

Evolution: Evolution 0- The "First" CWF Event

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: May 9, 2001
Location: 1st Mariner Arena — Baltimore, Maryland

Results

The Introduction to Championship Wrestling Federation

Match

The lights go out and the arena is filled with a light blue hazy and then "Changes" by 2pac hits and two rockets shoot up from each side of the stage and then explode. 2ShAdY, Angelica & Y2Justin walk out of the smoke and the crowd has mixed reactions, some boo 2ShAdY and some cheer him. 2ShAdY and Angelica walk down to the ring side by side with their Championship belts over their shoulders and Y2Justin following behind them. 2ShAdY gets up and hold the ropes down for Angelica. Y2Justin then gets in the ring and 2ShAdY signals for a mic. 2ShAdY gets the mic and starts to talk.

2ShAdY: "Well this is a big night for me. Well...really it is a big night for Extreme. Tonight he will step into the ring with a 4-time World Tag Team Champion, Undefeated Cruiserweight Champion, Undefeated Intercontinental Champion, & 2-time World Heavyweight Champion. You see Extreme, you aren't even in my class. You should be fighting for the Brutal Championship not my World heavyweight Championship. You are lucky enough to be getting a chance to become World Champion in your like 2nd match here in CWF. You really are a lucky one but then again your not cause you have to face me in a Detroit Cruiserweight Rules match. You see I am the ONLY one that knows the rules to this match not even Y2Justin knows the rules to this match. So all I can say is I hope you are ready. Now Stunner talking about being ready I really hope you are ready for this Sunday cause come Bullet Proof, I am going to take your sorry ass apart and retain my CWF World Heavyweight Championship and if you don't like that you can go suck a fucking donkey dick. *2ShAdY laughs* Yeah Stunner you would really like that so why don't you just go on and do it anyway and while your at it take that ho Stephanie with you cause I KNOW she likes sucking things from personal experience!"

2ShAdY hands the mic to Angelica.

Angelica: "Yeah Steph I bet you would really like a donkey dick cause your just such a fucking HO and come Sunday I am going to stomp your sorry ho ass and then do it again for doing whatever it is that you did with my baby 2ShAdY."

Angelica hands the mic to Y2Justin.

Y2Justin: "Well it looks like I have me a match at Bullet Proof two. Its with that lil bitch roger Fence. The guy that ShAdY and me throw off the scaffold down to the mat and then left his sorry ass lying there and come Sunday I will leave you lying their again and you will be seeing the selling while I am pinning you 1..2..3 and taking that championship away from you and keeping control of CWF and you."

"My Time" hits and Roger Fence walks out and just looks at Y2Justin. 2ShAdY and Angelica get out of the ring and go over and set down at the announcer's table.

2ShAdY: "Hello Ray how are you doing."

Rey Dik: "I am doing fine Mr. ShAdY what about you and the lovely Angelica?"

2ShAdY: "We are fine. We were just wanting to see how far down to the ring that fucking dumb ass Roger Fence will come down before turning and running way."

Bob Gatchient: "He won't run for a sorry individual like you or Y2Justin."

Angelica: "You just best watch your mouth boy before I get up and slap it for you."

2ShAdY: "You heard the lady."

Roger Fence walks down to the ring and climbs up on the ring apron and then gets in the ring. Roger walks over and gets in Y2Justins face.

Roger Fence: "What were you saying their boy?"

Y2Justin: "I said I am gonna kick your ass."

Roger Fence: "Really well lets see you do it."

2ShAdY: "Well guys, I gotta go help Y2Justin. Angelica, you stay here."

2ShAdY gets up and sneaks around to the side of the ring that Roger Fence has his back to and reaches under the ring and pulls out a steel pipe and gets in the ring and Y2Justin sees this and looks Roger in the face and says ok boy I dare you to touch me. Roger grabs Y2Justin by the neck and then 2ShAdY takes the steel pip and hits Roger Fence right in the back of his head and he falls to the ground and Y2Justin looks at him and says I told you not to touch me boy but you wouldn't listen to me. Angelica gets in the ring and walks over to 2ShAdY and says he should have listened. "Changes" hits and 2ShAdY picks up his CWF Championship belt and him Angelica & Y2Justin get out of the ring and walk back to 2ShAdY & Angelicas locker room.

The Stunner vs. Alex Cain

Match

"Crawling" by Linkin Park begins to play. Fireworks go off & the fans get off their feet and cheer one of their favorite wrestlers Cain as he walks down to the ring by himself since the stipulation 2ShAdY made. The Stunner is shown on the CWF Tron telling Stephanie to stay in the back. "#1 Stunna" by The Big Tymers plays and The Stunner comes down to the ring with the world title secured around his waist. The Stunner then gets in the ring as the fans boo. The Stunner smacks Cain in the face before the bell rings. The referee motions and finally the bell rings.

The Stunner goes for another right hand, but this time Cain blocks it and head butts The Stunner. The Stunner gets up but Cain snap mares him. The Stunner gets right back up, but this time low blows Cain. The referee tells him not to do that again and The Stunner says fuck off as a reply. Cain gets up and pushes The Stunner into the referee accidentally. Cain says damn it and then starts stomping away at The Stunner. Cain picks up The Stunner, but Stunner strong lariats Cain to the mat. Cain gets up and body slams The Stunner. Cain then picks up The Stunner and powerbombs him to the mat. Cain goes outside and gets a chair. He then slides back in and sets up the chair. Cain throws The Stunner against the ropes, and when he comes back Cain drop toe holds The Stunner's face right into the chair making him start to bleed.

Ray Dik: "Come on Stunner don't let that fat ass get the best of you!"

Cain covers The Stunner as another referee gets in the ring.

Referee: 1..2.

The Stunner kicks out when the referee's hand was about half way down from the top. Cain lifts up Stunner, but he throat strikes Cain into the corner. The Stunner then takedowns Cain and he is now leaning down. The Stunner gets on the turnbuckle and starts the 10 punches, but at 9 Cain spike powerbombs him off of the turnbuckle. The Stunner gets up and chops Cain. The Stunner then kicks Cain in the gut. Cain holds his gut, and as he does The Stunner stunnors him to the mat. The Stunner pins Cain.

Referee: 1..2.

Cain gets his shoulder up at 2.

Bob Gatchient: "This has been a great match so far!"

The Stunner gets up, but Cain does at the same time. The Stunner goes for a clothesline, but Cain lowers him and goes for the Dark Ride, but The Stunner slides out of it. The Stunner then gets something out of his pants as the referee is looking at Cain. The Stunner hits Cain with the object.

Bob Gatchient: "Those are brass knuckles!!"

Ray Dik: (sarcastically)"Really!?"

The Stunner then puts them back in his pocket and lifts up Cain. The Stunner goes for the Last Time, but the referee is trying to see if Stunner used a foreign object earlier. The Stunner says move out of the way as Cain is high in the air in the arms of The Stunner. The ref doesn't move so The Stunner just Last Times him onto the referee. The Stunner laughs at him. He stops laughing as "The Rock Show" by Blink 182 plays. The Stunner looks at the entranceway and sees that on the CWF Tron the words "R.W.F The Invasion Has Begun...CWF will feel our power" are shown. The Stunner then goes to get out of the ring, but Ken Fitz has come from the crowd and turns The Stunner around. The Stunner goes for a punch but once again Ken Dark Deceptions The Stunner to the mat. Ken Fitz spits on The Stunner and calls him a piece of shit. Ken leaves as another referee runs out. Cain drags himself over and covers The Stunner.

Referee: 1..2..3..And NEW CWF World Heavyweight Champion...CAIN!!!!!!

"Again And Again" by Taproot plays and Angelica runs down to the ring with a HUGE smile on her face. Angelica hugs Cain and says congratulations. Cain gets caught up in the moment and french kisses Angelica. They don't stop though, and they kiss for like 2 minutes without stop. 2Shady is shown on the CWF Tron with a PISSED OFF look on his face as the show goes off air.

Thursday Night Annihilation - 1/23/2003

Match

Everything goes black for the moment as we are taken to the backstage area of the arena - The creme-colored cemented walls are shown first, then the dirty tiling on the floor and then the shiny black shoes of a figure. It is revealed to be the first sighting of Morris Scar, the president of CWF sprawled out in his chair with his feet up on the table, his hands resting on the back of his head and a whistle coming through his lips. An evil smile was shown on his face, suddenly it turned to a pale and cautious face as a loud knock came at the door. Morris used his remote to shut the melodic death-metal off.

Morris - Yes?

Reporter - Sir .. theirs a wrestler that wants to speak with you.

Morris - Well ... Shown him in.

Reporter - Yes sir.

Morris awaited for a few moments and then the door creaked open as the figure of Angel appeared. A big pop from the crowd could be heard as Angel began to wander around the room, looking at every detail and then looking straight into the eyes of Scar's.

Morris - May i help you ... Angel?

Angel - You may Scar, you see, I had a tough bond with Rishel - He was the founder of this company - I disliked him and still do, but we have this anti-christ as a president, who listens to this dark funeral music and holds his head down like a suicidal mental patient - I think to myself, 'Rishel, who just likes to pure with the company and real, and wants to protect this place, or Scar, who's morals are satanical speeches and the amusement of death and large amounts of

blood', It's a tough one Scar .. a really tough one.

Morris - Hehehe ... hehehe ... Angel, Angel, Angel - If there is something wrong, you missing Rish or anything like that sort, i can send out a letter to him giving your love to him and telling him you cherish him ... and making sure he..

--- Suddenly Angel pulled the phone that was on Morris's desk and threw at the wall - He then pushed everything off the steel-framed desk and gave a powerful, misdemeanor look at Morris, Scar got up and backed himself to the wall as Angel came closer and closer to him, until they were face to face.**

Morris - What's the matter Angel ... Joe Ya gonna hit me? Your going to hit the boss? The one who pays you and keeps you on this roster? huh? Well then go ahead, watch and see how quick i mark you off for a few months without pay, watch and see how bad ill wreck you reputation here if you lay a little finger on me.

Angel winded up his arm and swung, intentionally bashing his hand into the wall, inches away from his face, making a huge hole. Morris ducked away from Angel and began to breathe hard - Angel laughed.

Angel - I wont touch you Morris, but i sure as well scare the devil right out of you in my time here. I've always had bad reputations with president, why stop now, the train keeps rolling, it's just making better speed now. I know your the kind of person to screw one over a dozen times - I know your evil and bitter, and i know that you will try your hardest to screw me out of every chance i have. But don't Morris, i wont go as easy as i did on Rishel - I wont keep my arms at my side like i did with Rishel ... Your different - I didn't have a friendship with you, i was never close with you and ill be damned if i ever remotely get to that point. Watch your back while i watch mine, because it's in due time that you will be meeting you match with me if you make any sudden moves to try and knock me out of this tournament, this federation and this career that i am rebooting.

Morris - You have nothing to worry about Angel .. i am a good man all and all - I will not take you for granted and i will not push your buttons, your an employee and i have chosen to respect you.

Angel - I sure hope so boss ... I sure hope so. With that Angel leaves with a slamming of the door, causing a picture to fall from the wall and make a crashing sound as it lands on the floor.

Morris clamps his hands together and rubs them.

Morris - You have nothing ... to ... worry ... about ... Angel ... bwhahaha!!! Nothing haha ... at all!

The scene slowly fades to the last commercial break of the night.

Frozen Over 3 PPV - 2/23/2003

Match

Triple X (later known as Chris Andrews) returns to CWF:

Then, "Halo" by Soil hits as Pyros ignite and Triple X makes his entrance to a mass of cheers while wearing his new "Welcome to MY world..." shirt.

Jim Gunt: We know that music! Here he is! Triple X returns!

Walking down the entryway Triple X plays to the fans cheers and slaps their hands as always. Before getting into the ring, climbing the turnbuckle and raising his arms to the increasing cheers.

Jim Gunt: Just listen to this ovation for the returning superstar!

Triple X climbs down the turnbuckle then after crossing the ring he climbs up the opposite turnbuckle and raises his arms to the crowd again, only to be met with louder cheers than before. After Standing atop the turnbuckle for a few moments Triple X climbs down then heads to the side of the ring where he's passed a microphone by the ring announcer.

****As Triple X puts the mike to his mouth he smiles before pulling it away as the fans continue to cheer, a chant of "Triple X" begins. When they finally quieten down he puts the mike back to his mouth and speaks.****

XXX: Well, I must say, i wasn't expecting a response like this

****Triple X pulls the mike away and laughs for a moment as the cheers begin again.****

XXX: Ok, ok, quieten down or we're going to run out of show time!

****Triple X stops to laugh for a moment before starting on the mike again.****

XXX: Didn't i say I'd come back to you all?

**** A quick, loud cheer comes from the crowd.****

XXX: Well it finally happened, Morris Scar got me into a CWF arena. I cant remember how he did it though but he managed to pull me away from my days looking after the kids in my happy little retirement. Of course, Angelica had nothing to do with this but now that i managed to bring her up i just want to wish her luck in the rumble. If all you fans here would've seen how hard she's been training then I'm sure the Vegas odds on here would be a little more realistic. But i digress, right now this is meant to be about me and my return to the people. But you know it's funny, ever since my little promo's aired last week all i get off everyone is "Hey Trip, when you coming back?" or "So who's first on your hit list?" Well i'm going to answer AT LEAST one of these questions tonight...

****The fans cheer again.****

XXX: ...But not right now.

****The fans boo now.****

XXX: Wow, you're booing me, that's new... Well anyway there's a couple of matches i have my eye on tonight. Later tonight when my old rival, Angel takes on the new "boss", Morris Scar. Oh, and of course the title match with these two new people who have been lucky to not have crossed my path before, and maybe I have my eye on the rumble... Well, i will answer my questions by way of an appearance during these matches. Everyone knows i prefer to make big entrances and i promise that if i make my entrance tonight, it's gonna be big. So for now, lets get on with the show, so hit my NEW music!

****Triple X drops the mike as "Turn Me On 'Mr. Deadman'" by The Union Underground hits, he raises his arms once more as the fans begin to cheer as he makes a triumphant exit from the ring and heads off into the back.****

Jim Gunt: Holy sh*t fans! So far we've already seen the returns of Big Sexay, J. Rish AND Triple X! WHAT A NIGHT IT'S BEEN...ALREADY!

Drake Hazard vs. Caelan Tyler

Match

****Drake Hazard and Caelan Tyler begin to circle each other, trying to figure out what moment they should go in for the lock up. Caelan jumps forwards a foot, but sees the stare of Drake again, and quickly backs off. Drake grins, grabbing Caelan Tyler by the throat. Caelan struggles, and finally pushes out of it. Drake Hazard walks up to Caelan Tyler again, and punches him in the face with a right hand. Caelan Tyler coughs loudly, side-stepping away from Hazard. Caelan then arm drags Drake to the mat.****

Jim Gunt: Woo!

Mike Rolash: Shut up idiot, it's still the beginning of the match.

Jim Gunt: I know...but I have a feelin' this is gonna be a good one!

****Drake Hazard gets back up to his feet, and spits in the face of Caelan Tyler. Tyler, on instinct, slaps Drake in the face**

afterwards. Drake Hazard then laughs at Caelan, and gives him the stiffest clothesline to the neck that you've ever seen. Caelan falls to the mat, in pain, holding his neck. Caelan screams, but there is nothing to be done. Drake Hazard stands, looking at the fans, as they boo the hell out of him. Drake then lifts Caelan back to his feet, and throws him against the turnbuckle. Hazard then begins to hit him with his entire arsenal of punches, all directly to the facial area. Caelan Tyler then falls on his ass.**

Mike Rolash: Hahaha...they said ASS.

Jim Gunt: Huh?

Mike Rolash: Oh...nothing.

Jim Gunt: You're confusing me!

The two men walk out to center ring and stand nose to nose as you can see the unusual trash talking beginning by Drake Hazard. He gives a few choice words to Caelan Tyler who responds with some of his own before finding Drake Hazard's hand pressed against his face and shoving him back a few steps. Caelan Tyler quickly turns back to Drake Hazard and comes at him but at the last second he ducks under a clothesline attempt from Drake Hazard and spinning quickly around he nails the larger Hazard with a dropkick. The first dropkick knocks Drake down to the mat but he's quickly back to his feet and Caelan Tyler then catches him with a spinning heel kick again taking Drake down again. Drake rolls out of the ring in frustration.

Mike Rolash: Get back in the ring and kick his ass NOW Drake!

Jim Gunt: Wouldn't it be hilarious if he heard you, like Adam Davis did earlier...and kicked your ass?

Mike Rolash: Shut up man, I've been hit by TWO people already today!

Jim Gunt: ...You're about to make it three.

Mike Rolash: Who...YOU!? Hahaha!

Drake Hazard stands on the outside catching his breath and at the last second he manages to dodge a baseball slide kick from Caelan Tyler. Drake Hazard finishes pulling him out of the ring and nails Tyler with a big right hand flooring the cruiserweight star with the one shot. Drake looks down at Tyler and drives a hard boot right down into his midsection as he lies on the ground before picking him back up to his feet. Drake Hazard grabs a handful of Caelan Tyler's hair and levels him with another right hand this time before turning quickly around and slamming Caelan Tyler shoulder first right into the steel steps. Drake presses his boot firmly against the throat of Tyler and forcing him back into the steps he begins choking him out as the referee quickly climbs out of the ring to break it up. The referee begins the five count on Hazard but he's paid no attention too until he grabs hold of Drake's arm and forcibly yanks him off of Tyler. Drake Hazard turns quickly around and gives a venomous glare to the referee who immediately begins backing off.

Mike Rolash: Kill the referee, Drake!

Jim Gunt: That would make it impossible for him to win that match later on wouldn't it?

Mike: Nah we got more referee's than where that guy came from...the sewer or something.

**As Drake Hazard turns back around Caelan Tyler gathers his strength and grabbing onto the front of Hazard's tights he yanks him forward and head first into the steel ringpost. Hazard hits the post with a thud and staggers backwards into the arms of Caelan Tyler who rolls him back into the ring quickly. Caelan hops onto the apron and springs over the top rope before coming down onto Drake Hazard with a legdrop and going for the cover as the referee slides back into the ring.

Referee: 1...

2...

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Drake kicked out!

Mike Rolash: DUH!

****Caelan Tyler is right back on his feet again and pulls Drake Hazard slowly to his feet before delivering a stiff kick right into the midsection. Caelan Tyler then drops Drake quickly to the mat again with a DDT before going for another cover with a hook of the leg.****

Referee: 1..

2...

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Two near falls there by Caelan but Drake still has way to much fight left in him.

Mike Rolash: Hazard is just getting warmed up. Caelan Tyler is a sneaky bastard in there so it's only a matter of time though before Drake catches him.

Jim Gunt: That's only if Shocka is able to catch him!

****Caelan Tyler is again back on his feet but this time he runs into the ropes and comes back at the rising Drake Hazard driving both his feet right into his chest knocking Drake Hazard back down to the mat. Caelan Tyler bounces right back up again and quickly leaps to the top rope where he sits perched and as Drake Hazard lies on the mat, Caelan Tyler comes off with the Teardrop aimed for Shocka but he rolls out of the way to safety. Drake pushes himself back up to his feet and as Caelan Tyler slowly rises he drops him quickly with a big clothesline. Hazard picks Caelan back up to his feet slowly and hoists him onto his shoulder as they stand in the corner. Drake comes charging out of the corner and drives Tyler down into the mat with a running powerslam. Drake Hazard rolls Caelan Tyler over onto his stomach and begins trying to lock him into a camel clutch but he can't get the move locked in as Caelan Tyler struggles and manages to make his way to the ropes forcing the break.****

Jim Gunt: Good ring presence being shown by Caelan Tyler, although he's only been wrestling for a month.

Mike Rolash: Drake Hazard would have won the match already if it wasn't for the dumbass ref.

Jim Gunt: What did he do?

Mike Rolash: He didn't call for the bell like he should have. We both saw Tyler tapping out there.

Jim Gunt: I didn't see that happening.

Referee: 1...

2...

SHOULDER UP!

****Drake Hazard looks up at the referee yelling about a slow count before getting to his feet once again and dragging Caelan Tyler up with him. Hazard sends Caelan Tyler into the ropes and goes for a flapjack as Caelan Tyler comes back but it's countered and Caelan lands a hurricanrana taking a stunned Drake Hazard quickly over.****

Jim Gunt: What a counter by Caelan Tyler! Drake doesn't even know what hit him!

Mike Rolash: It was just a lucky reversal..calm down. He must have a rabbit's foot with him or something.

Jim Gunt: Where would he be keeping that?

Mike Rolash: I don't know. Go strip search him if you're so curious.

****Caelan Tyler slowly staggers back up to his feet and turns around just in time to duck under a right hand from Drake Hazard. Caelan quickly turns again and drives a boot into the gut of Drake Hazard before taking him in a front facelock and setting him up for his finishing maneuver. Before Caelan Tyler can execute the move though, Drake Hazard counters it and takes him over his head with a release northern lights suplex. Caelan is sent sailing over Hazard's head and he crashes down hard on the mat as Drake Hazard slowly pushes his way back to his feet. He turns around and quickly heads back to Caelan Tyler and picks him up to his feet. Caelan Tyler dropkicks Drake in the face though, and runs against the ropes, hitting an axe kick. Caelan Tyler then lifts Drake up, and spikes his head down on the mat with a piledriver. Caelan covers Drake.****

Referee: 1...

2...

3... NOOO!! KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: We were just inches away from a new champion there.

Mike Rolash: Whoever wins, it'll still be a new champion. Dumbass.

Jim Gunt: I meant...

Mike Rolash: Shut. Up. Or. I'll. Hit. You. Ok?

Jim Gunt: Why so many periods?

Mike Rolash: *SLAPO'DOOM~!*

****Caelan Tyler rolls off Drake, trying to catch his breath after this grueling match. The referee begins to count to down, as both men look out of it.****

Referee: 1... 2... 3... 4...

Jim Gunt: Get up, Tyler!

Mike Rolash: Stop rooting on the bitch! GET UP DRAKE! NOW!

Jim Gunt: *tries to get fans to chant, by yelling* Let's Go Tyler~! Oh..no one's chanting with me? Well screw you guys then!

Mike Rolash: Haha..no.

5... 6... 7...

Mike Rolash: Holy sh*t! This is going to be a draw soon...I'm gonna go help Drake up!

Jim Gunt: Shut up and sit down.

****Finally, Drake Hazard and Caelan Tyler begin to get to their feet. With the help of the ropes, they get there, after about a 9 count. Caelan locks up with Drake Hazard, driving a knee to his head. Caelan then whips Drake Hazard against the ropes, but Drake catapults himself over the top rope, taking a quick breath on the outside. Caelan doesn't stand for it though, as he jumps up on the top rope and front flips onto Drake Hazard!****

Jim Gunt: Holy sh*t!

Mike Rolash: NO! Damn this shit. If Caelan Tyler wins this match...I'm gonna kill myself!

Jim Gunt: Hold on, I think that's going a little far.

Mike Rolash: F*ck you.

Jim Gunt: On the other hand...need a gun?

Caelan Tyler picks Drake Hazard up, and slides him into the ring. Caelan then taunts to the fans, as they begin to chant his name. Tyler climbs up onto the ring apron, and then up onto the turnbuckle. Caelan looks to the fans, as they continue chanting, and then he jumps off. Caelan Tyler soars through the air with maximum velocity, landing on Drake Hazard with a splash. Caelan stays on, waiting for the referee to count the pin.

1...

2....

3!! NO...FOOT ON THE ROPES~!

Mike Rolash: THANK GOD! The luck's ran out for Caelan Tyler.

Jim Gunt: That luck almost gave him the win.

Mike Rolash: It wasn't even close.

Jim Gunt: Then why were you getting so carried away?

Mike Rolash: Shhh! Shhh! Shhh!

The crowd pops loudly thinking that Caelan Tyler might have gotten the three count but the cheers are quickly replaced by boos as Hazard is on his feet again and heading right after Caelan. Before Drake Hazard can get his hands on Tyler, he slides quickly right through his legs and comes up behind him before nailing him with a dropkick and sending Drake Hazard into the corner. Caelan Tyler charges in after Drake and leaps into the air before connecting on him with a leaping side kick causing Hazard to slowly stagger out of the corner. Caelan Tyler finishes the move off with a running bulldog before going for the cover.

Mike Rolash: F*ck!

Jim Gunt: It's OVER!

Referee: 1...

2...

KICKOUT!!!

Jim Gunt: SO CLOSE! THIS MATCH IS THE BEST I'VE EVER SEEN!!

Mike Rolash: Drake...please...win...

Jim Gunt: SO MUCH TALENT IS IN THIS RING, IT'S THE FUTURE OF CWF!

Mike Rolash: Please...Drake...win...

As Caelan Tyler slowly gets back to his feet he notices Triple X making his way down the ramp.

Jim Gunt: What is Triple X doing out HERE!?

Mike Rolash: Attacking Caelan Tyler, I hope!

Jim Gunt: I doubt it, Triple X has more morals than that.

Mike Rolash: Just wait and see...

**Caelan Tyler watches XXX with a wary eye before he turns his attention back to the rising Drake Hazard. Hazard gets back up to a kneeling position and slams a right hand into the midsection of Tyler and quickly drops him into the mat with a DDT. Drake Hazard gets back to his feet and staggers forward towards the corner before he hops onto the

middle rope and turns around to face Caelan Tyler who is lying on the mat. Drake scoffs at Triple X, as he lifts Tyler back to his feet. Drake Hazard then whips Caelan into the ropes, but unexpectedly...he bumps into the referee, knocking him down. The referee looks completely out of it, Triple X smiles.**

Jim Gunt: Why is Triple X smiling?

Mike Rolash: He's going to attack CAELAN~!

Jim Gunt: I hope not!

Mike Rolash: Drake Hazard = CWF World Champion.

As Drake Hazard grabs Caelan Tyler by the throat, Triple X slides into the ring. XXX turns Drake Hazard around, hitting him with the X-Amplifier. Drake Hazard falls to the ground, looking completely lifeless. Triple X raises his hands in the air, getting massive cheers. Triple X then looks at Caelan, and goes to leave. Caelan Tyler grabs the referee to wake him up as Triple X is over to the ropes, leaving the ring. The fans continue to cheer, seeing a Caelan Tyler victory in the future.

Mike Rolash: God...I'm just going to quit announcing for CWF. The good guys always win!

Jim Gunt: That's stupid.

Mike Rolash: Why? I put 1,000\$ on Drake winning this match!

Jim Gunt: ...Triple X is coming back into the ring!!!!

Indeed, he is. As Caelan Tyler helps the referee try to gain consciousness, Triple X turns him around. Triple X then lifts Caelan Tyler up into the air also, sending him THROUGH the ring with an X-Amplifier!! The hole in the ring is deep, and Triple X and Caelan's bodies are completely within it. The fans begin to chant "HOLY SH*T" but most of them are booing. Drake Hazard slowly begins to get to his feet.

Mike Rolash: F*ck yes!!

Jim Gunt: Oh my god...that was destructive!

Mike Rolash: Drake Hazard! GET UP, DUDE!

Drake Hazard coughs, blood spewing from within his inner system. The referee has gotten to his feet, completely unaware of why there is a gigantic hole in the ring. He shrugs, not being able to do a damn thing. Drake smiles sadistically, and laughs, after looking at Caelan through the hole. Drake Hazard grabs him by the head, and pulls him out of the hole. Drake Hazard then hits Life to Lifeless, his finisher. Drake covers Caelan Tyler, and the referee slowly counts.

Referee: 1....

2....

3!!! DRAKE HAZARD IS THE NEW CWF WORLD CHAMPION!

Jim Gunt: He did it! Drake Hazard won the belt!

Thursday Night Annihilation - 3/07/2003

Match

The scene begins in Angel's locker room where Angel is seen lacing up his boots - When he finished he kept his head in a bowed position, looking down at the ground, ready for anything. A knock came at the door.

Angel - Who is it?

Rish - It's me ...

Angel - What do you want?

Rish - We need to talk, get some things off of our chests.

Angel - What THINGS?

Rish - Will you just let me in, I feel like an ass begging a wrestler to let me into their room.

Angel - ... Oh fine.

****Angel got his feet and opened the door - Rishel came in and closed the door behind him. He followed Angel to the bench and J. Rish looked at him.****

Angel - Say what you need to say man ...

Rish - I don't understand you dude, it's like your trying to keep your distance away from me, but ... why?

Angel - I ... I don't...

Rish - You do, you just don't want to admit the truth.

Angel - You want to know how i feel about this whole situation? I'll tell you - I have been under the table about everything, since you showed your face here - I don't know if i should trust you or hold a bat in my hand whenever you encounter me. I had a big f*cking past with you, don't you remember that?

Rish - I do, and i regret ever being such an ass. I'm on the better side now man, and you have a match that's seriously in debate of who will be in the squared circle with Drake Hazard or Lionheart. You need not worry about me right now because their's nothing TO worry about - I'm here, by your side through everything and i need you to be there for me..

Angel - I'm here man ... but can i seriously trust you this time around?

****Rish held his hand out ... and looked at Angel.****

Rish - Yes, you can trust me - By the way, make this match a match that no one will ever witness again - If your going to beat him, make it everlasting and joyful for this crowd.

Angel - No problem.

****Rish padded Angel on the back and then suddenly, the door was kicked open - Drake in the middle of the doorway with a steel bat in hand.****

Drake Hazard - Alright JOE - Since Lionheart doesn't have a chance later tonight, what do you say we start right now, right here!

****The crowd popped in infinite madness - Angel laughed and got in his face.****

Angel - Listen you un-educated, asshole-cleansed b*tch ... If your thinking of acting like the strong bastard you've been acting lately, then you might as well stop it now, because i am not buying it.

Drake Hazard - Really? Maybe a slight slam to the face would give you a dim shed of light?

****Drake held the bat up high and swung it, Angel ducked and the bat went clear through the door - Bashing a hole through the painted wood door - The bat fell from the grasp of Angel's hands and Angel grabbed Drake by the neck and swung him into the door, Drake rolled him over and slammed Angel against the door and then Angel did the same, Angel held him there and grabbed the bat - He held into an attack position.****

Drake Hazard - What, gonna hit me lil' ole Angel? Go right ahead.

****Angel was nearly ready to swing when Rishel swiped the bat from Angel's hands and began to smile.****

Rish - No heads will be flying tonight on the account of Angel's Frank Thomas swing and Drake's STUPID way of

lurring in an attack - Drake must beat Lionheart and Angel must beat Adam Davis and then we'll just see ...Maybe a street fight will be put in place for this world title match - If it occurs. Right now gentlemen, i must go treat to what is needed - THIS right here isn't needed until Hellbound ...

****Rishel was just about to leave the room when he snatched the bat from the floor ... ****

Rish - I'll take this just in case, Drake, go out to the right and Angel, go out to the left with me - We don't need anymore problems between you two right now.

****Angel nodded and grinned at Drake, as did Drake to Angel - As they walked out of the room, the scene slowly faded back to the announcers.****

Wrestle Fest I PPV - 8/09/2009

Match

=/=Camera goes outside J. Rish's office, where muffled voices can be made out, sounding like Rish and Cain themselves. The camera goes into the office, with J. Rish and Cain sitting at his desk, Angel on one end of the desk and Abigail Starr on the other, staring each other down, ready to tear each other apart. J. Rish looks down at a piece of paper on his dark oak desk, looking frustrated and a bit angry.=/=

J. Rish: "Possession of illegal substances, two counts of assault, disorderly conduct, two counts of public disturbance? You've brought unwanted publicity to the company, you've put us all in a bad light, and right before our the biggest night in the companies history, WRESTLE FEST! Well this is it, you've been more disruptive then most of the roster combined these last few weeks but it all ends tonight. You two have to sort out your differences in the ring, I don't care if you two kill each other out there cause this has to stop... Are we clear?"

Abigail: "Yes, mister president."

Angel: "Yeah, sure whatever..."

Cain: "Listen, we mean it ladies, now that I have become CWF commissioner things are going to much different around here. Oh, and before you leave, you are not allowed to lay a single finger on each other before the match tonight or else you will be FIRED on the spot. Now, bring the house down tonight ladies, you can leave now."

=/=Both ladies look at Cain, and then over to the CWF president J. Rish, who just shrugs his shoulders not knowing what to think. Rish eyes up Cain, as if he once again made a decision without his consultation. The women turn their attention to each other, staring a hole through each other.=/=

Angel: "See you out there... b*tch."

=/=Angel blows Abigail a cocky kiss, but Abigail just shoots a dirty look back at her.=/=

Abigail: "Whatever, just wait till I smack that smile off your dog face."

=/=The ladies stare each other down, neither wanting to make the first move but eventually Abigail does, her eyes never leaving those of her arch nemesis, as Abigail leaves the room to head to her locker room. Angel makes her move and stops in the doorway, looks over her shoulder and blows a kiss to the president and commissioner before walking out of their office, there are faint sounds heard inside as the door shuts.=/=

J. Rish: "What the hell are you doing man, trying to fire EVERYBODY tonight?"

=/=The camera man quickly hears this and switches the feed over so that the CWF president's private conversation isn't heard on national television.=/=

Chaolin Sahn vs. Chris Andrews

Match

≠/≠As the ring bell sounds to begin the biggest match in recent CWF history, the NY crowd stand to their feet awaiting the huge main event. Chris Andrews and Chaolin Sahn peer deep in the eye of one another, as their long running hatred finally comes to a head tonight. "The Tormented Soul" begins to laugh evilly at the veteran, his chest moving up and down and head shaking while laughing. Andrews takes advantage of Sahn's ignorance, straightening out his hand tightly and stiffly chopping the chest of Chaolin Sahn. Sahn yelps in pain, but Andrews comes right back with another knife-edge chop, knocking Chaolin back into the corner. The New York fans scream in approval as Chris Andrews snaps, hitting a flurry of quick right jabs to the skull of Chaolin Sahn, the final one knocking Chaolin Sahn to the mat, with his back leaned up against the bottom turnbuckle.≠/≠

Jim Gunt: "Chris Andrews taking it to Chaolin Sahn as the match begins, coming like a house on fire at Sahn with those brutal punches!"

Mike Rolash: "A house on fire? More like a f**king retirement home!!"

Jim Gunt: "Chris Andrews may be deep into his prime, but he is proving tonight that he still has EVERY bit of will, strength, and heart that he ever had! The man is STILL amazing!"

≠/≠Chris Andrews rolls out of the ring with Sahn stunned in the corner floor, grabbing the nearest steel ladder with both arms, sliding back into the ring carefully with the ladder in hand. Andrews stands the ladder straight up, and sets it up near the center of the ring, not noticing that Chaolin Sahn has gotten to his feet until Sahn clubs him over the back of his head with a forearm smash. Chaolin takes the face of Chris Andrews, directing it towards the ladder, and brings Andrews' face-first into the outside of the ladder repeatedly. Chris Andrews loses his balance, falling to his knees after the fifth shot against the ladder. Chaolin Sahn leans Chris against the ladder, before running and bouncing off the ropes, coming back and hitting a flying knee drop to face of Chris Andrews, cracking his head into the ladder and causing it to topple over and land on the ropes.≠/≠

Mike Rolash: "Chris Andrews probably just lost a few of this tiny amounts of remaining brain cells with that sweet flying knee right, busting his head into the ladder!"

Jim Gunt: "I'm sure Chris Andrews is a much more intelligent man than you'll ever be. That's why he's making thousands of dollars a night in the ring, and you're still sitting here complaining about your job all the time."

Mike Rolash: "Nah, I just love to be an asshole, that's just me. You should have realized that years ago."

Jim Gunt: "I have, but that doesn't make it any more pleasant to work with you! Now Chaolin lifting Andrews to his feet, oh he irish whips him face first into the ladder, wow, did you hear that!?"

≠/≠Chris Andrews face bashes against the rungs of the ladder, after being whipped into it by Sahn. With Andrews' back to Sahn, leaning against the ladder in pain, Chaolin Sahn bounces off the ropes and ducks down in attempt to spear Andrew's into the ladder. Chris seems to sense this at the nick of time, sidestepping just a few feet away as Sahn flies into the air to spear him, instead crumpling against the ladder headfirst. Chaolin falls to the mat, holding his head and face and yelling Japanese obscenities. Chris Andrews hit's a few stomps on the side of Sahn, before setting the ladder up in the center of the ring. Andrews climbs halfway up the ladder, and looks back down at Chaolin Sahn getting to his feet. Andrews kicks at Sahn, trying to get a good shot in to his head. Chaolin Sahn grabs Chris Andrews' leg, yanking him down from the ladder, but Chris Andrews latches onto Chaolin Sahn, and spins in the air, bringing Sahn harshly down to the mat with an Implant DDT. The NY fans begin chanting "ANDREWS! ANDREWS!" very loudly after the amazing showing of athleticism from their hero.≠/≠

Jim Gunt: "What a DDT!! Chris Andrews now with the perfect opportunity to climb the ladder and become the first CWF World Champion!"

Mike Rolash: "Yeah, but he is up against "The Tormented Soul" Chaolin Sahn. You know what they say about psychotic poets."

Jim Gunt: "Actually...no I don't."

Mike Rolash: "Oh, neither do I, I was hoping that you would be able to come up with something. I guess we'll have to fix this bit for the CWF Wrestle Fest dvd, screw it."

=/=Jim Gunt gives his broadcast partner a raised eyebrow and strange look, as the Nassau Coliseum attendance begins to stomp their feet loudly against the concrete with Andrews and Sahn both laying flat on the mat below. Chris Andrews is the first man to get up to his feet, and assists Chaolin Sahn to his feet, nailing with an uppercut. Andrews grabs Sahn's shoulder, pulling back on his arm and attempts to whip him into the ropes, but it is reversed. Chaolin Sahn grabs Andrews after he bounces off the ropes, right into the arms of Chaolin, who grabs onto Andrews and tosses him high in the air with an overhead belly to belly suplex. Chris Andrews' momentum continues, soaring him over the top rope and crashing down uncontrollably right onto the middle of a set up ladder, causing the ladder to buckle and fold on him, landing with a sick thud as Andrews' crashes down to the floor.=/=

Jim Gunt: "HOLY SH*T! That ladder is certainly no protecting padding folks, Chris Andrews just flew in between that set-up ladder, causing it to fold right down on the poor CWF veteran!"

Mike Rolash: "Oh boo hiss, Chris Andrews knew what he was getting himself into when he signed the contract for this match. Sahn is going to rip him limb for limb, I wouldn't be surprised to see Andrews retire after tonight!"

Jim Gunt: "I highly doubt that, Mike. Both of these men may need medical treatment after this match is over, but believe me when it comes to fighting for the CWF World Heavyweight Championship, nothing will keep that stop Chris Andrews. He is back in CWF, and what an unbelievable main event he has fought Sahn in so far!"

=/=The nearby fans flock to the steel barricade closest to where Chris Andrews fell dangerously in between the ladder, trying to catch a worried glimpse of their hero. "The Tormented Soul" laughs evilly in the ring as he sees the destruction caused, before sliding outside. Chaolin Sahn kicks at the ladder's edges, causing the ladder to smash against the side of Andrews skull repeatedly. Sahn acknowledges the thundering boos from the NY audience with a demented smirk towards the audience themselves, before reentering the ring and grabbing ahold of the ladder already inside. Sahn stands the ladder in the center of the ring, noticing that Andrews is slowly arising. Chaolin steps on the bottom rung, and slowly climbs his way up, peering at the CWF World title with rabid eyes. The Cyndicate founder gets about halfway up the ladder, but at the same time Andrews has begun to climb the other side of the ladder at a very fast pace, meeting Sahn at the top with a huge punch to Sahn's forehead, nearly knocking him off the ladder. With the fans on their feet, Andrews grabs the head and neck of Chaolin Sahn, pulling both men off the top of the ladder with a huge diamond cutter, causing an erupting "CWF!" chant.=/=

Mike Rolash: "God damn, even I have to give it up to Chris Andrews after that, did you see the hang time these two competitors got there? 5-STAR MATCH!"

Jim Gunt: "Indeed, this match will go down in the CWF history books as one of the best events we have had since 2002, but its NOT over yet! What will it take to knock the other man out enough to be able to climb the whole way up the ladder, and take the CWF World championship!?"

Mike Rolash: "Well if that asshole Cain didn't ban the Cyndicate and every other CWF wrestler from this main event then it'd be over by now, but Sahn has to get back into it here!"

=/=The two World Championship contenders lay lifelessly on the mat with their arms sprawled out at full length, almost unconscious shells of their former selves. Chris Andrews slowly inches his way over to the ropes, pulling himself up to his feet with the assist of the middle rope. Andrews breathes heavy as he stares at the screaming fans yelling his name aloud, before sliding out of the ring and lifting the apron to look under the ring. Chris Andrews pulls out a wooden table, and then grabs onto another and yanks that second one out from under the ring also. Andrews looks into the ring and notices Chaolin Sahn just beginning to move, so the CWF veteran sets up one of the tables up. Chris Andrews hurries

to grab the other table, setting the legs straight up and lifting the table to sit directly on top of the first. But Chaolin Sahn stands behind Andrews, and grabs ahold of his shoulders to hit the devastating "Fool's Flask" backstabber, rapidly bringing Andrew's back down across his knees, causing loud jeers to reign down on the Cyndicate founder.=/=

Mike Rolash: "YES! That is exactly what I wanted to see, CWF's savior has awoken and hit the amazing Fool's Flask into the mid-back of Andrews. Now get in the ring and grab that belt!"

Jim Gunt: "Were you always this much of a suck up all your life?"

Mike Rolash: "Were you always this big of a flaming douchebag all your life? Let me answer that for you, ALWAYS!"

=/=With the CWF commentators once again mindlessly arguing, the action ensues outside of the ring as "The Tormented Soul" Chaolin Sahn lifts Andrews up, kneeling him in the chest multiple times to knock out whatever life the veteran still has in him, before hitting a scissor kick to the back of Andrews, knocking him back against another ladder. Sahn folds the ladder up, bringing it at full force to the chest of Chris Andrews with loud shots. Chaolin Sahn swings at Andrew's face with the ladder, but Andrews ducks out of the way, and tackles Chaolin off his feet followed by a flurry of right and lefts to the face. Chris Andrews hit's a standing elbow drop to Sahn, and then lifts him to his feet, and climbs the first table with one foot, lifting Chaolin Sahn to his back all the way on top of the second table. With every single Nassau Coliseum fan on their feet, Chris Andrew hurriedly slides back into the ring and climbs to the top rope, peering at the fans as they begin to chant out loud. Andrews smiles back at the fans before launching himself off the top rope with a jaw-dropping moonsault, flipping through the air, and landing into an excruciating leg drop away onto the chest of Sahn, crashing both men several feet through the middle of both tables, falling into a sick crumple of human flesh and wood pieces on the outside.=/=

Jim Gunt: "I have NO idea what is left to be said about this match! CWF legend Chris Andrews put his body completely on the line, flipping into air with a moonsault into a legdrop, sending him and Chaolin Sahn down to hell through both tables!!"

Mike Rolash: "The devastation from this ladder match will be on the minds of everyone watching tonight for a long, long time."

Jim Gunt: "And on the mind of Chris Andrews and Chaolin Sahn even longer! It is going to take a long time for either man to recover from this match, but only one man can leave with the CWF World championship for his efforts!"

=/=Ever fan claps aloud at the extravagant show being put on for them, as Chris Andrews slowly pulls himself out of the pile of wood rubbish and to his feet. Andrews stops to listen to his name being chanted like a loud echo throughout the entire arena. Andrews smiles as if the crowd's love takes away all the pain in him, pulling "The Tormented Soul" Chaolin Sahn out from within the table shards, sliding Sahn into the ring. Andrews slides into the ring and immediately goes after the ladder, turning it upside down and driving the head deep into the back of the evil Sahn. Chaolin Sahn yells in pain, but Andrews doesn't seem to notice as he directs repeated shots down with the ladder. Finally Chaolin turns around while Andrews raises the ladder, this time holding on desperately to the ladder in the air, stopping it from coming down across his chest. Sahn pushes at the ladder with all the life left in him, causing the leg of the ladder to dig right into Chris Andrew's face, busting him open immediately. Andrews holds his gushing forehead in shock and pain, backing up as he screams in agony.=/=

Mike Rolash: "BLOOD! YES!! Now that Andrews is busted open, its only going to be a matter of time, the World title is coming home to the Cyndicate baby!"

Jim Gunt: "OHH! Sahn just nailed Andrews across that face with that folded ladder, brutal!"

=/=Chaolin Sahn holds the ladder in hand, swinging it at Chris Andrews' face a second time, busting the steel against the bloody face of Andrews. Chaolin Sahn drops the steel ladder, and rolls out of the ring to grab an even larger ladder, looking to be at least twenty five feet tall. Sahn comes into the ring, setting the huge ladder in the middle of the ring, but

doesn't look like he is done as he positions the original ladder in the corner, using both sides of the ropes to lay the ladder on the top rope. Chaolin Sahn sees that Chris Andrews has gotten to his knees, and lifts back his foot at full length, before abruptly swinging frontwards and hitting a sick Japanese style kick right to the crimson waterfall otherwise known as Chris Andrews' face. Chaolin lifts Andrews to his feet, peering over at the audience filling the air with large boos, and sends an evil smile, causing a distraction just long enough for Andrews to gain footing and hit a stiff chop to the chest of Chaolin Sahn. Chris Andrews pulls the Cyndicate founder onto his shoulders, and in agony walks over to the large twenty five foot ladder and begins to climb to the top of the ladder, holding Sahn so that he stands facing the opposite direction of the ladder.

With every one in the entire arena on their feet in anticipation, Chris Andrews leaps off into the incredible heights with Sahn in hand, coming straight for the folded up ladder in the corner. Andrews pulls Sahn towards him mid-air, and the smash against the steel ladder with Andrews' unbelievable "The Breaker", causing Sahn to smash into the ladder face-first, and a small trickle of blood begin to drip from Sahn's mouth. The Nassau Coliseum begins a loud "ANDREWS!" chant as he gets to his feet with complete joy on his dry-bloodied face, setting up the giant ladder with the CWF World championship in sight. Chris Andrews climbs to the top of the ladder, but notices that the ladder is too far over to be able to grab for the World title. As Andrews attempts to climb down the ladder, the lights go off in the arena and for a short moment, everything is still and quiet. All of a sudden a man wearing the famous Cyndicate black hooded robe can be seen jumping out from the crowd, and slides into the ring. The lights come back on just as the man grabs onto Chris Andrews, pulling him off of the ladder into the powerbomb position. The man in the hooded robe throws Andrews in the air, turning the move into a Death Valley Driver, and spiking Andrews right on his head to the mat below, causing the livid fans to boo the mystery assailant at the top of their lungs.=/=

Jim Gunt: "OH COME ON!!? This is NOT the way this match is supposed to end, Mike! The new CWF commissioner specifically banned everyone from the company from interfering in this match, and now THIS?! Whoever this masked assailant is, when they are found out they will be FIRED!"

Mike Rolash: "Shut the hell up, I love it! But where have I seen that move before..."

=/=Security rushes into the ring, attempting to grab the masked assailant, but hops back over the barricade and quickly makes his way through the fans. "The Tormented Soul" pulls himself to his feet, just in time to see the black robed attacker disappearing through the audience, and Sahn looks on with a strange, almost confused look on his face. Chaolin sees the body of Chris Andrews crumpled together in a sick bloody mess, and pulls the ladder to the center of the ring, climbing rung for rung until he gets to the top. Chaolin Sahn looks down at Andrews still completely unconscious, and laughs evilly, pulling the CWF World Heavyweight championship off the brass ring holding it in the air. Sahn raises the World championship triumphantly to the resounding boos of the New York fans.=/=

Ray Douglas: "The winner of this HUGE Main Event Ladder Match and the NEW Championship Wrestling Federation World Heavyweight Champion..."**"THE TORMENTED SOUL" CHAOLIN SAHN!!!!**

=/=Chaolin Sahn slaps the World title in happiness, before placing the belt around his waist and dropping off the ladder. "Vilespine" Joshua Monroe and Chris Xtreme run out from the back, sliding into the ring and posing with the Cyndicate founder as causing the jeering to get even louder in the Nassau Coliseum. They lifts Sahn onto their shoulders, as pyros begin shooting off the rampway signifying the end of an unbelievable night. The screen goes black as the Cyndicate celebrates, and a CWF logo comes across your screen to end the biggest night in the federation's history.=/=

Frozen Over 4 PPV - 11/03/2009

Match

=/=We cut to the inside of a TV studio, the on-camera clock telling us it is 8am. A group of children sit on a brightly coloured mat, while in front of them sit three chairs. On two of them sit a man and a woman, mid-20s, blonde and made

over to impossible levels, sit beaming at the children; the third chair is vacant. The female has a large name tag reading Rosie, while the male has one reading Jim.=/=

Rosie: "We've got a special surprise for you today kids!"

Jim: "That's right Rosie! All the way from the Championship Wrestling Federation, your friend and mine - Omega!"

=/=The children start to cheer excitedly. Omega skips into the room, seeming a little unsteady on her feet, and gives out small bags to the children from a large satchel on her arm. The bags contain action figures of each member of the Insurgency, some candy, confetti, a packet of matches, and a sticker with an Omega symbol on it. And several cookies shaped like hearts. Omega takes a seat between Rosie and Jim. As she looks at the camera we can see her eyes are a little bloodshot.=/=

Omega: "Hello, boys and girls!"

Rosie: "Good morning Omega! And how are you today?"

Omega: "Ehhh...kids, sometimes grownups have this very special cola that makes them all giggly and giddy and it's a lot of fun. But the next day it can make you feel very very icky inside and owwie and headache and stuff. And it hurts. But not nearly as much as Franklin and Sharkie are going to!"

=/=The kids burst into enthusiastic applause; Omega grins widely but winces a little, clutching a hand to her head. Jim and Rosie glance at one another, then shrug.=/=

Jim: "You're back in the UK for a tour with CWF, last week you were up in Glasgow, is that correct?"

Omega: "Rightaroonie! Being up in Scotland was made of aweome. We had lots of fun and met lots of groovy people. Except this one guy who kept trying to...um, never mind kiddies, I'll tell you when you're older!"

Rosie: "And this week it's the pay-per-view event at Wembley?"

Omega: "Totally! It's called Frozen Over and it's going to be epic and exciting and stuff. I have this special boy called Elijah and he and I are going to be having lots of exciting times - and you're all invited!"

Rosie: "That sounds brill! We're just going to take a couple of questions from the kids and then get on with the shows for this morning. The first is from Graham, aged 8: Dear Little Miss O, when you were little what did you want to be when you grew up?"

Omega: "An aeroplane. Or a spidermonkey. Sometimes I wanted to combine the two but the RSPCA said that would be naughty."

Jim: "...okay, second question, this one from Sophia, aged six. At your bonfire party you and your friends were horrible and nasty to that lovely Mister Highlander. Why?"

Omega: "That's a fair question Sophia. You see boys and girls, Highlander is a very nice boy, one of the nicest in the whole CWF, and he's very good in the ring and is usually lovely to everybody. But last week he was very mean to two of my bestest friends, Angelica and Chris Andrews. Highlander is lovely but he's easily distracted and when naughty people like King Nothing get to him they can make him do naughty things.

So Highlander and King Nothing attacked my friends and made them all hurty and owwie and sad. And that makes me sad too. You wouldn't like it if your friends got all hurt, would you boys and girls?"

=/=The children say "no" in unison as though at school.=/=

Omega: "You see, the Insurgency, we're like one big happy family - Caino is the big brother, Angel is the angry teenager, I'm the kid sister and my lover's the middle kid off in his own little world. And Chris and Angelica are those fun kids from next door who come round all the time to play video games and watch old episodes of Star Trek.

If people are mean to our friends, sometimes we have to be mean to them back. But Highlander said he was sorry and I believe him because he is a very nice boy deep down. But if he does it again there'll be no more cookies for him - EVER!"

Jim: "You are a cruel and heartless woman."

Omega: "That's what they pay me for. And there's plenty of cookies left for you, Jimbo!"

Jim: "Yey!"

Rosie: "We'll be back soon for more talk with Omega but for now - wait, do you want to do this bit?"

Omega: "Yey! We'll be back soon kids, for now we've got more adventures with Sarah Jane Smith, right here on CBBC! Rock and roll!"

Jim: "Rock and, indeed, roll."

≠/≠The theme to Sarah Jane begins to fade in and Omega waves manically to the camera. As the scene fades out we can just hear her whisper the word "paracetamol" to one of the presenters.≠/≠

Jarvis King vs. Alex Cain

Match

≠/≠"Edge of Seventeen" by Stevie Nicks hits the PA and the lights cut down low, save a single white spotlight at the front of the ramp.

Just like a white-winged dove, sings a song

Sounds like she's singin'

Ooh

Ooh

Ooh

Anticipating the entrance of The International Icon, several fans get to their feet, hurling insults and jeers at the approaching superstar. As the song reaches a fever pitch, smoke begins to pour in front of the curtain, obscuring its view. That handful of fans becomes the full crowd, as Jarvis King steps out from the smoke with a towel around his neck and his trademark cocky grin, Cain's World championship wrapped around his waist. He saunters down the ramp a few yards before lifting his left fist in the air, bringing down a shower of sparks around him. Once the pyro stops, the lights come back up and King resumes his deliberate pace towards the ring.≠/≠

Ray Douglas: "Welcome California and fans all around the world to CWF Genesis's MAAAAIINNN EVENT! A match that is literally years in the making, where we will see the top athlete of the past put up his unbeaten World championship streak against one of the hottest upstarts in the last seven months. First to the ring in this sixty minute long iron man is the challenger, he is one of the most infamous competitors to ever hit the company, a man the fans love to hate. One of the longest running champions ever in CWF, tonight at Genesis he looks to take the top spot in the company for the very first time. From Halifax, Nova Scotia, he is the International Icon and leader of the Entourage....JARVIS KING!!!"

≠/≠The fans boo the announcement as if it's the first time that Jarvis has shown his face. King raises his arm in the air to acknowledge the announcement as he walks to the ring. He circles the ring, mouthing off to various fans and rolls into the ring. He gets into the centre of the ring, raises his left arm into the air once again, spinning around. He takes off, bouncing off the ropes before handing the title over to the referee to await the biggest match of his life.≠/≠

Jim Gunt: "The atmosphere is absolutely electric here in the Palms Springs Convention Center, the moment is finally here Mike! For the next full hour we're going to watch the biggest and best spectacle CWF has ever put on, this is the first time to my knowledge that we've ever put on an Iron Man match!"

Mike Rolash: "I can't freaking wait for this! I have been waiting three long months to see Cain get the World Title permanently ripped away, and tonight the night has finally come!"

Jim Gunt: "We'll see Mike, I must admit that Jarvis King is truly on top of his game tonight. He's never looked more determined, but is that going to be enough to survive an hour with the most successful World champion we've ever had in CWF?"

≠/≠The lights around the roof of the Palms Springs Convention Center go dark the roar of a bike is heard. "Hysteria" by Muse hits.

Cain steps into the stadium as red and white flames erupt along the stage, he raises his fist into the air as the flames die down and blue ones erupt beside him. He beats his fist on his chest and then points to the crowd all around the arena, signifying the place he holds for them all in his heart. He walks down the aisle slapping hands and saying hello to kids, he gets to the ring and rolls in under the bottom rope. fireworks of Red White and Blue erupt from the ring posts as Cain walks around the ring signaling his appreciation to the crowd that are cheering him like never before.≠/≠

Ray Douglas: "Ladies and gentleman, here is his opponent and the CWF World Heavyweight Champion! He is the living legend and the most widely recognized face in this company's long decade of dominance. Easily the most successful champion we've had through the years, he boasts an unbeaten record as the World champion inside the squared circle. But as the years begin to pass by for perhaps the greatest competitor ever in CWF, does he still have what it takes to last an entire hour's worth of pure war? Tonight at Genesis he will put his title, career, and life on the line to prove that he not only still has it but is in better shape than ever before. From London, England, give it up for the defending champion....CAIN!!!"

≠/≠The Big Man walks over to the turnbuckle and climbs up, raising his fist into the air and then pointing to the crowd, the crowd in that corner of the stadium pop insanely, he repeats it at the other 3 corners to the same effect. Cain climbs down off the last turnbuckle and steps out of the ring, he walks over to a kid in the crowd and pats him on the head, taking off his trench coat and handing it to the kid before rolling back into the ring to a huge cheer of approval from the Californian audience.≠/≠

Jim Gunt: "I mentioned how determined Jarvis King looked when he came to the ring, but my god look at the self-confidence in the big man. Apparently joining that fight club has brought a new exuberance to the legend, he looks more than ready for this."

Mike Rolash: "Cain may think he's ready for this Iron Man match in his mind, but I bet his body will tell him differently as the time passes. He is thirty seven years old, just doesn't have the same stamina he had years ago."

Jim Gunt: "I disagree with that statement, just look at the World champion. He's stylin and profile-lin tonight in front of this sold out crowd, and the fans are on the feet showing their love for the hall of famer!"

Mike Rolash: "Jarvis King doesn't look as impressed however, he's staring a hole right through Cain! There is no love lost between these two competitors after Jarvis made remarks about Cain's deceased ex-wife and then the recent weeks of Cain messing with Jarvis King's autistic younger brother."

"Let's Go Cain~! Let's Go Cain~!"

"Let's Go Jarvis~! Let's Go Jarvis~!"

"Let's Go Cain~! Let's Go Cain~!"

"Let's Go Jarvis~! Let's Go Jarvis~!"

Jim Gunt: "I have never in my history of professional wrestling broadcasting heard a crowd reaction like this, every single one of the thousands of fans in attendance are on their feet chanting their lungs out."

Mike Rolash: "But notice the gigantic section of Jarvis King fans, he may be widely disliked by the fans but at least a large group has come to pay their respects to the greatest thing to hit CWF television!"

Jim Gunt: "It's time for the match to finally get underway, as you will notice the time will count down from sixty on the CWF tron. At the end of the hour whoever has the most victories over their opponent will walk out of Genesis as the World champion. Here we go!"

Without more than a second to get their breath, the fans continue chanting aloud as the official motions for the ring bell. The looks on Cain and Jarvis King's faces tell the entire story as neither man blinks once as they pace themselves to the center of the ring. Jarvis and Cain, two of the biggest stars in CWF's decade long history but yet two men who have never stepped in the ring and stared each other down in a one on one contest, until this very extraordinary moment. The staredown continues in the ring as neither man goes in for the first move, instead using their eyes to attempt to cause the other to back down.

The Tron flickers 59:10, the two iron men glaring at each other for almost a full minute in complete silence. Finally Jarvis King makes the first maneuver on Cain, launching a right hand under his jaw to knock Cain back with a stiff uppercut. The Living Legend holds onto his chin in frustration, walking right back over to Jarvis but getting an echoing slap across the face for his troubles. The International Icon chuckles at the World champion as his face grows a bright shade of red, the anger seeping from him as he stomps on the canvas. Jarvis King motions for Cain to come at him again, but this time the Insurgency founder charges at King and sends him flipping over his arm with a devastating clothesline from hell.

Jim Gunt: "Cain clearly has had ENOUGH of Jarvis King's games!"

Mike Rolash: "What are you talking about games? Jarvis King was just showing Cain the truth, the fact that Cain's his bitch!"

Jim Gunt: "I can't believe even you had the audacity to say that. Cain is showing right now that he's nobodies bitch, especially the Entertaining Enigma!"

Mike Rolash: "I thought it was the Ethernet Enigma? Even I am starting to get confused with all these nicknames.."

Instead of continuing his attack on Jarvis King, Cain instead decides to walk back over to his corner and wait for the challenger to get to his feet. King rises with his back turned to the big man, but as Cain approaches him and turns him around he's met with a deeply dug in eye rake. He yells out in pain as he grabs onto his right eye, the referee's warning to Jarvis King being ignored as he sends a boot into the ribs of the World champion.

King attacks him with a second front kick to the ribs before whipping him into the ropes, eventually catching Cain and bringing him down to the canvas with a AA Spinebuster. Jarvis King takes a quick glance up to the clock to see 56:22 remaining before pulling Cain back up to his feet, Cain gets in a right handed jab but Jarvis blocks it and pushes Cain back into the turnbuckle with a shoulder block.

The Entourage leader once again drives into the ribs of Cain with a second shoulder block, and a third, finally wrenching back and preparing to hit a fourth and final shoulder block. Jarvis King waits a few seconds before hitting the final one however, showboating to the thousands of booing fans on their feet as Cain leans against the ropes. Jarvis King then lowers his head and goes in towards the corner, but suddenly the champion launches his legs up and splats him down with a heavy Dropkick to the face.

Jim Gunt: "We're just a little over five minutes into this matchup, but what a start to this Genesis main event. These two competitors are wasting no time at all, coming out quick with some impressive moves!"

Mike Rolash: "I wouldn't be surprised at all to see this Iron Man match come down to a four to five finish or even more victories, these two have prepared and trained for this very moment and are going to leave it all in the ring tonight."

Jim Gunt: "I think the key in a match like this is to pace yourself though Mike, yes you want to be the one getting the very first victory but you can't expend yourself to the point where the sixty minutes feels like it'll never end."

Mike Rolash: "To be honest, I'm starting to feel that way already, commentating with you for one hour straight is my worst nightmare come true."

≠/≠Cain grabs ahold of Jarvis King's hair and pulls him up to his knee, showing surprising aggression by shouting obscenities in the Icon's face before launching a rapid assault of right hands into his forehead. Jarvis King tries to block the punches but Cain's experienced fighting skills get the better of him quickly, eventually causing him to fall down on his back as Cain continues his brutal beating. The CWF official finally comes over to the scene as the Living Legend gets in a tenth straight fist to Jarvis King's super model features, he pulls Cain back by his shoulder and raises a finger to warn him of the straight fists.

For a few seconds it looks like the fuming World champion could take his frustration out on the official, but instead Cain sighs aloud and gathers himself before leaning down to pull King back to his feet. He continues pulling the International Icon up, lifting Jarvis King all the way up onto his shoulder's with his head and neck hanging over his shoulders. Cain then sprints over to the corner and flicks the former Paramount champion off his shoulders forward, the momentum causing Jarvis King to splat head-first into the turnbuckle.≠/≠

Mike Rolash: "You could hear the sound of Jarvis King's skull cracking the steel top of that turnbuckle from all the way over here, sick!"

Jim Gunt: "Cain isn't messing around tonight ladies and gentlemen, he's kept a fairly good pace so far in this Iron Man match and came up big with that hot shot!"

Mike Rolash: "Almost nine minutes have gone by and we haven't seen a pinfall attempt from either one of these two yet, it's plain to see that they want to do some serious damage before even trying for the win."

≠/≠Jarvis King stumbles backwards after landing into the turnbuckle, falling right into the arms of Cain who places his arm around both his hips and crashes King down with a Back Drop. The Hall of Famer turns his head from side to side as thousands of fans cheer him on, bringing a smile to his face as he saunters over to the Squire of Sex Appeal. Cain turns Jarvis onto his back and grabs ahold of both of his legs, followed by sending a stomp right into the groin of the challenger.

Cain wraps his right leg in between the two of Jarvis King's, getting ready to set him up for a figure four leglock. In one split second however, Jarvis King sweeps the legs of Cain out from under him with his own nimble feet, immediately coming onto his knees to grab onto Cain's left ankle. Jarvis King lets out a cocky scream as he snaps the ankle of the World champion sideways, the sadistic intent clearly coming through his eyes as he places the ankle lock in fully.

Cain uses his size and power to try to fight out of the submission as quick as he possibly can, turning himself over onto his back and placing his uncaught boot into King's gut. The Entourage Enigma coughs out as he leans forward, leaving Cain the seconds to get up to his feet and scoop him up for a Fireman's Carry, doubling Jarvis King over and ending the maneuver in a devastating DDT. Cain hooks both legs of his opponent as the fans yell out in excitement.≠/≠

Referee: 1.....2..Kickout!

Jim Gunt: "A very impressive Fireman's Carry DDT from the legend Cain, but the first cover did not prove to be a successful one. Neither competitor has picked up a fall yet!"

Mike Rolash: "There are forty eight minutes remaining in this strenuous match, stamina has yet to become a key factor as of this moment. Instead we're seeing each man throw some major blows to try to get the early advantage."

Jim Gunt: "Cain is showing his sheer in-ring experience by staying on Jarvis King though, he hasn't let up and instead went in for a headlock!"

≠Cain pulls Jarvis King up into a seated position, wrapping his huge right bicep around the neck of the cocky superstar. King presses his knees up and attempts to get to a standing position, but is instead wrenched downwards further and further with the champion's headlock. In a last ditch effort to break out Jarvis King lowers his shoulders and presses Cain forward, sending the Living Legend into a sprint towards the ropes. As Cain bounces against the ropes and comes back towards him, Jarvis King catches him upon his shoulders and flips him to the canvas with a textbook Samoan Drop.

The former Paramount champion now has gold set in his sights as he pulls Cain to his feet and throws him backwards into the corner. Jarvis King smirks for a second before rearing back, sending an open hand right at Cain's upper chest. The Insurgency leader's chest heaves from the pain, but Jarvis King doesn't let up and hits him with a second, third, and fourth knife-edge chop to his now reddened chest. Cain cracks his right elbow across the jaw of King to try to break out of the corner, but instead King is further infuriated as he grabs Cain with both arms and spins around with the champion in helm, tossing Cain violently up and over the top rope with a Spinning Belly to Belly Suplex.≠

Jim Gunt: "I know it's a little early to say this but I think it's warranted...HOLY SHIT!"

Mike Rolash: "Cain landed on the back of his neck on the outside, we're barely one fourth through this matchup and medics are already rushing down the entrance ramp!"

Jim Gunt: "This does not look good folks, it would be a tragedy if the World champion had to forfeit the title due to a major injury."

Mike Rolash: "A tragedy? It would be outright bullshit!"

≠With 44:36 remaining in the match, even the International Icon's face is blank, devoid from the normal cocky grin as a few of CWF's best medics try to help Cain to his feet. The thousands of Palm Springs fans have fallen into a quiet hush as the medics grab onto the big man's arms and help him to his feet. His body is dead weight in their arms, the three of them barely being able to pull him up.

The stubborn World champion pushes the young males away however, grabbing one of the medics and sending him into the steel guardrail with a hip toss. The crowd go wild as the Hall of Famer stumbles towards the ring with his left arm massaging the back of his neck in pain. Jarvis King goes right in for the attack as Cain slides into the ring, not letting the big man up as he lets out a vicious stomp to the back of his neck. Sweltering boos begin to come from all around the ring but the Entertaining Enigma pays them no mind, proverbially telling the fans to fuck off by delivering yet another stomp to their beloved hero.

Jarvis now senses that he may have the match in hand, grabbing Cain up to his feet by his hair to set him up for the Straightjacket Suplex. The World champion is launched overhead with the German, but somehow lands right on his feet behind Jarvis King. Suddenly Jarvis is turned upside down in the hands of Cain, staring down at the canvas for a split second before the Living Legend leaps in the air and delivers an excruciating Jumping Piledriver. Cain crawls over to the body of Jarvis King and goes for the cover for the second time.≠

Referee: 1.....2.....3!

Ray Douglas: "And the winner of the first fall by pin....CAIN!!!"

Jim Gunt: "What an incredible match we have seen so far, it has taken twenty minutes for the first pinfall but both these superstars have a long way to go before this thing is over with."

Mike Rolash: "I still can't believe my eyes, Cain got the first pinfall!? Jarvis King has pretty much dominated Cain from the start of this Iron Man, but I guess it proves that Cain has more in his playbook than Jarvis thought!"

Jim Gunt: "You're damned right he does. He may have settled on the Annihilator as his finisher of choice, but I believe Jarvis King underestimated our World champion a bit."

Mike Rolash: "Maybe he did and maybe he didn't, but now the Entourage header has a full untimed minute to get back up to his feet. That is plenty of time to regain his bearing and get him ready to take out Old Man Time."

≠/≠Cain celebrates the first pinfall in the corner as the referee stands next to the still downed Jarvis King with a stopwatch in his hand. King finally rolls over and uses the ropes to help himself back to his feet, the official signaling that the minute is passed and the match back underway. Jarvis King and Cain approach each other in the center of the ring and once more the crowd is electric as the two men stand off, Cain finally breaking the staring by offering a test of strength with the smaller challenger. Jarvis shows no fear in his acceptance of the offer, placing both of his hands within Cain's and attempting to push him down to his knees.

The Living Legend twists his biceps and uses his upper body strength to turn Jarvis back down to the mat, towering over him as he outstrength him. The International Icon mouths something out of anger, nailing a head butt that catches the bridge of Cain's nose out of pure desperation. Jarvis King turns into a shark in the water as he sees the blood trickling down from the nostrils of Cain, seeking out yet another injury derived from the grueling match. The future Hall of Famer places the back of his boot against the nose of Cain, grinding his foot into his face as the fan's let him have it with a chorus of jeers.≠/≠

Jim Gunt: "The audience is sure showing their hatred for the challenger Jarvis King, but it seems like he feeds off their loathing energy and turns it into inspiration to hurt Cain even worse!"

Mike Rolash: "If there is an injury to pinpoint then Jarvis will find it, he has studied tape after tape of Cain and came into this match more prepared than anyone ever before. He just needs to get that first win, and quick!"

Jim Gunt: "That's exactly what I admire about.."

Mike Rolash: "So have you heard the rumors going on about you getting replaced soon?"

Jim Gunt: "WHAT!?! You can't be serious, you aren't serious, I mean who could replace me?"

Mike Rolash: "Don't shoot the messenger, but I've heard they're really pulling to sign Conan O'Brien. I started a petition to get the higher ups to get a contract set up with him, and what can I say, it took off. It was really nice knowing you buddy."

Jim Gunt: "You're such a dick!"

≠/≠Jarvis King now pushes Cain onto his back, sitting on his chest and drilling down right hands to the bridge of his nose. Blood begins to find its way onto every inch of his knuckles as he obliterates the nose of Cain with quick but effective shots. The official grabs King up to his feet and warns him but the Icon just gives the referee a small shove, coming right back and stomping down on the face of Cain. Jarvis King is truly in his element as he spins around the ring a few feet away from Cain, raising his arms in the air with an arrogant smile on his face as the crowd sends deafening boos in his direction.

Jarvis turns his attention to Cain as he sees him sliding to his feet, wiping the trickling crimson from his face in frustration. Jarvis King sprints over to Cain but the big man ducks his head under, catching the Entourage leader and flinging him through the air with a Back Body Drop. Jarvis now wrenched to his feet from behind by the champion, Cain placing his arms around King's and up over his head for a Full Nelson. Jarvis quickly breaks it however and floats over to the back of Cain, crossing the Living Legend's arms and bridging him backwards for a perfect Straightjacket Overhead German Suplex. Most of the excited crowd send boos towards the ring while a small section count along with the CWF official.≠/≠

Mike Rolash: "Straightjacket! It's over!!!"

Referee: 1.....2.....3!

Ray Douglas: "And now it's all tied up! The winner of the second fall by pin....JARVIS KING!!"

Jim Gunt: "What an insane reversal into the Straightjacket Suplex by Jarvis King, can you believe we're only halfway through this contest? Both these two men have already put each other through hell, but they are going to have to do a lot more to survive another thirty minutes!"

Mike Rolash: "Jarvis King is going to be able to sit out the next five minutes, there's not a way Cain's getting up from that anytime soon!"

Jim Gunt: "The referee has started the minute for Cain to get to his feet, but he hasn't moved an inch since taking one of Jarvis' numerous finishing maneuvers."

Mike Rolash: "Goodnight Irene, hello new World champion Jarvis King!"

≠/≠Jarvis King salivates as the referee motions that Cain's minute has passed, the big man still laying prone on the canvas as the Iron Man time clock reads 29:41. But as Jarvis saunters over to Cain to lift him up with assurance in his eyes, suddenly Cain springs up and launches his body into Jarvis King's, the two competitors flying backwards after the shocking Spear. Cain gets to his feet just as the crowd explode in cheers, and he keeps their love going as he goes immediately over to the corner to climb to the top rope. Cain measures up the International Icon with his eyes painting a bright red target over him.

Jarvis King climbs to his feet and turns around just in time to see the big man smiling back at him from less than five feet away. Cain leaps off the top rope and raises his right arm straight in the air, taking Jarvis King down to the canvas like a pile of bricks with the Top Rope Clothesline. The big man wipes away the dried blood from his nose and goes right back to lift Jarvis to his feet. Jarvis King is staggered by a round of right and left jabs to the face, the fifth one knocking him backwards into the corner. Cain backs up and charges at Jarvis King but he springs both feet off the middle rope and does a front flip over the head of Cain, catching onto his pants on the way down and pulling him into a surprise roll-up.≠/≠

Referee: 1.....2.....NO! KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: "Jarvis King with his second...ah damn it! What a close call there, but Cain somehow pulled himself out of that trapping rolling pin attempt, leaving it still tied one one here!"

Jim Gunt: "Indeed, Jarvis nearly caught the Fearless Phenom with a surprise pin, but once again the wily veteran was ready for him!"

Mike Rolash: "What do you mean once again? Jarvis King just caught Cain with the Straightjacket Suplex five minutes ago, and I bet you he's just itching to hit another on the Barely Living Legend."

≠/≠Jarvis King sighs as the referee waves two fingers in his face, before turning his eyes back towards Cain and dragging him towards the corner. The Entourage leader places the back of Cain's head against the bottom turnbuckle pad, quickly walking backwards a few steps as a sadistic smile begins to grow over his face. Jarvis then dashes towards Cain and leaps up just as he approaches the corner, bending his knees and absolutely creaming Cain with a double-legged Dropkick to the face.

The blood once again begins to slowly drip from the nose of Cain as Jarvis King stands over him with a self-assured smirk, pointing at his stomach as the fans send showers of jeers his way, the International Icon looking right into the camera and mouthing "Next World Champion, baby!" Jarvis glances up again at the CWF Tron and sees that there is only 24:10 left in the World Heavyweight title Iron Man, his time wearing thinner and thinner to become exactly what he's said he would be.

Jarvis grabs the back of Cain's head and grinds his face into the canvas with disgust, spitting down on Cain as he senselessly presses his face to the mat. Jarvis King finally stops as Cain wrenches back his arms to strike against his

own, quickly turning the tide and locking both of Cain's arms and front flipping over him, hooking him into the dangerously bridged Cattle Mutilation submission. Cain's limbs hang wildly in the air as the crowd fall silent in worry, his hopes of keeping the advantage in the Iron Man depleting as the seconds go by.=/=

Mike Rolash: "It's all over for the World champion here, there is no way possible to get out of the Cattle Mutilation!"

Jim Gunt: "The Cattle Mutilation submission hold is just sadistic by design, Cain should probably tap out now or risk his arms being ripped right out of their sockets."

Mike Rolash: "And what a sight that would be! Jarvis King wants to end Cain's career tonight, he has even said those exact words himself. If he doesn't put Cain out for good then he will feel his job was only half done."

Jim Gunt: "His job may not be done at all, Mike. Cain is using every bit of the fight left in him to try to get out of the Cattle Mutilation, and if anyone can break the hold it would be the big man!"

=/=Jarvis King arches his body in the air with his head tucked down around Cain's, all four arms intertwined in a sickening position. The World champion has little to no chance to break out of the hold so the official quickly asks him if he would like to submit. Instead Cain breaks his right arm out of the maneuver and shoves his way out of the submission, accidentally pushing Jarvis King up into the CWF referee. The fans let out an "OOOHH" as the referee collapses in through the ropes and falls to the outside of the ring.

The Living Legend tries to crawl to the ropes to help bring himself to his feet, but the exhaustion has taken a toll on his body as he falls right back down. Jarvis King though is on his feet with a refreshed ring sense, the International Icon once again realizing that the World championship may be his for the taking. Jarvis measures up Cain as he once again tries to rise, coming across the top of the Hall of Famer's head with a stinging Bicycle Kick.

Jarvis King pulls him right back up and sets the defending champion up for a DDT, spending a few seconds to backtalk the fans as they begin to send another wave of boos towards him. King's jaw drops as Cain slips out of his grip, slamming a front kick to his midsection to double him over and set him up in the powerbomb position.

The challenger tries to fight out of the legend's finishing maneuver with a hard right hand to the forehead, followed by a left jab to the face that does just as little effect, Cain instead runs towards the center of the ring and drills Jarvis King to the canvas with a perfect Annihilator. The fans that have come from around the world to watch the Genesis pay per view stand in excitement, each one of them screaming as the official very slowly crawls back into the ring and makes the count.=/=

Referee: 1.....2.....3!?NOOO!!! HE GOT HIS SHOULDER UP!!

Jim Gunt: "Are you kidding me!? Cain laid it all on the line there, the Annihilator is the move that has put away legend after legend through the years. But it somehow didn't put away Jarvis King!"

Mike Rolash: "If there is any doubt in the fan's eyes about the heart and determination of Jarvis King, those doubts have been surely put to bed here at Genesis. Not only has he scouted every move Cain has to offer, but he just kicked out of the Annihilator!"

Jim Gunt: "Jarvis has called out Cain for only having one worthy finishing maneuver, and he very well may have just proved his point. But the fact remains, Cain has the challenger in his hands right now and all its going to take is another high impact move and the Insurgency founder will be one win up."

Mike Rolash: "But the competitors need to make sure they're keeping the eye on the clock here Jimmy, there is less than twenty minutes left in this grueling match. We're getting down to the nitty gritty now and every single win counts."

=/=Cain is just as shocked as the thousands of fans packed in the Palms Springs Convention Center, his mouth gaped open as the referee motions that it was only a two count. To continue the utter surprise in Cain's emotions, Jarvis King

somehow begins to crawl across the canvas and begin picking himself right back up to his feet. After the strenuous match both competitors have already put on, Cain sees that his opponent's second wind may be short and charges in to hit a running High Knee to King's face.

For the first time in the Iron Man match Cain takes a very obvious look at the CWF Tron, his body taking a complete beating and his eyes seeing the clock that has 19:09 remaining on it. Cain lets out a sigh and grabs onto Jarvis King while sliding out of the ring, pulling his challenger along with him as he slowly stumbles over to the steel ring steps. The referee begins the count for both men as Cain swings his right hand into an arch, connecting with a thunderous European Uppercut that causes Jarvis to fall backwards into the steps.=

Referee: 1.... 2.... 3.... 4....

≠Cain listens to the referee's count but it is almost an afterthought in his brain, his attention directly sent at Jarvis King as he charges and swings his boot into the International Icon's skull. The sick momentum causes an echo as the back of Jarvis' skull connects with the steel, but Cain isn't satisfied as he picks him right back up to hook the former Paramount champion with a Double Arm DDT.

Instead of Cain dropping his challenger straight down on the steps, he lets the personal tension between the two competitors get to him and flicks King's body through the air in almost a Suplex position, driving the very top of Jarvis King's head into the bottom step with a powerful thud that grows even more resounding with the amazing cheers that follow it.=

Referee: 5.... 6....

Jim Gunt: "Jarvis King's forehead was torn wide open with that brutal Double Arm DDT right into the unforgiving steel steps!"

Mike Rolash: "And it appears to have caught him pretty damn good, as his face has practically become a crimson mask already!"

Jim Gunt: "What happens if both men get counted out in a matchup like this, Mike? Because that very well could happen right now unless Cain can quickly pull himself into the ring."

≠Cain pulls himself to his feet just as his eyes catch the bloody sight of Jarvis King. King lays on his back appearing to be unconscious from the blow to the steel steps, but the count out from the CWF referee causes Cain to snap out of it and quickly pick him up and roll him inside the squared circle. The big man pulls up on the ropes to get up onto the apron, breaking the count at a dangerous nine as he wanders over to the nearest turnbuckle. The fans are on their feet in sheer anticipation as Cain gains his balance on the top rope, measuring the International Icon up with his eyes.

"Clap Clap Clap! Let's Go Cain! Clap Clap Clap!"

The Insurgency founder can be seen mouthing a slew of words in the direction of Jarvis King, the personal aggravation getting the better of him as he prepares himself to dive off the top rope. The thousands of crowd members continue to chant their beloved Hall of Famer along, watching in shock as he leaps off the top rope and goes into a full backflip, sending himself through the air with the grace of a dove.

The magnificent Shooting Star Press ends tragically however, just as Cain is moments away from landing on Jarvis King with what would sure to be a match ender, the Icon shoots both legs into the air and decisively knocks the head right off Cain with a savage kick to the face. Cain's body crashes next to Jarvis King, both men laying on their back with their eyes deeply shut. Neither man can hardly even move their bodies anymore, the Iron Man match truly beginning to take it's toll on the men.=

Jim Gunt: "We're in the last fifteen minutes of this grinding World Title Iron Man, but you have to believe that Cain would have easily gotten a three count if he landed that Shooting Star Press. When was the last time we've seen the

Big Man attempt such a high flying maneuver!?"

Mike Rolash: "But the risk did not pay off for him, did it? Cain may have rethought his strategy going into tonight's battle, but Jarvis King has had counters for him almost every step of the way!"

Jim Gunt: "Now Jarvis has the opportunity of a life time here, if he can get to his feet Cain should be easy pickings."

Mike Rolash: "Talk about easy pickings, your mum.."

Jim Gunt: "Don't even start Mike, the show is nearing it's end and we don't need you ruining the glorious atmosphere of this Iron Man match."

≠/≠The deep and painful breaths can easily be heard from both competitors as they lay less than a foot away from each other, the noise of the Californian audience cheering on the defending champion instead wakes up Jarvis King and allows him to slowly get to his feet. Jarvis King stumbles backwards and catches his balance before bouncing against the ropes, springing back and landing a standing Leg Drop to the heart of Cain. He then grabs Cain by the arm and lifts him to his feet, leveling the bigger man with a Spinning Heel Kick.

The Living Legend almost falls back down to the canvas, but before he can collapse Jarvis King catches him in both arms and helps him to the mat with an excruciating Overhead Belly to Belly Suplex. Showing surprising resiliency, Jarvis King kips right up from the floor to his feet, sulking in the thousands of jeers sent towards him from the despising fans. The Superior Suplex Machine awaits the World champion's rise as a snide smile forms across his face, pacing his way to the back of Cain as he gets to his feet. Jarvis wraps both arms around the crossed arms of his opponent and once more attempts to launch him backwards with the Straightjacket Suplex, this time planting him superbly to the canvas. King stretches his right arm towards Cain, draping it across his chest just enough to go for the cover.≠/≠

"BOOOOO!!!"

Referee: 1.....2.....3?!NOOO!! ONLY 2! HE KICKED OUT!!

Mike Rolash: "No fucking way!!"

Jim Gunt: "Jarvis King kicked out of the Annihilator earlier, and Cain just evened the score by doing the same exact thing to King's Straightjacket Suplex!"

Mike Rolash: "What an insane, incredible matchup this has turned out to be. If anyone can find a more worthy contender for match of the year, then I can say that you're most likely blind."

Jim Gunt: "But what in god's name is it going to take to put away one of these two men here? We've been tied at one win a piece for a long, grueling twenty minutes straight!"

≠/≠Jarvis King with a look of both stupor and distress in his eyes as he gets to his feet, the International Icon grabbing the CWF official by his collar and threatening him as he waves two fingers in his face. Jarvis argues with the referee, yelling obscenities in his face while saying that it must have been a three count. The challenger finally sighs in defeat, realizing that arguing with the official will get him nowhere after being warned of a disqualification loss. King instead decides to lift Cain up into a seated position, calculating his next move as the Living Legend gingerly gets up to his feet.

Jarvis King yells out in anger as he charges over to Cain, driving a rising knee right into the back of the big man to knock him in between the ropes with his head hanging outside. The Entourage's Entertaining Enigma backs up to measure his opponent up, but somehow Cain gets right back to his feet and motions with both hands for Jarvis King to "Bring It." Jarvis wipes away the still trickling blood from his face and does as he sprints over to Cain, but the Hall of Famer catches him and sends him through the air with a Tilt-A-Whirl, ending the maneuver by stabbing the back of King right into both of his knees. Cain crawls over to the challenger as the crowd come alive once again, preparing

themselves to count along with the referee in excitement.=/=

Referee/Crowd: 1.....2.....NO! HIS LEG'S ON THE ROPES!

"THIS IS AWESOME! THIS IS AWESOME! THIS IS AWESOME!"

Mike Rolash: "For once in my life I have to agree with the fans Jimbo, there's no better way to describe this incredible action!"

Jim Gunt: "The time is really, really starting to tick away here though. We are down to 9 minutes and 48 seconds and counting, is there anything these two fierce competitors have left in them to pick up a win. Or are we going to go into sudden death overtime?"

Mike Rolash: "I don't have a clue, but I would bet on both of these two superstars throwing everything at each other these last ten minutes. They may be completely exhausted and drained beyond belief, but this is the greatest match in CWF history and the World Title is on the line, it's time to push it harder than ever!"

=/=Cain lets out a sigh, telling a story of both exhaustion and disappointment as he gets up to his feet and takes a hard look at the Tron reading 9:35, less than ten minutes remaining with the matchup remaining in a standstill. He shakes his head back and forth as he stares at the CWF Tron, using both of his arms to lean against the top rope to assist him in a recovery period. Cain stops resting as he sees Jarvis King crawling over to the corner, he makes his way over to the challenger just as he reaches out for the ropes. The big man lifts King up from behind and runs with his head in hand, crashing him down with a Reverse Bulldog.

Cain turns Jarvis King onto his back and mounts his chest, reigning down an assault of brutal left and right jabs to several different spots on his face, most of the blows tearing through the already open wound of King. The blood begins to stain the hands of Cain as he continues to lay the International Icon out with heavy, fighter-style punches to Jarvis' crimson mask of a face. Jarvis King attempts to push on the arms of Cain to get the World champion off of him, but his strength has been diminished, his body tattered and worn out enough that he is forced to just lay on the canvas taking each and every blow. Squirts of blood now begin to splatter themselves around the skull of the Entourage King, a demented look in Cain's eyes as he levels him with a twelfth repeated jab.=/=

Mike Rolash: "Come on referee, do something about this crap!"

Jim Gunt: "Would you want to step in between Cain and Jarvis King right now? Cain is going crazy right now with these ravaging punches to Jarvis' face, there's no way in hell I'd stop him!"

Mike Rolash: "Of course you wouldn't Jimmy, you wouldn't have the guts to stop two old grannies from going at it!"

=/=The official finally decides to intervene, using all his body weight to pull the Hall of Famer off. The emotions running through Cain have caused him to absolutely snap, his eyes not moving off Jarvis King as the referee warns him of the straight punches. Cain just brushes off the official and goes right back after his opponent, but just as the big man approaches him, King rolls outside the ring to get a much needed breather. Cain doesn't give Jarvis King a second of recovery however, sliding outside of the ring and immediately going at him for another shot.

King has other plans, sliding right back into the ring and pointing to his head as if to say he's outsmarted Cain. The Living Legend slaps the canvas through the apron in frustration, rolling right back into the ring just to be jammed with a hard boot to the gut. Jarvis King brings him up for a powerbomb but quickly turns it into a Butterfly Suplex positioning, screaming out before crashing backwards and destroying Cain with the vaunted Swissplex. Resounding jeers fill the arena as Jarvis King wipes the dried blood from his eyes and crawls over to the prone body of Cain and hooks both of his legs.=/=

Referee: 1.....2.....3!

Ray Douglas: "The winner of the second fall by a pin, and going up 2-1 over his opponent....JARVIS KING!!"

Mike Rolash: "Yes! Yes! Yes! Jarvis King is up two, one over Cain with barely over five minutes to go!"

Jim Gunt: "What an extraordinary move that Swissplex is, there hasn't been one competitor on this roster that has been able to kick out of it and tonight will not end up being the first!"

Mike Rolash: "Now all Jarvis has to do is wait out the last five minutes of the match and he'll become the new World champion! It's time for a change, it's time for the reign to finally end, I love this shit!"

Jim Gunt: "I wouldn't be so sure yet, Mike. The CWF official is attempting to help Cain to his feet before starting the minute long break, the rest is going to do the champion wonders in these last few vital moments."

≠/≠Jarvis King very vocally complains about the referee helping the Insurgency founder to his feet, getting in the official's face and arguing with him as he starts the minute of rest period. Finally King gives up on hounding the referee and looks up at the Tron to see a very short 4:48 minutes remaining left in the Iron Man, confidence overtaking his exhaustion as the path to becoming the only challenger to ever defeat Cain as the World champion seems so close to it's finish line. Jarvis and Cain's eyes meet as the official waves for the time clock to begin ticking down again, the Living Legend's body bruised and his spirit nearly broken but with just enough fight in him to be able to stand on two feet.≠/≠

"Let's Go Cain~! Let's Go Cain~!"

"Let's Go Jarvis~! Let's Go Jarvis~!"

"Let's Go Cain~! Let's Go Cain~!"

"Let's Go Jarvis~! Let's Go Jarvis~!"

Jim Gunt: "It's do or die time now, Mike! Cain and Jarvis King are slowly making their way to the center of the ring, neither man even blinking as they prepare for the final minutes."

Mike Rolash: "These two have put on such an unbelievable, classic match tonight here at Genesis. Cain proved that he is still a dominant legend, and Jarvis King proved that he is the Here and Now of the CWF."

Jim Gunt: "But the mountain is looking steeper than ever for Cain to climb, he was just outright taken out by the Swissplex minutes ago and now he has to pull something out of the empty tank and tie this thing up."

Mike Rolash: "It isn't going to happen, Jarvis needs to stall him out!"

≠/≠Cain and Jarvis King each look left and right as the sold out crowd filling the Palms Springs Convention Center go insane chanting on the two competitors. Jarvis then hit's a sucker punch to the cheek of Cain before he can turn back around, but Cain comes right back with a European Uppercut of his own. The Hall of Famer continues pummeling Jarvis King, using his strength advantage to lay in heavy right hands to the Iron Man challenger. Jarvis ducks under the fourth punch however and drives Cain down to the canvas with a shoulder block, starting an assortment of punches of his own.

Cain raises up his chest as Jarvis King keeps jamming jabs into his face, reaching out and pulling King's face downwards as his shoots up and cracks him with a powerful Headbutt. Once again the skull of Jarvis King is split open, leaving him dizzy as he tries to get back onto his feet. Cain is right back up himself though, waltzing his way over to Jarvis King but suddenly King's body flies upwards into an oncoming Superkick. Instead Cain grabs onto the leg of the International Icon while sidestepping the blow, and seconds later Jarvis King is dropped to the canvas with a Capture Suplex. After hitting one of the top trademark moves of his adversary, Cain drapes his right arm over Jarvis King as the fans scream out.≠/≠

Referee: 1.....2.....NO! HE KICKED OUT!!

Mike Rolash: "No, he didn't get him! Cain is pulling out all the stops to try to tie the Iron Man match up, but so far it's of no use!"

Jim Gunt: "There are just one hundred fifty seconds remaining in what has been in my opinion the highest contested match in CWF history, but I would love to see this match go into sudden death with Cain picking up a second pinfall!"

Mike Rolash: "Cain doesn't have a second to waste here, if he wants any chance at all at retaining his World championship he NEEDS to get a win!"

≠/≠Cain's mouth shoots open in shock, his fists pounding down against the canvas over and over again as he yells out. The frustration begins to take over the mind of the Hall of Famer, he looks down at the face of Jarvis King who has lost an incredible amount of blood through the last hour of warfare. Cain pulls himself to his feet and immediately brings Jarvis King to his, pushing King back against the corner and coming in at him for a huge boot to the face. The International Icon stumbles right into the arms of Cain, the legend catching him smoothly onto his shoulders and doubling King over with a Death Valley Driver. It takes Cain a few moments to be able to crawl over to Jarvis King after the draining near hour the two men have fought, but eventually he makes the cover.≠/≠

Referee: 1.....2.....HIS FOOT'S ON THE ROPES!

Jim Gunt: "OH MY GOD! Cain is going absolutely mad inside the ring after getting yet another near fall, less than two minutes remain!"

Mike Rolash: "Cain has hit Jarvis King with everything including the kitchen sink tonight, and he just can't get the second pinfall over him!"

Jim Gunt: "But now the Living Legend has himself set to pick up the win a different way, he just pulled King in for a Rear Naked Chokehold!"

≠/≠The desperation is evident in Cain's eyes as he pulls and squeezes at the body of Jarvis King from underneath him, turning his eyes to the time clock and sighing as it reads that there is only 1:40 left in the match. Cain pulls his right arm over the throat of King and wraps his legs around his lower chest, using every bit of his remaining force to try to submit the Entourage Enigma. Out of pure frustration Cain turns his gameplan around again, letting go of Jarvis King just long enough to turn him onto his stomach and lock in a Crippler Crossface. With King's arm held tightly in place, Cain places both of his hands across the blood-stained face of Jarvis King and pulls back into full impact.

Jarvis's eyes now meet up with the time clock on the CWF Tron, his fingernails on his untied hand digging into the canvas as he attempts to inch his way towards the ropes. The champion does not let him move very far though, breaking the submission long enough to deliver three very stiff elbows to the side of Jarvis King's head. Cain now pulls King to his feet and cracks him across the chest with a chop, and another that sends him into the corner. The challenger tries to break himself out of the corner with a shoulder block, but Cain isn't having it as he bursts in with a third knife-edge chop.≠/≠

Mike Rolash: "Sixty seconds remaining! Cain can deliver as many of those sickening chops as he wants to but they're not going to get the much needed win for him in the last minute of this match!"

Jim Gunt: "You're correct Mike, the World champion really needs to hit a high impact maneuver and go for another pinfall. But what does he have left at this point?"

Mike Rolash: "Absolutely nothing! Cain's done everything he could and he just isn't enough!"

≠/≠With the weight of the world literally on his shoulders, Cain grabs ahold of Jarvis King by his neck and wrenches him into the air to seat him atop the turnbuckle. The Hall of Famer doesn't waste another second as he climbs to the top rope along with the Icon, bringing down right hand after left hand, left hand after right hand to the already destroyed face of Jarvis King. Every member of the audience now stands on their feet in unison with the competitors in the ring as

Cain pulls Jarvis up and switches positions, facing King with his back to the ring as he contemplates his next move.

Cain pulls the back of Jarvis King's head underneath his legs, taking a split second to look up at the clock as it dangerously begins to run dry right before his very eyes. The big man then hoists the Icon onto his shoulders and leaps off the top rope with the crowd erupting in cheers, both bodies crashing all the way down to the middle of the squared circle after Cain lands an eye-popping Top Rope Annihilator sit-out Powerbomb. Not a soul in the building is quiet as Cain holds onto the cover, the official dropping down as quick as possible to make the count.=/=

Referee: 1.....2.....

BEEP.

"BOOOOOOO!!!"

=/=The referee and Cain both simultaneously look at the CWF Tron as the time clock reiterates the sound, their eyes wide open as the clock read 00:00. Cain's time has ran out on him just a half a moment too soon, the frustration mounting in him in one huge moment as the official makes his way over to the ropes to call for the World championship belt. "Edge of Seventeen" begins playing over the speakers as the former champion Cain looks understandably defeated, his body and soul both broken as the official places the belt in the hands of Jarvis King and helps him to his feet.

The crowd continue sending a chorus of boos towards the ring after what they believe to be a travesty, but King can hardly even stand on his feet as the official hands him his newly won CWF World Heavyweight championship. The eyes of the two competitors meet once again just before Jarvis raises the title into the air, a smile finally crossing his face as he comes to the realization that it was indeed his night.=/=

Mike Rolash: "What an unbelievable night Genesis has been, and best of all Cain has FINALLY be toppled and relieved of the World title! Jarvis King reigns over CWF, it's going to be a hell of a 2010!"

Jim Gunt: "Wow. I still can't believe my eyes Mike, the clock ran out on Cain not even a second before he was going to tie the Iron Man Match up with a devastating top rope Annihilator."

Mike Rolash: "I'm telling you now just like I told you before, it just wasn't meant to be for Cain tonight!"

Jim Gunt: "Whatever. We'll see you next week for Tuesday Night Massacre everybody!"

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