

Evolution: CWF Evolution- Episode 74

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: January 14, 2020
Location: Lenovo Center — Raleigh, NC

Results

Who Did You Say?

Match

"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 Little Caesars Arena in Detroit, Michigan, the host for Evolution 74! Fireworks and pyro begin to explode around the stage area before cutting to the Detroit crowd as they hold up various signs, supporting they favorite athletes.

[WHO WANTS FOUR QUARTERS WHEN YOU CAN GET NINE INNINGS!]

[I'M ONLY HERE FOR THE BEER!]

[HOYT SAVED US]

[HEY RISH! I NEED MY CHILD SUPPORT!]

[PREPARE TO BE JUDGED]

[RAVEN AND PJ! ALL THE WAY!]

Before Gunt and Rolash are able to welcome us to the show, "Feeling Good" by Micheal Buble starts to play as we hear the jazzy sort of music starts to play to a confused CWF audience. The CWF Tron flickers for a moment as we see Alexander Rishel smiling into the camera with his pearly white teeth that matches his skin. He's wearing a pair of blue hippie shades and a white suit. He waves at the camera as the music dies down.

Alexander Rishel: Greetings you Flint pissants...

General cheap heat flows from the crowd.

Jim Gunt: The former Ataxia is apparently endearing himself to our audience.

Mike Rolash: You know it's odd...without the mask I'm not really to scared of him anymore.

Alexander Rishel: Oh. You're mad bros? Don't worry. You're about to get even more angry. See. The current state of the case that I have between Justin Rishel, Jaiden Rishel, and CWF Board of Directors has caused a bit of chaos in our stock prices. If this were to keep up...I'm afraid that CWF would have to shut down...for good until this gets sorted out. That could take years. Decades. So...I did my last good deed...I made some consolidations to CWF and they have agreed to my terms. My terms. In order to keep us open...one of those terms being that we have an impartial person running the day to day competition of CWF. In short...no one in my family can book any matches for the foreseeable future until we sort this shit out. And after much upset feelings and a large amount of four letter words from my father. We've all reached an agreement as to whom will be that figurehead. The new Commissioner of CWF.

Jim Gunt: Who could it be? Elijah?...Danny B?...or maybe even The Shadow if Alex is involved?

Mike Rolash: It's gotta be Blue Scorpion...or Jarvis King...Or...Hell...Chaolin Sahn?

Alexander Rishel: It's someone who has shown me over the years under the guise of Ataxia that they can't be bought. That they are incorruptible save for their own vices. He has been fair in his criticism of how things have been run to the point that he seemed to be the only logical choice. The only choice for the job that I would allow from the lists and lists of Rishel loyalists that were presented to me. He's not on that list. In fact they offered me more money to pick someone else and I said this is it. This is your man or it's a no go. So rather than pull the plug I present to you...your new boss...Mike Rolash!

The fans are stunned in silence for a moment as we cut to the commentators table. Jim Gunt's jaw is almost on the floor. For the first time at a loss for words. He turns and looks to his partner. His color commentating partner for years takes it in for a moment and starts to laugh...

Mike Rolash:...ahahha...ahahhaha...AHAHHAHAHAH!!! YES!!! FINALLY!!!

Jim Gunt: Folks...we are so doomed.

Alexander Rishel: Good luck Mike...enjoy...AHAHAHHHAHAHAHA!!

The fans along with Jim Gunt are totally shocked as Mike jumps up from his seat and runs up the aisle screaming for joy. He feels that his time has finally come. Cutting back to the solo Gunt, he addresses the situation.

Jim Gunt: Out of all the people that could've been chosen for the job and they picked Mike? I'm sorry folks just give me a minute.. Umm, Ray?

Savannah Jade vs. Konrad Rabb

Match

Cutting to the ring, we see Ray Douglas sporting a black suit with matching shirt, complimented by a red/white striped bow-tie. His silver hair looks magnificent within the lights overhead as he looks set to get this night of action started.

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

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

Ray Douglas: Making her way to the ring, from Nashville, Tennessee.. weighing in at one hundred twenty-five pounds! The Living Dead Doll... SAVANNAH JADE!!!

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

Jim Gunt: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm sorry.. I'm.. I-I'm just at a lost for words right now.. Mike Rolash... I can't even say it right now.. At least I now have colleagues who are competent, joining me now at ringside is Tara Robinson and Charles State. Sorry if I'm a bit moody.

Tara Robinson: No problem, Jim, I'm elated to be out here beside you calling some action for once instead of standing around the back with a microphone.

Charles State: I agree with you Tara, it's kinda nice to be able to see the action from ringside instead of in the rafters or

in a hut.

They all share a laugh as "Cold as Ice" by M.O.P plays over the sound system as Konrad comes out through the curtain just wearing his blue and white mask with white hair along with his wrestling trousers with his nickname The Iceman on the front of them with Pit Bull Energy logos on the side of his trousers with black gloves on both of his hands with a side cross necklace on his neck with the blue and black yin-yang tattoo on his right shoulder, Iceman from X-Men tattoo on his back, Ice wolf on his left chest and ice bear on his right chest.

Ray Douglas: Her opponent, from Cologne, Germany.. weighing in at two hundred and one pounds! He is The Iceman... KONRAD RABB!!!

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

Jim Gunt: The Iceman recently signed on the dotted line to become a full time member of the CWF roster. Very friendly guy..

Charles State: That he is, strong as well, earlier in the back when we shook hands, he almost dislocated my shoulder.

Tara Robinson: Wow!

Charles State: I know.. had to get Doc Harmon to check it out for me before we came out here.

Tara Robinson: I'm happy to see that you're doing okay.

Rookie official, Nick McArthur does his mandatory check on both competitors and signals Sal to ring the bell. Stepping from their corners, they meet in the center of the ring for a tie-up. The larger Iceman quickly gains the advantage, twisting Jade's left arm into an arm wrench. He yanks down on her torqued arm, applying more pressure. A slight cry escapes Jade's mouth as she struggles against Rabb's power.

Charles State: Ah man, her arm's twisted pretty bad, she needs to find some kinda way to escape.

Jim Gunt: Agreed Charles, right now the older Konrad Rabb is using his wise mindframe to his advantage.

Tara Robinson: Savannah's down to a knee now as he's twisted her arm into a hammerlock.. But she's able to roll through!

Using Rabb's arm as a guide, she spins around on the canvas and sweeps the Iceman off of his feet. Both wrestlers are up and the Living Dead Doll is the first to strike with a dropkick that connects square across Rabb's jaw! He crashes to the mat and she pops to her feet, rushing for the ropes. Rebounding off, she connects with a leg drop to Rabb's throat!

Tara Robinson: Jade's trying to switch gears in this contest, using her speed to her advantage!

Jim Gunt: She's going for the quick cover!

McArthur slides into position.

ONE!

TWO!!

NO!

The Iceman is able to shift his right shoulder off the canvas.

Charles State: Man guys, it was almost over just then.

Tara Robinson: If she can keep using her speed and smaller frame, Jade could have a fight in this contest. I mean just

look at the number one contenders for the tag titles..

Jim Gunt: I'm almost happy now that Mike got his promotion..

Charles State: Haha.. I knew we could cheer ya up!

Savannah sits next to Rabb, who's on his side, clutching at his throat. Figuring out her next form of action, she gets vertical. She reaches down and brings Rabb up to his feet, she attempts an irish whip but Konrad twists through, slapping her arm away..

Jim Gunt: Enzuigiri by the Iceman and Jade is on dream street!

Tara Robinson: He totally cleaned her clock just then..

Charles State: Guaranteed that she's hearing a ringing noise between her ears right now.

Jade staggers around the ring, clutching at her ears as Rabb reaches his feet. As she turns in his direction, Konrad charges at her and leaps up with a double knee facebreaker! Driving both of his knees into her face, she bounces off and flails to the mat as Rabb scurries over for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Tara Robinson: A lot of heart on display by Jade, kicking out of that one.

Charles State: Yeah, she took the full brunt of that move..

Jim Gunt: Well The Iceman is signaling for something now..

Now back to his feet, Konrad brings a woozy Jade back upright and clutches her around the throat. Almost effortlessly, he lifts her up and sits down with her, slamming her back first into the mat with a Chokeslam Powerbomb!

Jim Gunt: He likes to call that the Iceinator and will Jade be able to get up after that?

Rabb folds her legs over her shoulders as he goes for the pin, McArthur dropping in for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

McArthur signals for the bell and "Cold as Ice" starts up again as the Detroit fans show their admiration for the newest signee to the CWF.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, via pinfall... The Iceman... KONRAD RABB!!!

Rabb rises off of Jade and allows Nick to raise his arm in victory to another round of cheers from the Little Cesar's Arena crowd. Jade can be seen, slowly rolling out of the ring and heading to the back as Rabb now heads to a corner and climbs to raise his fists up to the crowd once again.

Jim Gunt: A convincing win by Rabb in his official debut under contract with the CWF.

Charles State: He had some high spots during his run in the Alpha & Omega tournament and I see a bright future ahead for this old guy, haha..

Tara Robinson: Yeah, he just proved why he was signed to a CWF contract but we definitely have to wait and see what the future holds for The Iceman.

Jim Gunt: I'm getting word now that something's going on in the back with Mike!

Tara Robinson: Well let's send it to the back and see!

First Night on the Job

Match

The scene switches backstage where the new commissioner, Mike Rolash is storming through the back hallways in a temperamental fit. He brushes past stage hands and other workers as he talks to himself.

Mike Rolash: First day! First fre... ugh.. How is it that neither guy was able to make it!?

Rolash makes a sharp left, turning down a hallway that leads to the wrestlers' locker room.

Mike Rolash: I know that asshole gave me this job because he thought I would fail.

He comes to a halt on his right to a door that reads, 'Male Wrestlers'..

Mike Rolash: Little does he know, this company has always needed my brand of expertise around here..

Taking a deep breathe, Rolash burst through the door and begins to search through several of the different talents that are inside. He soon spots his mark.

Mike Rolash: Boom.. You! Get your shit on, you gotta match tonight!

The person that he's pointed at is none other than CWF Impact Champion, 'The Judge' Jeff Jackson. Peering through his mask, he appears set to reply but Rolash doesn't give him the opportunity as just as quick as he entered, his exit was even quicker. On the outside of the door, Rolash appears pleased with what he's just done as he goes about his way. The cameraman watches him as he makes it a good way back up the hall until a loud boom sends him running away. Turning back towards the door, there's now a massive hole through it as Scourge steps through, soon followed by Jackson who looks furious. Fading out, we return back to ringside.

Tara Robinson: Who's not able to make it, Jim?

Jim Gunt: Well I'm getting word that neither Zolton nor Paradine were able to make the trip to Detroit for the show.

Tara Robinson: Awe... that's disheartening.. so is that why Mike had his panties in a bunch and approach the Judge, of all people, like that?

Charles State: I don't know what Mike has up his sleeve but I'm not liking it one bit.

Jim Gunt: You and me both, Charles..

One Chance Encounter

Match

The fans are still buzzing over the turn of events that have already taken place tonight. Suddenly, a familiar voice speaks out over the PA system.

"And the whole world loves it when you sing the blues... Da. Da.. Da. Da. Da.. Da...."

The opening sounds of "Godspeed" by Don Trip begins to play as the lights inside of the arena turn a crimson hue color, soon the stage filling up with smoke. After about a minute of waiting, Duce Jones slowly emerge through the fog, mixed emotions coming from the crowd. Stopping at the top of the stage, he looks out at the Detroit and pumps his cast, left hand into the air before making his way down the aisle. Coming to ringside he hops onto the apron and steps through the ropes, making his way over to Douglas and he requests his mic, which Ray politely hands to him. Jones then goes over to a turnbuckle, climbing up and having a seat. Looking towards the stage, he brings the mic up.

Duce Jones: I've been wit dis company goin' on about three years now an' I've faced just about everybody dat has set

foot inside'a one'a these CWF rangs. Y'see befo' tha end'a last year, I came out here an' tried ta lay down a challenge but I was so rudely interrupted by Hoyt an' his nonsense. See I thank a lotta folks got me mistaken, they thank dat I do what I do cuh I want some type'a brownie points. Like I want my name ta always display on those marquees.

Duce hops down from the turnbuckle, walking towards the middle of the ring.

Duce Jones: I do what I do cuh I love dis business. Dat's what seems t'be flyin' ova everybody's head. Cuh afta' I'm gone, dis profession will still be alive an' kickin'. I mean I could be out here like tha Danny B's an' the Hoyt's cryin' bout politics. But if anyone was t'kno' a muh'fuckin' thang bout me, they would kno' dat I'm tha posta' boy fo' callin' out bullshit. So if anyone kno' what it's like ta be fucked by dis company.

He points to his chest.

Duce Jones: It's me! But now, I'm beyond dat.. I'm focused on doin' tha one thang dat I set out t'do since day one. An' dat's PROVE dat I am one'a ta eva' set foot in a wrestlin' rang. Which brangs me t'you....champ.

Duce looks towards the entrance.

Duce Jones: Silas.. How's dat World title treatin' ya? Good I hope.. But let's skip tha pleasantries an' get straight t'tha point. Next week, right here on Evolution, I want a match. But I'm not comin' fo' dat World title, nah, I'm comin' fo' you. Ya see, we've been in dis company togetha a good while now an' never had tha opportunity ta face each otha' one-on-one an' I honestly wanna see what ya got. So what d'ya say champ? Are ya gonna step up an' fight like a man or are ya gonna sit back there a fiddle wit ya lil cane while ya pick an' choose ya battles?

There is a very long pause, as Jones faces the curtain, hoping for some sort of response. Will he reply in person, or through the titan-tron? The crowd murmurs louder and louder...until...

"Devil Trigger" by Little V starts to play, and the crowd goes wild as the One True Omega decided to respond in person. Soon, the CWF Champion, with the top prize around his waist, appears on stage with his manager, Hidetaka Ito. The two athletes lock eyes with only the ramp measuring the distance between them.

Ten seconds pass, and Silas turns to Ito. The brief words his exchanges are inaudible to the nearby microphones, but what was discussed isn't hard to deduce. Ito nods and returns behind the curtain, leaving on Silas Artoria and Duce Jones in the ring. Silas begins his descent, and Duce takes a few steps back as if to welcome him into the ring.

Silas slides into the ring, and takes out a microphone as the music begins to die down.

Silas Artoria: Good evening, Duce...you seem well.

Silas clears his throat before continuing.

Silas Artoria: I couldn't help but feel surprised when the match card was posted and your name was...conspicuously absent from the lineup. It was weird in a way, considering that the road to Frozen Over has begun, and the man who tied with Kyuseishu wasn't in consideration box. We have your partner and the runner-up going against each other, but not the man who could have equal claim to the number one contendership.

He smirks.

Silas Artoria: Of course, there is no one better than I, hence why I have the belt, and thank you for stating the obvious. It certainly does look good on me.

Finally, a chuckle, but his face is quick to turn somewhat somber.

Silas Artoria: I won't lie. I wanted to face you at Genesis. I wanted to face the only long-time athlete that illuded me for the good part of three years, and also to make a statement that even if they were 'the chosen one' by management, that I would stomp that presumption to the ground!

Beat.

Silas Artoria: But of course, that was the past, when everything was at stake. We're beyond that, and now I see a man who won't fight for titles nor will he fight for crowns and kingdoms, but to demonstrate that no matter the challenge, he would fight until he comes out victorious.

Silas looks at Duce, dead in the eye.

Silas Artoria: Consider your request granted.

He throws the microphone to the side, and holds out his hand as the crowd go mental. Several years they have been in the company, and not once fought a one-on-one. Duce looks at Silas, then the hand, then back at Silas.

He grips the hand, the challenge is on.

Jim Gunt: It's on! Silas Artoria vs. Duce Jones, next week on Evolution 75!

Tara Robinson: That match is going to be huge!

Charles State: I sure as hell can't wait to see these two go at it!

Jim Gunt: A match almost three years in the making, finally takes place next week. Ladies and gentlemen we have to take a quick break and we will be right back.

The scene fades out as we head to commercial break.

Now For Your Opponent

Match

When we return from commercial break, the CWF Impact Champion, Jeff Jackson is standing inside of the ring. He's dressed to compete as the Impact title rests on his right shoulder. Standing beside him is Scourge who appears more menacing than ever.

Jim Gunt: Well the Impact Champ is currently inside of the ring. I wonder who Rolash has picked as Jackson's opponent here tonight.

Tara Robinson: I'm interested to see where Mike's head's at, we all know that he can be a bit bias when it comes to his decision making.

Charles State: The very reason why I have a bad feeling about this, guys.

Ray is shown listening closely to his earpiece before he stands up from his seat.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is scheduled for one fall and is for the CWF Impact Championship! Introducing first, currently inside of the ring! Accompanied by Scourge, he is the CWF Impact Champion!!! The Judge... JEFF JACKSON!!

The Detroit fans explode with cheers for the announcement while both Scourge and Jackson appear less than pleased.

Jim Gunt: What the hell!?

Tara Robinson: This can't be good....

Charles State: I told you guys!

Suddenly the new and improved CWF Tron springs to life as Mike Rolash is shown sitting comfortably behind his new desk with a huge grin on his face. Adjusting his glasses, he stares directly into the camera.

Mike Rolash: How's the festivities tonight, folks?

Boos begin to engulf to Little Cesars Arena. Mike laughs.

Mike Rolash: Ahh, what the hell do y'all idiots know about entertainment?

More boos..

Mike Rolash: Anyway, Jeff.. I'm sure you're wondering why I made you get ready.. Well for one, if you're the Impact Champion, you should be making.. ya know, an impact.. But all I've seen from you are underhanded tactics and shortcuts.. Not that there's anything wrong with it.. But b, I wanna see if you're able to recover when it's you who's at a disadvantage.. Now before we get started.. Scourge.. If you will, make your way back to the locker room or I will have Fridge and company, forcefully remove you.

Scourge is livid but Jackson quickly calms him down, instructing him to just do it. Reluctantly he does as he's told.

Jim Gunt: It hasn't even been an hour yet and that doofus is already power drunk.

Tara Robinson: Alexander knew exactly what he was doing when he placed Mike in charge.

Charles State: I'm still on the fence about all of this.

Scourge is shown heading up the aisle, clearly frustrated about the turn of events. There's a mixed buzz floating around the Little Cesar's Arena as Scourge finally steps through the curtains.

Mike Rolash: Now that we have that situated. Your opponent for the evening..

Rolash smiles as a loud beeping sound takes over the arena. The picture of Rolash on the screen cuts out as we immediately switch backstage to the back entrance. Moving in reverse is an ambulance which instantly invoke cheers from the crowd.

Jim Gunt: No...

Tara Robinson: It can't be...

Charles State: Okay then Mike...

The ambulance comes to a halt and the back doors bursts open as the Sin City Saint jumps out!

Jim Gunt: It's Johnny Graves!

Tara Robinson: We never got a clear answer on his condition at the end of the year but the Sin City Saint is back and looking to regain the Impact Championship!

Charles State: Maybe Mike knows what he's doing just a little.

The fans inside of the Little Cesar's Arena are now mixed in their reaction for the former two time, Impact Champion as he bounces from foot to the other, looking ready to go. He then walks straight towards the camera and the scene blanks out!

Impromptu Match

Match

Jackson has a menacing scowl on his face, taking the Impact Championship and throwing it towards Douglas who fumbles the catch. Clark Summits can be seen running down the aisle, sliding inside of the ring, ready to call this impromptu match. The lights throughout the Little Cesar's Arena cut, leaving the Detroit crowd sitting in complete darkness.

Tara Robinson: So, is this really happening?

Suddenly red and blue lights begin flashing throughout the arena as the sound of police sirens pierce the silence.

Charles State: That's what it looks like it's taking place.

Suddenly the heavy beat of "Terrorstorm" blasts from the various speakers throughout the venue.

Jim Gunt: Mike's really crossing the line at this point.

Charles State: Technically he is the commissioner and he needed to make up for a match not happening. You're complaining about a championship match?

Jim Gunt: That's not what I'm saying..

Tara Robinson: Well if I could intervene for a moment.. If Graves is getting the shot, where is he?

Jackson is losing patience fast as he stares down the stage. The curtain pulls back and out steps Aryka Aries. The Judge just about loses it as she stares confidently down at Jeff Jackson who screams at her, asking "Where's Graves?" She points towards the ring where the Little Cesars Arena grows in it's volume as the Sin City Saint slides in behind him. Getting to his feet, he glances intensely at Jackson, who slowly turns around to face his opponent.

Charles State: He could've said excuse me if he was going to come climbing through here..

Jim Gunt: Did he even touch the announce table? It was like he hurdle completely over it.

Tara Robinson: Too fast for my eyes to catch.

Before The Judge is able to react, Graves sprints full speed at him and cracks him with a high impact knee strike!

Jim Gunt: Graves with the Silencer!

Charles State: Jackson's mask is twisted, something horrible right now.

The Impact Champ is caught in the ropes as the Sin City Saint stomps around the ring, riling the fans up. Focusing back on Jackson, he points the twin pistols at the Judge as he stumbles out of the ropes. When he nears, Graves spins quickly, connecting with a kick to the side of Jackson's head!

Tara Robinson: He may have just read the Judge his Last Rites!

Jackson crumples slowly to the ground before Graves shoots the half and goes for the cover, Summits sliding in to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Clark signals for the bell as the Detroit fans cheer the new Impact Champion. "Terrorstorm" kicks back in as Clark goes to get the Impact Championship, handing it to it's new owner.

Ray Douglas: Here's your winner, via pinfall and NEWWWW CWF IMPACT CHAMPION!!!! Sin City Saint... JOHNNY GRAVES!!!

Aries is seen getting inside of the ring, joining Graves as he stares down at the title that he now holds for a third time..

Jim Gunt: What a turn of events as Johnny Graves is now a three time CWF Impact Champion!

Charles State: That title has been bouncing around like a hot potatoe, hopefully it can finally find some stability with the Sin City Saint!

Tara Robinson: I wonder how Jackson is going to feel about having to compete here tonight, so abruptly..

Jim Gunt: You have to think that he's going to have plenty to say but as Graves and Aries make their way to the back, why don't we keep this night of action going!

Dauntless (Bryan & Ryan Reed) vs. Autumn Raven & PJ Blake

Match

We are shown Ray Douglas who's ready to keep the action rolling.

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

"Jumpin' Like Jordan" by Migos jams through the speakers as Bryan Reed steps through the curtains, nodding his head to the beat of the song. Following behind him, vibing completely to the song is Bryan's younger brother Ryan. The two make their way down the aisle, grooving to the song as the fans don't know what to make of the duo just yet.

Ray Douglas: At a combined weight of 355 lbs, from Jackson, Tennessee!! DAUNTLESS!!

When the brothers reach ringside, they go separate ways, Bryan to the left and Ryan to the right. Continuing to move around ringside, they slap hands with some of the fans as they begin to warm up to the duo. They make a full circle around the ring before meeting up and high fiving each other before circling back around ringside in their respective directions. Ryan climbs up onto the apron, while Bryan does the same soon after. Pointing at each other, they jump over the top rope and land inside of the ring, Ryan pops up to the second rope of the corner that he was closest to and started out into the crowd. Bryan bounces towards the middle of the ring before going to the corner to the right of his brother and climbs to the second rope and does the same. Hopping down, they go to their designated corner to discuss strategy.

Jim Gunt: Here is a new tag team that was recently signed with the CWF. Says here that they were trained under the same regime that trained Duce Jones..

Tara Robinson: I heard they were trained by Duce's father but Ryan, from what I saw on CWF Wired could use a lesson in humility.

Charles State: Yeah, he wasn't lacking in confidence, hopefully he can back up those words.

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: They're opponents, first 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. "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 BLAKEEEEE!!!

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 are the number one contenders, Raven and Blake who have been on a roll since teaming together.

Tara Robinson: I really like this team and are rooting for them to become the tag champs but do you think Blake's head will be in this match.

Charles State: Despite everything that was going on around here, she seemed pretty focus on proving a point to this new team, who honestly needs to be set straight.

The ref does his mandatory check and signals for each team to choose someone to start the match. The younger Reed, Ryan looks to get things going for Dauntless and Autumn steps up for her team. The ref signals for the bell and they both circle the ring, looking for an advantage. Ryan takes a moment to jaw jack with a few fans at ringside before focusing back on the Beautiful Psychopath as they now tie-up in the center of the ring. The more experienced Raven twists his arm into a wristlock. Sensing that Raven's got him in a bad spot, Ryan forward rolls on the mat to loosen her grip. Now teetering back, he kips up to his feet before performing a backflip. As he lands on his feet, he drops to his back pulling Autumn down with a modified arm drag.

Jim Gunt: Nice modified arm drag by Ryan as they are both up to their feet. Autumn rushes in at Ryan but he sidesteps and Autumn hits the ropes!

Whatever Ryan had planned is avoided as Autumn contorts her body around Ryan, bringing him down with a modified roll-up. Ryan rolls through, preventing a pin attempt as both competitors are back to their feet. Ryan is the first to strike

with a headscissors takedown but Autumn displays her agility as she cartwheels out of the maneuver, landing on her feet. They now stand across from each other at a stalemate as the Detroit fans show their appreciation for the athleticism on display.

Tara Robinson: Nice exchange of counters between these two athletes!

Charles State: I've been watching Autumn for a couple years now. The leaps and bounds that she's made in her career have been impressive.

Both fighters point towards their respective partners, garnering cheers from the fans. They both go to their partners and make the tag as Blake and Bryan now come into the ring. Bryan leaps over the top rope and comes rushing towards Blake, who ducks underneath his strike and hits the ropes. Rebounding off, Bryan blindly leapfrogs over her as she now bounces off the opposite ropes. Performing another leapfrog over PJ as she returns, Bryan falls to his back but Blake forward rolls between his outstretched legs before he's able to attempt anything. She spins and heads for him but he rolls front first to the mat before pulling himself between her legs! Now twisting his body until he's back first on the mat, he rolls backwards into a handstand, latching his feet around PJ's neck and pulling her down to the mat, sending her sliding under the bottom rope and to the outside! Bryan pops back up to his feet and stares out at PJ who's trying to collect herself.

Jim Gunt: Bryan looks set to take to the air as he hits the far ropes!

Tara Robinson: AIR BLAKE!

Charles State: She's quicker than Speedy Gonzalez, connecting with a beautiful Springboard Crossbody!

Bryan shoves the smaller Blake off of him before rolling out of the ring, trying to recover. PJ Blake looks set to take off. She rushes in Bryan's direction but Ryan enters, catching her by surprise and taking her over with a hurricanrana! She slides into the Dauntless corner as Ryan pops up to his feet, cockily showboating to the Detroit fans who are now booing him.

Charles State: He better stop gloating and keep his head in this match. Autumn's climbing up to the top rope!

Unknowingly, he turns directly into the Beautiful Psychopath's line of fire as she front flips off the top, landing on his shoulders and immediately takes him back over to the mat with a Dragonrana! Upon hitting the mat, Ryan flails helplessly into a corner before frantically crawling towards his returning older brother in a panic, hugging his knees. Meanwhile, Raven and Blake come side-by-side as they're ready to continue the fight.

Jim Gunt: And we're at another stalemate! This action has been almost a blur, guys!

Tara Robinson: Well earlier this week on CWF Wired, Blake took exception to Ryan's comments about this being a walk in the park.

Charles State: Haha, yeah.. now look at him, crying for his mommy..

The ref now orders both Ryan and Autumn back out of the ring, which they respectfully oblige. Bryan nods his head at Blake, out of respect as the two look to lock up but Bryan shoots a boot to her gut, catching her by surprise! Now with a confident smile, Bryan forcefully shoves her into the Dauntless corner. Ryan slaps Bryan's back as he slams Blake back first onto the mat, near the ropes with a STO. Pulling himself over the top rope and onto the apron as Ryan enters. Bryan springs back in and lands back first onto Blake's midsection with a Springboard Senton! Rolling backwards off of her, he flawlessly goes between the middle and top rope, landing on the apron as Ryan runs in and connects with a corkscrew shooting star press, staying on top for the pin! The ref slides in for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: No! Blake's able to roll her shoulder off of the canvas!

Tara Robinson: She's been on a major streak as of late, especially since teaming with Autumn. She's proven to us all that she has plenty of fight in her.

Charles State: One of my favorites on the roster.

Tara Robinson: Hold on, we can be bias?

Jim Gunt: C'mon, Tara.. I sat next to Mike Rolash for the better part of a decade.. he's as bias as they come.

Both wrestlers sit up on the mat, Ryan is upset to not have gotten the three count and Blake tries to regain her breath after having her stomach caved in on two separate occasions. Ryan gets vertical, bringing PJ up with him before whipping her into his team's corner. Now charging in, he connects with a reverse elbow strike as Bryan now makes the blind tag. Ryan brings Blake out of the corner, now whipping her into a neutral one but she reverses. Following him in, Blake loses track of Ryan who uses the bottom corner ropes to spring back over her, now forcing her to inadvertently crash into the buckles. Ryan back rolls out of the way as his older brother comes flying over top with a running dropkick that cracks Blake across the back of the skull!

Tara Robinson: That was an impressive counter from the brother duo!

Charles State: Just about cleaned PJ's clock with that dropkick..

Bryan rolls back to the center of the ring as he has Blake slumped in the corner. She turns her back to the buckles as Bryan rushes in again for a Yakuza Kick! But she rolls out of the way, leaping across the ring to tag Autumn's outstretched hand!

Jim Gunt: Here comes the Beautiful Psychopath!

Climbing to the top again, Raven perches herself as she waits for Bryan to pull himself free from the corner. After a struggle, he finally does, but he limps right into a Missile Dropkick, courtesy of Autumn! Springing to her feet, she sidesteps an incoming Ryan who bounces chest first into the ropes and she sends him flipping backwards with a chop block! Autumn lets out a screeching scream towards the cheering Detroit fans as Bryan looks to move in. But she swoops him off of his feet into a fireman's carry catching Bryan by surprise. He waves his arms frantically but Raven shifts him down onto the canvas with a flapjack! She shoots the half, going for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: I don't think I've ever seen Autumn pull off that move.

Tara Robinson: Nice execution of what some may call an F-5..

Charles State: Bryan's got her by a good forty pounds so it wasn't totally impossible.

Raven signals to Blake and she gets to her feet to join her partner. Autumn positions herself behind Bryan and pulls him down onto her knees with a backstabber! She pushes him back up as he's now hunched over, clutching his back and stumbling into a Jumping DDT from Blake! Bryan's body is as stiff as a board, toppling over to the mat as Autumn rushes for another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Ryan is in to break the count! Blake gets back to her feet and hurriedly tosses Ryan outside of the ring, through the

ropes. The fans begin to clap in unison, building up a cadence as the number one contenders begin to stalk Bryan, looking to put him away. Blake brings Bryan up by his hair but he pushes her away, clocking Autumn with a right hand before backfisting Blake as she returns. Another right hand has Raven rocked as Bryan spins onto a roundhouse kick to the side of Blake's skull! Recovering after the spin through, he stands up and is now met with Autumn's boot!

Tara Robinson: CLAW OF THE NIGHT BY RAVEN!

Jim Gunt: Hey! That's my line!

Bryan's body goes stiff, he then staggers back into his team's corner where Ryan makes another blind tag. Raven charges at Bryan but he spins from the corner, doubling her over with a sole kick. Bryan takes off across the ring as Ryan steps through the ropes, springing off the bottom and standing Raven up with a stunner! She's dazed as Bryan quickly returns and twists around her body, taking her down with a Sling Blade! Ryan comes over and positions himself next to Autumn's prone body and connects with a standing moonsault knee drop! He bounces into the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Autumn able to get her shoulder up!

Charles State: Man what a tag combination by those guys.

Tara Robinson: It's like they're in each other's mind, how fluid they look as a team.

Jim Gunt: But we all have to remember that they're up against the number one contenders for the Tag Team Championships. They're also undefeated as a team.

Ryan is in complete shock as he thought that would be it but the referee assures him that the count was only two. Now irate, Ryan unloads with strikes onto Raven before dragging her by the leg, back to his team's corner, tagging in his older brother. Entering the ring, Bryan along with Ryan take Autumn to the center of the ring and whips her across. Rebounding off, she's able to roll underneath a double bicycle kick attempt. Popping up to her feet, she cracks a turning Ryan with her patented SUPERKICK!

Jim Gunt: CLAW OF THE NIGHT BY RAVEN!

Charles State: It sounded better coming from Tara..

Jim Gunt: Yeah right..

Tara Robinson: PJ's back in the ring!

Bryan now turns towards Raven but Blake rocks him with a spinning back elbow to the back of the skull. With Bryan on wobbly legs Raven drives her shoulder into his midsection, backing him up into her team's corner. She holds him there as Blake now runs in behind her, gliding across Raven's back and catching Bryan with a crossbody in the corner, going through the ropes and landing on the apron. The two tag as Raven backs up and unleashes another SUPERKICK!

Charles State: CLAW OF THE NIGHT BY RAVEN!!!

Jim Gunt: Ugh..

Tara Robinson: Hehehe...

Charles State: I didn't want to feel left out..

Bryan staggers out of the corner and slumps to the mat as Blake scales to the top. She waits for Reed to get into position and then leaps off for a huge frog splash!

Jim Gunt: I think Blake continues to cement her Legacy as she goes for the pin!

The ref slides in for the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners via pinfall.. the "Beautiful Psychopath"... AUTUMN RAVEN and PEE JAYYY BLAKEEEEE!!!

Blake climbs off of Bryan as Raven is over to join her in a celebratory hug. "Coming in Hot" sparks back up as the two women go to different turnbuckles and play to the Detroit crowd who shows the duo much love.

Jim Gunt: Another huge victory by these two women who are looking to steamroll their way to those CWF Tag Team titles..

Charles State: Considering, one half of the champs just made his triumphant return and recaptured the Impact Championship.

Tara Robinson: I've heard from a few people in the back that Mags has been busy with other bookings, so she might not be able to make it to Frozen Over!

Jim Gunt: Well hopefully, Mike can get a handle on things as he gets settle into his new position. But right now we have to take another commercial break.

The scene fades out on Blake and Raven as they continue to celebrate their victory.

Your Three Time Champion

Match

We return from commercial break and the cameras cut to the backstage area of the Little Ceasar's Arena. Blake Church stands alone - with microphone in hand - the excitement visible from his body language. He looks to his left and then to his right down the long corridor expectantly. Suddenly, his brows raise in discovery and he quickly glances at the cameraman motioning to him to follow with a flick of his head. Church hustles down the corridor with the cameraman following to reveal that the newly crowned Impact Champion is walking towards them, being trailed closely by Aryka Aries. Johnny Graves wears his CWF Tag Team Championship belt around his neck like a necklace and clutches the strap of the CWF Impact Championship in his right hand. He looks up - a little surprised - as Church quickly moves in on him.

Blake Church: Johnny! Johnny Graves! Blake Church, interviewer for CWF, I was hoping to get a word with you following your impromptu Impact Championship win earlier tonight?

Johnny's eyes narrow as he examines Church carefully, a look of confusion on his face.

Johnny Graves: Jake Church? What happened to Tamina?

Church composes himself quickly before continuing.

Blake Church: It's Blake. And I believe you are referring to Tara Robinson, who has joined the broadcast team at ringside.

Johnny continues to eye Church suspiciously before turning to look over his shoulder towards Aryka flashing an expression of "can you believe this guy?" No verbal or physical response is offered by the Amazonian and Johnny returns his attention to Church, gesturing upwards with his head for Blake to continue with whatever line of questioning he had prepared for this moment.

Blake Church: Johnny, the last time CWF really got to see you in action, you failed to defend the Impact Championship against Jeff Jackson. A week before your match-up with Jackson you were seemingly abducted by him and his ally, Scourge. Care to comment on your whereabouts following the abduction and subsequent loss to Jackson?

Johnny seems to flinch at the mention of his abduction. But he quickly regains himself, the familiar, arrogant smirk forming on his lips. Almost so quickly the flinch was not noticeable.

Johnny Graves: Yeah, Jeff Jackson and Scourge got one over on ya boy. And let's just say my absence wasn't exactly a pleasurable one. In fact, it sucked. So when I walked into the arena that night with the opportunity to walk out with two belts, I wasn't exactly in the best frame of mind. And yeah, Jackson walked out with what was rightfully mine. Luckily though, I had Mags watchin' my back and we walked out with the tag straps so the night wasn't a complete bust. But like they say... karma is a bitch! Tonight Jeff Jackson learned that lesson. See, if you walk around actin' like you can do whatever you want, to whoever you want, whenever you want, and not think at some point, someone's gonna push back? You're an idiot. Plain and simple.

Johnny pauses for a moment, seemingly gathering his thoughts.

Johnny Graves: Every single person in this backstage area, every single person sittin' in those seats out there, every single person watchin' on TV knows that Johnny Graves will always push back. This right here...

Johnny slowly lifts the Impact Championship and holds it in front of Church.

Johnny Graves: This is mine. This is the proof that I am everythin' I have said I am since the day I walked into this company. Yeah, there's been some bumps in the road. I walked out at one point. I was abducted, tortured, made to suffer, made to watch my friends suffer and I don't know if I overestimated myself or underestimated Jackson... hell, I don't know if mentally I wasn't actually a lil' broken. Either way, Jackson managed to weasel this belt from my grasp. But the Universe has a way of workin' itself out. Balancin' itself. Rightin' the wrongs that are done. And now ya boy, the Sin City Saint stands before you the three time... I ain't hear you... three time... one more for the people in the back THREE TIME... C... W... F... Im... pact... Champion!

Johnny rolls his head around dramatically with each syllable uttered. When he finishes his eyes lock onto Church's and his expression changes. The arrogant smirk is gone. The fun-loving, trash talking, jovial Johnny Graves is gone. His expression is blank, his eyes are cold, his body language is that of someone ready to kill.

Johnny Graves: And if anyone thinks that this title is ever leaving my possession again... well than that person better be ready to kill me or be killed tryin'. Because as you, Aryka, and the CWF fans as my witness that is the only way I'm lettin' this Impact Championship go. This belt belongs to me. Now. Tomorrow. Forever. I made the mistake of playin' nice once. I won't make that mistake again. Now Butch, if you'd excuse me, I have a plan to catch, a particular sexy as hell artist to speak to about how we're gonna tear down everythin' this industry desperately clings to.

Johnny glares coldly into Church's eyes for what feels - to Blake - like forever. He reaches out and pinches Church's tie between his fingers before flipping it upwards over his shoulder. Johnny snickers and steps past Church exiting the frame. Aryka then steps in front of Church. She too, stares the man down before stepping past him and exiting the frame. As Church turns his attention back to the camera the scene fades out.

Terry Gould vs. Sean Fuller

Match

We return back to ringside and Terry Gould is shown standing inside of the ring, along with Ray Douglas.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, currently standing inside of the ring! The Heart Attack... TERRY GOULD!!

Gould pumps a fist towards the crowd who give him a mild reaction.

Jim Gunt: Gould is another recent signee with the CWF.

Charles State: This signing has Alexander's name written all over it.

Tara Robinson: I gotta agree, we are looking for the top talent in the industry to step through our doors, not men one step away from death.

Jim Gunt: Oh my Lord... Are serious Tara?

Tara Robinson: Don't get me wrong, I love veteran wrestlers but we can not move into the future if half of our talent is one knock away from retirement.

Charles State: Expert analysis if I do say so myself..

The lights go out in the building and "I want to live" by Skillet starts to play. A spotlight hits the stage and lights up Sean Fuller on his knees, leaned back, and his arms out as Celeste is standing behind him, resting her hands on his shoulders.

Ray Douglas: His opponent, being accompanied by Celeste Fuller! Weighing in at two hundred forty-six pounds! SEAN FULLER!!!

Sean pulls one leg up and plants his foot against the stage. Sean pushes up to his feet and throws his shoulders forward before walking down the ramp towards the ring with his wife by his side; a mixed reaction from the fans. Sean picks a corner and leans out towards the fans as Celeste finds a place ringside to stand and show her support.

Jim Gunt: Kinda ironic that Fuller ended up at the same event as Blake.

Charles State: Yeah, the guy even had a nice chat with her trainer.. Cool guy, that Thomas is.

Tara Robinson: There were a lot of interesting developments during Fuller's promo on CWF Wired. I would question his focus but he seemed more than ready for the fight here tonight.

The ref calls for the bell and Fuller charges straight at Gould who catches him by surprise with a drop toe hold. Smacking face first off of the mat, Fuller finds himself trapped in a side headlock. The self-proclaimed Heart Attack clamps down deep on the hold, forcing Fuller to pound the mat in frustration.

Jim Gunt: Fuller seemed more than anxious to put a hurting on Gould that he now finds himself in a precarious position.

Tara Robinson: He may be able to still go a bit but it's still too early to tell.

Charles State: Sean's trying to work his way up.

Up to a knee, Fuller shoots an elbow into Terry's side. One more shot breaks Gould's grip. Now fully vertical, Fuller waste no time, hooking Gould's arm from behind and sending him flying backwards with a Release Tiger Suplex! Crashing horrible, Gould clutches his neck as he lie front first in the canvas. Sitting up next to the Heart Attack's prone body, Sean takes a second to have a brief conversation with himself but Celeste breaks it telling him to go back to work. He nods, getting back upright, soon grabbing a hand full of brown balding hair, bringing Gould back up. Fuller throws Terry's left arm over his shoulder, latching his arms around Gould's waist before spiking him with a Sambo Suplex! Gould cringes upon impact as Fuller mashes him back down for a pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Terry Gould with a shoulder up but it looks like the methodical Fuller has created a weak point.

Tara Robinson: Sean's dropped Gould on his head and neck region twice, so you have to think that those will be his target areas.

Charles State: It's a great strategy, a lot of his moves focus on that particular spot.

Fuller glances over at his wife who continues to cheer him on, he soon gets back to his feet. He stomps down violently on Gould's head, causing it to jerk into the mat. Audible groans are heard from the crowd but Fuller's focus is causing as much pain as humanly possible. Now changing his course of action, Fuller latches Gould's right arm with his right leg before rolling him over to his stomach. He then reaches over and grabs Terry's free left arm, beginning to bend it as far back as he possibly can.

Jim Gunt: Oh My Lord! Look at the way he's bending Gould's arm right now.

Tara Robinson: He promised to pick the Heart Attack apart and so far he's making good on it.

Sean smiles as the fans cringe, he tells them that it's not over yet and pushes Terry's arm further down, almost touching the mat as more cries are heard.

Jim Gunt: This is sickening..

Charles State: What the hell is he doing?

Sean has Gould right where he wants him, placing his left foot on Gould's outstretched left leg. With a wink to the Detroit crowd, Fuller stomps down on it with all of his might sending resounding screams echoing throughout the crowd. Gould is screaming also, almost banshee like as he's now able to clutch his damaged shoulder. Fuller simply shoots saliva down on the veteran as he stalks Gould.

Jim Gunt: He might've dislocated Gould's shoulder!

Tara Robinson: That looked brutal..

Charles State: No way he can continue fighting after something like that.

Terry continues to cry out in pain, Fuller moves in again but Gould scurries for the ropes, screaming for the ref to get Fuller back. Trying to do his job, the ref gets shoved out of the way as Fuller makes a beeline for Terry but he retaliates with a kick that seems a little too low for comfort. Finally able to get the competitors in his eyesight, the ref notices Sean down on the mat holding his jewels. He looks over at Gould, who continues to hold his shoulder but feigns innocence. Using his good arm, an agonizing Gould brings Fuller up and stings his chest with a chop! Punch to the skull, sends Fuller stumbling back into the ropes. He bounces off and gets tossed over head with a back body drop! Fuller arches his back in pain as Terry falls to a knee with the crowd starting to get behind.

Jim Gunt: You can't count the Heart Attack out just yet as he's trying to bring the fight back to Fuller, who's back to his feet and dropped back down with a shoulder tackle!

Tara Robinson: Big knee drop from Gould who looks to be setting up for something big!

Charles State: That left arm is just dangling man..

Gould is feeding off of the energy of the crowd as he waits for Fuller to get back vertical. Slowly, he does and just about walks into the huge opened hand of Gould. Holding Terry's right arm by it's wrist, a power struggle ensues as Terry tries to clamp on his patented Iron Claw. Fuller refuses to go out like this, spinning through and unleashing a hard kick to Gould's damaged shoulder. He cries out, clutching at it. As Gould stumbles away, Fuller rushes past him to the ropes and springs off the middle one and twist through the air, cracking the Heart Attack with Bleed For Me (Bicycle Knee Strike)! Gould is out on his feet, soon flopping down to the mat as Fuller falls on top for the cover, Celeste right there to pound on the mat as the ref counts!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The ref signals for the bell as "I Want to Live" jams again. Celeste slides inside of the ring to join her husband as they embrace in a celebratory kiss.

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

The power couple continue to celebrate as Gould slowly rolls out of the ring.

Jim Gunt: Fuller with a dominating victory here tonight!

Tara Robinson: He's been working his way up with a totally nonchalant attitude to boot.

Charles State: The type of attitude that can take a man to the top!

Jim Gunt: Well the future does look bright for this dangerous man who fights with so much unadulterated violence, whenever he steps inside of the ring.

Overwhelmed

Match

Cutting backstage for the final time of the night, new commissioner, Mike Rolash sits behind a desk inside of the office that's designated for the head of everything. He looks completely flustered as he shuffles through paperwork.

Mike Rolash: Bullshit... complete bullshit, that's what this is.. How does that asshole expect me to run a company when I got guys missing flights? People making matches under their own accord? Champions that are so inactive that it shames this great companies' name.

He continues to sift through the papers.. One in particular, catching his attention. An evil grin soon forms across his face.

Mike Rolash: Well, well, well, what do we have here...

His eyes begin to glide across the sheet as he reads its contents.

Mike Rolash: If they thought that me booking Jackson in an impromptu title match was over the top.. Wait till they see what I have in store for next week.

A sinister grin forms across Rolash's face as we fade back to ringside.

Jim Gunt: What is he talking about? What kinda vile things does Mike have up his sleeve?

Tara Robinson: Knowing him, guaranteed that it's not good at all.

Charles State: I'm still on the fences, he recovered pretty quickly from could've been a disastrous turn of events.

Jim Gunt: Either way, it's time to send it back to Ray for the final match of the evening.

Freddie Styles vs. Kyuseishu

Match

We cut to Ray for the final time of the evening.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen.. it is TIME for your MAIN EVENT!! The following match is scheduled for one fall, with a thirty minute time limit! Introducing first..

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

“Heavy is the crown

Only for the weak...”

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

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, from Atlanta, Georgia, weighing two hundred and twenty-three pounds! He is “Mr. Ballgame”.... FREDDIE STYLES!!

“The knife in my heart couldn't slow me down

'Cause power is power, the fire never goes out

I rise from my scars, nothing hurts me now

'Cause power is power

Now watch me burn it down”

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

Jim Gunt: Freddie fell short of becoming the CWF World Champion at Genesis, do you guys think he will be able to pull off the victory and gain another shot here tonight?

Tara Robinson: Styles is proven around here, a bonafied Hall of Famer who's always steps up in pressure situations.

Charles State: His run during the Alpha & Omega tournament was quite impressive and I expect him to keep that momentum, moving forward.

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 Samurai"... KYUSEISHU!

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

Jim Gunt: Hoyt has been on a relentless quest to become CWF World Champion and tonight, he may get that chance if he's able to make it past Freddie Styles.

Charles State: So what's the deal with the cat?

Jim Gunt: What cat?

Tara Robinson: Meowru?! I totally love that cat! Everyone knows that cats symbolize rebirth and resurrection, basically pure life!

Both Gunt and State look curiously at an elated Robinson. Suddenly “Devil Trigger” by Little V starts to play, and the crowd goes wild as the One True Omega makes his presence felt once again tonight.

Charles State: I hope that he's not coming over to join us, there's really not enough room right now.

Tara Robinson: Is one night away from Silas too much to ask for?

Jim Gunt: Well you guys seem less than enthusiastic about the World Champ.

Soon, the CWF Champion, with the top prize around his waist, appears on stage with his manager, Hidetaka Ito. The duo make their way down the aisle to the cheers of the fans. Strolling confident past, Kyuseishu's disciples, Silas grabs a seat next to the commentary table but chooses not to grab a headset. He blows a kiss in Tara's direction.

Jim Gunt: Okay then, it looks like we're set for some main event action as Kyuseishu battles Freddie Styles to see who will face the man currently sitting at ringside with us.

Tara Robinson: Two formidable opponents who have plenty of accolades to back them up and why did he have to come out here?

Charles State: He seems kinda sweet on you Tare, you should already know this . What I know is that I'm ready for some hard hitting action which this match is sure to guarantee.

Both Kyu and Styles stare over at Silas who's taken a seat at ringside along with Ito. Kyu assess everything before finally turning his attention to Styles who's ready to go. Senior official, Robbins signals for the bell and this match is underway. Both men begin to circle around the ring, Freddie goes for a lock-up but Kyu sidesteps him, telling him to calm down. Looking irritated already, Freddie motions for Hoyt to come on, which he obliges but sidesteps sinagain, causing Freddie to stumble past him yet again. Mr. Ballgame can be seen cursing to himself as Williams chuckles a bit to himself, knowing he's got Freddie playing right into his game.

Jim Gunt: Well it looks like Hoyt is no hurry to get this contest started..

Tara Robinson: He's been rubbing people the wrong way ever since stepping foot into the CWF. Styles included and I'm more than certain that he wants to get his hands on the so-called Kyuseishu..

Charles State: I just wanna know what his beef is with baseball.

"Hey!"

Their attention is diverted to the ring, where the Holy Samurai is standing near the ropes facing them.

Kyuseishu: C'mon man, It's horrible! You can-

Kyu is blindsided from behind by an irate Styles who pummels him with clubbing blows to the back. Turning him around, Freddie connects with a few right hands before Kyu is able to rake his eyes, buying him a bit of space. Now backing, Styles into the ropes, Williams whips him across, no, reversal by Styles! Rebounding off the ropes, Kyu is picked up high into the air before being brought back down with a High Angled Spinebuster! Styles quickly drops down for the count as Robbins is over to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Kyuseishu is able to roll his shoulder off of the canvas. Staying on the offensive, Freddie brings Kyu up by his hair and brings him over to a corner, slamming him face first into the top buckle. A cross-corner whip is reversed by Kyu and it's Styles who crashes into the buckles. The Holy Samurai charges across the ring but Styles is able to duck a shoulder, sending Kyu up and over the top rope! Not being as limber as he probably was in his younger days, Kyu catches the edge of the apron, crashing to the floor!

Jim Gunt: Nice reversal by Styles as he now has Williams reeling..

Tara Robinson: Well Hoyt needs to gain his bearings quick because Mr. Ballgame looks set to fly!

Charles State: So.. are we like... refusing to acknowledge him as Kyuseishu?

Jim Gunt: Why should we?

Charles State: It's kinda his name...

The Detroit fans rise to their feet because they know that Freddie is about to do something huge. As Kyu gets to a vertical base, Styles races to the far ropes and looks set to go flying until he spots Williams sliding back into the ring. This causes Freddie to not fully commit to the dive, landing on his feet as he goes through the ropes, hopping back on the apron. Taking advantage, Kyu grabs a handful of hair, dropping down and hanging Freddie, throat first against the top rope! Freddie crashes back down to the floor, clutching at his windpipe as Kyu stands center stage and poses for the fans who show how much they loathe him. He simply smiles, walking towards the ropes on the opposite side from Freddie and climbs out of the ring, forcing Robbins to start his count as he immediately shouts, "ONE!" Kyu stalks around ringside as Styles is to his knees, coughing horribly as he uses the apron to get vertical. "TWO!" Nearing Styles, Kyu charges around the corner and catches Styles with a lariat that sends him back down to the thin mats.

THREE!

Silas and Hidetaka watch intently as Kyuseishu walks over to the World Champ and mouths off a few select words to the World Champ.

FOUR!

Artoria shoos him away, causing Kyu to smile again as he turns to focus back on Styles.

FIVE!

Kyu slides in and out of the ring, forcing Robbins to restart his count.

ONE!

Jim Gunt: I almost forgot that Silas was even sitting over there..

TWO!

Charles State: Yeah, he's usually not this quiet..

THREE!

Tara Robinson: Tell me about it..

Kyu brings Styles up from the floor as he tries to recover, driving him back first into the apron! "FOUR!" Freddie arches his back in pain, falling back down to the floor, Williams seemingly confident in the work that he's putting in right now. "FIVE!" He mouths off to the crowd who display their displeasure of his comments. He's not interested in their response as he brings Styles back up from the floor. "SIX!" Williams whips Styles into the barricade, no, reversal by Styles and it's Kyu who crashes hard against the steel! Sensing that he has an opening, Styles rushes the ring, charging towards the far ropes and comes back across, going through the ropes almost as fast as a bullet, taking Kyuseishu down with a suicide dive! The Little Caesars Arena explode with cheers as Styles pops back to his feet, fired up..

Jim Gunt: The pendulum may be swinging in Styles' favor at this moment as he looks to shift the tide!

Tara Robinson: He needed that counter to build up some kind of steam for himself because I honestly though he was on the verge of kissing that title shot at Frozen Over, goodbye.

Now with a determined look on his face, Styles stares at Kyu as he crawls on the floor. Bringing him up, he rolls the self-proclaimed savior back into the ring and attempts a pin.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Now applying a front facelock, Styles brings Kyu back upright before stinging his chest with a brutal knife edge chop! Another chop has Hoyt backed into the ropes as Styles looks to whip him across but Kyu is able to prevent it by holding onto the top rope. Frustrated, Mr. Ballgame cracks him with a hard punch before blistering his chest with another chop. Styles, looks to whip him across again but Kyu is able to twist through, pulling Styles up onto his shoulders and dropping him with a samoan drop! Upon impact, Styles arches his back again in pain as he rolls away from Kyu, preventing a pinfall attempt. The Holy Samurai doesn't care though as begins to stomp angrily down on Styles. After about ten good stomps, Hoyt brings Styles back up and forces him into the near corner and unloads with precise shots to the body and head of Mr. Ballgame. Covering up proves futile as each shot connects which cause Styles to forcefully switch positions with Kyu, now having him trapped against the buckles, connecting with chops. Kyu reverses again, brutalizing Styles with stiff shots but Freddie refuses to give up as a fist fight breaks out between the two men!

Jim Gunt: THESE TWO MEN ARE SLUGGIN FOR THE FENCES!

Tara Robinson: This starting to get outta hand, Trent really needs to do something inside of there!

Charles State: Yeah, he needs to get out of the way and let these guys go at it!

Artoria watches on, impressed with the action that is breaking down between the two men. The younger Styles is able to win the exchange, now having Kyu trapped in the corner beating his chest red with chops. Freddie tries to whip him cross-corner but the Holy Samurai reverses, following Styles in as he crashes against the buckles, adding more insult to injury with a brutal corner lariat that sends Styles' legs flailing into the air before he drops down into the corner. Staggering away, Kyuseishu assess the damage to his pectorals before dropping down going for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Freddie is able to get his shoulder up before Trent's hand can slap the mat for a third time. Kyu questions Trent's count but he assures him that it was two. Kyu turns his attention back to Styles as he gets upright, bringing Mr. Ballgame up by his hair. Twisting Styles arm with an arm wrench, Williams goes for a short-arm lariat but Styles manages to duck underneath and now hooks Hoyt for his own offense. Mr. Ballgame drops Kyu back first onto his knee before bringing him back in reverse, face first into the canvas with DAT REMIX! However, he's unable to go for a pin attempt as he's taken too much brutality in this match. The Detroit fans are on their feet, trying to rally Styles back up as a "FRED-DIE STYLES!" chant starts up.

Jim Gunt: Both men are down and who will be the first to rise and take control of this match as Robbins begins a standing ten count?

ONE!

Tara Robinson: This has been a back and forth contest since the beginning bell and I don't know who;s going to be able to pull this one off.

TWO!

Charles State: First night on the job and we're being treated to a classic..

THREE!

Both men slowly begin to stir.

FOUR!

Kyu is on all fours, while Styles is up on his side, both men slowly getting vertical. Both men come face-to-face and it's Mr. Ballgame who strikes first, connecting with a forearm shot to Kyu's jaw. Kyu smiles, liking the fight that he's getting, returning a brutal forearm of his own that drops the Hall of Famer to a knee. Freddie struggles back to his feet, returning fire with another weak forearm that gets shrugged off by the Holy Samurai as he clocks Styles again, dropping him to a knee once more. Shooting two more hard, stiff forearms into Freddie's jaw, Kyu has his opponent, face down on the canvas. The Little Caesars Arena shower Kyuseishu with boos but he doesn't care about them in the least. Bringing Styles back up, Kyu reigns more forearms into his jaw, winding up for a big one and swinging for a homerun. Styles ducks underneath! He quickly hooks Kyuseishu and lifts with everything that he has left in him, spiking him with a belly-to-suplex! However he's holding on, refusing to break his grip as he drags the stockier Kyu back to his feet. With a deep heave, he lifts Kyu up again, bringing him crashing against the mat with a German Suplex and he still keeps his fingers interlocked! For a third time, Styles brings Hoyt back upright but the Holy Samurai fires back elbows into Styles jaw, forcing him to release his grip. Kyu looks to run the ropes but Styles grabs him by the waistline of his attire and brings him back, hooking his arms in a full nelson, bringing him back in reverse to the mat, yet again, this time with a Dragon Suplex! The crowd are to their feet as Freddie points towards the corner, dragging Kyu into his line of fire, he scales the corner to the top, looking for the King of the Fall(450 Splash). Suddenly, one of Kyuseishu's disciples climbs onto the apron, distracting Styles.

Jim Gunt: What the hell is that guy doing?

Charles State: I'm more shocked that he actually moved..

Tara Robinson: One of those other guys, just slid something into the ring!

Senior official, Trent Robbins tries to get the disciple off the apron, but Styles uses his foot to help him speed the process along. All of a sudden, another disciple hops onto the apron, catching Robbins attention. This causes Freddie to jump down from the top to see what the commotion is about while Kyu plays possum. Shuffling past his downed opponent and towards Robbins and the World Champ, Kyu suddenly pops to his feet and charges at Styles! Sensing the oncoming attack, Styles rolls out of the way, causing Kyuseishu to inadvertently hit Trent Robbins with...

Jim Gunt: Did that actually happen?

Tara Robinson: Yep....

Charles State: Sure did, just cracked his ass with the GOOD BOOK!

Jim Gunt: Oh My Lord....

Robbins crashes into the disciple, knocking him off the apron as he goes flying back into World Champion, knocking him out of seat! Trent, himself flails helplessly through the ropes. Kyu looks shocked but nothing catches him by surprise more than the Ballgame that Freddie catches square across his jaw! Styles is on bended knee, trying to access the situation when he's suddenly bombarded by Kyu's disciples!

Jim Gunt: Ah, c'mon!

Tara Robinson: We haven't seen Kyu's disciples become this involved since he's come to CWF!

Charles State: Finally! Someone calls him by his name!

The disciples pounce on Styles with a mob-like mentality as they brutalized him with stomps and punches.

Jim Gunt: Someone's gotta put an end to this!

Tara Robinson: Since we've known HOYT, we've always seen him with his followers but we've never seen them actually get involved with a match.

Charles State: Yeah Jim, I don't know how you and Mike dealt with these guys just standing around looking like statues.

Styles covers up as best as he can as the disciples pounce on him like rabid wolves, until Kyu roars out loud.

"ENOUGH!"

He orders the men out of the ring, which they all do, congregating in front of the ramp. Kyu looks to turn his attention back to Freddie but a blur comes speeding past him and goes sailing through the ropes, crashing into the eleven men!

Jim Gunt: Silas just took those men out with a Tope Con Hilo!

Charles State: He looked like a bowling ball getting a strike just then, haha..

Tara Robinson: He's getting back in the ring now, what's about to go down.

Silas comes face to face with Hoyt, neither man looking to back down as the roars of the Detroit crowd begin to rise as they expect a fight to happen.

Jim Gunt: Everyone are looking for things to explode between these two!

Tara Robinson: This is the Omega Block finals, all over again!

Kyueishu unloads a slap to Silas' face that sends him stumbling back into the ropes! The Canadian Reaper doesn't give Kyu time to gloat as he spins through and destroys Williams with a Discus Lariat! Kyuseishu hits the mat and begins to roll out of the ring.

Jim Gunt: He's won by disqualification!

Tara Robinson: Does that mean Hoyt gets the shot?

Charles State: I didn't hear a bell.. besides Trent is looking pretty out of it over here.. The good word, took a lot out of him.

Finally, the samurai is out of the ring and into the safe grasps of his entourage, all the while Silas fixates his look on him, with the red, seething aura emanating from his eye. Styles, dejected, approaches Silas in a confrontational mann--

Jim Gunt: KNOCKOUT!

Tara Robinson: Jesus Christ!

And an exhausted Styles slinks down like a sack of potatoes, as Silas looks down upon his last adversary. He lifts his leg up, if only to get the ragdoll off his feet, and he motions for a microphone. A few loud taps, and the seething, rattlesnake-like breathing is echoed throughout the arena.

Silas Artoria: My kingdom full of unchivalrous and rebellious.

He makes a sharp turn, towards Kyuseishu.

Silas Artoria: YOU KEEP NIBBLING AT THE FOOT LIKE A PARASITE AND A COCKROACH!

Another sharp turn to face Styles.

Silas Artoria: AND YOU KEEP FIGHTING A WAR THAT YOU'VE ALREADY LOST!

A pause, his posture starts to relax, but it's clear from his hands that he's holding back his instincts.

Silas Artoria: Now, I'm not a fool. I know what the premise of Frozen Over is, and I am going to grant you all a wish.

Top of his lungs.

Silas Artoria: LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOUR NEW CONTENDERS FOR THE CWF CHAMPIONSHIP...

Points to Kyuseishu.

Silas Artortia: ...KYUSEISHU....

And one to Styles.

Silas Artoria: ...AND FREDDIE.....STYYYYYLES!

Face to the hard camera, with his voice turning cold and more hushed.

Silas Artoria: And at Frozen Over, you will both learn the consequences of poking the sleeping bear.

Tara Robinson: Does that mean we're getting a triple threat at Frozen Over VIII?

Jim Gunt: There's a lot of questions with too many answers left on the table if you ask me.

Charles State: Man I'm loving how this new year is starting off!

Jim Gunt: That's all the time we have for you folks here tonight. I'm Jim Gunt, along with Tara Robinson and Charles State! Join us next week as we're LIVE from the Quicken Loans Arena in Cleveland, Ohio for the 75th edition of Evolution! Good evening, ladies and gentlemen!

Silas continues to stand inside of the ring, Ito making his entrance, having the CWF World Championship back to its owner. Staring at the title for a moment, Silas raises it high in the air as the show goes off the air.

Show Credits

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