

Frozen Over: Frozen Over 6

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: December 11, 2017
Location: MGM Grand Arena — Las Vegas, Nevada

Results

Frozen Open

Match

The sold out MGM Grand Arena is packed to the brim with audience members of all kinds, woman, men and children all screaming at the top of their lungs as pyrotechnics shoot from every inch of the rampway. "Freeze Me" by Death From Above booms through the speakers, bringing the crowd to a fever pitch. The CWF Tron is lit up like never before, icicles strawn out from the top corners and gigantic snowflakes all around, the Frozen Over VI logo flashing brightly. After scanning across the crowd, we are finally at the announce table of Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash, who look dapper as ever as they prepare for tonight's action.

Jim Gunt: Welcome everyone to FROZEN OVER SIX! The longest running pay per view in CWF history, and we are so proud to bring it here to you tonight LIVE!

Mike Rolash: That's right Jim, the first time CWF has truly been live on pay per view. And what an incredible night we have in store for you, as ALL the matches have dangerous stipulations to them! From the Glass Tables Match with Freddie Styles, to the Punjabi Prison Match with Pandalike and Duce Jones.

Jim Gunt: How about the career match between Colton Mace and Jaiden Rishel? Or the Ice Cooler Casket Match with Sahn and Jace?

Mike Rolash: We could go on and on because this card is absolutely stacked to the hills. But the two main events that everyone is looking forward to is the vaunted TOWER where Elisha and Highlander will do war twenty seven feet above us, and of course tonight's main event.

Jim Gunt: Harley vs. Ripper in a BURIED ALIVE MATCH!

Mike Rolash: Indeed. Should be one hell of a memorable night, but for now let's head backstage to CWF's own Tara Robinson.

Wanted Attention

Match

Backstage, "the Surgeon" Davey Douglas moves down the hall with his bag over his shoulder, already snarling as he gets in the mindset for his match. He rounds a corner and Tara Robinson meets him with her microphone in hand.

Tara Robinson: Davey! A couple of words before your big match tonight?

Stopping in his tracks, Davey turns his head slowly to Tara. He looks down at the microphone and extends a hand. Robinson quickly pulls her wrist out of reach of the Surgeon.

Tara Robinson: That's close enough, Davey.

He smirks.

Davey Douglas: Not just a pretty face, darlin'.

Tara Robinson: Are you going to share your thoughts?

Douglas drops his bag and folds his arms across his chest.

Davey Douglas: What are your thoughts about the match, Tara?

She shrugs.

Tara Robinson: Well, you're one of the smallest competitors going into the match. You've already made a target of yourself. You've already ran your mouth at the entire roster. I think it's fair to say you're going to be the centre of a lot of people's attention. I think it's fairer to say that the odds are entirely against you, tonight.

Douglas shrugs his shoulders.

Davey Douglas: Bravo, Tara. That's a pretty good analysis. But you've forgotten one thing...

Tara Robinson: And what's that?

Davey Douglas: Who says I didn't WANT their attention?

He snickers to himself and grabs his bag, slinging it over his shoulder and heading off down the corridor leaving Tara Robinson pondering her thoughts.

Fade.

Whatcha Gonna Do?

Match

Roid Rogers stands alone wearing his yellow and Red "Roid Rules" torn tank top and yellow trunks in front of a very generic "Frozen Over" billboard behind him as the camera zooms out and a small bald mustachioed man wearing a tuxedo appears with a microphone in his hand.

Man: My name is Cream Jeans Smokerlund and I'm here with the newest acquisition of CWF The Immortal Roid Rogers. Tonight you face off against several other men in a ladder match...

Roid Rogers: You know something Cream Jeans, I've been wrestling for over 30 years brother. I've body slammed giants and I've defeated Warriors. But this is the first time that I've ever stepped into the ring and didn't feel 100% confident that I was going to win, Brother. Because yo see I spent my entire career building up a following of Roidmaniacs following the Roid Demandments, Eat your Pills, Say my name, do your Roids, believe in yourself and Believe in Roidmania brother.

But it's been a long time since people have abided by these demandments, brother. It seems like the world is going to hell, and it's going to take a holy warrior to fight through the demons to bring light to the darkness again. So CONSIDER ME the second coming of the Wrestling Jesus, Brother, and consider the other men and women in my match nothing but the pawns of the devil.

Roid Rogers tears his shirt off revealing the over tanned rubbery skin with a surprisingly muscular physique underneath.

Cream Jeans Smokerlund: Rogers, it sounds like you're putting a lot of pressure on yourself...

Roid Rogers: A lot of pressure? Cream Jeans, I've never felt pressure like this since Earthqueef had me in a bear hug back at Summerbash '90. Of course there's pressure on me. Because it's not only the fate of my career, but the fate of the entire world that rests on my shoulders brother. But this world has NEVER seen the likes of Roid Rogers and Roidmania before... SO WHATCHA GONNA DO, WHEN ROID ROGERS... GOES WILD... IN YOU!!!!

Roid Rogers gunts and harumphs and then does a backstroke out of the room.

Cream Jeans Smokerlund: You heard it here folks, the Roidster is ready. Back to you, Gorilla Cumsoon.

Jim Gunt: Who was that guy?

Mike Rolash: I have no idea... let's head to the ring for tonight's opening match before this pay per view gets any weirder.

Amphmau Enders, Chaos, Chris Lee, Davey Douglas, Kaylan El, Kendo, Roid Rogers, Teddy Rose, The Lost Soul & TJ Adams

Match

Ladders of every shape and size shatter across the squared circle as “Big” Denny Davidson looks around in fear, before motioning for the bell to sound off the opening match. The ring is packed to absolute full capacity with competitors of every shape, size and form.

Jim Gunt: Here we go Mike, a ten person ladder match to determine who will go onto the main event next week on Evolution to fight the current champion in the Modern Warfare tournament!

Mike Rolash: That’s a pretty convoluted stipulation, Russo.

Jim Gunt: Oh would you shut the fuck up already, Gordy.

The debuting star in his mid fifties begins hulking up immediately, Roid Rogers’ intensity scaring off all of his fellow competitors. And by scaring off, they actually turn away from him, completing ignoring him as they begin the action themselves. TJ Adams strikes out with a right hand to Chris Lee, and Kaylan El whips Chaos into the ropes, catching him with a swinging headscissors takedown as he returns! The Samoan Tap Out Machine now shows his dominance in multi-person matches, hitting Aphmau Enders with a belly to belly suplex, and then one to Davey Douglas and Teddy Rose for good measure. The crowd is now on their feet, as Kendo breaks his arms in the air to celebrate sending the CWF roster to Suplex City.

Jim Gunt: What a crazy beginning to this matchup, as all ten competitors quickly brawl it out to show their dominance over their fellow competitor. But it is Kendo who is looking stronger than ever at the moment!

Mike Rolash: The Samoan Tap Out Machine has a knack for these kinds of matches, Jimmy. But the question is, can the big dummy even climb a ladder?

Roid Rogers smashes Kendo with an axe handle from behind, barely damaging him but getting his full attention. Kendo turns around and heaves his huge paw forward, but Rogers catches it, and rakes him across the face! The incited Kendo goes for another right hand but Roid ducks back, avoiding it and waving his finger at the big man. Snapping, Kendo runs at him with a lariat that Roid ducks under. The Samoan Tap Out Machine’s momentum keeps him going right into a big boot by The Lost Soul!

Teddy Rose and Chris Lee trade right hands, God’s Right Hand getting the better of him after striking him across the jaw with an elbow. Davey Douglas has Aphmau Enders against the ropes, hitting her with a hard chop block to the chest before dumping her right over the top rope! He follows her outside, whipping her into a steel ladder. Douglas attempts a running body splash into the ladder, but Enders moves leaving him colliding with the unforgiving steel!

Jim Gunt: Damn! I would hate to be that ladder after Davey Douglas just nearly destroyed it!

Mike Rolash: You would hate to be...the ladder? Were you backstage doing drugs with Lance LaRusso or what, Jimmy?

TJ Adams strikes Kaylan with a rising knee, before turning his attention to the two competitors on the outside of the ring. He raises his arms in the air to get a sudden pop from the sold out crowd, before bouncing off the ropes and heading towards the ropes, CORKSCREW MOONSAULT OVER THE TOP! Enders and Douglas both go down from the huge maneuver, but all three of them are back up just moments later as Chaos leaps through the ropes- SUICIDE DIVING UPPERCUT THROUGH EVERYONE!

Jim Gunt: Holy shit, that was some creative offense right there Mike!

Mike Rolash: And we're nowhere finished yet, Kaylan El is bringing a ladder into the ring! Apparently she is the only competitor with half of a brain left, as she looks to go for that contract!

Kaylan El struggles to pull the fifteen foot ladder into the ring, but eventually muscles it shut and slides it under the bottom rope. She enters just to have Teddy Rose immediately take the ladder and crack her across the spine with it! God's Right Hand Man sets up the ladder, but Roid Rogers is on him before he can even attempt to ascent, turning him around and leveling him with a splitting right hand! It is the new Hero of CWF who goes for the ladder now, beginning to climb up wearily. He seems to have the win in hand, until he makes it to the top and a very rapid TLS sprints his way up the other side of the ladder. The Lost Soul lands a right, Roid hits and even bigger one. TLS almost goes down but somehow pulls in Rogers on the way down, BRAINBUSTER ALL THE WAY OFF THE LADDER!

Jim Gunt: BY GAWD! What a brainbuster!

Mike Rolash: If this incredible ladder match is any indication on how the rest of Frozen Over is going to go, we're in for a wild night of amazing action!

Jim Gunt: I would say so!

The action ensues on the outside of the ring as Davey Douglas has a ladder in hand, whipping it across the air and right across the skull of Chaos! The metal splits his face in half, blood seeping out immediately catching the corner of the ladder. Douglas continues on the attack, going for Aphmau Enders, but she leaps into the air out of nowhere, a diving cross body knocking the ladder and both of them down hard!

TJ Adams has Chris Lee in the corner now, raising his boot up to strangle the man. Lee shoots in very quick kicks and is able to break out, before turning to Adams' back and bashing him with nasty elbows to the back of the head! The

Beach Boy Badass is damaged quickly, but Lee continues with a Mongolian Chop and then surprises the him with a Belly to Back Suplex! The fans are on their feet as their see Kaylan El climbing the ladder, but instead of heading for the top she turns her head back to eye the scene, BACKFLIP MOONSAULT TO CHRIS LEE!

Jim Gunt: Air Kaylan!

Mike Rolash: She certainly picked up some frequent flyer miles with that one!

The Lost Soul now props a second ladder in between two sets of ropes, leaving it laying dangerously in the corner. He goes to climb up the ladder but is turned behind by Roid Rogers, who spikes him in the face with a right hand. TLS goes to punch him back but Roid blocks it, waving his finger and beginning to hulk up. But instead of pumping his fists and shaking his head he thrusts wildly with his pelvis while looking like he's skiing with his hands until the Lost Soul goes for one last punch where he points with his crotch and the crowd chants 'YOU' Then he delivers several straight punches to the head and sets up the picture perfect big boot and leg drop combo!

Kaylan El and TJ Adams now battle back and forth, connecting with shots though would knock any normal man or woman out with one blow. Davey Douglas blindsides them both though, as he absolutely runs through them with a ladder, a sadistic clacking noise as their both of their skulls connect with steel! He hurries to set up the ladder, staring up at the contract as he ascends. Behind him however, Roid Rogers is climbing up onto the ladder situated in the corner.

With nothing but fear in his eyes, he leaps forward awkwardly, landing on the back of Davey Douglas! The Surgeon sways out of surprise, but attempts an elbow to knock off Rogers. It doesn't work, as he holds on and begins to bite away at the ear of Douglas, while humping his back from behind! The Surgeon shakes off Rogers, dropping all the way off the ladder. This leaves Roid Rogers the golden opportunity, and he takes it to its full extent, climbing up the ladder as quickly as he can and pulling down the contract!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match and moving onto the main event of Evolution for the Modern Warfare tournament....ROID ROGERS!!

"Eye of the Tiger" by Survivor plays over the speakers and Rogers holds the contract high in the air, his other arm holding him snugly across the top of the ladder. He shakes wildly as he makes his way down, so excited and proud that his manhood tells the entire story. Several children's eyes are hidden from their mothers at ringside, but Roid pays them no attention, sizing up his failed competition as the official holds his hand in victory.

The Guides To Your Enlightenment

Match

With no entrance music and no pomp or ceremony, Danny Gordy comes charging down the ramp towards the ring, clearly incensed. Disregarding the fans he tears the microphone off the hands of the announcer.

Danny Gordy: Alright shut up! I can't believe this! I can't believe any of you. I was screwed out of my title and instead of

giving me the fair rematch I truly deserve I get overlooked, shunted down the line for the next talentless hack, all because you people don't know how to run a federation.

Mike Rolash: Speaking of the devil.

Jim Gunt: Oh god. Someone shut him up!

Danny Gordy: Well this ends now! I am tired of being ignored. I am tired of being cheated. From this night on-

During Danny's scathing tirade two individuals seated in the front row jump the security rail and unbeknownst to Gordy climb into the ring behind him.

Mike Rolash: Who is this now?!

Jim Gunt: They look like those two guys from last week, causing trouble backstage.

Danny turns around and is surprised to see two unknown individuals now standing in his ring.

Danny Gordy: Who the f-

One of them lunges forward popping Gordy up into the air. The microphone falls from Gordy's hand and resonates the thud as it hits the ring. Danny comes down into a stiff kick straight into the mid-section from the other assailant. The two don't give the winded Gordy a chance to recover. They have him back to his feet, doubled over with one of his arms crossed over his own neck then connect with a combination standing corkscrew neckbreaker and double knee backbreaker variation.

Jim Gunt: Thank god for that.

With Gordy now discarded, the smaller of the two, picks up the dropped microphone.

Sam Braxton: ...G'day...Struth could that guy bitch or what...

He passes it to his companion.

Dean Coulter: We thought we'd do everyone a favour and shut him up. But I have to say, if he is any indication of what the CWF has to offer, well...It's a good thing we've come along. My name is Dean Coulter and my friend here is Sam Braxton. We're just a couple of blokes from Australia with a mission, and that mission is directly related to the looks of confusion I see on all your faces. See back home we made quite a name for ourselves, but here that doesn't amount to much. We're barely a blip on your ignorant and small-minded radars. We're going to change that. We are going to open your eyes, expand your minds. You Americans live in this small bubble, refusing to acknowledge that which exists beyond the borders of this ring. Which is a real shame. For there is so much more out there! So many better alternatives to...well HIM!

They look back to Danny Gordy and Dean hands Sam the microphone.

Sam Braxton: We are the guides to your enlightenment. The leaders of a revolution. We are the agents of some big changes around here. Everyone has been coasting along, content with the way things are, unaware of the truth. I know it's hard to understand, but just because you're the biggest in the yard, does not make you the best! But don't thank us yet, because I can guarantee that you won't enjoy it as much as we intend to. That goes doubly so for every member of the roster. Once you step into the ring with us, you will find yourself in a world of wrestling the likes of which you never knew was possible.

The audience is unsure how to react, though they are mostly thankful for their dealing with the petulance of the sore loser, Danny Gordy. Sam and Dean raise their hands in triumph then return to their seats as if nothing had happened.

Fade.

Taken

Match

Sometime Earlier

The room was dark, a completely unfamiliar scene. Dean Moxley was tied to a chair, his clothes torn and his body broken. He tried to fight to get the ropes off, but they only tightened on his wrists as he screamed out in pain. He didn't like this one single bit, as he heard footsteps coming through the door. With a black bag draped over his head, he couldn't see anything. The bag was removed, and he slowly opened his dark blue eyes. He stared up at the man he wished he didn't see, and shut his eyes cause he hoped it was a dream. He took a few deep breaths, and opens his eyes again but it wasn't a dream after all, standing in front of him was his former father, Scott Moxley.

The same guy that gave birth to Seth, Roman and him with their former mother Karen Moxley. He didn't deserve this, and being the baby he was scared to death. His former parents took their baby boy, and now he was here in a strange place he didn't know away from his brothers. Blood stained his face, and he shook in fear as Seth wasn't there to save his baby brother now. He was all alone, and he fought back the tears that wanted to fall. He hated this moment, and he hated his father so much. He was handcuffed to the chair, blood even mated his hair together, he was a mess. He couldn't move, and Scott laughed as he enjoyed watching his baby boy in agony.

Scott Moxley: What's the matter Dean? Can't stand that this had to happen to you? You were supposed stay with us but that good for nothing older brother of yours took you away from us. Now your back with your mom and I, and you are home. Come on Dean, you will like this place.

Dean Moxley: Let me go dad I hate you, Seth saved me from you two pricks. I don't want to be here, and I am not your baby boy. You left us, and didn't even care. You two abandoned us when you didn't want to raise us, and even though Roman was raised by our grandparents still he wants to get to know Seth and me. You don't know the three of us, and you don't have any right trying to get back in our lives. You're not our parents, just two people that walked away when things got tough.

Dean spit in his father's face showing him he didn't care about him, and all that got him was a hard back hand across his mouth. His head snapped back, and his neck popped. He raised it, and glares at his father not happy at all.

Scott Moxley: Listen here you disgraceful piece of shit we gave you boys life, and this is how you repay us? We did what we thought was best, and look how you and your older brother turned out, it is pathetic. you guys can't even win one match, and you think you will become CWF Tag Team Champions? You don't have it in you, so give up on Dean cause you and Seth will just fail again.

Dean Moxley: Shut up dad you don't know what the hell your talking about, you can't win them all we will win, it is going to happen sometime as we will be able to do it. We will prove you and everyone else wrong at Frozen Over.

Scott made the mistake of coming near Dean, and that is when Dean head butted him right on his forehead making him bleed that will show him that he wasn't playing around. He struggled again as the ropes and the cuffs dug deeper in him as he just didn't care he could take pain that was no problem. This time he didn't even flinch, and Scott laughed at the pain that Dean was allowing as he didn't know what was worse Dean's defiant attitude or the fact he enjoyed pain. He back handed Dean again busting his lip open more as Dean spit up more blood, and he glares at the man standing right there in front of him with that stupid evil look in his eyes as he just shouted.

Dean Moxley: I HATE YOU AND MOM SO MUCH, AND I WILL NEVER BE YOUR BABY BOY AGAIN.

Dean had to get away from his father, but how he couldn't get out of the position he was in. He decided to use his teeth to try to get the ropes to loosen which was starting to work, and he got one of them off his left wrist, and he started working on his right wrist. When he got both his wrists free he moved them to get blood running through them, and now he had to work on his ankles which he had no idea how he was going to do that as the scene goes to black.

Fade.

Silas Artoria vs. Autumn Raven

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contest is a falls-count-anywhere match scheduled for one fall!

"Somewhere in Hollywood" starts playing and out comes the Beautiful Psychopath, snapping at the audience as she descends towards the ring.

Ray Douglas: From Los Angeles, California, weighing 120 pounds, she is the Beautiful Psychopath...AUTUMN RAVEN!!

Autumn looks at the camera and growls out, "Hope you're watching at home, I want a lot more witnesses to the slaughter, and you better enjoy every second of it!" She climbs into the ring, and ascends to the second rope to taunt the crowd.

Jim Gunt: Autumn Raven, dangerous, unconventional, intense, needless to say if you plan on facing the Beautiful Psychopath, expects some scars.

Mike Rolash: Both physical and mental!

Autumn climbs back down, back to the audience, and facing the entrance ramp. She breathed slowly and awaited the inevitable screech of his opponents' entrance theme.

Except all the lights cut out, and the titantron went black. There was sound, a building drone getting louder with each passing second, and with it comes the frequency of red scribbles flashing on the screen out front, and flashes of a human screaming in extreme pain. Suddenly--

The loud hook of "Cyberdemon" starts playing, and standing out front was Silas Artoria, except far, far different. He appeared without a hat or coat, instead half his pants were ripped and torn like he was attacked by a lion. His skin was paler than usual with the exception of half his face, and his front had small, condensed red writing. The unaffected side showed Silas' eye faintly red, and the heavy breathing figure was grinning maniacally, teeth in full view of the audience. He started approaching the ring with the cane in his hand, eyes not losing focus, and unblinking. He slid into the ring, but remained sat on his knees and kept his eyes locked on Autumn, still breathing heavily.

Ray Douglas: From Toronto, Canada. Weighing in at 220 pounds, the Psychotic Aristocrat, the Bloodletter...SILAS ARTORIA!!

Jim Gunt: Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls around the world, on the last edition of Evolution we started seeing signs of a different Silas Artoria, a very worrying side. I think it's safe to say that that person inside the Aristocrat has emerged, and we are in danger of witnessing a crime scene.

Mike Rolash: And the battle of the psychopaths too! It could cause an apocalypse!

Jim Gunt: Hopefully you'll be the first to go if so!

Mike Rolash: JIM!

Autumn stood up, and walked towards the knelt figure and observed him keenly. The body was breathing heavily and wearing that uncomfortable grin, but Autumn responded by only slightly tilting her head.

The bell rang, the match began, and Autumn immediately made the first move by kicking Silas. The latter ducked quickly, head between legs, and up Autumn went into the electric chair position. Autumn quickly started striking Silas' head, and upon the third strike, back down she went. She landed on his feet, turned around, and--

Smack!

Superkick to the chin. It knocked Autumn back a bit and did get her on one knee, but there wasn't lasting damage. Small sting to the chin, and an opponent slightly bent down, almost studying Autumn with that breathing and grin still on his face. Autumn gripped her jaw for a moment, before assuming a position to strike. Arms raised, but Silas kept up his bent down position, eyes still locked onto his opponent.

They grappled, Silas twisted around, and Autumn was at his front. He pushed her forward towards the turnbuckle, before she turned around and saw a stiff knee flying towards her. She rolled forward, under the knee as it hit the padding, before she went for the Claw in the Night. Silas shifted back, narrowly missing her foot, before trying another superkick. She catches his foot, before twisting it around and forcing him onto the floor. The leg is hooked in and--no! Silas grabs the ropes and drags himself out. His eyes are locked onto his opponent as Autumn kept her eyes on her escapee.

Autumn slowly raises to her feet, steps back, and gestures him to return. Silas gives out a crooked smile, and enters back into the ring through the second rope. The two athletes raise their arms, and charge at each other. Arm drag by Silas, throwing Autumn to the floor before she returned to her feet. Another charge and arm drag, and Autumn rushes back to her feet. Charge, arm drag, except no one was home. Silas returned his attention to Autumn, then--

Smack! Autumn struck Silas across the face, and Silas' smile vanished. The confused man's hand felt the impact area, and felt the slight stinging sensation on his face. His eyes widened, and slowly his head turned back the Autumn, whom was revelling in her successful slap. Her pearly white teeth showed, and she jumped at a consistent tempo before taunting him to take a shot at her. He grabbed her suddenly, threw her into the turnbuckle, forced her to turn around, and knife chopped her.

The stiff strike forced her to recoil in pain, but Silas grabbed the back to her head and threw her towards the next turnbuckle. Turned her around, and another stiff knife chop with the sound echoing throughout the arena.

Autumn had recoiled in pain, but kept her hand on the top rope to keep her on her feet. Silas took notice, and pressed his foot onto her hand. Autumn started screaming lightly, with her right hand making vain attempts to escape the grip. Silas pressed harder, with Autumn trying to grab hold of her attacker in some way. It didn't work, and it took a kick to Silas' shin to get him off her. He fell onto one knee, but retaliated promptly by picking her up and throwing her towards the ropes. Bounce, she rushed back, but a dropkick forces her to the mat.

Her shoulders took some punishment, and were aching badly, and it wouldn't get any any better as Silas grabs her right shoulder and forces it back. His knees were against her back, holding her still as he tugs at the arm further. She dug her heels into the mat and managed to get her backside off the ring, before sliding herself to the side, alleviating the joint strain, but Silas moved quick. He tugged her arm back and forced her onto her side. He locked into the Fujiwara

Armbar, and Autumn was too far away from the ropes to break the hold.

Silas wasn't struggling, and continued to make things worse for the Beautiful Psychopath. The arm was secure, and he got to work on the fingers. One by one, he wrenched the fingers back and Autumn responded appropriately. She tried clawing for the ropes before another tug on the fingers would make her flinch. Finally he let go of his hold, and stomped on her shoulder. Silas pushed her to her back, and went for a pin.

One...

Autumn lifted her shoulder.

Jim Gunt: A very early attempt by the Aristocrat.

Mike Rolash: Never too early to try and end it. Considering what happened at Evolution, Autumn might be foolish in kicking out.

Jim Gunt: But it wouldn't stop Silas. If he has energy, he will attack. May god have mercy on Autumn's soul.

Mike Rolash: If God did then hell would be frozen over!

Jim Gunt: ...really Mike?

Autumn's arm was in pain and her finger were practically torn off, but she still had fight in her. Silas grabbed two points in her outfit and brought her to her feet. He grabs her waist, lifts her up and over her his head. German Suplex! She lands on her feet! Silas returns to his feet, turns around, and--

Smack

Stiff knife chop delivered to Silas' chest, and he staggers back. She grabs his hand, pulls him to the ropes, he bounces off and darts towards Autumn. Clothesline! He ducks, turns around, jumps up. Reverse Frankensteiner! Autumn is thrown back, and she lands on her neck! She clutches the back of her shoulder as she rolled out of the ring. She lands on the outer mat, seething in in pain as it continued to settle in. She looks up, smiles slightly, and lightly punches it. Quick stretch, time to get back in before--

TWISTED VIRTUE!

Silas had committed a high powered suicide dive, grabbed her shoulders, twisted around, and executed the dangerous tornado DDT. Silas spun around to examine his victim, while Autumn clutched her head mere milliseconds after it being the focus of his attack. Silas crawls towards her, her shoulders for the pin.

One....

Two....

T-

She kicks out, either conserving her energy or now fully aware of the stipulation. Silas was unimpressed, so breathed in animalistically and got to work. He picks her up, grabs her arm, and locks the bad shoulder behind her. Autumn immediately tenses up, and through the force of Silas was almost sprinting head first towards the ring post. Her foot out, stops the momentum, and forces Silas to let go. She turns around, sees Silas darting towards her, and--

DROPKICK!

Autumn pulled off a dropkick to force Silas to the floor. She lands on her back, flinches, and gets back up.

SUPERKICK!

Silas executed a superkick and the force twists her head, her jaw colliding with the ring-post with an audible crack. Autumn clutches the jaw as Silas gets to his knees, exhausted. Autumn retreats to the barricade as the attacker observes the damage. He starts his sprint, hoping for a knee strike or maybe a Knockout, but Autumn steps forward and catapults him in the air. He's over the barricade and he lands on the hard surface of the audience isles on his back. He yells, and before he could recover.

ANTI-HERO!

Autumn had jumped on the barricade and executed the move. But she flinches, and she goes for the pin!

One....

Two....

T--

Kickout by the Aristocrat! No time for caution. She forces a fan to give up their seat, lays it down on the concrete, and lifts up her opponent. She grabs his head, twists around and--

BROKEN FUTURE--

But Silas broke the hold! Autumn lands on the chair with no one home! Her shoulders had landed on the metal and she reacted appropriately, but Silas couldn't stand up. His eyes were slightly vacant, and was clutching his back.

Jim Gunt: How in God's name could he still be standing!? What the hell has Autumn got to do to keep him down!?

Mike Rolash: I don't think she can!

Jim Gunt: No one is invincible when in the ring! If there's a will, there's a way! And it'll take more than a chair to keep Autumn down!

Silas was breathing heavily, but he wasn't down. He finally stands up straight, and looks over the Beautiful Psychopath. One foot on her hand gently, before standing on it and putting his other foot at the shoulder joint. The victim struggled against the weight, while the perpetrator basked in her trouble. He smiled, started laughing, then raised his arms in glory.

Jim Gunt: Come on! That's uncalled for!

Mike Rolash: He's dominating his opponent! Of course it's called for!

Autumn didn't give up, she wasn't going to back down. She raised her feet and back, and lightly kicked Silas' chin. Not much, but the tip in balance forced Silas to stand back and stop his attack. He scrunched his face in annoyance, but then returned to his uncanny smile. He retreated back behind the barricade and back into the match area. He walked around the ring, and found the timekeeper's station. He pointed towards the person responsible for the bell, and signalled him to get out. The poor man didn't know what to do, so Silas demonstrated by arriving and immediately forcing him out of the small box.

He pillaged the small area, before pulling out a familiar tool. The cane, the one that accompanied both sides of him to the ring whenever he had to. The diamond shaped tip, the sturdy construction, perfect. He turned around and a--

CROSSBODY FROM AUTUMN!

She had followed him and ran from the top of the announce table. She had jumped over the timekeepers wall and with no hesitation, started landing strikes on her opponent. Silas tried to stop it, but Autumn kept on wailing on him, before picking him up and putting him on his feet. Silas tries for the Knockout, but she catches his leg before it strikes. She throws the leg to the side, turning him in full rotation, and a Dropkick to send him out of the timekeeper's area!

She clutches her shoulder but lets out a loud scream, as she follows Silas back into the match area. She goes to the top of the turnbuckle, high above the laid down Silas, and starts screaming at him. "GET UP!" she screamed, as Silas slowly rose to his feet. He bites his lip in fury, turns around, and--

MISSILE DROPKICK!

Autumn had descended and stuck his shoulder hard. He staggers back to the barricade, turned around, and is greeted with a backstabber by Autumn. He's flipped over, and is now locked into a NEVERMORE!

Autumn has locked in the Nevermore! And there's nothing Silas can do to break it! The ropes he reached out for are too high to grab, the cane is on the other side of the timekeeper wall, and every time he reached for Autumn she tugged on his back tighter. She screamed at the top on her lungs as she cinched it in, and Silas' eyes widened further and further as he tried to get her hands off his jaw.

Jim Gunt: Come on Autumn! Make yourself famous! Tapout Silas! Tapout!

Mike Rolash: Goddamn Nevermore! Break it! Break it!

Jim Gunt: His eyes are rolling behind his head! The soul is leaving his body! He's fading!

Mike Rolash: Get out! Get out for the love of all that is decent!

Silas eyes were going absent and tired, his energy was fading, and his hand was flat and hovering over the mat. The strain was visible as the hand raised and lowered quickly at sporadic intervals, but it never hit the mat nor any surface. His eyes were rolling, but they didn't close. Until his eyes widened again and soon enough, Autumn was screaming not from struggle, but from pain. She swayed from side to side, not as if she is trying to deliver pain, but instead was trying to escape it. Only when one of her hands dropped from the submission did it become clear. Her injured hand was trapped in the clutches of Silas' teeth. When the ref saw it, they forced Autumn's hand free. Autumn clutched her hand as both she and Silas rose to their feet, and as soon as they stood up, they knocked each other back down. Silas delivered a superkick to Autumn's jaw, while Autumn delivered the vicious Claw of the Night. Both were knocked down on their back, and both became near immobile.

Seconds went by, with both competitors breathing heavily on the floor. Silas let out a chuckle, and Autumn only did the same.

Silence.

The the two arched their back and shot up to their knees. The two locked eyes and started laughing at each other. Silas struck first with a knife chop, Autumn delivered one back, another chop from Silas, another from Autumn, Silas delivers a third--

No! Autumn delivered a dropkick! Silas staggers back to the timekeeper barricade. Autumn heads to the ring apron, looks under the squared circle, and frantically pulls out her best friends. The barbed bat. She holds it with both hands intently, looks at Silas, and starts approaching him.

Silas turns around with his cane, and points it towards Autumn, one handed, and looking at her eye to eye. Autumn

hesitates, still holding barbie with two hands, and takes a swing. Silas swings, breaks the barbed bat, and targets her shoulder. Twack! Autumn screams as she staggers towards some sort of support. Twack! Another shot the the shoulder as she recoils in pain. Another shot and Autumn crawls on her knees towards the commentary table. Silas throws the cane to one side, grabs Autumn's hair, and slammed her face into the table.

Jim Gunt: I'm not sure if you guys at home heard it, but that noise distortion just shows Artoria's power first hand!

Mike Rolash: I get that distortion from listening to you in general.

Jim Gunt: You must love it then if you're still here--

Silas looks at the two commentators, teeth showing and wide eyed. Breathing heavily, Jim got the right idea to slowly move back, but Mike still sat in place.

Mike Rolash: You know, seeing Silas up close gives you a new appreciation for--

Silas reached forward and grabbed Mike, pulling him across the table and taking any debris with him. Mike landed close to the ring, and Silas refocused back to Autumn. Her head in between his legs, her waist grabbed, and lifts her up. POWERBOMB THROUGH THE TA--No! Autumn lands on the table on her feet, and kicks Silas' head. He staggers and rests on the commentary table, and Autumn grabbed his head.

Silas was on the table, and Autumn grabbed his head. She twisted around to execute her Broken Future, but Silas slinks down to put his head between her legs. He starts lifting her up, but strikes force him to drop her back to the table. She tries the Claw of the Night, but Silas catches the knee and spins her around. Silas executed the Knockout, it connects! Silas quickly grabbed the exhausted Autumn, and using all his energy left, lifted her to the electric chair position. Each breath very audible, before he let out a loud yell and elevated her further. Another loud yell, and upwards she was thrown. She descended, and Silas hit the cutter through the commentary table. The table breaks, and the angle of one side of the surface was enough to leave both competitors on their backs. They both laid there, both with a smile on their face.

Silas lifted his arm in the air, and dropped it over the body of Autumn.

ONE.....

TWO.....

THREE!

Silas Artoria won the match, but there was nothing left for the two of them. They threw everything at each other that they had nothing left to pick them up. The two kept breathing through the pain, although Silas let out a low chuckle, before he slowly sat up. The grin on his face remained as he turned to see his crime scene. Autumn was still limp, but he won the match. The laughter got louder, and louder, before he turned around to the camera to finish with the loudest output of the lot.

He stands up, makes his way to the exit.

Jim Gunt: A few weeks ago on Evolution, Silas Artoria stepped into the ring. By god...what have we brought into this company...?

Silas finally gets to the top of the ramp, until his hand clutches his head. His eyes scrunch for a few seconds, before his eyes open. The red tint within one of them was gone, and the Canadian turned around to see the aftermath. Medics were picking Autumn up, and the brief sight was enough for Silas to turn back round, and rush through the curtain.

Time To Go

Match

Backstage at the MGM...Marcus Maximus is followed by a camera man, headed for the door that says "The Shadow" on it. He timidly knocks, not knowing what to expect.

knock knock

Marcus Maximus: Hello?

A few moments pass by, and nothing is happening. After one more knock he gathers his courage and cracks open the door, which immediately opens fully as if acting on its own. The whole room is black with the exception of a torch set into a sconce on the wall, sending its flickering light across the room. Beneath it is a chalk-drawn heptagram similar to the one seen in The Shadow's mansion, complete with the names at the points of the heptagram. Maximus inches closer to be able to read them while the camera zooms in.

"We have been waiting for you."

Maximus lets out a startled cry, while the camera whirls around to show two black cloaked figures standing between them and the door.

Cloaked Figure: It is time to go...

Fade.

Maya Jensen vs. The Shadow

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is scheduled for one fall and will be a Blind Winter Storm match!

The camera shows fans looking a little confused, since there is not a sign of anything winter related to be seen.

Jim Gunt: This should be a really interesting match-up in every way! One competitor blind, the other one mysterious and blind-folded...

Mike Rolash: Absolutely, but shouldn't there be snow or ice or both somewhere around?

Jim Gunt: Maybe it's a Vegas Winter Storm? But who cares, as long as we can see two people stumble through the ring?

Ray Douglas: Introducing first from the place where light goes to die - Theeee Shaadooooowww...

The lights go out. "Mea Culpa" by After Forever starts with its ominous keyboard sounds. As the choir sets in, fog starts to waft around the ring, illuminated only with dark, purple light, the ring itself is dark. As the choirs reach their crescendo, the purple light flickers with rising intensity and as the choir stops, the lights go back on and...nothing. Nobody is in the ring, nobody is near the ring...

Mike Rolash: I know that he is The Shadow, but shouldn't he be out here, too?

Jim Gunt: You would think so, maybe he's taking this whole shadow thing to a new level...!

Suddenly the lights begin to flash and the titantron springs to life. Marcus Maximus can be seen, clearly distressed and even more so, looking absolutely frozen!

Marcus Maximus: M-M-Mike, there has b-b-been a little ch-change...

Snowflakes are flying all around and there is the sound of wind obscuring part of his words.

Mike Rolash: Maximus! Where on earth are you?

Maximus: I, I am not sure... I-I think it's on earth...

The camera moves a little to the side and shows what is behind Maximus. It's not quite clear, where we are, but in the middle of a deeply snow-covered area stands a ring, the CWF logo on its sides barely legible, light reflecting off the ice on the mat, where it hasn't been obscured by snow yet.

Jim Gunt: I think I just found out where the snow and ice are...

Mike Rolash: No shit, Einstein...

Ray Douglas: How is this going to go down now? How am I supposed to announce this?

Mike Rolash: I have no idea, I don't get paid enough for this! Maximus?

Maximus (shivering): Y-y-yes?

Mike Rolash: I guess today's your big day, boy, make us proud!

If his cheeks weren't flushed from the cold, one could probably have seen him turn as white as the snow surrounding him. He looks around him, uneasy and disoriented. Out of nowhere "World Without Danger" by Subdigitals starts to play from unseen speakers. Maximus gives a start.

Maximus: I g-guess that the first one to the ring is M-Maya J-J-Jensen from Albany, New York, ac-companied by Annab-b-b-belle Jackson...

Annabelle leads Maya to the ring, who seems to be somewhat confused about her surroundings, even though she does not seem to have any issues with her footing, stepping through the snow towards the ring. They walk up the steps and Maya gingerly goes between the ropes and proceeds to walk around the ring, holding on to the ropes, trying to get a feel for it. Then the lights suddenly drums start to sound. Maximus gives another start. The camera moves over to show six hooded figures banging their drums in unison. Then the choir of "Mea Culpa" comes on and the camera moves to the other side, showing a different group of hooded figures singing, their deep voices sounding even more intense than on recording.

Maximus: And from...from...somewhere d-dark - The Sh-Shadow...

As the camera focused on the drummers and the choir, it moves back at the ring, where suddenly The Shadow is standing in the middle of the ring, right behind Maya.

Jim Gunt: He still gives me the chills and you can take that quite literal right now, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Yes, this is quite the surprise, The Shadow must have orchestrated the whole thing, but he must have had help from someone higher up...

Jim Gunt: Do we even have a ref out there? I don't think we can do this without...

Mike Rolash: I saw someone in stripes, so unless they hauled a zebra out there, we should be good, but what exactly is this Blind Winter Storm match?

Jim Gunt: Well, from what I gather The Shadow will be blindfolded, because Maya is, well, doesn't see anything, but other than that, well, we have a winter storm, but I'm not sure what else is supposed to happen here...

Mike Rolash: Why can't anyone give us any information here, this is all Jaiden Rishel's idea, where is he when you need him?

We go back to the ring, where the ref Clark Summits is putting the blindfold onto The Shadow. Then he feints a few punches to make sure he really cannot see and as he does not flinch, he gives him the go ahead. The Shadow goes from rope to rope across the ring to get a feel for it and it's obvious that it is not his usual playground.

The ref give the hand signal and the bell rings and then...nothing happens.

Jim Gunt: If the match is going to continue like that, we will be in for a long evening...

The Shadow circles Maya, who follows the sounds and turns with him. Then he runs at her, but she easily side steps his run and he skids into the the corner of the ring, steadying himself. As he turns around Maya comes in flying, or at least she is trying to, but fails to take off and slams into The Shadow shoulder first, way lower than anticipated, making him fold with a gasp.

Mike Rolash: Ooh, that must have hurt... Not quite according to plan, but definitely efficient...

While The Shadow is trying to catch his breath, Maya comes back up and sends a knee right into his face, another kick to his mid-section, followed right by a bulldog. And she immediately goes for the cover!

ONE....

TWO....

NO!

Jim Gunt: Ooh, Maya wants to get this over with quick!

Mike Rolash: Yes, that bulldog must have hurt, The Shadow is still down!

Maya pulls him to his feet and whips him into the ropes, readying herself for a drop kick, but The Shadow holds onto the ropes to stop his momentum, sending Maya crashing to the ice-covered mat. While she is slowly getting up, The Shadow is still trying to shake the cobwebs from his brain. Almost as if sensing that he had not fully come to yet, Maya goes into the ropes headed for The Shadow again, whose head shoots up at the sounds of her approaching and he brings up his legs to hit her in the chest or face, while Maya seemingly had the idea to go for a spear, both missing each other, sending Maya through the ropes and into the deep snow surrounding the ring.

Jim Gunt: Looks like this is going to be a match of missed opportunities...

Mike Rolash: Well, the blind stipulation makes it impossible to guess, if they're coming in for a leg sweep, a spear or a dropkick, this is ludicrous!

As Maya digs herself out of the snow, shaking off the white, clingy crystals, The Shadow is in the ring, trying to figure out where she is, since the snow muffles all movements Maya makes. Knowing where she exited the ring, so to say, he slowly moves to the opposite side of the ring and holding on to the rope begins to stomp his foot, as if beckoning her to come. Maya climbs up the side of the ring, lithe as a snow leopard and just as she steps through the ropes, The Shadow suddenly stops, the silence almost deafening. Maya approaches as quietly as possible not to give away her position, but all of a sudden The Shadow lunges forward with a flying clothesline, sweeping Maya off her feet.

Jim Gunt: Whoa, how did he do that??

Mike Rolash: Looks like when he stomped, he broke the ice on the mat, creating some footing for him! This man came prepared!

The Shadow is waiting crouched down while Maya is staggering to her feet, her movements betraying her location. As she is back up, he grabs her from behind and delivers a crushing German suplex into the ice, sliding into the ring corner, leaving her motionless for a moment. He slowly walks over to her and starts to climb up the ropes.

Mike Rolash: Oh my God, what is he doing? He is - no, he is not, this is suicidal!

He stands on the top rope, facing the inside of the ring, arms stretched wide.

Jim Gunt: Is he really going to go for the...

The Shadow jumps off...

Jim Gunt: Flight of the Night Demon!

...it is a beautifully executed Swanton Bomb, but the only problem with it is that the only thing he connects with is the sheet of ice covering the ring since Maya simply rolled to the side, sensing that something was up and that she was in a dangerous place. As he crashes into the mat, the crowd in the MGM Palace lets out a univocal "Ooooh".

Mike Rolash: I don't think he can recover from this, that impact was brutal!

Maya uses the ropes to bring herself back up and she shuffles towards The Shadow's unmoving body, snow already gathering on his black attire. Feeling for the location of his head, she uses the ropes for leverage and delivers a skull-crushing knee to the head of The Shadow. She goes for another cover!

ONE....

TWO....

THR...

NO!

Out of nowhere The Shadow manages to put his leg on the rope, breaking the cover. Summits tells Maya, who seems frustrated and starts to argue with the referee. While they are arguing, The Shadow rolls himself out of the ring, into the snow, but as the cameraman moves over to the side, he is nowhere to be seen.

Mike Rolash: What is happening here? Where did he go?

The ref is starting to count, while trying to figure out where The Shadow went. Maya is standing in the middle of the ring, her head going left and right, trying to listen for any sounds or movements to give her an idea, where The Shadow is.

Clark Summits: SIX...

Jim Gunt: I think he quit...

Mike Rolash: Bull... He doesn't just bail out of a match like this!

Jim Gunt: I'd like to see you take that hit and continue on.

Maya is trying to warm herself up, but it's obvious that she is shivering from just standing in the ring, exposed to the wintery onslaught. Suddenly she whips around, alerted by some sound or movement, slipping a bit in the process, but quickly catching herself.

Mike Rolash: Oh my God, there he is!

The Shadow is standing on the top rope again, on the opposite side from where he had disappeared.

Jim Gunt: He must have gone under the ring!

While still blindfolded, Maya catching herself from slipping is enough to give him a good idea of where she is and he launches himself off the rope to deliver a dropkick that only manages to hit Maya with one foot, but catching her completely unprepared, sending her into the corner. Without wasting any time, he tries to charge her, but obviously noticing his approach, Maya lifts her legs up, avoiding The Shadow, who goes through the ropes, hitting the ring post head first, falling to the side and into the snow.

Mike Rolash: Ooh, The Shadow is taking some really hard hits this evening!

Jim Gunt: And is this what I think it is?

The camera comes over and shows dark red drops glistening on the snow. Maya follows The Shadow's groan as he lays in the snow, bleeding from a gash on his temple and launches herself over the top rope, but as she comes down, The Shadow brings up his knees and hits her square in the stomach. With a loud gasp she falls to the side and now we have both competitors in the snow, writhing in pain.

Clark Summits: TWO...

Mike Rolash: Where is Maximus?

The camera shows Maximus wading through the snow, trying to get a closer view. He looks absolutely and positively frozen.

Maximus: This is n-n-not look-king g-g-good for them...

Clark Summits: FOUR...

The Shadow is getting up, blood running from the gash, staining the snow crimson. He steadies himself against the ring, then reaches over to find Maya. He finds her, pulls her up and rolls her into the ring just before Summits hits eight, breaking the count.

Jim Gunt: Looks like there is still some life in this!

The Shadow reaches out for Maya and pulls her into a sudden lariat, sending her crashing to the mat, groaning with pain from the impact. She very slowly goes up on one knee, clearly shaken, while The Shadow goes up on the top rope again!

Mike Rolash: He's up there again!

He gets ready for a move and suddenly calls out "Maya!" She automatically replies "What?" and that is all he needs to know her position and launches off.

Jim Gunt: He's going for the Nightfall!!!!

He connects with Maya and delivers a crushing diving DDT, which leaves her lifeless on the ground. He moves over and kneels next to her, breathing heavily. Then he takes both of her hands, crosses them on her body and goes for the cover.

ONE....

TWO....

THREE!!

Jim Gunt: He did it! Wow, what a match!

Mike Rolash: It had some awkward moments, but with the blindfold and the ice and snow any move or hit were more than I really had expected and they gave it all! But...what is happening now?

The drums that had marked the beginning of the match have restarted, beating in unison, reverberating around the ring. The Shadow stands up and places himself at Maya's head, while six hooded, black cloaked figures climb into the

ring. They Surround Maya still baking their drums. The Shadow stands with a smile over Maya as the drums reach a crescendo. Suddenly, the drums hit one loud final note causing the lights in the arena to go black. No sounds except from the crowds. When the lights returned, the Shadow and the black cloaked figures were gone. Maya Jensen was somehow transported back into the MGM Grand all alone in the squared circle.

Mike Rolash: What the hell just happening there?

Jim Gunt: I don't know, but I'm still shaking.

Mike Rolash: That's just the cold you idiot.

In the ring, Annabelle hopped in as she brought Maya's white jacket with her. She checked on Maya who slowly began to stir. When she sat up, there was a look of disappointment across her face. She accepted her jacket and put it on before she stood up. But Maya didn't leave the ring just yet as she made shaking steps to the side and called for a mic.

Jim Gunt: Looks like Maya has something she wants to say.

Mike Rolash: Probably to moan and groan about her loss. Spare us.

Maya got her mic before she walked back to the center of the ring where Annabelle waited. Maya said something to her and Annabelle replied with an alright. So Maya turns towards the crowds as she raised her mic.

Maya Jensen: Not exactly the way I was hoping this match would go... But I guess it does further support my reasoning.

The crowds grew hush as they listened to what Maya had to say.

Maya Jensen: Some of you may already know what I'm about to say. I said a few things leading up to this match on CWF.com and this was one of them. But I ask you guys to wait patiently while I get the others up to speed.

Maya nods as the crowds remain quiet.

Mike Rolash: What's she talking about? No one cares enough about her to check out things she submits to the site.

Jim Gunt: That's pretty harsh Mike. But weren't you the one who said you had been following her career when she entered Golden Intentions?

Mike Rolash: You must of been hearing things.

Jim Gunt: Right.

Finally, Maya had taken a breath to steady herself before she addressed the crowds.

Maya Jensen: Now, as you all know, I've been blinded by a man named Elisha...

Some boos in the crowds at the mention of his name.

Maya Jensen: The doctor's had managed to get the stuff out of my eyes that he put in there, but it was too late. Despite that, there was hope. The doctor's believed that there was a possibility that my eyes would recover. They didn't know when but there was still hope. So, I decided that I wouldn't stop doing this sport I love. I believed that my sight would return, so why show weakness when I could continue to fight until it did? Sure, I've had some special training and been working on getting around the ring without my sight, but I was content with where I was... Until my latest check-up.

Maya gave a sigh as the snow around her slowly started to stop.

Maya Jensen: They told me that my sight will never return. Instead of getting better or staying where they were, they were getting worse. I still don't fully know what would be worse than being blind... But from what the doctor said, all it means is that my chance of recovery is now gone.

Maya frowned slightly as she continued to speak. The crowd's giving her their sympathy.

Maya Jensen: So what does that mean for me? As I said, I've been continuing on in wrestling with the hope that my sight would return... and now that that hope is gone...

Another sigh from Maya.

Maya Jensen: I could just give up. Give up the sport that I love. But I can't just do that... But I can't exactly continue as things are now, can I? I mean you saw what happened in this match. I lost... and my opponent was blind folded as well. I know you can tell me that I won the last few before that, but those were tag matches. And I know that things will only be getting tougher from now on. So I have come to a decision.

Maya nods her head a few times as the crowds wondered what it was.

Maya Jensen: I've decided that I am going to leave but not for good. I want to be able to increase my training ten fold. Both my in ring skills and my ability to see without seeing. I want to get to that point where I can walk on out here on my own, and move around this ring as if I still had my sight. Almost Daredevil level of skill! But, I need to leave to make that happen. For while I'm still here, who knows what kind of things that could happen to me while I'm working on reaching that level of skill. Sure I've been lucky so far... but who knows what could happen.

Maya nods again the snow around her having stopped all together. Most likely getting things ready for the next match.

Maya Jensen: Truth be told, I don't know how long that will take. It could be weeks, months, even years until I'm ready. I could even never be ready, but that doesn't mean I won't give this training my very best. This is why, I wanted to let you guys know what's going on and why you should treat this match as my final match. Even though I lost, I am glad to have had one final moment out in this ring. I do hope you guys enjoyed it and I want to thank each and every one of you for cheering me on. It means the world to me.

The crowds began to cheer as a "Thank you Maya" Chant began to break out. Maya smiled talking it all in. Maybe she was crying tears of joy, it was hard to tell with her blindfold. Annabelle, however, was tearing up. Finally, Maya raised the Mic one final time.

Maya Jensen: Thank you, everyone. And I do hope this isn't goodbye for good. Hopefully, I'll be able to overcome this new obstacle in my path and I'll be back in this ring. But until then... I want to say it one last time... So Don't Blink...

The crowds cheered as Maya paused when she spoke the crowds spoke the final line of her catchphrase right along with her.

Maya Jensen: Or You'll Miss it!

The crowds cheered loudly as Maya dropped the microphone into the melting snow and ice at her feet. Maya waved her hand as she walked over to Annabelle who helped lead her out of the ring and up the ramp. As she does "World Without Danger(Instrumental)" plays one final time.

Jim Gunt: I have to say that was something. We're sure to miss her here in the CWF.

Maya reached the top as she turns around and raises both her hands to the roaring crowds. Annabelle claps along with them. This lasts a moment before Maya turns around that her and Annabelle begin to head to the back, only to be attacked by the six cloaked figures of the Shadow! The figures absolutely decimate Maya Jensen and Annabelle, eventually dragging Jensen away through the air!

Frozen In The Storm

Match

The camera cuts back to the place, where the Blind Winter Storm match took place. The ring is fully snow covered now. A member of the production crew is seen trudging through the snow.

Crew Member: Marcus Maximus? Marcus, where are you?

There are no footsteps to be seen anywhere, since the snow is still falling heavily. There are two more team members now fanning out, trying to find Maximus.

Crew Member: Marcus! Talk to me, you did not come back with the rest of the crew, you are starting to worry me!

Suddenly there is a muffled sound and the crew members are trying to discern its source.

Crew Member: Oh my God, he is here!!!

The two others rush over and begin to dig in a snow bank next to the ring. As the camera man rushes over, we see them pull a completely frozen Maximus from the snow, ice-crusting and chattering to the point one would expect his teeth to start shattering. He's stiff as a bone and when the camera zooms in on him, he's not just chattering, but actually trying to talk.

Marcus Maximus: B-b-b-b-ack t-t-t-o y-y-you, M-m-mike...

Fade.

Lost Duce?

Match

Candles flicker throughout the darkness as clouds of smoke invade the scene. We notice that we are inside one of the locker rooms. The aura is gloomy as the camera pans around. Pictures of different pandas cover the walls, too many to count. We then focus on a figure sitting Indian style with his back to the viewers. His head is hung low, but that changes as he raises it. His hair flings back as we see the perspiration fly through the air. The man begins to speak, as it is obvious who he is.

Duce Jones: Tonight... A panda once lost, becomes found. A panda who promises on his life.. that my world will come crashing down. That I will feel loss like I've never experienced before. I invite you dear Pandalike to bring your worse, I'm ready to experience pains I've never experienced in my life.

Duce rises to his feet in one swift motion, his back still towards the camera. We notice that the left side of his back is covered entirely in black paint with white paint smeared everywhere on top of the black.

Duce Jones: Tonight.... we step into a prison, a bamboo prison. Two men will enter, but two monsters will exit. I don't expect to leave the same, and I hope you don't expect to be the same little panda once you leave. I've gotten to you, and you know it, your world has been getting krayzier by the tick. Or has the little panda, come back to himself, focused on his little task at hand.. I'm that parasite that you're not gonna be able to get rid of. I mean let's face it Pandy you're stuck with me. And I will not stop until little Martin comes back to his senses, steps back to what is right and righteous.

The Academy Championship comes flying across his back shoulder. The gold shimmering from the candles.

Duce Jones: This is only a tool to bring you further into my world. And I plan on leaving with it, but if by some stroke of luck or whatever it is that you believe in.. You just so happened to take this from me, just know that the only common denominator in your life will be Duce... I will haunt your dreams, only cause your nightmares would be to easy to get to. I will bring so much suffering upon your existence, that losing your mother and sister will only seem like a distant memory..

In one gust of the wind, the candles extinguish, total darkness floods the screen as Duce signs off with his final comments..

Duce: Tonight Pandy.... You will be introDuced to things you thought you would never experience.. To pain you've never felt, and welcome you to do same. I hope you're ready to have some fun, because I'm gonna have the time of my life....

Silence creeps in, consuming the scene.

Fade.

Duce Jones vs. Pandalike

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contest is a Punjabi Prison Match! And it is for the Academy Championship!! The rules are as followed, there are four doors, ready to be opened at a wrestler's command. The door will remain open for sixty seconds, but after that, the door will be padlocked. Once a wrestler escape the first cage they must climb over the second cage and both feet must touch the floor to be declared the winner.

The Las Vegas crowd cheers as the first bamboo cage is lowered in place around the ring as Clark Summits stands by the door at the front of the cage holding it open for the competitors. Five Finger Death Punch's "Gone Away" hits and the lights dim and Pandalike comes out wearing a Panda hoodie and black and white face paint. He walks down the ramp focused eyeing the large structure. He enters the Prison looking around making sure everything is up to par. He climbs up the turnbuckle and screams at the top of his lungs "SAVE THE PANDAS!" and repeats it at all four turnbuckles and stands in the middle of the ring awaiting his opponent.

Jim Gunt: Big match here with the Academy Championship on the line. Duce Jones in his first title defense against heated rival Pandalike!!

Mike Rolash: I can't believe that Duce Jones will be defending the belt. Pure luck if you ask me. But I'm excited to watch the carnage unfold. The animosity between these two has been brewing and now it finally comes to a head.

The lights in the arena dim down as orange strobe lights circulate around the arena. Suddenly a ring of fire appears on the stage area as "Smiling Faces" by Kevin Gates plays through. The speakers. Rising slowly from beneath the stage area is Duce Jones with his back to the crowd. The Academy Championship can be seen around his waist as he finally makes it to the top of the stage. Duce turns around and his sporting what looks to be the left half of his face painted exactly like Pandalike. The left side of his body is also painted black and white as the crowd explodes with cheers. Duce stands there soaking up all the admiration as the Academy Championship shines brightly. He then begins to make his way to the bamboo structures slapping the hands of the fans. He finally makes it to the ring climbing inside through the door as Ray Douglas makes the formal introductions.

Jim Gunt: The champion tryna play a bit of mind games, having half of his face painted like a Panda.

Mike Rolash: I swear this guy is always confusing me.. I mean he really wants to psych Pandy out here tonight. But mocking pandas will surely bring him harm.

Jim Gunt: Well let's send it to Ray for the introductions..

Ray Douglas: Introducing first to my left the challenger, from China.. Weighing in at 266 lbs....PANDALIKE!!

The crowd boos as Pandalike pays them no mind. His focus is squarely on Duce Jones who returns the intense stares that he receives from Pandalike.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Jonesboro, Arkansas.. Weighing in at 205 lbs. He is the Academy Champion..DUCE JONES!!

The crowd cheers as Duce displays the championship high to the crowd. He hands the belt to the official Clark Summits who shows the belt to Pandalike. He gives the belt a quick tap, as Summits slides out of the ring and hands the belt to the time keeper. The bell rings and this match is officially underway.

Jim Gunt: I get the feeling this match is gonna be brutal.

Mike Rolash: Especially for Duce, you can't mock a man and live to talk about it.

The Las Vegas crowd is hype with anticipation as they go back and forth with dueling chants. "LET'S GO PANDY!!" "LET'S GO DUCE!!" "LET'S GO PANDY!!" "LET'S GO DUCE!!" Both men finally leave their corners and come face to face. Pandalike talks trash to Duce, he only returns a smirk. Pandalike done with being disrespected, sends a hard slap to the painted side of Duce's face. The crowd let's out a huge "OH!" from the hand on flesh contact. Duce doesn't budge as he stares at Pand. Pand infuriated, locks up with Duce as both men struggle back and forth. Pandalike gains the advantage with a side headlock, he drops down and flips Duce over causing him to land on the mat. Pandalike wrenches on Duce's neck with a headlock as Duce struggles to escape. He finally does using his legs to head scissors Pand causing him to release the hold. Pand is quick on the escape, getting to his feet and shooting a kick towards his chest. Duce dodges the kick just in time as Pand shows him how close he was to destruction.

Duce is on one knee as Pandalike allows him to get to a vertical base. Duce goes for another tie up but Pandalike shoots a knee to his gut. Duce coughs in pain as Pand whips him towards the ropes. He bounces off the ropes as Pand drops to the mat, he runs over Pand and bounces off the other side as Pand leap frogs him this time. Duce hits the ropes one last time and holds on, Pand crashes and burns on the mat after his patented Dropkick attempt. Duce Jones smiles, as Pandalike slaps the mat in frustration. He's back to his feet as the men come face to face again. Pand attempts another slap, but the shot is blocked! Duce retaliate with a hard slap of his own!! The crowd cheers causing Pandalike to become more furious. Pand attempts a clothesline but Duce ducks. Pand runs the ropes as Duce performs his own drop down and leap frog. Pand returns and is dropped with a Dropkick courtesy of Duce.

Jim Gunt: Beautiful Dropkick delivered by Duce Jones!! Catching the advocate for pandas by surprise!

Mike Rolash: Beautiful Dropkick!? He just stole Pandalike's sequence. First his face paint then this, the kid is out of control..

Jim Gunt: It's called mind games Mike..!

Mike Rolash: I got your mind games....

Jim Gunt: Why Chester couldn't come back?

Mike Rolash: Cause without me, you'd die...

Jim shakes his head as Pandalike is back to his feet even more frustrated. The two men lock up once more, Pand takes advantage with a side headlock. Duce doesn't waste any time though shooting him off into the ropes. Pand returns and drops Duce with a Shoulder Tackle! Pand runs the ropes again, Duce attempts another leapfrog but is caught in mid air with a running Dropkick! Duce crashes to the mat hard grabbing at his chest. Pand is on one knee eyeing his opponent with a sick smile. Pand then rolls towards Duce connecting with a Rolling Thunder Splash. The crowd boos but Pand could care less staying on the attack. He performs his own version of the Garvin Stomp,

stomping every one of Duce's limbs.

Bringing Duce to his feet, Pandalike hooks him and sends him flying across the ring with a Release Toss Suplex! Pandalike yells for one of the doors to be open as Summits obliges. The timer begins to tick away as Pandalike goes to make his escape.. 60... 59... 58... 57... 56.. Pandalike keeps an eye on the timer as he is closer to the door.. 55... 54... 53... 52.. 51..He makes it to the ropes, but Duce is back to his feet and on the attack. 50... 49... 48... 47... 46.. He clubs Pandalike in the back, sending him staggering into the ropes. 45... 44... 43... 42... 41.. Pandalike leans on the ropes as Duce nails him with a right hand. He attempts another punch, but the shot is blocked, Pandalike rocks him with a forearm shot. 39... 38... 37... 36... 35... They exchange shots back and forth, with Duce gaining the advantage with a knee to the gut. He snapmares Pandalike to the ground, runs the ropes and blasts Pandalike with a Knee Strike! He bounces off the ropes once more and attempts a Flip Senton! Pandalike gets his knees up in time, causing Duce's back to bend awkwardly!

Jim Gunt: Pandalike with the knees up blocking the combo of Duce Jones!

Mike Rolash: Well he needs to hurry up and escape cuz the timer is at twenty seconds!

19... 18... 17... 16... 15... Pandalike crawls towards the ropes using them to pull himself up. He glances at the big screen seeing where the time is at and climbs through the ropes. He's about to walk out but Duce grabs him from behind once more. 10... 9... 8... 7... 6.... . Duce reaches over the top rope and has a tight grip on Pandalike refusing to let him leave. Pandalike elbow Duce across the back, but he refuses to release his grip. Pandalike grabs him in a headlock, Duce begins to climb the ropes, getting his balance on the middle rope. Pandalike continues to struggle to get out of the cage, but Duce let's out a primal yell lifting Pandalike over the ropes and slamming him back inside the ring on his neck with a Sambo Suplex!

The buzzer sounds as the door is closed and locked. Pandalike rolls around on the canvas clutching his neck. Both men are down while the Vegas crowd gets hype trying to get one of these men to their feet. The dueling chants begin once again, "LET'S GO PANDY!" "LET'S GO DUCE!" "LET'S GO PANDY!" "LET'S GO DUCE!" Duce comes around first, rising off the mat. He runs over to Pandalike and lays into him with Rapid Fire Knee Strikes! Pandalike rolls over clutching his gut, and Duce hits the ropes and connects with a Flip Senton! Duce screams it's over, positioning himself in the corner waiting for a struggling Pandalike to rise.. He is finally upright as Duce runs at him full speed going for a Bicycle Knee Strike! Pandalike side steps him though and drops him to the mat with a Side-Step Kick! Pandalike drops to the mat as well exhausted from the hard fight.. He looks over at Clark telling him to open one of the cage doors!

Jim Gunt: For a man who says his only focus is the World Championship, he is really trying to escape...

Mike Rolash: He wants Duce to feel something as close to the lost he felt when his sister passed. And the Academy Championship is the closest thing..

Pandalike is back to feet heading for the exit. He is almost there when Duce grabs him from behind with a rear waist lock. Pandalike shoots an elbow back causing Duce to release the hold. 48... 47... 46... 45... 44... Duce grabs him again

from behind, Pandalike attempts another elbow but Duce hooks the arm, he grabs hold to the other arm. He then flips Pandalike backwards across the ring with a Half & Half Suplex!! Pandalike sits up on his knees, but is quickly flattened to the mat courtesy of a Sliding Knee Strike! 26... 25... 24... 23... 22.... Duce brings Pandy to his feet Irish whipping him into the corner, where he hits hard. 20... 19... 18... 17... 16... Duce comes in going for the Yakuza Kick but Pandy ducks out of the way. Duce's foot gets caught in the bamboo cage! He struggles to get it free, but Pandy nails him with another Step-Side Kick! Pandalike falls to the mat and Duce's leg is free as he has his back in the corner..

Jim Gunt: That could have been worse than what it was! These two men are fighting with everything they have in there!!

Mike Rolash: When you got one man trying to help the other, "find himself".. With the other refusing the help, things are bound to go bad..

Pandalike is to his feet, and right in the face of Duce striking him with the Paw-Print! Duce drops down to a seated position, Pandalike runs to the opposite corner and yells loudly, "SAVE THE PANDAS!" He sprints towards Duce and lays into him with a Cannonball! The crowd let's out a collective "OH" as Pandy is back up and dragging Duce to his feet. He hooks him for another Suplex, this time launching Duce into the cage! Duce falls to the apron roughly, Pandy is right on top of him though using his boot to choke Duce.. He takes his foot off of Duce and brings him through the ropes with a front facelock.. Duce's feet hangs from the ropes while Pandy holds him from the other end. He looks around at the crowd before planting Duce face first into the mat with a DDT!

Boos ring out through the arena, as Pandalike sits up next to the downed body of Duce. He tells Clark to open the third cage door, which he does.. Pandy doesn't go for the escape this time letting the seconds tick away. 44... 43.... 42... 41... 40... Pandy brings Duce back to his feet and whips him into the ropes, when he returns Pandy drives him into the mat with a Spinebuster! 36... 35... 34... 33... 32... Pandy makes his way to the corner, climbing to the top.. 31... 30... 29... 28... 27... Pandy taunts the booing fans as he leaps off for a Pandy Splash! Duce gets his knees up though knocking the wind out of Pandalike! Pandy coughs violently on the mat, while Duce fights to get to his feet. The crowd influences him back up, he brings Pandy up and whips him to the ropes. No! Pandy reverses but Duce leaps to the top rope grabbing onto the cage! Pandy runs towards him, but Duce springs off the ropes, spins in mid air and nails Pandy with a Shining Wizard! 25... 24... 23... 22... 21...

Jim Gunt: That was an incredible move by Duce! Desperation to say the least.

Mike Rolash: You can't deny his skills, he's got a future in this company..

Jim Gunt: Did you actually give Duce a compliment?

Mike Rolash: Shit won't happen again...

Duce is back to his feet, bringing Pandalike up as well. He nails a hard chop across the chest of Pandly. Pandly responds back with a forearm smash.. They trade shots back and forth, the timer continues to tick. 15... 14... 13... 12... 11... Duce misses with a chop, Pandly hooks him from behind and launches him across the ring with a Release German Suplex! Duce jumps to his feet no selling the move! He rushes in Bicycle Knee Strike! Pandly is knocked for a loop, but he fires back with another Paw-Print!! He grabs Duce hooks him, lifts him up, Pandamonium!! Duce rolls through on the mat back to his feet, Krayzed Knee!! Both men lay flat on the mat as the buzzer sounds off. Clark closes and locks the door as the fans begin to chant.. "THIS IS AWESOME!" clap, clap, clap, clap, clap, "THIS IS AWESOME!"

Jim Gunt: One door left to be opened, and these men still have a cage to climb!

Mike Rolash: When you dislike each other as much as these two anything is bound to happen..

The crowd is through the roof, both men lay sprawled out on the canvas. The MGM Grand becomes even louder, as both men stir about on the mat. The crowd willing them to their feet, they come face to face again and slap fest breaks out between the two! Duce wins the battle, he hooks Pandly for a Suplex, he lifts spinning out with a Neckbreaker! Duce holds on, rotating his hips and bringing Pandly back up, he repeats the move once more. He goes for it a third time connecting with the Neckbreaker! Duce tells Clark to open the last door, which he does, he lifts Pandly onto his shoulders. He swings him around going for the Final Tic 2.0, but Pandly falls behind him. He locks him from behind and sends him over with a Release German Suplex! Duce lands face first on the mat, and fights to get back to his feet. Pandly looks at the door and back at Duce. A sick smile then forms across his face.. 39... 38... 37... 36... 35...

Duce is to his hands and knees crawling, Pandly gets a running head start and punt kicks the left arm of Duce! Duce screams out in agony as a old injury has been discovered! 30... 29... 28... 27... 26... Pandly grabs Duce by his hurt arm and yanks him to his feet. He then arm wrenches Duce hard shoulder first into the canvas. Duce cries out, as Pandly stalks him.. 18... 17... 16... 15... 14... Pandly brings him to his feet and locks in a Pandly Lock! He stretches the injured arm of Duce as he scream out in pain! 13... 12... 11... 10.. 9... He continues to yank on the arm as the timer ticks down. 8... 7... 6... 5... 4... He drops Duce to the mat, and climbs out through the ropes and through the door as the buzzer sounds off. Clark closes Duce inside locking the final cage door. Duce looks through the cage at Pandalike, who smiles at him and says it's finish. Duce begins to crawl towards the ropes, using his good arm for leverage.

Jim Gunt: Duce is in a bad spot, stuck inside of the cage!

Mike Rolash: Look!! Pandly is climbing the cage he is going for the win!

Jim Gunt: Duce is also climbing the cage around the ring, with his one good arm!

Both men climb up their respective cages as Duce makes it to the top of his cage first. He steps over the top and jumps to the other cage, barely being able to get a grip with his right arm! Pandly is climbing right beside him and strikes him with a punch. Duce hooks his bad arm through the cage and strikes Pandly with a punch! They strike each other back

and forth sliding the cage, grabbing the bamboo on the way down for leverage. They strike each other one last time as the both drop to the floor landing on their feet. Duce launches off with a Superkick, Pandly drops to his knees, Duce connects with another Superkick causing Pandly to fall to the floor. Duce has dropped to his knees trying to regain his bearings. Duce finally gets himself together getting to his feet and searching under the ring. He pulls out a table, as the crowd explodes into cheers!

Duce sets the table up and moves toward Pandly. A loud smack is heard, doubling Duce over, courtesy of a Sugarcane shot from Pandly. Duce falls to the floor as Pandly brings the Sugarcane down across his back! Duce seizes up in pain, Pandly has a sadistic look in his eyes. He stalks Duce, who gets to his knees looking Pandly in the eyes. Pandly smiles as he cracks the Sugarcane across the neck of Duce shattering it into pieces! Duce slumps to the floor, as Pandalike tosses the Sugarcane to the ground and begins to climb the bamboo cage again. He slowly makes his way up the cage as the crowd boos loudly! He makes it halfway up the structure when a loud smack rings throughout the arena again. Pandly screams in pain as blood is seen trickling down his back. We pan over Duce who stands there with a Barbed Wire Kendo Stick in his hand. He swings it again cracking Pandly again. Pandly fights the pain and continues to climb the cage.. Duce now not able to reach Pandly, tosses the Kendo Stick and begins to climb the cage around the ring!

Jim Gunt: Duce is climbing the wrong cage!

Mike Rolash: I told you the kid was nuts...

Duce finally evens up with Pandly, and takes a leap of faith! He grabs Pandly from behind and yanks him off the cage! Both men fall off the cage as Duce drives Pandly through the table with a Zig Zag!!! The crowd explodes with "HOLY SHIT!!!" chants as both men lay between the splinters of the table. Neither men move a muscle, as the crowd will both fighters back to life.. Duce once again is the first to move as he uses the cage to stand to his feet. He leans on the cage as Pandalike begins to move again.

Jim Gunt: Neither of these men are willing to stay down!!

Mike Rolash: As you would say, they are running off pure adrenaline!

Duce rolls his eyes mouthing "come on" to himself. Pandly struggles to his knees as Duce comes with another Bicycle Knee Strike! Pandly takes the hit and falls straight back knees still bent, Duce drops to his knees as well exhausted from this grueling battle.. Duce is up to his feet yet again, bringing Pandalike back up. He whips him towards the far side of the cage, but Pandalike counters sending Duce crashing into the cage. Pandly limps over to Duce, who is breathing heavily by the cage. He snatches Duce by his hair and goes ballistic sending kicks to the head of Duce!! Duce tries to block the kicks as best as he can, but Pandly is just too aggressive..

Duce tries to gather his thoughts, but Pandly sends a boot straight to his face. Duce drops face first to the floor, with Pandly backing up trying to catch his breathe. Pandly slowly begins to climb the cage, the crowd screams Duce's name trying to get him back in the fight. Duce finally comes to, but Pandly is halfway up the cage. He stumbles to his feet and

climbs the cage himself. Notably kinda fast for a guy using one arm. Pandalike makes it to the top, but Duce is right on his tail. Pandy climbs over the top but Duce is there to meet him on the other side. He grabs Pandy by his hair bringing him back up the other side. Pandy tries to break free but Duce has a vice grip on his hair. The two men are face to face as Duce struggles to bring him back over. Pandy thumbs Duce in the eyes causing him to release his grip.

Pandalike tries to drop from the cage, but Duce catches him grabbing him by the arm, with his injured arm!! Duce Jones yells trying to holds on, Pandy begins to swing his free arm striking Duce's injured limb. Pandy continues to strike the bad arm causing Duce to release his hold. Pandalike falls from the top of the cage, but he lands on top of the announcers table exploding on impact! Jim and Mike barely escape the carnage as Pandy lays on top of the table neither foot touching the floor. Duce looks on in shock but takes advantage climbing over top of the cage and climbing down to the floor. He drops down with both feet touching the floor as the bell rings!

Ray Douglas: Here is you winner and still Academy Champion....DUCE JONES!!

Jim Gunt: Duce pulling out the big win here tonight!

Mike Rolash: I can't believe this!! That was pure luck!!

Jim Gunt: Our table is demolished and Pandalike might need help getting to the back!!

Mike Rolash: Pure fucking luck...

Duce sits next to the cage as it is raised back up. He stares at Pandy who lays helpless across the announce table. Clark retrieves the Academy Championship and hands it to Duce who just sits there tired from the hard fought battle. He finally makes it to his feet, raising his title in the air!! The MGM Grand cheers as their hero had won this battle.

The Spoils of War

Match

Static fills the video screen as the fans buzz with anticipation.

Jim Gunt: Are we having technical problems?

Mike Rolash: Fans, we apologize for the brief delay; coming up next we'll see--

Just like that, the static stops; replaced by a scene from a darkened room. We can make out the outline of someone sitting on a chair or a bench it looks like they are leaning forward with their elbows on their knees, but we can't really make out any detail.

Mike Rolash: I can't tell who--

Voice: Modern Warfare.

The voice definitely belongs to a young woman, but is surprisingly deep and strong - and steady. A bit of light enters the screen and we can now see a little more. Her elbows are indeed resting on her knees and her head is bowed. A hooded sweatshirt covers most of her face, though black hair does fall out the sides, framing her chin. Tight black - and - gray athletic pants and worn black boots complete the picture: it's an intimidating one.

Voice: It's fitting that I've thrown my name into the mix for Modern Warfare; my family has been fighting wars in the middle of a wrestling ring since long before I was even an idea.

She starts to work her hands against each other.

Voice: My family heard for nearly two decades, even as my father was winning fifteen World Championships, that none of us belonged at the top of the industry. None of us belonged as the CROWN JEWEL of any wrestling promotion anywhere in the world.

And she punches her left palm with her right hand.

Voice: All of us - we've all had to overperform in order to be treated with the same respect that the more traditional athletes are simply handed.

She looks up a bit - but her eyes are still obscured. A wry smile forms on her face.

Voice: And I wouldn't've had it any other way.

Pause.

Voice: Y'see... there's nobody in this sport more driven... more focused... than I am. There's nobody that's worked harder over the length of their time in the sport to... not just make a mark...

And she stands up.

Voice: But to change the tide. You don't just go against the grain and expect to become the 'next big thing.' You enter the mainstream... you become it... and then you overcome it.

She steps towards the camera, and the camera backs up a bit. There's a bit more light that we could use to see her face if she would take another few steps - but she stops.

Voice: In some ways, I've already overcome it... but not enough. Never enough. Never enough, until my name is one that's repeated until the end of this sport.

She smirks again.

Voice: Too lofty a goal? Good. That means I'll never stop reaching. But who am I? Isn't that the million dollar question? Once upon a time I wore a mask to conceal my face... to let my talent speak for itself.

Her hands reach up and push the hood off her head.

Voice: It did. And while I once enjoyed being known as 'The Second Coming...'

A small cheer erupts from somewhere in the arena - a handful of fans apparently recognize the moniker.

Voice: ... there's nothing more I'd rather be... than me.

And she steps into the light. She is a young girl - almost too young to be involved in this sport - with old gray eyes that appear to have seen far too much. Straight black hair frames her pale face, and her glare is unsettling to look at.

MJF: My name... is Mariella Jade Flair. And I'm fighting in Modern Warfare... to win.

Fade.

Ataxia vs. RM Strong

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is a TEXAS DEATHMATCH! The only way to win is to pin your opponent, followed by a ten-count!

Ataxia and RM Strong square off in the center of the ring, as Ataxia immediately launches into an offensive. The Messiah Pariah's attack is unrelenting, throwing lefts and rights into RM Strong and backing him into a corner. The referee tells Ataxia to back off, but just as Strong seems about to recover, Ataxia begins kicking him repeatedly in the gut, until he is forced down. The assault continues as Ataxia shrieks "LEARN YOUR LESSON! LEARN YOUR LESSON!"

Jim Gunt: Ataxia unleashing complete brutality on RM Strong!

Mike Rolash: Think he's learned his lesson?

Ataxia seems to think so, since he finally stops the stomping. He goes for a pin cover.

ONE....

TWO....

KICKOUT!

Ataxia looks unfazed (or as unfazed as one can when one's face is concealed behind a mask) and ascends the top turnbuckle. Strong is a while in rising to his feet, but when he finally does, Ataxia dives into him with a leaping Cross-Body! He doesn't bother with the pin attempt this time, instead whipping Strong into the ropes. As Strong bounces back, Ataxia nails a massive Lariat, then drags Strong over to the corner to set up for a top-rope attack!

Jim Gunt: Ataxia completely dominating this match!

Mike Rolash: Funny, I'd always seen him as more of a switch.

Jim Gunt: ... what?

Mike Rolash: Oh, look it up.

Ataxia leaps from the turnbuckle in his Fall of Angels 450 splash! He lands in a perfect pin cover.

ONE....

TWO....

THREE!!

Ataxia is hurried off and away from RM Strong. The referee begins the second count.

ONE...TWO...THREE...FOUR... FIVE... HE'S UP!

Ataxia rallies the crowd, who appear to be ignoring alignment and simply buying for blood. Undeterred by his failed attempt to lay out RM Strong, he lays out the Bastard Son with a running Bulldog, and sets him up for the ER Stat! Strong's head hits the back of the turnbuckle hard, and Ataxia again attempts the pin.

ONE... TWO... THREE...FOUR...FIVE...SIX...SEVEN..

Strong manages to rise after a seven count. Ataxia seems annoyed.

Jim Gunt: Look at the hatred in the eyes of Ataxia!

Mike Rolash: You can't see his eyes, dumbass.

Jim Gunt: The radio listeners don't need to know that!

Strong whips Ataxia into the ropes, but Ataxia is able to counter with a Handspring Elbow. Strong is laid out, and Ataxia nails the Revivifier. Rather than attempt the count, though, he looks pensive.

Jim Gunt: Who knows what thoughts are going through Ataxia's mind?

Mike Rolash: Well, it's Ataxia, so it could be anything from "How much more harm can I lay on this guy and not get arrested" to "I really hope the next Taylor Swift song is a ballad."

Jim Gunt: ... why?...

Ataxia's pondering seems to come to a climax, as he snaps his fingers and ducks outside the ring for a steel chair.

Jim Gunt: I'm surprised this hasn't come up sooner!

Ataxia brings the chair into the ring and, surprisingly, simply lays it across Strong's chest. He ascends the turnbuckle, perhaps planning some sort of aerial assault. He almost makes for another Fall of Angels, but Strong is beginning to rise. Ataxia appears to grin.

Jim Gunt: A dangerous look on Ataxia's face right now!

Mike Rolash: Again with the... never mind.

As Strong rises to his feet, he realizes the steel chair is in his reach, and may be his last shot. He raises it, but as he does, Ataxia is waiting with the Peaceful Tolerance, driving his boot into the chair and whacking RM Strong in the face!

Jim Gunt: Holy shit!

ONE...TWO... THREE! ONE... TWO... THREE... FOUR... FIVE... SIX... SEVEN... EIGHT... NINE... TEN!!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner....ATAXIA!!

Don't Believe In Vampires

Match

Seth Moxley is sitting on his car in the parking lot.. He hasn't heard from Dean which is really odd considering that they are close that only sent strange vibes his way. He laughed cause he knew the Danger Boiz are full of it, and he hated all type of vampire movies and TV shows he don't watch boring stuff. He looks right at the camera as he begins talking.

Seth Moxley: There is no such thing as vampires, and two people who claim they are is just delusional. I hate all vampire movies and TV shows cause in my world vampires, werewolves don't exist. So in this triple threat match, two teams are going to find out that two monsters are way better then tag team champions and fake vampires. So you four should be running cause you just don't know what Dean and me can really do when we are pushed too far.

He dials Dean's cell number, and it went straight to voice mail. He cussed to himself, and leaves a message that would scare Dean a bit.

Seth Moxley: DEAN GIVE ME A CALL BACK, AND LET ME KNOW IF YOU ARE OKAY YOU'RE WORRYING ME LITTLE BROTHER THIS IS YOUR OLDER BROTHER COME ON DEAN TALK TO ME.

He hated yelling at Dean that way, but he wanted to know if he was alright. He had a bad feeling what their former father did to him when he took him. He rubbed his hands together in a strange way, and talks again

Seth Moxley: Some people take fantasy way to far, and I think the Danger Boiz needs to realize that they are real monsters that will eat them alive, which is what Dean and I. We know what we must do to win so come the match time we will bring the huge fight that no one has seen before cause if you thought what we done in our other matches are bad then this will be a lot worse cause we won't stop until we are the tag team champions.

He let out an evil laugh, and slid off his car. He straightened his jacket, and walks inside as he checked his cell again as Dean didn't answer him now he was really worried. He punched the wall, and took off to their locker room. There Dean Moxley stood waiting on him, with his arms out and his shirt still torn.

Seth Moxley: DEAN! Where have you been!?

Dean Moxley: It's a very long story. I'll have to tell you later tonight, our match is up next!

Seth looks on at his brother in shock, eyeing his ragged clothing up in down in worryment.

Fade.

The Bright Young Things (Eris & Caledonia) vs. Danger Boiz (Crazy Chris & Dangerous Dan) vs. Moxleys (Dean & Seth Moxleys)

Match

Mike Rolash: Fitting with the theme, we are not having a TLC match, but an Elements match, I see tables and ladders, but what else? Seeing this is Frozen Over, I would guess ice?

Jim Gunt: How are they going to be bringing in the ice?

Mike Rolash: Yeah, they've been kind of stingy with info for us this time, I guess we'll have to see what they'll bring in for that.

All six wrestlers are in the ring, staring each other down, waiting for one to make a move. Suddenly Dean grabs Seth and slings him into the opponents, then jumps out to grab a ladder right away. As the others sort out their limbs, he slides it in and tries to set it up, but Chris hits him with a shoulder block against the back of his leg, sending him to the mat, the ladder rattling down next to him. In the meantime Caledonia and Eris are double teaming Seth Moxley, taking turns with vicious kicks into his mid-section, making him double over and out of nowhere Dangerous Dan comes in with a flying legdrop onto Seth's shoulders, sending the big man to the mat face first.

Mike Rolash: They know exactly who the biggest threat is here and go for him right away!

As Dan jumps up to his feet and immediately is leveled by a missile dropkick of Caledonia. Chris has set up the ladder Dean had thrown in against the top turnbuckle and is setting Dean up for his Crazy Rich into the ladder.

Jim Gunt: This one's going to huuuuurt!

The ladder gives a sickening crunch as Dean hits the aluminum face first (unless it was Dean that crunched), leaving both in a crumpled heap. Chris right away flips him over and goes for the pin,

ONE....

TWO....

THR...NO!

But Eris comes barreling down the ring and breaks the cover just in time. They send Chris rolling with some hard kicks to the ribs before hoisting Dean up for their Standing Figure Four.

Mike Rolash: It looks like the Moxleys are in trouble early on!

Jim Gunt: But not for long!

As Jim says that, Seth is sending a foot to the gut of Eris, who is releasing the hold, before Seth throws them over the top rope. At the other end of the ring, Dan and Caledonia are trading blows and Seth runs over, taking them by surprise and throwing them out of the ring as well, leaving him and Chris in the ring, with Dean still on the ground. Seth whips Chris into the ropes and gets ready for a big boot, but his agile opponent goes for a slide under Seth's leg, springs up and pushes the big guy forward into the ropes. He follows up right away and goes for the 619, hitting Seth straight in the face. Before he can act on it, though, Caledonia grabs his leg and pulls him off the ring, sending him facefirst into the apron, leaving him stunned.

Dangerous Dan moves in to avenge his brother, grabbing Caledonia and whipping her right into one of the ladders surrounding the ring. On the other end, Eris has Dean outside of the ring and they are brawling their way around the ring towards where Dan is just climbing up one of the ladders. His target was Caledonia, but seeing the other two come closer, he shifts his weight and leaps off with a cross body splash, sending both opponents to the ground.

Jim Gunt: Plenty of action already early on in the match, I wonder if they can keep up this speed!

Mike Rolash: It would be great, but sooner or later someone's going to get hurt and then the momentum could shift very quickly.

Seth has come to his feet and quickly surveys the situation. Caledonia is on the ground, same for Dean and Eris. Dan is climbing back on his ladder, his current target unclear, but someone is missing.

Jim Gunt: Where is Crazy Chris?

Mike Rolash: Last I saw him, he was on the ground after Caledonia sent him facefirst into the apron...

Suddenly a table slides out from under the ring next to Caledonia and Chris right after. He quickly sets up the table, then picks up Caledonia, lifting her on his shoulders. Dan leaps off the ladder and takes Caledonia off his brother's

shoulders and straight through the table, which predictably gives way under the impact. Seth runs into the ropes, gaining momentum.

Jim: He's going for a suicide dive!

He flies through the ropes, hitting the Danger Boiz as they are just getting ready to pick up Caledonia, sending all three of them into a ladder. All of a sudden all six wrestlers are on the ground after all the tumultuous commotion.

Mike: OK, that cleared out quick! I still don't know where the ice is going to come from! We're in Vegas!

Jim: Why is the ref not counting them out? Did I miss something and this is a no-countout match?

Mike: I don't know anymore, this whole ppv has been somewhat of a mess anyways, so why not add that to it...?

Eris and Dean are the first ones to get back to their feet and they continue their brawl right where they started out. Meanwhile Chris and Dan are back up and they are getting busy bringing some ladders into the ring. While they set them up, Seth shows signs of life as well and picks up Caledonia, rolling her into the ring. Then he walks around the ring and tears Eris away from his brother, shoving him into the ring post and then whipping his brother right after, smashing Eris against the post for a second time.

The Moxleys briefly high five and slide into the ring, unaware of what had happened in there and stop short as they see the two ladders looming, with one Danger Boy on each. They leap off in unison and while Seth manages to swipe away Chris as he comes down, Dean is not so lucky as Dan's elbow connects with his head, dropping him like a log. Seth powerslams Chris into the mat and Dan climbs up the ladder once more to go after Seth, but suddenly he is starting to lose balance!

Jim: Caledonia is back and she definitely did not like that table out there...

Dan and the ladder are coming down and when the ladder hits the ropes, Dan goes flying. Seth runs at Caledonia, but she drops to the mat and rolls out of the ring. He goes after her and as he comes around the corner, Eris hits him with a perfectly timed dropkick to the chest, sending the big Moxley into the barricades. Seeing Chris still unmoving in the ring, both Eris and Caledonia roll into the ring. Eris lifts Caledonia up and then drops her on Chris' prone body before moving in for the count.

ONE....

TWO...

No!

Dan comes flying through the ropes with an axe handle blow to Eris' head, saving his brother, but Caledonia is right there with the Such is Life, sending Dan right back through the ropes to the outside. But she doesn't have much time to celebrate, because Dean Moxley is back on his feet with a ladder in his hands, slamming it right into her back.

Mike: What's Seth doing over there?

Seth is rummaging around under the ring and pulls out two tables and slides them into the ring. He enters the ring and both Moxleys get busy setting up the tables. Caledonia is sitting in the ring corner, still dazed from her rendezvous with the ladder, while Eris is shaking the cobwebs out of the brain. Chris is only finally starting to move and Dan...

Jim: Oh no, this is not going to end well!

Dan is on top of the one remaining standing ladder, looking down at the Moxleys and their tables. He jumps off and executes an extreme leg drop onto the shoulders of both Moxleys, sending them crashing through the tables. The crowd goes wild over this suicidal move! It has taken its toll on Dangerous Dan as well, but Chris is trying to take advantage of the situation to go for a pin, but he has trouble extracting Dean from the mess of tables, giving Eris a chance with a surprise roll-up!

ONE....

TWO...NO!

And kick out by Chris! Caledonia comes in with a drop kick to his chest as he just is sitting up, sending his back and head hard into the mat and Eris goes for another cover!

ONE....

TW...

Dan throws himself over the broken tables and then turns Eris over for a cover of his own!

ONE....

TWO....

THR...NO!

Caledonia kicks Dan in the head, breaking the cover. After two more kicks, she rolls Dan over and sits on him.

ONE....

TWO....

Chris breaks the cover by shoulder-blocking Caledonia straight off his brother, just to see Eris deliver an elbow drop. He hooks Chris' leg.

ONE....

TWO...

NO!

Kick out! Eris is getting frustrated and stomps into Chris' chest a few times.

Mike: This
triple-threat-element-tornado-ice-cream-table-ladder-no-countout-apparently-no-disqualification-who-comes-up-with-thi
s-crap match is really turning into a whirlwind here!

As Eris keeps Chris occupied, Dan is going after Caledonia, but ...

Jim: What are the Moxleys doing out there?

Mike: They are looking for something?

Jim: They're tearing away the mats next to the ring...

Mike: OMG, they have struck ice!

As they clear away the mats, they reveal sheets of ice underneath! They look at each other with a wicked smile and slide into the ring. As the other four are still busy slapping the living daylight out of each other, each Moxley breaks up one pair and proceeds to throw them over and through the ropes onto the hard ice sheets outside. The four of them struggle to get back up on the slippery slope, but with the help of each other and the ladders they manage to get back to their feet. They carefully walk around the ring, surrounding it. They jump on the side of the ring with the Moxleys standing back to back, trying to keep an eye on all three.

Jim Gunt: We lost Chris again!

The camera moves around the ring and sees him half under the ring again. When he emerges, he is holding a torch,

lifting it high above his head to an ear-deafening pop of the crowd. Chris motions to the other three on the side of the ring and Caledonia, Eris and Dan move to the ring posts and climb up, to stand on top of the post itself as Chris holds the torch to the top rope, which immediately catches fire, racing around the ring.

Mike Rolash: Now this has turned into a triple-threat-elements-tornado-ice-cream-table-ladder-fire-no-countout-apparently-no-disqualification-who-comes-up-with-this-crap match and we have all four elements!

Jim Gunt: Four elements, three teams, two commentators, one winner, we have a countdown going here!

The Moxleys are not quite sure what is happening and are uneasily circling, sizing up the opponents, clearly not sure about the flaming rope now. In the meantime Chris is busying himself sliding three more ladders into the ring. Caledonia, Eris and Dan jump into the ring over the burning rope and the Moxleys crouch down. The trio slowly circles around with the Moxleys following their movements. Eris feints an attack, but does not move in.

Mike: I think we are forgetting someone here! Where's that Chris dude again?

Jim: He, uh, he is up there...

Mike: Up wh-... Whoa...

There is one ladder that is a good bit higher than the rest and it is standing right against the ring with the masked maniac standing right on top. He looks down at the other five wrestlers, closes his eyes, takes a deep breath and leaps off across the flaming rope...

Jim: He's dead...

As he executes his Swanton bomb it almost is as if everything goes into slow motion. The Moxleys look up and Eris and Caledonia take the opportunity to go for a clothesline each, sending the brothers to the mat. Chris hits them beautifully, but his impact is more than real, knocking the wind out of him in the process. As Dan comes over to check on his brother, Caledonia dispatches of him with a quick kick to the back of his head. Then Eris drags Dean Moxley to his feet and hoists him up onto their shoulders, ready for the Apple of Discord.

Mike Rolash: Oh, this could be it!

As they set up the crucifix powerbomb, Caledonia runs into the corner, springing up onto the top rope, and spins 180 degrees to smash Dean over the back of the head with a roundhouse kick as Eris brings him crashing down in the powerbomb.

ONE....

TWO....

The devastation of the combined attacks together with Chris' Swanton bomb just before leaves Dean unable to kick out, and Eris picks up the pin.

THREE...!

Jim Gunt: They did it! Caledonia and Eris retain!

Ray Douglas: And your winners of this match and STILL CWF Tag Team Champions....ERIS AND CALEDONIA!!

Opportunity

Match

We open into a near darkened room, the profile of a hooded Freddie Styles, in full wrestling gear coming into view. He stands by the door, nearest the light that shows him off.

Freddie Styles: Why am I here? Why did I put Amber Ryan through a glass table, setting up this match? Why did I join Sahn and the Eternals?

A momentary pause as Freddie takes a breath.

Freddie Styles: A lot of questions, that may or may not be begging for answers. Tonight, in that ring, that's not about Eternal business. This is all about what I rightfully want out of the CWF.

I want opportunity. I want championship opportunity. Not just some free for all tourney, but real live consistency in being in the title pictures. So yes, I joined with Sahn. Yes, I team with RM Strong...even after he stole from me. Opportunity is worth choosing strange bedfellows to pair with. Opportunity that wasn't coming after being dragged into a shitstorm named D**** G**** and all that bullshit. Opportunity that wasn't coming after not even being booked after that.

So to my opponent, who seems to want to "pity" me because she thinks I'm a dumb fuck that isn't hip to the game....fuck you.

Freddie looks up at the camera for the first time with seething eyes.

Freddie Styles: My name is Freddie Styles....remember it Amber, because when I break your face and beat you...you'll know exactly who it was that did this to you. You will respect me by the end of the night Amber Ryan. And I will make your face reflect me.

Fade.

Number One Enemy

Match

Backstage J. Rish sits at his desk with his hands sunken in his hands, his forehead nearly touching the desk as he contemplates the night ahead. Alone in his solitude, he begins talking to himself.

J. Rish: Alright, it is almost time to confront the demon that has been haunting my family now for over a month. It is time to find out the truth. I am ready to get my baby back..

Disrupting Rish psyching himself up is his office door swinging open. In front of him, with a very serious look of concern on his face is the bastard son of the co-CEO, Jaiden Rishel himself. The cocky and self-assured demeanor is gone from Jaiden, as he walks into the office never taking his eyes off J. Rish. He takes a seat in front of him, licking his lips before speaking.

Jaiden Rishel: Dad.

The moment is incredible. J. Rish's heart skips two beats at the mere three letter word.

J. Rish: ...Son?

Jaiden Rishel: Listen, I know you and I have had far beyond a rocky relationship since myself and Chaolin Sahn stole CWF out from under you with the "surrender clause". Actually, it goes far beyond and before that. But I just want to say, from my heart, that the past is the past, and I hope you forgive me for all the bullshit that I've put you through.

Rish is stunned, a singular tear dropping from his eye as he looks on at his oldest creation.

J. Rish: So is this you admitting that it was you who kidnapped Cambria all along? God damn it Jaiden, what did you do with her!? Where is she!?

Jaiden Rishel sighs, shaking his head from side to side.

Jaiden Rishel: No dad, I have nothing to do with whatever crazy shit you have going on right now. I've told you this once before, and I'll tell you again. I feel for you really, I do. That's why I'm here. You and I may not see eye to eye, and you may never trust me again, but I love my family. Cambria and Everia are my sisters to the blood, man. Whatever motherfucker is causing all this torment for you and the rest of the Rishel family, consider me their number one enemy. Now, I have a match up next and an ignorant backstabbing twit to put out of his misery. So good luck out

there later tonight, alright?

A smile finally crosses the face of the elder Rishel.

J. Rish: Alright. Thank you for this Jaiden. It means alot to me. Good luck as well.

Jaiden pats his father on the shoulder, attempting to hold back his emotions as he smirks at him and walks out of the office.

Fade.

Colton Mace vs. Jaiden Rishel

Match

The bell rings, and Mace and Jaiden start circling one another like rabid dogs.

Jim Gunt: One fall, to a finish. Loser leaves the CWF.

Mike Rolash: Mace is going down!

The crowd, to a person, roars in anticipation, with a smattering of cheers and boos reigning down on both hated men. It's Rishel who makes the first move, shooting in quickly for a leg. Mace pivots slightly and avoids his smaller adversary, who parries off to his right.

Jim Gunt: Not a lot separates these two in terms of weight, but Mace with the slightest of height advantages, which certainly means leverage.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, and look for Jaiden to try to mute that advantage by rendering Mace horizontal as much as possible.

Jim Gunt: ...

Mike Rolash: What?!

Jim Gunt: I just...I don't remember the last time you actually analyzed a match like that, Mike.

Rishel slithers on his hands and knees, maintaining his gaze with Mace. A coy grin slips across the CWF boss's face

as he climbs back to his feet, and paces around the ring in tandem with The A-List Superstar. The two move in slowly and lock up, collar-and-elbow. The two struggle, evenly matched for a moment, before Mace manages to muscle Jaiden into a neutral corner. Referee Clark Summits gets between the combatants, trying to force a break. Neither man relents, which leads Summits to literally force his way between them from underneath. This causes both men to release their grip, but as they do, both simultaneously go for a thumb to the eye, causing both Jaiden and Colton to recoil in pain.

Jim Gunt: In all my years...

Mike Rolash: Mace cheated, Ref! Ring the bell and let's start the going away party!

Jim Gunt: They both cheated, you imbecile!

Both men appeal immediately to the referee, who is understandably confused as to what caused this cacophony of complaints. It's clear that neither man is getting any form of justice, and it doesn't take long until their attention is turned to one another once again. It's Mace who strikes first, tagging Rishel in the jaw with a right hand. Jaiden briefly falls backwards into the corner before rebounding with a right hand of his own, causing Colton to stagger backwards towards the centre of the ring. Jaiden manages to push his advantage towards the middle of the canvas.

Jaiden grabs an arm and manages to shove Mace backwards into the ropes. Using the momentum, he shoots Mace into the opposite set of twine with an Irish whip. As Mace rushes back towards his adversary, Jaiden shoots low again, this time slightly to Mace's right. Jaiden twists behind Mace, using the sum of his 220 pounds to trip Mace up and backwards into a schoolboy pinning combination.

Mace manages to roll through, which takes Jaiden over to his back. Mace scrambles to his feet and rushes towards the ropes and rebounds off of them. Jaiden flips over, trying to trip Colton, but the Hollywood native manages to leapfrog over. As Mace bounds off the opposite set of ropes, Rishel gets to his feet and is met by a shoulder tackle, which drops him to his back once again. Mace rushes to the parallel set of ropes, but is less successful as he returns to Rishel, as Jaiden manages to drag him down by the arm, and holds on with a short-armbar.

Jim Gunt: Neither man able to maintain an advantage early on!

Mike Rolash: Are you kidding? Jimbo, it's obvious that Jaiden is ahead on points here!

Jim Gunt: OK, first of all Larry Zbyszko, points aren't a thing in the CWF. Second – do you think that you're gonna get a raise for kissing all this ass?

Mike Rolash: I resent the implication!

Rather than risk having the hold be countered, Jaiden shifts and grabs a reverse headlock. Mace struggles a bit, and almost wriggles free, before Jaiden switches to a rear-chinlock. Mace again tries to counter, but Jaiden manages to grab a quick rear-cravate. Mace tries to roll through it, but Jaiden floats over into a lateral press.

ONE....

TW-NO!

Mace ends up grape-vining Jaiden's left arm, and pulls him over into a modified crucifix pin.

ONE....

TWO...

Jaiden kicks out, rolling Mace back onto his back.

ONE....

TWO....

NO!

Colton Mace kicks out as Jaiden scrambles to his feet. Using the momentum from the kick-out, Mace kips-up, but is met by a kick to the gut.

Jim Gunt: And again, neither man able to press much of an advantage!

Jaiden Rishel stumbles backwards into the corner, but is caught by Mace, who is in hot pursuit!

Mike Rolash: Oh god, no!

Mace, like a house of fire, crashes into Rishel with a crunching clothesline that crumples the CWF boss. Jaiden folds in on himself a bit, leading Colton to grab a bulldog and rush outwards, sending Rishel crashing into the mat. Rather than follow up with a cover, Mace controls Jaiden's head and drags him to a vertical base. Holding onto a front-facelock, Mace drapes Rishel's arm over his shoulder and lifts him up into a vertical suplex, before twisting into a crushing spinning neckbreaker!

Jim Gunt: RED! CARPET! TREATMENT!

Mike Rolash: I welcome our new overlord, whoever that may be.

Rishel crashes to the mat, and Mace floats over into a corner, hooking the near leg.

ONE....

TWO....

THREE!

NO!!

Mike Rolash: I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT, BOSS!

Rishel manages to lift a shoulder, just barely. Mace, mouth agape, looks dead in the eye of the referee, who confirms that it was in fact a fair two-count. Mace doesn't take this for granted, and as Summits gets to his feet, so does Mace, who immediately gets into the referee's face, making his claim quite aggressively. Summits backs into the corner, signalling that it was in fact a two-count, as Mace advances.

Jim Gunt: Mace cannot believe it as...OH MY GOD!

Mike Rolash: HOLY SHIT!

Mace's arm, wildly gesticulating that he felt it was a three-count, is suddenly grasped by a resurgent Jaiden Rishel! Crossing Mace's arm around his chest, Jaiden grabs Mace's other arm before he can react, and arcs backwards in a perfect Straightjacket Suplex! Mace's upper back crashes into the mat, and Jaiden holds on, bridging into a pin!

Jim Gunt: MY GOD, STRAIGHTJACKET SUPLEX! SHADES OF JARVIS KING!

Referee Clark Summits leaps into position and makes the count.

ONE....

TWO....

THREE!

It's over?

NO!

Unbelievably, Colton Mace manages to shift his weight so far to the side that the pin is broken up. Rather than argue, as Mace lays sprawled on the canvas, Jaiden springs to his feet, scrambles to the outside and ambles up the top rope. Looking out on the Las Vegas crowd with contempt, Rishel throws the “up-yours” symbol to the fans, before launching himself through the air with a frog splash.

Jim Gunt: BLACK RAINBOW!

Mike Rolash: Wait, no!

There’s no water in the pool as Jaiden Rishel crashes to the mat with an awful thud. Mace, who rolled out of the way at the last minute, manages to get to the legs of the prone Rishel. He quickly folds The Bastard Son’s legs into a figure-four position, and steps through, locking on a cross-face.

Jim Gunt: My god, are you kidding me? Royal Mutilation locked in!

Mike Rolash: IS JARVIS KING WRITING THIS OR SOMETHING?!

Wrenching back, the Hollywood Hot Shot cinches in on the STF on Rishel. The CWF boss writhes in pain, a look of pure desperation etched on his face.

Jim Gunt: THIS COULD BE IT!

Mike Rolash: FOR THE LOVE OF GOD JAIDEN, HOLD ON!

Colton wrenches backwards, which gives Jaiden a slight opportunity to crawl towards the ropes. Nonetheless, the gap to bridge is substantial. Rishel claws at the mat, desperate for the break, but cannot find the bottom rope as Mace screams at him to tap. Jaiden, somehow, someway, claws his way towards the rope, and grasps it, forcing the break.

ONE...

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Unbelievable!

Mike Rolash: LET GO!!!

Rishel’s legs wriggle free, and he manages to maneuver himself around to relieve the pressure from the facelock by

drawing himself parallel to Mace. With haste, the CWF boss manages to hook the former Eternal in a jackknife pinning combination, while draping both legs on the middle rope for leverage!

ONE....

TWO....

THREE!!

Jim Gunt: NO!

Mike Rolash: YES!!!

The bell rings, and Rishel quickly slips under the bottom rope, hiding his cheating tactics from the official. The bell rings as Jaiden scurries away.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner....JAIDEN RISHEL!!

Recovering from his defeat, Mace slowly stands back up and with no sign of Jaiden Rishel he demands a microphone. Jim Gunt: Oh great, just what we need. Mace whining! Mike Rolash: Be sensitive Jim! The guy has to leave the CWF tonight. Colton Mace: You're all enjoying this aren't you? I can see it on your faces. You are happy about this outcome! IT is all YOUR fault! Well then so be it! No one ever accepted the fact that I was the future of the CWF. I am the greatest thing that ever graced this ring, and yet you would only ever laugh at me, look down upon me. Well no more! Watch how far and fast this company falls without me. And when that happens do not come crawling back to me, begging me to return. This is your bed, now sleep in it!

The Premiere spikes the mic down on the canvas and walks away angrily.

A Message For the Beast

Match

Earlier Tonight

The CWF Tron lights up and we see Jace Valentine standing in an abandoned meat freezer. Chains and hooks hang from the wall, eerily reminiscent of the place owned by Sunset's family where Jace almost met his demise. Blood red still stains the floor, the vicious and wicked cuts from the bullwhip still evident on the waist of our Host with the Most. It does nothing to fight his smile, however. The wounds and the damages, they haven't broken Jace Valentine.

No, they have just fired him up.

Jace Valentine: Chaolin Sahn tries to put me away. He tried his best to stack the deck against me, but I flip cards with

the best of 'em. He tried to hurt me, maim me, ruin me... I am still here. I am still fighting. So I ask you, Sahn, what exactly have you accomplished? You, Sunset, Jaiden...the Trinity. The three of you bounce around the halls of CWF, the pebbles between your legs flopping back and forth at the thought of a bit of authority. What the hell have you actually accomplished? You got rid of Jarvis King, and let me be the first of many to tell you thanks for dispatching that insufferable jackass. You got Freddie Styles and RM Strong to team up, to the interest and appeal of absolutely no one.

Jace flashes a sly smile.

Jace Valentine: What the hell have you actually accomplished? You cancelled the television deal for 'The Academy'.... after you screwed up and handed it to them on a silver platter to begin with. You got CWF broadcasted live again for the first time in over six years, but it has to be on that insufferable 'Sunset Network'. You recruited Damion Kirkson. I took em out. You pulled in Tristan Kancer. I took em out. You had Rayne Kancer eating out of the palm of your hand. I TOOK THEM ALL OUT. What's to say I am not going to do the same to RM? That I am not going to do the same to Styles, Jaiden or Sunset? Who's to say that I don't remove you from this place like the tumor you are?

Jace winks.

Jace Valentine: That's exactly what I plan to do. Frozen Over, I will take out the trash. I will fill that freezer like I fill that audience. You didn't bring back the CWF. You didn't do shit. I did that when I walked in the door. These people, they pay to see me. They fork over their money hamfisted because they know true talent when they see it. They want the 'New Era of Arrogance', and they just can't get enough. So here's a Message for the Beast. The Tormented Soul, the Firefly, the Maker of Creation, whatever you want to call yourself. In this Ice Cooler Casket match, the game is over. Time runs out on you. When your laying face down, dead and cold in that Ice Cooler, the rats will be there to chew off your face. Days, weeks, months from now... you will only be a footnote. My name will be on belt plates, your name will be on a gravestone.

Suddenly, all the lights go out surrounding Jace in complete darkness. The scurrying and chittering of rats can be heard flooding into the small closed in room. Moments later, the lights turn back on and several hundred rats can now be found eclipsing the floor below. Several of them dart around the wrestling boots of Valentine, some even starting to crawl up the leg of his pants. He swiftly stomps down, condemning one of the rats to a quick death.

He looks up and pig blood seems to be smeared on the wall, spread out to form a message.

IT ENDS TONIGHT

Jace just chuckles and comes back with another smirk.

Jace Valentine: Yes, it does, Sahn... and I promise you that. Just sucks for you that it will be me with my arm raised.

Tonight, Frozen Over, I put the beast down.

Fade.

A Small, But Crucial Step

Match

We are back at ringside momentarily as the ring crew prepare for the next match.

Jim Gunt: Does that mean Jace isn't here yet tonight? That butcher shop owned by the Sunset family is all the way in Montreal!

Mike Rolash: Oh, stop, Jim. That shit was obviously prerecorded. Valentine is playing mind games, he's trying to set up the ambush backstage. It's pretty much been his MO lately, he knows he can't fight fair against the Eternals!

Jim Gunt: Because the Eternals aren't capable of fighting fair themselves! Jace is just fighting fire with fire!

Mike Rolash: But when you fight fire with fire, you get burnt... or froze, or something.

The CWF Tron lights up, and we see Jaiden Rishel standing with Ryan Sunset backstage. The other members of the Eternals are not around, presumably preparing for their own matches to come later on in the show. Jaiden grabs a large bottle of champagne, pouring himself a celebratory glass for defeating Colton Mace. He finally put down the bastard, the one that turned his back on the Eternals and everything they have to offer. Mace learned his lesson tonight.

Jaiden offers Sunset a glass, clearly excited. Sunset turns around, extremely reserved.

Ryan Sunset: Phone...

Sunset nods his head towards the phone in his ear, as Jaiden didn't notice that our friend Sunset is currently preoccupied.

Jaiden Rishel: Ah, right. You take care of what you have to take care of. My part of it is done. I put down that vile little swine, Colton. I made him pay.

Sunset takes a few steps away from Jaiden, apparently more concerned with the future than the past. He grasps the phone tight to his ear, almost to make sure that no one else could hear the voice coming from the other line.

Ryan Sunset: Everything is in place, yes?

A pause.

Ryan Sunset: Wonderful, wonderful, friend. There is a small matter that still needs taken care of shortly. A small, but crucial step. I will keep you informed as the night progresses. We are very close. The machine is in motion.

Jaiden just looks at Ryan with a blank expression before downing another glass of champagne.

Jaiden Rishel: More for me, man.

Sunset doesn't respond, as he is pacing back and forth still focused on the phone call.

Ryan Sunset: Understood. Have you heard from the others? Everyone is on the...

In a flash, a man dressed head to toe in black with a hooded veil over his face dives into the scene tackling Jaiden Rishel into the wall behind him. Jaiden flies off of his feet, completely ambushed, and crashes into the concrete. The champagne glass shatters, and its contents pour out onto the ground below. Sunset acts on his first impulse -- to run like the little coward that he is. He runs down the hall like his life depends on it, and maybe it does, but the attacker seems to have his attention squarely on Jaiden as Sunset leaves the scene.

The figure in black meets Jaiden's face and jaw with several stiff punches, beating the holy hell out of the Rishel's Bastard Son. The figure slams him into the wall again, like a man possessed, swinging Jaiden's head into the wall as if it was a hammer and the concrete behind him was a nail. Jaiden is bruised and bloodied now, but the attacker does not let up. The figure wraps his gloved hands around the neck of Jaiden, choking the life out of him. No Eternals are coming to his rescue, no one is coming to his aid. Jaiden Rishel is getting choked out, he is getting what he deserves. Karma has come calling for the Bastard Son of CWF.

Completely decimated, and already wore out from a hellacious match with Colton Mace, Jaiden Rishel is grasping for breath. The figure picks him up one more time, driving his face and neck down hard onto the concrete with an Inverted DDT.

The attacker rubs his hands together, content with a job well done, before leaving the scene of the crime. Seconds later, the EMT and Security crew rush in to check on the fallen fed-head. Sunset comes running back into the scene, bossing around the people trying to do their job.

Ryan Sunset: Hurry! Protect his head! GET THOSE CAMERAS OUT OF HERE! They don't need to see this! Careful!

We go back to ringside, where the Glass Table match between Amber Ryan and Freddie Styles is about to begin.

Jim Gunt: What the hell was that? Somebody just attacked our CEO Jaiden Rishel? He looks really hurt back there!

Mike Rolash: Are you serious, Jim? Don't be so naive! You saw the same thing I did, that man in black is none other than Jace Valentine! He even hit the Ego Erasure DDT! Of course it was him! I told you he was trying to set up an ambush, and he had Jaiden squarely in his sight! That whole thing was all about evening the odds later on tonight for his match against Sahn!

Jim Gunt: I don't know... something just doesn't feel right to me. Sunset seems suspicious...

Mike Rolash: Oh, put your Nancy Drew Detective Girl kit away, ya nerd. We have a great match coming up next between Amber Ryan and Freddie Styles!

Amber Ryan vs. Freddie Styles

Match

Scanning from Freddie Styles and Amber Ryan who stand eye to eye in the center of the ring, we see two large glass tables on the east and west end sides of the outside ringside area. Trent Robbins calls for the bell, and the match is off with a quick start, as Styles leaps up into the air and cracks the Distorted Angel across the jaw with a Superman Punch! The crowd handily boo him as he stands over the backing up body of Ryan, who scowls at him as she pulls herself up.

She sidesteps quickly as Freddie Styles comes running in for yet another giant punch, landing himself instead into the corner. The Painted Hurricane hurls her leg forward. *CRACK!* The sound of Amber Ryan's boot smacking the ribs of Styles echoes through the front rows. Amber attempts another kick but Styles catches this one, ENZIGURI! Ryan leaves him on the canvas after the huge head kick!

Jim Gunt: Great start to this match Mike, as both Amber Ryan and Freddie Styles came out swinging for the fences.

Mike Rolash: Batter up!

Both competitors are back to their feet and the veteran pushes Styles back into the corner once again, this time hitting him with a knife edge chop to the chest. Freddie Styles reverses after the chop though, bringing Amber Ryan into the corner herself and laying into her with a chop of his own! A second stinging chop leaves the Distorted Angel holding her chest in anguish, but Styles is not finished, as he seats Amber on the corner and climbs up to the top with her-
FIREMAN'S CARRY SUPLEX OFF THE TOP!

Freddie Styles kips right up to his feet, pulling his opponent over to the ropes as he glares to the outside seeing the

glass table, the shine glistening off his eyes as he stares at it. This leaves Amber enough time to kick up at him, stunning him, LEAPING HEADSCISSORS TAKEDOWN! The momentary pause leaves Amber Ryan with the advantage, and she doesn't look like she's willing to give it up so easily. As Freddie begins to get to his feet she leaps up in his direction- DOUBLE STOMP ACROSS THE ENTIRETY OF HIS BODY!

Jim Gunt: God damn! Amber Ryan just stomped Styles like a dog!

Mike Rolash: What dogs have you been stomping lately, Jimmy? Maybe I need to make a call to the S.P.C.A.

The Painted Hurricane measures up her new found enemy as he struggles to get to his feet, holding the same spot on his chest that Ryan viciously stomped through. Amber Ryan pushes away with his arms, belting another hard kick across his bare chest. He screams out in pain, trying to back up, but is unable to free himself from the agony, as Amber follows him right in- YAKUZA KICK! FACEBREAKER DDT! And the crowd is on their feet, screaming for their heroine at the top of their lungs!

Jim Gunt: The sold out crowd is loving every bit of this Glass Tables match so far, now if only Amber Ryan can finish off old Freddie and send these people home happy!

Mike Rolash: Send them home? We're only halfway through Frozen Over, nitwit. What are you trying to do, sanction a few empty arena matches?

Jim Gunt: Why not, we haven't seen one of those in awhile.

With the clear advantage on her side now, Amber Ryan pulls her opponent out of the ring, taking Freddie by the back of his head and walking him over to the nearest glass table. She attempts to flail his head forward, he blocks, instead sending her face-first into the glass! The table does not break but rumbles hard, causing a sizable amount of damage as Styles cracks into it yet again. A third attempt is blocked by the Painted Hurricane herself, who intertwines their legs together quickly and pulls down, RUSSIAN LEGSWEEP HEADFIRST INTO THE GLASS TABLE!

Jim Gunt: God damn, Mike, that was pretty sick!

Mike Rolash: Indeed it was, but the glass table STILL did not break! Lowe's certainly didn't make these tables.

Jim Gunt: And what is that supposed to mean? I actually worked for a Lowe's during the time CWF was out of busi...

Mike Rolash: My point exactly.

Although the thick paned glass table somehow still did not break, the skin on the forehead of Freddie Styles' was not so lucky. A gush of crimson begins to pour down his face like a riv, and Amber Ryan is quick to pick up on that. She places her boot on his face, grinding him down into the thin mats covering the concrete floor outside. The Painted Hurricane lifts what she perceives to be a lifeless Styles to his feet, connecting with a huge right hand that leaves a squirt of blood flying. She brings Styles onto her shoulders to finally put an end to the Eternal- SAWDUST IN THE BLOOD? NO! Styles somehow squirms out and over the shoulders of Ryan, landing him feet first on the table. He leaps up and X-FACTOR FACE PLANT! Into the table, BUT IT DOES NOT BREAK!?

Jim Gunt: Are you kidding me!? Massive face buster there from Freddie Styles, I honestly thought Angel was about to eat glass just like she did last week on Evolution!

Mike Rolash: Angel? You better watch calling her that Jimmy, or YOU may be the one eating glass.

Holding the back of Amber Ryan's head in his hands, Styles looks down at her in utter shock that the glass table still did not break. He reigns down right hands, desperate to put an end to the Painted Hurricane as blood continues to pour from the gash in his forehead. Freddie Styles vigorously wipes away the down-pour to clear his vision, before pulling himself away from Amber. He goes under the apron quickly, pulling out two pairs of handcuffs?

Jim Gunt: Oh no, this isn't going to be good Mike.

Mike Rolash: The hell it isn't, this is going to be a fucking treat and a half to see Amber get what's coming to her!

Climbing back onto the large glass table, Styles is reading to pin down the Painted Hurricane. But she has somehow come to now, blasting him with a surprise elbow that re-opens his wound! Styles nearly drops the handcuffs out of his hand, but instead heaves back and then forward, connecting with the skull of Amber Ryan with the weapon! Ryan falls back out of her seated position, but Styles is not done, connecting again and again and again with the handcuffs, her jaw nearly being displaced with every shot! Ryan is unconscious now, a sitting duck to Freddie Styles as he handcuffs both her right and left arms to separate legs of the table, stretching the handcuffs chain to their full capacity.

Jim Gunt: Come on ref, do something about this! This just...this isn't right!

Mike Rolash: You may not think so Jim, but this match is no disqualifications. Amber Ryan knew what she was signing up for!

Suddenly the CWF tron lights up, showing the words "PARAGON" across the screen. The horrid boos from the sold out Las Vegas crowd turn a 180 into massive cheers, and Freddie Styles watches on intently even as he goes to climb onto the top rope. The seriousness and worryment is removed from his face as the tron switches to the backstage area, where James Ceno and Jack Michaels lay on their stomachs knocked out! Styles smiles widely, knowing that the Eternals saved him from another attack from Paragon. He turns his attention to Amber, the crowd on their feet as he

leaps high into the air. PHOENIX SPLASH! AND THE GLASS SHATTERS EVERYWHERE!

Jim Gunt: OH MY GOD!

Mike Rolash: YES!

Ray Douglas: And the winner of this match by breaking of the glass table....FREDDIE STYLES!!

The fans boo wildly as “Jumpman” begins to play yet again. Freddie Styles lays over the broken body of Amber Ryan, just as spent and destroyed as she is, but victorious.

The Answer To All Your Problems

Match

We cut backstage to The Lost Boys walking down a corridor. They stop, and turn - the camera pans left to reveal Dan Highlander coming down a perpendicular corner, looking distracted.

Dean Coulter: Oi! Hey, Dan!

Highlander looks up.

Highlander:... do I know you?

Sam Braxton: Mate, we're the Lost Boys, the greatest team to come out of Aus and the answer to all your problems.

Highlander: Oh right... you're those guys Rish hired to replace Mike Crisis and Cheetor McQuade!

Sam crosses his arms and puffs out his chest in an attempt to imitate the bigger and more defined CWF competitor.

Sam Braxton: ... who?

Highlander: Look, “mate”, you're not the first Australian tag team to come around here.

Shocked at this revelation, Sam turns to Dean who keeps his gaze on Highlander.

Highlander: And unlike Mike and Cheetor, you haven't proved yourselves yet. So don't go throwing around statements when you don't understand what you're saying.

He catches himself.

Highlander: Sorry. It's a stressful night.

Sam looks indignant at Highlander's rudeness, but Dean cuts him off before he is rude, or worse, in return.

Dean Coulter: No worries mate, no worries... I'm Dean, this is Sam.

Highlander makes to shake hands, but cocks his head, looking first at one Lost Boy then the other.

Highlander: Sam.

Sam nods.

Highlander: Dean.

Dean looks confused.

Highlander: So where's Castiel?

Dean Coulter: ...what?

Highlander: Look, fellas, I have a psychopath to throw off a Tower. Find Castiel and get back to me.

He walks off, smirking. Sam looks on at his partner with a raised eyebrow.

Sam Braxton: Who's Castiel?

Dean Coulter: I dunno... but maybe we'd better find him.

Fade.

Harvey Danger vs. Lance LaRusso

Match

"Spring Break Anthem" by The Lonely Island hits and the Pansexual Playboy makes his grand entrance with a shining blue robe gracefully placed over his frame. He awkwardly touches a couple of fans on the way down the ramp, before

turning his attention to the ring. Lance LaRusso slides under the bottom rope, crawling a few feet before pulling himself up and raising his arms in the air.

Ray Douglas: The following match is an I QUIT MATCH and is for the Impact Championship. You must take a microphone and literally get your opponent to shout the words "I Quit" to win. First the challenger, from Los Angeles, California....LANCE LARUSSO!!

We cut backstage to the gorilla position as Harvey Danger prepares to make his entrance. Lance LaRusso's new theme "Spring Break Anthem" can be heard blasting out over the arena sound system. Harvey bends at the waist stretching his hamstrings as he attempts to touch his toes; not even coming close. Behind him paces an agitated The Lost Soul. Harvey does a few quick squats and hops back up to his feet. He begins jogging in place shaking out the nerves.

TLS: So, ah... buddy? You ready?

Harvey Danger: You betcha! I'll be back here in a jiffy holding... this... very... Now where the heck did I put that thing?

TLS hands Harvey the CWF Impact Title, rolling his eyes.

TLS: Here, you left it in the locker room. So Harvey, I never heard back from you... who exactly was it that attacked you last week?

From seemingly out of thin air Harvey has produced an old school metal bungee type spring Chest Expander machine and begins playfully pulling on it like a goof.

Harvey Danger: Oh, I didn't get that great of a look but I'm like 99% certain it was...

Before Harvey finishes, his cell phone rings. He digs it out of the pocket in his 1980's Sgt Pepper style ring jacket and holds it to his ear.

Harvey Danger: Hi Ma. Look, I can't talk right now. Yes, my match is literally about to start any second now. No. I'm pretty sure they are waiting for me.

TLS points to his watch and nervously moves his hand in a circular "Wrap it Up" motion.

Harvey Danger: Yes, I gotta go. Right. Bye. Love you too. Bye. Yes, Ma! Bye.

Harvey sheepishly puts his phone back into his ring jacket and adjusts his Impact Title around his waist.

Harvey Danger: Where was I?

TLS: Who attacked you?

Harvey Danger: Attacked me? I'm standing right here in front of you! Nobody attacked me...

TLS: Last week, Harvey! Last week! Surprise attack! They ruined Marie's meal!!

Harvey Danger: Ohhhhh! Right! That was...

Behind Stranger Danger the show producer looks up from his clipboard and yells:

Producer: HARVEY, YOU'RE UP! YOUR MUSIC HITS IN 5 SECONDS!

Harvey Danger: This is it! I'm ready! I'm focused! I WON'T QUIT!

TLS: (Exasperated) HARVEY! WHO ATTACKED YOU LAST WEEK!?

Harvey is focused, staring at the back side of the curtain waiting for his music to hit. TLS grabs his shoulder and spins him around.

TLS: WHO, HARVEY, WHO?

Harvey Danger: Oh, last week? It was...

"No Rain" by Blind Melon hits the arena loudspeaker system drowning out the final and most important part of Harvey's sentence.

TLS: (Shouting over the music) WHO DID IT!?

Harvey smiles and sticks up his fist for a fist bump.

Harvey Danger: DARN RIGHT I'LL GO GET IT!

Smiling like a goof, Harvey spins and pushes through the curtain to a loud pop from the audience. TLS shakes his head and turns to watch the monitor as we cut ringside.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, the reigning and defending Impact champion, from Long Island, New York....HARVEY DANGER!!

Jim Gunt: This next match may lack any elaborate gimmick or aesthetic. But what it lacks in grandeur it makes up for in the potential for pure, unadulterated brutality and ruthlessness, having to beat an opponent to the point they disgrace themselves and declare to the whole CWF universe they give up and quit.

Harvey Danger, also known as Momma's Little Angel, wastes no time and burst forward the second the bell rings with an exploding lariat. Lance is ready for the sudden attack and proves the quicker, ducking underneath the running lariat and swinging back around, grabbing Harvey in a very sensitive area of his body, setting up for the Porn-Plex. Harvey is able to break free from Lance's grapple and puts as much space between himself and the challenger as possible.

Jim Gunt: Have we established yet if that move is even legal?

Mike Rolash: Why? You don't want anyone else getting any action when you don't?

Jim Gunt: If you call having Lance just out-and-out grab your dick action...

Mike Rolash: Don't you?

The Pansexual Playboy taunts Harvey's clear discomfort and apprehension then advances towards the Impact champion. This time it is Harvey's turn to duck underneath the reach of the opponent and retaliates before Lance can perform any other acts of indecency with a standing dropkick. From the impact, Lance goes straight into the ring corner, stumbling back out again where Harvey trips him up and starts applying the Single Leg Danger Crab.

Mike Rolash: From where I am sitting it looks as if Harvey is practically begging lance to give up already.

Jim Gunt: He probably wants it to end soon so Lance doesn't get any more chances to touch him or something.

Unfortunately for Harvey his wish is not granted as Lance LaRusso escapes the submission, connects with a leaping

neckbreaker and rolls out onto the apron. Harvey recovers and takes a swing at Lance, who blocks the punch and connects with a high kick straight to the side of the head of the Impact champion. With Momma's Little Angel stunned, Lance springboards off of the ring ropes and takes down the champ with a missile dropkick.

Mike Rolash: Say what you will about Lance LaRusso's in-ring methods, it has Harvey unfocused and unable to properly defend.

The Pansexual Playboy ascends the nearest turnbuckle and motions to the crowd.

Jim Gunt: Now is not a good time for grand-standing...

After a few moments of playing to and with the crowd Lance LaRusso leaps off of the turnbuckle, backflipping twice with a double rotation moonsault he calls the Mile High Club. However after all that wasted time taunting the crowd, Harvey was able to recover and have enough sense to roll out of the way and Lance lands unceremoniously with the ring mats. Jarred by the crash landing Lance is left hapless as Harvey capitalises with an Inverted Danger Drop, holding onto the challenger to connect with a second...and a third...

Jim Gunt: Remind me to never go near Harvey Danger's groin.

Mike Rolash: You need a reminder for that?

After that series of inverted atomic drops Harvey lets Lance collapse in pain and goes to collect the microphone from the referee. This break in the offense allows Lance LaRusso to recover and take advantage, sliding under the ropes for a baseball slide dropkick. Harvey isn't taken by surprise however and not only steps away to evade the move, but grabs the challenger by the leg and pulls him out from the ring, to land painfully on the outside of the ring. Harvey stands above his opponent, looking down on him and offers the mouth piece of the microphone.

Jim Gunt: I don't think it's going to be enough.

Lance spits in Harvey's face and then for the second time this evening grabs him below the belt, working his way between the champion's legs to stand behind him and this time is able to connect with the Porn-Plex.

Mike Rolash: If Lance keeps this up, he's going to have to answer to Marie! Nobody can man-handle her son like that!

Lance grabs the microphone in one hand then sets up the champ and applies the Pearl Necklace submission manoeuvre.

Lance LaRusso: C'mon quit you son of a bitch!

Harvey struggles against the pressure of the applied submission, with nowhere to go, and Lance continually badgering him to call it quits. In desperation Harvey reaches back and rakes the eyes of the challengers then scampers away when the pressure and grip lessens. The Pansexual Playboy however dogs his opponent, not far behind, applying a wrist-lock and going for the Facial. Harvey blocks the short-arm lariat and Lance uses his momentum to swing himself around and flip backwards for the Orgasm Button. Lance rolls Harvey back into the ring then shuffles back to get the microphone.

Jim Gunt: It's lucky both men are practiced in submission techniques otherwise this would have been a whole different match.

Lance, once more on the apron, slingshots over the ring ropes and catches Harvey for a variation of the DDT, spiking Momma's Little Angel head-first to the ring mat. He stands above the fallen champion and again delays to taunt some more, before bringing the microphone down.

Lance LaRusso: This will all end the second you say those two words. Come on Harv! Quit!

Harvey Danger: Screw you!

Mike Rolash: Harvey! Your momma won't like such language!

In response to Harvey's continued defiance, Lance leaps down upon him with a standing leg drop...then a second...then a third...following up with a sprint against the ring ropes to build up some steam. Summoning some unknown fount of strength Harvey leaps up, taking lance by surprise with the Franken-Danger, rolling through to apply the Single Leg Danger Crab.

Jim Gunt: Harvey doesn't want to let go of his title.

Mike Rolash: Or disappoint Momma. He doesn't want to get grounded after all.

The submission is tightly locked in and Harvey's veteran experience and ring presence shows, having applied the move almost dead centre of the ring. Lance grits his teeth, trying to fight through the pain and prevent him from screaming out. His hand is outstretched desperately reaching for the ring ropes, too far from reach in any direction. Harvey shouts at the referee to grab the microphone and see to the Pansexual Playboy.

Jim Gunt: Lance surely has to give up. He's got nowhere to go and that move could easily break his leg.

Lance LaRusso: Gaah! No I don't quit damnit!

Against the odds Lance summons the strength to start slowly but surely drag himself (and Harvey Danger) towards the ring ropes directly in front of him. Inch by inch, until the fibres of the bottom rope can almost brush the tip of his fingers and...Realising the situation Harvey drags Lance straight back to the centre of the ring.

Mike Rolash: So close!

Jim Gunt: How much longer can Lance resist?

Lance LaRusso: Get that microphone out of my face! I don't quit damnit!

Still through gritted teeth, Lance struggles, somehow able to loosen the champion's grip enough to twist his body around and miraculously get to a standing base. Harvey is to have none of this and quickly takes a hold of Lance's other leg, sending him toward the turnbuckle with a catapult. A testament to his athleticism, Lance is able to land and maintain his balance on the second turnbuckle. Shocked, Harvey charges forward. The challenger performs a picture perfect backflip, OVER the head of the champion, who runs straight into the corner. As Momma's Little Angel staggers out of the corner from the impact Lance LaRusso nails him with the Walk of Shame.

Mike Rolash: Do you think Marie is going to need consoling after Harvey loses the title?

Jim Gunt: Is nothing sacred with you?

Mike Rolash: Maple Syrup. Oh wait, there was that hooker-Never mind.

Jim Gunt: What the f-

Instead of pressing the offensive or asking Harvey to quit, Lance takes a breather in the corner, recovering and waiting for his opponent to rise. The second the defending champion makes his way back to his feet, Lance once again nails him with the Walk of Shame, taking point in a corner again to rest and wait to strike for a third time.

Jim Gunt: Lance LaRusso is really nailing Harv-Oh damnit.

Mike Rolash: HaHa! You said it. Not me.

A third Walk of Shame connects and Lance stands triumphantly over his opponent. This time he smartly abstains from taunting and postulating and holds the microphone by his opponent as he sets him up for the Pearl Necklace yet again.

Lance LaRusso: Say the words, Harvey. Say it!

Harvey seems to bite down on his lip, trying everything he can to stop him from speaking. So Lance punishes his resilience by locking in his signature submission move. Harvey's attempts to remain silent fail as he cries out in pain and clearly exhausted and beat (in more ones than one) from the match he relents, unable to go on.

Harvey Danger: Alright I quit! I quit!

"Spring Break Anthem" begins to play over the speakers and LaRusso finally lets go of the hold, falling onto his back exhausted. The official helps him to his feet and he raises his arms in the air, awaiting his championship to be given to him. When the Impact title is handed over to him he nearly creams his tights, grabbing ahold of it tightly as if it were his own child. The Pansexual Playboy stares at the golden belt for nearly a minute before scurrying off to the back.

The Beginning of the End

Match

Later

Sitting on a bench in the locker room with a circular dish in hand, a mountain of white powder nearly tipping over as he sits it on his lap, is the new CWF Impact Champion Lance LaRusso. LaRusso eyes up the plate of cocaine like a child on Christmas morning, taking a deep breath and readying himself to dive in. Before he can kill himself in one shot, Ashley Williams scurries into the scene with Lance's newly won championship belt draped over his shoulder.

Ashley Williams: Lance!

The Pansexual Playboy looks up just as he nose grazes against the powder, the substance tickling his nose as he turns up- and he sneezes the cocaine all over the place!

Ashley Williams: Lance! Damn it, I was just coming in here to congratulate you on finally doing something right in becoming the new Impact champion, but...why shouldn't I be surprised?

Lance smiles brightly as he sits the plate down and attempts to wipe his face clean.

Lance LaRusso: Thank you Ash, I appreciate the congratulations, man.

Ashley Williams: Lance, where did you get that pile of cocaine anyway? Don't you remember that you no longer have your mother's endless funds to fall back on?

Lance pulls himself to his feet, snatching the Impact Title from his longtime friend's grasp.

Lance LaRusso: Yeah, but I have this.

The Pansexual Playboy almost seductively looks at the championship gold, leaning his head in to give it a kiss right before the lightbulb in his locker room suddenly begins to flicker. Flicker. Flicker.

DARKNESS.

Lance LaRusso: Ash, why'd you turn out the lights!?

BOOM

A flash of light screams out from the ceiling to the floor. And then another, as a shadow of smoke follows behind it. In the brief illumination set forth by the lightning, we can see LaRusso and Ash looking on in utter fear.

"LANCE LaRUSSO."

In sudden inhuman like speed, a form can be seen zooming around the new Impact champion. The Weaver of Dreams himself, barely able to be absolved as he zings around the locker room.

The Shadow: The Pansexual Playboy believes the world shall fall at his feet. He believes that the party has only just begun. Well Lance, you are absolutely correct. For where I shall take you, darkness is the brightest light.

And just like that, the lights turn back on and the Shadow is gone, leaving Lance LaRusso and Ashley all alone in his locker room. Yet, the echoing whisper still rings out.

"Welcome to the Sousearch."

Ashley flicks his eyes around quickly to cover the scene, but the Shadow is nowhere to be found. He then glances over to Lance LaRusso who is shaking in his boots, clearly freaked out.

Lance LaRusso: Woah. Someone definitely laced my coke. That was freaky.

Ashley rolls his eyes as he continues to secure the scene.

Fade.

Dan Highlander vs. Elisha

Match

The most sadistic structure in all of Championship Wrestling Federation is vigorously being sat down across the squared circle, arranged to perfection by dozens of ringside staff. The mighty Tower looms twenty seven feet over the ring, three platforms within it in with weapons, increasingly more dangerous and nasty as they rise up. The first platform is sixteen feet by sixteen feet, the second twelve by twelve and the third eight by eight. At the top of the third platform is nothing but gravity, where the winner must throw their adversary twenty seven feet below. Looking on at the massive structure in both astonishment and fear, the crowd pop aloud.

"Hammer to Fall" by Queen hits over the speaker system, and Dan Highlander does not come out in his usual all black, instead adorned from head to toe in the purest of whites. The intensity within the Hammer is unlike ever seen before, as he never takes his eye off the massive structure in front of him.

Ray Douglas: The following match is possibly the most vicious match in CWF history- THE TOWER! To win the match you must throw your opponent off the top of the Tower. Introducing first, from Canberra, Australia....DAN HIGHLANDER!!

The lights dim as "Anti-Christ Superstar" by Marilyn Manson blasts across the sound waves. The Moonchild stands with his back turned to the audience, the Tower and Dan Highlander himself, soaking in the screams and jeers that explode over his theme song. Finally Elisha turns around, emotionless as he saunters down the ramp.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Eastern Europe. He is the Moonchild....ELISHA!!

Dan Highlander doesn't even let Elisha fully get down the ramp before he charges forward and strikes out with a huge right hand. The Moonchild dodges the attack easily however, SPINNING BACKFIST! Highlander is reeling immediately, backing up the ramp to try to regain his senses. Elisha plants his shoulder into the gut of the Hammer, slamming into his stomach several times before lifting him high in the air and backfirst onto the steel steps! Elisha glances away from Dan Highlander, a wicked smile forming across his face as he eyes up the luminous Tower structure.

Jim Gunt: Here we go, Mike! Elisha is about to make his way up the Tower!

Mike Rolash: The Moonchild wasting no time at all!

Jim Gunt: Why would he? The man has no morale constraints. He plans to do some wicked things to Highlander here tonight, with no regret. I just hope that Dan is ready to do the same!

Staring upward as he enters the ring and immediately heads up the ladder, Elisha is about halfway to the first platform before Dan Highlander grabs him from behind, yanking hard to send him flying all the way into the padded barricade holding the frenzied front row fans back! Elisha winces in pain as his back bashes off the barricade, but he is quick to get right back up as he sees Dan Highlander waiting on him on the first platform, with flicked hands challenging his adversary to war.

Jim Gunt: The Hammer is showing no fear! I think Highlander is ready for what is ahead tonight!

Mike Rolash: I highly doubt it, Jimmy. Highlander is a man of respect, integrity, he doesn't like to get his hands dirty. Elisha has this match won before he even climbs the Tower.

Jim Gunt: No, I'm pretty sure that's not how the rules work.

Mike Rolash: It was a figure of speech, idiot.

Elisha is a madman as he veriously enters the ring and pushes his way across the thin area in between the ring ropes and the Tower's base until he gets to the ladder, ascending up it in a flash. Highlander is waiting on him though, stepping down on the Moonchild's fingers as he places them on the platform! The crowd are somewhat shocked but cheer Highlander on, Elisha is not so cheerful as he barely holds onto the ladder, somehow still making his way up to the platform. Elisha launches himself up into the air, a sudden lariat taking Highlander off his feet. He wastes no time in glancing up at the weaponry hanging down, deciding on a pair of brass knuckles that he places around his right hand. The Hammer climbs to his feet unknowingly, and Elisha blasts him halfway to mars with a brass knucks shot to the temple!

Jim Gunt: And Highlander crashes instantaneously! That was sick!

Mike Rolash: You're fucking right it was, but somehow Highlander is not unconscious from the temple shot, as he just swept Elisha off his feet!

Indeed, Dan Highlander desperately uses his legs to sweep those of his enemy off his feet, crawling on top of him and reigning down heavy right hands. Elisha attempts to use the brass knuckles again, but Highlander stings him again, before taking the knucks off and throwing them all the way down the Tower!

Mike Rolash: See, what did I tell you Jimmy? Highlander is afraid to use the weapons set out in front of him in the Tower. He hasn't got a shot in hell against the Moonchild!

Jim Gunt: We will see, Mike. We will see.

Highlander and Elisha both get back to their feet, ready to deal out some more damage to their sworn enemy. The Moonchild ducks under a spinkick from Highlander, hitting him with the back of his elbow on the way through. He immediately goes for a steel chair, but the Hammer hooks him from behind and hurls him upward, SPINNING BLUE THUNDER BOMB! The steel platform rumbles on impact, but remains steadfast. Highlander is not content however, pushing Elisha off of him and wrapping his hands tightly over his face- CANBERRA CROSSFACE!

Jim Gunt: And Highlander has the Crossface locked in perfectly!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, so? The Hammer knows he cannot win this match by submission or pinfall, didn't that vicious training from Amber Ryan do him any good?

Jim Gunt: I believe it's called wearing down your opponent, Einstein.

Elisha squirms and battles his way towards the edge of the Tower, dragging Highlander with him who continues to hold onto the Crossface as long as he can. The much stronger Elisha has the edge now with his fingers, and he begins to push himself and Highlander off the Tower!? The Hammer sees Elisha's intentions and his eyes go wide, but just as he let's go of the grip of the Crossface, Elisha takes a nose-dive off the first platform of the Tower, the bodies of the Moonchild and Hammer CRASHING THROUGH A SET OF DOUBLE TABLES LIKE TWO PRECISION BULLETS!

Jim Gunt: OH MY GOD! The broken frames of Highlander and Elisha just absolutely crushed those tables!

Mike Rolash: Yeah but, now what? Is this match over, both men went flying off the Tower?

Jim Gunt: No, Mike. The rules state that you must be thrown off the TOP of the Tower, twenty seven unbelievably scary feet below!

Dozens of fans in the front rows of the MGM Grand clamor to the barricade to watch on in amazement as Elisha begins to pull himself out of the wreckage. Splinters of shattered tables lay all around him and Highlander, the Moonchild finally getting up and lifting Dan right up with him. He grabs the barely moving Highlander by the back of the head, running him face-first into the steel turnbuckle with authority! Elisha then proceeds to leave the body of Highlander behind, heading back in the ring and climbing right back up the Tower. Once on the first floor, he begins gathering up weapons like an army; kendo sticks, steel chairs, whatever he can find pulled down into his grasp. But the Moonchild is not content on waiting on Highlander on the first platform, holding all the weapon deep within his left forearm, as he climbs to the second platform with his right!

Jim Gunt: Jesus, what the hell is Elisha doing here!?

Mike Rolash: It looks like the Moonchild wants ALL the weapons he can possibly have to take out Dan Highlander. I hope old Danny boy kissed Caledonia goodnight before coming out here tonight, because this may be his funeral!

Finally, the heroic Hammer begins to come to on the outside of the ring. He pulls himself up with the help of the apron, gazing around the area to try to find Elisha. The Moonchild shouts at the top of his lungs from above, getting Highlander's attention as he calls him on. Dan shakes the cobwebs, pulling himself into the ring and immediately going for the ladder. He is up onto the first platform within a blink of an eye, climbing up the second just as fast. The Moonchild has a sadistic grin on his face as he awaits him, a plethora of weaponry being swung at him- BUT HIGHLANDER DUCKS UNDER AND TACKLES HIM TO THE PLATFORM! Tools of all kinds go flying everywhere, and it is only the fists of the Hammer that reign down. Elisha throws him off, charging himself now, but Highlander sidesteps him and shoves him hard from behind face-first into a hanging ball of barbed wire! The Moonchild's face is a crimson mess as he falls to his knees, screaming in anger!

Jim Gunt: Yes! Whether Highlander wanted to use the weapons laid out in front of him in this Tower or not, Elisha just *ate* that ball of barbed wire!

Mike Rolash: But the blood absolutely pouring out of the Moonchild's face has only seemed to further intensify the man!

Elisha is right back to his feet from his knees, wiping off the blood and flicking it at the chest of Dan Highlander. Highlander's eyes never remove from his adversary, as he awaits his attack, pulling Elisha in as he moves forward- SPINEBUSTER! A zip of pain goes through Elisha's spine as he hits the steel platform. The crowd watches on as Highlander turns around and begins eying up all the weaponry on the second platform. They explode in cheers, awaiting their hero's eventual breaking point!

Jim Gunt: Come on Dan, you can do it! Grab one of those sick tools and put the Moonchild out of his misery!

Mike Rolash: He can't do it! Highlander will never be able to break out of his moral compass!

Shaking down to his core, Dan Highlander steps forward and reaches out, pulling a two by four covered in nails down! The sold out crowd cheering him on louder than ever now, Highlander raises the wooden rod high above the man he despises. But he just cannot take the swing. Elisha sits on his knees, a wicked smile on his face as he watches a deflated Dan Highlander lower the weapon. But has soon as he drops it he soars into the air, KINSASA KNEE NEARLY DECAPITATES ELISHA!

Jim Gunt: Well would you look at that, The Hammer has found the greatest weapon of all - his own body!

Mike Rolash: That's a load of bullshit Jim, and you know it. Highlander is going to have to get his head out of his ass and pull out all the stops if he wants to have a snowball's chance in hell of defeating Elisha.

Jim Gunt: Dan Highlander is going to follow the path of righteousness no matter what, even if it is the death of him.

The diving knee attack seems to have done just as much damage to Highlander as the Moonchild himself, as he holds onto his right knee muffling out a painful response. He pulls himself to his feet but Elisha is up just as quickly, grabbing ahold of the two by four before Highlander can kick it away, AN UPWARD SWING CATCHING HIM UNDER THE CHIN! The nail protrudes through the skin of Highlander's neck, and he immediately collapses holding onto his throat.

Jim Gunt: Holy shit, I hope Highlander doesn't have internal bleeding from that shot, his lungs could be filling up with blood as we speak!

Mike Rolash: Die, Highlander, Die!

Jim Gunt: You're a sick son of a bitch, you know that?

Elisha is not finished delivering hell like it was a freshly made pizza, using the edge of his boot to suffocate Highlander as blood spouts out his mouth! The crowd, looking high in the air in horror, boo loudly as the Moonchild turns him on his stomach, bashing his head AGAIN AND AGAIN ON THE STEEL PLATFORM! Highlander is a dead fish in water now, his body deadweight as Elisha lifts him up on his shoulders and across the ladder. With his morale counterpiece still heaved up, the Moonchild makes it to the third platform and immediately hurls Highlander through a pile of glass tubes! Shatters of glass fly as the tubes break on impact, leaving Highlander in a dilapidated heap!

Jim Gunt: This has got to be over soon. I can't watch this anymore.

Mike Rolash: It's not over until the Moonchild says it's over, Jimmy! And he doesn't look like he's done serving punishment on Highlander just yet!

The pain that Elisha hopes to inflict on Highlander has actually only begun, as he reaches for a ominous tied black bag. Unwrapping it with his own two paws, Elisha dumps the contents out all over the platform. THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF THUMB TACKS! A maniacal laugh comes from deep within the gullet of the Moonchild as he shatters the tacks around with sadistic intent. But when he turns he is not ready for the sight in front of him, SUPERKICK! AND ELISHA CRUMPLES DOWN WITH THE SIDE OF HIS BODY LANDING INTO THE TACKS! The fans explode in cheers!

Jim Gunt: Yes! This is the moment we have all been waiting for, get 'em Dan!

Dan Highlander looks down at the writhing body of Elisha, the seriousness in his eyes never changing as he turns away from him and heads even further up the Tower! A moment later and the Hammer is on the very top of the third

platform, with nothing but twenty seven feet of gravity below him. He is ready for whatever fight Elisha has left in him, or he thinks he is until he sees the Moonchild heading up the ladder with a steel chair wrapped in a blazing towel!

Jim Gunt: Oh shit, business is about to pick up here!

Mike Rolash: It's not very often that we have one of the competitors bring their weapons up to the final floor of the Tower, but yet again Elisha is no normal man!

Jim Gunt: You can say that again!

Dan Highlander's jaw is agape as he stares forward, watching Elisha make it up to the top of the Tower with the ablazed weapon in hand. The Moonchild charges forward swinging the chair wildly, but Highlander sidesteps crashing to a knee, just inches from where the flames lick the Tower's base! Highlander leaps into the air before Elisha can even move, tucking his leg under his arm and shooting his other one at him- SUCH IS LIFE! The Enziguri leaves the flaming chair falling out of the grasp of Elisha, and into the eyesight of Highlander. The Hammer lifts the chair up by it's handles in contemplation, a slight gaze out to the crowd who cheers him on to put away Elisha.

Jim Gunt: This is it! Highlander is going to finally do what must need to be done to take out the Moonchild!

Elisha begins backing away on his knees, his hands up in the air to try to stop the oncoming attack. But Highlander goes to drop the ablazed chair off the Tower, the fans beginning to boo as he does, stopping him in his tracks. A demented smile forms across the Hammer's face AND HE SWINGS FOR THE FENCES! The bloodied face of Elisha is seen being engulfed in flames, his hair singing in seconds! Highlander is not done though, exploding the chair across the skull of his foe once more! The chair flings itself all the way off the Tower, the blow nearly taking Elisha's life as he falls uncontrollably to the platform.

Jim Gunt: Yes! Yes! Highlander overall all odds, even his own morality and has absolutely decimated Elisha! Now just throw him off the Tower, Dan!

Mike Rolash: So much for unbiased journalism.

It is all over for the Moonchild, as Highlander has finally shown just how far he will go to put away with worst enemy. The Hammer now zings his fingers across his neck, a cut-throat motion, calling for the end of the match. Highlander hooks the broken and bloodied head of Elisha underneath his legs, hoisting him up onto shoulders- SOUTHERN CROSS ALL THE WAY OFF THE TOWER!

NO!

ELISHA SOMEHOW BREAKS FREE AND FALLS OUT BEHIND HIGHLANDER- MASSIVE OVERHEAD GERMAN SUPLEX ONTO THE TOP OF THE TOWER! Elisha waits for Highlander to get to his feet, spitting out spots of blood everywhere as he looks on. HEART PUNCH! The Hammer doesn't know where he is now, an absolute mess as Elisha lifts up onto his shoulders in an upside down position- GANSO BOMB OFF THE TOWER!! HOLY FUCKING SHIT!

"BOOOOO!!!"

Jim Gunt: No! God damn it, did you just see that the body of Highlander go through those tables!?

The sound is deafening, one that those in attendance for Frozen Over VI will likely never forget. Their hero Dan Highlander sent soaring twenty seven feet through the air, only to meet his demise in a pile of wood, blood and defeat.

Ray Douglas: And the winner of the this match....ELISHA!!

The fans have still not died down jeering at an intense decibel, only a few of the small children completely quiet as they cry in their mother and father's shoulders. The Moonchild stands victorious, his arms raised high in the air as he looks down at the massive destruction of The Hammer below.

Making An Example

Match

Backstage we see Sam Braxton and Dean Coulter of the Lost Boys, standing confidently as they address the crowd.

Sam Braxton: What you idiots don't realise is this...drongo was not the first to fall before us. No we made an example of another during Thanksgiving.

Dean Coulter: Our timing was deliberate, we know how important Thanksgiving is, paying tribute to the misguided and bigoted tenants in which your country built its foundations. It seemed the perfect chance to make our mark, to leave a message to the CWF roster that you have desperately lost your way and in need of guidance.

Sam Braxton: It didn't really matter who it was, and in the end we laid out that older guy who enjoys Throwback Thursday a little too much. What was his name? Harry? Henry?

Dean Coulter: Harvey...Harvey Danger.

Sam Braxton: Oh yeah. Sad thing is it's not the worst name on the roster. But if he wants to spit the dummy and has the balls to step up, well then let's make it a blue and meet next week!

Dean Coulter:...Sam...I don't think anyone can understand what you're saying.

Sam Braxton: What? God! They should learn some English.

Dean Coulter: To translate. Harvey, get a mate and meet us in the ring next week. It's time we made our presence official, and you're the first one we're going to make an example of.

The Lost Boys high five each other, before heading out of camera view.

Jim Gunt: Don't these goofballs realize that the Modern Warfare tournament starts next week? So they're most likely not going to get their match?

Mike Rolash: Oh well.

Fade.

Nothing Is As It Seems Part IV

Match

Nothing Is As It Seems Part IV

"I Apologize" by Five Finger Death Punch rumbles over the speakers system, and as the camera shoots towards the entrance ramp, the now full CEO of Championship Wrestling Federation nearly sprints out from behind the curtain. J. Rish is a ball of flame as he dashes towards the ring, entering and calling for a microphone immediately. The once cheering crowd quickly die down as he goes to speak.

J. Rish: Alright you son of a bitch, I have waited long enough. Get your ass out here and give me back my daughter!

Rish doesn't have to wait long as he looks towards the CWF Tron, an emotional wreck as he sees the masked man saunter down with his oldest daughter Cambria in front of him, her arms pulled tightly behind her in the grip of the torturer. Rish is ready for a fight, his fists balled out and his legs in stance as the man dressed in all black enters the ring. Cambria and her father make eye contact for the first time in weeks, and the owner immediately breaks out in tears. Cambria does the same, trying to wipe them away but the masked man pulls her arms back even harder, laughing aloud as Rish watches on.

J. Rish: Okay, I am here, you are here. This is exactly what you wanted isn't it? The fame and the adoration, to have the thousand of people packed into the MGM Grand watch on? What is your end game, you son of a bitch!? Just give me back my daughter..

The man in the black skee mask pulls Cambria in with his left hand, raising his right flatly in the air as if to say "stop". He pulls a microphone out of his vest pocket, the moment of truth is here as the sold out crowd watches on in anticipation.

Man: Mr. Rishel, welcome to Frozen Over six. The night that will forever be remembered as the day your entire life got turned upside down. You see, Justin, you and I have known each other for a long, long time. My identity may have been a mystery from you over the last month, and I know you have wracked your brain on who would have the audacity to do so much damage to your family. What kind of human being has the pure animosity with you that they would destroy you from within? What kind of man would walk right into your wrestling arena and take your eldest daughter right out from under your nose? I told you, nothing is as it seems.

The man takes off his mask.

Alex.

FUCKING.

Cain!

Jim Gunt: NO WAY!

Mike Rolash: Alex Cain is back!? Holy shit, business just picked up!

Jim Gunt: The only five time World Champion in CWF history, but why in the living hell would he kidnap Rish's daughter?

And the Las Vegas crowd goes absolutely insane, nearly imploding the MGM Grand Arena with the loud decibels of screaming. J. Rish is more shocked than anyone, watching on with his jaw dropped nearly to the canvas.

Alex Cain: Truth is, Cambria was never your daughter at all.

Another screaming "OOOHHH!" from the crowd. The wife of J. Rish, Amber Rishel, watches on from the front row in tears.

Alex Cain: You see Justin, fourteen years ago at a CWF show I made what back then I would have called a mistake. Your girlfriend at the time, now your married wife Amber and I, well...we had an affair. It was not something I was proud of, and although you and I never did truly get along backstage or on camera, it just wasn't the kind of man I was. The affair was agreed on by Amber and I to remain hidden, to be a forgotten mistake, that was until she became pregnant. Pregnant with the beautiful teenager that you have nearly destroyed as pathetic excuse for a father figure the last fourteen years.

J. Rish is on his knees now, nearly going into convulsions as he shakes and shakes. The emotions running through the tears falling down his face like a waterfall, he glances over at his wife who is just as distraught in the front row.

J. Rish: Is....this...true?

Her lips mouth out the words "I'm sorry", but Rish isn't able to take in the moment any longer as he's turned around by what he thought was his oldest daughter, and Cambria Cain open hand slaps him so hard that the surfers on the shores of Miami could hear it! Boos reign down from every corner of the building as Rish watches on in shock, yanked to his feet by The Fallen One, ANNIHILATOR POWERBOMB! Alex Cain shatters the CEO of CWF with the most devastating of Powerbombs, his back nearly snapping on impact.

Jim Gunt: What a turn of events folks, I am absolutely shocked.

The Living Legend takes the right hand of his daughter, raising it in the air as they stand over the fallen body of J. Rish. They stand their for over a minute taking all the searing hatred in from the crowd, before Alex Cain smiles and whispers something into Cambria's ear, patting her gently on the back. He then goes over to the ropes, pulling them up for her to exit before following her out. Someone from the crowd, a rowdy man in his 40's throws a half-full cup of beer in the direction of Cain. He quickly goes over to the man, pulling him over the barricade and laying into him with stiff boots! Security are on him in seconds, yanking him off the fan and screaming at him aloud. The Fallen One simply laughs at them, backing up the ramp and escaping through the curtain with Cambria.

Chaolin Sahn vs. Jace Valentine

Match

We are back at ringside where an enormous metal Ice Cooler Casket has been set up outside the ring on the side of the entrance ramp.

Jim Gunt: This next match is going to be brutal, it's going to be mayhem. It's not going to be for the feint of heart. This one might just get ugly folks.

Mike Rolash: It's gonna be awesome, Slim Jim. Awesome!

Alkaline Trio's "We've Had Enough" blares through the sold out CWF Arena in Las Vegas Nevada, as the entire crowd is on their feet awaiting the arrival of the "New Era of Arrogance" Jace Valentine. The revving of an engine is heard and before long, Jace's Big Foot Monster Truck is seen barreling it's way toward the ring. Despite the erratic driving, Jace stops short of the Ice Cooler Casket, parking it along the ramp and making his way out of the truck. He flashes his patented smile, slamming his fists into the Cooler several times before finally entering the ring.

Ray Douglas: Up next, we have a CWF Original...we have a CWF EXCLUSIVE! For the first time ever, we will see an ICE COOLER CASKET MATCH RIGHT HERE TONIGHT! Introducing first, from Montreal, Quebec, Canada... standing at five foot and ten inches tall, weighing in at 235 pounds... he is 'The Pride of Montreal', he is 'The Host with the Most', he is 'The New Era of Arrogance'... HE IS JACE VALENTINE!!!!!!

Without warning, all the lights in the arena go to black. "Sounds of Sulfur" by The Bled starts filtering into the air waves, the death metal rhythm screaming a haunting decay.

Caw!

The sound of a buzzard is heard over head. The lights turn back on, and Chaolin Sahn is in the ring with a violent stare back at his opponent. With a quick glance, Sahn shoots his attention to the Ice Cooler Casket, but then back to Jace. He is ready. This is his moment. No one can take it from him, not even Valentine.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent... From Tokyo, Japan... standing at six foot and four inches tall, weighing in at 275 pounds. He is 'The Tormented Soul', he is 'The Firefly', the 'Enforcer', the 'Psychopathic Poet', the 'King of Flames', the 'Eternal'... CHAOLIN SAHN!!!!!!

The bell rings and Jace extends his hand into the middle of the ring with a mocking smile.

Mike Rolash: A handshake? Jace really thinks he's going to get a handshake from the Tormented Soul?

Jim Gunt: Jace is just playing mind games with him!

Valentine's ploy seems to backfire against him however, as Sahn comes firing in with an uppercut that nearly knocks Jace's head from his neck. Jace flies backwards, landing on the mat in a sickening crash. Sahn wastes no time, raining down stomps onto his adversary! Jace pushes Sahn back, but the Tormented Soul is unrelenting, picking Jace up with ease and bringing him back down hard with an incredible choke slam!

Mike Rolash: This guy is going to be no match for Sahn! It's practically over already!

Jace is on the mat, feeling the unpleasant aftermath of Sahn's vicious early attacks as he clutches his chest in agony. The Tormented Soul shows no compassion, no remorse. He lifts Jace's head from the mat, wrenching at his neck, contorting his spine in ways a spine is not designed to contort. Jace tries to fight out but Sahn shifts his weight, hooking Valentine in an arm lock. Sahn doesn't hold the submission long, instead he lifts Jace up by the arm, throwing him across the ring in a sickening thud.

Jim Gunt: Damn, that looked painful!

The Tormented Soul is back on the offensive in a flash, again with no hesitation. He lifts Valentine's body again, before twisting it and sending it crashing back down to the ring in a heap with the "Fool's Flask" backstabber! Sahn's eyes glow with evil intents, as he pans over the crowd and their torrent of boos. Sahn lifts his arm to his throat, slashing across, signaling the end is on it's way. Jace begins to get back to his feet before Sahn connects with a spinning elbow strike square onto the jaw of the Host with the Most!

Sahn drives the point of his elbow hard down into the spine of Valentine, causing him to be racked with pain. Valentine

drops to the mat and with a smile, Sahn rushes in and lands a running leg drop onto his downed opponent! Sahn starts to drag Valentine's limp body towards the Ice Cooler for an early victory, but Jace swats his hand away.

Jim Gunt: No! Jace still has some fight left in him!

Mike Rolash: Not for long, Jimmity, cause Sahn is going to snuff that fight right out of him!

Sahn lands a few stiff elbows to the face and head of Valentine, leaving the Host with the Most clearly rocked. Sahn relents for a moment simply to taunt the fans and drive the jeers to start coming in. Sahn nonchalantly winds up and kicks Jace square in the small of the back while he rolls around on the mat. Jace begins to stir again as Sahn sets his target. Another thunderous spin kick right to the gut of Jace knocks him to the ground again as he is gasping for breath.

Mike Rolash: How much more of this do you think Jace can take, Jimaroonie?

Jim Gunt: I don't know, but I know he's not going to give up!

Jace fights his way back up to one knee. He begs Sahn for another kick and the Tormented Soul responds with a sinister smile. In a flash, Sahn dashes across the ring for another brutal kick but this time Jace is able to grab his leg and counter into a Snap Overhead Suplex! Both competitors hit the mat hard with monumental impact! Jace bounces back up to his feet, his arms still wrapped around the leg and ankle of his Tormentor, Sahn. Jace twists and spins, forcing Sahn to lose balance and drop to the mat stuck in the Valentine Vicegrip!!!!

Sahn screams in unholy pain, slamming his fists into the canvas in desperation.

Jim Gunt: Sahn may very well tap out here!

Mike Rolash: Tap out? Really, Jimarella? This is an Ice Cooler Casket Match! What's Sahn going to do? Will he just get so mad because his ankle hurts that he gets up, walks over to the Ice Cooler and just slams the door shut on himself?

Jace twists, rips and tears at Sahn's ankle with every ounce of effort he has to put forth. Every moment of agony, every bit of pain he has endured through his life turned around and projected back to Chaolin. Jace turns, still hooking the ankle and sits down hard on Chaolin's back, inflicting maximum pain. The crowd gets to their feet, cheering on the Host with the Most. While Jace embraces the crowd's positive reaction, Sahn sees an opportunity. With Jace momentarily distracted, Sahn is able to twist onto his back and jab his finger right into the throat of Valentine. Sahn quickly slides out of Jace's grasp. Chaolin Sahn rolls out of the ring, and the fans boo with deafeningly loud jeers. Sahn just smiles back.

Jace Valentine: Get back in here, you coward! This is your fucking destiny!

Anger and resentment floods the face of Chaolin Sahn as he snarls, and rolls back into the ring. Chaolin Sahn comes right at Jace with a spinning heel kick to his lower chest. Jace tries to sidestep the attack, but it knocks him to his knees. Jace is already breathless, and doesn't have the energy to spring back to his feet. Chaolin then bounces off the ropes, directs himself towards Valentine and cracks him in the back with a scissors kick, sending Jace crashing to the mat!

Jim Gunt: Vicious kicks from the Japanese born Chaolin Sahn here, he is just putting on a display!

Mike Rolash: Jace asked for this match, Jimbob Squarepants. Calling Sahn a coward... he's gonna get himself killed out there!

Jim Gunt: Getting Jace into that Ice Cooler isn't going to be easy though! Sahn is going to have to kill him first!

Mike Rolash: Really, Jimtonium? I'm pretty sure that is what Sahn is planning to do right here tonight!

Chaolin with the same angry smirk he's had all match, gets right back to his feet. Chaolin Sahn places his right foot on the chest of Jace, pressing hard onto the bruised bloodied and cut up chest of the New Face of Arrogance. With a chuckle, Jace steps the other foot up, putting his full weight on top of Valentine in a moment of mockery. Chaolin then, while holding Valentine down with his right foot, brings his left foot up in the air and then cracks it down with a sick stomp on Jace's skull -- followed by another stomp, and while still standing on top of Valentine, hits a third kick to the back of Valentine's neck. Vicious stomp after stomp, Jace has to be unconscious or worse... the human face is not meant for that kind of abuse. With the look of pure torment and ecstasy, Sahn lifts the face of 'The New Face', and we see eyes swollen shut and the grin of Valentine gushing with fresh crimson red.

The referee pulls Chaolin Sahn off of Valentine to check on the open wound, but Sahn quickly pushes the referee away. No disqualifications. No rules to break. Just broken bones and broken noses instead. The camera gets a good shot at the face of Valentine's face, his nose mangled and contorted and clearly busted, the blood drenching the mat in a coat of red.

Jim Gunt: With a broken nose, Jace is going to have a very hard time breathing through this battle!

Mike Rolash: If you can't breathe you can't fight, Jimmy Losertron!

Jim Gunt: Can you stop with the stupid nicknames, Magic Mike?

Mike Rolash:

Sahn rolls out of the ring, looking under the canvas in a flash. The Tormented Soul starts pulling steel chair after steel chair after steel chair out from under the ring, throwing them one by one into a giant heap of unrelenting, unforgiving steel. Sahn lets out a snicker, playing the crowd, as he gets back up on the ringside apron. Jace bounces back to his feet, catching the Firefly by surprise with a swift standing drop kick! Jace runs towards the other side of the ropes, spring-boarding back and flying in at Sahn with a lariat attempt... but Sahn catches him. He flips Jace up on to his shoulders before driving him hard down into the mangled mess of steel with a brutal F-5 Suplex!!! Sahn quickly picks him up again, up over his shoulders with an impressive press slam, Jace's whole body again crashing and ricocheting into the hard black steel. Again, Sahn doesn't let up, he doesn't give Jace a breather, quickly back in mount position raining punches down on the now busted up and bloody face of the Host with the Most.

Mike Rolash: I'm pretty sure Jace is dead. You can tell Jimmy Jr. to take the poster down now!

Jim Gunt: It sure isn't looking good for Valentine here!

Sahn applies a barbaric variation of the Sharpshooter to Jace, the two superstars laying on the giant pile of broken chairs. Jace screams in total agony and pain!

Jim Gunt: This is sickening! His knee is going to pop!

Mike Rolash: At this point, does Jace really have much of a knee left anyhow?

The look of pure torture is all we can see from Jace Valentine, but he is not giving up. He reaches out frantically, squirming with all his might to some how, some way find a way to get separation from the Tormented Soul. Exerting much more energy that he could ever afford, Jace finally gets to the bottom rope, clutching it for dear life.

Mike Rolash: No rope breaks! You get what you ask for Valentine!

Realizing that the referee is not going to break the hold, Jace lets go of the bottom rope to grab the middle rope, and then the top rope... managing to scale his way up the side of the ring like a ladder and forcing the pressure off of his surgically repaired leg. Using the rope as support, Jace fires a kick back with his other leg, catching Sahn square in the temple and knocking him off his feet. Sahn hastily lunges in, but Jace is ready... hooking his arms and driving his skull into the canvas with the Ego Erasure DDT!!

The crowd roars!

Jim Gunt: Jace Valentine has life left, baby!

Mike Rolash: It was one move, Jim. One move!

The Pride of Montreal is fired up though, and the sold out Vegas crowd can feel it as they all start getting to their feet in anticipation. Sahn swings in wildly with a clothesline attempt, Jace ducks underneath and hits Sahn in the middle of the ring with the 'From Montreal With Love' Flipping Piledriver! Sahn's neck crunches on the mat in a sickening fashion!

Jim Gunt: The 'From Montreal With Love'! Now all Jace has to do is lock Sahn in the cooler and this match is over!

The crowd roars again, now in a frenzy. Jace tries to walk over to the prone body of Sahn, but his knee buckles and he falls to the mat. Sahn is out cold though and Jace is not willing to miss the opportunity. He presses on, forcefully shoving Sahn's body as it rolls out of the ring onto the canvas below. The enormous ice cooler stands ominously just a few feet away as both competitors are now outside of the ring. Sahn is still incapacitated as Valentine drives the Tormented Soul's face hard into the unforgiving metal cooler several times with sickening applause.

Mike Rolash: Sahn must have wore himself out from kicking Jace's ass all night!

Jim Gunt: But now it's Jace in control, Mike!

Jace swings in with an overhead punch, but Sahn blocks it. Sahn thrusts his hand into Valentine's throat again, forcing separation. The two men lay into each other with lariats and open handed shots and the crowd is ecstatic! Just inches away from the Ice Cooler that spells certain doom for one of the combatants, neither Chaolin nor Jace are willing to give an inch. Neither is willing to blink. Neither is willing to flinch, to leave this match with anything less than a victory.

Jim Gunt: What an incredible match!

Mike Rolash: This is CWF, baby! Tell those other shit feds to shove it, cause this is the place to be!

Jim Gunt: Really?

Mike Rolash: I'm just spitting the truth! It's not my fault if these pussies and snitches can't handle it!

Jace hooks Chaolin's arm, going for another Ego Erasure DDT but Sahn blocks it, quickly turning it into a vile choke hold. He presses Jace against the Ice Cooler Casket, draining the life out of the Host with the Most. Out of pure desperation, Jace reaches out and pokes Sahn in the eye, forcing him to relinquish the hold. Jace struggles to get to his feet only to be met with the 'Chaos Continuum'... a spinning stunner that spikes Jace's head and spine viciously onto the metal frame of the Ice Cooler!

Mike Rolash: Chaos Continuum! And the king reigns supreme!

Jim Gunt: Not yet, Mike! Sahn still has to get Jace inside the cooler!

The Firefly does not look to finish the match though, instead he throws the lifeless Valentine on top of the cooler and lays the prone body of the 'New Face' flat. Sahn steps up the ringside stairs, ascending his way to the top of the corner turnbuckle. Sahn looks down at Jace with evil intentions as the crowd erupts in a sea of boos. Sahn lifts his arms up in the air, taking it all in before he makes his launch. The majesty is a sight to behold as the Firefly twists and contorts through the air, crashing into Jace with a picture perfect 450 Splash as the foundation of the ice cooler shakes and trembles from the impact!

Mike Rolash: THE SERPENT'S SPLASH! CLASSIC CHAOLIN SAHN! VINTAGE CHAOLIN SAHN!

Jim Gunt: Calm down, Prozac!

Mike Rolash: It's over, Jim! OVER!

It's not over, though. It's never over until Chaolin Sahn says it's over. The violence, the blood shed... it's only just beginning. He grabs Jace by the throat again before throwing him hard into the barricade separating the fans from the fight. Several of the CWF faithful nearby get on their feet, jeering and taunting at the Tormented Soul as he has his way with Jace Valentine. In a flash, Sahn is under the ring again, this time searching for another weapon.

Jim Gunt: Oh, God! I wonder what kind of malice punishment Sahn is going to inflict next!

Mike Rolash: I hope he finds some duct tape down there so he can rope your mouth shut!

Moments later, Sahn comes out from under the ring clutching a handful of silver. A slick metal shine covers his knuckles as three inch spikes protrude out. Sahn pans the crowd with a sickening smile as he raises the spiked steel knuckles in the air.

Jim Gunt: Folks, if you are watching at home with small children, now is the time to have them turn away...

Mike Rolash: Now is the time? Sahn has been gutting Jace like a pig for nearly a half an hour!

Sahn wastes no time, equipping his hand with the brutal weapon and slashing it across the forehead of Valentine with all malice and no remorse. Jace's blood is gushing everywhere, his skin quickly turning as cold and white as snow. He is fighting back, he is giving all he has... but Sahn just seems to be one move ahead. One step further. Sahn slams the

spikes into Jace's chest, driving the air from his lungs. No screams come out, but the tired ghostly face showcases the agony that Valentine has had to endure here tonight.

Sahn throws open the lid to the Ice Cooler Casket, and a cloud of frosty air comes protruding out from the inside of the chamber.

Mike Rolash: Here it comes, it's time for Sahn to put Jace ON ICE!

Seeing the casket open seems to set Jace off as he appears more desperate than ever to find a way out. To find a way to win. Sahn turns around to load Valentine into the Ice Cooler but the Pride of Montreal is faster, as he dives into the knee of Sahn with an impressive shoulder block!

Mike Rolash: No! Sahn is off his feet!

Jim Gunt: And he has dropped the spikes! Here is Jace's opening!

Almost on cue, the Army of Eternals start flooding the entrance ramp one by one. RM Strong. Freddie Styles. The Moonchild, Elisha. Behind them all stalks Ryan Sunset with a cruel and mechanical smile.

Jim Gunt: No! No! Not this way, damn it! Look out Jace, they're coming!

Mike Rolash: You can do all the fanboy screaming you want, it's not going to help him at all!

Jace scrambles to snatch up the spiked metal knuckles as the Eternals are quickly approaching. There's not much time left to spare...and with no time comes total desperation. Jace slips the metal knuckles over his hand, driving the weapon between Sahn's legs in a sickening display. Sahn drops to his knees, his mouth agape and the crowd goes silent. Jace hooks Sahn's arms, dragging him into the Ice Cooler Casket before driving him hard onto the metal below with an incredible Heartbreaker Pedigree!!!!!!

Valentine shuffles his way out of the cooler in an instant, forcing himself back to his feet so he can slam the door to the Ice Cooler Casket, winning the match!

Jim Gunt: Jace did it! Jace did it! He won the match! Chaolin Sahn has been put on ice! The CWF has been saved!

Mike Rolash: Uh, Jim?

The Second Phase Begins

Match

As soon as the casket door slams shut, but before the bell even rings, the Eternals are on top of Jace Valentine like a pack of rabid dogs. They continue to assault him, each knuckle tearing into his already broken and bloodied face. Styles takes a step back before rushing in with a big boot right into Jace's cranium that sends the Host with the Most crashing into the floor. Elisha picks him up and gives him a Death Valley Driver for good measure.

Ray Douglas: And the winner of this match...

Ryan Sunset shoots Douglas a death glare. Douglas clams up, going silent as what is left of the Eternals lay waste to Jace Valentine.

Mike Rolash: Jace may have won the match, but something tells me he won't be celebrating tonight! Sahn will win the war!

Jim Gunt: It's not right, Mike! It's just not right!

RM Strong and Freddie Styles are on top of Jace, pummeling him with stiff left and right hands. Valentine's blood is everywhere now, pools of crimson tide left all over ringside to be cleaned up later. The Eternals pat themselves on the back, exchanging high fives and vicious smiles.

Ryan Sunset: We're not done! Pick him up!

Sunset motions for Elisha, Strong and Styles to drag Jace towards the announce table where Rolash and Gunt are sitting.

Jace makes a weak attempt at a comeback, pushing Styles away. The three of them quickly snuff out Valentine's efforts, throwing him hard into the barricade with barbaric force.

Mike Rolash: They're coming our way, Jimbo, look out!

Rolash and Gunt scramble away from the table as Sunset clears the television monitors and cables. He picks up one monitor with a grin before slamming it into Jace's face! The Host with the Most is completely decimated at this point.

Ryan Sunset: We are NOT done! Pick him up! The table. Put him through the damn table!

Happy to oblige, Strong and Styles lift up the destroyed body of Jace Valentine and place him on Elisha's shoulders. In the euphoria of the moment, the Moonchild whips Valentine into the air. Jace crashes through the announce table,

taking the full blunt force of an incredible Powerbomb!

Finally content with their destruction, the Eternals finally retreat. They turn their attention back to the Ice Cooler Casket that is still sitting ominously at the end of the entrance ramp.

Jim Gunt: That cooler hasn't moved since Jace slammed the door shut! Sahn still hasn't made his way out!

Elisha, RM and Freddie follow Sunset back towards the Ice Cooler as a slight aura of concern waves over them. Finally, Sunset gets to the Ice Cooler and throws the door open.

Nothing.

No one.

The cooler is empty.

The collective jaw of the Eternals just about hit the floor.

Sahn has disappeared. He isn't there. How can this be? This isn't right. Nothing is right.

Elisha glances at Sunset as if he is awaiting direction.

Elisha: ...Thoughts?

Sunset flashes the Moonchild a confident smile.

Ryan Sunset: The Second Phase begins without him. Nothing gets in the way.

Fade.

Hail, Astaroth

Match

The eerie choir of "Mea Culpa" can still be heard along with the drums, but we are no longer at the ring, but we see the six cloaked figures carrying Maya Jensen's body away. Finally they arrive at a log cabin, carefully bringing her through the door and gently laying her down in the middle of the heptagram we have seen several times now, drawn on the rough wooden floor with white chalk, in front of a burning fireplace. The Shadow stands over Maya's prone body,

raising his arms and with his eyes closed begins to chant.

The Shadow: Hail, Astaroth! Great Goddess of Love and War! Lady Lucifer of the Twilight; O mighty Lioness of love's burning desire. I humbly invoke You, O Queen of Heaven and Earth; I invite You to come forth from the sky, to come forth from the ends of the earth and to come forth from the depths of the underworld. Hear my prayer oh blessed Whore of Babylon, and greet me as Your servant and friend! I wish only to get to know You, and to rejoice in the fiery light of Your majestic spirit. Hail, Astaroth! Hail, Astaroth! Hail, Astaroth!

He lowers his head and we hear an odd sound that rises in volume and intensity. Suddenly the flames in the fireplace roar to life doubling in size, casting dancing shadows all along the cabin. The Shadow goes down on one knee, puts his hands on Maya's forehead and the odd sound rises to an ominous rumble, the camera begins to shake. The Shadow begins to tremble, his body growing tense. An ear-piercing shriek fills the cabin and the fire is snuffed out.

Fade.

Harley Hodge (c) vs. The Ripper

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is tonight's MAAAIN EVENT! A World Heavyweight Title BURIED ALIVE MATCH! To win the match you must bury your opponent in a six foot grave made up to the side of the entrance ramp. Introducing first...

"The Arena" by Lindsey Stirling begins to play and white pyrotechnics shoot upward all across the ramp. The Ripper stands within the smoke, his trademark jacket draped over his body as he takes it all in. The massive sold out crowd, his moment to get "his" championship back. Danny B ignores all the jeers as he heads down the ramp, ready for one of the biggest matches of his career.

Ray Douglas: First, the challenger comes to us from Brighton, England. Standing at 5'10 weighing 210 pounds, he is the Ripper....DANNY B!!

The Ripper stares up at the entrance ramp as "Under a Glass Moon" by Dream Theater takes over the speaker system. Every single fan jumps to their feet, the excitement is palpable, the CWF World champion's grand entrance causes an absolute frenzy as he steps out from behind the curtain! Harley Hodge raises his arms in the air, the gold title belt wrapped around his waist proudly. He slowly makes his way down the ramp, trying to smile even though he's been through hell, slapping a few kids on the hand before entering the ring and going head to head with the Ripper.

Ray Douglas: And now, the reigning and defending World Heavyweight champion! Coming from Brooklyn, New York, standing at 6'2 and 215 pounds, he is the Accelerator....HARLEY HODGE!!

The atmosphere inside the MGM Grand is astonishing as Trent Robbins hovers over both the reigning and defending CWF World Heavyweight Champion and his challenger, reading over the rules to both men before sounding the bell.

Harley Hodge immediately tackles The Ripper, laying into him with heavy right hands! Taken completely off-guard, Danny attempts to block some of the shots with the outsides of his arms, but the Accelerator comes in with explosive shot after shot. Finally Ripper is able to throw him off, and kips right up to his feet, the arena exploding in cheers as both men face off once more.

Jim Gunt: What a memorable night we have had so far here at Frozen Over VI, but I have to say the intensity that these two superstars are bringing to tonight's main event is unparalleled by any match thus far!

Mike Rolash: The World championship may be on the line, but this one's beyond personal, Jimmy. One of these two men is going to BURY the other here tonight!

The Ripper now attempts to make the first move, pulling the Accelerator in for a headlock that he quickly sidesteps out of, backdropping Danny B to the canvas. Harley Hodge instantly leaps on top of the Ripper, pounding down on him with right hands! The official has to break up the attack, admonishing the World champion who backs up with a flash of intensity shooting through his eyes. Hodge backs up, watching as Danny begins to get to his feet, and runs at him to crush him with a sliding boot to the side of the head! Hodge yanks Ripper off his feet, BORDERLINE! The Spinning Sidewalk Slam shakes the canvas as the champion and challenger hit, and Harley wastes no time in hooking the legs of Danny for the cover.

But the official waves his finger, reminding him that the match must be won by burying his opponent. The Accelerator rolls over, shaking the cobwebs as he stares up at the referee.

Jim Gunt: Harley Hodge is on a roll so far in this matchup, do you think the Ripper maybe is still underestimating the champion?

Mike Rolash: I don't think so, Jimmy, the Ripper will get back into this fight and take out the old man for good. Just you wait.

Harley Hodge turns his attention over to the Ripper as he pulls himself up. The CWF World Heavyweight champion backs up into the ropes, coming back for a legdrop across the throat of Ripper, but he rolls out of the way just in time. Ripper is up and vaulting towards the Accelerator in an instance, COLPO MORTALE! The Kinshasa knee nearly leaves Harley's head in the front row, but Ripper's not unscathed. He clearly seems to have injured his knee from the nasty impact, wincing as he grabs ahold of it.

Jim Gunt: What a running knee attack from the Ripper!

Mike Rolash: But it seems to have done just as much damage to the challenger as it did to the champion. The Ripper is running on a surgically repaired knee, the Colpo Mortale may have re-injured it!

Danny B is visibly angry as he crawls away from his sworn enemy, massaging his knee as he backs away from him and gets to his feet. Harley Hodge begins to stir himself, but before he can fully get up the Ripper sends in a devastating European Uppercut through his entire body frame! Hodge nearly collapses once more, but before he can Ripper grabs him across the neck, spinning him with with a Neckbreaker!

The Ripper slides out of the ring, still walking gingerly on his knee as he lifts up the apron and looks for any weaponry left underneath. Whipping several trash can lids out like frisbees, he finally settles on a steel chair. The vigorous Danny B smacks the chair against the outside floor, ready to do damage, but when he looks back towards the ring he is not ready for the sight in front of him. SUICIDE DIVE INTO A WILD ELBOW TO RIPPER'S CARCASS!

Jim Gunt: Holy shit! Harley Hodge just took the ultimate dive through the ropes through, absolutely destroying the steel chair AND Ripper in the process!

Mike Rolash: But now both men are laid out on the outside of the ring, barely able to breathe. One of these guys will soon not be able to at all, when they're buried six feet under!

The impact of the furious elbow leaves both champion and challenger breathing heavily outside of the ring, finally it is Hodge who gets to his feet with the help of the padded barricade, holding himself up as he stomps down on Ripper. Suddenly Ripper catches ahold of his boot, pulling the Accelerator in for a triangle leg bar! Harley Hodge screams out the world "FUCK!" aloud as Ripper nearly snaps his leg off sideways, twerking it as hard as he possibly can. Hodge is frantic, slapping the outside mats with both hands, having absolutely no way out of the hold. Finally he pulls himself up, striking Ripper with a right hand with all he has left.

Ripper fades, but holds on. And another right hand from The Accelerator, and the hold is let go of, both men laid out in a heap as the sold out crowd begins a "THIS IS AWESOME!" chant at the top of their lungs.

Jim Gunt: I would certainly agree with that sentiment, Mike, this main event has been fucking awesome!

Mike Rolash: But these two men are missing the point of the match though. They can damage each other all they want in and around the ring, but it's not over until one man buries the other!

Jim Gunt: I'm sure Harley and Ripper know that, they just have to wear out their enemy enough to be able to get him to that point!

Now both the World Heavyweight champion and his challenger struggle to get to their feet, both men having damage done to different parts of their legs. Harley Hodge swings for the fences, but the lariat is ducked under. RKS OUT OF NOWHERE! And the champion is out like a light!

Jim Gunt: RKS! The Ripper hit the trademark move that has put away many a legend, now he just needs to drag Harley up the ramp!

Mike Rolash: Come up Danny, you idiot!

The Ripper snaps on the champion like a pitbull, meeting him as he groggily gets to his feet with repeated uppercuts to several different spots on the champion's broken body. Danny then takes ahold of the arm of Harley Hodge, flinging him into a hard sprint that leaves him flipping right into the steel steps without abandonment! The ringside fans watch on in shock, a few parents holding their young children's eyes after seeing their hero connect with a sadistic thud with the ring steps. Ripper is not done. He runs in the direction of the Accelerator, leaps over the steel steps, SPEAR! SENDING BOTH MEN NEARLY TEN FEET THROUGH THE AIR AND ONTO THE ENTRANCE RAMP!

Jim Gunt: What an incredible Spear from the challenger there, Mike! But does Ripper have enough left in him to get Harley up the ramp and into the grave?

Mike Rolash: I think so, Ripper has poor old Harley reeling here!

Jim Gunt: Don't underestimate the World champion though, the Accelerator is a three time World Heavyweight champion and is seen as one of the locker room leaders backstage.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, says who?

Danny B lays over top of the trainwrecked heap that is Harley Hodge, barely able to pull himself off the champion and get to his feet. He grabs ahold of the same leg that he had the Accelerator in a leg-lock in earlier, dragging him up the ramp.

Jim Gunt: Harley Hodge's head is bouncing off the steel beams on the entrance ramp as the Ripper drags him towards his grave. This is sickening!

Mike Rolash: This is awesome!

After the back of Harley's head bounces off the ramp several times, he finally swings his boot out of desperation and knocks Ripper off his feet! The World champion crawls over to the man who has taken so much from him, stabbing his head forward and busting Ripper wide open with a headbutt! Blood begins to seep out from the challenger, which seems to excite Hodge, who strikes him with a hard right and then raises his bloody arm to a resounding response of cheers!

Jim Gunt: The champion is finally staking out his revenge on the Ripper. Good for him!

Mike Rolash: But if it was Ripper with Harley's blood on his hands, you'd be appalled.

Jim Gunt: On the contrary Mike, I try to be a fair journalist but after everything the Ripper has done to our World champion, Danny's getting what's coming to him, as far as I'm concerned!

Harley Hodge yanks the Ripper up to his feet, blasting him with another right hand that sends a surge of crimson flying through the air! Danny B nearly falls off the steel ramp from the impact, but teeters and holds his footing. That is until Harley Hodge rears back, leaping into the air- **FLYING CROSS BODY THAT SENDS BOTH MEN FLYING INTO THE FRONT ROW! HOLY FUCK!** A half dozen of CWF's most rabid fans scatter immediately as both men crush several steel chairs!

Jim Gunt: Oh my god! Thank god no one in the crowd got hurt there, but I'm pretty sure Ripper and Hodge don't have that same luxury!

Mike Rolash: Absolutely not. That was insane!

Several members of the ringside staff immediately rush the scene, aiding security in backing up the front-row fans away from the action. Harley Hodge and Danny B meanwhile lay in a pile of decimation, a wreckage of broken steel chairs. Finally the champion begins to stir, slowly but surely pulling himself to his feet. With every single fan inside the MGM Grand cheering him on, he throws Ripper back over the barricade and follows him over, beginning to drag the lifeless body of his defiler up the ramp to his destiny. They make it to the makeshift open grave area, but at long last Ripper fights back, kicking hard at the chest of Harley and knocking him off his feet just inches away from the deep abyss!

Mike Rolash: Here we go, Ripper has caught his second win. We're going to have a new World champion here, and old man Harley is getting put to sleep once and for all!

Jim Gunt: I don't know Mike, Harley is right back to his feet, and these men are going blow to blow again! This has been an absolutely fucking incredible night!

Mike Rolash: It definitely has. Our very first live pay per view, and what a memorable one at that. But who is walking out of Frozen Over with the greatest prize in all of professional wrestling? I'm hoping Danny!

A hard right hand sends the Ripper staggering backwards, but he comes back with a European Uppercut of his own. Ripper proceeds to pick Harley up, attempting a scoop slam that would send him into the open grave. The Accelerator drops out from the back though, turning his opponent's head backward with him, **REVERSE DDT!** With the Ripper momentarily stunned, Harley Hodge disappears from the scene.

Jim Gunt: What the hell? Where is the champ going?

Mike Rolash: Oh my god!

Rolash and the rest of the sold out crowd in the MGM Grand watch on in astonishment as a loud horn sounds and Harley Hodge comes back out- DRIVING A HUGE YELLOW DUMPTRUCK! Hodge smiles as he raises his head through the window, quickly waving to the screaming fans before parking the truck with it's ass end right beside the open grave. Unfortunately for the Accelerator though, as soon as he exits the truck Ripper awaits, catching him completely off guard with another SPEAR!

Jim Gunt: Oh no! The Ripper snuck that one in, and now it could be all over for the champion!

Mike Rolash: Maybe dumbass Harley shouldn't have wasted so much time bringing that dump truck out?

Danny B grabs what's left of the body of Harley Hodge, and hurls him head-first into the the side of the dump truck. Using all the strength left in him after what has been a horrific match, Ripper hoists Hodge onto his shoulders and begins to climb up the side of the dump truck, pulling his way all the way up to the top where it is overfilled with death dirt. DREAMBREAKER! Ripper turns Harley Hodge inside out, leaving him on dream street on top of the clay pile. It is over for our champion, and the fans are jeering the shit out of Ripper as he watches him struggle to get to his feet. RAVENHEART DDT OFF THE DUMP TRUCK!

NO!

Harley Hodge jams his shoulder into the sternum of the Ripper, holding on with everything he has. Ripper pounds on the back of the Accelerator, not willing to give up just yet, attempting the DDT once more. Harley Hodge holds on and flips him over- BACK BODY DROP OFF THE DUMP TRUCK AND RIGHT INTO THE OPEN GRAVE! AND THE FANS EXPLODE IN PANDEMONIUM!

Jim Gunt: Holy fucking shit! Ripper just went flying!

Mike Rolash: Damn it! Damn it!

Jim Gunt: And now the World champion is climbing into the window of the dump truck, here we go!

With thousands of people watching on in awe, Harley Hodge releases the gear and dumps tons of thick clay over the decimated soul of the Ripper! The bell sounds, the war is finally over.

Ray Douglas: Your winner and STILL CWF World Heavyweight Champion....HARLEY HODGE!!

“Under a Glass Moon” once again resounds over the speaker system, and Harley Hodge quickly exits the dump truck to look at his work first-hand. A massive pile of dirt towers over what was once a six foot hole, now the tomb of the Ripper. The Accelerator falls to his knees, a nearly broken man as he stares at the scene in front of him. Suddenly the cheers echoing through the MGM Grand turn, and only when Harley Hodge hears the whispering of the Messiah Pariah behind him is when he knows why.

“One. two. Three. Boom.”

ATAXIA!

The bagged mask maniac stands behind Harley Hodge with his head cocked to the side, surprising the legend with the same four words that have haunted him over the past week. The words tingle the spine of Hodge, causing him to turn immediately around and back up on his hands and knees.

Ataxia: One. Two. Three. BOOM!

Suddenly the pile of dirt that Harley Hodge is backing himself up onto begins to rumble, and before he can do anything to stop it- THE GRAVE EXPLODES! The champion’s body goes flying through the air from the impact of the explosion, as chunks of clay fill the sky like fireworks. The Messiah Pariah stands in defiance, watching as Hodge lays in an absolute heap, backstage staff hurrying to his aid. Ataxia stares all throughout the crowd booing at the top of their lungs, then right into the camera.

Ataxia: AHAHAHAHAHA!

Fade.

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