

# Frozen Over: Frozen Over 7

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**Promotion:** Championship Wrestling Federation  
**Date:** January 15, 2019  
**Location:** CenturyTel Center — Bossier City, Louisiana

## Results

### Hell Froze Over

Match

The picture fades in to the Frozen Over VII logo as the crowd in the Century Link Center in Omaha lets out a united roar.

As the picture fades from the logo to the arena, all lights are off, only the giant hourglass seems to glow from within. The last few grains of sand are falling and as the last one hits the bottom the opening riff of Iced Earth's "Seven Headed Whore" starts to blast over the PA, sending the fans into even more of a frenzy. As the drums set in, fireworks go off along the stage, officially kicking off CWF's longest standing PPV. The lights follow the relentless raw guitars, giving everything the appearance of a stop and go movie until the spotlights converge on the entrance of the stage and Blake Church and Charles State step through to raucous applause by the sold out crowd.

Blake Church: Good evening OH-MA-HAAAA!

More cheers.

Charles State: Welcome to Frozen Over VII, are you ready to rock?

The crowd totally goes for the cheap pop.

Blake Church: Every title is on the line tonight, Zach van Owen facing Freddie Styles in a Glass Table match for the Impact title...

Charles State: Tobias Deveraux and Nathan Paradine against Jimmy Allen and a mystery partner for the tag team titles...

Blake Church: And then in the main event the big one, a triple threat match uniting the Paramount and CWF Heavyweight title between Jarvis King, The Shadow and the current champion Loki Synn for a dramatic showdown of weeks, if not months of fierce rivalries coming to a boiling point.

Charles State: Loki has targeted The Shadow ever since she arrived in CWF and Jarvis King lost his Paramount title to him, so there are plenty of grudges with--

Suddenly the lights go out and Gregorian chants sound through the arena as pale blue lights illuminate fog billowing from the entrance and the fans again erupt in cheers as two hooded figures make their way to a spot between Church and State. Slowly the lights come back up and The Shadow and Myfanwy push back their hoods.

Blake Church: As if summoned one of our protagonists is right here, The Shadow. Tonight you have a chance to not only defend your Paramount title, but also win the only current belt you have not held yet, the CWF Heavyweight title. Do you feel the added pressure?

The Shadow: No. Tonight it doesn't matter that I am defending the Paramount title, it doesn't matter that the Heavyweight title is on the line, that is just collateral. Tonight is about defeating Jarvis King and more importantly Loki Synn. She has run rampant in CWF for too long already, usurping Mia, causing havoc, causing pain. Her reign of terror will end. Tonight.

With that he turns around, offering his arm to Myfanwy. As she accepts it, the lights cut out for just a moment or two and as they come back on, Church and State are on stage, alone.

Charles State: A man of few words, but if this is any hint for what we will see later on tonight, we will be in for an intense battle for the ages. But - we have lots to offer tonight, so lets give it up to our dynamic duo, CWF's very own version of The Wizard of Omaha - our Tin Man Jim Gunt and the Wicked Weasel of the West Mike Rolash!

The camera cuts to the announce table, where Jim Gunt is trying his best not to laugh and Mike Rolash is sitting stone-faced, shooting deathglares towards the stage, where Church and State high five and make their way into the back.

Jim Gunt: Hello and welcome from us as well, and what a night this is going to be, Doomsday Massacre, Anarchy match, Glass Table, Last Man Standing and then, of course, the big main event, what do you think, Mike? Mike?

Mike Rolash: He called me a weasel.

Jim Gunt: And he called me Tin Man, get over it, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Weasel.

Jim Gunt: Hello? Earth to Mike?

Mike Rolash: Weasel...

Jim Gunt: Alright then, Ray, let's get this started while I will try to reboot Mike here...

## **The Return**

Match

The music of Theory of a Deadman's "World War Me" hits and Alex Rain walks out wearing an olive-green suit and black t-shirt underneath. He has his green hat on as well as green pants and shoes. He walks down the ramp grinning as he points at the crowd with his cane and the crowd cheers. He sends out flying kisses to everyone as he enters the ring.

Alex takes the mic and starts to talk.

Alex Rain: Long, long time ago there was a legendary warrior who competed in the combat based industry and made a name for himself. His unorthodox style of fighting came from studying a specific animal. And it was an animal that many never thought of learning from. Pandas.

The crowd cheers at the mention of Pandas.

Alex Rain: His name was etched in the history books as Master of the PandaArts, Master Chang.

The crowd erupts in cheers.

Alex Rain: He was one of the greatest who ever lived. He was also my grandfather. A good man. I didn't think I would ever lose him. He at times seemed invincible. But death comes for us all and when it was time to go he could only do one thing. He passed down his knowledge and wisdom to his student. The man who I have come to respect the most. The man who treated my grandfather as his own family.

Alex smiles as he looks at the crowd.

Alex Rain: This man came to CWF time and time again when CWF needed him the most. This man showed my grandfather's style of fighting and improved on it and established himself as a legend in this company.

The crowd starts to chant "Pandalike! Pandalike!".

Alex Rain: I know all of you love him but an injustice has been committed against him, my friends. In his long career, he has never held a single title. People who were far more inferior has held CWF's prestigious titles. And yet he, a CWF legend, has won nothing. It's a travesty, a wrong that must be corrected and so... I've decided to back out from the Modern Warfare Tournament and replaced my slot with him. Now is the time my grandfather's legacy shines brightly. Now is the time for the legend to come out of retirement one more time to get what he deserves. So without further ado let me introduce to all of you, CWF's future champion...

PANDALIKE!

## **Austin Bishop vs. Azrael, Cade Allen, Jace LeRose, Kendo, Max Becker, and Pandalike**

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contest is the opening battle royal! The rules are simple. You must eliminate your opponent by sending them over the top rope and both feet touching the ground. The last competitor not eliminated will be given the right to name a stipulation in their upcoming "Modern Warfare" match! Introducing the competitors...

Jim Gunt: What an opportunity these men have to pull off getting one up on everyone else in the Modern Warfare tournament!

Mike Rolash: Yeah a lot of guys are going to be paying attention to this match to find out what hell they are going to go through next week...including "That Sexy Beast" Austin Bishop!

Jim Gunt: Is that his official nickname?

Mike Rolash: That's what I'm calling him...someone sent me ten bucks to plug that in there.

Ray Douglas: Austin Bishop, being accompanied by Dick Fury!...Cade Allen...Jace LeRose...Kendo with JT Barrett...Max Becker...Pandalike...and finally...Azrael!

Each competitor walks out to their name as the CWF theme song for the pay per view plays again, Pandalike already in the ring from earlier. Each of them pose for the crowd as they boo and cheer for their favorites. Coming out last and yelling at the masses is Azrael. All the men get into the ring at the same time.

Jim Gunt: The variety of athletes is impressive for this. So many contrasting styles with one end goal. Get their opponent over the ropes and out of their way.

Mike Rolash: My money is on "That Sexy Beast" Austin Bishop.

With that exchange the bell rings as the action goes from zero to sixty in less than a second. Cade Allen and Jace LeRose lock up as Kendo and Max Becker both turn and kick Pandalike in the gut! That leaves just two as Azrael motions for Austin Bishop to bring it on. Cade Allen ends up winning his lock up with Jace and he tosses Jace into the ropes! Jace bounds off as Cade rushes to the ropes...SPEAR!! Kendo and Max Becker reach down to pick up Pandalike into a double suplex, but they can't get him all the way up. They drop him and Pandalike rushes forward and flatpalms both men in the chest sending them across the ring. Azrael rares back and hits Austin in the face. Austin tells him to do it again. Azrael obliges with authority by running back and charging a flying forearm smash into "That Sexy Beast". Austin Bishop catches Azrael in the arm and then holds him up over his head. Bishop runs forward as everyone clears out of the way as he throws Azrael like a damn lawndart over the top rope HEADFIRST INTO THE RING STEPS!!!

Jim Gunt: HOLY CRAP ON A CRACKER!!!

Ray Douglas: Azrael has been eliminated...Get the EMT's!

Mike Rolash: "That Sexy Beast" might have just blew a load here...

Jim Gunt: This is not appropriate.

Mike Rolash: This is a fed with Ataxia as a main roster member. I feel perfectly safe that my job is not in jeopardy at all!

Austin poses for a moment and Dick Fury eggs him on as the fans boo. EMT's rush out to check on Azrael who is still not moving, but does hold a thumbs up once they get him on the stretcher.

Jim Gunt: Folks we will keep you up to date with Azrael's condition.

Mike Rolash: He landed on his head...he might be fun.

Jim Gunt: You're an ass.

Back in the ring Jace runs up and hits Max Becker and doesn't even move Becker. Jace starts to beg off Becker who headbutts the much smaller man. Pandalike and Cade Allen start dealing each other a variety of martial arts strikes. Kendo looks at what just happened to Azrael and locks his eyes on Bishop. JT yells at Kendo not do to it! Bishop is still hamming it up as the fans start yelling "You suck dick! You suck dick"! Dick yells at the fans while Bishop keeps posing...UNTIL HE'S GRABBED FROM BEHIND BY KENDO!! Kendo spins around a one eighty and...RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX OVER THE TOP ROPE!! Bishop lands with a thud and Dick Fury is livid!

Mike Rolash: MY PICK!

Jim Gunt: Is gone! Serves him right!

Ray Douglas: Austin Bishop has been eliminated.

Mike Rolash: Hey! That's "That Sexy Beast" Austin Bishop!

Jim Gunt: I'm sure Ray will say that if you split the money with him.

Mike Rolash: And cut into my Ataxia is pestering me drinking fund. Hah Hah! You funny!

Dick Fury is arguing with the officials as JT yells at him to get out of here. Both men start getting into a war of the words as Austin Bishop and Dick Fury start heading to the back. Cade and Pandey are still fighting each other going with shots for shots. Pandalike ducks a shot from Cade and grabs him tossing him into the corner. Kendo runs up behind Pandalike and dropkicks him in the knee sending the big man down. Max Becker picks up Jace and goes to toss him over the top rope, but Jace slides down Max's back and then clips him in the knee bringing the big German down. Kendo picks up Pandalike and slams him with a DDT before picking him up and tossing him to the ropes, where Pandalike hangs onto the ropes putting the breaks on. Kendo goes to charge at Pandalike, but stops as he sees Cade Allen dart out of the corner and to the ropes. Kendo stops in front of Pandalike and turns to take the spear from Cade head on. Pandalike sees both coming and pulls down on the ropes as the force from the spear sends Cade and Kendo over the top ropes to the floor below with Pandalike holding up his arms in victory as both men start getting up!

Ray Douglas: Cade Allen and Kendo have been eliminated!

Jim Gunt: That was some great veteran thinking by Panda! Putting the breaks on and waiting for an opportune moment!

Mike Rolash: He probably just got worn out! Using his fung schway or whatever the hell it's called. I dunno! Damn it! It's down to him, that fat guy, and Jace...And it's not even the best Jace!

Jim Gunt: Look. The guy's name is Jace. Doesn't mean he's Valentine and you should stop comparing them.

Mike Rolash: It's just not the same without the proper Jacehole...

Jim Gunt: ...

Mike Rolash: That came out not as intended.

Jim Gunt: You sure?

Mike Rolash: Fuck off!

Jace LaRose sees what just happened and takes a moment to see Pandalike turn. Jace rushes up and kicks Pandalike in the gut. Set up for "Kiss from a Rose"! Jace is going to crucifix powerbomb Pandalike over the top, but Pandalike slides down his back. Kick to the gut from Pandalike. Jace catches it. Enzuigiri! Jace lands hard on the mat as Max Becker turns to him after getting up. Jace gets picked up by Becker and tossed over the top rope. Jace lands on the apron holding onto the top rope. Jace breathes a sigh of relief for one moment as Max gets out of the way as Pandalike hits Jace with a superkick sending Jace to the ground!

Ray Douglas: Jace LaRose has been eliminated!

Jim Gunt: So much for that wonderful Canadian!

Mike Rolash: Lies. All Canadians are secretly cannibals.

Jim Gunt: What?

Mike Rolash: Canadian Bacon is not ham...It's SoyLent Green!

The final two stare off at each other. Max Becker points at Pandalike and makes a throat cut motion as Pandalike motions for Becker to come on. Both charge at each other with the smaller Pandalike ducking. Becker turns only to get hit with a fury of flat palm strikes from Pandalike. Each strike is meticulously hitting a vital area. Sternum. Ribs. Neck. Pandalike is trying to tear down the big man with each strike to make it harder for him to catch his breath!

Jim Gunt: Good strategy here from Pandalike! If he can keep this up Becker may not be able to put up much of a fight!

Mike Rolash: Hate to say it, but if this was a rumble it would depend on who had been in there longer. However, since everyone starts off at the same time in the battle royale you gotta wonder if Becker has a lot of steam left.

Wild kicks and punches from Pandalike gets Becker wobbly on his feet. Pandalike kicks him in the gut. He goes setting him up for a powerbomb, but Becker drops an elbow into Pandalike's eyes! Becker's full weight comes down on Pandalike. Becker gets up and points to the ropes. The fans get on their feet. Becker picks up Pandalike over his head in a gorilla press. He walks towards the ropes, pressing Pandalike up and down, showing off his strength. Pandalike, at the last moment, wiggles free and wraps his legs around Becker's head...HURRICANRANA!!

Jim Gunt: Holy Crap!

Mike Rolash: Big Man Falling!

As Pandalike hits the hurricanrana he flies out of the ring, but Becker grabs the ropes and falls out after Pandalike. Pandalike hits the mat first and looks up to see Becker about to land on him. Pandalike rolls out of the way as Becker lands hard on the mat!

Jim Gunt: The Big Guy did it!

Mike Rolash: My pick won!

Jim Gunt: He was not your pick!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner...and Mike Rolash's pick...Mike Becker!!

Jim Gunt: ...

Mike Rolash: Now that...I paid ten dollars for.

Jim Gunt: Well played. Welllllll playyyyyeeddd...

## Modern Warfare Bound

Match

The crowd are on their feet cheering, roaring and screaming in an unintentional attempt to drown out "NWO" by Kollegah. Max Becker's kneeling before the middle ropes adjacent to the entrance way, his arms draped over for balance as he's rocking back and forth. Amongst the heavy panting and profuse sweating, there's a big smile. The German stalks Pandalike as he staggers his way up the ramp and through the curtains.

A brief moment later, Max rebounds off the middle rope and adjusts from a kneel to a flat out superstar in the middle of the ring. Becker takes a good 20 seconds to bask in his moment before soon after, there's a further, slow transition to an all fours position and eventually with a helping hand from the ropes makes it to his feet. He signals for a microphone as 'NWO' fades.

The microphone picks up just how heavy Max is panting, but every time he tries to pull two words together he's drowned out by the live crowd who evidently love him.

Max Becker: Guten Tag!

Similar to a typical 'One Fall' moment, Max Becker is met by the echoing voices of the crowd; 'Guten Tag' shouts the Century Link Center.

Max Becker: Dawgs... Max Becker loves you.

There's a further pause as Max continues to fight for his breath back. It's cue for a 'Max Becker' chant as the crowd repeatedly chant his name. A further twenty seconds pass.

Max Becker: Who'd of thought eh? Americans cheering a German. Ha-ha. I must be the first. You guys are mental, yo.

The German takes a moment to wipe the rivers of sweat from his eyes, his nose, his mouth and well, just about everywhere else.

Max Becker: For those homies who aren't brigaders yet. For those dawgs that don't know who I am. I'm Max Becker... the unemployed, undisputed, undefeated, Backbone of Cologne. Yeah baby.

Cue further cheers. Amongst the many signs that aren't aimed at Max, the camera is able to capture one fan in old Max Becker apparel.

Max Becker: First thing's first, I speak on behalf of every Becker brigader out there, yo, Pandawg... you're a tough lad. All week, everywhere I've been I've talked the talk and yo, even though I can walk the walk, I've been very naive because tonight you made every brigader believe. Believe that Panda is back.

Those in attendance, naturally like most of the CWF universe, cheer for both Max Becker & Pandalike. This was the perfect moment for them to showcase that.

Max Becker: Now, about this stipula-

The Face of Kölsch's attention is diverted to the titantron. The arena lights dim as a live video airs. It's Jon Stewart dressed as impeccably as he always is.

Jon Stewart: Good job Max. Now we know you haven't signed your contract yet and that's OK, but we know you haven't signed for Hostility yet either. You were impressive last week when you beat Kendo but tonight, well, as your... what do you call them... Becker Brigade? Brigaders? As your brigaders will agree, tonight, Max, that was something else. I'll have Jack Berardi send you our revised offer. It will have an extra zero on the end, so please use this Pay Per view airtime well and announce you are now officially signing to CWF. To Evolution. To Jon Stewart.

The live video cuts as the arena lights return to their prior state, revealing a mightily indecisive Max Becker. He paces

up and down the ring, head in his hands before he extends his open palms to the crowd.

Max Becker: ... No.

The crowd's segment-long cheers are quickly replaced by boos, before a small minority have the whole arena chanting 'sign the deal' on repeat.

Max Becker: Ha-ha, dawgs, don't be like that. Zu gegebener Zeit, meine Freunde. One thing I can announce for yo' asses is that the unemployed, undisputed, undefeated, Backbone of Cologne is stormin' on to Modern Warfare, yo. Max Becker versus Jarvis King. Should kingdawg survive tonight, our match will be a 'Brigaders Bring The Weapons' match. No weapons will be allowed other than those supplied by the brigaders in the crowd. Yo' homies who have tickets to Evolution 39, bring somethin' good. Talk to yo' friends, yo' wives, think of somethin' awesome that'll get through security in Seattle. Oh, and, erm, yeah... a 'Brigaders Bring The Weapons' match can only end by... REFEREE STOPPAGE baby.

The crowd's roar evidently supports the proposed stipulation. "NWO" by Kollegah hits the stadium's speaker system as Max Becker athletically collapses through the middle and top ropes and onto his feet outside the ring. He's walking up the entrance ramp giving front row fans their chance at a selfie and an autograph as the camera fades to a Modern Warfare commercial.

## **The War is Coming**

Match

The CWF logo comes onto the screen and one by one the faces of CWF superstars appear on the screen, moving to spots surrounding the logo.

Voiceover: There are times of peace and times of war.

More faces keep morphing in.

Voiceover: And peace is coming to an end. 32 superstars, one goal.

As the final spots are filled with guest entrants from Carnage and SEE, the sound of gunfire breaks the silence, perforating the picture to reveal more and more of the CWF Heavyweight title.

Voiceover: Modern Warfare is upon us and 32 athletes from all over the world will be competing for the biggest belt of them all.

Finally the Modern Warfare logo appears on the screen.

Voiceover: Coming soon...

Fades to black.

## **KC3 vs. Christer "Fenrir" Lundmark**

Match

As the picture returns ringside, Jim and Mike are looking ready to get on with the show.

Jim Gunt: Wow, what an announcement, a "Bring Your Weapons" match for Max versus Jarvis. Not sure if he is really doing himself a big favour with this.

Mike Rolash: Against a wily veteran such as Jarvis King? He may just as well have signed his own death sentence already, because he will not walk out of that ring on his own two legs.

Jim Gunt: In all fairness, though, Max has shown a lot of promise already in his first two matches, so I would assume,

or rather hope for him, that he has thought this through, but either way, their first round match for Modern Warfare promises to be an intense one.

Mike Rolash: And speaking of intense, are you ready for a Viking funeral?

Jim Gunt: What do you mean? KC3 is about to bury that Fenrir dude!

The intro to "Run This Town" by Jay-Z ft. Kanye West & Rihanna fills the arena as the lights go off and on, matching the beat to the song. Rihanna's voice fills the arena.

Feel it comin' in the air (Yeah)  
And the screams from everywhere (Yeah)  
I'm addicted to the thrill (I'm ready)  
It's a dangerous love affair (What's up, c'mon)  
Can't be scared when it goes down  
Got a problem, tell me now (What's up)  
Only thing that's on my mind (Whats up)  
Is who's gonna run this town tonight (What's up)  
Is who's gonna run this town tonight (What's up)  
We gonna run this town

KC3 comes out from the back as Jay-Z's verse begins, rocking his head to the beat of the music for a few seconds before making his way down the ramp. After struts his way down to the end of the ramp, he stops again to take in the music a little more.

Ray Douglas: Introducing, from Loveladies, NJ... "The Next Generation God"... K... C... 3!!!

KC3 slides into the ring and runs the ropes a few times, stopping in the middle of the ring to bounce a couple of more times before his music cuts out. A wolf howl starts to sound over the sound system, followed by a hammer striking an anvil. Fire appears on the tron before the pounding rhythm and guitar of Amon Amarth's "Victorious March" begin to blare over the PA. Fenrir steps through onto the stage, long blond hair and beard braided and blue and black war paint across his face, his war hammer in hand.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Kiruna, Sweden - Christer - Fenrir - Lundmark!!

He stops at the top of the ramp, with a hard gaze at KC3 in the ring, who motions him to come down, before making a straight walk to the ring, paying no heed to the fans around him. As he gets to the ring, he holds out his hammer towards one of the helpers around the ring without taking his gaze off KC, who is still cocky as ever, trash talking down from the ring. The ring helper almost collapses under the weight of the hammer as Christer lets go, but the Swede does not pay attention to him as he slides into the ring, stepping up to KC3, who has to look up at the towering Viking in a stareoff.

Referee Big Danny Davidson goes between them to separate them as he motions for the bell.

Jim Gunt: And we are off! KC is in full ego-mode here, trash-talking Christer, who is just standing there, looking at the smaller WCWA champion, I don't think that this is a good idea!

Mike Rolash: No, that Viking dude has a temper, remember what he does to tag team partners, imagine an opponent...

And it becomes more evident by the second that the two of them are right, because as KC3's tirade continues, we can see Christer's self control crumbling away.

KC3: What's wrong, little man? Are you afraid to take on the Next Generation God?

And with that he slaps Christer across the face.

Jim Gunt: OK, he is dead.

With an almighty roar Christer springs into action and grabs the smaller man, whipping him into the ropes and while KC manages to duck under the clothesline attempt, the tall Swede is ready for him as he comes back from the other side with a thunderous powerslam that could have set off some seismic sensors around Omaha.

Mike Rolash: Ouch, I felt that one all the way over here!

Jim Gunt: And it does not look like he is done yet!

Christer yanks KC to his feet by his hair and picks him up into a gorilla press!

Mike Rolash: Oh no, he won't!

Jim Gunt: Oh yes, he is, good Lord...

He takes two steps and with a mighty heave throws KC over the ropes towards the ramp.

Crowd: Holy Shit! Holy Shit!

Jim Gunt: Yes, holy shit indeed and the match has barely started! And he's going after him again!

He steps through the ropes and gets KC to his feet again, clearly shaken by his stand in as Air Omaha, rolling him back into the ring before climbing onto the apron. His gaze shifts between KC, who is trying to get onto his hands and knees for a start, and the top rope.

Mike Rolash: He - is - climbing!

Jim Gunt: 6'6" tall, 270 lbs and he is going onto the top rope. Again I am not sure that is such a good idea...

Christer crouches as he waits for his opponent to get to a vertical position and he jumps off! The crowd gasps and for a brief moment one could hear a needle drop as the big Swede is soaring through the air, but instead of connecting with a shoulder block, KC is letting himself fall backwards and Christer comes crashing down hard in the middle of the ring.

Mike Rolash: So far this is a match of bad, bad decisions.

Jim Gunt: KC3 is actually laughing as he hangs in the ropes, trying to get back to an upright position, while Christer is still on the ground in obvious pain.

With a few steps run-on, KC delivers a hard kick to the ribs of Fenrir, then another one, until referee Danny Davidson starts to count. KC lifts both arms as sign that he is complying, turning away from his opponent, just to turn right back, jumping onto Christer's back, starting to pummel him with hard blows.

Jim Gunt: KC obviously did not like Christer's all-out attack there, but he might be on to something, though, to trigger his obviously short fuse and provoke him.

Mike Rolash: As long as he doesn't get hurt too badly while he gets thrown out of the ring to continue.

Jim Gunt: Definitely, but look at this feat of strength by Lundmark as he manages to get to his feet with KC still on his back!

The crowd cheers for the Northman as he seems to ignore KC still trying to wail away while holding on, but taking a note from KC's rulebook earlier, he just lets himself fall backwards, crushing KC under his weight and forcing him to let go!

Mike Rolash: So far this is a very up and down match for both men, but KC has shown that he has the ring smarts to make this work, Lundmark won't make it through this match.

Jim Gunt: I'm not so sure about this, because that is some considerable damage he can do to KC, who definitely has had his breath knocked out of him here with both men down at the moment.

It takes a little, but on opposite sides of the ring they both utilize the ropes to get back to their feet, eyeing each other up before circling each other in the centre of the ring.

Jim Gunt: This looks more like the traditional opening to a match, just with a little delay, and KC is again taunting the big Swede with slaps here and there, if he continues like this, he'll be collecting more frequent flyer miles.

Mike Rolash: Oh, maybe he can donate these miles to my campaign for the wall?

Jim Gunt: It was a figure of speech, man, nobody is going to give him real miles, ugh.

Mike Rolash: Hey, one can hope, I'll take any boost I can.

Jim Gunt: How is that "campaign" going, by the way?

Mike Rolash: Fantastic, I am almost sold out of special packages!

Jim Gunt: Didn't you have five of those last week?

Mike Rolash: Uh yes.

Jim Gunt: And what does "almost sold out" mean?

Mike Rolash: That there is only three left! So folks, you better get going on this before they're gone!

While Jim is rolling his eyes and facepalms, KC has Christer pushed against the ropes, but Fenrir has nothing of it and pushes his opponent back into the centre of the ring, following right up with a clothesline attempt that KC ducks under. Christer turns around and drop kick by KC, which barely shows any effect.

Jim Gunt: And KC goes for another drop kick, but Fenrir just swipes his legs aside and a big splash has Davison fold in half. Back on his feet and it looks like Christer is taking charge again, POWER BOMB!

Mike Rolash: I can tell you, KC is going to feel this match tomorrow, but just wait and see, his plan is going to start to work any moment now.

For now, though, the New Jersey native is hard pressed to evade the big boots aimed at his torso. He is trying to roll himself out of the ring, but Christer reaches through the ropes, grabbing him by the hair and pulling him back up on the apron and into the ring, but a well placed shoulder block to the mid-section gives KC a moment of reprieve and takes over the sceptre again.

Jim Gunt: Looks like this was just the break he needed, using the ropes he launches himself up and over Christer, landing right on his back! That was an unorthodox move!

Mike Rolash: I told you, that ring intelligence is what is setting him apart from the rest so much!

As Christer's knees buckle under the impact, KC is quick to follow up with some high knees to the head of the Swede before running the ropes and MISSILE DROP KICK!

Mike Rolash: Tiimbeer!

Fenrir falls backwards and KC is switching into overdrive, going for the ropes again and a knee drop to Christer's chest, which KC transitions into a kneeling choke!

Jim Gunt: He has his shin right across Christer's throat to choke him!

Mike Rolash: All going to plan now!

The referee starts to count, but Lundmark manages to throw KC off with a wild, desperate swing. Undeterred KC stalks his prey, with well-placed kicks to Lundmark's upper body, all the while trash talking again.

Jim Gunt: He's going to make him mad again!

Mike Rolash: Oh hell yeah!

KC3: Come on, little man, not so high and mighty anymore, are ya? I know you just want to be as grand as me, I can see it in your eyes, you're jealous!

At these words Christer's body stiffens and his eyes narrow. As KC aims another kick at his head, he catches the leg, though, and starts to get up, KC hopping along with a somewhat worried look on his face.

Jim Gunt: And now he is mad. Really mad! Step up enzuigiri by KC, but no reaction from Lundmark! Oh boy, if looks could kill, KC would be on his way to Valhalla right now!

Fenrir just waits for KC to get back to his feet and levels him with a lariat. KC rolls himself out of the ring, but the Viking is not far behind. As KC backs up and around the corner, Christer comes stomping after him, the proverbial steam coming from his ears, as KC reaches into his pants.

Jim Gunt: What is he doing there? He just pulled something out!

Mike Rolash: Can't a man adjust a few things during a match?

Jim Gunt: That was no "adjustment", Mike, those are the same brass knuckles he had used in his match against Ataxia!

Quickly checking the position of the referee, KC dives down and under the ring. Christer lifts up the apron, but KC was waiting, sweeping him off his feet with a hard kick to the back of the knee. Immediately KC positions himself, so his back is towards Danny Davidson, who has started the countout.

THREE!

FOUR!

Jim Gunt: The referee cannot see the knuckles as KC brings them down on Christer!

Mike Rolash: Ring intelligence, telling you!

After a few hits Christer has started to bleed from his temple and cheekbone, but is showing no signs of pain as he pulls KC away from the ring and to his feet, grabbing his arm and tearing the knuckles off his hand, almost taking off the fingers with them, before flinging them aside. A headbutt rocks KC and Christer grabs his opponent, flinging him back into the ring between the ropes.

Jim Gunt: I can't believe that he does not show any sign of having even felt these hits!

As he gets back up onto the apron, KC is already coming off the ropes on the opposite side and another missile drop kick connects with the Swede, sending him off the apron and into the barricade, but immediately he gets back to his feet and back onto the apron.

Jim Gunt: Does this still look like "the plan"?

Mike Rolash: Uh, I guess so...

Once more KC is going for the ropes as Christer steps between the ropes and another drop kick right to the head of Christer!

Jim Gunt: This is as if he never even touched him! This is getting freaky!

With a grunt Lundmark is holding on to the ropes, but does not fall, instead he makes it into the ring, immediately running at KC, who narrowly avoids the clothesline attempt of Christer, then barely escaping a haymaker coming his way. Fenrir continues to advance at him in the ring corner, but KC goes between the ropes and Danny Davidson tries to get Christer to stop, but he just pushes him aside, causing the referee to go down, somewhat dazed. That moment

of distraction is enough, though, for KC to drop to his knee.

Jim Gunt: PARADYGM SHIFT!

Mike Rolash: And voila, the plan is in full swing!

The low blow finally seems to break the berserker spell that had taken control of Lundmark and he goes down on his knees. Using the ropes for leverage KC brings both of his legs up and kicks forward at the Swede's head, felling him like a tree, the wound on his head flowing more freely than before. Right away KC goes over to Danny, rousing him from his daze as he hooks Christer's leg for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And the winner is - KAY - CEE - THREE!

Jim Gunt: That was an odd match.

Mike Rolash: What are you talking about? This was a masterpiece! KC has definitely proved that he should not be lumped together with these lowcarders, he deserves to be in the main events of these shows! Look at Christer, did he really have a chance?

Jim Gunt: Yes, did you not see the same match I saw?

Mike Rolash: Not sure where you were looking.

Jim Gunt: Oh just shut up. This is not looking good, though, Christer is still barely moving and I see the medics running down the ramp, let's hope this is not something more serious. We'll be right back!

## **Disclaimer**

Match

The camera cuts backstage.

C\$J: Thank you both for seeing me.

Inside the office of the newly appointed CWF Co-Commissioner sits the man himself, C\$J, while Freddie Styles and Zach van Owen sit on the opposite side of the desk. Leona Gainsborough stands behind Zach, a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

C\$J: I know you both want this match so I won't change it. I am however, legally and morally obligated to remind you that with such a stipulation, that any and all injuries you may suffer, and let's face it you probably will, are not the responsibility of the Championship Wrestling Federation and as such cannot be held accountable. You accept full responsibility and consequences, regardless if it results in a career-ending injury. Is that clear?

Both competitors nod solemnly and Leona's grip on Zach's shoulder tightens.

C\$J: Very well. I shall leave you two to prepare.

Champion and Challenger begin to stand.

Freddie Styles: You don't have to worry about me, but the kid...well just you make sure you don't get too much blood on my belt.

Zach van Owen smirks.

Zach van Owen: Last I saw the title has my name on it.

Freddie stands nose to nose with the champion.

Freddie Styles: That changes tonight...

One by one they exit the office.

### **Who will it be?**

Match

On the Tron, the scene is the backstage area, more specifically the locker room area. Jimmy Allen is seen warming up for his match and another figure enters the room. A huge pop from the crowd erupts as his father "The One Man Wrecking Crew" Mac Bane enters the frame. He and Jimmy hug.

Mac Bane: Well kiddo, found a partner yet?

Jimmy Allen: Not yet pops.

Mac looks long at his son and you can tell there is something he wants to say.

Mac Bane: Say the word kid and I'll drag my old ass out of retirement.

Jimmy smiles at his dad and slaps him on the shoulder.

Jimmy Allen: I know you would, but you should enjoy your retirement. I got this.

The Tron goes dark as the scene fades.

### **Elijah, Eris & Omega vs. V.E.N.O.M (Vince Espinoza, Nina & Omar Martinez)**

Match

Mike Rolash: He doesn't have a partner, plain and simple. Nobody wants anything to do with him anymore.

Jim Gunt: You seem oddly well informed on this.

Mike Rolash: No, it's just that I wouldn't want to, so why would anybody else?

Jim Gunt: You-- I-- Aargh!

Jim takes a deep breath.

Jim Gunt: Right folks, up next we have a clash that's as bizarre as it is bewildering. Last year's big CWF versus Hostility showdown saw Elijah and Omega taking on the Hostile Takeover. CWF's Golden Couple came out victorious. Post match, they were ready to open the briefcase to see what prize they'd won.

Instead they were met with a surprise attack with snakes, of all things, planted there by VENOM. Why they did this, and what issue the trio had with the CWF Hall of Famers, remains a mystery.

The mystery only deepened when, at the most recent episode of Evolution, VENOM were revealed to have kidnapped Eris, the long-time friend, confidant and student of Elijah and Omega. Eris was shown sacrificed and humiliated in some sort of sick ritual. Eris, Elijah and Omega - and the CWF - want answers. Perhaps tonight, we will -

Abruptly, the arena is plunged into darkness. Two spotlights start to pan over the arena, scanning the crowd, the entrance ramp, the ring. Finally the lights converge high up in the rafters of the arena. We zoom in and can just about make out an upside down crucifix, a masked figure tied to it, tense, clearly terrified despite the mask.

As the crucifix descends to the ring we can recognise the figure as Eris, mask cracked and filthy, dressed in a white robe stained red with blood. They remain still, body tense. Over the arena speakers we can make out voices chanting in a dozen languages, ancient and modern, names sacred and profane.

The figure comes to a halt just above the ring. More lights spring to life, lighting the ring in the full, the rest of the arena

in darkness.

Suddenly, the crowd springs to life, bursting into a chorus of cheers.

Mike Rolash: Elijah! Omega!

Elijah and Omega sprint down the entrance ramp, ignoring the crowd. Omega slides into the ring, Elijah pulls a ladder out from underneath and pushes it in, setting it up beside the crucifix. Together the two of them go to work, frantically untying Eris, bound by thick ropes around the wrists, ankles and torso, a thick gag around their mouth.

As they struggle to untie the knots, the crowd starts to boo, as VENOM step out onto the entrance ramp. Vince, Nina and Omar stare at the ring, eyes filled with absolute hatred for the trio they see before them. Ignoring the abuse from the crowd, VENOM make their way down the entrance ramp, slowly, methodically, coming to a halt a few feet away from the ring.

Elijah and Omega ignore them, working to free Eris. Finally their bonds are broken and they collapse to the ring, wrists and ankles covered with painful red marks where they had been tied. As Omega fights to remove the gag, Elijah rolls out of the ring, grabbing a mic. He returns to the ring and turns to address VENOM, eyes blazing with outrage.

Elijah: Who in the HELL do you people think you are? I have no idea where you came from or what you want, but know this: actions have consequences. When you harm those we love, you harm us. And when you harm us, we strike back.

Many have stood against us; all have fallen, sooner or later. And if you think your actions tonight - at Evolution - at the showdown with Hostility - if you think for ONE SINGLE SECOND these actions will go unanswered then you are as ignorant as you are cowardly.

VENOM remain impassive, staring holes into Elijah in silent contempt. Meanwhile, Omega struggles with the knots holding Eris' gag tight.

Elijah: Nothing to say? You threatened our lives, attacked us at random, kidnapped and tortured our closest friend. Yet you refuse to even explain yourselves?

WHO ARE YOU PEOPLE? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

Still VENOM stay silent. Omega finally gets the gag free, pulling it away from Eris and throwing it to one side. The gag is barely gone before Eris screams, a low, guttural howl.

Eris: RUN!

As if on cue, a line of fire appears on the entrance ramp just in front of VENOM, standing between them and the ring. Vince kneels, arms outstretched, head bowed. Nina and Omar keep their eyes focused on the ring, smirking in satisfied contempt.

Elijah stares at the fire in confusion, Omega still focused on Eris. Suddenly, the base of the crucifix opens and a torrent of snakes falls down to the ring.

Elijah and Omega recoil in sudden panic. Eris screams and rolls out of the ring, going to flee up the ramp, their path blocked by fire. Eris and Nina lock eyes, Eris' fear suddenly turning to hatred. Eris spits through the flames, throwing their head back in a blood curdling scream.

Mike Rolash: What in the hell!?

A new spotlight appears, focused directly on the entrance ramp. A single figure steps out. They are dressed in solid black from head to toe, a veil covering their face, only the eyes visible. They could be young or old, male or female or anything else. The figure raises a microphone to their lips, speaking a single word in a low, raspy voice.

"Come."

VENOM turn and make their way up the ramp. They greet the figure in black with a single nod and the group make their way backstage. As they withdraw, they are passed by medics and security as they rush to the ring, spraying the fire with extinguishers and moving to capture the snakes. Elijah, Omega and Eris stand at the base of the entrance ramp, glancing at one another in confusion.

## **Dorian Hawkhurst vs. Jimmy Allen**

Match

Jim Gunt: What a night it's been so far. We've had Max Becker win the battle royal and announce a "Fans bring the weapons" match against Jarvis King in the first round of Modern Warfare, Pandalike entering Modern Warfare as well, Azrael taking a horrendous fall into the steel steps and we are still not one bit closer to know who will be Jimmy Allen's mystery partner later on in the battle for the tag team titles.

Mike Rolash: Not to forget this really creepy scene with VENOM and the cross and the snakes and the figure and black and the gaaah, why do we have to attract all these creeps all the time?

Jim Gunt: That actually for a change is a good question, but still, the matches have been intense so far.

Mike Rolash: Yes, it has been a hell of a show with KC3 winning his grueling match against Lundmark, but speaking of Jimmy Allen, now is the moment I have been waiting for every since this match was announced. We've seen Jimmy Allen and Dorian Hawkhurst make each other bleed. We've seen them knock each other into next week. And now, we get to see Jimmy Allen turn Dorian Hawkhurst into a human marshmallow.

Jim Gunt: What?

Mike Rolash: You know, when you leave a marshmallow over the campfire and it turns into a miniature torch?

Jim Gunt: I wouldn't know, I don't overcook my marshmallows. Anyway... we have a match never before seen in the CWF, the Doomsday Massacre match. The goal of this match is to take one of the barbed wire wrapped tables, light it on fire, and then put your opponent through it.

Mike Rolash: I can't wait.

Ray Douglas: The next match is scheduled for one fall and it is a Doomsday Massacre Match!

Shinedown's "Cut the Cord" sets off a mixed reaction comes from the crowd. The song continues, but Jimmy Allen doesn't come out.

Ray Douglas: First to the ring... from Dallas, Texas... He is one half of the CWF Tag Team Champions... The Catalyst - JIMMY ALLEN!

Suddenly, a spotlight goes to the top of the arena where Jimmy Allen is standing. He hops off of a railing, and ziplines down to the ring as the crowd pops. Jimmy takes in the cheers as he lands safely on the ramp. He quickly removes the harness and then breaks into a sprint and diving head first under the bottom rope and sliding to the center of the ring. He pops to his feet and begins taking off his CWF Tag Team Championship and handing it to the referee.

Jim Gunt: As we've already mentioned, these two men were long time friends before Jimmy Allen's betrayal at WrestleFest. But, now it would seem that Jimmy is expressing remorse.

Mike Rolash: None of that matters. What does matter is that Jimmy Allen has stayed one step ahead of Dorian every step of the way. Last week was just a hiccup. "Cut the Cord" cuts out.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent... from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania... he is accompanied by Chloe Hawkhurst... here is "The Demon of Sobriety" Dorian Hawkhurst!!!

The lights cut down and a slower, more bluesy guitar riff begins to fill the arena. As the spotlight hits the stage, Chloe

Hawkhurst steps out alone, wearing a beat up, hooded brown leather trenchcoat and holding a shovel over her shoulder.

You're killing me, baby, with the things you do  
Put me in the ground before we're through  
Burnin' up this town  
Spendin' everything I've saved, yeah  
You've been out all night Diggin' my grave  
Every little lie you tell, can't keep it hid  
Just another nail on my coffin lid  
Someone else is getting all the love you never gave, (woo) yeah  
You've been out all night Diggin' my grave

"Digging my Grave" by Bradley Cooper and Lady Gaga begins to play as Dorian steps out from the back, his long black hair drenched in water and hanging over his head. He stands next to Chloe, who is pointing to Jimmy Allen standing in the ring.

Jim Gunt: Well, this is not what we'd typically see from Dorian Hawkhurst that's for sure.

Mike Rolash: I don't like it. It feels like he's someone else.

Jim Gunt: We know Dorian has a flair for the dramatic when it comes to his entrances at these bigger events, but I have to agree with you. Even last week at Evolution, Dorian seemed like a man possessed.

Chloe throws her arms up and slams the shovel against the stage, which seems to be the signal for Dorian to begin marching down to the ring. Ray Douglas clears the ring before Dorian gets anywhere near the ring. The referee backs Jimmy off as Dorian climbs up the ring steps.

Jim Gunt: This hasn't gone on as long as Autumn Raven and Silas Artoria, who we will see later, but this has been coming to a head since September, and these two men are ready to settle the score.

Mike Rolash: You're going to tell me that this has been building since they were children? Jimmy has always been the best, and Dorian simply cannot accept that.

Instead of Chloe entering the ring, Dorian stops and instructs her to stay on the outside. She listens to her father, but begins circling the ring, slamming the shovel on the ring apron. Dorian walks to the center of the ring and stares down Jimmy, who is still standing in the corner.

Jim Gunt: There's the bell and Jimmy Allen comes out swinging. It's like he's got all this pent up emotion towards Dorian Hawkhurst.

Mike Rolash: Jimmy Allen is turning the tables on Dorian. Watching them between this week and last week, it's like they've switched roles.

Jimmy fires off a haymaker to Dorian's face and in one smooth motion, circles his hand upwards and delivers a knife edge chop to Dorian's chest. Dorian falls back, caught off guard as Jimmy continues the assault, beating Dorian with another punch and chop combination. As Dorian falls into the corner, Jimmy grabs him by the back of the head and drags him to the corner to his left, slamming Dorian's head into the turnbuckle. Jimmy Allen grabs Dorian by the arm and Irish whips the big man into the opposite corner. While Dorian is sent into the corner, Jimmy hits the ropes. Dorian crashes into the corner with so much force that "The Forsaken Demon" bounces back towards the center of the ring. Jimmy catches Dorian from behind and drops his rival to the mat with a modified bulldog.

Mike Rolash: He's rolling. Jimmy Allen is rolling.

Jim Gunt: Remember, no pinfalls here, but Jimmy Allen needs to wear Dorian down enough to drop him through a flaming table.

Mike Rolash: He's well on his way to doing that if you ask me.

Jimmy Allen whips Dorian across the ring as soon as Dorian gets to his feet. Dorian hits the corner as Jimmy is following him in and gets his elbow up at the last moment, causing "The Catalyst" to turn around, momentarily stunned.

Jim Gunt: How we go now and Dorian levels Jimmy Allen with a vicious lariat. We know how much Dorian loves those power moves and he just utilized one right there.

Mike Rolash: Look at Dorian though, leaning in the corner while Jimmy is on the mat. Jimmy Allen has already done some damage to the big man.

Jim Gunt: Chloe Hawkhurst is on the outside, still banging that shovel in support of her dad.

Mike Rolash: What's the deal with that, anyway? It's not like this is a buried alive match.

Jim Gunt: It's a metaphor, Mike.

Mike Rolash: No, thanks. I don't do drugs.

You hear Gunt audibly sigh at Rolash.

Jim Gunt: It's symbolic. Both men said they are laying this to rest after this match.

In the ring, Dorian is checking his forehead for blood before turning his attention to Jimmy Allen. Jimmy is struggling to get up, possibly due to the damage to his midsection last week. Dorian pulls Jimmy up and delivers a delayed vertical suplex, allowing ample time for the blood to rush to Jimmy Allen's head. Dorian begins to fall backward and Chloe slams the head of the shovel against the steel steps at the exact moment that Jimmy Allen hits the mat. Dorian gets up and mounts Jimmy, raining overhand rights onto Jimmy, causing the crowd to count along.

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

Jim Gunt: Listen to the crowd firmly behind Dorian Hawkhurst. They are eating this up.

Mike Rolash: How many times do I have to remind you, Dorian is a big man with little stamina. KC3 is right, you really do have the memory retention of a goldfish.

Jim Gunt: Either that or the two of you just like repeating yourselves.

Dorian hops out of the ring, watching Jimmy out of the corner of his eye while he goes to grab a table from under the ring. Dorian leans down to look under the ring apron, and Jimmy Allen springs to life, running and hopping out between the top and middle ropes. Gunt and Rolash hop up as Jimmy pushes Dorian back first into the announce table, causing it the move back a few inches. Jimmy grabs Dorian by the head and slams him face first on the top of the announce table before Dorian falls to the floor.

Jim Gunt: It seems both men are continuing their previous strategies, with "The Catalyst" trying to take advantage of Dorian previous facial injuries.

Mike Rolash: Why doesn't he wear a mask to protect himself?

Jim Gunt: You'd have to take that up with Dorian.

Mike Rolash: It would be dual purpose. He'd keep his nose clean and we wouldn't have to see his face. It's a win-win, Jim.

Jim Gunt: Jimmy Allen started to head over like he was looking for a table, but he's heading back this way.

Mike Rolash: Just let me know when it's safe to go back.

Allen grabs Hawkhurst by the scruff of the neck and drags him over to the barricade at his left. He picks Dorian up off the ground and drops him right on the barricade. Jimmy picks Dorian up and goes for a throat thrust, but Dorian gets his arm up just in time, blocking the blow and leaving Jimmy open for a right hook of his own. Dorian lifts Jimmy overhead in a military press position and throws Jimmy abdomen first into the ring post.

Jim Gunt: When a superstar is 6' 4" and 287 pounds, it's kind of hard to stop him from doing what he wants and right now, Dorian Hawkhurst is doing exactly what he wants.

Mike Rolash: The worst part is that the referee cannot stop this fight. Jimmy Allen signed on for two matches tonight, and I think Tobias is licking his chops each and every time Jimmy Allen gets hit.

Jim Gunt: Just moments ago, Jimmy Allen was hammering the head of Dorian Hawkhurst. But here comes Dorian Hawkhurst right back on the attack.

Dorian goes to Irish whip Jimmy into the ring steps, but Jimmy hops in the air and uses Dorian's own momentum to reverse the hold, throwing Dorian face first into the steel steps.

Mike Rolash: Spoke too soon, Gunt. I get the feeling there's going to be a bit more color added to the face of Dorian Hawkhurst.

The camera zooms in on Dorian who is now bleeding from his forehead. The screen then switches to a different camera angle where we can see Jimmy Allen sitting on the ground looking over at Dorian while Chloe is going ballistic, slamming on the mat trying to get the crowd to rally behind her father.

Jim Gunt: I'd say that this could be the turning point in the match, but I think that this has been so back and forth that we'll never know when the turning point is.

Mike Rolash: I don't know. It's like Dorian ran out of gas last week and never refueled while Jimmy Allen is out there, fighting the good fight, but can't quite get his traction.

Jim Gunt: This is exactly the kind of match you would expect out of two men that have known each other over 20 years.

The screen goes to split screen, showing a replay of Dorian hitting the steel before cutting back to a normal shot.

Mike Rolash: BAM! There it is. Look at Dorian's face as it hits. The good news is, you can't make his face look any worse.

Dorian is still on the ground holding his nose as Jimmy Allen reaches under the ring and pulls out the first table of the night. Jimmy Allen sets up the barbed-wire wrapped table at ringside, watching Dorian the entire time. Jimmy grabs Dorian's limp body and struggles to get him leaning over the left side of the table.

Jim Gunt: Remember, the table can be placed anywhere. It doesn't have to be in the ring. Jimmy Allen needs to remember that the table needs to be lit on fire.

Mike Rolash: Jimmy Allen is just softening up the big man. It's like tenderizing a steak. You've got to beat your meat...

Jim Gunt: That's enough.

Jimmy Allen slides inside the ring and ascends to the top rope. Dorian gets his wits about him enough to slide off the table and stumble away. Jimmy sees this and jumps down, darting across the ring to cut off Dorian before he can round the corner. Dorian notices this and turns around, sliding into the ring with Allen in pursuit. Allen slides in after Dorian, but gets a clubbing blow to the lumbar for his troubles. Dorian then starts stomping on Jimmy's back before becoming more vicious.

Jim Gunt: Dorian Hawkhurst with those knees to the spine.

Mike Rolash: That's really smart because Jimmy Allen is deceptively strong. You take away the back and spine, you limit Allen's offense.

Jim Gunt: Look at Dorian.

Dorian has Allen up and slams him to the mat. Jimmy wisely rolls out to the ring apron while Dorian seems to be assessing what is going on. Dorian yells over to his daughter, who pulls out a bottle of lighter fluid and begins spraying the table, which happens to be directly behind Jimmy Allen. Dorian punches Jimmy, who is holding onto the top rope for dear life. Chloe lights a match and throws it onto the table, igniting it. Dorian measures up Jimmy, who is now holding onto the middle rope with two hands. Another straight right rocks Jimmy Allen, but he still manages to hold on.

Jim Gunt: Would you look at that? Dorian Hawkhurst has Jimmy off in La La Land and seems ready to put Jimmy Allen through the table that Jimmy himself set up.

Mike Rolash: Jimmy has come to life. I think he's starting to feel the heat from the fire behind him.

Jim Gunt: I think if Dorian hit him between the eyes one more time this could be over.

"The Forsaken Demon" rears back, but Jimmy Allen throws himself forward, perhaps out of instinct, perhaps out of desperation, and hits Dorian in the stomach with a shoulderblock from between the top and middle ropes. Dorian falls to one knee, giving Jimmy the opportunity to get back in the ring and deliver a standing side kick to Hawkhurst's head. The force of the kick actually causes Dorian to stand upright, where Jimmy Allen hits him with a punch to the face. Dorian comes back with a punch of his own. Unphased, Jimmy Allen fires back. Dorian goes to return the favor, but Jimmy Allen ducks and picks Dorian up in a fireman's carry.

Jim Gunt: What a feat of strength by Jimmy Allen.

Mike Rolash: He's halfway there. If he can get Dorian over the top rope and through the table, this match could be over quickly.

Jim Gunt: He's got Dorian to the ropes and... it looks like his left knee gave out on him. Jimmy has had problems with that knee in the past, let's see how this affects him from here on out.

Dorian lands feet first on the ring apron. He grabs Jimmy by the back of the head and slams his head on the top turnbuckle. Dorian winces as the camera focuses in on Jimmy Allen rolling in pain on the mat inside the ring. A few moments later, we see Dorian walking over to Jimmy, pulling him outside of the ring by his feet. Dorian then grabs him around the waist and shoves Jimmy Allen into the ring apron back first. You can see the shoulder of Dorian Hawkhurst has turned bright red from all of the damage so far.

Jim Gunt: Jimmy Allen is still on his feet, using the ring apron to hold himself up.

Mike Rolash: Jimmy Allen is a warrior. You look at Dorian Hawkhurst and you see a demon. The man is pure evil.

Jim Gunt: It's hard to argue that point right now as he is brutalizing Jimmy Allen as we speak.

Dorian slams Jimmy's head against the ringsteps, and smiles almost maniacally as he sees the table in front of him. Dorian takes the time to walk over to the table, and out of the pocket of his jeans, pulls out his own small bottle of lighter fluid. He begins spraying the table, then pulls out a lighter and reignites the table.

Jim Gunt: It would seem that the table burned off all of the lighter fluid, but Dorian Hawkhurst has made sure that this fire will not die.

Mike Rolash: As long as he is the one going through it, sign me up!

Jim Gunt: Seriously, are you unable to be objective?

Mike Rolash: I don't even know what it means.

Dorian turns around and Jimmy has gotten up and grabs Dorian by the arm and whips him back into the ring steps. Dorian slumps down against the ring post. Jimmy is leaning against the barricade, resting for a moment before standing up and dragging Dorian to the side of the table. Jimmy gets underneath and picks Dorian up in a fireman's carry. Dorian starts elbowing Jimmy, finally getting Jimmy to loosen his grip. Dorian slides down and kicks Jimmy in the midsection. He grabs Jimmy and places his head between his legs. He lifts Allen up for a powerbomb, but Jimmy floats over, landing on his feet behind Dorian. Dorian spins around and throws a lariat which Jimmy ducks under.

Jim Gunt: Jimmy Allen shifts his weight just in time and Jimmy is back on the offensive, peppering Dorian with right hands.

Mike Rolash: It seems like just when either of these men gets any sort of momentum, the other one pulls a rabbit out of their hat.

Jim Gunt: Dorian with a knee to that injured abdominal area of Jimmy Allen, proving your point. Dorian goes for a suplex... NO! Jimmy Allen reverses. Suplex on the ramp!

Mike Rolash: It's like an actual game of human chess. It's like watching boxers punch and counterpunch. This is great, Jim.

Both men are down on the ramp, grabbing their backs. Jimmy Allen sits up first, but he is sucking wind. Dorian stays down as Jimmy walks down to the ramp to grab the table, which once again seems to have burned out. Jimmy Allen marches up the ramp with the table

Jim Gunt: You can see the toll this match has taken on both men. Look at Jimmy Allen, wincing in pain as he picks that table up and over his shoulder.

Mike Rolash: He's standing, so he's got to be doing better than Dorian is.

Jim Gunt: Jimmy Allen marches up the ramp. You don't think he's going to...

Mike Rolash: FLYSWATTER!!!

Jimmy uses his shoulder as a fulcrum, swinging the table over his shoulder. Dorian rolls out of the way at the last second, but doesn't complete escape harm as he falls off of the ramp to the floor below. Jimmy runs off the ramp after Dorian, clubbing him in the back of the head with a running forearm. Dorian staggers away, trying to make some space, but Jimmy keeps up the chase, and smashes Dorian face first into the wall separating the first level of seats from the floor seats.

Jim Gunt: Jimmy Allen is not going to the Dorian Hawkhurst escape. He is bringing the fight to him just like he said he would.

Mike Rolash: If nothing more, Dorian Hawkhurst will have a respect for the the honor and sacrifice that Jimmy Allen stands for.

Jim Gunt: What the hell are you even talking about. Dorian grew up in the very same dojo as Jimmy Allen.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, we can see all of that discipline paid off in the way that he diets.

Back outside of the ring, Jimmy Allen is still taking shots at Dorian. He is getting far more cheers than he had at the start of the match, with the crowd showing their appreciation for the effort he is putting in. Dorian stumbles towards the barricade, falling back first against it. Jimmy yells for the fans surrounding Dorian to move and they oblige. Jimmy walks up to down and hits him with a jumping inside crescent kick.

Mike Rolash: GOODNIGHT, PRINCESS!!

Jim Gunt: Dorian flies over the barricade. Jimmy Allen caught him flush.

Mike Rolash: Now all he has to do is finish the job.

Jim Gunt: Are you going to be this far up Jimmy's ass during the tag match.

Mike Rolash: I doubt it. Tobias is going to take care of Jimmy. I just can't stand Dorian.

Jimmy climbs over the barricade and locks a neck chancery onto Dorian, lifting him up off the mats at ringside. He manages to get Dorian to the apron. Dorian realizes where he is and rolls into the ring to get away from Jimmy Allen. "The Catalyst" reaches underneath the ring apron and pulls out another barbed-wire wrapped table. While Dorian lays on the inside of the ring, Jimmy Allen sets up the table.

Mike Rolash: If we're going to keep having matches like this, I'm going to buy stock in Home Depot.

Jim Gunt: You have to ask yourself, what does he have in mind here?

Mike Rolash: Obviously putting Dorian through it.

Jim Gunt: I meant how is he going to do that? Dorian is down in the ring and he's set up the table outside. I don't know if he has the strength left to get Dorian off the mat.

Jimmy grabs a lighter and a bottle of lighter fluid from under the ring and uses it to set the table ablaze. Dorian pulls himself up slowly as Jimmy Allen slides into the ring. Dorian suddenly dashes at Jimmy, drilling him with a Polish Hammer.

Jim Gunt: I don't know if Dorian was playing possum or if that was just adrenaline, but Jimmy Allen just got hammered. This is the fourth time Dorian has taken down Jimmy Allen.

Mike Rolash: I'm going to tell you from experience, Jimmy Allen is going to be disoriented for a while. After what happened at Evolution, it's possible that could keep Jimmy Allen out.

Jim Gunt: Experience? You entered the match and were immediately tossed out by Dorian Hawkhurst. What experience are you talking about?

Mike Rolash: Ask your wife, Gunt.

We get a split screen look of Jim Gunt giving Mike Rolash a death stare. However, Gunt, ever the professional, holds it together. In the ring, Jimmy Allen is down on the mat while outside of the ring, Dorian is circling the ring, clutching his chest as Chloe, still holding her shovel, checks on him. Dorian points down, and Chloe helps him drag out the table he tried to pull out earlier in the match.

Jim Gunt: Dorian and Chloe slide the table into the ring together and Jimmy Allen is still on the mat.

Mike Rolash: This isn't looking good for our hero, that's for sure.

Jim Gunt: Dorian just said something to Chloe and she's on the outside while Dorian is getting the table set up in the corner.

Mike Rolash: This can't be good. Whenever Chloe is involved, bad things happen.

Chloe slides another bottle of lighter fluid into the ring and Dorian picks it up and begins dousing it the table. He turns his attention back to Jimmy, picking him up like a ragdoll, carrying him in his arms in a bearhug. Chloe is up on the apron holding one of those long lighters you use to light candles.

Jim Gunt: This could be the end for Jimmy Allen. For Dorian's sake, I hope so. He's still wearing that crimson mask and it doesn't show any sign of letting up.

Mike Rolash: But, what lesson is this teaching Chloe? Don't do anything yourself? It's okay to light someone else on fire?

Jim Gunt: How about do what you have to do to survive?

Dorian turns Jimmy towards the table and starts rushing towards it. Before Chloe can light the table, Jimmy flips over Dorian's head with a sunset flip, then trips the big man before trying to apply an ankle lock. Dorian pulls his leg back and shoves Allen back with a mighty shove of his foot. Both men get to their feet and Dorian goes for a clothesline, but Allen deftly ducks under. Jimmy keeps going and comes back, hitting Dorian with a dropkick, staggering him. Jimmy runs back into the ropes again, this time catching Dorian with an enzuigiri. Dorian swings wildly, but Jimmy leans back, causing Dorian to catch nothing but air. Jimmy pops up and brings Dorian down with an STO.

Jim Gunt: Look at Jimmy go.

Mike Rolash: I told you Dorian would run out of gas eventually.

Jimmy backs into the corner, waiting for Dorian to get up. "The Forsaken Demon" gets to his feet, and darts over the corner, dumping the table outside. As he turns around, Jimmy Allen is waiting, drilling him forcefully into the mat with a snap spinebuster.

Jim Gunt: Jimmy Allen with the Hellish Rebuke. Too bad for him there wasn't a flaming table there or this match would be over.

Mike Rolash: I hate to say this, but Dorian had the presence of mind to remove the threat and had Chloe lit it on fire, he might not have been able to do it.

Jim Gunt: Dorian realized that he was in deep, deep trouble.

Mike Rolash: Well, one thing you have to admit is that Jimmy Allen has certainly slowed Dorian down.

Jimmy steps out of the ring and grabs another table that had been set up earlier. He folds it up and slides it in the ring while Dorian is still plastered to the mat. Dorian is clutching his head, while Jimmy resets the table, this time in the middle of the ring. Hawkhurst rolls under the bottom rope but can do nothing but lay there motionless. Jimmy Allen takes a moment to look down at his former friend before turning around and setting the table of fire.

Jim Gunt: Jimmy Allen is taking the time to make sure that everything is exactly the way he wants it. That Hellish Rebuke gave him all of the time he needed.

Mike Rolash: Dorian is spent. Jimmy is spent. I said from the get go...

Jim Gunt: We know. We know. Dorian will run out of gas. And you were right, he did.

Jimmy picks Dorian up and drags him to the corner. He gets his head underneath Dorian's arm and uses all he can muster to get "The Forsaken Demon" sitting on the top rope. Jimmy forces each one of Dorian's legs to the outside of the ropes before climbing to the second turnbuckle with his back facing Dorian.

Jim Gunt: I don't know what Jimmy Allen has in mind.

Mike Rolash: Probably one of those over the shoulder martial arts throws.

Jim Gunt: You might be right. Jimmy Allen has Dorian's over his shoulder. Jimmy's back must really be hurting because he is getting there, but getting Dorian over just isn't happening.

Dorian starts to elbow Jimmy on the side of the head, then musters the strength to push him down to the mat, just in front of the flaming table. Dorian wipes away some of the blood but gets caught as Jimmy Allen slaps him across the face, causing blood to fly everywhere. Dorian teeters backwards, then uses everything he has to launch himself forward and punch Jimmy in the face. Jimmy spins with the blow and delivers a spinning backfist to Hawkhurst.

Jim Gunt: Jimmy Allen has to be careful right here.

Mike Rolash: Really, really careful.

Jim Gunt: Normally it only takes three seconds in the CWF, but in a match like this, one split second can be the difference.

Jimmy is trying to get Dorian's arm around his neck, while both men are using the ropes to try and stand upright. Jimmy manages to fight his way to the top rope and jumps up, deciding to go for a huracanrana instead of suplexing the big man. Dorian screams as he catches Jimmy Allen in mid-air, driving him through the table with a superbomb.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner... "The Demon of Society" Dorian Hawkhurst!!!

Dorian quickly rolls over and takes Jimmy Allen away from the smoldering table. Chloe slides into the ring and sprays both men down with a light pink fire extinguisher.

Jim Gunt: He's done it. Dorian Hawkhurst has finally finished what Jimmy Allen started. The question now is, can Jimmy Allen pull it together for his match for the CWF Tag Team Championships.

Mike Rolash: It kills me to see Dorian in the ring with his hand raised, but even I have to admit, he's earned this one.

Dorian stands up, barely able to walk over to the ropes on his own. Chloe stays beside her father, doing her best to help him stay steady on his feet as he leaves the ring and walks up the ramp and to the backstage area. Jimmy starts to come to in the ring, and the crowd pops as he struggles to his feet.

### **It was a SNOWBLIND match!**

Match

Jim Gunt: Let's take it outside to Marcus Maximus and five thousand CWF Die-Hards!

We cut to a split screen - the commentary table on the left, and the parking lot on the right, where - despite the chill in the air and the snow on the ground, there are thousands of fans milling about in front of a huge video monitor. They're cold, they're shivering, but the CWF officials have clearly not forgotten about them with Frozen Over being broadcast via closed-circuit in front of them.

A sellout, turnaway - with people still outside in the frozen Omaha air? Charge five bucks a head and consider yourself lucky.

Judging by the look on Marcus Maximus' face, he doesn't consider himself lucky. He's bundled up with a heavy coat, two scarves, a knit hat...

The microphone in his hand is obscured by mittens.

Yes. You heard me.

Marcus Maximus: Thanks, Jim! I'm out here in the parking lot with thousands of superfans enjoying Frozen Over!

Mike Rolash: Ask him if he's frozen over yet!

Marcus stops and stares, dead-eyed.

Marcus Maximus: I can hear you, Mike.

Jim Gunt: Never mind him, Marcus. Are the fans outside combating the cold?

Marcus Maximus: Let me let them answer you, Jim!

He directs the camera to the fans, who cheer like crazy. After a few seconds, the view swings back around to Marcus.

Marcus Maximus: Does that answer your question? It's colder than hell out here, but these fans are fired up!

Mike Rolash: Hey Marcus.

He deadpans.

Marcus Maximus: Yes, Mike?

Mike Rolash: Has the winter storm blinded you yet?

The deadpan remains.

Marcus Maximus: You're not funny, Mike.

On the contrary, Mike Rolash busts out laughing.

Jim Gunt: Well, regardless, Marcus, we appreciate your sacrifice out there. Stay warm, my friend!

Marcus Maximus: Thanks, Jim.

His tone turns sharp.

Marcus Maximus: Mike.

Before we can cut away, however, a hand reaches into frame, holding a cup. Marcus looks at the camera, looks at the cup, looks back at the camera, and looks towards the source - as the camera view shifts to a huge cheer from the fans.

A young woman stands there, protected from the cold with rainbow earmuffs, a purple overcoat, and purple gloves. The fans seem to recognize her.

"Here you go... this'll keep you from getting all frozen over."

She laughs as Marcus takes the cup.

"Holy potatoes, I just got that."

Marcus sniffs the cup, and sips it.

Marcus Maximus: What is it?

"Grog."

Marcus Maximus: Grog?

"Yeah, grog. Mulled wine. Red wine, spices, brandy... you drink it warm. I thought you could use some."

He sips it again, and takes another sip.

Marcus Maximus: Thank you...?

She raises an eyebrow.

"You're welcome?"

Marcus Maximus: No, I mean thank you, but I also mean, who are you?

"That's a good question."

Beat.

Marcus Maximus: I--I know, that's why I asked it.

"Oh! Yeah. Well, it depends on who you ask."

More silence. Marcus isn't sure what to do so he drinks more grog.

Marcus Maximus: What... what if I asked you?

She smiles, and taps her head with her finger.

“Well, it depends on who I’m talking to. RK calls me Rosie, most of my friends call me Cally. Most of the horde--”

And she gestures to the crowd, who cheer, and start a ‘CALLY’ chant.

Cally: They call me Calico Rose.

Marcus Maximus: Well, then... uh, Cally--can I call you Cally?

Cally: I dunno... are we friends?

Marcus Maximus:...Yes?

Cally: Then sure. Oh, also when my mom is out of patience with me she calls me Rosalyn Ilona Callasantos. But you’re not my mom so please don’t.

This conversation is clearly making Marcus weary.

Marcus Maximus: Well, uh... Cally... I meant to ask you, why do you have mulled wine out here?

Cally: Because it’s cold. Aren’t you cold?

Marcus Maximus: Of course I am. Why do you--

He stops as another person steps into frame.

The WCWA Internet Champion Dot Net.

(It’s Dot Com)

The Marathon Man, Impulse.

The fans cheer at the veteran’s appearance, just as much as they were Cally.

Impulse: You feeling all right, sir?

Marcus Maximus: I kind of want to lie down.

The Marathon Man laughs.

Impulse: You’re not the first one, sir. I’ll relieve you of the Rosie for the time being, but the short answer is that she makes her grog in a slow cooker, and we’re here in the CWF for Modern Warfare. And we’re here, today, right now... to scout the competition and bond with the fans.

Cally winks and clicks her tongue, pointing at Marcus.

Cally: You get back to work, my friend. But first... this is important.

She holds her fist out. After a moment’s hesitation, urged on by the fan chant of “Blow it up” - Marcus hits his knuckles against hers, and flinches when she does, in fact, ‘blow it up.’

Cally: Angus? Keeps? Back to you.

She steps off. Impulse pats Marcus on the shoulder and follows her. Marcus stares at them as they walk away, mouth agape.

Jim Gunt: Who is Angus and Keeps?

Mike Rolash: Why does she have a slow cooker in a parking lot?

Marcus Maximus: I think I need a vacation.

## **The Approach and the Road Map**

Match

Backstage. A wide board with the CWF, Frozen Over, and numerous sponsor logos assembled in an aesthetically pleasing pattern. Tara is facing the camera.

Tara Robinson: Ladies and Gentlemen. Silas Artoria.

The camera pans to the side to see Silas in his usual garb, holding the WCWA US Championship over one shoulder, and three gift bags of various colours over the other.

Silas Artoria: Hello!

Joyous, slightly hyperactive, and eager. A smile beams down into the camera, with his pearly whites nearly blinding the camera man.

Silas Artoria: Lovely to see you again Tara. How were your holidays?

Tara Robinson: Busy.

Silas Artoria: Ahh! Of course! You were working the shows over the winter. Shame. You deserve some sleep!

Tara Robinson: Oh...kay?

She clears her throat, and positions the microphone.

Tara Robinson: So, this is promising to be the last match between you and Autumn Raven?

Silas Artoria: That's what I'm hoping for, or at least an end to the saga between the two of us. We've been together almost nonstop in both friendly and unfriendly terms for the past year, and I feel the anniversary of our first real encounter would be perfect for the story to end.

Tara Robinson: You ruling out any potential matchup?

He had to think about his answer, before he clears his throat.

Silas Artoria: I want to make this perfectly clear. I am never going to demand or accept a match against Autumn Raven ever again. It would have to be in circumstances outside anyone's control.

Tara Robinson: Like Modern Warfare?

Silas Artoria: Yes! Things like that, because you there's only one way to progress without forfeiting!

Tara Robinson: So...any tactics?

Silas Artoria: Well...

He claps his hands.

Silas Artoria: ...I'm going to fight to keep Autumn down for the ten count, and everytime I go down, I'm going to stand back up!

Tara is confused.

Tara Robinson: Isn't that just the description for a Last Man Standing match?

Silas is struck back.

Silas Artoria: You got any ideas?

Tara freezes for a moment, then Silas puts on an apologetic face.

Silas Artoria: No, honestly! You have any? I'm struggling here! I'm actually pretty scared considering I am going up against someone who knows me inside and out!

Tara clears her throat.

Tara Robinson: Moving on to Modern Warfare, you are going against V.E.N.O.M's Nina. How do you feel?

He stretches his back.

Silas Artoria: Well, I've not faced her before, so I don't really have an opinion. I'm quite excited actually! Someone new and fresh for me to take on, and I've waited for a while to take on someone I am unfamiliar with. That's the beauty o--

He freezes, wide eyed, before his smile turns near maniacal.

Silas Artoria: Oh my god....three belts? Three belts from three different brands!?

Tara Robinson: You need to win this match first--

Silas grabs her shoulders.

Silas Artoria: But think of the image!? The photographs!? It would be a wondrous sight!

He kisses her forehead then scavenges through his gift bags.

Silas Artoria: Got to go! I've got to visit the production truck and the costume department before the match; so much to do!

He gives Tara a gold bag.

Silas Artoria: Here! From my cellar! Wish me luck! Bye!

He dashes past Tara, whom looks at him in pure confusing; mystified by the man's behavior. She keeps the mouth-wide-open look for what feels like years, before she takes a look at the bag. She opens it, and sticks her hand inside.

She pulls out a bottle of Rose; the brand obscured by the longwinded name it was given.

She looks back at Silas.

Tara Robinson: The hell is up with him recently?

## **Duce Jones vs. Trent Steel**

Match

Jim Gunt: Frozen Over VII came with big promises and so far it does not disappoint!

Mike Rolash: Not at all, even though I do not quite agree with the outcome of all these matches, they have absolutely packed a punch, I mean, it takes a lot for me to acknowledge that that fatso Dorian actually deserved a win, so that says a lot!

Jim Gunt: No kidding. Sometimes I wish you didn't talk as much, though...

Mike Rolash: What?

Jim Gunt: You heard me. So on with the show and we have an anarchy match coming up between Duce Jones and Trent Steel, whatever that means, but it sounds intense for sure.

Mike Rolash: Maybe it means anything goes?

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the following contest is an ANARCHY MATCH! The rules are as followed, the match will take place inside of the pit located near the entrance stage. A competitor can only win once their opponent is bleeding and unable to answer to a count of ten! Introducing first...

The crowd goes nuts from the announcement as they all know they are about to be in for a treat. They suddenly get quiet as a voice begins to speak over the PA system.

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

The opening sounds of “Godspeed” by Don Trip begins to play as the lights inside of the Century Link Center turns a crimson hue color as the fans are confused. Just as the voice of Macho Man screams his patented catch phrase, the stage fills up with smoke. After about another minute of waiting, Duce Jones soon slowly emerges through the cloud of smoke, instantly inciting boos from the crowd.

Ray Douglas: Making his way towards the Pit, weighing in at two hundred five pounds! Representing The Glass Ceiling, he is one half of the WCWA Tag Team Champions! DUUUUCCCCEEEE JJJJOOOOONNNNEEEEESSSSSSSS!

Absent is his title belt as he makes his way halfway down the ramp before jumping off and heading for the pit. Making his way towards the ladder, he climbs down into the pit, once at the bottom he begins to survey his surroundings.

Jim Gunt: For the life of me, I don't know what on Earth would possess Duce to challenge Trent to a barbaric match such as this one.

Mike Rolash: It might've been a good call as there haven't been many matches like this in professional wrestling. But if my memory's correct, Duce's Pop competed in the last televised match.

As Jones continues to observe the glass and barbwired covered walls and all other tools of pain at his disposal, the lights inside of the Century Link Arena begin to flicker, then suddenly go down as “Bleed the Freak” by Alice in Chains starts to play. Smoke files out of the entranceway and Trent Steel steps through looking over towards the pit.

Ray Douglas: His opponents, making his way to ring from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania! Weighing in at two hundred pounds! “The Son of a Bitch” TRRREEEENNNNTTTTT SSSTTTTEEEEELLLLL!

Removing his trenchcoat and Oakley shades, Trent makes his way over towards the pit, climbing down the ladder and coming face to face with Duce as referee “Big” Denny Davidson quickly steps between the two rivals.

Jim Gunt: I'm willing to bet that this one isn't gonna be for the faint of heart. But the young Jones surely has his work cut out with the twenty one year veteran in inflicting pain to everyone he's around.

Mike Rolash: At this moment it's truly hard to pick a favorite because the two are extraordinary in their own right. But like you said Jimbo, this one is gonna be brutal.

After getting both men separated, “Big” Denny heads over towards the ladder, sitting it down and as quickly as he can, gets back in between Jones and Steel. He signals for the bell and this match is officially underway as both men begin to circle each other.

Jim Gunt: And the moment, I'm sure a lot of our fans have been waiting for is finally here.

Mike Rolash: I'm expecting a lot of bloodshed between these two Jim.

Jim Gunt: Both men are circling the pit and now they charge towards each other with... a collar-and-elbow tie-up?

Mike Rolash: The hell!?

Both men are in an intense lock up as they move back and forth inside of the pit. Jones executes a standing switch, now having a rear waistlock applied, however Steel quickly maneuvers out of the hold. Grabbing at Jones' wrist he is free from Duce's clutches, now applying a wristlock. Searching for an escape, Duce rolls though and is quickly to his feet, hooking his right leg around Steel's left leg. A leg trip attempt is thwarted by Steel as he yanks Duce's wrist in an awkward position, dropping him to the concrete floor! Still having wrist control, Steel drops a knee into the shoulder of Jones as he begins to twist and contort Duce's wrist in ways unimaginable.

Mike Rolash: You come in expecting a fight and this is the shit we get!

Jim Gunt: That may be the case, however right now Steel continues to bend Jones' wrist unceremoniously.

Duce continues to try and fight off Trent who torques at his wrist. Soon letting up with his knee, Duce quickly spins through, grabbing at Trent's wrist with his free hand, then kicking his arm with his leg to break Steel's grip. Now it's Duce who has a top wristlock applied as he stands over Trent. Light on his feet, Steel flips through and spins towards Jones. Using his free hand to slap the other one free, he quickly dropkicks Jones right in the kisser, dropping him on the floor! Both men quickly roll through to a knee, Jones checking his lip for blood soon staring up at the smiling painted face of Steel.

Jim Gunt: Steel with a big dropkick and now I think the fight is about to begin.

Mike Rolash: Duce didn't like that one bit.

Now angered, Jones slowly makes it to his feet as Steel does the same. Charging at Steel, Duce swings a wild haymaker that is avoided by Trent. Now with a rear waistlock on Jones, he catches three back elbow shots to the jaw forcing him to release his grip. Spinning around Duce tries for a lariat, but Steel is able to dodge that as well as the momentum of Jones takes him halfway across the pit before he comes to a stop. Turning to look across at Steel, the Son of a Bitch tells Duce to bring it as an infuriated Jones runs full speed at him. This proves costly as Steel had backed closer to the wall and just as Jones is close, Trent sends him up and over him, crashing hard into the barbed wire and glass covered concrete wall, the thin sheet of glass shattering instantly!

Jim Gunt: OVERHEAD BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX BY STEEL, SENDING DUCE VIOLENTLY INTO THAT WALL!

Mike Rolash: He's playing mind games with Duce and Duce is falling for it, he needs to calm down if he wants to come out on top.

Jim Gunt: Jones has already shed first blood as cuts have formed all across his back!

Crawling around on the floor, Duce notices that Davidson has started his count and is already to four before he is up to his feet. Stalking towards Jones, Trent grabs him by his locks and rocks him with a big forearm. Stumbling backwards a bit Duce fires a forearm of his own into the jaw of Steel. Smiling at Jones' effort Trent stuns Duce with another forearm, before quickly hooking Jones and slamming him hard into the concrete with a snap suplex. Duce grabs at his back in pain as Trent mounts him and begins to pummel the face of Jones with vicious right hands, sporting a sadistic smile with each strike.

Jim Gunt: Trent is just wailing on Jones right now, he really needs to get some breathing room between himself and Steel.

Mike Rolash: He's trying his best to cover up, but Trent is just relentless with his assault.

Letting up Steel is to his feet, sending a boot to the skull of Jones. With a hand full of locks, Steel brings Duce upright and whips him back into the wall - NO! Reversal by Jones as it's Steel who crashes backfirst into the wall, the sounds of shattered glass echo throughout the pit as the wire tears at Trent's flesh, soon exposing blood. As Trent is down on the ground, Jones yells at Davidson to count, but Steel is able to get up at the count of four. Slowly rising to his feet ignoring the stinging sensation across his back, Steel turns right into a kendo stick shot to the gut!

Jim Gunt: Jones involving the many weapons inside of that thing, doubling over Trent with that kendo stick! He cracks Steel with another shot and another one and another one shot and another one!

Mike Rolash: We get the point, DJ Khaled!

Trent tries to dodge the shots as best as he can, but Jones is connecting with whatever spot the stick lands. Pinned in a corner, Duce swings for the fences but Trent ducks out of the way as the stick connects with the wall. As both men turn to face each other, it's Steel who's quicker dropping Jones with a SUPERKICK! A dazed and confused Jones finds

himself in a compromising position as he's lost track of Steel turning woozily into the knee of Steel! That sends him crashing back first again into the wall, sending glass crashing everywhere. Steel is quickly back to his feet as Jones is counting birdies, Davidson starting his count.

ONE!

Jim Gunt: Jones looks in bad shape already Mike.

TWO!

Mike Rolash: I think one of his dreadlocks came off and is stuck in the barbwire.

THREE!

Slumped down on the floor, Jones is trying to regain his whereabouts as Trent stalks around the pit.

FOUR!

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: Trent is chomping at the bit to get his hands on Jones if he gets back to his feet.

SIX!

Mike Rolash: Well he might get his wish as Jones is starting to recover.

SEVEN!

Jones makes it to his feet, breaking Davidson's count but quickly receives a kendo stick shot to the face! Stumbling around, Jones tries to retreat but with nowhere to go, he can only take the pain as Steel nails him across the back. Turning towards Steel, Jones is now split open above his left eyebrow as Trent cracks him once more! Dropping to a knee, Jones finds himself being choked from behind by Steel with the kendo stick! Davidson is left powerless as he can't do anything but watch as Trent tries to choke the life force out of Duce. After about a minute or two of depriving Jones of oxygen, Steel throws the stick to the side, grabbing Jones by his hair and shorts and throws him bodily face and chest first into a previously shattered glass wall that's now only covered with barbwire! With Jones down, "Big" Denny has no choice but to now do his job and count.

ONE!

Jim Gunt: If Jones wasn't busted open before, he's surely spilled blood now.

TWO!

Mike Rolash: I'm starting to think he bit off more than he can chew right now, Steel is just giving him the business.

THREE!

Trent walks over towards one of the corners, grabbing one of the steel chairs that was located there. Jones is upright at the count of four as Steel is right on him, driving the edge of the chair into Jones' gut, doubling him over. With reckless abandon, Steel slams the chair hard into Jones' back that the vibration sends it flying out of his hands and across the pit! Laughing at the irony, Steel goes to set two more chairs up as Davidson begins to count Jones down. Getting to a vertical base at the count of five, Jones stumbles right into the clutches of Trent who swiftly lifts him onto his shoulders.

Jim Gunt: Oh No! Is he trying to deliver the Pittsburgh Nightmare onto those chairs!?

Mike Rolash: Don't speak to soon, Duce able to break free!

Landing on his feet behind Steel, Jones stuns him with a Bicycle Knee Strike to the jaw! A bloodied face Jones slumps to the floor at the exact moment as Steel and the Omaha fans are going crazy for the hard hitting affair! Looking down at both men to check and see if either will move, Davidson begins his count. Both are able to rise by the count of four,

grabbing a chair as he rises, Steel rams the edge into the gut of Jones dropping him back to his knees. Without hesitation, Steel leaves the imprint of Jones' skull within the chair as he bends it over his head. Slumping to the floor Jones looks out of it as Steel backs up.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: Do you see the indentation on that chair!?

FOUR!

FIVE!

Mike Rolash: I think the kid just died...

SIX!

SEVEN!

Duce begins to rise to his feet as now Trent is seen setting up two tables beside each other, then stacking two more on top of those.

EIGHT!

Jones is back to his feet and staggering towards Steel when a whipping sound rings out!

Jim Gunt: What the hell did he just hit Duce with!?

Staggering backwards, Jones grabs at his face, screaming in agony, removing his hands, we can now see that his face has been ripped open and more blood begins to flow. The camera then turns to a smiling Steel, who is now in possession of a barbed wire whip!

Mike Rolash: The fuck is that shit?

A now infuriated Jones goes to attack Trent, but catches another lashing across the face! Jones drops to a knee holding his entire face as Trent throws the whip to the side. Moving in on Jones with haste, Steel lays into him with an enziguri, forcing Jones to expose his crimson colored face! Jones is down but not out as he crawls around trying to regain his bearings.

Jim Gunt: Duce really needs some medical attention, the front of his face was split open from that whip.

Mike Rolash: Trent should just end this now, why is he setting that ladder up and climbing out of the pit?

Clearing the blood from his eyes, Jones spots Steel climbing the ladder and soon follow suit. Slowly climbing behind Steel puts Jones at a disadvantage as Steel grabs Jones' hair bringing him up the rest of the way. The two men are now up at eye level with the fans as they begin to exchange forearm shots. Winning the battle, Steel has Jones teetering on the edge of the pit.

Jim Gunt: This isn't gonna end well... Steel charges at Jones for a lariat... NO! Jones ducks out of the way... Trent is on the edge of the pit.

Mike Rolash: KRAYZED KNEE!

Just as Trent turns around to face Jones, he receives the patented knee of Duce to the face. Losing his balance, Steel falls off the edge and down into the pit as a collective gasp sounds out through the crowd. The sound of tables exploding rings out as Davidson stands there in shock, surveying the wreckage. Looking up at the top of the pit, a bloodied Jones peers over the edge and screams for Davidson to count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: My Lord, Trent could be dead...

FOUR!

FIVE!

Duce can be seen at the top of the pit, rising to his knees as Trent is unconscious within the rubble.

SIX!

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

Mike Rolash: Duce has a lucky four leaf clover stashed somewhere.

NINE!

Duce can be seen standing upright as Davidson counts ten, calling for the bell. A bloodied Duce throws his arms up in victory soon collapsing to the floor.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner.. DUUUUCCCCCEEEEE JJJJOOOOONNNNEEEEESSSSSSSS!

Medics can be seen rushing to the area to check on both men as "Holy Shit!" chants ring out through the arena.

## **Loading Screen**

Match

Erstwhile CWF interviewer, Tara Robinson, intercepts current Impact Champion, Zach van Owen, as he makes his way through the backstage area of the Century Link Centre to prepare for his title match against Freddie Styles.

Tara: Zach! Hey Zach. Wait up!

He turns around, upon realising it is Tara approaching he relaxes and drops his defensive posture.

Zach: Oh Tara. It's you.

Tara: Not surprising your a bit jumpy, what with everything going on.

Zach: Mm. So what's up?

Tara: What do you think? I'm here to do my job.

Zach: Oh right.

Tara: Don't worry, just quickly want to get some final words before you meet Freddie in the ring.

Zach: Freddie...He better prepared, because I am starting to get angry, and he won't like me when I'm angry...

With that somewhat cryptic statement Zach continues on his way, with moments to spare before his likely brutal contest to defend his cherished title.

## **Truth and Consequences**

Match

Jim Gunt: OK, ladies and gentlemen, I have just received word that we have Blake Church standing by with our head of

medical staff Dr. Harmon Leggett. Blake?

The camera cuts backstage, where Blake Church is standing next to Dr. Leggett.

Blake Church: Thanks, Jim. Dr. Leggett, you have some news on the status of Christer Lundmark?

Dr. Leggett: Yes. Mr. Lundmark had to be wheeled out of the ring after his match with KC3 and he is now on his way to the hospital. We managed to sew up his wounds, but after he briefly got to his feet, he collapsed.

Blake Church: Is he conscious?

Dr. Leggett: No, he has not regained consciousness so far.

Blake Church: Any diagnosis so far what could have caused this?

Dr. Leggett: It is difficult to say, but after reviewing some footage from the match, a severe concussion is most likely, but he will be undergoing a scan to make sure he has not suffered any more severe injuries.

Blake Church: Thank you, Dr. Leggett, let's hope that we will be able to get some good news concerning Mr. Lundmark, back to you, Jim.

## **Zach Van Owen (c) vs. Freddie Styles**

Match

Jim Gunt: Thank you Blake, so we are already down several men tonight, with both Azrael and Christer having to be taken out by the EMTs and I'm sure that Duce and Trent Steel are on their way to the hospital as well, let's hope that we will go through the rest of the show without any more casualties or we'll run out of ambulances!

Mike Rolash: Are you serious? Look at what we still have coming, a Glass Tables match, a Last Man Standing and whenever Loki enters the ring there will be casualties.

Jim Gunt: There is that, so let's see for our Glass Tables match first, Zach seems to be all fired up for this one, so over to Ray to get this one started!

Ray Douglas: The following match is a Glass Tables match and is for the CWF Impact Championship. Introducing first, from Atlanta, Georgia, and weighing in at 223lbs...Mr Ballgame...Freddie Styles!

The lights go down, and all you see is a silhouette of a man, forming a diamond with his hands above his head as the opening riff of Jay-Z's 'U Don't Know' hits...

You don't know what you're doing, doing, doing....

That's where you're wrong!

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

I — will — not — lose

(You don't know what you're doing, doing, doing)

Put somethin' on it!

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

Mike Rolash: I gotta say, I was looking forward to this before. But now that I've seen the determined and vengeful look in Freddie's eyes. I can't wait! Get me some popcorn!

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, he is the current reigning, and defending, CWF Impact Champion. From

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and weighing in at 174lbs...Zach van Owen!

The entire arena goes dark as green digital rain appears on the screen and gradually forms the phrase "Ready...FIGHT!". The music picks up and Zach appears on the stage with a bright flash of green lights, his head bowed and arms outstretched, the title belt wrapped around his waist. He looks to the ring and marches down the ramp. He hops onto the apron and ascends the corner post from the outside, throwing back the hood of his jacket and raising the title belt into the air.

Jim Gunt: No doubt this will be a harsh and brutal match for both individuals. What kind of strategy must the champ have coming into a match such as is. Will he be able to handle, not just the stipulations of this match, but also a clearly readied and determined challenger?

As Zach steps down from his perch, Freddie Styles has gone to retrieve a microphone.

Styles: Alright. Cut the music. Now I know y'all are keen to get this bitch started but I just got something to sort out.

Jim Gunt: What is going on?

Mike Rolash: Not wanton violence, and that's a problem.

Styles: I see the look in your eyes Zach. You're pumped. You're ready to go. So then why don't we change things up a little. Instead of ending the match the second I put you through one of those glass panes, let's make it like a normal match, winning through submission, pinfall or me knocking you out. That way we can have our fun with the glass to our hearts content.

Jim Gunt: Is that allowable?

The arena pauses in wait, watching the current champ in eagerness for his reply. Zach leans in towards Freddie and the microphone.

Zach: Make it so!

Mike Rolash: There's hope for the kid yet! This is great! Now the match will go on and on and on regardless of how much glass is broken!

Jim Gunt: Not sure if that's such a great idea....But I am just receiving word that the powers at be in the back are ok with this sudden change. So to win this match, and the title, you no longer simply have to throw your opponent through a glass table. Now you win by pinfall, submission or KO.

Zach turns to give referee Clark Summers the title belt and the second he has turned his back on Styles, the challenger drops the mic and charges forward, blindsiding the champion in the back of the head with a stiff forearm. Zach staggers forward. Mr Ballgame wraps his arms around the waist of the Game-Changer, throwing him back for a german suplex.

Mike Rolash: And as Clark calls for the bell, this match is FINALLY underway true and proper!

Jim Gunt: Go figure, Freddie goes for a cheapshot.

Though caught by surprise initially, Zach clearly passes his reflex save, as he is able to recover and use the momentum of the impressive text-book suplex to somersault his body back and over, landing safely back onto his feet, albeit unsteadily. Realising this, Freddie rushes forward again. Zach throws his hand up and shouts "PAUSE!" but Styles is not interested in playing such games and his momentum does not falter or slow.

Jim Gunt: Freddie means business here tonight. How badly does he want that title back?!

Realising his trick won't work, Zach quickly improvises and swings himself around for a spinning back sole kick, aimed at the gut of the charging Styles. Operating on adrenaline fuelled instincts, Freddie is able to deny the impressive strike by grabbing hold of Zach's foot and following through with an intense looking dragon screw. The Game-Changer is

sent tumbling, while Freddie rolls through under the ring ropes and on to the apron.

Mike Rolash: It's not often you'll see Zach outdone in speed and reflexes. But right now Freddie is taking him to school. I love it!

Jim Gunt: Sad to say, you're right. Zach has been on the back foot since the match started.

Zach advances on Freddie, now standing on the apron, and swings wildly. Freddie ducks, thrusting his shoulder into the gut of his opponent, then leaps between the ring ropes for a slingshot DDT. Mr Ballgame opts against a pin attempt and is the first to go for one of the glass tables surrounding the ring.

Mike Rolash: Here we go. Business is about to pick up!

Jim Gunt: Really? You couldn't come up with something a little more...original?

Mike Rolash: Here comes the pain?

Jim Gunt: Ugh. Just shut up!

The glass pane is awkward and cumbersome to handle, and it takes Freddie some time to pick up the sheet of glass and slide it under the bottom ring rope. Zach is to his feet, up and bolting, coming off of the ropes, straight at Styles still on the outside. The Impact Champion slides beneath the ring ropes, wrapping his legs around the head of the challenger for a baseball slide hurricanrana. Freddie is sent reeling into a pile of glass tables, though the force isn't enough to shatter any.

Jim Gunt: Now Zach has an opportunity to recalibrate his controls and actually get in this match.

Zach nails the Chrono Cross inverted headlock backbreaker then simply tips one of the tables so it falls on top of his opponent. With a brief run-up, Zach down onto the glass pane, and Freddie by association, with authority. There is a sharp crack as a spider-web like pattern appears throughout the glass pane. A second powerful boot follows suit and shatters the pane into several decent sized pieces over Mr Ballgame.

Mike Rolash: I hope neither Freddie or Zach are superstitious. Otherwise it could be a lifetime of bad luck.

The Game-Changer places a second table of glass against the exterior of the ring and goes to shift Freddie into a more precarious position. He hasn't noticed that Freddie has palmed a fragment of broken glass. The second the Impact Champion sets up for a catapult, Freddie lashes out, cutting Zach along the arm with his improvised weapon, drawing a deep bead of crimson paint along the arm. Naturally the Game-Changer recoils back.

Jim Gunt: No matter who wins both competitors will need some intense medical attention before the night is out.

Mike Rolash: I almost feel sorry for the cleaners...this will be quite a mess to clean up.

Freddie is up like a shot, jumping into the air with a dropkick that hits its target perfectly, sending Zach tumbling into the sheet of glass he had only moments ago set up. It shatters entirely. The Impact Champion calls out in pain as slivers of glass penetrates the bare flesh of his back. His back is dotted with small marks of red.

Jim Gunt: Bit of unfortunate irony there. That sheet of glass was meant for Freddie Styles, but the ever quick and nimble challenger had a few tricks up his sleeve to get himself out of a situation that was only going to get more and more dangerous for him.

Mike Rolash: The title is on the line here Jim. Zach and Freddie may end up beating each other within an inch of their lives for that strap.

Not completely recovering from the pain of the glass shards, Zach does his best to fight through it and goes to advance on the challenger, only to be further punished by Freddie with a pele kick that knocks the Game-Changer down. Freddie drags a glass table into the ring. He sees the champion stirring and picks up a head of steam to slide across

one corner of the ring and connect with a torpedo tornado DDT. The Game-Changer is rolled back into the ring.

Jim Gunt: Definitely an impressive and violent showing from Freddie Styles. If this were boxing and had to go down to points, I'd put my money on Styles. Zach needs to do something to drastically change the momentum of this match, otherwise I fear he is gonna lose. And with everything that's happening with the poor kid, it just might break him.

Mike Rolash: Even better!

Freddie Styles hesitates as he goes to climb back into the ring, deciding instead to add another table into the ring. One can never be too prepared after all. Then he ascends to the top turnbuckle and leaps into the air with a moonsault. He comes down hard onto the raised knees of Zach van Owen. Seeing his momentum Zach handsprings forward, against the ropes, and bounce-flips backwards with a high roundhouse kick catching Freddie across the face. Down goes Mr Ballgame and Zach attempts the first pin of the match.

Jim Gunt: And finally we get an attempted pinfall.

Mike Rolash: They were too interested in hurting each other Jim. What do you expect.

Jim Gunt: But this is Zach we are talking about!

Mike Rolash: Everyone has their dark sides Jim. Don't you forget it.

Zach hooks the leg.

ONE...

TWO...

TH-Freddie kicks out!

Mike Rolash: No no. Keep it going. Don't try and end it yet!

The Game-Changer leans one of the glass tables against a nearby corner post and sets up his opponent for the Limit Break reverse STO. Before the patent finishing technique can be executed Freddie lashes out with some stiff elbows the side of the head of the champion. Zach staggers and Freddie follows up with a high roundhouse kick. Zach manages to duck underneath the kick and rolls over the back of his opponent. In this incursion Mr Ballgame is bit too slow to react and Zach assaults the challenger with a stiff and furious flurry of forearm strikes to the face. Mr Ballgame is stunned and rocked back, unable to muster any defence as Zach continues the attack with a low left roundhouse kick, then a low right roundhouse kick.

Jim Gunt: Zach is going for the Blitz Rush combo!

Freddie is doubled over by a spinning back sole kick, then Zach drops him with a switchblade kick to the back of the head. With a motion to the already energetic and electric crowd, Zach comes at Mr. Ballgame again with a 720 kick straight to the head once more.

Jim Gunt: The Keyblade! That's it Zach, go for the pin. End this nonsense!

Visibly drawing in long and deep breaths, worn out by that sudden comeback, Zach takes his time to gingerly climb through the ropes and out onto the apron.

Mike Rolash: Or don't!

The Game-Changer watches and waits...

Jim Gunt: What's on the Impact Champion's mind?

Freddie stumbles to his feet and Zach van owen strikes! He leaps between the ropes with a slingshot variant of the Limit Break: Move of the Year Edition, twisiting both himself and Styles around so they both come crashing through the

leaning glass table. Glass is everywhere!

Both men remain still and Clark Summits begins the knockout ten count.

Mike Rolash: I didn't think he had it in him. This Zach kid knows how to get extreme when the time calls for it!

Jim Gunt: He put his own body on the line to deliver one of the many variations of his finishing move. But how much damage has it done to himself I wonder?

ONE...

TWO...

THREE...

FOUR...

Still there is no movement.

FIVE...

SIX...

SEVEN...

Both men begin to stir, needing the use of the nearby ring ropes as support to help themselves get back to a standing base. Both men now boast a veiling cascade of crimson paint over their bodies and it would be impossible to tell if it belongs predominantly from champion or challenger.

Mike Rolash: Bob Ross would be proud!

Zach lashes out with a stiff right hand...Freddie respond in kind...Then back to Zach...And Freddie again. They continue to trade punches until Mr Ballgame takes the Game-Changer by surprise with an exploder suplex, back into the corner and the scattered glass debris. Zach cries out yet again. Blood now stains the ring coverings as well as both competitors.

Jim Gunt: I don't know how either competitor could possible have any more fuel left in the tank. Bad enough your getting battered and bruised by the attacks of your opponent, but now blood loss could be a significant concern. Someone needs to just throw in the towel and bring this thing to a merciful end.

It is now Freddie's turn to set up a glass table, but only partially so one end is raised, while the other remains lowered. Then he drags Zach over and place his head and upper chest inches away from roughly the centre of the diagonal glass pane. Then without hesitation Freddie sends the champ through the glass face first with the ATL Stomp.

Jim Gunt: Holy SHIT!

Mike Rolash: That's the spirit Jim. Holy Shit! Holy Shit!

A chant that the crowd eagerly gets behind while Freddie goes for the pin.

ONE...

TWO...

THRE-

Either by pure instinctual reflex action, or by some divine miracle, Zach rolls his shoulder at the last possible fraction of a second to prevent the match-ending three count. Freddie is not alone in his sheer and pure disbelief of not achieving victory in that moment. He starts an argument with the referee.

Mike Rolash: Insult Clark later, just keep up the glass mayhem! Don't be stupid Freddie!

Step-by-painstaking step Zach ascends to his feet. Freddie realises this and lunges forward for Dat Remix. Zach uses Freddie and the first part of the combination move as leverage and momentum, performing an assisted backflip to avoid the signature move. Freddie however won't have any of it and locks onto Zach's leg, flipping him down into the Addiction submission. However Styles uses a larger glass fragment from the nearby destroyed table. So instead of bending Zach's leg back and over his own, Freddie instead is pressing down onto the glass, cutting through Zach's tights and skin to add yet more red to the skin canvas.

Jim Gunt: That's innovative. Disgusting, but innovative.

Mike Rolash: All Zach needs to do now is tap.

Fists clenched and gritted teeth, Zach tries to resist against the pain of the patent submission manouvre. And again Zach somehow defies the odds, fighting to get back to his feet and an enzuigiri to the skull of Freddie does more than just put an end to the hold. It knocks Freddie back. A Combo Breaker superkick follows suit. Zach limps on his damaged leg to pick up Freddie.

Jim Gunt: Somehow Zach has tanked all this punishment, but its clearly taking its toll. That limp will surely hamper his movement and his striking ability.

Zach now stands unsteadily above Freddie and raises his arms up high.

Zach: Thundercats. HOOOOOOOOOO!

Mike Rolash: What the F-

With that strange bellow, Zach gathers his strength and hoists Freddie up into a gory bomb position, though his leg clearly won't last under the weight and strain. Staggering for a few moments, Zach switches the gory bomb into a variation of the reverse STO, throwing Freddie Styles face first back to the glass shard covered ring mats.

Jim Gunt: Well I'll be damned.

Zach practically collapses atop Freddie as he goes for what kind of constitutes as a pin attempt, mostly because neither competitor clearly has anything left.

ONE...

Mike Rolash: How the hell did THAT happen?

TWO...

Mike Rolash: I'm confused...

THREE...

Clark Summits calls for the bell.

Jim Gunt: Zach van Owen somehow summoned up some super-strength. We don't often see him perform many power moves, but there we have it, another variation of the Limit Break brings home the victory for your young hero.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, and STILL CWF Impact Champion. Zach van Owen!

Leona Gainsborough shoots down the ramp and to the ring, having remained backstage for the match at Zach's request and does not hesitate to stand by her partner, helping him barely limp out of the ring and away from the arena, the title belt draped over his shoulder.

Mike Rolash: I'm conflicted Jim. On one hand, the do-gooder Zach won. But on the other...That was frigging amazing!

## **Open Ho\$tility**

Match

As the remnants of the Glass Tables match are being cleaned up by ring crews, the fans start growing restless as this is the point in the broadcast that fans at home are usually treated to various commercials that have been seen countless times before. However, instead of silence, a rumble starts throughout the crowd as "Yes" by LMFAO starts to play and the one and only Christopher \$t. James steps out onto the stage. As the music is playing, he eyes the ring crews sweeping up the various pieces of the earlier massacres and smirks. The music fades as the fans fall silent, willing to listen to the new sole owner of the CWF to see what he has to say, at least for now.

C\$J: Ladies and gents! How are you enjoying the evening so far?!

The crowd erupts in cheers as C\$J lowers his fancy sunglasses and winks at the camera with his crystal blue eyes.

C\$J: Good, because I promise you that the hits will keep on coming throughout tonight and into the future! You see, I didn't come out here just to get a quick poll of the crowd while the team at ringside clean up glass. No, I came out here to make an announcement that is sure to shake the very foundation of the CWF from the ground up. As sole owner of the CWF, I'm not here to bury anything, on the contrary, I want the CWF to survive and THRIVE. One way to make something thrive, is to give it some... Friendly competition. That said, Jon Stewart, I'm willing to give away exactly HALF of the shares of the CWF for you to do with what you choose. I will be taking my shares and opening up a secondary show that will have a roster of its own. More details of course to come, but for right now I'll leave you all with this little tidbit. Controversy and intrigue create a lot of talk, buzz, and gets people to tune in. With that in mind, the name of my new show is a name that I'm sure will light the fires of competition in the CWF and inspire them to greater heights. You see, you will all be in direct competition with the newly rebuilt, redesigned, and rebirthed HOSTILITY!

The crowd erupts at the announcement as "Yes" once again blares out. C\$J allows the mic to drop and the announcement of his brand of HOSTILITY being opened to sink in as crews finish cleaning the ringside area.

## **Tobias Devereaux (c) & Nathan Paradine vs. Jimmy Allen (c) & ???**

Match

Jim Gunt: I am speechless, Stewart and St. James sharing CWF and a brand new Hostility show right here under the CWF umbrella, that is a shocking announcement!

Mike Rolash: And I'm going to be head announcer for Hostility!

Jim Gunt: What? You knew about this?

Mike Rolash: No, but this is the only thing that makes sense, no?

Jim Gunt: Well, if it makes sense to you, then let's be happy about that part, but we'll see how that will progress. For now we have three more matches to come, first of all the tag team titles are on the line!

Mike Rolash: Yes, Tobias for the win!

Jim Gunt: As much as I hate to agree with you, there is a pretty good chance after that brutal match Jimmy has already gone through tonight.

Ray Douglas: The following match is for the CWF Tag Team Championships!

The opening riff to "Beat The Devil's Tattoo" by Black Rebel Motorcycle Club begins to blast around the area as Nathan Paradine emerges from behind the curtain slowly, the overhead lights reflecting off of his trademark sunglasses a small smirk crosses the Australian Submission Machine's face. He surveys the crowd for a moment thumbing the collar of his leather jacket before flicking his hands outwards as the lights cut to black and the music shuts down. White strobe lights start to flicker through the arena as we can see flashes from people's camera phones. Suddenly "Hysteria" by Muse starts to blare over the PA System as from the back comes in a slight jog De Cajun Sensation Tobias Devereaux

complete with fedora and trenchcoat.

Jim Gunt: We're being told that the new choice of music is an homage to the entrance theme used by Tobias during his days in Sanctioned Violence Organization, the place he and Paradine first became acquainted with one another.

Mike Rolash: Well ain't that just special?

Ray Douglas: Introducing first the team of the Australian Submission Machine Nathan Paradine and The Cajun Sensation Tobias Devereaux!!

The lights return to normal as the two men do a quick back hand fist bump to one another and head down the ramp towards the ring. Paradine goes up the steps as Tobias slides under the bottom rope and sprawls across the ring. Paradine wipes his boots off on the apron before stepping between the ropes into the ring. Both men meet in the middle of the ring and look out at the mixed crowd tonight. They take off their jackets handing it off to a ring hand. Meanwhile Tobias keeps the fedora on the turnbuckle in his corner, as the two await.

Mike Rolash: This match just isn't even fair, neither Paradine nor Tobias have even sniffed action yet and Jimmy Allen has already gone through hell tonight!

Jim Gunt: Well he will get the benefit of a mystery partner so that's at least some sort of consolation.

Mike Rolash: Hope the mystery guy likes a handicap match.

Jim Gunt: Thought you were a pro Tobias guy?

Mike Rolash: What would give you that idea?

Jim Gunt: Weeks of...

Mike Rolash: Anyway back to Ray!

Ray Douglas: Introducing their opponent, first hailing from Dallas Texas, this is The Catalyst Jimmy Allen!

"Cut The Cord" by Shinedown starts to play as Jimmy Allen slowly starts to walk out onto the stage. He's got a slight limp going on, his ribs are heavily taped as well, showing the wear of the hell he's already experienced tonight. He forces himself to give a little sick smile feeding off the pain as he makes his way with purpose down the ramp. He uses the steps to get up onto the apron and steps between the ropes leaning back into his corner.

Jim Gunt: You know I've been trying to figure out all week who this mystery partner is going to be. So far I've had my money on Mac Bane.

Mike Rolash: Nah, it'll end up being no one. Jimmy made nothing but enemies by jumping to the Hostility faction. Now that he's broken away from Loki and Milenko while being dumped by Tobias he's got no one left.

Ray Douglas: And introducing his tag team partner!

The lights start to dim as you can hear the crowd beginning to murmur as everyone is anxious to see the mystery partner. However after a few seconds nothing happens. We can see in the ring Ray steps over to Jimmy with his hand over the mic asking him something. After a moment we can just see Ray sort of shrug at ref Trent Robbins. Meanwhile Tobias has stepped out on the apron and can be seen laughing slightly with Paradine.

Mike Rolash: Told you!

Jim Gunt: Surely he's not going to go at it by himself, he's already been through one monster of a match he can't also go against these two guys in a handicap match.

Mike Rolash: If he wants a shot at the titles he's going to have to, it appears.

Jim Gunt: It looks like referee Trent Robbins is telling Jimmy Allen that he has to have a partner for this match to

happen. I guess Paradine and Devereaux are going to win by default?

Mike Rolash: Look at the ramp!

From the back with no music or fan fare comes Dorian Hawkhurst! He's walking down towards the ring with a sense of purpose. His head with a bandage over it from where he was busted open earlier. He stomps his way up the steps onto the apron and stands in the corner of Jimmy Allen and yells at Trent Robbins to ring the damn bell! Everyone looks dumbfounded but after a moment Trent comes to and calls for the bell!

Jim Gunt: Looks like we're getting a tag team match for the belts after all!

Mike Rolash: What the hell is going on, Dorian is now going to team with Jimmy Allen? The guy must of hit the bottle a little too much to have already forgotten about that hatred.

Jim Gunt: Maybe they beat a sense of mutual respect into one another?

Mike Rolash: More like whatever sense was left in Dorian was beaten out earlier in the night.

In the ring Nathan Paradine and Jimmy Allen are starting our matchup. A weakened Jimmy comes out looking to end things early, swinging with a zinging right hand but Paradine ducks it and immediately goes for a go behind, locking in a waistlock. Paradine squeezes the ribcage of his prey as Jimmy grimaces in pain. Paradine releases and fires off a quick right forearm into the kidney area of Jimmy Allen. Then a second forearm that sends Jimmy stumbling forward in pain. The Aussie stays right on him though grabbing him by the bandage and pulling him back only to lock in the waist lock again, squeezing him like a reverse bearhug. Paradine snaps his hips and takes Jimmy up and over with a german suplex but holds onto his grip. Paradine gets back to his feet dragging Jimmy up as well. He lifts Allen up into the air and slams him back down this time on his face with a greco roman style slam. Paradine shifts his weight and spins around on the back of Jimmy before sliding into a front face lock. Paradine torques at the neck of Jimmy as the ref checks for a submission.

Jim Gunt: The crafty veteran is certainly making use of the current state Jimmy Allen is in.

Mike Rolash: I mean it's smart wrestling, the guy is already beat up and tired so keep him from getting his wind and just grind him down more.

The Austalian Submission Machine gets up to a knee and leans back stretching out as Tobias stretches out and tags himself into the match. Paradine still holding onto the front face lock, Tobias comes around and steps into a soccer style kick to the ribcage of his former partner. Tobias runs towards the ropes and bounces back coming back with a full head of steam stepping into another boot straight to the ribcage of Jimmy Allen. Paradine releases the hold by the time Trent Robbins gets to a count of three and steps out of the ring. Meanwhile Jimmy Allen can be seen trying to catch his breath hard as his face is just etched in pain.

Jim Gunt: Nathan Paradine using every bit of the official's count to his advantage.

Tobias smirks and just stalks his prey before grabbing Jimmy by the waist and lifting him up to his feet. Devereaux squeezes his former partner in a waist lock before lifting him up and slamming him back down on his face. Devereaux stays on top of his opponent and rotates into a side control position across the shoulders of Jimmy Allen. Tobias uses his legs to wrap up one of Jimmy's arms and pulls the other back with one of his arms in a rings of saturn like hold but above the shoulders instead of behind them. Devereaux takes his free arm and just starts raining hammer fists and elbows down on the midsection of Jimmy Allen.

Mike Rolash: The sheer viciousness of Devereaux on display here.

Jim Gunt: Trent may have to think about stopping this for Jimmy's own good.

Dorian can't take anymore of this and storms into the ring and starts making his way towards Tobias, The Cajun

Sensation sees him coming and quickly rolls away from Jimmy Allen and slithers back towards his own corner as Dorian stands above his partner Trent Robbins is admonishing Dorian telling him he has to get back in the corner. Dorian starts towards Tobias again but Trent gets in the way. As soon as Trent's back is turned Tobias starts to saunter towards Dorian egging the big man on. Trent starts backing Dorian to the corner, threatening to disqualify him if he doesn't get out of the ring. Tobias uses this opportunity to grab Jimmy by the head and pull him up to his feet. The Catalyst fires off a quick jab to the midsection of Devereaux, then a second jab, and a third. Jimmy stands tall and levels Tobias with a haymaker. Dorian meanwhile has gotten back in the corner and extends his hand.

Mike Rolash: It looks like Dorian is hoping to get into this thing, legally this time...

Jimmy meanwhile in the ring has lifted Tobias back to his feet and sends him into a neutral corner. Jimmy charges into the corner hopping up with a knee strike to the face. Jimmy hooks the head of Devereaux and runs out of the corner looking for a bulldog, however Tobias pushes him forward slipping his head out of his grasp. Jimmy turns around into an european uppercut from Devereaux, then a second one, Devereaux looks for a roaring forearm shot but Jimmy ducks under, Jimmy with the go behind, Jimmy with a waistlock of his own. He goes to lift Tobias but Tobias uses his leg to hook Allen's so he doesn't come far off the ground. Tobias with a back elbow, a second elbow. Tobias goes for a heavy elbow shot but Jimmy ducks under it causing Tobias to spin all the way around to where they are facing each other but Allen still has him around the waist and lifts taking Devereaux up and over.

Jim Gunt: NORTHERN LIGHTS SUPLEX! Jimmy with the bridge.

Mike Rolash: Jimmy and Dorian are the new champs!

ONE!

TWO!

Devereaux shoots his fist straight into the rib cage of Jimmy breaking the bridge and pin.

Jim Gunt: No! Smart thinking there by Tobias Devereaux as he breaks up the pinfall with a hard punch to Allen's ribs.

Both men roll away from one another and get up to a knee. The two lock eyes with one another, Jimmy has a grimaced look of anger while Tobias just flashes his trademark smirk. Both men get to their feet not breaking eye contact. Jimmy charges in looking for a right hand but Tobias blocks hooking the arm in the process, fires his free hand towards Jimmy's face but Jimmy blocks the shot and hooks his arm. In this weird clinch like position neither man can really get position or leverage and seem to be in a standstill. The two struggle for a moment before finally Jimmy just hauls off and headbutts Tobias straight in the face, busting his nose in the process. The two stumble away from each other towards their respective corners.

Mike Rolash: Well that's one way of using your head, Jimmy!

Jim Gunt: God, that looked like it hurt him as much as it did Tobias, well maybe not quite as much, but you know what I mean.

Both men make tags as Dorian finally gets into the match as Paradine comes back in. The two meet in the center of the ring. Dorian goes for a stiff right hand but Paradine dodges and goes for an inside leg kick that catches Dorian right above the knee. Dorian goes for another right hand but Paradine again dodges and launches another leg kick this time to the outside of the same knee. Dorian has had enough and storms towards Paradine closing the gap as Paradine backs up trying to keep his distance but ends up backing right into the ropes. Dorian launches a right haymaker that Paradine has no choice but to eat as it connects so hard you can see spit fly a few rows into the crowd.

Mike Rolash: Was that spit, or a tooth, Jim?

Jim Gunt: I'm not sure but Dorian is going absolutely crazy in there, surprisingly showing just a bit of wear after the

devastating Doomsday Massacre Match earlier.

Mike Rolash: Well, Dorian had time to heal outside the ring...

Dorian fires off a few more stiff right hands as Paradine covers up and looks for an opening. Dorian grabs the Aussie and sends him off into the ropes. Paradine bounces back as Dorian looks for a big back body drop that sends Paradine higher in the air than he normally likes to be as he crashes hard onto his back. Nathan arches his back in pain as Dorian stays on the offensive lifting the Australian Submission machine back to his feet and hooking him for a suplex. Dorian lifts him up straight into the air holding him in the vertical suplex for what seems like forever as the blood rushes towards Paradine's head. Dorian then shrugs his shoulders tossing Paradine out of the suplex position and darting straight towards a spike on the head but Dorian falls back and nails him with a powerful Spike DDT from the suplex position!

Jim Gunt: Oh my god, he may have killed Nathan Paradine there.

Mike Rolash: Hyperbole much?

Jim Gunt: Okay gave him a serious headache and possibly broken neck?

Mike Rolash: Ding ding ding, sounds like a winner.

Dorian gets back to his feet looking down at Nathan Paradine who is barely moving. Dorian turns his attention over to Tobias and motions for him to come into the ring. Tobias doesn't look too keen on doing that. Dorian walks over to the corner as Tobias puts his hands up and tries to talk his way out of it but Dorian Hawkhurst just grabs him by the back of the head and brings him into the ring himself. Tobias does some backpedaling as soon as he hits the mat, scooting back from the larger man. Head official Trent Robbins is telling Dorian to focus on the legal man and gets between Tobias and Dorian. Tobias uses this to quickly get to his feet reaching over Trent's shoulder and dig a thumb into the eye of the beast. Tobias moves Trent out of his way and immediately starts throwing haymaker at Dorian Hawkhurst. Dorian throws Tobias off of himself. Tobias tucks and rolls from the sheer power.

Jim Gunt: Dorian Hawkhurst had this match won if he would have focused on Paradine and put him away, Mike.

Mike Rolash: That remains to be seen, but clearly Tobias got into the head of both Dorian and Jimmy and used that to his advantage.

Tobias continues rolling all the way out of the ring, Hawkhurst watching him the entire time as he gets back to his feet. Nathan Paradine pulls him in- BACKSTABBER! And right into the Mark of Judas!

Jim Gunt: Paradine has on the Mark of Judas, his trademark Gogoplata submission. Dorian is in trouble here, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Not so fast, Jimmy is looking to get into the action much like Tobias has done this entire match...

Jimmy Allen hurriedly comes into the ring through the ropes and makes his way straight for his opponent earlier and now partner, leaping up for a Body Splash not realizing somehow that Tobias has come in just in time- ROLLING CLOTHESLINE TAKES HIM OUT OF MID-AIR JUST BEFORE HE LANDS ON PARADINE! Dorian taps!

Jim Gunt: What a save from Tobias there, and it's over!

Ray Douglas: And your winners and NEW CWF Tag Team Champions....NATHAN PARADINE AND TOBIAS DEVEREAUX!!

"Beat The Devil's Tattoo" plays again as Paradine and Tobias get to their feet, being handed the Tag Team Championships which they raise in the air over the bodies of Dorian and Jimmy.

## **Lost in Time**

Match

The camera cuts backstage, where Charles State is walking down one of the corridors. Suddenly the sound of hooves draws his attention to the side. As the camera zooms out, a man clad in chain mail appears, with what looks like a squire in tow, hitting two coconut halves together, imitating the sound of a horse.

Sir Ocelot: Good Sir, could you kindly show us the way? I seem to have misplaced my map scroll.

Charles eyes the man with a suspicious look.

Charles State: Uh, the way where?

Sir Ocelot returns an indignant look as if Charles was a little daft.

Sir Ocelot: Medieval Warfare, of course! I, Sir Ocelot, member of the Knights of the Square Table, have traveled across countries and continents to announce my participation in this noble tournament!

The look on Charles' face changes from suspicion to incredulity.

Charles State: Medieval Warfare? There must be a misunderstanding, we have a tournament called Modern Warfare starting next week in Seattle.

Sir Ocelot looks at his squire.

Sir Ocelot: Did you see Attle?

Squire: No, Sir.

Sir Ocelot: Very well, we shall continue on then, since this man obviously has no inkling of our plight.

With that the two set off again, the clinking of coconut shells echoing through the corridors, leaving a very confused looking Charles State behind.

## **Autumn Raven (c) vs. Silas Artoria (c)**

Match

Mike Rolash: That guy looked familiar...

Jim Gunt: Sir Ocelot?

Mike Rolash: Yeah, I must have had a dream or something. For some reason I am thinking My Little Pony, too...

Jim Gunt: Are you ok, Mike?

Mike Rolash: I am not sure...

Jim Gunt: Well, you'll have time to figure things out, because the next match is not going to be a quick one!

Ray Douglas: The following is a LASSST MAN STANDING MATCH!

The lights go out in the CenturyLink Center, being replaced by slow rhythmic drum beats mixed in with a single note being played along with it. Dark lights flicker on and off at random points, as the ceiling shifts to show a flock of ravens flying around through the trees, almost diving out of the sky towards the ground that is the audience. Fog pours in on the top of the stage as the drum beats get faster and faster before stopping all together, the lights dimming to just barely nothing being there. The beginning lyrics of "Somewhere In Hollywood" start in as a figure slowly rises up from the mist.

"The sun is shining,  
Though everything's dying,  
Your stars burned out for good,

Somewhere in Hollywood"

The crowd cheers and claps as Autumn Raven stands amidst the fog, the Aversion title wrapped around her waist as she takes it all in, wearing the custom ring gear made for this event. She grins and starts slowly walking down the ramp, the dark lights flickering on and off as she goes.

"What the hell,  
This ain't no way to treat the living dead,  
Is this something from a novel that you read,  
It's time to cut the cord and say goodbye,  
Cos I'm the only thing that hasn't happened yet,  
And when it does I wished we'd never met,  
I did the best I could."

She climbs the stairs and steps under the middle rope, walking to the middle of the ring and unhooking the belt from around her waist as she raises it high above her head with a yell, the crowd going nuts as she does. She runs to each ring post and does the same thing before hopping down and walking to the middle once more to wait.

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

The lights go out, and the familiar blue, low fog starts seeping in to announce the impending arrival of Silas Artoria. Music isn't playing, just a hum drifting in and out of the background at a gradual faster frequency.

Bang!

The lights and the humming go out, and for several seconds there is nothing but pure silence. Then...

...violins seeped in. "I love you," said an unseen woman. "Show me," said a man, before the stage lit up in heavenly white and a piano band starts playing. "Something Got Me Started" by Simply Red.

Silas emerges on the stage, smiles all around as the crowd explode at his arrival and new outfit. White coat, white hat, black pants, red open collar shirt, and aviator shades. The WCWA Championship is fastened around his waist, and the man holding it stood on top of the stage, basking the audience response like a flower in the sun.

He struts down towards the ring, where a unamused Autumn awaits him.

Ray Douglas: And her opponent, from Toronto, Canada, he is the Psychotic Aristocrat....SILAS ARTORIA!!

Jim Gunt: After those amazing entrances, it is now time to finally start this match, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Finally is quite the appropriate word for this match-up. After a full year of these two going up and down with each other, teaming at times and beating the every living guts out of each other at others, finally this rivalry has come to its conclusion.

Jim Gunt: That's right Mike, things all started between Autumn and Silas at Frozen Over six, in a Falls Count Anywhere match. Now, after everything they have been through, they will settle the war with both Silas's WCWA United States and Autumn's Hostility Aversion titles on the line!

The personal animosity between the former Coalition members is apparent as Autumn Raven gets right in the face of Silas Artoria, obscenities and other nasty words flying out of her mouth as official "Big" Denny Davidson does his best to put his weight between the two, ringing the bell to start the match officially.

Jim Gunt: Here we go, Mike, and I don't think Autumn could be any more ready to get this match started. She has been waiting to tear the head off the snake that is Silas Artoria for months now, and I truly believe at this point just wants to get this thing over with.

Mike Rolash: The Psychotic Aristocrat has been in the head of Raven for a long time, and tonight is either make it or break it for her. Either Autumn Raven breaks out of the proverbial shadow of Silas that everyone seems to cast her in, or Silas shows the world that he is the true mega-star out of the bunch.

Silas calls Autumn in for a proper collar tie up to start things, but she does not fall for it so easily, instead coming straight in with a rising knee to his gut as he goes to lock up. Silas sees this coming though, grabbing the right knee of his former ally and flipping her backward. Autumn lands right on her feet, and the sold-out crowd in the Century Link Center pops aloud. Silas Artoria comes running in with a clothesline, but a quick Autumn matrix flips backward, narrowly escaping. Artoria changes his gameplan, leaping up in the air for a leg drop to the still propped up Raven. No, she dodges again just in time!

Jim Gunt: Wow, a game of reversals to start this thing off. Silas and Autumn know each other better than perhaps any other two competitors on the CWF roster, having toured the world together as part of the Coalition with Dean Coulter and Sam Braxton many months ago.

Mike Rolash: Exactly Jim, these two know each other's moves before their opponent can even think them up. It is going to be very interesting to see who gets the eventual upperhand, with how well both of these two know each other's gameplans going in.

Jim Gunt: Silas looks like he is doing just that, Mike, as he finally has Autumn cornered and is delivering some painful looking knee strikes!

After two brutal knees to the ribs of Autumn Raven, she shoves Silas off with all her strength, spinning herself through the ropes and onto the apron as fast as she can. Autumn calls Silas over to her from the apron, but the Psychotic Aristocrat sees her gameplan from a mile away, shaking his head no with a smirk on his face.

Mike Rolash: Silas isn't going for Autumn's attempt, Jim, I think he can tell that she was about to monkey flip him to the outside.

Jim Gunt: No, look! Autumn Raven just leapt onto the top rope, Mike. SPINNING HEADSCISSORS TAKEDOWN!

Mike Rolash: Woah!

Silas' body goes flying to the canvas in a contorted way after the landing of Raven's headscissor. She pulls herself up to her feet, not wasting a second of time to start stomping down upon the face of her most heated rival. Silas turns around after taking a couple of shots, but Raven just attempts to Curb Stomp him instead.

Jim Gunt: Artoria continues to roll around the ring, just escaping what could have been a concussion inducing curb stomp from Autumn Raven. With all the concussion issues that Silas has had over the past year, that would be the last thing he would need!

Mike Rolash: Silas is smart though, Jimmy, as he's escaped the ring now to take a little breather. There's no need to over exert himself in this one, this is a last man standing match and he's NOT one to lay down.

Having already grown tired of the games of Silas rolling around and escaping his fate, Autumn Raven screams out to the cheering crowd and slaps the sides of her legs, preparing herself for a big dive out of the ring. The Beautiful Psychopath runs at full speed, leaping through the top and middle rope.

\*SMASH!\*

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Jim Gunt: Our first holy shit of the match, Mike, and it was very appropriate as Silas Artoria just came back out of NOWHERE with a chair and took Raven literally out of mid-air by blasting her skull with it!

Mike Rolash: Speaking of concussions, Autumn Raven is not even moving after that chair shot. We need a medic out

here...

Jim Gunt: Showing concern for the wrestlers in the ring, Mike? Sounds like you're turning a new leaf tonight.

Mike Rolash: Don't tell anyone.

Instead of counting Autumn Raven out of the matchup as Silas is instructing him, "Big" Denny Davidson shoos him away to check on the well-being of Raven. She seems to be unconscious, bringing the fans in the first front rows up to their feet and pushing towards the front to see if she's okay. Artoria once again reminds Davidson of the rules of the match-up, and tells him that he must count Raven out no matter the circumstance. Davidson sighs aloud, pulling himself to his feet to do just that as Raven continues to not move an inch.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: This is utterly pathetic, what a tragic way to end what has been one of the longest standing rivalries in CWF history!

THREE!

Mike Rolash: Silas once again outsmarted Autumn, Jim. But if I were "Big" Denny, I think I would just end the suffering and call the match now...

FOUR!

Silas is proud of himself, raising his hands out straight as the capacity crowd send both cheers and several boos his way. Autumn however is still not moving, laying on her left side in a heap at the feet of Artoria.

FIVE!

SIX!

Jim Gunt: Come on Autumn, you can do it girl. Get up!

Finally, Autumn Raven starts to stir.

Mike Rolash: There's life in the raven!

SEVEN!

Jim Gunt: Autumn is rolling herself to her stomach, pushing herself up to her knees. Her face is busted open right next to her left eye, which is already beginning to swell up!

Mike Rolash: And Silas is measuring her up with the steel chair again, Jimmy, one more shot and this one will surely be over!

Still on her knees, an already bloody Autumn Raven begs for Silas to come at her again with the steel chair. The fact that Autumn is actually calling for the brutality seems to irritate Silas even more, as the Psychotic Aristocrat is fuming, finally deciding to come at her and swing. But Autumn leaps to her feet in an instant.

Jim Gunt: SPINNING HEEL KICK CONNECTS! The steel chair just came back to bite Silas Artoria in a big way!

Mike Rolash: At least Silas isn't busted open, Autumn is going to be in a bad way once that eye starts to fully swell up. She's going to have trouble even seeing her opponent in there.

Autumn wipes at her eye, making sure that none of the blood flowing obstructs her eyesight before turning back to Silas Artoria. Knowing that she will need an ice pack on that eye immediately following the match, Autumn seems to move into overdrive, pulling the grounded Silas up and giving him three quick but painful forearm shivers to the jaw. The Beautiful Psychopath attempts to irish whip her former stablemate, no, Silas holds steadfast and reverses, sending

Autumn into the steps!

Mike Rolash: Did you hear that, Jimmy? That sounded like a car crash, Autumn's body smashing into those unrelenting steel steps!

Jim Gunt: Yes, certainly not the kind of music you want to listen to to put your kids to bed at night with.

Mike Rolash: What the hell does that have to do with anything?

Jim Gunt: Not sure, but moving on Silas is once again showing not a single care for Autumn's wellbeing, as he is going right for her and stomping her right into those steps!

Silas stomps and stomps, Autumn taking some very nasty shots that eventually cause "Big" Denny Davidson to once again intervene. Silas snaps at this point, shouting at the official to do his job and stay out of his way, going right back for another big kick to Raven. No, she dodges out of the way in time again, leaving Silas Artoria to Dropkick the steps!

Jim Gunt: Silas Artoria just dislocated the steel steps with that dropkick, and may have dislocated a ligament or bone or two in the process!

Mike Rolash: Now both Autumn and Silas are down, but hopefully not out. This one is just starting to get good!

ONE!

"Big" Denny Davidson looks down at both competitors, counting both of them out as they lay on the floor outside.

TWO!

THREE!

Autumn is the first to roll to her side and back up to her knees, crawling over to where Silas resides and grabbing him by his hair.

Jim Gunt: Smack! Autumn Raven just slapped the taste out of Silas's mouth!

Mike Rolash: Can't say the man didn't deserve it, after everything he's put Autumn through over the months. But a slap isn't going to keep Artoria down for ten seconds, I can assure you that.

Jim Gunt: But this will....BROKEN FUTURE! Autumn just lifted Silas up and hit the Broken Future, spinning Silas around and spiking his head on those damned steps!

Mike Rolash: We talked earlier about these two knowing each other's movesets, well Autumn just went back to a move she hasn't used in many months and it worked to perfection.

Jim Gunt: Surprisingly Autumn isn't leaving Silas on the steps to get counted out though, as she just rolled him back into the ring! And she's taking the steel chair with her, Mike!

Measuring Silas up as he unknowingly pulls himself up to his hands and knees slowly, Autumn brings the chair down hard against the spine of Artoria! The Beautiful Psychopath then hurls the chair at the back of the head of Silas, the sick sound echoing through the arena.

Jim Gunt: Autumn Raven is back outside the ring, Mike, and she's looking under the ring for another weapon.

Mike Rolash: More steel chairs! Autumn has thrown in not one, not two, but three more chairs, Jimmy!

Jim Gunt: This one's about to get even more violent.

Taking one last steel chair out from underneath the ring, Autumn takes a long look at the weapon as a smile glazes her face like a donut. She turns to the cheering crowd, clapping a couple of the kids in the front row's hands before sliding back into the ring with the chair. Raven gets to her feet looking to put Silas out of his misery...

Jim Gunt: CLAW OF THE NIGHT!

Mike Rolash: Silas Artoria just stole the finisher of Autumn and Superkicked that steel chair right into her face! After the damage she took to the eye earlier, this cannot be good!

Jim Gunt: Definitely not, Mike, as Autumn is laying on her back showing absolutely no movement. "Big" Denny Davidson has no choice but to count her out.

ONE!

TWO!

Silas pulls the chair off the canvas that his former stablemate held just seconds before, waving it into the air to a mixed response.

THREE!

FOUR!

Although Autumn is still showing no movement, Silas is ready for her to rise up. He stands several feet away from her with the steel chair in hand, just waiting to strike.

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: Come on Autumn, get up!

SIX!

Mike Rolash: What, you want her to get up just so the Psychotic Aristocrat can knock her back down yet again?

SEVEN!

Autumn uses the middle rope to pull herself up, igniting a major cheer from the sold out crowd!

Jim Gunt: She's up! Raven is up!

Silas Artoria comes running at Autumn at full speed, swinging the chair as he approaches, but she ducks under. **BACK BODY DROP SENDS HIM OVER THE TOP ROPE AND SLAMMING HARD INTO THE BARRICADE OUTSIDE!** With the crowd once again on their feet, Autumn looks to take the match to another level. She heads upstairs, her back turned to her most heated rival as she takes a deep breath.

Jim Gunt: **CORKSCREW MOONSAUL-NO!** What the hell!?! Silas just caught Autumn out of mid-air. **LEAPING PACKAGE PILEDRIVER ON THE MATS OUTSIDE!**

Mike Rolash: Holy shit!

Jim Gunt: The holiest. But Silas may have expended the last bit of his energy though, Mike, as both him and Autumn lay on their backs outside the ring. The official is on the count, ready to go.

ONE!

TWO!

Silas is breathing heavy, but already rolls over to his side. Autumn however, looks to once again be seeing birdies as she doesn't move an inch.

THREE!

Silas Artoria grabs the apron, pulling himself up and immediately turning around to see the whereabouts of Autumn. When he realizes she is still down, he rolls himself back into the ring.

FOUR!

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: Once it looks like Autumn Raven is down and out, Mike. But something tells me that the Beautiful Psychopath still has a little bit of life left in her.

SIX!

Mike Rolash: She is showing incredible resiliency here tonight, no doubt. But how many shots to the head can she really take? Silas himself will tell you that concussions are a tricky thing in the wrestling business, and I can assure you that Autumn would rather be out here competing in a wrestling ring than in the back taking concussion tests.

SEVEN!

His eyes flickering back and forth between the pile of steel chairs in the middle of the ring and Autumn Raven who is finally beginning to move on the outside, Silas prepares himself for the worst.

EIGHT!

Jim Gunt: And she's up! For better or worse, Autumn Raven is up, and rolling herself back into the ring.

Mike Rolash: She could be walking right into her own demise. This isn't going to be pretty...

Jim Gunt: But Silas surprisingly hasn't gone for the steel chairs, Mike, instead opting to set Autumn up into the Electric Chair position. He's looking for the Fall of Man!

Mike Rolash: Autumn drops out, CLAW OF THE NIGHT! SUPERKICK!

Autumn and Silas are once again both down, neither competitor has anything left in them. The Omaha fans show their appreciation after such a grueling affair shown by two warriors who have come so far fighting together and against each other.

ONE!

TWO!

But Autumn rolls over right onto Silas, drilling him with right hands!

Jim Gunt: The Beautiful Psychopath has become unchained, Mike! She's laying into Silas good!

Mike Rolash: That's what she said!

Silas Artoria only takes but three quick right hands, unable to block any of them but able to throw the much smaller Raven off of him. Both man and woman are right to their feet, showing incredible stamina as they look on at one another from opposite sides of the ring.

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

\*CLAP CLAP CLAP\*

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

\*CLAP CLAP CLAP\*

Jim Gunt: The crowd here in the CenturyLink Center are absolutely loving this one, Mike, and you really can't blame them. Silas and Autumn have had such a heated rivalry over the last full year that you just knew this one would be a memorable fight. But the fact that they've gone this long and still both have life in them to give more...is just amazing!

Mike Rolash: Take a breath, brother, but you're right this has been a great match. The question remains, however, how much longer can Autumn go before that left eye becomes completely useless and she loses all eyesight until it's cared

for?

Jim Gunt: That's certainly a good question, Mike, as it looks like the swelling has gotten much worse over the time of this bout.

The two Psychopaths stand on opposite sides of the ring, remaining still as they wait for the other to make the first move. It is like they know each other better than themselves as neither wants to make a mistake. Finally the moment strikes and both move in sync, coming to the center of the ring post haste.

DISCUS CLOTH-NO! Autumn miraculously runs up the body of Silas before he can get into full movement, twisting around his body and grabbing ahold of the arm he was going to Clothesline her with on the way down to hit him with a strange but painful looking arm drag!

Jim Gunt: What a great counter from Autumn Raven! This is your chance, Autumn, you've got to get the job done!

Mike Rolash: Hit him over the head with a steel chair, for God's sakes!

Instead of taking a chair as a weapon, Autumn instead drags her adversary over to the pile of dining room equipment, laying Silas facefirst on top of the chairs.

Jim Gunt: KOJI CLUTCH! Autumn has Silas placed into that sick submission hold, pulling back on his head as he lays atop of the chairs. And she's wiping him up and down, smashing his face into the chairs!

Mike Rolash: God damn, that's sick but not sure how effectful though, Jimmy. Submissions won't get the job done in a Last Man Standing Match.

Jim Gunt: But they damn sure will damage Silas, and that is what I believe Autumn is looking for here.

An exhausted Silas Artoria, unable to fight back, allows himself to be pulled back and forth, his face smashing against the chair and his neck and spine pulled back into submission once again. Just when it looks like Silas has given up on the battle his body twitches, one time but a jolt big enough where it actually scares Raven off the submission. She looks on at Silas from one knee, as he gets to his.

Jim Gunt: Is the Passenger coming out? We haven't seen this side of Silas in months!?

Mike Rolash: No...Silas said he would keep it down...

Silas Artoria once again twitches, as his skin almost begins to change color right in front of our very own eyes. He slaps himself hard in the face, stopping the process immediately as Autumn just watches on. With a grimace, Silas comes to his feet and calls Raven towards him.

Jim Gunt: It looks like Silas has indeed quelled the Passenger, Mike, he's fighting this final battle with Autumn all on his own!

Mike Rolash: For better or worse, Artoria is taking things into his own hands. Have to say I respect that, Jim, and I think the Canadian Reaper may have now have the psychological advantage in this one.

Jim Gunt: How so?

Mike Rolash: Because he is in the head of Autumn, Jim. Will the Bloodletter come out or won't he? Well he isn't, because Silas is ready to fight his own demons on his own. And I think he's going to do just that now!

Autumn Raven looks Silas dead in the eye, showing just a scent of fear as she peers at him, finally deciding to grab a steel chair before she approaches. Another chair lays in the corner of Artoria, and he is quick to pick it up to defend himself.

Jim Gunt: Here we go, another battle of the chairs, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Get the band a'playin.

Wearily approaching one another with weapons in hand, Artoria takes the first swing to have it sidestepped by Autumn. She swings wildly trying to smack the Psychotic Aristocrat in the back but he flips around- GERMAN SUPLEX! The chair goes flying as Autumn lays on her back for just a moment, rolling to her side just to be NAILED by a Shining Wizard Kick right to her already severely damaged left eye!

Jim Gunt: Autumn collapses! This one has got to be over.

ONE!

TWO!

Mike Rolash: I hate to say it, because I could really watch these two beat the hell out of each other all night, Jimmy, but I think you're right. Autumn has taken SO much damage in this one, I don't think she has anything left...

THREE!

FOUR!

Silas doesn't wait for Autumn to begin to move, pulling her right to her feet!? A dazed Autumn Raven just stands in the middle of the ring as Silas points a finger gun at her measuring her up, sending himself quickly into the ropes and back. KNOCKO-NO! Autumn sidesteps the High Bicycle Kick.

Jim Gunt: CLAW. OF. THE. NIGHT!

Mike Rolash: What a reversal, and what another Superkick from Autumn! Silas is knocked out!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Silas Artoria is on his back, staring up at the lights of the CenturyLink Center. The crowd is still going ballistic.

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

\*CLAP CLAP CLAP\*

FOUR!

FIVE!

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

\*CLAP CLAP CLAP!\*

SIX!

Autumn stares at the downed Silas from the corner of the ring, completely spent and desperately hoping that he will stay down.

SEVEN!

But he doesn't.

Silas Artoria rolls himself to his stomach, and to his knees. The roof is damn near blown off the arena as Artoria has still not given up!

Jim Gunt: My god, what is it going to take!?

Autumn Raven: God damn it, Silas. STAY DOWN!

The Beautiful Psychopath screams as she grabs a steel chair, swinging it horizontally and spiking Silas right in the throat! Artoria is spitting out a line of crimson, but Raven is far from finished. She pulls the weapon back and swings, hitting the canvas as Artoria just rolls out of the way in time. Silas Artoria grabs onto his own steel chair, flinging it up into the air as Raven approaches knocking both it and her own chair into her face! Letting out a primordial scream, Silas hurls himself into the air taking himself and his greatest rival through the top and middle rope all the way to the outside!

ONE!

Jim Gunt: After it looked like Autumn had this match finally won, both these warriors are down AGAIN!

TWO!

THREE!

Mike Rolash: And now they're back outside the ring, Jimmy, and far away from the steel chairs that both have used several times. It's time for a new gameplan, and one that will finally get the job done.

FOUR!

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: Well I hope they're thinking one up while they're down, but they better hurry, because time is running out!

No movement as Silas and Autumn lay almost in a ball together, neither moving showing just how much hell they've put each other through to get out of the shadow of the other.

SIX!

Finally Silas pulls himself out of the wreckage, yanking on the ring apron and pulling himself and Autumn up on the way. Artoria grabs Autumn by the back of her head, taking her over to the side of the ring and blasting her eye-first onto it!

Jim Gunt: That's the hardest part of the ring, Mike! And by god Autumn is bleeding like a shiv, we are going to need another medic out here!

Mike Rolash: NO! Let these two finish this damn thing!

"Big" Denny Davidson looks to do just that, sighing as he looks on from a few feet away, allowing Silas to bring the bleeding Autumn up the steel entrance ramp. She comes back somehow, looking for a back elbow that barely damages Artoria as he just hip tosses her up onto the entrance ramp instead. Silas comes in with a sick and twisted smile on his face, stomping down on the hands of Autumn as she tries to get back to her feet.

He pulls her up by her hair, mouthing something to her that we can't pick up before dragging her further up the ramp. Autumn once again tries to fight back, turning herself around and striking out with a right hand. Silas hands one of his own. Autumn comes right back with a thunderous fist. The two continue battling all the way to the top of the ramp, as the sold out crowd continue cheering as they watch on.

Jim Gunt: This has got to be the bitter end, at least for one of these two, Mike!

Mike Rolash: What the hell is Silas doing, climbing up the CWF Tron to retreat?

Jim Gunt: Someone is going to be killed!

A cowardly or possibly brilliant Silas Artoria clings fast to the steel structure that holds up the CWF picture Tron, grabbing one rung at a time to pull himself up as Autumn first watches on in astonishment and then begins to climb after him. She strikes out with a right hand to his lower spine, attempting to pull him off the structure with a German but he holds steadfast. Silas continues climbing, and Autumn continues attempting to pull him off but going up with him.

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

\*CLAP CLAP CLAP!\*

Jim Gunt: Again the sold out crowd here in Omaha, Nebraska are chanting this is awesome. And while I completely agree that this has been without a doubt one of the most "awesome" matches in CWF history, if one of these two fall off of THAT height...my god their career could be over!

Mike Rolash: If that's what it takes to finally put this one to a rest, Jim, I think both Artoria and Raven are willing to do just that.

Using the bottom of his boot like a battering ram, Silas shoots it downward again and again trying to hit home, trying to send Autumn to the steel grated floor so many feet below. The quick as cat Autumn Raven somehow has enough life left to dodge every kick though, finally grabbing onto the boot of Silas and spiking it against the steel structure. The pain nearly causes him to lose his handling, as he falls momentarily before catching himself parallel to Raven.

Jim Gunt: FIST FIGHT! Autumn and Silas are holding on with dear life with one hand and beating the living snot out of each other with the other!

Mike Rolash: Only one man- or woman- can be left standing!

Back and forth shots are taken from both Artoria and Raven, neither competitor holding back or even trying to block the punches of their opponent. After several shots hit home, both competitors are swaying and nearly losing their grasp on the CWF Tron.

Jim Gunt: Uh oh, Mike, I think both Silas AND Autumn are about to go tumbling down the Tron!

Mike Rolash: NO! Only ONE!

As Silas and Autumn both try their best to remain conscious enough to hold on, with the crowd still cheering their hearts out, it is Autumn who moves- ascending up the body of Silas!? She grabs him by the neck with her legs, the surprised Artoria doing nothing but watching on as she flips backward- grabbing onto the structure perfectly as she spins through and sends him FLYING FIFTEEN FEET TO THE RAMP BELOW WITH A MASSIVE AVALANCHE RANA!

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

"Big" Denny Davidson dodges out of the way of the following Artoria just in time, watching on in horror as he lands with a nasty thud.

Jim Gunt: MY GOD, what a fall, Mike! Silas has got to be finished!

ONE!

TWO!

Mike Rolash: Finished? He's dead!

THREE!

FOUR!

Autumn finagles her way out of the pretzeled up position she was in on the steel structure, looking down at the broken down body of Silas as a smile barely comes across her lips.

FIVE!

SIX!

SEVEN!

Jim Gunt: Silas is still not moving! This is finally over!

EIGHT!

NINE!

Deep breath from Autumn as she prepares to hear the words that she's hoped to hear ever since meeting Silas Artoria one on one a full year ago.

TEN!

Ray Douglas: And your winner and LAST MAN STANDING....AUTUMN RAVEN!!

Jim Gunt: Medics, quick!

Mike Rolash: This was one of the most insane matches I've ever seen in this fed and there has been a fair share of wild ones!

Medics rush out to check on Silas and quickly motion for back-up for the Canadian who is still not moving.

Jim Gunt: I think it's safe to say that Autumn has stepped out of Silas' shadow for good, now holding both the Aversion and the WCWA United States title, but has she ended Silas' career in the process? We're going for a quick break, but we'll be right back with our main event, the triple threat between Loki Synn, The Shadow and Jarvis King!

## **The Final Countdown**

Match

The screen goes black as the ticking of a clock starts to sound.

Voiceover: The moment has come.

The faces of Loki Synn, The Shadow and Jarvis King briefly flash across the screen before quickly fading away into blackness again.

Voiceover: Months of rivalry coming to a boiling point.

A CWF ring appears on the screen, then images of the World Heavyweight and the Paramount title.

Voiceover: Loki Synn, the Janusian Jester.

Loki's mask appears above the ring and belts.

Voiceover: The Shadow, the Weaver of Dreams.

The Shadow's face, partially concealed by a hood show up next to Loki's.

Voiceover: Jarvis King, the East Coast Excellence.

Finally Jarvis appears on the other side of Loki.

Voiceover: Now, only at CWF's Frozen Over VII, live from Omaha, Nebraska!

The image looks like it is freezing over and finally shatters.

## **Loki Synn (c) vs. The Shadow (c) vs. Jarvis King**

Match

The lights around the arena cut out, as "Cult of Personality" by Living Colour starts playing.

And during the few moments that we have left,  
we want to talk, right down to earth  
in a language that everybody here can easily understand

As the song's iconic guitar riff begins to fill the arena, a single spotlight rests on the entranceway, and in an elegant script, words are scrawled across the screen:

Some men are born great  
Some achieve greatness  
But only one man is Jarvis J. King

With that, Jarvis King steps out into the entranceway, flanked by Elizabeth Bates. Jarvis bounds up and down, smacking himself in the face lightly before he raises his right index finger in the salute of the Glass Ceiling, which brings the lights up.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, from Halifax, Nova Scotia! Accompanied to the ring by Elizabeth Bates, he weighs in at 240lbs. He is The Icon, "East Coast Excellence" JARVIS J. KING!

The capacity crowd jeers The Icon as he makes his way to the ring lazily, sliding under the bottom rope before climbing the middle turnbuckle of his corner and raises his right index finger high above his head with a self-assured grin on his face.

Jim Gunt: And the moment we have all been waiting for ladies and gentlemen. After a night filled with ups and downs, violence and bloodshed, and just... A LOT going on, all leading up to our main event. Jarvis King. The Shadow. Loki Synn. The unification of...

Mike Rolash: Yeah, Jimbo we get it. It's an important match, but can you be silent long enough to give Jarvis his proper recognition that he deserves? I'm trying to bask in his greatness and all I hear is, "Blah, blah, blah."

Jim Gunt: The forever professional Mike Rolash everyone! Mike, you might want to mind your P's and Q's as your bestest FRAND is back and rumor has it that he's in the building tonight, despite not having a match.

Mike's face pales slightly, but he otherwise ignores Jim's comments as the lights go down and the sound of waves begins to sound with a bell tolling. Dark blue lights start to swirl as fog begins to billow out from the entrance. Electric guitars and a slow, pounding rhythm section set in, an elegiac lead guitar hovering over it as two hooded figures step out through the curtain. The Shadow raises his staff and all lights go down completely. Suddenly the ring posts explode in blue flames with The Shadow and Myfanwy in the center of the ring.

Mike Rolash: Well then. I guess here's Shadow with his once a month, "Let me impress with theatrics!" entrance.

Jim Gunt: Let's see you do better Mikey.

Mike Rolash: I could. And don't call me Mikey.

Before Jim has a chance to retort the lights once again cut out.

Mike Rolash: Is Jarvis the only one that pays the electric bill around here? Why must the lights go out for every single...

Mike doesn't get a chance to finish as "They're Coming To Take Me Away (Ha-Ha!)" by The Butcher Babies queues up. The haunting whispers echo throughout the arena, "They're coming to take me away ha-ha. They're coming to take me away!" It repeats itself in the complete darkness, over and over until it reaches a fever pitch and the music to the song commences. A figure comes out on stage, flickering in the strobe light pattern of the camera phones going off throughout the arena. Finally, blue and purple spotlights illuminate the stage, allowing everyone a better view of the lone figure. The CWF Heavyweight Championship is strapped around her waist and she wears pants similar to Loki's, only the color scheme has changed to patches of dark blues and purples. She wears a matching halter top that

shimmers in the dim lighting. She steps forward as the creepy lyrics continue to haunt the arena. The fans closest to the champion start to murmur as her facial features are what everyone seems to be noticing the most. Half of her face is masked with a blank, white theatrical mask. The other half of her face shows the features under the mask, a scar right above her eye and around her mouth from where she ripped open her own mask with barbed wire. The look in her eye is one of pure malice and a sadistic smile plays across the half of her lips that fans can see.

Jim Gunt: Well, here comes the champ, but I have a note here that she has requested that she not be called Loki Synn anymore and to instead be referred to as Cheshire?

Mike Rolash: What kind of magic mushrooms is Mia smoking?! How many personalities can one person have without being locked up permanently?!

Cheshire makes her way down the ramp as the lights slowly lift and everyone can look on her new appearance. Shadow has a look of concern mixed with hesitant and hopeful satisfaction while Jarvis... Could really care less and instead takes the time to yell for whoever she is to get into the ring. Cheshire looks at him curiously and laughs before blowing a kiss to Shadow while caressing the ring lovingly. Clark Summits asks the champion to get into the ring. Cheshire pretends that she doesn't hear him and instead strolls around the ring, taking her time, causing Shadow to only begin to look at her more intently and causing Jarvis to only yell louder that this was an obscene and unfair usage of the term, "champion's advantage."

Jim Gunt: Not that Jarvis would know ANYTHING about abusing a champion's advantage, now would he?

Mike Rolash: What are you talking about?! I can tell that this is going to be a long and drawn out affair with you saying all these... These lies about the future World Champ... My man Jarvis!

Jim only has a chance to give Mike an incredulous look before turning his attentions back into the ring where Cheshire has finally gotten into the ring and is now sitting in her corner, thudding her back into the turnbuckle as Summits checks Jarvis and Shadow for foreign objects. Clark makes his way over to Cheshire who only continues to pound against the turnbuckle, each time she makes contact with the pads, the ferocity in which she hits increasing. Unsure how to proceed and seeing that she isn't wearing any sleeves, he only pats down her legs and calls it good.

Mike Rolash: What about that?! Is an object check really necessary if it isn't going to be done properly? Loki Mia Cheshire should be made to stand to finish the pat down, it's only fair.

Jim Gunt: While I can't believe that I actually agree with that point, do YOU want to be the one that forces Cheshire to stand up and submit to a pat down?

Mike Rolash: Nope. Good call.

Before anyone else can say anything though the familiar tune of "Yes" by LMFAO once again plays on the loudspeakers and C\$J makes his way out on stage once again. Before waiting for his music to cease he begins speaking as he heads down to the ring.

C\$J: Ladies and gents. Seeing as this is the biggest event of the night during one of the biggest events of the year, I'm here to make a couple last minute changes. The first one is that since I'm WELL aware of the history between this... Menage a trois, I am hereby banning ALL members of the competitors active stables, that's The Forsaken, Glass Ceiling, and any remnants of the Hostile Takeover that might want to get involved, as well as druids and carnival dropouts. Maidens of the competitors are also hereby barred from ringside for the duration of this match.

The fans pop as Jarvis starts to swear and Elizabeth tries to yell back to Clark Summits who is telling her she has to go. Myfanwy just shrugs her shoulders and shouts a couple encouraging words to Shadow before heading to the back. Elizabeth however, seems to want to stay put.

C\$J: Have it your way. Should you decide to NOT listen to me Miss Elizabeth, as beautiful as you might be, you will

force me to remove your boy toy Jarvis from this match and make this match a one on one affair.

The fans only get louder as Jarvis' face grows beet red. He shoos Elizabeth up the ramp and she finally leaves, walking past C\$J and giving him her best killer look she could manage. Nonplussed, C\$J shrugs and continues on around ringside and makes his way to the commentary table where a third chair has been set up next to Jim Gunt.

C\$J: Secondly, seeing as I just made a big blockbuster announcement earlier and I enjoy a "hands on" approach to ensure this main event is the epic that it should be, I'll be remaining at ringside for the entirety, to serve as special guest commentator, and in the HIGHLY unlikely event that Mr. Summits isn't able to perform his job duties of counting to three, I will be more than happy to hop in and take over as special guest referee in this match. Now, Mr. Timekeeper whose name escapes me... Ring the damn bell to get this match underway!

Clark calls for the bell as C\$J takes his seat and puts his headset on. In the ring, Cheshire stands herself up and beckons for the two competitors to come at her. Neither seem to be taking the bait and only stare at her, wondering how to proceed. As Shadow takes the first step toward the champ, Jarvis takes advantage and comes up behind Shadow, looking to start things off early with a German suplex! The fans pop for the move, but when Jarvis pops up to his feet and turn to Cheshire, he instead finds her hurling toward him at a breakneck speed and hitting a massive clothesline that drives them both to the ground!

Jim Gunt: Wow! Out the gate we see a lot of action!

Mike Rolash: That was a cheap shot by the champ! She should know better!

C\$J: In what world do you live in where you call a clothesline a "cheap shot?" Like, did Milenko or Stewart pay you to come up with stuff to make you sound like a dick or is that just a natural talent?

Mike Rolash: It's a natural talent I think. I haven't seen a pay increase since my last annual review, when Rish was still in charge.

C\$J: Ah, well we'll see what happens in the fut...

The owner of CWF and the newly announced HOSTILITY doesn't have a chance to finish as Cheshire climbs up on top of The Icon, picks him up by the hair, and delivers a massive headbutt across his forehead! Jarvis hits the mat hard and Cheshire lets out a small giggle as his head hits the mat again. She bounces off of him, but not before delivering a brutal stomp to The Icon's solar plexus before turning her attentions to Shadow, who runs up and delivers a running dropkick to Cheshire! The champion falls backwards and rolls through to her knees, launching herself at Shadow, who is ready for her. Cheshire stops short of Shadow and the two meet gazes. Tension mounts as the two talk smack to each other, only for Shadow to move Cheshire out of the way and takes a clothesline from Jarvis for his troubles! The Weaver of Dreams flips through the air and lands hard as a crazed Jarvis turns to Cheshire, launching himself toward the champion and hitting her with a short arm clothesline. She staggers back into the ropes and bounces back, looking for a clothesline of her own and getting a spinebuster in return for her troubles! Looking for respite she rolls out of the ring while Jarvis curses and instead focuses on Shadow who is getting back up in a corner, using the turnbuckle for support.

Jim Gunt: Looks like Cheshire needs a bit of a rest on the outside of the ring after having her bell rung by Jarvis.

Mike Rolash: Well, serves her right for declaring war against Jarvis. She says stuff about "guilty by association," but what about all the stuff she's done? What about what she did to Jaiden?

C\$J: Can't imagine Jarvis' frustrations, looks like he was looking to follow up but Cheshire rolled out of the way too quick.

Cheshire hops back up onto the ring apron as Jarvis and Shadow meet inside the ring. The Shadow goes to grab Jarvis, but The Icon goes downstairs with a quick boot to the gut. Shadow doubles over and Jarvis looks to capitalize

before Shadow springs up, looking to clothesline Jarvis. The leader of The Glass Ceiling ducks and Shadow runs by him spearing Cheshire off the apron! The two fly through the air, Shadow having the momentum of a speeding train, and crash THROUGH the front of the announce table! The fans erupt at the move as Jarvis can hardly believe his luck in the ring. He smiles and applauds sarcastically as Shadow rolls off the prone body of Cheshire, a gash on his forehead gushing blood due to a splinter from the front of the table!

Mike Rolash: I think I feel Cheshire breathing on my feet...

Jim Gunt: Any way we can move a bit further back?

C\$J: Nah, we're fine guys, nothing wrong with this! THIS is what we're all about here isn't it?! Open "hostility?"

Rolash looks to respond when all of a sudden two masked figures jump the barricade and start laying boots onto both Cheshire and Shadow! C\$J grabs a microphone and hops up on the announce table to the right.

C\$J: STOP! This is NOT how this is going down. Now, if I were a betting man, I'd be willing to put money on the fact that you two...

He points at the two masked men who both each look to continue their task as Jarvis looks on from ringside.

C\$J: Maybe this will get the two of your attentions. Stop the beat down and unmask or so help me if you are contracted under the CWF I will fire you right here on the spot and bar you from the building. As I was saying, if I had to venture a guess, I'd say you are Duce Jones and Freddie Styles!

This gets the masked men's attentions as they both stop what they're doing and unmask, revealing a very battered and bloody Smokin' Aces! Freddie has bandages littering his arms and torso, remnants of his Glass Table Impact Championship match with Zach earlier. Duce has seen much better days as his face is heavily bandaged with gauze from his earlier encounter with Trent Steele.

C\$J: That's what I thought. So, here's what we're going to do since I KNOW that Shadow has Druids up the ying-yang and they're all itching to get out here. I know that The Forsaken are probably heading to the entrance ramp now to help out, and I'm sure there are some Sentinels of Synn somewhere waiting to be relevant once again. DESPITE what I said at the beginning of this match. So here's what is going to happen. Those aforementioned groups are ALL going to come down to this very ringside and we're going to turn this into a lumberjack match! Now Aces, if you know what's good for you, you'll roll Shadow and Cheshire back into that ring, so we can get a definitive winner of this shindig!

The crowd erupts in cheers as Jarvis stomps his foot in the ring. A Sentinel appears behind Rolash who jumps expecting someone else. He relaxes slightly realizing it is a SoS but instead, the masked man spins Rolash around, smacks him across the face, and unmask to reveal...

ATAXIA!

Ataxia: HIIIIII FRANDS!

The Messiah Pariah waves at everyone as Rolash jumps and tries to run and hide. C\$J hops off the table and grins as Zach and Dorian both come out of nowhere, showing signs of their earlier battles. Zach tees off against Freddie as Dorian takes on Duce, who holds up a finger asking for a moment before leaping up off the stairs and driving his knee into the side of Dorian's face! The Forsaken Demon stumbles but growls but Duce is already up on the ring apron, looking to leap off for another knee when he is brought down by a Punchline courtesy of Cheshire! Duce falls like a sack of potatoes to the ring floor and remains unmoving as Dorian smirks and goes to help Zach with Freddie as they pick up right where they left off. Before Dorian can make any kind of impact though, someone dressed as Impakt jumps the barrier and spins Zach around, booting him in the gut! Zach doubles over and quickly stands up, barely missing a boot to the side of his head by Impakt! Impakt dashes off and Zach gives chase, limping on his one good leg. Dorian shrugs his shoulders as he and Freddie go to blows. Satisfied C\$J hops from the table and takes his seat putting his

headset back on.

C\$J: Problem solved. These things typically have a way of working themselves ou...

He stops as he spots Ataxia who just stares at him before delivering another slap that rings out! Hopping up and over the table Ataxia leaps in to help Dorian. Meanwhile in the ring, Shadow is still being attended to by medical personnel on the apron, the gash on his head still bleeding as Jarvis is being looked on by Elizabeth, who has taken something out of her cleavage to hand to The Icon. Before she can though, Myfanwy appears and the two women start to fight, much to the enjoyment of the fans!

Jim Gunt: Pandemonium has erupted here at ringside after Shadow has driven Cheshire through our announce table in what is sure to be engraved on the mind's eye of everyone present tonight!

Mike Rolash: Why does HE have to be back?

C\$J: Honestly, I saw this coming, and as I mentioned, these things have a tendency to blow out if given more fuel. For the most part after my announcement, we're back to the original match with the added benefit of everyone but the champion having someone in their corner.

Jarvis yells for Elizabeth, but instead runs at Cheshire, who still has her back turned, looking like she might almost go to help Dorian, Ataxia having broken off and is beckoning to his beloved. Before she can make up her mind Jarvis sneaks in behind her and hits her with his patented...

Mike Rolash: STRAIGHT JACKET SUPLEX! JARVIS HAS THIS IN THE BAG!

Just as the words leave Mike's mouth however, Cheshire once again rolls through and back to her feet, stumbling backward. Her legs look to be rubber as Jarvis looks to press his advantage, taking a running start and heading in Cheshire's direction... Only to run into a Hammer of Doom from The Shadow! The crowd cheer at the move as Shadow pounds the mat, trying to build his adrenaline.

Jim Gunt: The Shadow showing just how much he wants this.

Mike Rolash: Could you imagine it being the likes of Shadow unifying the two belts? I think I might be sick.

C\$J is busy studying the ring as The Shadow gets to his feet, wobbly as ever as Cheshire charges him. He's ready for her and with sudden speed and impact hits the Last Laugh DDT! Cheshire's head bounces off the mat as the crowd is stunned into silence as The Shadow drapes his hand over her chest.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: YES!

C\$J: NO!

At the very last moment Cheshire rolls her shoulder, as Summits calls for only a two count. Cheshire rolls to the closest apron, shaking her head and trying to clear the cobwebs as she is quickly joined by Ataxia who seems to be whispering words of wisdom to her. The lock eyes, their faces get closer, only for Ataxia to pull Cheshire out to the floor as gently as he can as he takes a baseball slide straight to the chest by Jarvis! Ataxia flies backward, his back bouncing off the barricade as Cheshire screams from the ground. With fire in her eyes she stands up as Jarvis scrambles away, a look of pure rage in her eyes as she snags the half of the Loki mask on her face and rips it off! She stares down at it and shakes her head.

Cheshire: No more.

Her words are barely audible as she looks up into the eyes of Jarvis. Shadow rolls to the apron, Myfanwy quickly coming over to him, blowing the red hair out of her eyes as she tends to Shadow. Jarvis yells at Cheshire, Mia, whomever to come and get it. Another banshee like scream echoes throughout the night as Cheshire charges, violent intentions on her mind as she backs Jarvis into the corner and begins blistering him with rights and lefts to the head and torso! She lets him fall to a sitting position as she backs up and with authority delivers a soccer like kick right to the chest of The Icon! Jarvis yells out but grabs Cheshire's foot as he stands, putting it on his shoulder. Cheshire hops on one foot once, she bounces again, and watches in horror as Jarvis jumps and tries to go for a knee breaker! Before he lands the move though, Cheshire leans forward, surprising The Icon by grabbing him by the upper arms, smiling viciously, and leaps backward; driving her other foot right into the face of Jarvis King!

Jim Gunt: Unorthodox, but I guess that's Mia... I mean Lok...Cheshire?

Mike Rolash: I don't care. Jarvis is going to come out on top, just watch.

The three watch as Jarvis bounces up and lands awkwardly on the mat as C\$J and Jim both give Rolash looks of extreme disappointment. Cheshire gets to her feet and follows Jarvis as he rolls to an apron, standing him up on the side and tossing him back into the middle of the ring. Giving him no time to react she bounces off the same ropes and delivers The Punchline yet again to Jarvis! The Icon goes down hard, quite similar to Duce as Cheshire once again picks him up and props him up on her shoulders to deliver her version of The Last Laugh!

Jim Gunt: Looks like Cheshire just wants to hurt Jarvis as he's laid out in the middle of the ring, she's not... Capitalizing though.

C\$J: I'm not all that familiar with the story here, why is she rocking back and forth and staring intently at an otherwise dead from blood loss Shadow?

Mike Rolash: They're crazy, nuff said.

Indeed, Cheshire rocks herself back and forth as she stares directly into the eyes of an unconscious Shadow, who looks like he had seen better days. She pounds her head a couple times before she stops suddenly and abruptly. A still falls over the arena as she stands and charges at The Shadow! The fans flip out as she looks to make contact, but stops right before she does, startling Myfanwy away from The Weaver of Dreams. She smiles and waves at the red haired Druid as she drags The Shadow to the center of the ring and covers him!

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Uhm... What is going on?

Rolash's face is only showing one of shock and even C\$J's jaw has hit the floor as Cheshire pulls Shadow's arm up, breaking her own cover! With another shrill giggle, she rolls Shadow on top of Jarvis and yells for Summit to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: THE SHADOW HAS DONE IT! HE IS CWF'S FIRST EVER WORLD AND PARAMOUNT CHAMPION!

Ray Douglas: Your winner and still Paramount Champion and NEW CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION....THE SHADOW!!

"Mea Culpa" plays over the speaker system as The Shadow rolls off of Jarvis King, looking on at Cheshire with a

strange look on his face as the official hands him both the Paramount and World Heavyweight championships. The Weaver of Dreams looks at the gold in his lap and back at Cheshire as the credits roll on the Frozen Over VII PPV.

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite