Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 73

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: December 17, 2019
Location: Pepsi Center — Denver, Colorado

Results

A New Era Begins

Match

The screen before you is dark but is quickly occupied by the CWF logo. The letters begin to pulsate as if they have their own heartbeat. The letters continuingly pumpd faster and faster, until they finally explode, transitioning into the Genesis logo.

"It was the dawning of a new era for the Championship Wrestling Federation.."

Still shots of the triple threat match between Fuller/Jade/Reno flash across the screen, ending with Fuller being shown victorious.

"Budding friendships came into fruition.. While the past reared its ugly head..."

Shots from the tag match are now shown, we get stillss of all the big moments before ending with Autumn Raven and PJ Blake standing tall.. We are then shown shots from the competitive battle between Smyth and Zolton, even getting a magnificent frame of Amy Jo twisting through the air with her corkscrew moonsault. We then get stills from the Lion's Den Match, ending with Paradine and Duke shaking hands.

"Revelations were made while old secrets came to the light…"

We get flashes of the Falls Count Anywhere Match between Jaiden Rishel and Ataxia. Ending with a shot of an unmasked Alexander Samuel Rishel standing over his now shocked and hurt half-brother, Jaiden with their father watching on..

"New champions earned their rightful places…"

We get a shot of Graves getting cold cocked with a roaring elbow, courtesy of "The Judge" Jeff Jackson, before getting a still frame of Jackson looking down at his newly won title. We then switch to the tag title match where Graves and Lockheart are shown pinning Espinoza's shoulders to the mat. The sequence flips to the triple threat for the Paramount Championship, ending with Danny B being shown holding the CWF Paramount Championship high..

"And the Omega was able to overcome the Alpha…"

We then get shots of the back and forth contest between Alpha & Omega block winners, Freddie Styles and Silas Artoria. We interchange between different points of the match before ending with a shot of Trent Robbins holding Silas' arm in the air in victory as he clutches the CWF World Championship with his other hand.

"Now… Is The Beginning.. Of A…. New Era…"

The video package ends with a shot of Silas coming eye to eye with Mike Best. Fading out again, "New Era" by Knox Hill takes over your screen as we're now shown a video package of CWF's current stars as they are in action, all doing various things from competing inside of the ring to striking their favorite pose for the camera until an orange fist comes crashing through the last shot.. As it pulls back from the screen, the Evolution logo takes up the frame before fading out and we come back live, inside of the Paints Arena in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the host for Evolution 73! Fireworks and pyro begin to explode around the stage area before cutting to the Pittsburgh crowd as they hold up various signs,

supporting they favorite athletes.

[THE ACES WILL BOW TO THEIR SAVIOUR]

[LET THE REIGN BEGIN!]

[#ACES UP!]

[AMY JO>DANNY B]

[JUSTIN'S MY DAD TOO!!!]

[PJ WE LOVE YOU!]

[ZOLTON! LET THE CHAOS COMMENCE!]

Cutting ringside, to the broadcast table, we are shown our trusty commentating team for the evening, Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash.. Gunt sports an olive suit with matching tie, comfortably placed on a pinstriped dress shirt. His partner, is decked in a royal blue suit with red shirt and tie.. The two dark haired commentators with glasses both look ready to go as Gunt gets us started.

Jim Gunt: Just two weeks removed from Genesis, we are LIVE from the Paints Arena in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania for Evolution Seventy-Three! Welcome ladies and gentlemen, I'm Jim Gunt and as always, joined by my broadcast colleague, Mike Rolash..

Mike Rolash: Holy shit! We've started the show off with a video vignette!

Jim Gunt: Indeed we did and you know why?

Mike Rolash: I'm pretty sure that you're going to fill me in..

Jim Gunt: It's because it's the dawn of a new era here in the Championship Wrestling Federation and what a night it was in the CWF's hometown, Philadelphia…. when we held, Genesis!

Mike Rolash: We saw a night that made the future look very bright for the CWF as we crowned FOUR! Count 'em Jimbo.. Four new champions..

Jim Gunt: Yes we did and what a night it was for the new CWF World Champion, Silas Artoria.. After two long years, he was finally able to realize his dream and capture the big belt..

Mike Rolash: Enduring thirteen weeks of hard fought battles, Silas was the last person that I thought would be standing tall at the end.. My money was on JC..

Jim Gunt: None the less we have a night full of action planned for you all here tonight.. We have the newly formed team of PJ Blake and Autumn Raven, who were victorious at Genesis, taking on another new pairing in Thaddeus Duke and Nathan Paradine..

A graphic showing the four competitors flash across the screen.

Mike Rolash: I'm just not understanding.. Just two weeks ago these guys were beating the shit outta each other.. Now tonight, they're teaming up? Can we seriously get a drop on who's actually setting these bouts up?

Jim Gunt: I'm pretty sure those decisions are up to the professionals.. But also on the menu we have two title matches as Amy Jo Smyth tries to gain some revenge by trying to dethrone the new Paramount Champion.. "The Ripper" Danny B..

We get another graphic showing Smyth and Danny B, now switching to one of Johnny Graves and Jeff Jackson.

Mike Rolash: Not only that but my favorite! The "Sin City Saint" tries to regain HIS Impact Championship for a third time, taking on "The Judge" Jeff Jackson..

Jim Gunt: And what about our main event?

Smokin' Aces, Silas and Kyuseishu are now shown on the screen.

Jim Gunt: Styles and Jones steps inside of the ring, once again as a team as they take on Hoyt Williams and new CWF World Champ, Silas Artoria..

Mike Rolash: He's YOUR Kyuseishu, Jimmy Ray and you better show him the proper respect as such!

Jim Gunt: Anyway.. with everything that commenced at Genesis.. I think we could agree that the biggest story coming out of the event... was Ataxia being revealed as the bastard son of CWF Owner, Justin Rishel..

Mike Rolash: It's hard for me to fathom the thought that any of this is actually possible right now and did you get a good glimpse of his face? I've been having nightmares of it ever since.. And the way that he just snapped Jaiden's arm out of socket… Holy fuck nuggets..

Rolash shutters..

Jim Gunt: Well for the fans who were wondering about Jaiden's condition, the only thing that we've been told is that he will be out for a significant amount of time.

Mike Rolash: Get well soon, boss!

Jim Gunt: Still smooching for that raise, huh?

Mike Rolash: Go to hell, Jimbo..

Your King Has Arrived

Match

It doesn't take long for the music to hit, and the sounds of heavy guitars from 'Devil Trigger' by Little V boom out of the speakers. The One True Omega had arrived at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, not as an aristocrat or an athlete, but as the king of the castle. The crowd grows ecstatic, as Silas Artoria and Hidetaka Ito enter the stage, with the CWF World Championship around his waist. For the first time in what seemed like forever, Silas wasn't rushing to the ring nor was he focusing on the fight ahead, but instead took a good long look at the crowd. There's a smile back in him, as the stress of the past several weeks has now disappeared.

Jim Gunt: Since August we had been without a world champion. Since August we have born witness to one of the toughest tournaments on earth, and that long journey came to an end at Genesis. Above Duce Jones, above Ataxia, and finally, above Freddie Styles, Silas Artoria has reached the top of the mountain. He is the One True Omega, he conquered the King of the Alphas, and he is now your CWF World Champion!

The music dies down as Silas stands in the middle of the ring, with a devilish grin on his face despite his clearly tired eyes. He takes some more time looking at the crowd, screaming down chants and enthusiasm, like they're welcoming a hero back to town. Finally, his microphone reaches his mouth, and he brushes on part of his jack to the side, revealing the company's top prize strapped around his waist.

Silas Artoria: How do you like my new clothing?

Silas laughs as the crowd gives a short burst of energy.

Silas Artoria: You know, as I was going through this tournament, as multiple people stood up against me a fell to the might of yours truly, it gave me the time to think about why I was here. I took a look at the people of the present, I saw the tapes containing the people of the past, and I saw the developments outside the tournament that make up our future.

Hand raised.

Silas Artoria: I told all of you through my addresses and through my actions that those who work their damndest should not be subjected to the whims of part-timers, nor should those who lose titles immediately cry and run away.

He points to himself.

Silas Artoria: I came to this company to dismantle the old and usher in the age of the new. And...well…

He points to the title, firmly strapped around him.

Silas Artoria: ...look where we are now?

Silas cackled as the audience again shower down their enthusiasm, emboldening the parading Canadian.

Silas Artoria: I am the One True Omega! I dethroned the King of the Alphas! I am your CWF World Champion, and if anyone wants to come into this company and try to pry the title away from me…

Sharp breathing, the energy is exuding from every part of his body.

Silas Artoria: ...then get to the back of the line because I just went through four months of gruelling fighting just to get to this point.

A small crawl on his face.

Silas Artoria: Welcome to the ‘Era of Artoria’, baby!

The Pittsburgh fans go nuts but that quickly gets interrupted as "Godspeed" by Don Trip blares through the speakers. From behind the curtain steps, "The Kid that Never Dies" Duce Jones. Coming to a halt at the top of the stage, Jones takes in the atmosphere as he's fitted with royal blue sweat pants, a custom-made 'R.I.L. Jace Valentine' t-shirt and bandages protruding from under the short sleeves, all the way to his wrist.

Mike Rolash: I wish someone would put this Douche out of his misery. How do you show up to compete, looking like a damn mummy?

Jim Gunt: Duce suffered injuries at an event this past weekend and as we all know, he comes prepared to fight on any given Tuesday.

Mike Rolash: What's that on your chin, Jimbo?

Jim Gunt: I don't know, I can't see it.

Mike Rolash: Douche Bones' nutsack.. yep that's what's on it. You might wanna go check a mirror.

Finally making it down to ringside, Jones climbs up the steps and goes through the ropes. The World Champion watches on as Jones strolls right past him and requests a microphone from one of the stagehands. He taps at it a few times before finally speaking.

Duce Jones: Would y'all look at dis shit here.

Duce examines Silas who stands proudly with his World title secure around his waist.

Duce Jones: If anyone would have said they'd predicted this outcome, I'd call them a lie ta they fuckin' face.. An' mean dat in tha most respectful way possible. Y'see that month was Novemba' in tha year of '17.

Duce looks at Silas and then down to the title.

Duce Jones: Where was I at? Ah yeah, Novemba' 2017, you an' me both got our start here wit dis company. An' fo' two long, LONG years I've watched as you've grown as a competitor.. From tha emergence'a Tha Coalition.. Tha pain in tha ass dat was Tha Forsaken. Dat FUCKIN' EPIC ASS BATTLE between you an' M.J. I've seen it all mane.. An from one gladiator ta tha next, I wanna be tha first ta congratulate on a hard fought battle at Genesis.

Duce reaches out his hand..Silas returns the gesture as both men shake hands.

Duce Jones: But y'kno' what behooves me Silas? Fo' two years tha two'a us have worked unda' tha same umbrella an' don't get me wrong, we've crossed paths on multiple occasions.

Pause.

Duce Jones: But neva' one-on-one. Which brings me t'tha second reason dat I felt my presence was needed.

Before Jones is able to finish, he's cut off. The crowd rain down their boos as ‘Personal Jesus’ kicks in, and almost in fury, Kyuseishu himself storms out from behind the curtains. Little grandiose, little bravado, and with a microphone in hand, the Social Justice Samurai didn’t slow down for one second as he slid into the ring. He speaks quickly.

Kyuseishu: Oh no! Oh nonono Mr. Chicken. We’ve got some business to take care of!

He’s right in Silas’ face, the high difference made apparent, although the champion didn’t react one bit to the aggressive stance.

Kyuseishu: Mr Douche of whatever his name is can wait in line, because as far as I’m concerned, you and I are on equal footing, and there isn’t room for the two of us. You’re not running away from me you coward, and I think it’s more than inevitable that I--

He couldn’t say any more as he is cut off by the crowd going mental. ‘Power is Power’ starts to play, and out comes Freddie Styles!

Freddie Styles: Nobody needs a junk ass preacher out here. You’re not qualified to be in this conversation, so kindly step the hell off, Kyu. Unless you wanna feel the business end of this boot again.

Silas is quick to talk before it escalates.

Silas Artoria: Gentlemen! Gentlemen, please! Please!

There is a strange calmness to the man’s words, as the champion walks deliberately towards a corner turnbuckle and ascends it, taking his seat upon the top.

Silas Artoria: We’re all reasonable human beings, there’s no need to fight now. We’re the money match!

He gestures his hand towards the three of them.

Silas Artoria: We can talk about titles later, you’re all skilled and have some sort of claim to the belt--although Mr Samurai’s is tenuous at best--

The Social Justice Samurai wasn’t subtle in his disapproval. In fact, it looks like he was about to start a fire.

Silas Artoria: --but that is a discussion for another time. Next week we will decide what is happening at Frozen Over, which one in the locker room is going to get a chance at the crown jewel, and which of you is going to become the one to cement my reign!

Silas chuckles to himself as he hops over the ropes and back onto the mat, with Hidetaka Ito standing beside him, almost towering him.

Silas Artoria: In the meantime, I need to prepare for the main event tonight…

He begins the walk up the ramp.

Silas Artoria: ...and as the undisputed king of this castle and a complete professional, I would advise you all do the same!

He turns to look at the three of them.

Silas Artoria: After all, I wouldn't want to disappoint our wonderful, WONDERFUL audience with sloppiness. I want you all at your best, and we can discuss the issue of my world championship next time.

He raises his hand and waves to them all.

Silas Artoria: Tah tah my friends...and Kyu. See you all tonight!

Finally, he disappears through the curtain, leaving the three prospective opponents behind as 'Devil Trigger' by Little V starts to play.

Jim Gunt: Our World Champion, Silas Artoria already has the perennial target on his back as Jones, Williams and Styles all want tho throw their name in the hat.

Mike Rolash: I get Styles and we all understand why Kyu should be first in line but what the hell has Douche done?

Jim Gunt: He's a well respected competitor in this business, a former two times CWF World Champion, why would he not be considered for a shot?

Mike Rolash: Because there's a possibilty that he might just walk out during the match in one of his little bitch fits..

Jim Gunt: To each its own, Mike but now we're set for our first contest of the eveing.. Take it away Ray!

Sean Fuller vs. Zolton

Match

We cut to the ring where our ring announcer, Ray Douglas stands in the center. Decked out in his finest suit, he smiles out to the crowd as he looks ready to get this night of action started.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the following is your opening contest and is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first..

The lights cut out as "Affliction" by Skarlett Riot starts to play. Sean Fuller walks out from behind the curtain and slowly proceeds down to the ring with his wrists/hands taped up and wearing his usual straight black wrestling tights and boots.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, being accompanied by Celeste Fuller! Weighing in at two hundred forty-six pounds.. from Parts Unknown! SEAN FULLER!!!

Celeste Fuller is following not far behind her husband. Sean rolls into the ring under the bottom rope and rolls up to one knee, resting both hands on the other knee with his head bowed. Sean pulls back so he is sitting against one of the bottom turnbuckles, his arms draped over the bottom rope on either side of him.

Jim Gunt: Fuller had a less than normal approach to this match here tonight..

Mike Rolash: The guy was literally walking through the middle of traffic.. I'm surprised he's even here tonight and not roadkill somewhere on the side of the road..

Jim Gunt: That's true indeed, he's seemed to have lost his motivation for competing inside of a ring. Instead he wants to cause as much harm as possible.

Mike Rolash: Guys like that are extremely deadly, when you have nothing to lose, you eventually end up gaining a lot.

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

Ray Douglas: His opponent.. weighing in at two hundred sixty-five pounds! Residing in Yakima, Washington… “The Man of Chaos”... ZOLTON!!!

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

Jim Gunt: Zolton looks to bounce back from a string of defeats as he’s vowed to unleash ultimate chaos on Fuller, even making claim that this may be the last time that we ever see him.

Mike Rolash: He may be right, because if anyone watched his promo on CWF Wired.. With as many blinding lights that were going off in that thing, I’m surprised I’m even able to see him right now.

Jim Gunt: I’m with ya Mike, I had to upgrade my lenses just to be able to see here tonight, but what a contest we have kicking the show off.

Mike Rolash: From the way that both of these guys were talking, I’m sure that it’s going to be brutal.

Official Scott Dean moves towards Fuller who rises up in his designated corner, allowing the referee to check him for foreign objects. Once his search comes up empty, he heads over to Zolton who drops from the top turnbuckle, letting Dean do his job. Satisfied with his check, Dean moves back to the center of the ring and signals for the bell. The Pittsburgh fans are geared to go for the first contest of the evening. Zolton steps out of his corner, headed for Fuller but he slumps back down in his corner and slides under the bottom rope, to the outside where he begins to confer with his wife.

Jim Gunt: Well I guess Sean has a few minor details to discuss with Celeste before we get things underway.

Mike Rolash: I think he's trying to get under Zolton's skin as he's making no real effort to re-enter the ring.

Dean starts his count, throwing his hands in the air and shouting, "ONE!" Fuller continues to talk with Celeste without a care in the world. Zolton seems a bit agitated, looking to go after Fuller but Dean holds him back as he shouts, "TWO!" However the Man of Chaos doesn’t want a cheap victory, he shoves Dean out of the way and exits the ring with haste. Moving towards Sean, he sees him coming and politely moves Celeste out of the way as Zolton looks to attack. A right punch from the Man of Chaos is blocked and Fuller sends him stumbling away gagging with a chop to the throat. Moving along the apron, trying to regain some oxygen, Zolton is clutched by his hair and pants and sent crashing into the nearby ring steps, separating them upon impact! Having to restart his count because of Zolton leaving the ring, Dean scream out, “FIVE!” Sean glances over at Dean and grins for a moment but then heads towards Zolton. He stops however after taking only a few steps as he seems to be in a quick argument with someone who isn’t there. Dean yells, “SIX!”

Mike Rolash: Where does the Rishels find these guys?

SEVEN!

Jim Gunt: I have the slightest idea but I do know that they work diligently to bring our fans the best competitors in the world.

EIGHT!

Mike Rolash: I understand that but can they actually hire some guys who are okay with talking to other people along with themselves.

NINE!

Jim Gunt: Hey it’s paid the bills these last couple of years, so I’m not complaining.

As if coming to his senses, Fuller quickly rolls in and out of the ring, stopping Dean before he could get to the final count of ten. Fuller then makes his way towards Zolton who's now sitting up by the bottom half of the steps. Reaching down and grabbing a handful of Zolton's locks, Sean looks to bring him up but the Man of Chaos grabs him by the front of his tights, pulling him towards himself but crashing knees first into the bottom steps. Flipping over the steps, Fuller's legs slam off the other half of the steps and he cringes in pain as Celeste watches on in horror. Using the apron to get vertical, Zolton massages his lower back as he steps over the ring steps to get to Fuller. Taking a moment to acknowledge that the count in now back up to six, Zolton brings Sean up and forces him backfirst into the nearby announce table causing Gunt and Rolash to jump back a bit.

Jim Gunt: We had thoughts that this match was going to be a violent one and these two are looking to not disappoint.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, yeah, yeah… As long as they take it back towards the ring because right now this is too close for comfort.

Zolton grabs Fuller by the back of his head and guides him back into the ring where he follows suit. Getting Fuller to an upright position, the Man of Chaos flips him back over to the canvas with a standing hip toss, following it up with a pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

Fuller gets his shoulder off the mat before the three count. Getting back vertical, Zolton gets back to his feet and stomps down on Fuller before bringing him back up by his left wrist. Pulling him in for a short-arm clothesline but Fuller ducks underneath Zolton's massive arm, pulling himself free from the Man of Chaos' grasps. Both men spin towards each other and it's Sean who strikes quickly with a jumping knee strike that sends Zolton stumbling into the ropes. As he rebounds, Fuller shoots a low kick into Zolton's left knee, dropping him down onto it, bringing the larger Zolton down before spiking him with a DDT!

Jim Gunt: Innovate offense by Fuller who looks to get back in this match and he's going for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Zolton powerfully throws Fuller off of him, breaking Dean's count.

Mike Rolash: But it wasn't enough to keep the Man of Chaos down for the three count.

Fuller sits up next to Zolton as he clutches at his neck in agony. Smiling to himself, he says aloud, "I got this.." He rolls Zolton onto his stomach and quickly locks him up in a crossface! Sensing that he's in trouble, Zolton immediately begins to squirm, kick and fight across the canvas to get free.

Jim Gunt: Fuller wants Zolton to scream for him as he has his patented, Scream For Me submission hold applied!

Mike Rolash: Well he's not getting what he wants as Zolton appears to be fighting through the pain!

The Pittsburgh fans can be heard screaming for Zolton to tap but he refuses, shouting a loud and powerful, "NO! in Dean's face when he asks if the Man of Chaos submits. Releasing the hold for a moment, Fuller grabs a handful of hair and fires rapid forearm strikes onto the back of Zolton's skull before locking the hold back on. The blows appear to have knocked Zolton a bit loopy but he's still concious enough to refuse to submit. Clawing away at Fuller's grip, soon forcefully twisting Sean's wrist in a direction that it's not supposed to turn. Fuller releases with a loud groan of pain, the Man of Chaos takes advantage of this momentary weakness as he rolls Fuller over himself. As Fuller flops on his stomach, Zolton contorts his large frame over him and pops up to his feet with Fuller in his clutches. Deadlifting him up with a gutwrench, the Man of Chaos slams Fuller back first into the mat with a brutal powerbomb!

Jim Gunt: Huge reversal by Zolton as both men are currently down!

Mike Rolash: I'm pretty sure the Man of Chaos would've loved to follow up with a pin but maybe that crossface has taken a bit of gas out of him.

The fans are mixed in their reaction from Zolton's resilience as they're not too particularly fond of him. Before Dean is able to start his standing ten count. Fuller instinctly rolls out of the ring where his wife comes to check on him. Up to a knee, Zolton grabs at his neck still as he rises up to his feet. He searches around for Fuller and spots him next to the apron trying to recover as Celeste tries to cheer him back into the fight. Some of the Pittsburgh fans can be heard trying to rally behind Fuller but he could care less about the motivation. The Man of Chaos moves near him, reaching through the middle and top rope for Fuller. Sean swats off his hands before leaping up on the apron and cracking Zolton across the temple with what appears to be a pele knee strike!

Jim Gunt: Another innovative move by Fuller catching Zolton by surprise and Mike these two have been going back and forth since the opening bell!

Mike Rolash: It's really hard to tell who's going to come out on top in this one and look at the fluidness of Fuller as he pulls himself under the bottom rope!

Sliding back inside of the ring, from the apron, Fuller uses the ropes to pull himself vertical and leaps up to the middle ropes. Staggering out of the ropes, Zolton turns right towards him with a bicycle knee strike!

Jim Gunt: FULLER WITH THE BLEED FOR ME KNEE STRIKE! NO! ZOLTON SIDESTEPS AND HAS FULLER LOCKED IN A FULL NELSON! GOD'S SMITE! NO! FULLER SPINS THROUGH, LANDING BEHIND THE MAN OF CHAOS!

Fuller spins Zolton around as he himself goes to the ropes and springs off the middle one, twisting through the air and clocking Zolton with his signature bicycle knee strike! The Man of Chaos slumps to the canvas.

Jim Gunt: BLEED FOR ME! HE CONNECTS!

Mike Rolash: That shot looked solid.. and he's going for the pin!

Fuller hooks the leg as Dean slides in for the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Jim Gunt: I can't believe it! Zolton able to get his shoulder up at the last split second!

Mike Rolash: Fuller might be the type who doesn't care but even he can't believe that wasn't it.

Celeste pounds on the apron, getting the fans behind Sean as he sluggishly gets back up to a vertical base. He looks around to the cheering fans with an almost blank gaze before talking to himself yet again. Grabbing a woozy Zolton by his hair, Fuller struggles for a moment to bring the larger wrestler up. He finally does, almost falling backwards himself but retaining his balance. He signals to the crowd that he's about to end things. Hooking Zolton for a downward spiral, Fuller looks to finish the Man of Chaos off with his faithful, Down the Alley finisher. But Zolton holds firm on his position, preventing Fuller from hitting him with the kill shot. Zolton fires a few sharp elbows into Fuller's neck forcing him to loosen his grip. Taking advantage, Zolton locks him up in a standing triangle arm hold!

Jim Gunt: Zolton able to prevent certain defeat as he now has Fuller locked in what he likes to call, Earth's Answer!

Mike Rolash: Fuller looks to be in a bad spot and fading quickly.

Fuller appears to be losing conciousness but his will to keep fighting kicks in as he now fires elbows into the side of Zolton's head. The Man of Chaos releases as Fuller drops down to the mat, gasping for air. Meanwhile, Zolton is leaned against the ropes, clutching his head. Popping to his feet, Fuller charges at Zolton who catches him with a front thrust kick to the chest that sends Fuller rolling backwards across the mat. Back to this feet, Fuller is relentless as he rushes back at Zolton and right into a spinning roundhouse kick to the head! The move known as Titan's Crush has Fuller counting birdies as he drops to a knee. The Man of Chaos moves in quickly, lifting Fuller up onto his shoulders in a crucifix position. Without hesitation, Zolton lifts Fuller high into the air and over his shoulders, catching him and sending Fuller crashing onto the canvas with a brutal powerbomb as he sits down with it. Zolton folds his legs down for extra leverage as Dean slides in for the count!

Jim Gunt: Zolton just sent Fuller to The Pearly Gates and you have you believe this is it!

Mike Rolash: Ain't no getting up from that one..

Dean makes the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Dean signals for the bell as "Rise" kicks back in and Zolton shoves Fuller off of him.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, via pinfall… "The Man of Chaos".... ZOLTON!!

Zolton is too his feet as Dean tries to raise his hand in victory but the Man of Chaos quickly snatches away. A groggy Fuller rolls out of the ring as Celeste comes over to check on him. Inside of the ring, Zolton has reached one of the corners and climbed it, looking out at the booing Pittsburgh fans.

Jim Gunt: Impressive victory by Zolton in a hard fought battle but you have to give Fuller credit even though he came up short.

Mike Rolash: These two men wanted to hurt each other for the simple pleasure of just doing it and with Fuller stating that he doesn't care whether he wins or loses.. I'm sure putting Zolton through the ringer was enough for him.

Jim Gunt: I highly doubt that Mike, I don't think too many people take losing lightly.

Mike Rolash: Hey.. ya never know, only time will tell on whether or not he'll bounce back from this defeat.

Jim Gunt: With that, it's time to pay some bills as we take our first break of the evening..

The scene fades out as we go to commercial break.

Autumn Raven & PJ Blake vs. Nathan Paradine & Thaddeus Duke

Match

We return from break, back at ringside as we're focused on Gunt and Rolash:

Jim Gunt: Welcome back folks and during the break we were informed about two huge matches that will take place at Evolution 74. First we will have a number one contenders match for the CWF World Championship as Freddie Styles battles Kyuseishu and whoever wins between those two, will go on to Quebec City to face Silas Artoria for the CWF World Championship at Frozen Over VIII!

Mike Rolash: Is a match really needed, we all know that OUR Kyuseishu will emerge victorious.

Jim Gunt: I know of no such thing! Anyway, it's time to get back to some more action as we have a tag team contest up

next! Take it away, Ray!

We cut back to the ring where Ray is prepared to continue doing his job.

Ray Douglas: The following tag team contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first...

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

“The sun is shining

Though everything’s dying

Your stars burned out for good

Somewhere in Hollywood”

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

Ray Douglas: From Los Angeles, California, weighing one hundred twenty pounds, she is the “Beautiful Psychopath”... AUTUMN RAVEN!!!!

“What the hell,

This ain’t no way to treat the living dead

Is this something from a novel that you read

It’s time to cut the cord and say goodbye

Cause it’s the only thing that hasn’t happened yet

And when it does I wished we’d never met

I did the best I could.”

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

“The sun is shining

But everything’s dying

Your stars burned out for good

Somewhere in Hollywood

I swear it’s only

Cos you be my lies

Guess I’m misunderstood

You were my deadlihood”

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

Jim Gunt: Y'know, Mike.. I really like this duo of Raven and Blake and I can see big things for them in the future. Especially in a weakened tag division.

Mike Rolash: The field is wide open right now but I can't really see anyone taking the belts away from Graves and Lockheart.

"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.

Ray Douglas: Her partner, from Seattle, Washington.. weighing in at one hundred and ten pounds! PEE JAYYY BLAKEEEE!!!

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. Getting to her feet, she moves over to the corner where Raven is standing and the two fist bump, looking ready to go.

Jim Gunt: Here's Blake who is more focused than ever to help will her team to a victory here tonight. She looks to kickstart her career too the next level and I believe her and Raven can do just that with each other's help.

Mike Rolash: Don't get me wrong, I like them but they are like two hundred and fifty pounds combined! Hell Paradine outweighs them togther, by himself..

Jim Gunt: How long did it take for you to figure that one out?

Mike Rolash: They've got this new math called Eureka Math.. With the help of that, it took me about a day and a half.

"All Due Respect” by Run the Jewels begins to blast around the arena as Nathan Paradine emerges from behind the curtain, the overhead lights reflecting off of his trademark sunglasses. He smirks as he surveys the crowd for a moment, thumbing the collar of his leather jacket before flicking his hands outwards and approaching the ring.

Ray Douglas: Their opponents, first making his way to the ring from Melbourne, Australia! Weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds… “Australian Submission Machine”... NATHAN PARADINEEEEE!!!

He climbs the stairs and wipes his boots on the outside of the apron before stepping between the ropes. He observes the crowd once more before shrugging out of his jacket, passing it off to a stagehand and backing off into the corner to perform a few light warm ups before the bell rings.

Jim Gunt: Nathan was able to pull off a victory over his tag partner here tonight in a Lion's Den Match. But in doing so, he gained Duke's respect. Now the big question is whether or not they can mashed all of that together to create a winning formula.

Mike Rolash: Nate's a former tag champ in his own right and Duke has been impessive from what I've seen so far so I say most definately. They start here tonight by destroying these two very fragile women.

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.

Ray Douglas: His partner.. residing in New York City, New York! Weighing in at two hundred ten pounds! “The Lion Heart”... THADDEUS DUUUKKKKKKEEEE!!!!!

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 before hopping over the top rope into the ring. He makes his way to each corner, giving the Bret Hart "I love you" pose.. Once all four corners are done, he hops back to the outside and takes selfies with fans at ringside. Mostly kids, teens and 20 somethings. Paradine can be seen shaking his head a bit as Duke does this.

Jim Gunt: From watching Duke's promo on Wired, he seems like he has a lot going on in his life..

Mike Rolash: I'm not at liberty to speak on situation that I may or may not know aboout..

Jim Gunt: What?

Mike Rolash: Huh?

Rookie official Nick McArthur instructs both teams to designate a person to start the match off for their respective teams. Blake looks to get things going for her team as Paradine steps up for his, McArthur signals to Sal, to ring the bell and he does. Charging like a bat out of hell, Blake rushes Paradine and catches him off guard with rapid right hands. Having enough, Nathan shoves Blake off of him and swings a punch that's ducked. PJ runs towards the ropes as Paradine tries to give chase but Blake leaps to the middle rope and springs back, high into the air, catching an incoming Australian Submission Machine across the face with a back elbow! Nathan quickly rolls towards Duke, making a tag as Blake rolls towards her corner, bringing her partner in as well.

Jim Gunt: That's what it's going to take if Blake and Raven plan on escaping with a victory here tonight.

Mike Rolash: They're outsized and outpowered so keeping these two technical specialists on their toes with speed, could be the best option.

Both Raven and Duke enter the ring and race at each other and it's the Beautiful Psychopath who's able to twist around the Lion Heart's body, taking him over with a headscissors. Thad pops back to his feet but quickly eats a dropkick from Autumn that drops him back to the canvas. Quickly to her feet, Raven rushes to Blake, tagging her back in. She steps back inside and runs past a rising Duke and springs off the middle rope once more, taking Thaddeus down with a crossbody. Her momentum keeps her rolling off of Duke and back towards her corner, where she tags Raven back in. Together, they bring Duke back up and whip him across the ring where he rebounds off the ropes and taken over to the mat with a double sit-out hip toss! Raven goes for the pin as Blake slides out of the ring.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Raven with a nearfall as the second generation star was able to get his shoulder up!

Mike Rolash: So far, Blake and Raven look like a cohesive unit as they're making quick tags in the early goings of this match.

Bringing Duke back up by his arm, Raven pulls him towards her partner, where she makes another tag to Blake. Entering the ring, Blake takes Duke's arm, twisting it with an arm wrench, soon sending Duke stumbling backwards with a back heel kick! With a nice distance between herself and Thaddeus, she presses the advantage with her speed

yet again. Racing towards Duke, the Lion Heart instinctively scoops her up, spinning and almost planting her through the mat with a spinebuster!

Jim Gunt: Blake's body jerked horribly on that landing and this may be the opening that the team of Paradine and Duke was looking for.

Mike Rolash: It's funny to me how just two weeks ago, these two were beating the shit out of each other and now look at them..

Jim Gunt: Well there was a mutual showing of respect after their Lion's Den Match and now they wanna test their hands at the tag titles. And if they manage a win here tonight, you can be sure their names are in the running.

Mike Rolash: I'm about sick of this mutual respect shit, where's the guys with literal hate in their hearts!?

Jim Gunt: I don't know Mike but Duke is able to make it over to Paradine for the tag.

Looking ready to do some damage, Nathan enters and stomps hard on the back of Blake's right leg as she tries to crawl towards Raven's outstretched hand. Showing no mercy, Paradine stomps on each individual limp of PJ's, making his way around her sprawled body before dropping a knee into the bank of her skull. He shoots the half, going for the cover as McArthur is over to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Looking over at Nick, who assured him that it was only two, Paradine rises up to his feet. Bringing Blake up immediately after, he forcefully whips her into his team's corner, where she crashes hard into the buckles. Charging in, Nathan blasts her with a hard lariat as Duke slaps him across the back for a tag. Getting inside the ring, Thad races to the center of the ring as Paradine still has Blake pinned in the corner. Charging back in, Nathan moves out of the way as Thad nears with a spin, cracking PJ across the jaw with a back elbow! She staggers out of the corner as Duke springs off the corner, middle rope, twisting through the air and catching PJ on the way down with a bulldog, spiking her face first into the mat! Popping back to his feet, Duke poses for the Pittsburgh fans as they continue to cheer him on.

Jim Gunt: Now it seems as if Duke and Paradine have gained control of this contest.

Mike Rolash: I must admit, even though this is their first time teaming, they look to be gelling just as well as Raven and Blake.

Duke opts not to go for the cover as he brings Blake back to her feet. Forcing her back into his team's corner, Duke stings her chest with a chop before tagging Nathan back in. Climbing inside as Thad exits, Paradine pulls Blake from the corner and drops her with a hard european uppercut back into the corner. Blake looks to be out as Paradine drags her back up, latching his arms around her waist, he launches her overhead with a belly-to-belly suplex! Somehow, Blake uses her smaller frame to contort her body so that's she's able to land on her feet. The crowd explodes from the athleticism on display by PJ as she stumbles forward and leaps out to tag the outstretched hand of the Beautiful Psychopath! The arena comes unglued as both Raven and Duke enter the ring, even though Duke is still not legal. Thad charges at Autumn who tries to anticipate his next move. He drops a shoulder, looking to send her back into her corner but Raven sidesteps and the Lion Heart goes through the middle and top buckle, crashing shoulder first into the ring post!

Jim Gunt: Oh My Lord! Thaddeus Duke could've just dislocated his shoulder just then, crashing into the post and falling to the outside! She catches a rising Paradine with a running dropkick!

Mike Rolash: Raven is hot at the moment can she keep it up?

With Nathan slumped in his team's corner, Raven rushes back towards Duke, who's recovering on the outside. She scales the top rope and quickly takes Duke back down with a corkscrew crossbody! Getting back to her feet, she runs around ringside towards a rising Paradine, inside of the ring. Climbing from the floor, to the top turnbuckle, she measures Nathan up as he's now fully standing and leaps off, cracking him across the jaw with a missile dropkick, sending him back to the mat. She scurries on top for the pin as Nick is over to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Paradine kicks out at the last second as Autumn screams in frustration. She hurriedly goes back to her corner where Blake has returned and makes the tag. Together they bring Paradine back vertical and look to whip him into the ropes but he has the wherewithal to duck underneath and pull the two women into each other! Having a meeting of the minds, both women drop to their rear end as Paradine stumbles over to Duke and makes the tag. Both Raven and Blake get to their feet as Duke enters and charges for them but they catch him with a double dropkick! He crashes to the mat as Paradine looks to go back on the attack but as he rushes in, Autumn catches him with a drop toe hold right into the waiting arms of Blake who spikes him with a DDT! The fans show their appreciation for the unique double team move from the women. Now back to their feet, Raven and Black interlock fingers as PJ scales the corner nearest Duke, using Raven for leverage. As he gets back to his feet, Blake leaps off the top rope as Raven lets go and takes Duke over with a hurricanrana, holding on for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

Paradine tries to come over and stop the pinfall but Autumn gets in his way and he shoves her violently into Blake and Duke, stopping McArthur’s count! Dragging a dazed Duke back to his team’s corner, Paradine steps to the apron and tags Duke’s hand, making himself the legal man. Getting back inside, he charges right at Autumn, but his body stiffens up as he’s blindsided by Blake with a SUPERKICK!

Jim Gunt: Blake just caught Paradine with her The Rise superkick and he’s still on wobbly legs.. CLAW OF THE NIGHT BY RAVEN!!

Mike Rolash: There’s no way he can recover from those two brutal superkicks from Blake and Raven..

Autumn stumbles a bit after her own personal superkick that drops Paradine to a knee, dazed and confused. Recovering quickly, Raven darts towards Duke and dropkicks him off the apron as he tries to re-enter the ring. Moving in for the end, Blake hurriedly hooks Nathan’s left arm and spikes him face first into the canvas with The Sizzle! The single-arm DDT has the Australian Submission Machine out like a light as Blake struggles to roll him over and goes for the pin..

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

McArthur signals for Sal to ring the bell again as the roof of the arena almost explodes off the top of it. An exhausted Blake rolls off of Paradine, earning what some would call a major upset victory over the CWF veteran.

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners, via pinfall! The “Beautiful Psychopath”... AUTUMN RAVEN and PJ BLAKE!!!

“Coming in Hot” plays again as Raven slides back inside of the ring to hug her partner in celebration. It takes a moment for Blake to get with the program as the signs of a hard fought battle shine through. The two soon have their hands raised in victory by McArthur, following up as they both go to separate corners to play to the cheering Pittsburg fans.. Duke can be seen helping Paradine to the back as the volume inside of the arena is almost at the top level!

Jim Gunt: A hard earned victory for Blake and Raven as they look to keep their momentum going for a title shot against the champions, Natural Selection in the near future..

Mike Rolash: I must admit that I had my doubts about these two women teaming, but they are really showing me something as they continue to work well as a team.

Jim Gunt: Indeed, Mike and what about Nathan and Thaddeus, did you expect them to gel on their first outing as a team.

Mike Rolash: I was half expecting both men to go at each other’s throats but I guess, “respect” prevailed.

Predator and Prey

Match

PJ and Autumn both drop from their respective turnbuckles, coming towards each other and embracing in a hug as Blake's entourage come inside to celebrate along with them. Suddenly the Paints Arena is engulfed within darkness..

Jim Gunt: This can only spell trouble, Mike..

Mike Rolash: Please don't be Alex.. Please don't be Alex.. Please don't be freaking Alex!

The lights pop back to life, both Blake and Raven appear almost stunned as they stand across from the former tag champs, Most Known Unknowns.. Espinoza and Martinez stare menacingly at Blake and Raven but the two women stand their ground. However while they're occupied with the former champs, neither one have realized that during the return of the lights inside of the Paints Arena, the third member, Nina stands behind them.

Jim Gunt: Blake and Raven are cornered by these three disturbing individuals!

Mike Rolash: Someone please tell them to turn around!

Blake and Raven look to each other and back at the former champs as some of the comments from the yelling fans gains their attention. Both women go back to back as Blake's crew can be seen scurrying to the backstage area. Blake faces Nina as Raven stands firm against Vince and Omar.. Now slowly approaching Blake, Nina gets almost nose to nose with her before inhaling deeply, getting a strong whiff of Blake's scent.. PJ's had enough and goes to swing a right hand at Nina but the lights cut out again. Only flashes and camera phone lights try their best to illuminate the arena until the lights spring back on and the MKU are nowhere to be found..

Jim Gunt: What the hell was that all about!?

Mike Rolash: I don't know Jimmy but they give me the major heebee jeebies… It's a miracle that they didn't try to assault both of these women..

Jim Gunt: Agreed. But what was with Nina sniffing PJ just then?

Mike Rolash: We both just took in the same information you dork. I was literally sitting right here, next to you.

Gunt rolls his eyes as both women cautiously scan the surrounding area before climbing out of the ring and heading for the back.. The show fades to commercial break..

Jeff Jackson vs. Johnny Graves

Match

Coming back from commercial break, we cut right to Ray Douglas.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall! And is for the CWF Impact Championship!!! Introducing first..

The lights go out in the arena. A bell sounds and voices begin a chant like chorus. After 15 seconds, the lyrics begin.

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

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring.. from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada! Weighing in at two hundred thirty-five pounds.. he is the CWF Impact Champion! "The Judge"... JEFFFF JACKSONNNNNN!!!!

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

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

Once in the ring, he stands mid ring with his head down. After a long pause, he flings his head back to remove the hood, as purple flames shoot from the posts. As the camera focuses in on the horrific features of the mask, the music fades.

Jim Gunt: The Judge was able to capture the Impact Championship from Johnny Graves in almost dominate fashion.

Mike Rolash: Yeah Jim Bean, The Judge gave him one shot and Graves dropped. Honestly I was surprised that he had any wherewithal during the tag titles match, helping Maggie secure the victory..

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.

Ray Douglas: Introducing the challenger.. being accompanied by Aeryka Aries! From Las Vegas, Nevada.. weighing in at two hundred eighteen pounds! He is one-half of the CWF Tag Team Champions! "Sin City Saint"... JOHNNYYYYY GRAVESSSSSS!!!

After several moments of anticipation the curtain pulls back and Johnny Graves steps out onto the small stage wearing his half of the CWF Tag Team Championships around his neck. He is followed by the Amazonian bodyguard known as Aeryka Aries. 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 of him, hands fashioned as if holding twin pistols, until his body jerks violently forward as he crashes face first into the stage.

Jim Gunt: Oh My Lord! What a heinous sneak attack by Scourge as he sends Graves crashing head first into the steel stage!

Mike Rolash: Man there was no way he could brace for that kind of impact..

Aeryka looks down at Graves in shock as the monstrous Scourge stalks over a downed Sin City Saint. Aries looks to come to his aid but a big boot from the Darkness Incarnate has her flat on her back! The scene switches back to The Judge who still stands inside of the ring with the CWF Impact Championship resting on his right shoulder as he watches his friend do more damage.

Jim Gunt: What the hell is going on here? We were supposed to have a scheduled title defense by Jackson against

Graves but I guess him and Scourge have other plans!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, Jimbo.. I don't like the looks of this as Scourge looks to put an end to the Sin City Saint before he can even get started.

Looking down at both Graves and Aries, the Darkness Incarnate snatches Graves' tag title from around his neck and flings it down the aisle to a chorus of boos from the Pittsburgh faithful. Bringing a sluggish Graves up, Scourge grabs him by the back of the neck and violently throws him face first into the steel setup that holds up the LED CWF Tron! Johnny crashes horribly into the steel grating before slumping down to the floor.

Jim Gunt: This is an unprecedented, vicious assault by Scourge unto the former two time, Impact Champion.

Mike Rolash: C'mon, where the hell is Mags?

Jim Gunt: She was unable to make it to tonight's event, unfortunately..

Mike Rolash: Bullshit..

Jeff watches on from the ring with a prideful look as Scourge stoically stalks over Johnny before stomping hard on his midsection. Graves coughs violently, clutching his gut as the Alpha of the Omega methodically sizes up his next attack. Kicking him across the side, Graves tries to roll away from the attack but Scourge stays on him with a hard boot to the skull! The emotionless eyes of Scourge stay focused on Graves as he drives another boot into his temple! Graves immediately grabs his head in pain.

Jim Gunt: Can we get someone out here to stop this?

Mike Rolash: Yeah, where the hell is Scourge and the rest of the security team?

Bringing the Sin City Saint back vertical, Scourge drops him back down with a brutal headbutt! There is an almost unnerving aura floating through the arena as the fans watch the brutal assault in shock. Jackson meanwhile, continues to watch observingly from the ring. Scourge stands over Graves as he reaches for his ankles to no avail. The Darkness Incarnate goes to bring him up as a "LET'S GO GRAVES!" chant gets started. Feeling a bit of the energy from the Pittsburgh fans, Graves fires a few weak forearm shots into Scourge's midsection. However, Scourge shakes them off and cracks Graves across the spine with a brutal clubbing blow. Graves arches his back in pain as he lies on the cold steel, Scourge follows up with another boot to the skull.

Jim Gunt: I don't think Graves can take anymore abuse, Mike…

Mike Rolash: Yeah man, he looks like he's spinning wheels inside of his head..

Calmly standing over Graves, Scourge looks towards The Judge who makes the final call, telling Scourge to finish Graves.. He willingly obliges, clamping his large hand around Graves' skull and pulling him up to his feet..

Jim Gunt: He's not gonna do what I think he's gonna do?

Mike Rolash: No, no, no, no…

With an iron claw hold on Graves' head, Scourge lifts him effortlessly off of his feet and falls towards the stage, planting him with Darkness Falls!

Jim Gunt: OH MY LORD! THROUGH THE STAGE!

The crowd begin to stir in shock from what they've all just witnessed as Scourge, rises back to his feet and looks down inside of the hole that he just made into the stage with Graves.. Jackson is shown, making his way up the aisle with the CWF Impact Championship still over his shoulder. Security and medical personnel can be seen running out onto the stage to check on Graves as Jackson finally joins Scourge. Both men, without a care, glance down at Graves who appears unconscious inside of the hole as a few medics try to make their way inside to help him. Meanwhile, a Fridge

led security team tries to get in between Jackson and Scourge and the medical team. A few medics go to check on Aries as well as she finally begins to come to.. Turning towards the crowd, in front of the carnage,

Ace Conversation

Match

As we come back into the Paints Arena, we found ourselves backstage, near the loading dock as medical personnel worked frivolously to ease a stretchered out Graves into the back of an ambulance. Aeryka Aries is right there by his side as the medics finally got him loaded up. Aries enters with him, looking highly concerned for her friend. After the doors are shut, one of the guys pat the door as the ambulance speeds off with sirens blaring, trying to get Graves to the local hospital.

Jim Gunt: That's something you don't wanna see when you're trying to perform for these fans. Hopefully whatever injuries that Graves sustained here tonight were not too serious and he can make a speedy recovery. Now, moving along from one set of bad news to another, we've just received word that Amy Jo was not able to make it here tonight.

Mike Rolash: You gotta be fucking kidding me! I was really looking forward to seeing The Ripper kick her ass one more time...

The scene switches backstage to the locker room area, specifically the one belonging to former two times CWF Tag Team Champions, Smokin' Aces! Duce Jones looks as ready as ever despite the fact that his entire upper body is covered in bandages, along with his wrestling gear. He can be seen as focused as ever, throwing strike after strike, not showing no immediate signs of a man who was knocked from a ladder by an explosive. His partner, Freddie Styles is also dressed to compete as he finishes up his final stretches before the big main event. Finally done with his strike combinations, Duce looks over at Freddie, an almost somber look in his eyes.

Duce Jones: Mane, Silas an' Hoyt ain't gonna know what hit 'em when we step inside'a dat rang tonight.. Ya ready ta go put in dis work bruh?

Freddie stops stretching and looks over to his good friend with a questionable look.

Freddie Styles: I should be asking you the same thing.

Duce gives Styles a blank expression..

Duce Jones: C'mon bruh, you can't be serious.. Ya already kno' tha only way anyone is gonna keep me outta dat rang is if they kill me.. Besides, it's a known fact dat tha Rishel's neva cared about tha well bein' of they talent.

Freddie Styles: True..

Duce Jones: Fuck all day though, how ya feel knowin' dat ya get a chance ta kick Hoyt's teeth down his throat at tha beginnin'a that year?

Freddie Styles: To be honest….I just want to be done with him. I lost man. I’m not holding the gold. I was this damn close...and if kicking him into next year gets me one step closer to Silas and that title, then consider him fuckin’ kicked.

The now famous stoned face of Styles looks more focused than ever. Jones can be seen standing across from him, nodding his head approvingly, holding his fist up to Styles for him to pound it. Which he soon does as we fade back to the broadcast team.

"The Ripper" Danny B vs. Amy Jo Smyth

Match

“Dragon Rider” by Two steps from hell hits over the arena, and as the boos start to reign down as the all too familiar

golden spotlight shines onto the stage. Normally this would illuminate The Ripper, but this time he walks straight through it, not stopping to bask in the jeers of the CWF faithful. The arena lights come up as the Paramount Champion stomps towards the ring, dragging the Paramount Championship behind him, foregoing any of his usual theatrics.

Danny rolls into the ring and snatches the mic out of Ray Douglas' hands before he has a chance to introduce the champion.

Danny B: Cut that fucking music right now!

The jeers subside in place of curiosity as the music is suddenly cut dead.

Danny B: So, you wonderful parasites came here this evening expecting to see me defend this belt against one Amy Jo Smyth. Well, guess what, once again, as it is every time one of these cards doesn't feature myself in the main event, you all get to be disappointed.

A smattering of jeers starts up again in response to Danny's words.

Danny B: Shut up would you? This isn't my doing. Trust me, I would have loved to have finally put that trash bag of a woman down for good. No, the official line from the back, which I was told literally on my way out here, is that Amy's plane was delayed and she would be unable to make it to the arena in time.

The response grows stronger as he breaks again, looking more and more annoyed with every passing second.

Danny B: Yep, that's the official line, she can't be here, so we are sat here right now with our fingers up our arses. Let me sprinkle a little truth on this situation. Twice now I have been in line to take this woman apart piece by piece, the last time there was an excuse when I destroyed her. This time, there's an excuse for why she can't be here. Let me spell this one out for you. Amy Jo Smyth is afraid of me, AJS talks a big game, but when she goes one on one with me, she is left lying and crying. I'm sick of this shit with her, I'm sick of this shit full stop.

So, boys in the office, you've been prodding and poking me for a while. I have no idea why, but you got my attention. She isn't here, you knew she wasn't going to be here. So what did you do? Did you schedule a new opponent for me? No. Did you tell me in advance so that I wouldn't have spent the whole day getting ready for a match I wasn't going to have? No. Hell, did you even bother to tell me that my title would be on the line or did I have to find that out on my own?

What about repercussions? Will she be fined for not making a scheduled title match? Will she be suspended? No. There will be no pushback from this. Hell, while we are on the subject, was there anything done about the fact that Duce Jones walked out of a match on a live Pay Per View? Someone else who knows he can't beat me. Was there anything done about that? No. Of course not.

The crowd responds positively to the mention of Duce's name.

Danny B: Really? Really? That's the way it is? I mention that slack-jawed hoodrat and you all cheer. You are sitting on your fat asses cheering that moron when the perfect pro-wrestler stands before you, holding one of your beloved championships?

He raises the title up into the air, allowing the arena lights to shine off if it for a moment.

Danny B: At Genesis, I walked into this consolation prize of a match, a match I would not have been in if that bullshit draw hadn't been called. We all know at this point that the whole thing was nothing more than a swerve job designed to ensure that one of their favourites wasn't made to look like a chump in the first week out. Hell, Ducey boy carries so much favour that he probably helped orchestrate this whole thing.

The reality of the situation is that if I had pulled either of these stunts, if I would have walked out of a match of decided not to show up because I was afraid of losing, I would be fined in six figures. Well do you know what? Fine me. I can

afford it. You know what CWF can't afford? Me losing my temper and tearing through the roster.

So, boys in the back, if you even dare EVER book me against her again I promise you I will not show up for that match. You'll fine me, and it won't make the slightest bit of difference to me. In fact, don't even think about booking me again until you have a credible opponent for me to face. No more jobbers, no more exhibitions. Give me a real fight or don't even call. I'm taking this silver medal and I'm jumping on a plane home. You want your draw, your hall of famer, the only guy on this roster to have NEVER lost the world championship? Suck your shit up and give it to me. And for another…

Danny's voice stopped booming around the arena as a number of black-clad men made their way down the ramp.

Jim Gunt: Looks like Danny B is not in a good mood here tonight after his scheduled opponent was unfortunately unable to be here this evening.

Mike Rolash: Maybe he had a point you know Jim? Why didn't they just line up a hapless nobody for him to beat instead?

Jim Gunt: Are you seriously siding with him now? After everything he has done to you over the years?

Mike Rolash: Injustice is injustice Jim, besides, look at this right now! Security are surrounding him when he just said he'd happily leave, what on earth has he done to deserve this kind of treatment?

Jim Gunt: Your revisionist history astounds me.

The security officers had entered the ring. Danny's eyes darted from one to another as they seemed to indicate that he should go. For a moment, there seems to be a stalemate as none of them move. One of the burly boys in black then steps towards him and…

Mike Rolash: RKS! RKS to the security Jim!

Danny springs back up to his feet as the other three men move in. He explodes through another with a spear, prompting the final two to try and pin Danny down. He simply slides out under the bottom sticking a middle finger up at them both as they tumble over one another. One tries to get out under the ropes and receives a boot to the head for his troubles. The final guy gets up to his feet and steps backwards, assessing the situation. He stumbles over the dropped championship belt, and takes his eyes off the prize for just a second. That second is enough for Danny to leap up onto the apron, spring off the top and take the hapless fool's head off with a rather stiff looking Ripper's blade. Danny grabs his belt and rolls out of the ring in front of the commentary booth. The unusually universal negative response to him had made way for a mixed response within the arena as Danny leans over the announce desk and rips the headphones from Jim Gunt's head, placing the mic next to his mouth.

Danny B: Last warning boys, you ain't seen nothing yet.

He throws the set down as more men emerge from the back. Danny, with a coy smile on his face simply hops the barricade and vanishes through the crowd.

Mike Rolash: Well, we might not have had the title match, but we got a spectacle alright!

A Solitary Savior

Match

Jim Gunt: Moving forward, nobody will interview Hoyt since he's crazy so we sent a brave camera crew to see if we can get a reaction to him being named in #1 contenders match against Freddie Styles that will take place after the holiday, and about his tag match tonight with the champion.

It's a small office within the arena that most likely belongs to a sales rep that CWF's Kyuseishu has repurposed for his own use. Your Kyuseishu Hoyt clearly has knocked all the personal belongings off the desk which lay scattered on the

floor in a heap of mess. A red cloth has been draped over the desk giving it an illusion of an altar. Various Hoyle playing cards are dealt in rows on the desk in front of Hoyt as any card player or owner of a PC in the 90's can identify he's playing a game of solitaire. Hoyt is wearing an all-white jumpsuit for purity and comfort reasons.

His mean eyed emotional support cat Meowru Suzuki is sitting on the edge of the desk wagging his tail as his attention is on an out of season fly buzzing slowly desperately trying to break through the window and escape to the outside world. Neil Dimond's minor hit song from 1966, "Solitary Man" plays from an old transistor radio sitting on a shelf on the wall to the left.

Hoyt Williams (Singing Along):

"I'll be what I am--

A solitary man...

Solitary man."

The son of a vengeful God flips over another card revealing an Ace of Spades which he places next to the Ace of Clubs.

Hoyt Williams: Smokin!

Hoyt smiles as the camera zooms in on his eyes which now stare coldly into the camera.

Hoyt Williams: Genesis 12:3 "I will bless those who bless you, and whoever curses you I will curse; and all people on earth will be blessed through you." Artoria my fallen disciple, for you I blessed, and now I curse. You my son had an opportunity to be granted biblical protection, success, and be absolved of all your sins of the past, forgiven and reborn a prophet of Hoyt. A disciple of all that's right within the world. But greed consumed you. I gave you a win to born pride back into your tormented and lost soul. A pride that the old man you falsely worship failed to ever do. Until you met me your faith was what? Midcard at best? A carpenter like Christ. A jobber like the book of Job. For I rose you from the ashes of the kingdom I set ablaze to, only to be shunned once you were consumed by the very power my guidance provided.

Hoyt places a black 9 under a red 10 and smiles as he moves a stack counting down to 4 on top of it.

Hoyt Williams: I beat you at the last pay-per-view match that we had only a few months ago. When it mattered the most it was I whom had his hand raised to GOD HIMSELF. I tied you in the final standings of my little tournament which was nothing more than a test of your integrity to see if you are worthy of being a disciple of mine. YOU ARE NOT. We are 1 and 1 when it comes to going at it 1 on 1 so it would only make sense to grant me your first title defense. After all you wouldn't have won the tournament without me granting you a win to give you confidence against me, taking out the one guy who beat you in the process…and the sinner fans, GOD ABOVE, management, the Russians spying on the internet, and YOU MOST OF ALL know it to be the gospel truth. Yet you hide. You duck me. You fear me. YOU ARE A COWARD. After you touched the gold GREED consumed you and now taking on lesser challengers is your masterplan. A handshake after the match? Luke 11:39 "Woe to you, teachers of the law and Pharisees, you hypocrites! You clean the outside of the cup and dish, but inside they are full of GREED and self-indulgence."

Hoyt slams his hand hard and flat against the desk causing the cat to jump.

Hoyt Williams: You want reverence as the faux champion that you are? You want admiration as a coward, a sinner, and a child? You pal around with a creepy old man and yet you lack any and all respect for the men who laid the groundwork before you. I don't respect you Artoria. I don't like you. I don't envy you, or even covet your title. I want

to hurt you. I want to watch you suffer like God laughs as sinners burn. I want vengeance for the GOD you have disrespected. I want vengeance for the FANS who deserve better YOU as champion. I want vengeance for that stupid outfit you wear to the ring.

Hoyt looks down at his hand laying flat on the desk.

Hoyt Williams: The aces don't like you either. Will I lift a finger to defend you tonight? What's the purpose? 3 men all fixated on what you have. Sure, I have a match on our next show against Freddie to see who the number one contender is truly. Maybe I lift a finger to get a head start on that battle. But what shall I do for you Artoria? What's to become of the new champion who despite all his smiles and handshakes is nothing but a cowardly lion that will never find courage. Perhaps broken ribs at the hands of two Aces and Savior will serve as a reminder until we meet again and your reign as transition champion comes to a crucifying hault.

The savior is distracted by something and turns his attention to the window where his cat just leaped up and missed eating the fly.

Hoyt Williams: Buddah is in charge of the insects and look at this failure. A winter fly. Rare. Even if he could get outside and past the glass window the cold will kill him instantly. What a sad life being born out of season. A time to fly when there is nothing to fly to. A species out of place and out of synch with the rest. You Artoria are that fly. You don't belong as champion. Not here. Not now. Maybe not ever again. Yet here you are an anomaly holding onto something that you know you can't keep. Flying, exposed, left to die alone and confused as the CWF is all out to get you. I no longer can protect you for it will be I who slays you.

The cat leaps up and swallows the fly.

Hoyt Williams: Job 18:5 "The lamp of a wicked man is snuffed out; the flame of his fire stops burning."

Hoyt smiles and again looks down at his hand trying hard to but yet he can't seem to lift a finger. The scene soon fades out to a commercial break.

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The screen is taken over by a shot outside of the arena.

???: Would you look at that. People going to go enjoy a show. People allowed to be there...but a few of us aren't. Are they?

The camera pans around to where we see Alexander S. Rishel, the former Ataxia, smiling his pearl white teeth at the screen. The long haired albino man is dressed in a gray and black suit. He winks at the camera and begins to speak.

ASR: Oh no worries. I'm not going to cause any trouble. Per my legal council I am not to be within fifty feet of the building...and neither is the rest of the family. The board of directors has decided while litigation between my family is going on this holiday season that this will be the last show of the year pending court case outcomes. No worries. I am assured that a suitable person will be put in charge shortly of the situation. I, personally, wanted to wish you all a very festive holiday season because I feel it might be your last...

ASR grins that same sadistic smile we've seen for years.

ASR: Can you not feel it? The end is coming. The die is cast. Where is all of the joy and rapture that you were to have when my face was finally revealed. I told you. I told you all. No one would be able to handle the secret. No worries thou...I plan on having an interview shortly to explain everything. Just as soon as I am able to from a legal standpoint. So from my family to yours...season's greetings and hopefully for a few people in there...a few seasons beatings. Tah tah...I'm off to enjoy a real show. A family meeting with lawyers...Ahahhahahahhaha..

ASR turns and puts on a black wide brimmed hat and walks off into the night whistling “God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen”.

Smokin' Aces (Freddie Styles & Duce Jones) vs. Silas Artoria & Kyuseishu

Match

We fade back in on Gunt and Rolash as resounding boos can be heard resounding around the Paints Arena.

Jim Gunt: Did I hear him correctly? Our next show is placed on hiatus until legal situations are handled between the Rishel family and their respective teams?

Mike Rolash: What are we supposed to do after hearing an announcement like that?

Jim Gunt: I guess we just send it away to Ray for our final match of the evening..

We cut to Douglas for the final time. He adjusts his suit jacket, his trademark smile still glued on his face.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the following tag team contest is YOUR MAIN EVENT!!! Introducing first...

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

Heavy is the crown

Only for the weak...

As the song moves into the verse, the record scratches, causing the fans to begin to stir, as a voice begins to speak through the PA system.

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

The opening sounds of “Godspeed” by Don Trip begins to play as the lights inside of the arena turn a crimson hue color, soon the stage filling up with smoke. After about a minute of waiting, the record scratches for a second time, cutting the song out completely.

Mike Rolash: What the hell is this shit? Where are Douche and Freddie?

Jim Gunt: I have the slightest clue Mike but I must admit that they were pretty quiet this week heading into this match.. We saw them earlier on preparing for the contest.

Mike Rolash: Douche probably convinced Freddie to walk away from this match like he did the last time.. Either way good rid…

Mike is quickly cut off as the Pittsburgh crowd erupts at the sounds of police sirens and helicopters propeller noises that fill the arena, causing fans to look around with excitement. Suddenly the opening lyrics of The Game’s “Ali Bomaye” sound off through the PA system.

Get my people out them chains, nigga

I mean handcuffs, time to man up

Put my hands up? Fuck you sayin', bruh?

‘Cause I'm a black man in a Phantom

Or is it ‘cause my windows tinted?

Car cost 300 thou' and I blow Indo in it

You mad ‘cause your daughter fuck with me on spring break

Well, I'ma fuck her 'til the springs break

As the song breaks down, the lights beam back on spotlighting the entrance area as Freddie Styles is seen squatting down, head bent, arms stretched out in front of him, hands in twin pistol formation. Duce Jones stands behind Freddie, his back to the crowd, arms folded across his chest.

Ray Douglas: Making their way to the ring! At a combined weight of four hundred and twenty eight pounds! They are the team of Freddie Styles and Duce Jones! SMOKIN' ACES!

The fans roaring in admiration, as the two men are both now facing the fans. The two men have made their way down the aisle and to the ring. Freddie walks up the ring steps as Duce hops on the apron. Both men climbing inside of the ring, Freddie making his way to the middle ropes, while Duce climbs one of the corners.

Jim Gunt: And the Aces step out in style

Mike Rolash: Technically it's called a throwback because they need to throw that bullshit back..

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 the Aces tonight. Just the light up jacket, white vest and CWF World Title strap proudly around his waist. Silas has arrived, and Ito-san had come as well.

Ray Douglas: And their opponent, first being accompanied by Hidetaka Ito! Weighing in at two hundre ten pounds, from Toronto, Canada. He is YOUR CWF World Champion! "The Psychotic Aristocrat"...SILAAAAAAAAS...AAAAAAAAAAAAAA-TORIA!

Silas and Ito begin their gradual walk down the ramp and towards the ring. 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 Freddie and Duce, taking the World title off and holding it high in the air.

Jim Gunt: Silas Artoria looks set to start his reign as champion. But first he must team Hoyt to take on the Aces in what some may call a high stakes battle..

Mike Rolash: If you're going to be betting, you should already know who to bet on to get the job done and take the title off Artoria..

Jim Gunt: Let me guess...

Mike Rolash: You got it, this man! My guy, Kyuseishu!

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: His partner, from Nishi-Shinjuku, Tokyo, Japan.. weighing in two hundred seventy-five pounds! "The Holy Samaurai"... 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 tringle formed by his hands.

Jim Gunt: And now quite possibly, the most hated man in this match..

Mike Rolash: Where do you get your information from because that sounds like fake news to me.

The ref looks set to call the action as he finishes his final check on all four competitors. Now signaling for each team to

pick a person to start, the Aces quickly come to a decision as they dab each other's fist and Styles goes to the apron, leaving Duce to start for their team. On the other side, Silas hands his CWF World title off to a stagehand at ringside who takes it over to the timekeeper's table. He turns back to face Kyu, only to spot him already standing in the apron, motioning for Silas to get going. With both men ready to go, Robbins signals Sal to ring the bell as we're set to kick off our final match of the evening. Both men circle the ring before locking up in the center of the ring. Duce snags on a headlock but Artoria quickly backs him into the ropes before shooting Jones across. Rebounding off of the ropes, Duce drops Artoria with a shoulder block. Surprisingly, Silas kips back up to his feet and takes a surprised Jones over to the mat with a side headlock, where he now wrenches on the hold.

Jim Gunt: Nice recovery by the World Champ as he's able to ground Jones in the onset of this match.

Mike Rolash: That's right Silas, squeeze that son of a bitch's head until it pops.

Jim Gunt: So you're seriously not gonna let go of this grudge you have against Duce Jones?

Mike Rolash: Not until I no longer have to see his ugly face in our rings every night.

Jones struggles against Silas' clutches as he continues to crank on the headlock. Duce is finally able to make to his feet with Silas still hooked on him. Backing into the ropes, Duce now shoots Artoria across the ring. He goes flat as the Psychotic Aristocrat runs over top of him, now returning off the opposite set as Jones gets to his feet and cracks Artoria across the jaw with a brutal forearm shot! With the champ staggering into the ropes, Jones hurriedly grabs a handful of hair, guiding him towards the Aces' corner where he tags in Styles. Holding Silas in the corner for Styles, Duce takes off towards the ropes as Freddie snapmares Silas over into the center of the ring where Jones cracks him with a knee smash across the bridge of his nose! Flailing to the mat, Silas grabs at his nose in pain as we're then shown a shot of Kyuseishu who smiles and claps approvingly. Freddie goes for the pin as Trent slides in for the count but Silas quickly kicks out at one.

Jim Gunt: I can't believe that Hoyt is applauding the Aces.. If he didn't have any plans on competing here tonight, why even show up to the ring?

Mike Rolash: Because he's a man of conviction, the son of the Most High and YOUR Kyuseishu! He's a professional, unlike Douche Bones over there.

Jim Gunt: I don't even know why I even bother to ask you anything.

Mike Rolash: Because I'm expertly insightful..

Styles has Artoria back upright and is brutalizing his chest with hard knife edge chops that backs him back into the Aces corner.. Lining up another chop, Styles stings his chest again, his handprint almost visible across Artoria's chest as it's beginning to turn a purplish color. Freddie tags an eager Duce Jones back into the match. Stepping through the ropes as Styles goes to the apron, Jones sizes the Psychotic Aristocrat up before socking him with a hard punch to the jaw. He then follows up with a chop of his own before going crazy as he interchanges between punches and chops. With one last punch, Silas is slumped on the top 'buckle as the ropes keep him upright.. Now taking a few steps back, Duce slowly licks his right hand before glancing over at Hoyt.. Williams gives him a thumbs up, Jones scoffs but soon steps back into Silas a loud chop that echoes throughout the Paints Arena!

Jim Gunt: Goodness!

Mike Rolash: *deep sigh*

Jim Gunt: What's wrong Mike?

Mike Rolash: I don't know… it's just that… from watching this match.. It has that kinda feel where all the top pornstars are set to do one scene but you're only a fan of one particular star.. And during said scene she's only standing off to

the side, fondling herself..

Jim Gunt: Mike!

Mike Rolash: What!? I thought we were being broadcast on HOTv Network now.. From what I heard those guys are allowed to get away with murder.. Like, literal fucking murder..

Silas can be scene still clutching his chest as he stumbles out of the corner but the Kid that Never Dies stays on him, tossing him back in the corner and tagging Freddie back into the match. Together, both men take him to the ropes and double whips him across the ring. When he returns, the Aces take him up and over with a double hip toss, the impact forces the World Champ to sit up arching his back in pain while Freddie cartwheels in front of him. Styles catches him with a low dropkick to the face as Jones cracks him with a kick to the back of the head!

Jim Gunt: Classic double teamed offense by the former three time tag team champions.. Silas needs to find a way to bounce back in this match as Styles hooks the leg for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Kyuseishu exclaims in disappointment from his side of the ring as he thought that may have been it.

Mike Rolash: At least we are being blessed with OUR Kyuseishu, tonight here at ringside.

Now leaning comfortably in the corner, Williams continues to watch his partner get handled by the Aces. Mr. Ballgame feels that his team has things firmly in control, he brings Artoria back upright, hooking him and taking him over to the canvas with a Northern Lights Suplex, bridging with the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Silas rolls away from Freddie, trying to keep some between him and Mr. Ballgame. Sitting up on the canvas, Styles makes eye contact with Hoyt who gives him the universal hand signal for 'almost had him'. Cursing to himself, Styles gets to his feet, looking to do more damage to Artoria but he quickly spins and darts towards Kyu, catching him unsuspectingly with a forearm that knocks him off the apron

Mike Rolash: C'mon Trent, do your job! That was a blatant disrespect for the rules..

Jim Gunt: It appears that Hoyt is starting to get under Freddie's skin.

Mike Rolash: He's simply standing there!

Agitated from the sneak attack, Hoyt climbs back up on the apron with haste and tries to enter the ring but Robbins is right there to hold him back. However there isn't much of a fight from Kyu as he willingly steps back to the apron with his hands in the air. Freddie stands there, observing the entire situation but seeing Williams back on the apron, he goes back to the Silas who's crawled to a neutral corner, resting with his back to the bottom buckle. Bringing him up, Styles is caught off guard by Artoria who shoves him back, creating some distance. Recovering quickly, Freddie charges in at Silas but receives a boot to the jaw for his trouble. Stumbling back and grabbing his chin, Mr. Ballgame shakes off the hit and rushes in again, this time for a Styles Splash! Silas moves at the last split second and Freddie crashes face first with the top of the ring post! The Pittsburgh fans inside of the Paints Arena cringe upon impact as Styles staggers backwards into Silas who latches on a full nelson and snaps him into the canvas with a dragon suplex! The maneuver brings a bit more light to the crowd as they finally see Silas having a fighting chance.

Jim Gunt: Great instinct on display as Silas has taken the majority of the beating in this contest..

Mike Rolash: If you wanna be the champ, you have to do Champion like things and that's exactly what Silas is going to have to prove if he wants his name to be in the same breath as some of the greats to grace that ring.. Like Kyuseishu for example..

Jim Gunt: Give me a break..

Both men are down as the fans try to will them back to their feet. Silas slowly crawls towards Kyu who can be seen, pointing and laughing.. Meanwhile, Styles crawls towards Duce and makes the tag to his outstretched hand. Entering the ring, Duce charges over and stomps on the still downed Artoria's back, forcing him back down to the mat. Looking towards Williams, who feigns innocence, Jones brings Artoria up and connects with a hard shoot kick to his chest, he spins around with a backfist that catches him square on the ear, spinning back around, Duce drops him to a knee with a kick to his leg. Taking a few steps back, Jones unleashes with a D-Trigga but the Psychotic Aristocrat sidesteps, sending Jones flying past him. Duce spins back towards Silas who connects with a bicycle knee strike of his own! Jones crumples to the canvas from the shot, Silas slumping back first on top of him with a back press. Robbins slides in for the count!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Duce is able to get his shoulder up, stopping the count.

Jim Gunt: That was more of a desperation move as Silas caught Duce square with the Knockout!

Mike Rolash: That's what I'm talking about Silas, knee his nose into the back of his skull..

Jim Gunt: Now we get a reaction for someone other than Hoyt..

Silas once again crawls towards Kyu who lazily sticks his hand out. The World Champ inches closer and closer to his Omega Block for soon leaping out for the….

Tag!

No! Kyu withdraws his hand at the last second and Artoria goes crashing face first into the mat. But the adrenaline kicks in or maybe it's pure anger as Silas pops back to his feet and stares daggers through a smirking Kyu who shrugs his shoulders. A slight red tint forms within Artoria's pupils, with a growl, he clocks Kyu across the jaw, sending him crashing into the apron and down to the floor! Robbins acknowledges it as a tag..

Mike Rolash: Why the hell would he go and do that!?

Jim Gunt: Hoyt has been antagonizing everyone since this match has begun, what do you mean, Mike?

Mike Rolash: Antagonizing? Kyuseishu's the perfect tag partner to have, hell if Silas' skull wasn't so thick.. Kyu could've carried then all the way to tag gold.. Hell anything that he ever wanted but he refuses to believe.

Jim Gunt: …. Ohhhhkayy..

Silas is shown growling down at Kyu from the corner when he's clocked with a Yakuza Kick from Duce! Silas eats it! Now with Jones' leg trapped on his shoulder, Silas sends him rolling backwards as he shoves Jones off. Rolling through to his feet, Jones tries to be quick on the attack but gets destroyed with a Discus Lariat that spins him through the air where he finally crashes horribly to the mat, cringing and clutching his heavily bandaged body.. He quickly rolls to the outside to try and recover. Styles has had enough and he enters, charging at the Psychotic Aristocrat. Moving out of the way, Silas uses Styles' momentum to send him into the ropes, catching him with a Knockout knee strike as

he bounces off. Freddie slumps back into the ropes, finding himself sitting in the bottom one as Silas lets out a guttural roar.. Now focusing on a rising Jones on the outside, he sprints towards Duce and launches his body through the ropes, grabbing Duce's head and spinning him down into the thin mats with a Tornado DDT!

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Jim Gunt: Holy shit indeed, Silas may have just given Duce a concussion with the Twisted Virtue!

Mike Rolash: All good in my books..

Silas gets to his feet and pumps a fist into the air, inciting a positive reaction from the Paints Arena.. Knowing that Jones is the legal man, he brings him up, rolling him back into the ring. Sliding in himself, he's immediately caught with an ATL Stomp! The Pittsburgh fans explode as Silas pops right back to his feet. Slapping himself across the head a bit, Silas swings at Freddie who ducks underneath, spinning towards each other, Artoria is relentless as he quickly lifts an unsuspecting Styles onto his shoulders and gets to spinning like nobody's business! The crowd counts along with each rotation, ending at ten and tossing Freddie to mat where he rolls out of the ring. Still a bit woozy from the Airplane Spin, Silas turns to Duce who lets a roundhouse kick loose. Artoria ducks underneath and lifts Jones onto his shoulders in an Electric Chair position, before Duce has any time to react as he flings the Kid that Never Dies off of his shoulders and spikes him with a cutter!

Jim Gunt: FALL OF MAN BY SILAS! HE SHOOTS THE HALF GOING FOR THE COVER! BUT TRENT INFORMS HIM THAT HE'S NOT THE LEGAL MAN!

Silas looks wide eye at Trent before he's snatched off top of Jones and sent flying through the ropes, thanks to an incoming Kyuseishu.. Silas crashes hard on the floor mats and Kyu pins Duce.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Robbins signals for the bell as Kyuseishu makes haste to roll out of the ring and away from an infuriated, returning Artoria. Backpeddling up the ramp, he smiles at Artoria who now appears to be calming down.

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners, via pinfall.. KYUSEISHU and SILAS ARTORIA!!!

Kyu disappears behind the curtain to the jeers of the Pittsburgh as Silas rolls out of the ring and retrieves his World Championship. He sulks a bit because he feels letdown to not feel the true spoils of victory after how hard he had to fight. Styles can be seen helping Jones as he finally begins to regain concsiousness.

Jim Gunt: Silas put up a vilaint effort but it was all for naught at Williams basically screwed him out of the pin attempt.

Mike Rolash: The two of them were a team, beside he didn't steal anything, Hoyt was the legal man from the beginning.

Jim Gunt: Well fans tonight has been kinda bittersweet as for right now the status ofour next show is up in the air. Stay tuned to cwf.ewmania.com for the lastest, breaking news.. For Mike Rolash, I'm JIm Gunt.. Good evening everyone..

Silas is still walking up the aisle, taking a moment to stop at the top and pose for the fans one last time as he raises the CWF World Championship high into the air to the cheers of the Pittsburgh fans.. They jut as quickly switch to boos when Kyu returns from behind the curtain, blasting Silas with a forearm from behind. The World title drops to the steel stage as Artoria goes spiraling down the ramp. With a confident grin on his face, Kyu reaches down and brings the discarded title up to his eye range to admire it. He now confidently nods and points straight towards Freddie who's still inside of the ring, motioning for him to bring it.. Kyu smiles as the scene fades out, bringing the show to a close..

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