns in the center of the ring with a collar elbow tie up. It’s a stale mate initially, but with the size and weight advatage, Sean Fuller forces Thaddeus Duke back into the corner where the referee calls for a clean break.

Fuller gives it to him as requested and backs off, letting Duke out of the corner. The two tie it up once more and Duke quickly puts Fuller in a side headlock before taking him to the mat with a take over. Fuller though, quickly reverses with a head scissor, but Duke kips up out of the head scissor. Fuller quickly gets to his feet.

Jim Gunt: “These two men, with the catch as catch can chain wrestling.”

MIKE ROLASH: “They gotta pick up the pace though, otherwise we may not have a winner until after Genesis is over.”

The two competitors lock it up yet a third time and this time its Fuller locking Thaddeus Duke into the headlock. Duke tries to break the grip of Sean Fuller but is unable to ultimately. He instead, chooses to back Fuller up to the ropes and

uses the ropes momentum to shove him off. Fuller runs across the ring and bounces off the far side ropes. Duke drops to the mat and Fuller is forced to hop over him. Off the far side again and Duke is up and delivers a dropkick to Fuller.

Jim Gunt: FULLER TELEGRAPHS THAT ONE!

MIKE ROLASH: Yeah! Duke just ate the mat hard!

Jim Gunt: It makes you wonder if maybe Thaddeus Duke was looking past this one toward Genesis and his date with Nathan Paradine.

MIKE ROLASH: “You know that doesn’t really happen, right?”

Fuller had hung on to the ropes on his latest rebound and Thad Duke’s dropkick got nothing but air. In return, Fuller rebounded off the ropes and delivered a big elbow drop to the lower back of Thaddeus Duke, keeping him grounded.

With Duke clutching hos back, Fuller lays in a series of a few more elbow drops. Fuller then turns Duke over and makes a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Duke kicks out here at two!

MIKE ROLASH: I have a hard time believing Fuller thought he’d get the three that easily.

Jim Gunt: I have to agree with you, Mike. Thaddeus Duke is a hot young man.

MIKE ROLASH: There ya have it folks! Closet, door, broken!

Jim Gunt: I MEANT HOT YOUNG COMPETITOR!

MIKE ROLASH: That’s only marginally better.

Sean Fuller gets back to his feet and pulls Thaddeus to his, only to plant him back on the mat with a slow, hanging vertical suplex. Rather than leaving Duke go, Fuller keeps the suplex position and floats over Duke to his knees. He works his way to his feet, towing Duke along with him for the ride. Rather than another suplex though, Fuller turns and plants Duke into the mat with a side Russian legsweep.

Jim Gunt: Fuller with a hook of the leg!

ONE!

TWO!

MIKE ROLASH: “Thad Duke kicks out, Jim! Much to the agreement of your fluttering heart, this match continues.”

Sean Fuller, in firm control of this match up, gets to his feet. He grabs Duke by his hair and lifts him to his feet. He backs Thaddeus up to the ropes and whips him across. On the rebound, Fuller doubles over but Duke delivers a swift kick to Fullers chest, staggering Fuller backward.

Duke then delivers a dropkick to Fuller’s knee area causing Fuller to drop to one knee. Thaddeus runs toward the far side ropes and on the rebound, he slams himself to the mat and delivers an uppercut to Sean Fuller. Fuller staggers backward, clutching his throat and stumbles through the ropes and falling to the floor.

Jim Gunt: The referee now, starting his ten count.

MIKE ROLASH: “I think Duke has other ideas!”

Duke tries to exit the ring to go after Fuller, but the referee stops him, breaking up the count momentarily. Thad concedes defeat to the rule of law and the referee resumes his count at 3. On the outside of the ring, Sean Fuller is

back to his feet but dazed…

Jim Gunt: THADDEUS DUKE TAKES FLIGHT!

Duke is found soaring over the top rope with a suicide dive over the top rope and crashing into Sean Fuller. Both men crumple in a heap to the floor. Duke though, is getting back to his feet and grabs Fuller by his hair and pulls him toward the ring. Fuller ever so slightly shifts his position but is in perfect position to shove Thad away, causing Duke to take a spill head and shoulder first into the ring steps.

Fuller rolls into the ring as the referees count reaches 7. Duke struggles to get to his feet as he uses the ring steps, the apron, whatever he can get his hands on really.

Jim Gunt: Thaddeus Duke! In a bad way here as he works hard to get back in the ring!

MIKE ROLASH: I don't think he was overlooking Fuller but the man hasn't had a match in almost two months, its possible there's been a little ring rust to shake off!

Thaddeus rolls into the ring just after the referee reaches 9. Thad uses the ropes to aid him to his feet as he stumbles into the corner. Fuller makes his advance across the ring, deciding to make a late charge planting a corner clothesline on Thaddeus Duke. Fuller, not wasting any time, whips Thaddeus Duke across the ring into the far corner. Fuller follows him toward the corner, but Duke bounces out of the corner and catches Sean Fuller off guard, dropping him to the mat with Slingblade!

Jim Gunt: Slingblade from Duke to Fuller and we're reset at zero!

Duke struggles back to his feet as Mexico City is on their feet for this match. Both Duke and Fuller are heavy fan favorites and they've received a generous treat from CWF management here this evening. Fuller too, struggles to his feet. The two trade right fists in the center of the ring a few times until…

Jim Gunt: DOWN THE ALLEY!

MIKE ROLASH: That's it!

Sean Fuller hits his downward spiral on Thaddeus Duke and he quickly goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!?

?

FOOT ON THE ROPE!

Jim Gunt: Duke gets his foot on the rope before the three!

Mike Rolash: And Fuller can't believe it!

Fuller returns his attention to the recovering Thaddeus Duke. He grabs Duke by the hair and pulls him to his feet, at which point, possibly out of desparation, Duke breaks Fuller's grip…

SNAP!

Jim Gunt: BETTER THAN YOU FROM THADDEUS DUKE!

Duke though collapses to the mat, flat on his back as Fuller is literally out on his feet and teetering between the corner and falling face first toward Duke who lies below him. Fuller, then teeters forward and collpases on Duke, but…

Jim Gunt: THE LIONS GATE!!

Mike Rolash: THAT’S A DANGEROUS HOLD TAUGHT TO HIM BY HIS FATHER, JIM!

Thaddeus locks the Hell’s Gate gogoplata onto Sean Fuller who is already unconscious from the better than you superkick a moment ago. The referee moves in to check on Fuller and calls for the bell!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by submission....THADDEUS DUKE!!

You Will Respect Me

Match

"Beat The Devil's Tattoo" begins to play over the sound system at the Palacio de los Deportes, and the local crowd erupts in a mixture of cheers and jeers as "The Australian Submission Machine" Nathan Paradine emerges from backstage, the house lights glinting off his sunglasses as he strides down to the ring. Thaddeus Duke has moved to the middle of the ring but he seems unpertubed to see his recent rival approaching the ring. Paradine takes his time climbing the stairs, soaking in the reaction a little before stepping between the ropes and finding himself face to face with Duke, microphone in his hand ready to go.

Jim Gunt: Remember, two weeks in a row now these confrontations with Thaddeus Duke have seen Paradine end up on his back staring at the roof... could we be about to see him laid out flat for a third time?

Mike Rolash: After that display from Duke against Sean Fuller, it wouldn't surprise me. The kid is a force to be reckoned with, win or lose!

Paradine and Duke remain staring at each other as Paradine's theme music dies away and the noise from the crowd increases. Duke smirks cockily at Paradine who remains impassive. The Australian raises his microphone, waiting a moment for the crowd to quieten before he speaks.

Nathan Paradine: You got me pretty good last week, I won't lie. And you got me pretty good the week before that, too. Way I see things, I owe you twice over for what you've done to me now, and ordinarily a handshake isn't going to cut it. But I'm going to give you one more chance, Thaddeus. Shake my damn hand.

Paradine extends his hand and Thaddeus begins to chuckle in disbelief. He places his hands on his hips and looks around, contemplating his choice, before motioning for the microphone. Paradine obligingly holds it up to his face so he can speak. A "Shake His Hand!" chant begins from the crowd.

Thaddeus Duke: Look, if it means that much to you-

Duke grabs Paradine's hand and shakes it vigorously to cheers from the crowd before mouthing "Are you happy now?". Paradine grins and raises the microphone back to his mouth.

Nathan Paradine: They say a handshake seals the deal, mate. Earlier on this evening I went to Jaiden Rishel and I asked him for a match against you at Genesis. Now Rishel and I haven't ever really seen eye to eye, but I had a very specific match in mind and when I proposed it to him he was only too happy to sign off on it. You see, about ten years ago when I was in Hostility, I was considered to be a little bit of a loose cannon. I used to let my fists do the talking instead of my mouth and every now and then a normal one on one match just wouldn't be enough for me to settle whatever problem I had with a person, and believe me mate, you and I have a pretty big bloody problem.

Duke shrugs, evidently unbothered by this fact.

Nathan Paradine: At Genesis, you and I aren't going to be stepping into the ring together. You and I are stepping an octogon, surrounded by steel. Thaddeus Duke, it'll be you against me in the LION'S DEN! The two of us will enter the cage, and only one of us will leave. The other? Broken by submission, or knocked unconscious. Forget making it in the CWF kid, on December 3rd you and I will be getting fucking hostile. And when it's all said and done and I'm standing over your battered body as you regret your decision to ever come here, you will shake my goddamn hand and you will RESPECT ME!

Duke nods to himself, appearing to be pleased by the passionate challenge from Nathan Paradine. He holds out his hand for the microphone and Paradine hands it to him.

Thaddeus Duke: Nathan, if you want to shake my hand so badly... here. Go for it!

Duke offers his hand and Paradine hesitates for a moment before slowly reaching out. Just as their hands are about to touch however both men tense and Duke jumps forward with a Better Than You, the same superkick that has floor Paradine over the last few weeks... but this time Paradine's expecting it, and he ducks underneath Duke's leg and comes up behind him! Duke spins around, right into Paradine's waiting arms... PARAPLEX! Paradine lays Duke out and books it from the ring, diving for the bottom rope and tumbling down to the outside!

Jim Gunt: Third time ISN'T the charm for Thaddeus Duke, as Nathan Paradine levels him with the ParaPlex!

Mike Rolash: It's not enough to keep him down though, look! Thaddeus is already getting to his feet!

In the ring Thaddeus climbs unsteadily to his feet, suddenly serious after the Paraplex. He stares down Paradine at the top of the ramp, who mouths Genesis and points at Duke before disappearing behind the curtain as Evolution cuts to the next segment.

Let Us Handle This

Match

Evolution 72 cuts to the backstage area of the Palacio de los Deportes where the cameras pick up inside the locker room of CWF Impact Champion, Johnny Graves. Graves sits on the wooden bench, dressed in his ring attire, though he’s still adjusting the kick pads on his boots. Behind him Aryka Aries stands statuesque with her muscular arms folded over her chest. She stares down at the back of Johnny’s head as if removing her gaze from him for even a moment could result in her failing her job. And who knows, with all the surprise attacks he’s fallen victim to, perhaps it would. Suddenly the sound of the locker room door opening can be heard. Both Johnny and Aryka turn their attention towards the door. Soon Maggie Lockheart steps into the frame from the right. She smiles down at Johnny seeing that he’s ready for his match.

Maggie Lockheart: You ready champ?

Johnny snickered and turned his attention back to his kick pads.

Johnny Graves: Please... I was bred for this.

Maggie nodded slowly. She knew all too well what he was capable of inside the ring. She knew the fire that burned within him, that drove him to endure all that he had had to endure and come out the other end. It was the same fire that burned inside of her. The same need to escape the past and make the future of she deserved.

Maggie Lockheart: Well, let’s get to the ring then.

Johnny stood up and looked at Maggie, his expression solemn.

Johnny Graves: Listen Mags, why don’t you go ahead and enjoy the caterin’. Or head back to your hotel and relax. Aryka and I got this.

Maggie Lockheart: What? Are you saying you don’t want me to come to the ring with you?

Johnny sighs and diverts his gaze from Maggie for a moment. He'd finally look at her again.

Johnny Graves: I'm sayin' there's no need for you to be out there. This is Aryka's job, this is why she was hired: to watch my back. Besides its Martinez, Scourge, and O'Leary. Two of em I've already beaten in the center of the ring. ...Technically. And the third… just, I don't want you anywhere near Scourge.

Maggie Lockheart: I don't care who's in the match, Johnny! This match is extremely important to building momentum towards Genesis and the tag titles. I'm not going to let you go out there by yourself. And no offense, but it's not like Aryka's really been doing a bang up job having your back! How many times have you been attacked from behind since she was brought in? Again, no offense.

Taking Maggie's words as a challenge, Aryka drops her arms and takes a step towards the much smaller woman. Johnny turns and steps in between them as he places a hand on Aryka's shoulder. He looks her dead in the eye and offers a warm smile.

Johnny Graves: Chill. It's alright. I got this…

Aryka seems to relax, even if just slightly. Johnny turns his attention back to Maggie.

Johnny Graves: You don't have to tell me how important this match is. I know how important this match is. But I don't want you at ringside. Go back to your hotel. Stay back here. I don't care what you do. Just stay away from the ring.

Maggie looks taken aback but at the same time annoyed. She looks around the room with an expression of disbelief before finally returning her eyes to Johnny.

Maggie Lockheart: So that's how it's going to be? You're going to continue keeping things from me? Forbid me from coming down to ringside? ...Because I wouldn't be one of your many girlfriends?

Johnny stares at Maggie in silence for what feels like an eternity. At least for him. He shakes his head slightly.

Johnny Graves: I gotta go get this dub.

Johnny steps past Maggie and exits the frame. Aryka takes another step forward coming within inches from Maggie. She glares down at her, but Maggie stands her ground. Aryka scoffs and then steps past her following Johnny out of the locker room. Maggie turns around watching them leave the look of disbelief and annoyance once again carving her features.

Johnny Graves (c) vs. Omar Martinez (c) vs. Scourge vs. Larry O'Leary

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contest is a Fatal-4-Way, scheduled for one fall! Introducing first..

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 Johnny Graves steps out onto the small stage wearing the CWF Impact Championship around his neck. He is followed by the Amazonian bodyguard known as Aeryka Aries.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, from Las Vegas, Nevada.. weighing in at two hundred and eighteen pounds! Being accompanied by Areyka Aries… He's the CWF Impact Champion! "Sin City Saint" JOHNNY GRAVES!!

Graves slowly moves his gaze over the sea of fans, a confident smirk on his lips. He drops down onto his knees and bows his head as if in reverence. Slowly he raises his head once more while at the same time he raises both arms in front him, hands fashioned as if holding twin pistols, his index fingers curled around the invisible triggers. He hops to his feet and begins strutting confidently towards the ring with Aeryka in tow. The fans on either side of the aisle reach

out looking to get a high five or anything from the passing Graves who ignores them completely, his intense eyes fixated on the ring, confident smirk on his lips. As he reaches the ringside area he moves around towards the ring steps. Standing in front of them he bouncing on his toes warming up and getting himself focused. Suddenly he moves forward ascending the stairs quickly before stepping onto the ring apron and climbing through the ropes. He moves the center of the ring and once again drops to his knees bowing his head. With Aeryka standing behind him, looking stern and focused to defend her client, Johnny again slowly raises his head bringing the twin pistols pose up as well. He springs up to his feet and moves to the corner where he drops to one knee, bowing his head once more, resting his forehead against the middle turnbuckle. "Givenchy" starts up as Byson Kaliban steps from behind the curtain with one-half of the CWF Tag Team Champions, Omar Martinez. The two barely acknowledge the fans as they make their way towards the ring.

Ray Douglas: Making good way to the ring, weighing in at two hundred and ten pounds, from San Juan, Puerto Rico! Accompanied by Byson Kaliban, he's one-half of the CWF Tag Team Champions! OMAR MARTINEZ!!

The two finally make it to ringside, where Martinez rolls into the ring and shows his title off to the crowd. The lights in the arena dim as the opening notes of Mourning Ritual's "Bad Moon Rising" ring out in the arena. The aisle fills with smoke as a giant silhouette appears within it. As the smoke billows away, the monster known as Scourge walks methodically to the ring.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, from Parts Unknown, weighing in at three hundred and fifteen pounds.. "The Alpha of the Omega" SCOURGE!!

Once he reaches the ring, he leaps from the floor to the apron, setting the posts ablaze. He then steps over the top rope and waits for the bell with an eerie calmness about him. Standing off to the side, we notice that Larry O'Leary is outside of the ring as Douglas gives him a formal introduction.

Ray Douglas: The final participant.. LARRY O'LEARY!!

The referee signals for the bell and the four competitors immediately pair off, Scourge and Graves battle into one corner as Martinez and O'Leary fight in another. Winning the battle between him and Omar, Larry grabs Martinez up under his arm, sending him flying across the ring with a Biel Toss! O'Leary giggles to himself, not turning his attention to Graves who's managed to send Scourge stumbling back with a jumping mafia kick to the face. The Alpha of the Omega staggers along the ropes into the opposite corner, grasping at his jaw as LOL charges towards Graves. He sidesteps and O'Leary, sending him through the ropes and onto the floor.

Jim Gunt: This action is starting off fast and the Sin City Saint catches a returning Scourge with another kick to the side of the head!

Mike Rolash: Graves is on a roll right now, he's got everyone on their heels.

With all of his opponents down, Johnny stands in the center of the ring and slowly raises his head, bringing the twin pistols pose up as well, the Mexico City fans enthralled with the opening moments of the match. Now focusing on a recovering Darkness Incarnate, Graves points the pistols at him before Scourge charges at him for a clothesline but Graves quickly ducks underneath and goes flying through the ropes with a suicide dive at a now rising O'Leary but he's caught!

Jim Gunt: What strength on display by O'Leary, catching Graves out of midair!

Mike Rolash: Is he laughing?

Indeed LOL is as the Sin City Saint tries to wiggle free from his clutches but O'Leary's not letting up as he drives him back first into the apron! Crying out, arching his back in pain, Graves drops to the floor. Finally back up this feet, Martinez runs over to the ropes near Graves and O'Leary. He looks to slingshot himself over the top but the Alpha of

the Omega charges at him, he receives a back elbow for his troubles. With Scourge stumbling backwards, the Racer pulls himself up onto the top rope before twisting into a moonsault, aiming for Larry!

Jim Gunt: Oh My Lord! He caught Martinez as well!

Mike Rolash: Why does he keep laughing?

Jim Gunt: HE JUST LAWNDARTED MARTINEZ INTO THOSE STEEL STEPS!

Mike Rolash: Okay, the guy may have a few bolts loose.. INCOMING!

The fans are on their feet, cheering loudly as Scourge comes flying down on top of O'Leary! We got to a replay where the Darkness Incarnate is shown tight roping the top before launching his large frame down on top of O'Leary! Cutting back to live action, all four men are down as the ref calmly stands there waiting for one of them to get to their feet. It's Scourge who slowly rises to his feet, he searches around to the scattered bodies for a target and he chooses the Racer. Bringing a near unconscious Martinez up, he rolls him back into the ring, following closely behind. Getting to his feet, he brings Omar upright and whips him across the ring into a corner. Crashing into the buckles, Martinez is crushed in the corner as Scourge slams into him with a body press! The Racer staggers out of the corner and slumps to the ground as Scourge goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Rising to a knee, Scourge notices that O'Leary standing at the apron. Scourge gets vertical and approaches him but as soon as he nears, LOL trips him by his ankles and drags him under the bottom rope, before shoving him back first into the ring apron. Scourge stumbles away, clutching at his back as Larry slides back into ring, charging at Martinez who's back to his feet in the corner. He now crushes Martinez with a body splash of his own! Shoving him down to the mat, he goes for a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Martinez able to get his shoulder off of the mat, once again!

Mike Rolash: Omar's been taking a heavy beating so far in this thing, Jimbo..

Larry laughs hysterically as Scourge is now standing at the apron. O'Leary gets to his feet and goes over to the Darkness Incarnate who now pulls him under the bottom rope and to the outside. He looks to throw him into the nearby steps but LOL reverses and send the big man crashing into them knee first! He flips over them and smacks the floor. The ever tickled O'Leary smiles as he turns right into a running knee strike from Graves! Larry goes stumbling along the apron as the Sin City Saint moves in with forearm shots and kicks as the two battle around ringside. A big kick to LOL's chest sends him back, which gives Graves enough space for a running start. Charging at his opponent, O'Leary catches and uses his momentum against him, sending him flying and crashing on the floor near the announce table!

Jim Gunt: O'Leary's taking care of business out there tonight as he's caught by surprise by Martinez who unloads with right hands.

Mike Rolash: I'm still trying to see what the joke is because this guy hasn't stopped laughing since this match started.

Martinez and O'Leary exchange right hands back and forth until Omar swings for the fences. Larry ducks and scoops Martinez off of his feet and tosses him into a rising Graves! O'Leary looks around to the bloodthirsty fans as he makes

his way over to the announce table..

Mike Rolash: What is he doing?

Jim Gunt: Maybe we should move out of the way.

Coming to the table, Larry begins to tear the top layer off, throwing it along with the monitors to the floor. He then turns his attention back to Martinez, bringing him up by his hair and dragging him towards the announce table as Gunt and Rolash move to a safer distance. Hooking Omar in a standing headscissors, Larry lifts him up for a Powerbomb but Omar immediately begins to pound on him with right hands. Finally able to wiggle free, Martinez lands on his feet and quickly decks O'Leary with a SUPERKICK! Dazed, O'Leary staggers right into Graves who gives him his own TASTE OF SIN!

Jim Gunt: Two superkicks have O'Leary rocked and--BIG BOOT BY SCOURGE AND O'LEARY IS DOWN!

Mike Rolash: Man they crashed horribly over the table, Scourge put a lot of force behind that shot..

Scourge's leg is caught up in the table as O'Leary is on the other side, stuck between the chairs and the barricade. Looking relieved that it was neither one of them, both Martinez and Graves slowly make their way to the ring and roll back inside. The Mexico City fans are too their feet and cheering loudly as both men get to their feet and face off. They slowly circle the ring as the volume in the arena rises before colliding in the center of the ring. A forearm shot from the Racer sends Graves stumbling backwards, Martinez charges at Johnny but whatever he had planned is thwarted as Graves sends him through the middle and top rope where he lands on the apron. Now running at Omar, Graves catches a gamengiri kick that sends him staggering back. Martinez springs off the top rope and gets caught with a Shotgun Dropkick from a recovering Sin City Saint! Martinez slams into the canvas as Graves pulls further inside of the ring and goes for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Graves curses but stays on the offensive as he brings Martinez back up. Catching him by surprise, Omar uses his shoulder to drive Johnny into a nearby corner, knocking the wind from his body. Standing him back up, Martinez fires off a loud overhand chop that rings out through the arena.

Jim Gunt: Oh man that was a brutal shot by Martinez. And he looks to take advantage.

Omar sprints across the ring and slides at the opposing corner before charging back at Graves. The Sin City Saint gets a boot up, sending Martinez staggering backwards. Using his agility, Graves pops up to the second ropes and jumps over a charging Racer, landing on his feet. Both men turn to each other and Graves looks for the Silencer but Martinez is able to dodge out of the way and rebounds off the ropes. Charging towards Graves, Martinez feigns a big boot that Johnny swats away but he's not quick enough for the spinning back elbow that drops him to a knee. Sensing that he has Graves in trouble, Omar hits the ropes again but Johnny catches him with a tilt-a-whirl! As they spin in the center of the ring, Martinez manages to spin him down to the canvas and locks on the DISLOCATOR!

Jim Gunt: Uh-oh! Graves looks to be in trouble as Martinez has him hooked in his patented submission hold.

Mike Rolash: Here comes the Darkness Incarnate!

Sliding inside of the ring, Scourge rushes over to Martinez and Graves, leaping into the air and driving the point of his elbow into the small of Omar's back, forcing him to break his grip. Martinez rolls out of the ring, clutching his back as Scourge now brings Graves up to his feet. Taking him off his feet, Scourge cracks his spine with a backbreaker before hitting the ropes and dropping a huge leg across Graves' throat! He goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

And Omar dives in to break the count! Looking infuriated, Scourge gets to his feet, quickly sending a boot into the rising Martinez's gut, doubling him over. Tossing the Racer onto his shoulders, Scourge plants him with a power slam, holding on for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

And it's Graves who makes the save this time!

Jim Gunt: None of these men are letting up as they are simply destroying each other.

Mike Rolash: Yeah I don't think Jaiden knew how volatile this match was going to become when he signed it.

Both Scourge and Graves are too their feet and slugging it out. Sending a knee lift into Graves' midsection, Scourge wrenches the arm and drags him towards the corner, where he begins to climb to the top, he then begins to walk along the ropes, still holding Johnny's wrist. He looks perched to moonsault off but Martinez hits the ropes, sending Scourge's legs bouncing off the ropes, where he crashes badly into the ring. Everyone is down on the mat exhausted as the Mexico City fans show their appreciation.

Jim Gunt: How will this thing end? It's been a car crash from the opening bell.

Mike Rolash: I don't know but ole giggles over here has yet to move.. *Larry moves* Welp nevermind…

Graves, Scourge and Martinez all stir on the canvas inside of the ring as O'Leary slowly crawls from behind the announce table. Rising to his feet, O'Leary smiles and heads for the ring, sliding inside. Martinez gets to his feet and charges at Larry but receives a shoulder tackle for his troubles. Now it's Graves' turn as he gets the same treatment. Bringing Omar up by his hair, LOL lifts him onto his shoulders but Graves is there to help him out, pulling him free. They try for a double clothesline as O'Leary turns but he barrels right through, rebounding off the ropes and taking them both down with a running crossbody!

Jim Gunt: O'Leary takes out the Racer and the Sin City Saint collectively with that maneuver.

Mike Rolash: Now he just tosses Graves out of the ring like a ragdoll.

Jim Gunt: But he's not finished there as he now has Martinez hooked.. SIT-DOWN POWERBOMB! He's going for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

And now it's Scourge who breaks up the pin attempt! O'Leary appears irritated for the first time in this match as he brings Omar up and tosses him to the outside! Now it's only O'Leary and Scourge who stand inside of the ring as the two face off before coming to blows! Feeling that Scourge is gaining the upper hand, Larry shoves Scourge into the ropes where he bounces off and is dropped with a spear from O'Leary! Bringing Scourge up, Larry whips him into the corner but Scourge explodes out and drops him with a huge lariat!

Jim Gunt: How much more can these men take?

Mike Rolash: That's a good question and right now I have no idea.. but here comes Graves back into the match.

As both Scourge and O'Leary begin to face off again, Graves slides in with roundhouse kicks to both men's chests. O'Leary grabs him from behind but Johnny cracks him with an elbow. Scourge now comes at him but Graves shoved

him back and fires off a Taste of Sin superkick that has Scourge counting birdies! He stumbles through the ropes and to the outside. Turning back towards O'Leary, Graves points the twin pistols at LOL before screaming, "Fuck You!" Charging in he blasts him across the temple with the Silencer! O'Leary slumps to the canvas as Graves scurries on top for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The ref signals for the bell..

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner.. "Sin City Saint" JOHNNY GRAVES!!

Gone With The Wind

Match

Exhausted and battered, Graves leans against the top rope breathing heavily as “Terrorstorm” blares from the speakers. He raises his arm in victory before pumping it forward with enthusiasm. He stumbles away from the ropes and drops down to his knees. He bows his head in reverence before slowly lifting it again, bringing his hands up again before him, his fingers positioned like twin pistols. The Mexico City fans are none too shy to vocalize their opinion. Some of them cheering at the top of their lungs, some of them roaring with thunderous boos. Johnny simply savors the moment, basking in their response to his victory.

Jim Gunt: Huge win for Johnny Graves here tonight. Getting a victory against the men he’ll be facing at Genesis for the CWF Tag Team Titles is a huge momentum boost for himself as well as his partner, Maggie Lockheart.

Mike Rolash: Yeah. His tag partner that he didn’t want coming down to ringside tonight. You’ve got the tag champs, The el33t Team, and Scourge and Jeff Jackson… why wouldn’t Johnny want Maggie at ringside to watch his back?

Jim Gunt: He believed that he and Aryka could handle whatever happened. And let’s not forget, Maggie already had a match tonight. Perhaps Johnny just didn’t want to run the risk of her getting injured before Genesis.

Mike Rolash: Such a gentlemen!

Suddenly the music dies and the lights throughout the arena cut leaving nothing but complete black. Several long moments go by before suddenly the lights come up again. The scene is eerie. Johnny Graves stands before the duo of Jeff Jackson and Scourge. Graves looks around nervously as if looking for a quick exit before bringing his attention back to the men that have been nothing less than a thorn in his side for the past several weeks. Jackson and Scourge simply stare Johnny down, almost daring him to make a move. Aryka Aries climbs up onto the apron looking to protect her client. Suddenly Graves springs into action moving forward and cocking his right hand back. The lights again cut to black.

Mike Rolash: Who owns this building? They need to pay their damn electric bill!

Jim Gunt: Folks, I’m not sure what’s going on but… Jeff Jackson and Scourge were standing off with Johnny Graves…

The lights return and the ring is empty. Jeff Jackson: gone. Scourge: gone. Johnny Graves: gone. Aryka enters the ring in confusion, looking around for her client, the man she was supposed to protect.

Jim Gunt: What in the world is going on?

Mike Rolash: Jim… did Jackson and Scourge just abduct the Impact Champion? Where is Maggie!?

Jim Gunt: I have no idea what we’re witnessing! I’m just as confused as you are partner!

Autumn Raven vs. Jay Mora

Match

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

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

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

Most of the Mexican fans in attendance boo the Marksman but a lot of them show him no attention at all. Regardless, Mora makes his way up the stairs with a smug smile on his face. He stops at the ring post to look right, taking time out to point to a fan and talk some trash before entering the ring.

Mike Rolash: We've finally made it!

Jim Gunt: To what exactly if I may ask?

Mike Rolash: The last time we have to put up with low-life, half-hearted wrestlers like Jay Mora coming in to stink up the competition!

Jim Gunt: Woah! I thought you were a fan of the Marksman, Mike?

Mike Rolash: Were, or was, is the key word, Jimbo. Marksman came into the Alpha and Omega Tournament with his head held high, some would say so high that it was stuffed high up his ass, but he quickly fell into a losing streak that he has yet to be able to get himself out of.

Jim Gunt: Well you have a point there. Mora sits at a dismal two points coming into tonight's match, and although him and his opponent tonight are both eliminated from title contention at Genesis, this could be his final chance at making a statement in the land of See-Dubbya-Eff.

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

"The sun is shining
Though everything's dying
Your stars burned out for good
Somewhere in Hollywood"

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

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

She walks around the ring, glaring at the fans sitting at ringside before sliding under the bottom rope and leaping to her feet, giving the crowd a smug smile.

"The sun is shining
But everything's dying
Your stars burned out for good
Somewhere in Hollywood
I swear it's only

Cos you be my lies
Guess I’m misunderstood
You were my deadlihood”

She runs to the corner turnbuckle, climbing to the second one, taunting the cheering Mexican City crowd, as she flings her arms out to the sides once again before climbing down. The sold out crowd clap their hands and blow their whistles for the Beautiful Psychopath as she smiles back.

Jim Gunt: The fans loves Autumn Raven, all over the globe, Mike!

Mike Rolash: She’s got a lovable personality, despite having a “dark” outlook on life at times. While Raven may be technically eliminated from this tournament already, I’ve got to say I like her chances a lot more than Mora’s…

Clark Summits calls for the bell after checking on both Jay Mora and Autumn Raven, Mora slowly coming to the center of the ring, showing little care as Raven raises her hands telling him to bring it. The Marksman turns away from her instead, covering his mouth with his hand as he feigns an exaggerated yawn. Autumn looks on in both awe and anger as Marksman never turns back around, slowly walking back towards his own corner. Suddenly she springs into action, taking advantage of Marksman’s stupidity by leaping up to hit a Missile Dropkick right in the middle of his spine!

Marksman crumples, his vertebrae nearly coming in on itself as he falls sickly to the canvas. Summits comes over immediately to check on Marksman, but Autumn is right there with him, waiting eagerly for the official to allow her to continue.

Jim Gunt: Autumn is on fire here tonight!

Mike Rolash: And showing little regard for the wellbeing of Marksman. I love it!

Finally succumbing to Raven’s attempts to allow the match to continue, Summits backs off and she immediately leaps onto the ropes, corkscrews off and lands a gorgeous Splash atop of Marksman! Raven stays on Mora, looking for a quick pinfall.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Mora throws her off of him with all his strength, but seems to have pulled his back even further from it! He gets back to his knee, his right arm wrapped around trying to rub his spine as he gets back up. He approaches the Beautiful Psychopath but is immediately pulled into the Nevermore! The backstabber right into the submission, and Mora taps out without even a second thought! Summits quickly calls for the bell!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by submission….AUTUMN RAVEN!!

Jim Gunt: And it’s over! Jay Mora didn’t stand a chance here tonight, and it was pretty obvious he wasn’t even really bothered with this match.

Mike Rolash: Should have just stayed at home. Why do we even pay these guys when this is the kind of performance they give? Come on Jaiden!

Jim Gunt: Well despite all that, impressive final win in the tournament for Autumn, bringing her to ten points in the end. Oh wow looks like she’s coming over here for some reason….what’s up Autumn?

PJ Blake vs. Starlight

Match

Ray Douglas: The following Omega Block match is set 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!!

Autumn Raven: Here is a woman that just like me is coming into the final week of the Alpha and Omega Tournament trying to get to double digits.

Jim Gunt: You seem to have taken an interest in PJ here tonight, Autumn, is that why you've decided to grace us with your presence?

Mike Rolash: I invited her Jimmy, don't worry about it. Are you intimidated by a lady or what?

Autumn simply shakes her head at the announcer's squabble as PJ continues testing out the ropes. Two random voices are heard speaking as if in demonic tones over the system, as the lights go out. The camera pans over to the top of the stage area where three red siren lights begin to spin. The voices continue speaking the lights continue to go.

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

"I will be Queen!"

She cackles as she drops the microphone lifting her arms up the sirens cut out.

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

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

Jim Gunt: And what are your thoughts on Starlight, Autumn?

Autumn Raven: I know that she's quite the force, having gone up against her myself in the week six supershow. But I was able to overcome Starlight, showing her that even the mightiest trees fall to the ground.

Mike Rolash: And make the loudest bangs, to boot!

Head referee Trent Robbins calls to Sal to ring the bell, backing up as PJ Blake immediately springs into action, running at Starlight as quickly as possible and leaping up just at the last second, using all her body to blast into the #Queenslayer with a cartwheel dropkick. But Starlight stands still, unmoving! Blake is right back to her feet, eyes wide as she comes at Starlight yet again...just to eat a massive clothesline!

Autumn Raven: That wasn't pretty!

Mike Rolash: Come on Autumn, tell us what you really think of Starlight…

Autumn Raven: I meant that clothesline, Mike…

Picking the Icon up off the canvas by her long hair, a smirking Starlight yanks her fully vertical before tossing her into the ropes. The mighty Starlight leaps up for a Body Avalanche but Blake is able to use her small stature to her advantage, dropping down to all fours in a split second and quickly crawling underneath! A shocked Starlight turns around, just to receive a Spinning Back Elbow from PJ! With the Mexican City crowd resoundingly on her side, Blake once again goes towards the ropes, springboarding off to smack Starlight in the jaw with yet another back elbow! With the #Queenslayer finally down, PJ Blake leaps on top of her, hoping to have done enough to keep her down for the three count.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

STARLIGHT THROWS PJ HALFWAY ACROSS THE RING!

Jim Gunt: It's not over yet!

Mike Rolash: Wow, this Starlight is freakishly strong…

Autumn Raven: That she is, but PJ is an incredible competitor in her own right. Having competed against both these women in the past, I have to admit that I'd love to see Blake overcome the odds here tonight…

Pulling herself back up to her feet warily as Starlight stands in the middle of the ring pounding her chest, PJ looks at her opponent, over to Autumn, and then to the thousands of sold out fans chanting her name. The Icon nods, a confident smirk coming across her face as she brings herself into a sprint. Cross-Body Block...but Starlight catches PJ easily! With one fell swoop, she hurls Blake into the air and catches her in Powerbomb position. The #Queenslayer is about to splat the Icon, but somehow she doubles her over!

Jim Gunt: What an impressive counter from PJ Blake!

ONE!

TWO!

Autumn Raven: The Hurricanrana is gonna do it, guys!

THREE!

Mike Rolash: Wow!

Autumn Raven: She did it! What a win for PJ!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by pinfall….PJ BLAKE!!

"Coming in Hot" once again begins to play over the speakers but is quickly motioned off as Autumn Raven herself slides into the ring, having left the commentator's booth seconds before. The Beautiful Psychopath steps over the Queenslayer, going eye to eye with the Icon. PJ doesn't back down from Autumn whatsoever, neither woman showing a hint of fear as they stare each other down. Just as the showdown looks like it's about to take off, Autumn smiles, and grabs PJ's hand to raise it high in the air. The Mexico City fans explode in cheers, blowing their whistles and clapping aloud!

Jim Gunt: What a reception for both PJ Blake AND Autumn Raven, and it appears we have ourselves a new team, Mike!

Mike Rolash: I don't know, but if that's the case then the tag team division could be as hot as ever...no pun intended!

Jim Gunt: Oh I bet no pun intended...

Good Saints Are Hard To Find

Match

Once again the scene cuts to the backstage area where we open inside the locker room of Johnny Graves. Though there is no Graves to be found. Instead the camera focuses on Aryka Aries. She paces back and forth, a look of genuine concern and panic on her face. In her hand she clutches a cell phone. Completely lost at what to do, Aryka looks down at the cell phone and begins frantically tapping at the screen. She moves the phone to her ear and waits impatiently, still pacing back and forth across the room. Suddenly the sound of the Final Fantasy VII theme can be heard ringing out accompanied by the bzzzz bzzzz buzzing of a cell phone. Aryka turns and realizes the sound is coming from Johnny's bag. She angrily hangs up the phone.

Jim Gunt: Looks like Aryka is just as confused as the rest of us as to the whereabouts of Johnny Graves…

Mike Rolash: I don't like this, Jimbo. I don't like this at all.

Suddenly the sound of the locker room door opening is heard.

"Johnny!"

Maggie Lockheart rushes into the room and enters the frame coming face to face with Aryka. The two women stare each other down for a brief moment.

Maggie Lockheart: Where's Johnny?

Aryka Aries: You tell me.

Maggie narrows her eyes as she stares up at Aryka.

Maggie Lockheart: How in the hell would I know? I was banned from ringside, remember?

Aryka takes a step closer to Maggie, towering over her.

Aryka Aries: Give me one reason why I should believe anything you say.

Maggie shakes her head, her expression conveying her confusion.

Maggie Lockheart: Are you serious right now? You're going to accuse me of having something to do with… whatever the hell happened out there?

Aryka glares down at Maggie but doesn't offer any words in response. She turns away from Maggie and moves across the room to where Johnny's bag lies. She bends over and unzips the bag. Shoving her hand inside she soon pulls it free, in her grasp is a manilla folder. Aryka returns to Maggie and shoves the manilla folder into her chest forcing her to accept it.

Aryka Aries: I need to find, Johnny.

Aryka - again - steps past Maggie making her exit from the frame and the locker room. Maggie turns and watches her go. After a moment her eyes move down to the manilla folder in her hands. Curiosity getting the better of her, Maggie reaches into the folder and removes its contents. Immediately her eyes go wide and the confusion spreads across her face. The camera pans around to look over her shoulders and find black and white photographs of Maggie herself. At home, at Paper Street Tattoo, walking the streets of New York, getting coffee, on a date. One by one she flipped through the pictures before forcing herself to pull her eyes away and look to the door again. Cut.

JC vs. Ariel Shadows

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

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

Throwing up a sarcastic peace sign with an evil grin, Ariel struts down the ramp to the crowd's jeers. Before entering the ring, she removes her glasses and sandals; electing to wrestle barefoot.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Anchorage, Alaska, the Dreamcatcher….ARIEL SHADOWS!!

Ariel slides into the ring underneath the bottom rope, then does a quick push-up like move to bounce up to her feet. Ariel runs the ropes a couple of times, opting not to pose. After a couple of bounces off the ropes, she does a couple of stretches in the corner, and a high kick putting the foot above her head. She then simply waits in the corner for her opponent.

Jim Gunt: Ariel Shadows is coming into this final Omega Block match with what many would call a rollercoaster record.

Mike Rolash: Explain?

Jim Gunt: Her win loss/record has had many ups and downs, peaks and valleys, the Dreamcatcher may only have six points to show for herself but she’s put up quite the showing in some big time matches.

Mike Rolash: I know one thing, she can leave that sarcastic shit at home if she wants a win here tonight...

"I'M FINALLY HOLDING ON TO LETTING GO"

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

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

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

Jim Gunt: Former Carnage Wrestling number one contender, the man who went to war with Jack Michaels and barely came up short at Season of the Witch last month.

Mike Rolash: The man who seems to always come up short when it counts, Jimmy, including placing in the Alpha and Omega Tournament.

Jim Gunt: That’s not fair and you know it, Mike. JC put on one hell of a show in this tournament, he was the frontrunner on the Omega side throughout most of the tournament. And the man holds a victory over Silas Artoria, so if Silas is able to win either the World or Paramount Championship at Genesis, JC holds a claim over his belt!

Mike Rolash: That’s all a big “if”, just like it’s a big question whether Ariel Shadows will be able to get through this match without getting stoned!

Referee Nick McArthur starts this one off calling for the bell. Ariel Shadows meets JC in the center of the ring, the Answer raising his hands in the air for a test of strength. She simply smirks back at him, raising up a peace sign. He shakes his head, going behind her and grabbing her arm to pull her into an arm lock. She quickly reverses over, turning him around and placing JC in a headlock. The Answer pulls out, pushing Shadows into the ropes and catching her on the way through with a cradle rollup.

Jim Gunt: Fast start to this one, and it could be over already!

ONE!

TWO!

Shadows flips the rollup over, bridging her legs into the air for extra momentum.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by pinfall….ARIEL SHADOWS!!

"Hip Hop Is Dead" plays again as Shadows quickly gets to her feet and JC comes to his knees, slapping the canvas out of pure frustration. The Dreamcatcher rolls out of the ring not even allowing the official to raise her hand in the air, not allowing JC to get a second thought or punch in before she makes her way up the ramp, a peace sign already once again in the air.

Jim Gunt: Disappointing finish for JC here in the final match of the tournament, as Shadows catches him with a “quick one” with that reversal.

Mike Rolash: That’s the art of professional wrestling, Jimbo, you never know when one single move will put you down for the three count. Big win for Ariel though, hopefully she can carry that over to Genesis!

Slides of the Past

Match

The camera cuts backstage, more specifically the office of one Jaiden Rishel. The CWF CEO sits at his desk with a handful of paperwork in front of him, the focused look on his face as he goes through them telling us that he's paying no attention to the camera in front of him.

Jaiden Rishel: God damn it, where is it...

Jaiden finally stops shuffling through the papers, pulling one out in particular, waving it to the camera to show it to be the contract that him and Ataxia signed for their match at Genesis.

No Holds Barred.

Falls Count Anywhere.

Anything Goes.

The CWF president smiles, with more than a hint of nervousness in that smile as he looks down at the paperwork.

Jaiden Rishel: December 3rd, you'll have me just where you want me...right Ataxia? You have a match with the boss, the man who ran out all your fucking loser friends, a match where you can do anything your sick little ass desires. Well Taxi, let me tell you something...

Suddenly the lights go out in the office of Rishel, flickering at first and then going completely dark. Jaiden can be heard getting up from his desk quickly, attempting to go for the lights that never come back on. Snapping to life is a video feed coming onto the far wall of his office like a slideshow.

First we see a picture with all the Forsaken standing tall in a CWF ring, a sold out crowd cheering them on. What event did this take place on? Any of them. The Forsaken dominated the CWF landscape for a long time, and no matter where Evolution was at the crowd was soundly on their side.

Secondly, a quick shot of the Smokin' Aces taking out Mia Rayne, causing the birth of Loki Synn.

The battles between Mia Rayne and MJF.

Elisha and The Shadow battling it out from everywhere from the woods to a pirate ship.

Dorian Hawkhurst.

Jimmy Allen.

Zach Van Owen.

Mia Rayne.

The Shadow.

The video slides end with one final name.

ATAXIA.

The lights come back on and the Messiah Pariah is behind the CWF CEO, a damp cloth filled with some kind of pink liquid in his hand as he cackles his trademark laugh.

"AHAHAHAHAAAHAA"

Jaiden turns around, immediately having the cloth placed over his face. The Prodigal Son does his best to fight off Ataxia but the substance quickly puts him down. He falls into the hands of Ataxia who catches him, holding onto Jaiden with both hands inches away from the floor of his office.

Ataxia: Goodnight sweet prince, I'll see you at Genesis. AHAHAHAHA!

Cut back to ringside.

Kyuseishu vs. Leo Hermanne

Match

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

Can You Feel My Heart by Bring Me The Horizon plays and Leo Hermanne rises from the stage facing the CWF Tron until the beat hits and he points to the sky with both fingers as pyro goes off. He then walks to the ring and climbs onto the apron, once again raising his fingers as corner pyro goes off. He then climbs into the ring getting ready for the match.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Staffordshire, England….LEO HERMANNE!!

Mike Rolash: Soo...who the hell is this guy and how the hell did he get entered in the tournament week NINE for Hoyt’s sakes?

Jim Gunt: Bubba Love was unable to make his contractually obligated appearance. What can I say, Mike, I don’t make the matches…

Mike Rolash: Also, can we fire Ataxia already? My god...

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 to familiar traditional samurai hair style, and wearing a men's blue and black Kimono he raises his arms in a pose of the cross.

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

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.

Mike Rolash: Now HERE is someone we can all look up to, in more ways than one, Jimmy. The true Alpha AND Omega, our Kyuseishu!

Jim Gunt: He's not my Kyuseishu…

Mike Rolash: OUR Kyuseishu!

The second to final Omega Block match starts off with Clark Summits calling out to Sal to ring the bell. When he does Kyuseishu and Leo Hermanne come to the center of the ring eyeing each other up, both men trying to get a sense of the other one before attacking. Leo attempts to go low but Kyuseishu grabs ahold of his arm and turns him over for a Hammerlock. Hermanne breaks out easily, turning to the back of Kyuseishu now and attempting a German Suplex. The Social Justice Samurai blocks the Suplex by grapevining both of his legs around Leo's, keeping both men in place. Hermanne looks shocked, and is suddenly shellshocked as Kyuseishu reaches out and Bell Claps him to both sides of his head! Followed by a Judo Hip Toss!

Jim Gunt: Leo Hermanne looked to bring the big fight to start this match, but he's flat on his back already!

Mike Rolash: He may as well get on his knees, and start to pray for Hoyt's forgiveness!

Jim Gunt: Oh God…

Mike Rolash: Yes! Yes, he is!

Struggling to get back to his feet following the Hip Toss, Hermanne is still determined, holding onto his side with his left hand and calling out to Kyuseishu for more with his right. As he approaches him Leo suddenly leaps into action, looking for a Superman Punch! But Kyuseishu evades, pulling him in for a Rolling Clutch Pin on the way down!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-KICKOUT!

Leo Hermanne is right back up, coming at Kyuseishu with a running clothesline that he's able to duck under, swinging him around with a Neckbreaker as he crosses by him!

Jim Gunt: Leo just can't get a proper offense going, despite being one of the most highly decorated athletes this company has ever signed!

Mike Rolash: Oh please Jim, you believe this guy's won even a single title that he listed on his bio? PUH-LEASE!

Bringing Leo back vertical, Kyuseishu slaps him across the face a couple of times playfully, almost like he's a feline playing with a mouse. Leo has had enough of the games however, striking Kyu with a big right hand. Kyuseishu with a right hand of his own! Leo Hermanne is rocked, and a Reverse Atomic Drop has him nearly out on his feet. Kyuseishu turns him upside down, pulling him in close before leaping up and planting him on his head with the Deeds of the Saints! Leo is out cold, laying in a heap on the canvas before Kyuseishu turns him onto his back and once again drops down for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by pinfall….KYUSEISHU!!

“Personal Jesus” plays again and Kyuseishu celebrates his victory in the ring with the Mexican fans sending nothing but boos his way.

Mike Rolash: Kyuseishu with a massive win that now puts him atop of the Omega Block!

Jim Gunt: Not so fast Mike, while Kyuseishu does in fact lead the block with sixteen points, Silas Artoria still has a chance to re-stake his claim at the top when he goes up against Ataxia in tonight’s main event.

Mike Rolash: I just hope Silas gets some revenge on Ataxia for what he did to Jaiden earlier!

King of the Alpha: Making Good

Match

After Kyuseishu claims his victory, he makes his way up the ramp with his theme playing when it cuts out all of a sudden. The lights go out and the spotlight shines on the Alpha winner, Freddie Styles.

'Power is Power'' begins to play, and Freddie walks down to the ring, stopping where Kyuseishu is standing. He stares him up and down as Kyu does the same, and Freddie leans toward him, before walking off, down the ramp and to the commentary area. freddie nods at Mike and Jim, before grabbing a seat and sitting down in front of the timekeepers post, awaiting the main event.

Silas Artoria vs. Ataxia

Match

The bell rings three times to get everyone’s attention.

Ray Douglas: The following is the final match of Omega Block and is tonight's MAAAIIINNN EVENT!!

The crowd cheer at this announcement.

Jim Gunt: Final match of the tournament, excluding the Genesis title matches.

Ray Douglas: Joining us at ringside, FREDDIE STYLES!

‘Power is Power’ starts playing, and quickly out comes Freddie Styles to a grand ovation. Little showboating, he heads down ringside, and takes his place near the commentary table. He wiggles a little to get comfortable.

Jim Gunt: Mr Ballgame! What are you doing at ringside?

Styles lets out a single laugh.

Freddie Styles: I’m meeting my opponent after this, and I wanted some front row seats. Plus, means I don’t have to make the long walk from my dressing room!

The lights suddenly switch off, and soon the arena went into eerie silence. Rumblings from the crowd fills the atmosphere, before an ear piercing, familiar cackle overwhelms the building.

"AHAHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHHAHA!"

The crowd ignite in delight as the lights turn on, the music goes loud, and fan favourite Ataxia stands at the top of the stage. Alice Cooper starts to play, and the Messiah Pariah takes his time to soak in the crowd adulation. Eventually, he has to start his walk to the ring, and does so after what feels like a minute.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, weighing in at 210 pounds and with 8 points...The Messiah Paraiah...AAAAAAAAAAAAAAA-TAXIA!

Jim Gunt: Love, Mora, Starlight, and a tag victory over JC and Bubba Love. They came into contact with a longtime CWF favourite, and fell to his trademark predictability. Unfortunately, he only has 8 points, far behind the title contenders, but the opponent he is facing tonight is guarenteed a shot. If Ataxia can score the win, and his opponent picks up the belt at Genesis, Ataxia will have a ticket to a title shot!

Mike Rolash: I think he has some business to deal with before then, a pissed off boss...at least when he wakes up...

Jim Gunt: True, but in the meantime, he needs to finish the long road we all started back in August!

Ataxia crawls into the ring, and makes his way to the opposite turnbuckle, climbing up it to acknowledge those behind him. Soon, he turns around, and sits atop the corner. Again the lights turn off, as the crowd awaits the impending arrival of Ataxia's opponent.

Soon, rumblings through the speakers make their presence known, dark tone. A deep blue haze covers the stage, as the opening composition continues on.

Finally, hard drums and guitars kick in. Lights flicker wildly. 'Devil Trigger' by Little V.

The buildup has a silhouette rising from the haze, non acknowledging of an anticipating audience. The lining of his jacket lights up, revealing more, before the chorus makes it clear who will be facing Ataxia tonight. Just the light up jacket and white vest. Silas has arrived, and Ito-san had come as well.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, weighing in at 210 pounds and with 14 points, from Toronto, Canada. The Psychotic Aristocrat...SILAAAAAAAAS...AAAAAAAAAAAAAA-TORIA!

Jim Gunt: Well, it's hard to really call him the aristocrat as he's been gradually transforming himself into what we are seeing today. He's going to be making his attempt to claim the title of 'Omega'!

Silas and Ito begin their gradual walk down the ramp and towards the ring.

Jim Gunt: Fourteen points, one more match, with JC defeated tonight, Silas is guaranteed a title shot at Genesis. But the question is, which one? If he loses tonight, he'll be taking on Danny B and Duce Jones for the Paramount Championship--the only championship he has ever held! But if he wins tonight, he'll be taking on Freddie Styles for the CWF World Championship!

BANG BANG BANG! Silas fires finger guns into the air haphazardly, before he takes off his jacket. Just a white vest, and his arm all bandaged up with a black glove covering the hand. He stands opposite of Ataxia, the latter amused by the more focused Silas.

Ataxia jumps down from the ring and takes non-essential clothes off. Referee Trent Robbins pads both of them down, both cleared to compete. He orders the bell to be rung.

DING!

The crowd are already electric whilst the two competitors don't make a move. Ataxia looks at the crowd and gestures his hand upwards, demanding more volume. The crowd comply, but a smirk from Silas preludes his own gesture for a louder crowd. Soon, the foundations are shaking from the bellowing of crowd adulation.

Mike Rolash: Do you think this commentary box can withstand concrete?

Jim Gunt: It can barely withstand our monitors, Mike.

The two start to circle, Ataxia more relaxed, Silas more tense. The two finally begin to approach each other for an opening grapple. Silas jumps forward, but Ataxia casually walks away like a pedestrian, completely chill. Silas' lips curl in annoyance, but Ataxia's stoll tells the opposite like a taunt. Again, the two face each other and approach for a potential round of grappling. Silas pounces, and Ataxia again walks it off.

Double axe handle by Silas! If Ataxia didn't want to play, Silas will make him play. The stiff attack knocks Ataxia off balance, and soon is cornered against the turnbuck. He turns to face Silas, but the canadian, but is met with a series of stomps. Strike to the shoulder, and Ataxia is slightly slouching against the turnbuckle pads. Silas stops the attack, but the lack of retaliation seems to disappoint him, like Ataxia was going to let Silas coast the match. After all, he was already out of the tournament.

Silas nods his head, and gives Ataxia a slap across his burlap sack, before rubbing his hand hard against Ataxia's head, swaying the burlap. Ataxia is dragged to his feet, and Silas begins to whip him to the opposite turnbuckle. A hard reverse, and manages to get Silas leaning against the turnbuckle. Ataxia tries to get a hard shoulder in, but Silas smoothly dives over his opponent. The two quickly turn around, Silas going for Knockout! Ataxia rolls under and is on his feet as Silas' knee hits the soft padding. The two face each other again, and don't move!

The crowd loved the exchange, and shower down their applause at the opening moments.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia might've gotten the message. 'Don't insult me'.

Mike Rolash: From the looks of it, Ataxia might still be too chill. Can't be good. Might give him ideas!

Silas opens his arms, as if to invite an attack, but Ataxia doesn't bite. Silas gestures his hands, but Ataxia waves him off and even walks in a small circle. Silas whistles to get their attention, it's successful.

Silas with his covered hand. The father, the son, and the holy spirit. His hands join together, quick bow, and he shoots spit at Ataxia's sack! The man himself feels his sack, right on the cheek. Ataxia's fist clenches…

Gut kick to Silas, another to get them bending down. Hard fist strikes across the back, and another that staggers their opponent backwards. A third, but Silas grabs hold of the sack at the front and back, as if to lift it off! Ataxia grips it on tightly, but a transition to an elbow strike gives Silas the advantage again. He rotates the impacted shoulder, not an issue. He grabs a distracted Ataxia, and whips him to the opposite ropes. Reverse, and Silas bounces off. Ataxia swings, but Silas slides under to try and grab the waist. Slips off and charges for the same ropes. Silas tries to baseball slide the leg, but Ataxia hits the ropes. Silas stands, as Ataxia charges back.

BASEBALL SLIDE KICK TO SILAS' KNEE!

Silas falls to the mat as Ataxia rises. He notes the impacted knee, and makes a move. Simple stomp to it forces Silas back. Second one sends him to the corner. A third solidifies the position, and Ataxia runs to the opposite turnbuckle. He charges back, baseball slide, another kick to Silas' knee! Ataxia observes the seething Silas, as he slowly returns to his feet. Silas also returns to his feet with the support of the turnbuckle, and tries to superkick Ataxia! Ataxia catches the kick, and stomps the knee again!

In agony, Silas tries to head for a different turnbuckle, but Ataxia stalks behind. A jab to the same leg pulls his opponent away from the ropes, and a simple grab and slam to the same leg keeps Silas down.

Jim Gunt: Smart move. Better to let the air out than to hope it eventually bursts. Ataxia's getting time on his side.

Silas is gripping the leg as the Messiah Pariah towers over them. They grab hold of his hair, but Silas tries to strike the abdominal region. Only brushes, and Ataxia replies with a light but painful jab to the knee. He keeps hold of his head, and jabs the leg again, sending him against the ropes.

Ataxia approaches him, and tries to grab hold of the same leg, but Silas grabs his wrist. Ataxia yanks it away, and tries to grab it again. Like before, Silas grabs his wrist, and he replies with an elbow to the shoulder. Ataxia manages to grab hold of his leg, but a stiff slap to the head releases him. They look back at his injured opponent, but Silas grabs hold the top of his pants, and pulls him forward. The momentum forces Ataxia through the ropes and onto the mat, the abs lightly shunting against the barricade.

Silas spins around and eyes his opponent. He grabs hold of the top rope, bracing the elasticity. He whistles to get Ataxia's attention, and it works. Going for a springboard cross body towards Ataxia!

Ataxia calmly walks out of the way, but Silas is quick and lands on his feet, but the leg gives way and forces him to lean against the barricade. The painted breath is heard by Ataxia, who begins a run back towards Silas. Baseball kick to the knee! Ataxia jumps back up and dusts himself off, eyeing the camera.

Ataxia: This is too fucking easy!

Mike Rolash: Almost too easy.

Ataxia drags Silas to his feet, and aims for the barricade opposite. He whips Silas towards it, but the knee gives away before they come into contact, falling short of the target. Ataxia stolls to his target, and circles him. He drags Silas to his feet, but the Canadian forces his shoulder into Ataxia' abdomen, shunting the latter into the barricade. Silas returns to his feet, and jabs Ataxia's leg to keep them in place. Silas staggers backwards, and hard slaps the impacted knee. He charges his shoulders into a slightly staggering Ataxia. He is shunted into the barricade, harder than before.

Ataxia is on his knees, with the impact knocking some of the wind out of him. Slightly limping, and observing the count, Silas rolls in and out of the ring and heads back towards his opponent. Silas grabs hold of Ataxia's head and pulls him to his feet. Ataxia is scooped up, and thrown.

BANG!

LOWER BACK HITS THE CORNER OF THE RING! Ataxia slumps onto the mat as Silas stretches his leg on the edge of the canvas.

Jim Gunt: Good lord, I hope you guys at home are still comfortable.

Mike Rolash: I say do it again. Keep the lunatic down!

Jim Gunt: And paralyse him!?

Mike Rolash: Whatever keeps him away.

Loosely, Ataxia rolls into the ring, and Silas is quick to lock his head in their arms. Silas lifts him up, suspended in the air for a brainbuster? Ataxia knees his head, and it shifts enough weight to buckle the knee! Ataxia lands on his back, as Silas annoyingly hits his damaged leg. Through gritted teeth, he goes for a pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Too early and too Silas is still too energised, but Ataxia traps him in a figure four within the kickout!

Ataxia has Silas cinched in tightly, applying as much pressure as he can to the damaged knee. Silas tries to swing for Ataxia, but misses, and the hold is clenched in tighter. Silas almost growls with frustrated pain, as he reaches towards the ropes. Too short to reach the ropes, Silas forces Ataxia to nudge towards him.

One, two, three, an attempt to grab the ropes!

Success!

Ataxia lets go almost immediate, not wanting to waste time. He stands up just as Silas drags himself up via the corner turnbuckle. Ataxia charges toward Silas, and the latter extends his foot to give Ataxia a shot to the jaw. He takes it with good heart, jolting his head left and right, before trying again. Silas extends the legs, and this time hits the bridge of the nose! It actually forces Ataxia to stagger a little, and turn around as he controls the pain. Silas charges forward.

BIG BULLDOG SLAMS ATAXIA TO THE MAT!

And Ataxia rolls out of the ring and onto the apron, a little dazed but still going. He slowly crawls up the ropes to get back on his feet, but Silas has his scounted! He charges towards Ataxia. DROPKICK JOLTS ATAXIA BACKWARD! He hits the commentary box on the way down, with Mike immediately taking his headset off and bolting for the timekeepers table.

Jim Gunt: What's the matter Mike? A little sick?

Silas is quick to come out of the ring and beeline for the Messiah Pariah. He's takes it easy, shaking his leg a little as he approaches his prey near the booth. He pats the bag almost tauntingly, before dragging Ataxia back to his feet.

The Messiah Pariah's head between his legs, Silas lifts him up for a powerbomb position. Silas turns Ataxia towards the apron, but then spins around. HARD POWERBOMB THROUGH THE COMMENTARY TABLE!!

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

Silas brushes his hands like he took out the trash, as Ataxia lays crumped and barely moving in the debris. The crowd chants of 'HOLY SHIT' echo throughout, as Silas takes a look at a sitting Ito. The older man nods, and a sinister smile creeks on both faces. The Canadian slides into the ring, as Ataxia begins what feels like a slow crawl towards the barricade behind him. The count starts.

ONE!

Silas flexes his back.

TWO!

Ataxia reaches the bottom of the barricade.

THREE!

Silas rolls his shoulders, one has a little creek of stiffness but nothing wrong.

FOUR!

Ataxia starts to drag himself up the barricade.

FIVE!

Silas holds onto the top rope and begins stretching his legs.

SIX!

Ataxia reaches the top of the barricade separating the outer ring from the audience. Gently, he pull himself on top, near sitting on it.

SEVEN!

Silas eyes Ataxia, not with concern, but with a clear devilish glee.

EIGHT!

Ataxia seems to notice Silas, gripping to top rope.

NINE!

Springboard...SILAS FLIES INTO ATAXIA, CRASHES THE TWO INTO THE AUDIENCE AND THE CHAIRS!

Silas immediately starts screaming in agony as Trent Robbins, a nearby doctor, and Ito practically dive to the barricade to check up on the two athletes. Styles only takes a brief glance, but gives a smirk at the state of them.

Mike Rolash: Silas can fly but forgot how to land!

Jim Gunt: It's almost like Silas wants a real fight on his hands!

If the crowd weren't ignited before, they certainly are now, screaming their lungs out as one man attempted to completely end the career of another. Silas slumps himself over the barricade and limps back towards the ring, ignoring the calls of medics and referee Trent Robbins to stop. He rolls into the ring and lands on his knees. He glares at Robbins.

Silas Artoria: Start the count. START THE DAMN COUNT!

Trent looks at Silas, then in the general direction of Ataxia. Hesitant, he starts to count.

ONE!

A hand appears over the barricade as Silas' eyes widen.

TWO!

The hand makes way for an arm.

THREE!

The upper body of Ataxia, exhausted and pained, slumps over the top.

FOUR!

A light jump, as much as his energy can muster, slugs him over the barricade.

FIVE!

Silas stares at Ataxia, lightly jumping up and down as if to say 'hurry up, hurry up!'

SIX!

Ataxia takes a lunge forward, falls flat on his face. Half way.

SEVEN!

Ataxia scrambles forward, grips the bottom of the apron!

EIGHT!

He drags himself up!

NINE!

Upper body on the apron!

TE--

Silas rolls out onto the apron? Just as Ataxia ascends to his feet, Silas grabs hold of his waist. His arms locks in Ataxia's shoulder. DRAGON SUPLEX ON THE APRON! A frenzied Silas pushes Ataxia back intro the ring. He's dragged back onto his feet. Arms and shoulders locked! DRAGON SUPLEX LOCKED IN!

ONE!

TWO!

THR--

ATAXIA KICKS OUT! SILAS IS IN SHOCK!

Mike Rolash: How the hell is Ataxia still in this match!?

Jim Gunt: A cocktail of madness and will fuels these two men. Their bouts back and forward and put them level, but neither man is willing to give way. The question is will one be able to end it before the bell rings for a tie!?

Silas grits his teeth, and moves to clamp Ataxia. Their head is locked in, and they're swung upward! Powerbomb position! But Ataxia strikes the head and attempts at some form or rana! Silas keeps the legs locked around his head, and pulls Ataxia back into position, but Ataxia launches further forward and locks Silas' head in. A swing backwards!

DDT!

Ataxia is quick to clutch his back in pain, as Silas lays barely in motion on the mat! The crowd begin chanting. 'A-TAX-IA, A-TAX-IA!' It was certainly fueling the two competitors, as Ataxia tries to bring himself to stand, gassing out as he pushes on foot down. The little motion Silas has allows him to grab the ropes, using them as a crutch to ascend himself up first! Lucky landing.

Staggering, Silas hobbles over to Ataxia, and allows him up on his feet. Ataxia looks at the Canadian in his eyes, seeing the fire that burns. He's given a hard elbow for the look, and Ataxia...giggles?

Mike Rolash: Someone turn the ring mics off!

Ataxia stumbles back and delivers an elbow to his opponents chin. The small growl from Silas is heard, as he delivers another elbow back! Ataxia stumbles backward, but...waggles his finger? 'No,' it indicates, before on, harder elbow is delivered, so impactful that Silas staggers backwards towards the ropes. Bounce, and Silas delivers another elbow with a devastating crack! Again, Ataxia's cackle is caught in the arena, and stumbles forward to deliver another hard elbow!

KNOCKOUT!

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

The blow knocks Ataxia backwards towards the ropes, forcing him to support himself to ensure he doesn't fall flat on his face! Silas lands on his knees, gripping the impacted knee used to deliver his signature move. He screams in pain, as Ataxia tries to shake off the blow, all while the crowd erupts in a chorus of...boos?

Mike Rolash: Whoa, why the hosti--

Jim Gunt: Oh god, no!

A man runs out from behind the curtain, wielding a metal chair. It's Kyuseishu! Silas looks at the man with pure exhaustion, wondering how this man has the audacity to show his face again.

Jim Gunt: Get back behind the curtain jackass! You've already got a title shot!

Mike Rolash: But Hoyt is just trying to help, Jim! He's trying to secure the win!

Jim Gunt: Yeah, for himself!

Kyuseishu runs to the opposite side of the ring, where Ataxia is struggling to pull himself up, but Ito is already there. It doesn't take long for the two to start exchanging words, Ito bellowing that he should leave, why Hoyt insincerely explains his attempt to help his 'disciple'. Ataxia is still dazed, Silas is looking baffled at the scrap, all while referee Trent Robbins tries to shout some sense into the situation.

Finally, Hoyt has enough, and shoves Ito to the side and starts to ascent. Silas stands up and runs to the ropes behind him. Hoyt reaches to Ataxia with chair in hand! Silas bounces! Hoyt takes a swing!

KNOCKOUT KNEE!

Ataxia ducked out of the way, and Silas' knee collides with the chair which hits Hoyt's head! Silas grips his struck knee as Hoyt falls backwards onto Ito's shoulders?

Jim Gunt: Careful Ito-san! You're going to hurt yourself!

Ito chuckles.

Hidetaka Ito: Not as much as this one.

He throws Hoyt's legs into the ai--

Mike Rolash: JESUS CHRIST! HOYT!

Jim Gunt: BURNING HAMMER! BURNING HAMMER TO KYUSEISHU!

Ito is quick to his feet and dusts his shoulders off, while Hoyt lays motionless near the announce table. He glances back at Silas, whom is limping from the chair impact. Silas nods, and turns back towards the ring fo--SPEAR BY ATAXIA INTO SILAS' LEG!

Silas is clutching the knee, as Ataxia jumps back onto his feet! He grabs hold of Silas' hair and drags them to their feet. He forces them onto the turnbuckle, the second one standing, and he ascends to the third, locking Silas into the corner--SUPER REVERSE-RANA! AND SILAS CRASHES DOWN! FOR THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! KICKOUT!

ATAXIA DRAGS A DAZED SILAS BACK ONTO HIS FEET AND HITS THE ROPES! HE LAUNCES FOR THE RECKONING, KNEE MAKES CONTA--SILAS CATCHES THE KNEE AND STAGGERS BACKWARDS. Slight adjustment to get both knees over Silas' shoulders. POWERBOMB FOR THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE--KICKOUT!

THE CROWD GOES COMPLETELY BERZERK!

TRENT ROBBINS HIMSELF LOOKS TO BE IN SHOCK!

Silas growls and brings himself to his feet, and pulls Ataxia upright. Short stiff knee to the head. Another one, and another one! He brings Ataxia to his feet, and lifts him up for the electric cha--his leg gives out! He can't support any weight on it! Ataxia tries to drag himself towards the ropes, but Silas has a hold of his pants and forces him back! Second attempt to pull him upwards! Again it buckles! Ataxia reaches of the ropes, and Silas is forced to let go!

Ataxia turns around, HARD STIFF SLAP TO SILAS! The Canadian staggers back as Ataxia stalks his prey. A RECEIPT! Ataxia staggers back. The Messiah Pariah delivers another slap! He goes for a kick, Silas catches the leg! KICK TO THE SIDE OF THE HEAD OF SILAS! Ataxia sees an opportunity, and quickly heads for the ropes. On the apron, the crowd get louder for what's the come! Slingshot onto the top rope! A PEACEFUL TOLERA--KNOCKOUT TO ATAXIA ON THE WAY DOWN!

SILAS IS ENERGISED, AND DRAGS ATAXIA ONTO HIS HEAD IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR POSITION! BUT ATAXIA SCRAMBLES SOME STRIKES! Silas releases him forward, but catches him before he reaches the mat! GERMAN BRIDGING!

Jim Gunt: COUNT IT!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE--

KICKOUT ENOUGH FOR ATAXIA TO MEEKLY SIT UP AS THE CROWD GO NUCLEAR!

Ray Douglas: One minute left! ONE MINUTE LEFT!

SILAS LEAPS TO HIS FEET AND HEADS FOR THE ROPES! JUMPING KNOCKOUT! FOR THE PIN!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE--

SOMEHOW A WEAK LIMP LIFTS ATAXIA'S SHOULDER AND BREAKS THE COUNT!

Silas screams in an animalistic roar, and gets to Ataxia! He lifts him up! Electric Chair position! Elevation!

Jim Gunt: FALL OF MAN! FALL OF MAN!

Mike Rolash: COVER HIM! COVER HIM NOW!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Silas slinks backward as ‘Devil Trigger’ starts playing, and medics and Hidetaka Ito flood the ring to check up on the two athletes. The crowd scream with delight with light boos.

Jim Gunt: My god what a war! What a war to end the Omega block!

Ataxia is completely knocked out, and Ito drags Silas onto his feet and over his shoulder to support him. Ray Douglas speaks as the music starts to die down.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, your winner of the match, and OMEGA BLOCK CHAMPION! SILAS...ARTORIA!!

The One True Omega

Match

The crowd lit up a fire as Silas begins to realise what the long road has come to. He’s finally done it. It took some time to fully comprehend it, but he had finally done it.

He has won Omega block, and he couldn’t help but chuckle to himself. Whether it was because of the result, the retreating Ataxia, or Kyuseishu still knocked out on the mat below, it was hard to tell, but the results were the same.

He commands for a microphone, and is promptly given one. Under exhausted breath, Silas begins to speak, with a light chuckle.

Silas Artoria: I told you all that I was alive.

He full on chuckles as the crowd shower down some praise.

Silas Artoria: Alpha and Omega was just what our roster needed. It needed to truly seperate the weak from the contenders, the main event from those that need serious improvements, and from those committed to the CWF…

Beat. His happiness turns a little darker.

Silas Artoria: ...to those whom treat it like brief pitstop.

The crowd applauded, understanding of what, or rather whom, he's talking about. Silas gives it a few seconds, before he briefly nods to Ito. He lets go, able to stand on his own two feet, albeit with a slight limp. He pauses for a moment, contemplating.

Silas Artoria: You know…

Exhale.

Silas Artoria: Throughout this tournament, I've been thinking a lot about what may happen if I became the Omega representative for the CWF Championship, and what the responsibilities are if such a glorious crown were to be placed upon my head.

He briefly glances Styles, whom is quick to take note.

Silas Artoria: But then my attention turned to the past champions of this company, the people who took hold of the belt and carried it through Evolutions and PPVs.

He starts to count with his fingers in correspondence to the names.

Silas Artoria: The Shadow…

The name gets an uroarious reaction, much to the slight...ire, of Silas?

Silas Artoria: Loki Synn…

Reaction swings the opposite way.

Silas Artoria: MJ Flair…

Again, they cheer for a CWF favourite.

Silas Artoria: Dan Ryan, Caledonia Highlander, Andy Murray, Jace Valentine, Harley Hodge--all of them were world champions of the CWF! All of them held the belt in prestige and to represent this wonderful brand built on the backbones of the entire roster…

His enthusiasm suddenly dies.

Silas Artoria: Do you know what they all had in common?

Deep breath.

Silas Artoria: They all choked and ran for the hills when they didn't get their way.

The boos start to grow.

Silas Artoria: Oh! You don't like that? You don't like what I said? Well let me ask you all something. Are any of them here? Did any one of them compete in the last several months? Did any of them even decide to check in on what was going on or even feign interest?

He points at himself. Vindictiveness and bitterness ran deep.

Silas Artoria: All this time, I struggled, I bled, I came of every single show and even disobeyed the head doctor of this company to wrestle in a goddamn cell match! Those champions got the big matches! Those champions got the best paychecks! This roster made them stars of the whole world, and they spat it right back at our faces!

Slowly, he turns to the camera, heavy breathing, and a slight red glimmer in his eye.

Silas Artoria: I have no love for the people that run this company, but I don't run away from my problems.

Beat.

Silas Artoria: I confront them!

Deep breath.

Silas Artoria: I entered this tournament as the Psychotic Aristocrat…

He points to himself, unblinking and committed.

Silas Artoria: ...and now, you're looking at the one...true...Omega!

He runs to the edge of the ropes and gazes down at Freddie Styles, taking in the address.

Silas Artoria: Now, if my good friend Mr Styles would be ever so kind as to come into my ring, and be offered a chance to answer my queries told, that would be so...delightful, Mr 'King of the Alphas'.

Freddie motions over for a mic as he makes his way into the ring, and as he steps in, he takes a glance at Silas before heading to the near corner and posing toward the raucous crowd. Freddie jumps down, walks over to Silas, also noticing the unmoving Kyuseishu being attended to by medical staff, before looking back at Silas.

Freddie Styles: So, here we are. Mr Ballgame and the Aristocrat. The Alpha and Omega. Two people that nobody thought would be here...the main event of Genesis. Odds were on Duce and Ataxia, with Kyu there and Danny as second choice. You were going off at 50-1, I was around 35-1. Yet...here we are Silas. One of us will lead the CWF into the next era. So what is on your mind? I cut my vacation short to be here, so I'm all ears.

Silas smirks at the comments, even letting off a deep chuckle in response.

Silas Artoria: Vacation.

Beat.

Silas Artoria: Your commitment to the company is certainly...sketchy at best. You've have title matches before, and you've walked away before. So tell, directly to my face, no fluff or padding. What's going to stop you from walking away when you lose your championship? Regardless of the outcome of Genesis, how do I know you're not just going to walk out the door when it doesn't go your way?

Freddie Styles: I've won title matches. I've repped the brand when there was an alliance to rep it to. I still have some tag straps from that alliance that I never lost. I've had to endure the worst stretch of my professional life, be reduced to being taken off the roster by Stewart and made a referee. I had to crawl and earn my way back. Could you have done the same? Could you have taken that type of fall and made it back here, to this point? Nah…I don't think so. Don't question me about loyalty, and don't worry about what happens after Genesis. I'll be holding the gold on this left shoulder.

Silas takes note of the words.

Silas Artoria: Don't prove me right--

Before he could go further, a noise from nearby catches both athletes attention. Up the apron, a hand crawls into view. Slowly, a dazed and completely out of it Kyuseishu pathetically tries to climb the ropes. His eyes are crossed, still feeling the effects of the Burning Hammer. Just as Kyuseishu gets his footing and stands upright...BAM!! Freddie leaps and connects with Ballgame, knocking him out cold again! Freddie picks his mic back up and looks down at Kyuseishu.

Freddie Styles: Twitter fingers aren't so brave and bold when you gotta answer for them in person. Consider that my response to all the shit you've been talking online. As for you Silas...

Suddenly, a stiff smack to the back of the head impacts Freddie, whom turns to see that Silas has fired the first shot. The crowd light on fire, as the tension turns hot enough to melt metal. Silas, defiant, but Freddie remains disciplined,

and simply approaches his upcoming opponent. The two athletes stare coldly at each other, ready to burn each other to the ground in order to claim the CWF World Championship.

The King of the Alphas: Freddie Styles.

The One True Omega: Silas Artoria.

The screen fades to black, as the sounds of the unhinged crowd see us out.

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