Frozen Over 9

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: April 3, 2026
Location: The Collosium

Results

Caledonia vs. Elijah

Match

Drones fly across the Colosseum, showing a wide overhead view of the thousands of fans packed within. The destructive winter storm that's taken over Anthropolis over the last few months is in full effect, heavy beads of snow and ice raining down through the sky as hundreds of drones piece together to do their best to shield the proceedings. A raucous "CWF" chant is heard from the fans who show that despite hundreds of years of takeovers and depressions, a good fight will always get the crowd hyped. And Joey Garcia stands in the middle of the ring, ready to bring them just that.

Joey Garcia: “Welcome one and all….to FROZEN OVER NINE! Our opening bout is set for one fall, where the winner advances to the Infernalia Final later tonight!”

“The Cruxshadows” by Sophia begins to play over the speaker system, the lights in the Colosseum dimming down to nearly complete darkness as Elijah slowly makes his way out from the back. A black overcoat covering his body with his lengthy black hair drenched in water, Elijah holds his head down before raising both arms in the air to a resounding applause.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing first, standing at 6’0 and weighing 215 pounds….ELIJAH!!”

The Fist of God slowly makes his way down the ramp, the damage of the Infernalia tournament and the wars within it clearly having taken their toll on the former Prophet. He glares at the Watchers guarding the ring, looking on with a snarl as they slowly dissipate, allowing him entrance to the ring.

Jim Gunt: “I have to say I’m somewhat shocked to see Elijah even make it to Frozen Over tonight after being sent flying off a ladder last time we saw him!”

Mike Rolash: “Ripper sure did make a statement at Infernalia four, didn’t he? Whether it was the one he wanted to make or one that was forced upon him by the Amoralists, regardless, Elijah can’t be at one hundred percent going into tonight’s match.”

“Day and Night” hits over the speakers as the lights flash. The crowd cheers as Caledonia Highlander emerges from behind the curtain, followed at a slight distance by her husband.

Joey Garcia: “And his opponent, standing at 5’5 and weighing 130 pounds….CALEDONIA!!”

Caledonia’s face is set with grim determination as she walks down the ramp, the weight of the moment not lost on her as she never takes her eyes off Elijah in the ring. Upon reaching the bottom of the ramp, she says a few last words to Dan before making her way up the steps, walking right past the still Elijah to make it to the far corner and raise her arms in the air to a resounding set of applause from the fans in the Colosseum.

Jim Gunt: “And the first match gets underway! We have a massive night ahead of us, one that will be headlined by the finals of the Infernalia Tournament where we’ll finally crown the new CWF World Champion. If this weather ever relents, we should have a barn burner of a night! But before we get there, one of these two Last Warriors will have literally fought their way from the bottom to the top to make it all the way to the main event!”

Mike Rolash: “Elijah and Caledonia Highlander have a storied history, one that has seen them both be allies and rivals in the past in the most bizarre of ways. Like Ripper, Donovan, and others have said…these two are THE two that could have stopped this all from happening. And because I’m still here stuck in this god damn chair next to your ass…it’s all their fault!”

Jim Gunt: “The feeling is mutual, Mike. Let’s head to the ring for what is sure to be one hot start to Frozen Over nine!”

Transplant IV hovers towards the middle of the ring, nearly slipping on the light accumulation of snow lined across the ring, checking in on both competitors. A digital screen pops up with a cartoon graphic of a white glove, the index finger flicking side to side to call for a booming bell to call over the Colosseum. Both Elijah and Caledonia make their way to the center of the ring; Caledonia looking as determined as ever while Elijah still seems somewhat beaten down from the Ripper’s attack at Infernalia four.

The former Prophet looks tired, not entirely himself as Caledonia steps up to meet him eye to eye. She mouths a few unheard words to Elijah before smacking him right across the face! A shocked Elijah holds his cheek in a tang of pain, Caledonia simply looking on stoically, shouting to him to bring the old Elijah back.

He sneers, charging forward and swinging out with the Fist of God wildly. But Caledonia is ready for him, leaping up into the air in a miraculous feat and twisting her body up over the arm of Elijah in midair, taking him down with an arm drag right into a Disarm-her submission!

Jim Gunt: “What a reversal! Caledonia may have suckered Elijah in there!”

Mike Rolash: “Both these idiots are suckers for even having this match! Whichever one of them is “lucky” enough to come out as the victor is just going to be easy pickings for Ripper and the Pact later tonight.”

Jim Gunt: “They didn’t have a choice, Mike. Dan Highlander had to make this deal with the devil in Anhellica to even get Caledonia and Elijah this match in the first place…otherwise their Infernalia tournament was over. What do you expect them to do, just lay down and die!?”

Mike Rolash: “I mean if I had to go against the Amoralist army every week…I probably would.”

Jim shakes his head at the cowardice of his broadcast partner as Caledonia continues pulling up on the arm of Elijah, intensity in her eyes as she sits back on his shoulder, threatening to snap the limb right off her opponent. Somehow Elijah pushes through the snow and begins to pull himself to his feet, Caledonia’s grip slipping as she dangles carelessly from his arm. She transitions, wrapping her legs around his waist just in time for Elijah to sidestep quickly and drive her back first right into the corner!

Big boot from a running Elijah crushes Caledonia Highlander. He takes her by the back of the head, tossing her towards the far side of the ring. Caledonia snaps against the ropes and comes back right into a HUGE Jumping Spinebuster! The ring shakes violently at the impact, Caledonia’s spine taking the brunt as Elijah quickly moves to make the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO!

Jim Gunt: “Caledonia gets a shoulder up! I thought for sure she’d have a broken vertebrae there, but somehow the High Priestess fights on!”

Mike Rolash: “She’s too stupid to give up, Jim.”

Jim Gunt: “If you don’t stop calling people stupid and idiots and all kinds of other derogatory words, I’m going to smack you!”

Looking to stay on his opponent, Elijah rolls her over to her stomach, delivering a hard knee right to the lower back to Caledonia. She flails back, attempting to roll away but Elijah holds her in place, bringing down yet another directed knee. He brings her back up momentarily, ducking under the right hand from Caledonia and spinning her through the air to drive her spine first down upon his knees.

Jim Gunt: “Tilt a whirl backbreaker! Caledonia is in a bad way now!”

Mike Rolash: “I told you. St..”

Jim Gunt: “Don’t! Elijah making the cover yet again, it could be over here!”

ONE!

TWO!

CALEDONIA KICKS OUT!

Jim Gunt: “No! Not so fast!”

Mike Rolash: “What? You’re the one who said it…”

A frustrated Elijah looks over at Transplant IV who shows a digital rendition of two fingers pointing back at him on its screen. He smacks the mat, snow dust flying up before pulling himself back up and heading right for the closest corner. Elijah turns, making sure Caledonia is still down before hopping all the way to the top rope in a flash. The Colosseum falls silent as Elijah looks down at his foe one last time before leaping to the heavens.

Jim Gunt: “Fist of God…NO! CALEDONIA CATCHES ELIJAH OUT OF MIDAIR WITH THE BED OF ROSES!”

Mike Rolash: “That…even I have to admit that was fucking sick!”

The unbelievable feat leaves Elijah tightly in the grasp of Caledonia, the High Priestess’ aura flashing with bright white light as she tugs on Elijah with all her might. He turns towards the ropes, trying to use all the strength in him to find any escape, but Highlander will not let that happen. She pulls in the Bed of Roses even tighter, leaving Elijah no choice but to tap out on the snowy canvas.

Joey Garcia: “The winner of this match by submission and moving on to the Infernalia final Fatal Fiveway Match….CALEDONIA!!”

The True Meaning of Unstoppable Force

Segment

Billy and Tyler Anderson stand side by side near the entrance to the Colosseum, both men doing much different forms of preparation as Tyler does stretches down to the ground while Billy caresses his new black cowboy hat, looking angry

at the thought of Genevieve taking out his last one.

As Tyler looks up at his brother in shame, CWF's resident backstage reporter Ian Ambrose stumbles into the scene looking as out of place as ever. Ambrose attempts to fix his tie as he clears his throat, getting the attention of both Anderson brothers.

Ian Ambrose: "Billy, Tyler, erm…the Unstoppable Force. While the two of you have been undefeated in Tag competition since the return of Championship Wrestling Federation; Billy, you have had somewhat of a tumultuous ride so far. With quite possibly the biggest challenge to date ahead of you tonight, how do you believe you'll fare against the Shadow and Ataxia in what very well could be their farewell match?"

Tyler stops stretching and straightens up, preparing a thought. Before he can speak, his older brother Billy puts a hand on his chest pushing him back, signaling to him that he'll take it from here.

Billy Anderson: "Shadow. Ataxia. Some call you the Forsaken. I call you a bunch of gothic punks who never knew your place. You think all I am is a hopeless cowboy wondering around here without a care in the world? You think I'm stupid!?"

The intensity in Billy is palpable, the older Anderson's face turning three shades of red as he speaks loudly into Ambrose's holographic microphone.

Billy Anderson: "I don't care if this is your first match or your last, when tonight is over…you will put respect on the Anderson name. And you'll soon realize that I am not the Billy you've known over the years, I'm a much darker version of myself now that not even my brother Tyler yet realizes. So when we destroy you tonight, you may as well turn tail and leave because there's going to be nothing left for you here."

Billy shoves Ambrose away, the reporter comically falling on his ass yet again.

Billy Anderson: "So bring everything you got out there, Forsaken. Because we're about to show you the true meaning of "Unstoppable Force."."

Billy smacks the chest of his brother hard, getting Tyler's attention and the both of them walking away from the scene.

Freddie Styles vs. Jaiden Rishel

Match

We're back inside of the Colosseum, the psychotic fans roar to the top of their lungs as they await some more action. They all yell in unison when crew attendants are seen walking down the aisle with different weapons made from blocks of ice. While they get everything set up, the drone camera swivels over the ring to show that a fog has begun to cover the ring. We swing back out towards the entrance area where the lights go down, and all you see is a silhouette of a man, twin pistols in front of his face as the opening riff hits.

"Give it up, should've known much better

Words spoken, no, they can't come home

You'd think that people keep your lies a secret

But their tongues go wagging, spill everything they know

Should've been a man, but you don't know how

Play your hand you lost, but it's too late now

Have to pay the price for things you've said, yeah!"

Joey Garcia: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall!"

As the lights come up, flashing with the beat, Freddie steps out from behind the curtain, arms extended to each side, hands formed like pistols. He turns to the side as the camera focuses on him, points his arm toward the camera and pulls the trigger, screaming BALLGAME!

"Say it to my face!

Pretend that you're a man

Who had the nerve to stand

And look me in the eye

Say it to my face!

Soon enough I'll find you

In the dark behind you

I'll be waiting

If you got something to tell me,

Come out of the shadows now and

Say it to my face!"

Joey Garcia: "Making his way to the ring, representing the Amoralist.. He is....“MR. BALLGAME” FREDDIE STYLES!!"

Freddie slowly walks down the aisle, up the steps, and through the ropes. He then stands on the middle rope, holding one arm above him, before stepping down and leaning over in a corner, awaiting the beginning of the match.

JIm Gunt: "Given the circumstances, it’s really good to see Freddie back inside of a CWF ring. Very capable fighter who was the final CWF World Champion before the doors were closed."

Mike Rolash: "Ahhh.. the good ole days.. I was finally making a true name for myself then. You know that I was the one who booked that final show."

Jim Gunt: "So are you saying that you're the reason that we went under?"

Mike Rolash: "I honestly think it was that dry ass commentary between you, Tara and Blake."

Jim Gunt: "Not likely."

The arena lights dim to a haunting, lunar silver. "The Broken" by Coheed and Cambria wails through the speakers. Jaiden Rishel emerges, looking not like a prince, but like a man possessed. He stops at the top of the ramp, staring at the 10-foot Iceberg Monolith at ringside.

Joey Garcia: "His opponent, hailing from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania… Here is the "MOONCHILD"....JAIDEN RISHEL!!!"

He looks up at the moon through the cracked glass ceiling, his skin pale, eyes fixed. He enters the ring, ignoring the sub-zero mist rising from the canvas.

Jim Gunt: "Well here's who Freddie blames for the past failure of Championship Wrestling Federation."

Mike Rolash: "How can you blame a man who was placing his all within this company. If it weren't for all of the egos back then, we could've made it. But what's in the past, y'know?"

The official for this match, Gavel 7-X stands in the center of the ring as we see Garcia exit. Both competitors are ready to go, suddenly a loud bell sound emanates from Gavel 7-X's chest. The fans roar unitedly in approval as both men begin to circle the ring. The shroud of cold fog hides their feet as they shuffle around the ring. Rishel bounces on the balls of his feet before charging full speed at Freddie who sidesteps Jaiden, escorting him towards the ropes but Jaiden being the quicker of the two catches Styles by surprise with a Hurricanrana, he hooks Freddie's left leg for a quick pin! But Styles immediately kicks out before Gavel 7-X is able to call out one.

Jim Gunt: "This match was almost over just as quick as it started."

Mike Rolash: "The fans would've totally rioted if this match would've ended."

Jim Gunt: "Both men are back to their feet and you have to think, a win tonight here for Jaiden could move him closer to being accepted as the new Moonchild."

Mike Rolash: "Do you believe that it would be that simple?"

Freddie gives a cheeky smile towards Jaiden who uses his right index and thumb to show Styles how close it was to being over. Styles merely scoffs at the suggestion but Rishel tries to catch him by surprise again, charging forward with a clothesline but Mr. Ballgame ducks underneath and waits for Jaiden to spin around. Timing it perfectly, Freddie backflips just as Jaiden spins and catches him across the jaw with a Pele Kick!

Jaiden disappears within the ice cold clouded mat while Freddie is up to one knee and looking back at Rishel who's been knocked for a loop. He's not out though, beginning to stir around on the mat. Freddie gets back upright, turning towards Jaiden and helping him to get vertical. Styles grabs Rishel and gives him a nice snug hug before quickly flipping him overhead and crashing hard against the cold canvas!

Jim Gunt: "Overhead Belly-to-Belly Suplex by Styles who's looking to take control right now."

Mike Rolash: "I think I like this new Styles.. He's more calculated, more calm.. Stoic even, taking his time right now as he's looking to dismantle RIshel."

Freddie watches on while Jaiden scoots himself out of the ring, looking to create some space from Styles. Grabbing his lower back in pain, he stumbles around at ringside trying to recover. Freddie doesn't want to allow him a moment to breathe though as he runs the ropes, comes charging towards the Prince of CWF. With a beautiful leap, Styles comes crashing down on top of Jaiden with a plancha!

The maniacal fans explode with cheers as Styles is back to his feet. He pays them no mind as they aren't who he's here for, he has a mission to complete. Looking to bring Jaiden back upright, Freddie receives a gut shot for his troubles. Rishel sends another right fist into Freddie's gut but Styles absorbs it and sends a clubbing blow down onto Jaiden's back, knocking him back down to a knee.

Jim Gunt: "Freddie appears to be in complete control. He has Jaiden back to his feet and OH!! He drives Jaiden back first into that apron!"

Mike Rolash: "Man.. it's starting to fucking freeze in here! How long are they going to let the temperature drop in this place?"

Jim Gunt: "I have the slightest clue, this is the first ever Iceberg Match in wrestling history I believe. So the rules and conditions aren't very clear."

Mike Rolash: "So how do we know when someone is the winner?"

Jim Gunt: "I’m sure with Gavel 7-X officiating we’ll have some sort of answer by the end."

Mike Rolash: "Sure.."

Focusing back on the action, Jaiden’s face is bounced off of the ice cold apron by Styles. Rishel stumbles back into Styles who butterflies Jaiden’s arms from the back. He drags him near one of the ten foot monolith statues that have been set up at ringside. The crowd rises to their feet, knowing that something major is about to happen and just as they thought. Styles lifts Rishel off his feet and sends him crashing into the base of the monolith, neck first with a Tiger Suplex!

The fans let out a collective groin as Jaiden screams out in pain. Sitting proudly on the floor, Styles admires his work while he gets back to a vertical base. Grabbing Jaiden by the head, Freddie rolls him back into the ring where he mildly disappears within the fog. Sliding in the ring behind him, Styles grabs Rishel by his right leg and drags him towards the middle of the ring before locking him in a Single Leg Crab.

Jim Gunt: "Jaiden’s in a precarious position right now as Freddie is looking for him to tap out."

Mike Rolash: "Does that win him the match? Gavel 7-X isn’t an easy guy to read."

Jim Gunt: "Rishel did try for a pinfall at the beginning of this match so maybe pinfall or submission could gain a victory."

Mike Rolash: "You’re right, guess I was more caught up in the aesthetics."

Freddie pulls back on Jaiden’s leg hard as Rishel pounds the mat in frustration sending shards of ice flying upwards from the canvas. Styles continues to crank the hold as he looks back at Jaiden and says, “Your father’s world is dead, kid. Stop trying to haunt the living.” The comment must’ve rubbed Jaiden the wrong way as he’s no longer trying to fight off the hold. He enters a trance like state as it appears that he no longer feels the pain in his back. He begins to twist and turn, fighting his way out of the hold until he’s eventually on his back.

Mustering up whatever strength he has left, he uses his feet to power Styles off of him and crashing onto the mat, sending shards of ice everywhere. Styles crawls towards the nearby corner, pulling himself up against the frost covered turnbuckles. Meanwhile, Jaiden pops to his feet, charges at Freddie and rocks him with a vicious elbow strike. Stumbling out of the corner, Styles receives a boot to his midsection, doubling him over. Jaiden quickly hooks him for a suplex, he spins himself so that his back is towards the corner and suplexes Styles into the turnbuckles where his legs get caught up under the top turnbuckle post, leaving him dangling in a tree of woe.

Jim Gunt: "Jaiden’s looking to turn the tables!"

Back to his feet, Jaiden summons strength from the rabid fans who are cheering him on. He walks across the ring from an upside down Styles, once he reaches the opposite corner, he faces Freddie and points with malice in his eyes. "Look at you, Freddie! A world champion turned into a lapdog! I'm here to lead you out of the dark!" shouts Jaiden before running full speed at Freddie, he leaps into the air and almost seems suspended before he comes crashing into Styles with a Hesitation Dropkick!

Jim Gunt: "Jaiden connects with the Neverender!"

Mike Rolash: "He doesn't appear to be done either."

Freddie slumps down onto the mat as Jaiden moves in to cause more damage. Grabbing Styles under his chin and around the back of his head, Rishel brings Styles vertical before hooking and spiking him into the mat with a Michinoku Driver! Ice shards fly up from the mat as Jaiden holds the legs for a pin as a loud bang sound comes from Gavel 7-X as he counts the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Styles is able to get his shoulders off of the mat. Jaiden looks up at the emotionless droid, he knows that he can't argue with him but it doesn't stop him from shooting some colorful language his way. With Styles slightly hidden within the mist, Jaiden drags him near the corner that he had Styles hung up in. Slightly winded, Jaiden goes out to the apron and begins to make his way up to the top turnbuckle. The mist from the frost that covers the ring makes it impossible for Jaiden to maintain his balance. Seeing an opening, Styles pops to his feet and swats at Jaiden's legs causing him to straddle the top post the hard way!

Jim Gunt: "The conditions of this match now starting to take their toll as it just cost Jaiden the momentum that he was gaining."

Mike Rolash: "Hey, at least he doesn't have to worry about finding some ice to soothe himself. I'm sure that turnbuckle post is freezing cold by now."

Looking to take advantage, Freddie grabs Jaiden with a front facelock and drags him until his feet are the only thing keeping him from hitting the mat. Doesn't matter though as Freddie makes sure that he sees it up close and personal with a DDT! Styles pops back to his feet quickly and drags Rishel from the corner before flipping him over and going for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Jaiden kicks out! Styles doesn't care that the match hasn't ended yet as he immediately rolls out of the ring. He looks over at the barricaded fans, giving them a quick smirk before walking past one of the ten foot monoliths for a flat ice table, he drags it near the apron facing the aisle. He turns his attention back towards Rishel but the angle that he's at and the fog causes him to lose Rishel who rolled out of the ring. He comes racing around ringside, garnering the attention of Freddie who now spots him. With a quick leap, Jaiden jumps to the top of the nearby steps, springs off and lands on the monolith. With another quick slip spring, Jaiden comes flying at Freddie, latching onto his head and awkwardly crashing down onto the floor with a Tornado DDT!

Jim Gunt: "Quite the offense by Jaiden but he almost took himself out with that maneuver."

Mike Rolash: "Do you know how upset you have to be to almost take yourself out?"

Jim Gunt: "That just goes to show how much is at stake for Jaiden here tonight."

With a shot of adrenaline flowing through his veins, Jaiden pops back to his feet and leans his back against the barricade where the raucous fans pound on the glass. He looks down at Freddie who's clutching his head in agony. Looking to seize the moment, Rishel moves in quickly, bringing Styles upright and pulling him near the apron. Climbing onto the apron first, Jaiden manages to pull Freddie onto the apron with him. However, Styles catches him off guard with a rake of his eyes. While he has Jaiden blinded momentarily, Styles hooks him for a Fisherman Suplex, looking to put Rishel through the flat ice table. He lifts but Jaiden holds onto the ropes, blocking the move. Freddie tries again but gets the same results. Freddie releases Jaiden's leg and this gives him the opportunity to lift Styles up onto his shoulders. Without missing a beat, he swings Freddie around and down onto the flat ice table with a Cradle Shock, sending shards of ice exploding everywhere!

Jim Gunt: "OH MY LORD! DELIRIUM TRIGGER THROUGH THE TABLE!"

Mike Rolash: "Freddie has to be done for."

The fans are going mad for the big maneuver as both men stay down on the floor. Gavel 7-X moves in, trying to get up-close footage of the carnage. Jaiden soon begins to move, slowly pulling himself from the wreckage. Shortly after, Freddie begins to stir himself as Rishel uses the apron to get upright. He watches as Freddie drags his own body from the ice covered table, his back a bloody mess. This causes Jaiden to check his own body, now seeing the scars and blood that covers himself. Jaiden brings Freddie back to a vertical base, rolling him into the ring. He slides in also and goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!!

Jaiden remains on Freddie’s chest, face in pure disbelief. Styles’ left shoulder high off of the canvas. The frustration starts to set in, he pounds the mat sending ice flying everywhere. But he remains focused, getting vertical, he climbs through the ropes and scales up to the top. He’s perched, now able to gain his balance, he leaps off a twisted Shooting Star Press —

Jim Gunt: "No World for Tomorrow!"

Mike Rolash: "Styles moved!"

Freddie rolls out of the way! Jaiden crashes hard into the frozen canvas. The Moonchild is gasping, his ribs likely cracked from the icy impact. Freddie stands up, wipes the blood from his own lip, and waits for Jaiden to get back to a vertical base. Jaiden staggers up, reaching for Freddie’s throat, still trying to "save" him. Freddie simply side-steps and nails the Trouble in Paradise. Jaiden spins 360 degrees before hitting the mat face-first.

Jim Gunt: "That’s Ballgame! It has to be over now!"

Mike Rolash: "Freddie isn’t going for the pin though..."

Freddie doesn't go for the pin. He remembers Jaiden’s "Shepherd" comment. He drops down and locks in Addiction. He wraps his arms around Jaiden’s neck and squeezes, pulling him away from the "Moonlight" and into the darkness of the mat. Jaiden’s arms flail, then twitch, then go still. Gavel 7-X calls for the bell.

Joey Garcia: "Here is your winner by referee stoppage.. FREDDIE STYLES!!!"

Freddie releases the hold. He picks up a small shard of ice, looks at his reflection in it, and crushes it in his hand. Freddie stands up, while the medical droids rush to the "Moonchild." Freddie doesn't celebrate. He just looks at AnHellica in the shadows and nods. He did his job. The Prince is broken.

Two to Go

Segment

We cut back to Caledonia and Dan Highlander’s locker room. Highlander is lacing up his boots and getting set to leave as Caledonia enters, her right hand attempting to rub her lower back from where Elijah had been working it.

Dan: “Good job.”

Caledonia nods.

Caledonia: “One down.”

She winces in pain, clutching again at her back.

Dan: “Ice pack’s in the fridge.”

Caledonia: “Thanks.”

She makes her way over and collects a pack, slapping it onto her lower back with a grateful and extremely feminine grunt.

Caledonia: “Man, would really be nice if I could tap some of those healing powers without transforming…”

Dan: “You know, it probably would be worth exploring after this. Maybe Discordia?”

Caledonia: “Maybe.”

They sit in silence for a few moments, and Dan finishes lacing his boots.

Dan: “I have every intention of winning; failing that, every intention of walking out of my fight with the ability to talk. But in case I don’t: I love you, and you’ve got this. Go kick ass, love.”

Caledonia: “You too.”

The Forsaken (Ataxia & Shadow) vs. Unstoppable Force (Billy & Tyler Anderson)

Match

The opening claps of John Denver’s classic “Thank God I’m a Country Boy” begin to play loudly over the speakers, the lights dimming and shaking momentarily before they shine once again on the audience, this time showing Billy and Tyler Anderson coming through the crowd in different areas.

Members of the Watchers hold back fans with their arms and laser tasers in hand, the Unstoppable Force slowly make

their way from the top of the Colosseum down, both with considerable smiles on their faces as they enter their first Pay Per View match since their return to CWF.

Joey Garcia: “The following is a tag team match. Introducing first, at a total combined weight of 445 pounds, they are Billy and Tyler Anderson…THE UNSTOPPABLE FORCE!!”

Jim Gunt: “Well, The Anderson brothers have a tall order tonight, not only having to face off against The Shadow and Ataxia, but on a night when The Forsaken are teaming for the last time in CWF history, Mike.”

Mike Rolash: “Y’know what? I think it’s nice to have The Unstoppable Force back, Jimbo.”

Jim Gunt: “That’s…oddly nice.”

Mike Rolash: “Yeah, it’s like having a couple of pets.”

The Denver tune cuts out as “Die Die Die My Darling” by Metallica begins to hum over the Colosseum, the lights dimming to a red hue as the Messiah Pariah enters the arena, his bagged head strangely betraying a smile underneath. Ataxia stops at the end of the stage, as his music is replaced by “At The Crossroads of Ash & Flame” bellowing throughout the arena. Fog billows out of the entranceway, which is now only lit by four flickering flame torches and soon joining Ataxia is The Shadow, who embraces his Forsaken brother before the two begin to make their way to the ring in tandem.

Joey Garcia: “Their opponents, at a combined weight of 455 pounds - Ataxia and The Shadow, THE FORSAKEN!”

Mike Rolash: “Did you know that Ataxia is allergic to burlap, Jimbo?”

Jim Gunt: “...how is that the least weird thing about Ataxia?”

Both teams confer in their respective corners as to who will start the bout, with Tyler and The Shadow eventually drawing their respective teams’ starting positions. As the bell sounds, the match gets underway, with both men circling each other as wisps of snow flurry through the air, before going in for a snug collar and elbow tie-up.

Anderson is the first to try to press an advantage as he locks on a side headlock. Shadow, ever the veteran, manages to fire Tyler off into the ropes, where his brother Billy reaches over and makes a quick tag. Tyler continues his momentum but runs into a brick wall in the shape of The Shadow’s shoulder before hitting the mat hard.

Billy rushes across the ring, throwing a huge lariat at The Shadow, but the veteran Forsaken grappler seems to absorb

the blow with ease, barely staggering. The Shadow looks at Anderson and shrugs, offering the Georgian another shot, which Billy takes, bounding off the ropes. For his part, The Shadow rushes the opposite set of twine and as the two meet in the centre of the ring, Billy is sent crashing to the mat by The Hammer of the Gods, courtesy of The Shadow. The referee drops down to count as The Shadow shoots the half.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Tyler Anderson's boot saves the match for The Unstoppable Force as he brings a stomp down on the small of The Shadow's back, breaking the referee's count.

Ataxia: "HEY! THAT'S CHEATING!"

Jim Gunt: "Well…"

Mike Rolash: "Yeah, he has a point…"

Jim Gunt: "Never thought we'd be saying that about Ataxia."

Mike Rolash: "Or agreeing."

Jim Gunt: "Yeah, weird night. Especially considering how insulting you were earlier."

Ataxia tries to get into the ring to even the odds, but the referee quickly moves to block the masked competitor's entry. This momentary distraction allows Tyler the opportunity to rush to his corner and strip off the turnbuckle pad before returning to help his brother to his feet. The Anderson brothers each grab a hold of The Shadow's head and rush over with him to the corner, ramming his head into the exposed steel turnbuckle!

Jim Gunt: "Well, the Andersons are doing whatever they can to take control here during the Forsaken's last match as a tandem in CWF!"

Mike Rolash: "Good god, it did nothing to him!"

Indeed, The Shadow's head rebounds off of the turnbuckle, and while the Andersons were clearly expecting him to fall over unconscious, The Shadow stands tall, not even apparently phased by the attack. He looks at both Billy and Tyler, who seem shocked at the Grand Slam winner's resiliency, but are left completely dumfounded as Shadow rams his own head into the turnbuckle 3, 4, 5 times on his own!

Jim Gunt: "My god, what is Shadow doing?!"

Mike Rolash: "The Unstoppable Force is meeting a Forsaken Object!"

With Ataxia returning to the apron, the referee turns to see the truly bizarre scene playing out at the other corner. As The Shadow drives his own forehead into the corner a tenth time and blood begins to trickle down his forehead, the ref grabs a shell-shocked Tyler and guides him towards the apron as well. Billy stumbles away from The Shadow's crimson mask, clearly more interested in escaping his opponent than facing him head-on.

As Billy scrambles away, Shadow ambles over to his corner and makes The Messiah Pariah the legal man for his team, tagging in Ataxia. This change in personnel does little to calm Billy's nerves, as the elder Anderson tags in The Mysterious younger Anderson brother. Tyler is a bit taken aback by the tag, and gets brought in the hard way by Ataxia, as the Masked Forsaken Man hip tosses him over the top rope.

Jim Gunt: "Well…"

Mike Rolash: "Legal tag, legal entrance I guess?"

Billy, as if he's seen a ghost, grasps the tag rope and cradles the top rope as he watches his younger brother crash to the mat with aplomb. Tyler is given little time to recover, as Ataxia is immediately on top of him, whipping him into the ropes. The masked mystery bounds off the opposite set of twine and leaps, crashing his knees into Anderson's collarbones, bringing the bigger man down hard with The Reckoning! Ataxia hooks the legs for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Billy, perhaps against his better judgement, boots Ataxia's back, breaking up the pin. The bizarre burlapped battler doesn't get much of a chance to respond, however, as his partner takes care of that issue. The Shadow is upon Billy almost immediately, and as he hoists him up for the Forgotten Epitaph, Ataxia locks in The Ouroboros Lock on Tyler, to which the younger Anderson enthusiastically submits.

Joey Garcia: “Your winners - Ataxia and The Shadow….THE FORSAKEN!!”

“Die Die Die My Darling” plays over the speakers yet again, the Forsaken gathering themselves as the fans in the Colosseum cheer them on one last time. The Shadow and Ataxia exit the ring, looking somber as they look out at the crowd, before saying a few words to each other and heading up the ramp.

The Moment You've All Been Waiting For

Segment

The CWF ring sits empty, surrounded by the bloodthirsty “fans” that make up the populace of Anthro…Ant… Whatever this place is called.

Have you caught on yet? Let’s see if we can’t drop in some more hints.

With a sudden pop, Ataxia and The Shadow appear out of thin air, back in the middle of the ring after seemingly going to the back just moments ago. Shadow, followed closely by Genevieve, looks cautiously around while Ataxia quickly hides his shower cap and rubber duck. It doesn’t take long however until all forms of light are extinguished and the world as you all know is thrown into inky black… Blackness.

https://youtu.be/TbMEMCvFbZk?si=a0bKX4m05rAF567i

The music rings out before slow moving beams of light, blue, purple, green, they all pierce through the black and center in on the ring. A familiar laugh rings out as the same color banners fall from the sky, attached to who knows what.

The one and only, “Forsaken Psychotic” Mia Rayne comes spinning down in the rays of light sitting once again on a disco ball, casting the cool toned hues throughout the now roaring crowd.

Mia only smirks as she descends slowly, taking her time and leaning back, letting go of the support and falling gracefully through the air, as if she was connected to invisible strings. She lands lightly and holds up her hand as the music comes to a stop.

She eyes her compatriots of The Forsaken and waves before gesturing with her other hand, as the lighting returns to what constitutes “normal.”

Mia observes her surroundings, relishing in the faces of the people who thought they would never have to see her again. She doesn’t ask for a mic, her voice is quiet and cool, collected, but make no mistake, everyone in the arena could hear the words leaving her mouth.

Mia Rayne: “You thought, you could just treat me like some kind of throw away. You THOUGHT that if you held me back from my plans of complete AMole destruction, I’d just… Float away in the wind. Well.. You were partly right. I left. I left because I didn’t feel like anything I did to try and make this place just… Better, was taken into account. If everything I did was just constantly thrown back in my face, why stay around? Why keep torturing myself like some kind of masochist? Sadist? I always get those two confused. Whatever, what everyone needs to understand right here, right now, is that I’m back for one VERY specific piece of unfinished business.”

Mia eyes the camera, looking at it so anyone watching from the safety of their own home, behind a computer screen, reading some kind of transcript, knows, that Mia was looking into their very soul.

Mia Rayne: “I started a lot while I was here, I meant every word I said. What I never really got a chance to say was… Well… Fuck it…”

Mia shrugs and leaps at Ataxia, who catches her, planting a kiss right on Ataxia’s mask. After what seems like an eternity of people booing the couple showing their affection, Mia leaps lightly off of her fiance.

Mia Rayne: “This should have been done a long, LONG time ago…”

She snaps her fingers and a pulpit pops up in the middle of the ring. Mia’s clothes transform into a stunning indigo dress to match the lighting effects that just started again. The crowd continues to show their displeasure and Mia just sneers, flicking them off and snapping her fingers.

Instantly, the fans change, some are now wearing swim wear, playing volleyball on a beach; some are in casual clothes enjoying a bouncy house, there’s a mini golf course in the way back, and in the darkest corner, is a table with coloring books and crayons.

Mia Rayne: “I’ve had it with the doom and gloom. I’m done playing by your rules. You want me back? The price is, I get to get married to the man of my dreams, and now you get to play by MY rules. This is my time, I don’t care about what the current state of affairs are, if it wasn’t for these two people standing in the ring with me right now, I wouldn’t be standing here in my current form before you. So no, we’re not doing blood. We’re not doing guts. We’re not doing the fighting. This is Mia’s happy time.”

She turns and takes Ataxia’s hands into hers.

Mia Rayne: “OUR, happy time.”

The Shadow smiles and is about to open his mouth to start the impromptu wedding ceremony, but Mia holds up a finger, bouncing up and down in her boots.

Mia Rayne: “Sorry, I can’t help it…”

She looks like she’s about to pounce, but Ataxia holds up a finger, the smile in his voice evident.

Ataxia: “My dear, in that case, who am I to deny you the perfect kiss? This time, we do it right.”

Mia smiles as Ataxia lifts his mask slightly to reveal his lips, Mia goes in and just as their lips connect, a robed figure comes crashing down the ramp, fast, almost too fast. In the blink of an eye, they’re in the ring and before anyone can stop them, they yank the mask off the rest of Ataxia’s head!

Out of sheer instinct and panic, Mia buries Ataxia’s face into her chest, so no one can see his face as she looks for the responsible party, who is long gone. She starts to cry as she brings Ataxia down to the mat, Shadow beside Mia and Genevieve keeping a close eye to ensure no one else tries anything. With a weak gasp Ataxia smiles.

Ataxia: “Goodbye… Frands…”

Before anyone can do anything else, the body of Ataxia dissolves into dust that turns into a shining light, before disappearing into the ether.

Anhellica vs. Dan Highlander

Match

Joey Garcia: “The following is a First Blood Match! Pinfalls, submissions, count outs and disqualifications need not apply, the only way to win is to make your opponent bleed!”

The lights go completely out in the Colosseum.

“Ich Will” by Rammstein hums over the speaker system.

A faint red spotlight shines over the middle of the ramp, where the evil mistress herself makes her presence known. AnHellica stands in place taking in all the hatred from all the forms of life within the Colosseum, a sick smile on her face as she nearly hovers off the surface of the ramp, the power of CWF’s Last Warriors coursing through her veins.

The Archon of Amorality slowly and methodically makes his way down to the ring, looking out at an angry male fan with an Alex Cain “WIN-Surgency” t-shirt, bellowing a deep laughter as the fan screams back at her. AnHellica palms the face of the fan, keeping it moving as more hatred is spewed in her direction. She finally makes it to the ring, the Watchers parting ways instantly for the entrance of their Lord.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing first…the Architect of Amorality, the Crown of Cruelty, she is….ANHELLICA!!”

Jim Gunt: “Well the moment has finally arrived, Mike. We get to see our almighty “overlord” in action.”

Mike Rolash: “I, for one, am relishing this moment! Highlander stuck the proverbial “hammer” in his mouth by making the ridiculous challenge to AnHellica. Now he must face the consequences of his actions!”

Jim Gunt: “What choice did Dan really have!? Caledonia was screwed out of making it to the finals of Infernalia, and he did whatever it took to get her there. I would say it was a very honorable thing putting himself in peril for the gain of his loved ones, but what would you know about being honorable?”

Mike simply grunts in response, not being able to come up with a come back in that particular moment. “Let the Hammer Fall” by Hammerfall begins to play over the speaker system, the lights dimming down over the Colosseum as spotlights begin zooming across the crowd, eventually coming down to the entrance ramp where Dan “The Hammer” Highlander finally makes his entrance.

Highlander takes a moment to look out at the crowd on both his left and right side, the massive moment for both him, the Last Warriors of CWF and all the independents and those who oppose the Amoralists seemingly hanging in the air as he finally raises both arms in the air, an explosion of cheers coming from everyone within the Colosseum. Highlander makes his way down the long ramp, his eyes never removed from Anhellica as he gets closer and closer to the ring. The Amoralist leader looks on with an expressionless stare, arms propping her up in the back corner as she allows him into the ring.

Joey Garcia: “And her opponent, standing at 6’1 and weighing 240 pounds, he is the Hammer….DAN HIGHLANDER!!”

Mike Rolash: “This is going to be a bloodbath!”

Jim Gunt: “That was last week, Mike.”

Mike Rolash: “Oh stop being difficult, you know what I mean! Dan doesn’t stand a snowball's chance in hell going against Anhellica tonight. He may have gathered all the Highlanders together to make one ultra powerful Highlander, but even that knowledge and power is NO MATCH for AnHellica!”

New CWF referee and former legend, Abigail Starr, makes her debut with the company as she calls for the bell to sound over the Colosseum. She looks on nervously at the competitors in the ring, an odd metallic look radiating from the skin on her arms as she waves both forward. AnHellica places her hand on the upper chest of Starr, pushing her back against the ropes without ever fully taking her eyes off Highlander.

With the referee backed up and fully in control, the Archon of Amorality shows her first true emotion of the evening, the most evil of smiles forming across her face like cracks in the ground in the middle of an earthquake. Anhellica removes her hand from Abigail, using it to outstretch towards Dan, her fingernails extending nearly a foot as she calls him on to battle.

Jim Gunt: “Oh boy, here we go! Dan Highlander vs. Anhellica, part two!”

Mike Rolash: “Despite what you may read on the dark web on your pad, these two have never fought, Jimbo. Maybe another Highlander and another Angelica in a whole nother time, but this is 2326 if you haven’t noticed, and the Amorals rule this earth!”

Jim Gunt: “Since when did you become such a suck up?...”

Despite the gravity of the moment, Dan Highlander shows not a bit of nervousness, seemingly focused as ever as he slowly approaches AnHellica in the middle of the ring. The two competitors go eye to eye, AnHellica lowering her right arm down just enough to touch the cheek of Dan, running her long nails across his face ever so gently.

Highlander relents, backing up and allowing his focus to break just for a moment before huffing, eyes wide open as he once again approaches the Amoralist queen. AnHellica slashes out with her right hand, but Dan shocks her with his new sense of speed, ending up behind her in a flash and taking Anhellica by the waist. A frustrated Anhellica flails back a wild back elbow that misses, Highlander ducking under and spinning her suddenly through the air before crashing her down back first on his knee!

Jim Gunt: “Tilt a whirl Backbreaker! I know this is still very early in the match, but I think Highlander’s got a shot here!”

Mike Rolash: “Not in hell, Jimmy! Anhellica is just getting her bearings after not being in active competition in over three hundred years. What do you expect? That’s a long time!”

Jim Gunt: “I guess so…nevertheless Highlander has control now and wait Anhellica just caught a front kick attempt, I don’t think that’s what she wants to do…SUCH IS LIFE!”

The Enziguri catches the Amoralist leader completely off-guard, the boot of Highlander connecting square with her temple and dropping her immediately. The crowd within the Colosseum are screaming cheers, absolutely shocked that the Amoralists and their leader would leave themselves so unprepared. With Anhellica momentarily down, Dan looks frazzled for just a second, looking out to the fans before rolling out of the ring, quickly pulling the apron up to find whatever weaponry may be near him.

Dan Highlander throws out a steel chair, a second one, a kendo stick, finally leaning downward further to grab onto a

wooden table and slowly maneuver its way out from under the ring. Highlander hears the crowd growing ever louder, looking at them and pumping his fist momentarily not realizing they were trying to warn him of Anhellica getting back to her feet in the ring. He turns around but it's too late.

Jim Gunt: "SPINNING CORKSCREW PLANCHA ABSOLUTELY DESTROYS HIGHLANDER!"

The Architect of Amorality rises to her feet in a flash, dusting herself off as if to say that was easy work. The crowd within the Colosseum are not impressed, booing their Lord adamantly as she just ignores them, going back to Dan and picking him up by the hair, whipping him right into the steps. The side and upper body of Highlander crash hard into the steel, leaving a reverberating sound running through the area for a few moments. Highlander is hurt, motionless as he leans against the steps, a sitting duck to Anhellica. She flies through the air nearly ten feet from Highlander with precision speed.

Jim Gunt: "BOMAYE KNEE! That was absolutely devastating!"

Mike Rolash: "It sure was! So much for your buddy Highlander having a shot, eh?"

Jim Gunt: "He's not my God damn buddy, I'm just trying to do my job and call this match properly!"

Anhellica takes Highlander once again by the scruff of his hair, moving down to one knee as she looks him square in the face.

Anhellica: "This is what you wanted, Daniel. Now this is exactly what you're gonna get."

BASH! The sound of Dan Highlander's face smacking against the top of the steel steps echoes, but Anhellica is not content with slamming his face against the steps once, as she does it a second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth time over and over again in rapid fashion. Anhellica raises the back of Highlander's head, shocked beyond recognition that there is no blood running down his forehead.

Anger begins to boil within the underbelly of the Amoralist queen. She snarls, pulling Highlander up by the hair and tossing him back in the ring like he's yesterday's lunch. Throwing a couple of the chairs into the ring on top of him, Anhellica goes back to the table and begins finishing the process Dan had set out to do, setting the table up outside the ring.

Before re-entering the ring she goes under it, pulling out a roll of barbed wire to a momentary cheer from the crazed crowd. Anhellica does her best not to let the barbed wire puncture her skin, widening it out and running it along the outskirts of the table, wrapping it around in several successions. Once done, Anhellica turns back to the ring, and this time it is her surprised at the resilience of her opponent, as Dan Highlander suddenly comes soaring through the air to

take her out with a Suicide Dive!

Jim Gunt: “What a recovery there from the Hammer!”

Mike Rolash: “Speaking of recovery, can you believe this…Anhellica is right back to her feet!?”

Jim Gunt: “SHE IS NOT HUMAN!”

Before Dan Highlander can even fully recover from the suicide dive delivered to Anhellica, the queen of Amorality kips right back to her feet, raising a sarcastic arm out for him to get back to his feet. Highlander huffs, elbows outstretched backwards as he relents just a few feet before pulling himself back up. Anhellica runs at him with superhuman strength, looking for a basement dropkick that only meets the steel steps as Highlander rolls away just in time!

Taking a quick breath and a moment to regain his bearings, Dan quickly gets back to his feet and goes right at Anhellica. She kicks out at him, her legs far outstretched in the air as she doesn’t allow Highlander to fully approach. Reaching down to grab the legs of Anhellica, Dan attempts to swing her towards the steps but finds his own body moving in motion instead.

Jim Gunt: “Flying headscissors right into the steps! Anhellica isn’t playing around tonight, is she!?”

Mike Rolash: “Did you expect any different, Jimbo? Anhellica has the blood of all CWF’s warriors running through her body. A power unlike anything we’ve ever seen before. Like I said before, Highlander doesn’t stand a chance!”

The top step disconnects from the impact of Dan Highlander’s body smacking against the steel, his entire frame wracked in pain as he lies lifeless over what’s left of the steel steps. Anhellica once again does not relent, staying focused in her mission as she approaches Dan Highlander and lifts him high into the air, carrying him around the outside of the ring as if he was made of paper. She looks out to the crowd, a small but sinister smile forming across her face with every jeer that comes from the CWF crowd that once loved her.

Anhellica tosses Highlander like a paper weight onto the barricade, his ribs cracking as he lands hard and tumbles forward right into the crowd. Watches immediately come to the scene, holding back the wild fans as they attempt to help the Hammer to his feet. Anhellica motions for the Watchers to back the crowd up, an intense look in her eye as she slides back into the ring. Springing against the ropes in a flash, Anhellica is back and springing off a propped chair to leap high into the air, coming through the atmosphere like the most beautiful shooting star in the sky.

Jim Gunt: “Anhellica springs off the top rope and…700 SPLASH OUT OF THE FUCKING SKY!”

Mike Rolash: “Holy shit! How many rotations was that!?”

Jim Gunt: “God only knows, and I think even he fears what the Amoralist leader has in store for this world. Anhellica is absolutely dominant. Even I am starting to worry about the chances of Highlander at this point!”

The crowd dispersed around the fallen Anhellica and Highlander, the Watchers holding them back as they look on as somehow Anhellica once again begins to pull herself right back to her like an undead zombie looking for more flesh. She grabs a hold of Highlander, looking for just that, her nails once again scraping against his cheek but this time in a much more violent fashion.

Suddenly Highlander comes to life, grabbing a hold of Anhellica and tossing her up and over the barricade.

Jim Gunt: “Belly to Belly Suplex over the barricade…and through the God damn barbed wire table!”

Mike Rolash: “Oh shit! If there was ever a time for Dan to mount a comeback, it’s certainly now!”

Jim Gunt: “So you’re saying Anhellica’s time is up, and Dan’s time is now?”

Mike Rolash: “No Jim, that’s a stupid catchphrase.”

Highlander takes a look over the barricade, his eyes set on his opponent who simply rolls away from the now destroyed barbed wire table as if she was unaffected, the loose top on her upper body showing no signs of pricks, pins or any blood of any kind as she turns towards the apron, grabbing ahold of the cloth to slowly ease herself back to her feet.

Dan Highlander is amazed, looking on dumbfounded as Anhellica turns back to him and glares at him, a deep and dark laughter coming from within. He leaps into the air looking for a flying clothesline to the approaching Anhellica, just to find a set of knees raised high coming down hard across his chest.

Jim Gunt: “Codebreaker! Anhellica reverses the clothesline off the barricade attempt from Highlander!”

Mike Rolash: “And there goes the wind from the sails of Danny boy. Just like that.”

Anhellica has had enough, the intensity in her eyes changing even scarier as she tosses Highlander back into the ring under the bottom rope. She enters, arms wide calling for him to get back to his feet. Before he fully can make it there, Anhellica takes him from the side, pulling Highlander up into the air and throwing him over her head nearly halfway across the ring, the back of his head spiking the top of the steel turnbuckle on the way down.

Jim Gunt: “What a landing there…but Highlander’s still in this! He’s not bleeding!”

Mike Rolash: “HOW!? This should be over by now!”

Jim Gunt: “I know you don’t know much about “heart”, Mike, but the Highlanders all have the hearts of champions. They have not only a will to live, but a will to make this place better than it is today with these evil Amoralists sucking the lifeblood out of each and every competi…”

Mike Rolash: “Settle down, Jimmy. Just because our Lord is busy taking down some pesky Highlander right now, I’m sure she still has eyes on you.”

Anhellica takes one of the steel chairs, tossing it violently against the upper back and head of Dan Highlander as he leans crumpled up in the corner. The sound within the Colosseum is deafening, the crowd doing everything they can to will the Hammer on but every single cheer and sound from them is like food for the Amoralist leader. She lifts another steel chair, waiting for Highlander to turn around.

Anhellica tosses the steel chair through the air with precision accuracy and speed, cracking Dan right in the face and dropping him instantly. Rolling to his side to cover his face, Highlander is shocked as he realizes that there is still no blood dripping down. He continues rolling, finally an arm coming out to stop him and bring him to a knee.

Highlander stands, getting right in the face of Anhellica.

Two warriors.

Two legends.

Good versus evil.

Anhellica takes an outstretched boot, smashing Highlander right across the face. Highlander no sells it completely, getting right back in her face in defiance. Anhellica strikes out with a rapid right hand but Highlander somehow catches it. She pulls back her arm, hitting a spinning back kick - no Highlander catches that too!

STIFF HEADBUTT BY HIGHLANDER LEAVES ANHELLICA REELING!

Highlander springs off the ropes with Anhellica dazed and confused.

Jim Gunt: “THE FALLING HAMMER! It’s been years since we’ve seen the Scissors Kick that took Dan Highlander to a high level of fame, but this is NOT a normal match, Mike. Highlander can’t just turn Anhellica over following the Falling Hammer and get the one, two, three. He needs to make the Amoralist leader bleed!”

Mike Rolash: “Exactly! And that’s why Dan’s out of his element, Jimbo. He made a wild challenge and now he suffers the consequences. Not even one of the best finishers in CWF history is going to get him the victory here!”

Dan Highlander, looking to prove the mouth of CWF wrong as always, rolls out of the ring and once again looks underneath. To the surprise and awe of the audience, the Hammer pulls out a lengthy shiny silver sword, with a blood red insignia of a snake twisting dead across the star that shines over it at the base of the handle.

Highlander raises the sword high, an enormous cheer coming from the crowd hoping that he can finally put an end to the madness the Amoralists have put over them. A new sense of intensity running through him, Highlander turns back to the ring with sword in hand, careful as he walks up what’s left of the steel steps and enters through the middle and top ropes. Anhellica is of course right back to her feet, a smile on her face as she sees the sword in Highlander’s hand. She leaps into the air, Highlander raising the sword ready to strike.

Jim Gunt: “BICYLE KICK FROM ANHELLI-NO! DAN HIGHLANDER BROUGHT THE SWORD DOWN ON ANHELLICA!”

Mike Rolash: “What the fuck just happened!?”

As Anhellica’s body launched through the air to hit Highlander with the Bicycle Kick, he struck at just the right moment, striking her down with the sword and running it right through the stomach of the heart of Amorality.

Unfortunately for Dan Highlander, the claws of Anhellica also upshoot through his jaw, leaving him completely incapacitated as he lays lifelessly atop her.

Mike Rolash: “Holy shit!”

Blood runs fast and deep from both Anhellica and Dan Highlander, the crimson flow coming at the exact same time as both crash to their backs next to each other. Broken nails of Anhellica through the jaw of Highlander, the sword of the Starchild through the stomach of Anhellica, the war is over.

Without finality.

Joey Garcia looks nervously on at the proceedings in the ring, finally getting word through his headset to make an announcement.

Joey Garcia: “Uhhh…I’m hearing that because both competitors bled at the same time, this match has been declared…a draw!”

The fans within the Colosseum aren’t having it, immediately booing the announcement of Joey who backs up with his hands in the air. Anhellica and Highlander show no mind to the crowd, neither one of them able to move after the destructive battle that they put each other through.

Byson Kaliban vs. Dangerous Dan

Match

The overhead holoscreens in the Colosseum, which usually flash propaganda for the Redeemer, suddenly glitch and fracture. The sleek Amoralist architecture groans under a localized EMP pulse. The arena’s oppressive industrial hum is sliced open by the sharp, iconic opening synth of “Ain’t Nobody” by Chaka Khan.

Joey Garcia: “The following FALLS COUNT ANYWHERE match is for the CWF Paramount Championship! Making his way to the ring, he is the CWF Paramount Champion….BYSON KALIBAN!!”

As the beat drops, the heavy blast doors at the top of the ramp hiss open, venting pressurized steam. Byson Kaliban doesn't walk out—he stumbles out with a manic, rhythmic twitch, his "sleeve" looking pristine and youthful despite the three centuries of madness behind his eyes, and the Paramount Championship belt fastened around his waist.

He is flanked by four SSRI "Peacekeepers" with electrified batons, but Byson ignores them entirely. He is lost in the music, snapping his fingers and swaying his hips in a way that feels deeply "wrong" given the blood-stained environment.

Jim Gunt: “Byson Kaliban emerged victorious from a brutal and bloody war last time – can he claim victory over Dangerous Dan here tonight?”

Mike Rolash: “I mean, he did last time, so…”

Byson moves with a loose-limbed, "dirty" grace. He occasionally stops to shout lyrics into the faces of the horrified front-row fans, his eyes wide and unblinking. Halfway down the ramp, one guard tries to nudge him forward. Without breaking his stride or his humming, Byson’s titanium-reinforced arm whips back, a blur of silver and flesh, nearly taking the guard's head off.

He doesn't even look back; he just laughs, a high-pitched, rasping sound. Byson slides into the ring under the bottom rope, immediately popping up into a handstand before collapsing into a seated position in the center of the mat. He stares at the hard-light canopy of the Colosseum, licking his lips as if he can taste the desperation of the crowd.

As the music fades into the screams of the bloodthirsty fans, Byson slowly rises. He stretches his arms out wide, the metallic hum of his titanium skeletal structure audible over the house mic. He bites his own thumb until it bleeds, and smears a "K" across his chest.

Mike Rolash: “Good thing he didn’t do that last time…”

The lights go out as a strobe of red and blue begin flashing across the arena.

"I wake up to the sounds of the silence that allows

For my mind to run around with my ear up to the ground

I'm searching to behold the stories that are told

When my back is to the world that was smiling when I turned

Tell you you're the greatest

But once you turn, they hate us"

Joey Garcia: “The challenger, being accompanied by Crazy Chris….DANGEROUS DAN!!’

Dan, accompanied by Chris, slowly walks onto the stage. He glances over the crowd both to his left and right.

"Oh, the misery

Everybody wants to be my enemy

Spare the sympathy"

Dan slowly begins making his way down towards the ring with Chris following behind. Dan acknowledges several fans at ringside, smiling and embracing the crowd, though ensuring that his emotions are in check as well.

"Your words up on the wall as you're praying for my fall

And the laughter in the halls and the names that I've been called

I stack it in my mind and I'm waiting for the time

When I show you what it's like to be words spit in a mic

Tell you you're the greatest

But once you turn, they hate us (huh)"

Dan now climbs the steps and heads up to the turnbuckle. He raises his arms in a globe like manner.

"Oh, the misery

Everybody wants to be my enemy

Spare the sympathy

Everybody wants to be

My enemy (look, look, look, look)

(Look out for yourself)

He turns to look at his opponent and lip syncs "My enemy (look, look, look, look); (Look out for yourself) enemy ..." from his theme song lyrics.

Dan slowly climbs down the turnbuckle and stands in the middle of the ring, as the lights dim and a spotlight shines on him. He falls to his knees, glares up at the ceiling and takes in the cheers from the crowd.

The spotlight fades out as the chorus of "Enemy" repeats. Dan stands to his feet and takes his corner.

As the bell rings, Dangerous Dan goes immediately on the offensive, laying into Kaliban with vicious rights and lefts, driving him into the corner.

Jim Gunt: “Dangerous Dan, clearly determined to avenge his loss to Byson Kaliban last time!”

As the referee pulls Dan off Kaliban, the cyborg capitalizes on the momentary distraction and launches Dangerous Dan at the opposing corner. But Dan is able to springboard up, leap at Kaliban and –

Mike Rolash: “Ooh, that’s gotta hurt!”

Kaliban’s sleeve immobilizes itself in a firm, grounded stance, and Dan bounces off him. The Dangerous One rubs at his arm, but gets to his feet quickly. He swings a big right hand at Kaliban, but this time Kaliban is ready, blocking with his left arm and delivering a swift blow to Dangerous Dan’s solar plexus, driving the wind from him.

Jim Gunt: “There’s the strength of the Paramount Champion!”

Kaliban proceeds to take over, attempting to keep the high-flyer grounded with a series of massive punches and kicks. He whips the Dangerous One into the corner, and charges with a massive splash. The twin brother of Duce Jones places a foot on each side of the ropes, climbing atop to the middle and raining down heavy right hands down on Dangerous Dan. Each one harder than the next, the Danger Boi is left reeling.

Mike Rolash: “Oh man, I felt that from here.”

Kaliban briefly taunts the crowd before whipping Dan to the opposite corner and charging once again – but Dan is able to get his foot up, blocking Kaliban’s assault, and sending the Paramount Champion staggering! The Dangerous One wastes no time, jumping up to the top turnbuckle and leaping at Kaliban with the ENDDING to Remember springboard DDT!

Before he can go for the cover, Kaliban rolls out of the ring to some jeers from the crowd. But Dangerous Dan launches himself once again at Kaliban, bouncing off the ropes and leaping clean over the top rope in a massive dive, bringing both himself and Kaliban crashing to the ground. He has the wherewithal to make the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Despite having been on the receiving end of the dive, Kaliban is the first to recover, reaching his feet and then pulling Dan up by the back of his head. He flings the Dangerous One into the barricade, and, aware of the fact that this is not a no-disqualification match, waves away the nightstick offered by an eager fan in the front row.

Jim Gunt: “We’ve officially spilled out beyond the ring at this point!”

Mike Rolash: “You really were just looking to fill the silence there, weren’t you?”

As Dangerous Dan groans in pain, Byson Kaliban looks skyward at the catwalk over the arena. His face splits in a wicked grin. With a massive driving kick to Dangerous Dan’s midsection, the Paramount Champion drags the challenger through the crowd, towards the set of stone steps leading to the catwalk. The Watchers use their batons and tasers to back up the crazed audience, pushing them backwards across the snow slicked ground to make way for the Last Warriors.

Dangerous Dan attempts to fight back with a right hand, but Kaliban is too determined, and the attempt is met with vicious stomps. He drags the Dangerous One by his foot, bumping Dan’s head on each of the stairs as the two ascend towards the catwalk.

Mike Rolash: “Oh man, didn’t think he’d actually do it…”

Dangerous Dan has regained his footing by this point, but Kaliban is still able to drag him to the center of the arena, passing by a reinforced table with a set of heavy ice blocks set upon it. Dan attempts to pull one of the blocks off the table but finds it's much heavier than he expected, ,the distraction enough to allow Kaliban to take him by the back of the head and smash him face first into the ice! The Dangerous One staggers backward, Kaliban following him, the two of them walking on a narrow passage over thirty feet above the ring.

The entire crowd has risen to their feet, craning their necks to get a better view.

Byson Kaliban knees Dan in the stomach, and makes eye contact with Crazy Chris, still at ringside and gritting his teeth. Kaliban grins and points towards the ring.

The anticipation hangs over the Colosseum like a fog.

Jim Gunt: "Oh no! This looks like the end for Dangerous Dan!"

Mike Rolash: "No, no, that's his finishing move."

Jim Gunt: "Not the ENDD, dumbass."

As Kaliban tries to toss Dan off the catwalk, the Dangerous One puts all his power into a single punch to the midsection. Kaliban falls backwards, falling to his knees, and Dangerous Dan charges at him with the ENDD of Time running kick! Kaliban is knocked down hard, but Dangerous Dan has taken a lot of punishment, and cannot immediately capitalize. The two slowly rise, each reaching their feet at the same time.

Jim Gunt: "Here we go!"

Dangerous Dan takes a swinging big right hand at Kaliban – who blocks it and locks the challenger's arm in place! Byson rams his head repeatedly into Dan's, and the Dangerous One staggers backwards.

Jim Gunt: "Duce's Wild! It's – oh my God!"

As Kaliban advances, Dangerous Dan launches his last, desperate assault – the ENDD Is Near superkick, catching the Paramount Champion squarely in the jaw!

Kaliban staggers backwards, and –

“Holy shit! Holy shit!”

Jim Gunt: “The Paramount Champion, Byson Kaliban, has plummeted to the ring below!”

Mike Rolash: “Yeah, but what’s Dangerous Dan gonna do about it? It might be falls count anywhere, but he’s too far away to –”

As if to shut Rolash up, Dangerous Dan demonstrates why he is called the Dangerous One by launching himself off the catwalk, soaring through the air like a bullet for the ultimate ENDD and crashing into Byson Kaliban with horrific force! Neither men are able to move for nearly a minute, the sound in the Colosseum like a herd of elephants running down the prairie as the fans stomp down on the concrete floor below them. Finally Dan moves out of the wreckage, just enough to place an arm over the chest of Byson.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Joey Garcia: "And the winner by pinfall and NEW CWF Paramount Champion....DANGEROUS DAN!!"

A broken Dangerous Dan can barely move, only half conscious as he hears his name loud over the speakers bringing but a small smile to the face of the new champion.

Lilliana Primrose vs. Jace Valentine

Match

Joey Garcia: “The following match is a singles grudge match set for one fall!”

“Runaway” by Emblem begins to play over the Colosseum’s high advanced speaker system. As soon as her music begins, Lilliana Primrose walks out and stops. Her head tilts to the side as she stares randomly at something. Once the vocals begin, she suddenly starts moving again. The whole time she is moving she seems to be trying to take everything in as if she’s never seen the world around her before and it is fascinating and confusing.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing first, standing at 5’10 and weighing 147 pounds…LILLIANA PRIMROSE!!”

Alkaline Trio’s “We’ve Had Enough” booms. Flashes of all colors of the rainbow come across the ramp, lighting it up like the fourth of July. Jace Valentine makes his entrance, cocky as ever, looking somehow young as ever as he saunters around both sides of the ramp, showing off his brand new blue and white sparkling overcoat to the booing

crowd. Valentine waves them off, eventually making his way down to the ring where Lilliana looks on from the corner, in the complete opposite direction of Jace talking to a set of sparkles that only she sees.

Joey Garcia: “And her opponent, standing at 5’10 and weighing 235 pounds, he is the World’s Best Advice….JACE VALENTINE!!”

Jim Gunt: “Well Mike, we’ve already seen Jaiden fail in his attempt at impressing the Amoralists as their new Moonchild, a beautiful wedding, and even a brand new Paramount Champion in Dangerous Dan after sending the former champion Byson Kaliban flying all the way down from near the top of the Colosseum. We’re getting nearer and nearer to tonight’s main event, but before we get there, we have one more match to go!”

Mike Rolash: “Thank God, after the roof that was built last week - I was prepared for a decently controlled temperature in the Colosseum tonight. It’s been freezing here, and I’m tired of this damned snow!”

Jim Gunt: “I can’t say I disagree with you, but we have a job to do and our resident troll Neezletoe just called for the bell, so let’s take it to the ring!”

Jace Valentine immediately goes on the attack as soon as the bell sounds, not even allowing Primrose out of her corner as he comes in and hits a big splash taking her back into the turnbuckles. Valentine takes her by the hair, bringing Lilliana all the way across to the opposite side of the ring just to spike her head against the top turnbuckle pad. The Host with the Most flaunts himself around the ring with a jolly look on his face, hands in the air as he takes a full spin.

Sauntering back over to Lilliana, Jace is somehow surprised that she’s fully recovered and seemingly snapped into a completely different state of mind. Wearing a crazed grin, Lilliana Primrose waves a pointer finger at Valentine, coming right up to him and meeting him face to face without any hesitation or fear. Jace snorts disgustingly, before spitting right in the face of Primrose. The fans within the Colosseum show Valentine their hate booing him aloud, but Primrose simply back at him non-plussed.

STIFF ROUNDHOUSE KICK!

Jim Gunt: “My god, that kick came out of nowhere!”

Mike Rolash: “Valentine is out cold. Anhellica is not gonna be happy about this!”

Lilliana Primrose pulls the unconscious Valentine’s body away from the ropes, turning him over to make the cover as a shocked crowd cheers her on.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO!

Valentine gets a shoulder up!

Jim Gunt: “That was close! Lilliana Primrose was this close to shocking the world with just one kick.”

A wide-eyed Jace Valentine looks on at Neezletoe, taking in a deep breath as he sees the troll only flashing two stubby fingers back at him. He doesn’t have a chance to regain his senses, however, as Primrose rolls away from him and springs to her feet, heading into the ropes and coming back within just moments. Basement dropkick to the jaw of Jace Valentine! Valentine writhes in pain, holding his face as he flails around the ring for only a few seconds, Lilliana stopping his motion with a stuck boot to his throat.

Jim Gunt: “Lilliana Primrose has snapped! Using the edge of her combat boot, Primrose is threatening to choke the life out of Valentine!”

Mike Rolash: “Leave the poor guy alone, he has to attend the crowning of the new Redeemer later tonight!”

Jim Gunt: “I don’t know if the Amoralists even have that on their mind at the moment, Mike, with all the disarray going on tonight. Nevertheless, look at the face of Jace Valentine! It’s turning darker shades of purple by the second!”

Using all the strength he can muster from a downed position, Valentine pushes up on the boot of Primrose, eventually getting it off his throat enough to quickly take a breath before snapping her leg sideways, landing her awkwardly on her knee! Jace rolls over and hurries over to Primrose, completely unaware of the challenge in front of him and attempting to stay on the opposition. He takes the right leg of Lilliana, snapping it up and down, before placing her in a Sharpshooter!

Jim Gunt: “Sharpshooter! Jace Valentine is looking to show off to all of Anthropolis that he hasn’t lost one step over all the…centuries.”

Mike Rolash: “When you have the luxury of having the blood of all CWF’s warriors keeping you alive forever, I don’t think there’s such a thing as “losing a step”, Jim.”

Valentine turns over the Primrose placing her in the submission, battling through the kicks upward at him as she tries to

stop the attempt. Now fully locked in, Valentine salivates on himself in joy as he sits down hard on the lower back of Lilliana Primrose, rubbing up her leg gently before pulling them in even tighter, Primrose screaming out in agony as she reaches out for any kind of escape.

Inch by inch, Primrose digs her way through the snow, her eyes set on the bottom rope as she reaches out for it. The crowd looking on from the edges of their seats, cheering on Jaiden Rishel's closest ally as she nearly makes it to the ropes just for Jace Valentine to pull her right back to the center of the ring.

Jim Gunt: "There is no escape! Lilliana is going to have to tap out right in the middle of the ring, Mike!"

Mike Rolash: "Wait, what the hell does that whacko have in her hands now?"

Valentine pressing down deeper and deeper, sinking the Sharphooter in as far as he possibly can, he's completely unaware that Primrose has dug far into the piling snow to find a thick sheet of ice underneath. The pain clear in her eyes, Lilliana struggles the block of ice upward and tosses it up over her head, striking the back of Valentine's flush!

Jim Gunt: "HOME RUN! Lilliana may have taken a wild pitch there, but she hit that sheet of ice right out of the park by knocking Jace right upside the head with it!"

Small chunks of ice broken everywhere over the back of Jace's head and along the side of him, Lilliana picks up one of the bigger ones and turns him over, shoving it right down his throat! Valentine struggles, attempting to shove her away, but she changes to a mounting position, getting on top of him and taking both hands across his throat, suffocating the Host with the Most!

Heaving for a breath, Valentine is eventually able to kick his opponent of him, rolling away from her and attempting to escape the ring, but Lilliana is right back on him. She drops down looking to choke Valentine yet again, a methodical look in her eye, but this time Valentine stuns her with a hard forearm!

Jim Gunt: "Ouch! That'll break a nose!"

Mike Rolash: "Good. Maybe it'll wake up Miss Primrose from her stupor."

Jim Gunt: "Oh you're sure one too talk about being in a stupor, Mike. I'd say you've been in a constant one for over three hundred and twenty years."

Another forearm strike to a risen Lilliana stops her attempt at coming right back at Valentine, the World's Best Advice shaking his head in amazement at the relentlessness of Primrose. He brings up a big boot as she approaches yet again, striking Liliana in the nose yet again, the heavy shot bursting her naval cavity open as a thick stream of blood

begins to seep out.

The sight of her own blood seems to bring an even wilder expression to Lilliana, a sense of amazement in her eye as she wipes away at her nose and looks at the crimson stain on her right hand. Sparkles in the sights of Lilliana, she charges at Valentine, getting a boot to her gut for her trouble.

Jim Gunt: “HEARTBREAKER!”

Mike Rolash: “He sure is, isn’t he?”

Jim Gunt: “No, I mean Valentine hits the Heartbreaker, you idiot! This could be it!”

ONE!

TWO!

NO! LILLIANA KICKS OUT!

Looking over at Neezletoe with angry eyes, Valentine swears at the troll as he flashes two fingers back at him again. He shakes his head, picking up Lilliana and tossing her into the corner. The anger dissipating from him as he looks out at the booing crowd, Valentine turns back to Primrose smiling before hitting a heavy chop right to her chest! Primrose covers herself, but Valentine shoves her arms away, taking a good look at the body of his opponent with her hands pinned back against the ropes.

Valentine then does the most disgusting thing he can possibly think of, forcing himself on Lilliana Primrose and kissing her hard across the lips.

Primrose is immediately incensed, lighting up Valentine with the stiffest headbutt of all time before he can even finish kissing her. A crack in the forehead of Valentine reveals a small trickle of crimson flow of his own, that in which Primrose looks to take full advantage of, as she hits a picture perfect standing dropkick honing right in for the target that is his forehead. Valentine’s skull bursts with flow, but Primrose isn’t finished. Flipping her body over in a flash, Lilliana latches onto the bloody head of her opponent and pulls him in as tight as she can.

Jim Gunt: “WHO ARE YOU!? And before you ask, that is the name of Lilliana Primrose’s submission hold! She has the Amoralists so called Host with the Most right in the middle of the ring…and he taps!”

Mike Rolash: “NOOO!”

Indeed, Jace Valentine taps out across the layers of snow, the Amoralists mouthpiece unable to take any more pain as he screams out.

Joey Garcia: “And the winner of this match by submission….LILLIANA PRIMROSE!!”

A Proud Friend

Segment

The cameras cut to the dungeon basement area where Jaiden Rishel had been held captive the last few months, the Heir to CWF looking ravaged after his match with Freddie Styles earlier. He sits on the edge of his bed, watching a holographic screen framed in the air before him. The previous match shows live on the screen, Jaiden watching every second of Lilliana and Jace’s match with vaunted interest.

With every shot Lilliana takes, Jaiden winces.

When she places Valentine in the “Who Are You?” making the cowardice Amoralist tap out right in the middle of the ring; the largest, most mischievous of smiles comes across the face of Rishel. He stands up from his bed, using a small remote device in his hand to turn the hologram off.

Jaiden stands in quiet, looking over the empty solitude that he’s been placed in. A black shelving unit in the corner of the room catches his eye. Not that it hasn’t been there before, but something is out of place. As Jaiden walks closer, a metallic shine can be seen exuberating off.

Jaiden Rishel: “This will all be over soon.”

Caledonia vs. The Ripper vs. Harlan Moretti vs. King Jarvis I vs. Shane Donovan

Match

Joey Garcia: “And it now time for the moment you’ve all been waiting for! Five of CWF’s Last Warriors, all of whom who have fought hard through the Infernalia tournament to get where they are today. Ladies and gentlemen, this is a FATAL FIVEWAY FOR THE CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!”

“Day and Night” by Billie Piper hits, the crowd immediately getting to their feet to cheer as Caledonia Highlander makes her presence felt. Without Dan Highlander who fought a destructive battle against the Anhellica earlier, or her cousin Mark Carlton, Caledonia walks to the ring alone. Battle worn, beaten down, and more ready to go than ever before; a determined Caledonia enters the ring and walks across, raising both hands in the air to a screaming response.

Joey Garcia: “Introducing first, standing at 5’5 and weighing 130 pounds, she is the High Priestess….CALEDONIA!!”

“For I Am Death” by Pretty Reckless booms over the Colosseum, the lights dimming down as The Ripper saunters his way slowly down the ramp. The atmosphere is electric as The Ripper looks on at the crowd before him, most of them

booing him but a good number cheering along as he makes his way through Infernalia. Ripper soaks in everything but doesn't show any of them attention as he makes his way towards the ring, tossing his overcoat at two Watchers blocking his entrance.

Ripper shoves past them, rolling in the ring and heading up the corner to look out at the mostly booing crowd. He smiles a sadistic smirk back at them, looking more focused than he has in years as he cracks his neck back and forth, looking on at Caledonia from across the ring.

Joey Garcia: "And her opponents, first, weighing 210 pounds and standing at 5'10, he is the Ripper….DANNY B!!"

Harlan Moretti walks out alone, gold chain resting heavy on his chest. He does not rush. He does not acknowledge the belligerent crowd or the drone cameras scanning him as he walks down. He steps onto the apron with deliberate care, wipes his boots, and pauses before entering.

Once inside the ring, he removes the chain and hands it off wordlessly. He stands in the center of the ring, arms at his sides, staring forward.

He does not warm up.

He stares at his opponents.

Time to collect on the biggest debt of his life.

Joey Garcia: "And their opponent, representing the Pact, standing at 6'8 and weighing a 335 pounds, he is the House….HARLAN MORETTI!!"

The lights go down, save for a single spotlight, feet away from the entrance as the opening stanzas of Liszt's Totentanz begins to ring out. Slowly, as the music builds, King Jarvis I strolls into the light with a towel draped around his neck in a plain, black singlet. 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 the King saunters towards the ring, in no hurry to go any pace but his own.

Joey Garcia: "And their opponent, representing his Vengeance and The Pact, standing at 6'1 and weighing 250lbs…KING JARVIS THE FIRST!!"

"God in Extension" by Jack Daw booms over the speakers, the lights dimming as fog fills the entrance way. Shane Donovan stands at the center of the ramp, taking in all the hatred from the fans within the Colosseum. The Man Made Monster raises his arms out before snapping them back down, slowly making his way down the ramp to not slip on the

accumulating snow on the entrance ramp.

Donovan jaw jacks with a young female fan at ringside quickly before continuing down, rolling in the ring and making his way past Ripper and Caledonia as if they weren't even there to go to the Pact's corner, celebrating early with his stablemates as the fans continue to rain down boos.

Joey Garcia: "And finally, representing the Pact, weighing 230 pounds and standing at 6'0, he is the MANMADEMONSTER….SHANE DONOVAN!!"

Mike Rolash: "This is the moment we've all been waiting for! Five of the top fighters from around the world, the Last Warriors standing in the Infernalia tournament. It's go time!"

Jim Gunt: "That it is, Mike. All the pomp and circumstance, four rounds of absolutely brutal action, and it all leads to this. The finals of Infernalia for the CWF World Heavyweight Championship!"

The atmosphere in the Colosseum is electric, a literal sense of heat coming off the ring and the competitors within even as the snow storm continues to relent down on the proceedings. The hundreds of extra drones overhead do their best to blanket the scene, but the reckless storm above continues to do its best to ruin the night.

The five Warriors that have fought long and hard through the Infernalia tournament, however, are bound to stop that from happening, each of them having their own reasoning for making it to where they are today.

Ripper. Moretti. Caledonia. King Jarvis. Donovan.

All five men and women stand in their respective corners, the House hovering above all of them right in the center of the ring. Trent Robbins quickly goes through the motions of checking on each of the competitors before backing up, lighting up the fans in an immediate set of cheers as he calls for the bell to sound over the Colosseum.

Jim Gunt: "And we're off! The Pact have spoken a big game coming into this match about how one of the three of them are guaranteed to walk out tonight as champion, and they certainly have the numbers on their side!"

Mike Rolash: "That they do, and with Caledonia damaged goods from her match with Elijah earlier and poor Danny boy unable to help out his bride tonight, she's going to be a sitting duck for the Pact boys!"

Jim Gunt: "Don't forget about Ripper, who just went after King Jarvis the first immediately with a running boot to the side of his face."

Mike Rolash: “Your King wasn’t ready!”

King Jarvis I quickly pulls his upper half out from being leaned over the top rope, holding his jaw and cheek bone as he sneers back at Ripper, who smiles back at him, calling him towards him. Before Jarvis can do just that, Ripper’s eyes light up wide as he’s snatched from the side from the House.

HIGH ROLLER SLAM!

The side slam with full body drop shakes the entire ring, leaving Donovan shaken up momentarily in the opposite corner, breaking his attention from driving right hands into the skull of Caledonia just enough for her to break free. Ducking under a right from the MANMADEMONSTER, Caledonia springs up onto the middle then top rope and turns back through the air with miraculous speed.

Jim Gunt: “QUEEN’S GAMBIT! Caledonia with the extra spring, giving even more leverage to that massive Roundhouse Kick to Donovan!”

Mike Rolash: “EXPLODER T-BONE SUPLEX! See, I can yell too! King Jarvis coming back from absolute nowhere catching the High Priestess off guard with one…explosive of a suplex!”

With the rest of his competitors down throughout various areas of the mat, Jarvis looks on as only Harlan Moretti looks calmly on from a crouched position in the corner. He motions for his partner and the two of them bring Caledonia up vertically into the air, holding her high for several seconds letting the blood drip all the way down to her head before dropping her with a snapping Brainbuster. Looking on at Moretti, Jarvis turns over Caledonia to go for the first cover of the match.

ONE!

TWO!

T-NO!

Jim Gunt: “I didn’t think their so called ‘Pact’ would last forever!”

Mike Rolash: “What are you doing, Harlan!?”

Jim Gunt: “I mean…did you expect him to just sit there and let King Jarvis take home the ultimate prize after how far all five of these competitors have come?”

Grabbing a hold of King Jarvis I by the back and shoulders, Harlan not only shoves him off the cover on Caledonia but hurls him hard into the corner! Jarvis is seething, immediately getting back to his knees with intensity written all over his face. Shane Donovan is right back up, stepping between the two men as they approach each other in the center of the ring.

King Jarvis I jaw jacks the entire time, letting his mouth get the better of him as Harlan Moretti looks on at him stone faced not saying a word back. Donovan is getting fed up with his Pact brethren, turning to Jarvis to have a word before suddenly getting grabbed from Ripper and taken down with a Flapjack. Danny stands right in between Harlan and Jarvis, a cocky smile on his face as he calls both of his foes on for a fight.

The New King of CWF approaches him with intent but Ripper is ready for him, spinning around just in time to deliver a back elbow that leaves Jarvis the First dazed and swaying in place. Moretti doesn't move an inch, doing nothing but studying the Ripper as he stares a hole through him. Danny shrugs, a small smirk forming across his face before he sprints at Moretti and dives into the air.

Jim Gunt: "DESTIN-KNE-NO! MORETTI GRABS AHOLD OF THE LEG OF RIPPER AND WHIPS HIM ALL THE WAY TO THE OUTSIDE!

Mike Rolash: "That was fucking sick!"

Jim Gunt: "But look who is going to the top rope, Mike. Caledonia, and Harlan has no idea!"

The House, completely unaware of Caledonia mounting the turnbuckle with his back turned to her keeping a stern eye on the destroyed and turned body of Ripper on the outside, finally turns as he hears the battle cry coming deep within Cali.

Jim Gunt: "QUEEN'S GAM-NO! Once again Harlan Moretti shows his terrorizing power, catching the trademark Roundhouse Kick from Caledonia out of mid-air and now carrying her around the ring like a baby!"

Mike Rolash: "Aww! She is a cute whittle baby!"

Jim Gunt: "Oh quit. THE HOUSE EDGE! The crushing falling Powerslam may have done just that, crushed any chances that Caledonia had in making the ultimate come back story to win this thing!"

Harlan makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO! Caledonia kicks out!

Jim Gunt: “But it’s not over yet!”

Mike Rolash: “It may as well be for your precious Caledonia, Jimbo. Firstly, her and Elijah didn’t even deserve to have a chance to be in this match in the first place. Secondly, she had to go through THAT battle earlier tonight just to get here, as WELL as seeing her prince charming get destroyed by our Lord Anhellica!”

Caledonia may have been able to kick out of the House Edge, but every bit of that kick out took whatever left she had in the gas tank. She looks on, completely spent as she tries to massage the kinks out of her lower back, to the outside of the ring where Dan Highlander and Mark Carlton usually reside, only to see none of the Highlander family at her side. The House goes to pick her up yet again, but shows just the slightest sign of emotion as King Jarvis whips him around from behind, getting in Moretti’s face yet again.

Jim Gunt: “Oh boy, this is a powder keg waiting to happen!”

Mike Rolash: “I thought their beef was all a ruse!?”

Jim Gunt: “Gold, fame and power will do some crazy things to people, Mike!”

This time it looks like Harlan has had enough of the mouthy words of his Pact stablemate, laying a right hand on his forehead and bringing his head heavily down on King Jarvis, crushing him with a headbutt!

Donovan is back up to his feet, backing up Harlan as best he can while trying to talk the big man out of it. Moretti huffs, taking ahold of the MANMADEMONSTER and tossing him into the corner. Holding a shocked and awed Donovan tight into the corner, Moretti brings forearm strike after forearm strike down on him!

Jim Gunt: “The Margin Call! The Pact is dissolving right before our eyes!”

Mike Rolash: “NOOO!! What are you doing Harlan!? God damn it!”

Donovan attempts to block the blows but after the third and fourth strike from Moretti he is unable to defend himself,

slumped over in the hands of a calm but destructive Harlan who nails him with another heavy arm. Ripper is still a crumpled heap on the outside, King Jarvis I simply looks on dumbfounded as the House threatens to fall all around them.

Jarvis gets a look in his eye as if to say “To hell with this. If the Pact is gonna break, it’s going to be at my own hands.”, snapping to his feet and quickly grabbing Moretti from the side. The massive body frame of the House will not budge no matter how much King puts into the suplex attempt. Moretti barely wavering in the air, he turns back to him and delivers a hard elbow to King’s forehead. HOUSE SHOT! The short arm lariat leaves King Jarvis snapping sideways, only momentarily though as Harlan immediately turns him to his back and makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Jim Gunt: “Ripper is back!”

Mike Rolash: “And thank God too, because Harlan’s just taken out the whole damn field himself!”

Jim Gunt: “The House is not playing around tonight, Mike, and he’s using his distinct size advantage tonight to his full advantage. Ripper caught him off guard though, so this may be Danny B’s chance to get back in this thing!”

Following the basement dropkick from Ripper, Moretti rolls off of King Jarvis, heading to the outside himself to allow himself a moment to cool off. Ripper will have none of the sorts, however, springing off the ropes for full momentum and heading right at Harlan Moretti like an errant bullet.

Jim Gunt: “Tope Con Giro! Ripper leaps through the air and hits a perfect flip to Moretti, and brings the House crumbling down!”

Mike Rolash: “Holy hell, the Big Bad Wolf did it!”

Jim Gunt: “Wait a second, what is Shane doing?”

Looking first outside the ring at the fallen Ripper over top of his downed Pact brother Moretti, Donovan then turns to the incapacitated King Jarvis I, shrugging as he quickly drops down to make the cover on him.

ONE!

TWO!

NO! King Jarvis kicks out!

Donovan slaps the mat, turning back around to come face to face with a shocked Jarvis. The MANMADEMONSTER holds up his hands as both men get back to their feet, King once again running at the mouth but the both of them being stopped by Caledonia who runs from across the ring and takes them both out with a flying running dropkick! Momentum on her side, she heads back to the ropes again, coming back and hitting a standing moonsault on Jarvis.

Springing again off the ropes looking to do the same to Donovan, but he somehow kips up to his feet, catching the completely off guard Caledonia with a Spinebuster on her return! Shane kicks away a pile of light snow piling around the ring, making a perfect spot as he lifts his opponent back up into a double underhook position.

Jim Gunt: “THE MILLENNIAL DESCENT! Will that be enough!?”

Following the devastating Double Underhook Implant DDT, Donovan doesn’t waste even a second to turn Caledonia over and make the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! JARVIS WITH THE SAVE!

Mike Rolash: “Oh come on! Let your brother have it, Jarvis!”

Jim Gunt: “They are not brothers, Mike. This was bound to happen!”

Shoulder blocking his Pact partner off of Caledonia, King Jarvis makes the desperate attempt to go for the cover instead.

ONE!

TW-NO!

This time it is Shane Donovan pushing King Jarvis off Cali, the two men bringing themselves right back to their feet. The time for talk is over as both men lay into each other with a quick succession of right hands, neither one of them able to get the better of the other as they sway towards the ropes battling back and forth.

Caledonia Highlander shows amazing resiliency, the packed crowd within the Colosseum coming alive and cheering her on as she kips up to her feet, Jarvis and Donovan unaware of her recovery until it's too late and they're both sent flying over the top with a massive double clothesline that sends all THREE Last Warriors spilling outside to the snowy floor!

Ripper turns towards the sound of the violent thump momentarily before turning back to Harlan, the big man leaned against the steel steps as Ripper lays into him with hard elbow strikes. An exhilarated Caledonia is back up, approaching Ripper with much esteem.

Jim Gunt: "RKS! The Ripper Kill Shot snaps Caledonia out of her reverie, and right back into reality!"

Mike Rolash: "Cali has to be dead at this point, taking an enormous amount of punishment both in this match, her fight with Elijah earlier, and the entirety of the Infernalia tournament. All Ripper's gotta do is roll her in the ring and become the brand new champ, baby!"

Jim Gunt: "And he's looking to do just that, Mike!"

Quickly rolling under the rope after Caledonia, Ripper flails her over to her back and covers the lifeless warrior.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! CALEDONIA GETS A SHOULDER UP AT 2.9!

Mike Rolash: “You’ve got to be kidding me!?”

Jim Gunt: “I don’t think it’s going to be that easy, Mike. Can you see the aura starting to form around Caledonia!?”

Mike Rolash: “Oh no. Not again!”

The form of the High Priestess takes effect following a bright light beaming all around Highlander. She takes the arm of Ripper easily as he attempts to strike out of her, a mythical smirk coming across her face as she easily hurls him all the way across the ring, striking the corner turnbuckles with a snap!

King Jarvis enters the ring showing no fear, attempting a Mafia Kick that Caledonia easily sidesteps with Matrix like precision, the King of CWF coming crashing down on Ripper in the corner instead. This time it is Donovan entering, the MANMADEMONSTER circling around Caledonia as he contemplates his next move. Reaching out for her hands, the power of the Tame runs through him as he calls for the High Priestess to do battle.

She gladly obliges, taking a hold of the hands of Donovan and once again hurls her opponent through the air…just to get smashed across the face with a massive knee lift! Stalling Neckbreaker! The aura dissipating from Caledonia, a satisfied Donovan rolls her over to make the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO! CALEDONIA KICKS OUT!

Mike Rolash: “Why won’t you die!?”

Jim Gunt: “Well that’s a little much, wouldn’t you say? Nonetheless, the High Priestess is showing an insane level of resiliency here tonight, taking an absolute beating and getting right back up every single time.”

Mike Rolash: “It’s the beginning of the end now, though, Jimbo. Look who Donovan just called back into the ring.”

A wide smile forming over the previously infuriated face of Shane Donovan, the MANMADEMONSTER seeing his Pact partner in Moretti beginning to rise on the outside, yelling for him to assist him inside the ring. He nods at Shane, the two men seemingly on the same page once again as Donovan separates the top and middle ropes to allow him easier entrance. Both men exhausted, Donovan winces as he points down at Caledonia, giving orders to Moretti to take control.

The House does just that, only not in the favor of Shane Donovan. The always calm Harlan takes hold of the wide eyed Shane, snapping both hands forward with open palm strikes.

LOADED DICE!

The open palm strike leaves Donovan gasping for air and backing up quickly into the corner, the MANMADEMONSTER wanting no more of the House than he's already received. DESTIN-KNEE! Harlan turns around from Shane just to get obliterated by a massive V-Trigger knee from Ripper! The towering body of Moretti comes tumbling down, shaking the ring to its core as he's toppled. Danny doesn't look at either of the rest of his opponents, not hesitating to use all his power to turn Moretti from his side to his back, making the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO! Shane breaks up the pin!

TKO! Shane with the cover on Ripper now.

ONE!

TWO!

King Jarvis pulls Shane off the cover, EXPLODER T-BONE SUPLEX! Jarvis with the pin attempt!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! SHANE KICKS OUT!

Mike Rolash: "The fans are going apeshit here in the Colosseum! Just like our sick and twisted Amoralist Overlords, they are right on the edges of their seats ready to see who comes out of this one as the new CWF World Champion!"

Jim Gunt: “FALL FROM GRACE! Caledonia just came from the skies like a literal shooting star, right on top of both Donovan and King Jarvis!”

Mike Rolash: “NO! There’s no way this bitch’s gonna be our new champion!”

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO! KING JARVIS THE FIRST ROLLS A SHOULDER AT TWO!

The Colosseum is rocking with the sound of the fans screaming their lungs out and stomping down on the concrete and steel slabbed floor below them. The Watchers look on, keeping an eye on them as the intensity level rises, Caledonia finally rolling off Jarvis and allowing herself a deep breath.

All five competitors down, neither one able to make a move after the war they’ve been through.

It is the House, once again, however, that stands tall.

Harlan Moretti climbs to his feet like a mad man, calm and collected but furious nonetheless. He grabs ahold of Caledonia by her hair, rag dolling her right into the corner. Moretti takes King Jarvis I up on his shoulders, whipping him end over end to dump him harshly on the outside. Ripper runs at the House looking for a wild clothesline, just to be sent flying over the top right onto the King.

It is only the MANMADEMONSTER and the House left standing, and Donovan isn’t looking to make the same mistakes as his opposition.

Jim Gunt: “Shane Donovan walking slowly right up to his massive stablemate, seeing full well how the House can use his opponent’s general advantages to their disadvantage.”

Mike Rolash: “Donovan is a calculated individual, Jimmy. He may not be quite the thinking man that Moretti is, but he’s seen and done it all in his time, that’s one thing he has over Moretti - experience.”

Jim Gunt: “He’s going to need all that experience and more now. Donovan is exhausted. Moretti is as well, but the

House seems to be relentless tonight!”

With King Jarvis I and Ripper still incapacitated outside the ring and Caledonia absolutely rocked within it, it is only Moretti and Donovan left, and they lock up right in the center of the ring. Moretti easily shoves Donovan back, using his size advantage to push Donovan into the corner.

Before he can strike out at him, Harlan instead gives Donovan a rare smile, hands in the air as he backs up from the corner allowing him back to the center of the ring. This ends up being the ultimate mistake for Moretti, however, as Donovan comes at him with inhumane speed and crushes him with a Running Knee Lift with his braced knee!

The momentum on Donovan’s side, he struggles Moretti back up to his feet, just to get snatched up and lifted high in the air. DEBT PRESS! Donovan’s body lands limp on the mat, immediately being turned over by a confident Harlan Moretti.

ONE!

TW-

Jim Gunt: “BED OF ROSES! BED OF ROSES! Caledonia has Moretti hooked in the Bed of Roses, breaking up the cover!”

Mike Rolash: “Oh Jesus Christ, hurry up and get in here, Jarvis! Ripper! Somebody!”

Jim Gunt: “The most devastating submission hold in all of CWF. The move that brought Caledonia Highlander much fame during her run as World Champion, and she has it sunk in tight on the House!”

Mike Rolash: “How!? How the hell does she wrap that cute little body around his big ol-”

Jim Gunt: “Mike!”

The Kata-Hajime submission locked into the House, the High Priestess using all the mythical power within her to pull the body of Moretti off Donovan, the two of them rolling to the side as a brightening aura begins to yet again form around Caledonia. The strength in both her right arm that twists around that of Moretti’s pulling it towards his head in an awkward position, and her legs pulled in tight around his waist threaten to squeeze the life right out of her opponent.

Unfortunately for Caledonia, Harlan Moretti isn’t just any opponent.

The House rises yet again, Caledonia hoisted up on his back as she flails back and forth, attempting to hold on with dear life as Moretti attempts to swing her off of him to no avail. Caledonia holds on. Deeper and deeper her grasp sinks into Moretti, and even an attempt at a headbutt from behind misses its mark. Moretti sways back and forth, the fans cheering on Caledonia as she finally crashes down the mighty monster into the snow.

Somehow Highlander holds onto the Bed of Roses even with Moretti falling down hard upon her, the High Priestess relentless in her attempt at putting away the Pact's biggest beast.

Moretti struggles, thrashing out as beads of sweat drop down his forehead obstructing his view. After another wild punch meets nothing but air, his eyes go wide one last time.

He does not tap.

With head official Trent Robbins looking on, the massive body frame of Harlan Moretti falls limp in the arms and entwined legs of Caledonia.

The bell sounds as the Colosseum explodes into cheers.

Joey Garcia: "Your winner of Infernalia and NEEEEWWW CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION….CALEDONIA HIGHLANDER!"

Jim Gunt: "What a moment here tonight!"

Mike Rolash: "What a scam!"

The Crowning of Chaos

Segment

Caledonia finally relents, letting loose of her grip on Harlan Moretti after the referee taps on her shoulder and yells for her release several times. She falls flat on her back, exhausted beyond belief but victorious nonetheless, the wave of emotion driving her to tears as Robbins hands over the newly minted CWF World Heavyweight Championship.

Just as she's about to grab onto the title she fought so hard to achieve, however, "Ich Will" by Rammstein comes over the speakers, the heavy chant giving way to the arrival of the Archon of Amorality herself.

AnHellica makes her presence known, cracked pale skin covered by a belly length black tank top and dark robe, showing a massive but somehow completely stitched and healed scar from the First Blood match earlier. Raising her hands in the air, the visual as haunting as ever of the Amoralist queen wide with the blizzard threatening to destroy

everything. AnHellica calls the rest of the Amoralists out to join her. One by one; Freddie Styles, Alex Cain, Andy Murray, and Jace Valentine all arrive behind her.

Jim Gunt: “I hate to borrow an old tired phrase, Mike, but I believe business is about to pick up.”

Mike Rolash: “Why? Our good Lord just wants to congratulate the new champion!”

Anhellica slowly saunters down to the ring with her Amoralist army behind her, eyes darting back and forth to the left and right of her as she drinks in the hatred coming from the fans within the Colosseum like the blood of CWF’s Last Warriors. Caledonia holds onto her championship tightly to her chest, looking on at the impossible odds stacking up in front of her. Her opponents in the Infernalia final just came to themselves, all four of them slowly rising up and looking on at the Amoralists arrival in unison.

Cain and Murray hold the ropes for AnHellica, their Lord bowing to them sarcastically with an evil glare that never leaves Caledonia. She enters the ring, twirling her pointer finger as she spins her right hand around in crazed motion.

The lights go out.

Echoes of cheers and “Ohhh’s” rain out through the Colosseum, the moment seemingly stuck in time before finally the lighting in the arena re-emerges, revealing the massive Orb of Life hanging supernaturally in the air at least fifteen feet directly over the ring. Sparkling with vitality, the Orb shoots white and red sparks out of every orpheus, translucent in its entirety from the center out.

Donovan, Ripper, Jarvis and Moretti all slowly pull themselves up by the ropes, looking towards the center of the ring where AnHellica and her Amoralists finally make their true intentions known.

AnHellica: “Congratulations Caledonia, for you have come such a long way, fought such a difficult and strenuous road…to get to this point. Whatever. You’re the brand new CWF World Champion. I’ll allow you this bright little new trinket, but you knew the deal going into Infernalia, High Priestess.”

AnHellica points down to the World championship in the hands of Caledonia Highlander.

AnHellica: “The winner of the glorious tournament known as Infernalia would not only become the brand new champion of Anthropolis, but would get the highest honor of being present for the crowning of our new Redeemer. So without further adieu…”

Once again, the lights cut out in the Colosseum, leaving the entire proceedings completely in the dark. That is…except for the shining Orb of Life bursting with energy high above the ring. A spotlight is shone on the Orb, showing what looks

to be thin metal cables barely visible, holding the Orb perfectly in place. As the camera zooms slowly up the cables, a massive shadowy figure can be seen in the clouds.

Caledonia looks up, her eyes going up the cables and then going completely wide as she realizes what awaits her above.

A form unlike any other, something a hundred times the size of any human being but yet looking just like one, with the cracked, evil smile that she's seen one too many times throughout her life.

Jim Gunt: “What the hell…!?”

J. Rish, or an impossibly large version of himself hovers in the air with a handful of metal strings in his fingers, holding the Orb of Life in place.

A quick explosion of light, and the form is no longer in the sky.

But in the ring standing with the Amoralists, Caledonia, and her Infernalia opponents, instead. Rish stands in the center of the ring in human form, a black tuxedo tightly wrapped around him and a sadistic foreign smile plastered all over his face as he approaches Caledonia, a shrunken Orb of Life in the palm of his hand.

“The Broken” by Coheed and Cambria hits.

Jaiden quickly makes his way down the ramp, ignoring his injuries from his match with Freddie Styles as he hobbles towards the ring as fast as his legs will take him. Jaiden doesn’t even pay notice to the hundreds of fans screaming his name, hoping that some way he’ll be able to help Caledonia put a stop to the Amoralist madness.

AnHellica, Rish, and the rest of the Amoralists watch on, showing neither fear or excitement as the Heir to CWF enters the ring and stands side by side with the new World Champion. Donovan pats King’s shoulder, the two men having a quick discussion before pulling Moretti out of the ring with them, the Pact thinking better about getting involved in what could be a life altering circumstance.

The three of them make their way up the ramp without garnering the attention of Anhellica or Rish, Ripper sneaking up the ramp slowly after them, the Amoralists attention fully on Highlander and Jaiden. Before the Pact can make it through the curtain however, a crazed Lilliana Primrose pushes past them and Ripper, sprinting her way down the ramp.

Jim Gunt: “Here comes the reinforcements!”

Mike Rolash: “What the hell is Primrose or even Jaiden going to do? There is no stopping the Amoralists and what they set out to do. You either learn to live with it, or you die, Jim!”

Just as Lilliana enters the ring and comes to her Jaiden’s side, his father takes the microphone from Anhellica and slowly raises it to his lips.

J. Rish: “Jaiden, my son, the time has come. You can scour Anthropolis for all the hapless allies you want. The deed is done.”

Jaiden cannot believe the words coming out of his father’s mouth. The man who set him on this path, to come to this world and save CWF, now stands before him with the very people looking to destroy it.

J. Rish: “You see my dear AnHellica set out a tournament called Infernalia, full of violence and strife. A Golden trinket as the reward, cloaked as a Blood Sacrifice.”

Jaiden takes a step forward towards his father and the Amoralists, but Lilliana stops him with a hand on his chest. The “Voice of Reason” speaks calm quiet words into the ear of Jaiden, transforming the Heir’s emotions within seconds. He nods back at her wordlessly, and speaks right to the heart of his father.

Jaiden Rishel: “Black clouds hang over me.

The kind that makes it hard to see.

Running from a past that just won’t leave me,

Black clouds hang over me.

Taking two steps forward just to take three back,

Feeling like my future might just collapse.

When you climb that mountain top,

Just to realize it was all a trap.

Fake a smile just to get through the day,

More rainy clouds are on their way.

Skies getting dark, it’s gone far past grey,

Black clouds are here to stay.”

Silently; Rish, Anhellica and the rest of the Amoralist army watch as Jaiden recites the dark ritual that is the Frozen Over theme song. Unable to move an inch, they can do nothing but listen on.

Jaiden Rishel: “When the world opens up and all seems anew,

I look at you and realize that’s not true.

Regardless of the sunshine and rainbows inserted in my life,

There will always be shadows no matter what I do.

A chip on my shoulder the size of the moon.

I miss you dad,

I’ll see you real soon.”

Rish steps forward.

J. Rish: “I’m right here, son.”

Jaiden Rishel: “But you died.”

And suddenly, the Orb of Life sparks a new essence, literally coming to life right before the very eyes of Jaiden, Primrose and the new CWF World Champion. Rish holds onto the Orb in his palms with all his might, a sense of pain coming through his eyes as he guards them from the brightness shining through.

The Orb of Life reveals the past. Portland, Maine, 2026. Rish kisses his wife and goes to the driver’s side of the door, destroyed head on by a speeding vehicle before he could even realize what happened. A gun shot. More. The lifeless body of Rish flails side to side as each bullet enters through him.

Static.

The Orb of Life now shows the rest of the scene. Rish rose right back to his feet following his shooter’s speedy departure. The owner of CWF brushes himself off, the oddest look on his face as he looks high up in the air, as if looking for a spirit calling out to him. Amber looks on in shock from their car, jaw dropped as she watches her husband simply walk away from his own death.

Back in the Colosseum, Rish hands the Orb of Life outward to his son, showing him the truth within all the lies.

Jaiden takes the Orb from his father, smashing it to pieces on the mat below them.

Jaiden Rishel: “But you see the thing about weather?

It’s ever changing.

And the sky?

It is my fucking life.

Black clouds don’t hang over me.”

The sword of the Moonchild appears within the palm of Jaiden. The artificial snow storm that has damn near destroyed Anthropolis the last few months dissipates completely.

Jaiden Rishel: “And you are not my father.”

Throat slit ear to ear, Rish crashes to the canvas. Not as himself, but instantly transformed into that of the Tormented Soul. A horrified Anhellica shrieks as she crouches down to try to cover the wound on Chaolin Sahn’s neck, but it is far too late.

Jaiden lowers the sword, standing side by side with Caledonia and Primrose as he looks on at the Anhellica and the rest of her Amoralists.

Jaiden Rishel: “It’s over now.”

“HAHAHAHAHA!”

A demonic AnHellica snaps back at him.

Anhellica: “Oh my dear child, this is far from over…”

Fade.

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