Genesis: CWF Genesis

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: December 3, 2019
Location: Wells Fargo Center — Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Results

The Genesis of a Fruitful Partnership

Match

The camera cuts backstage into the Wells Fargo Arena, where the backs of three suit clad men-- one of which is full North Korean military formal garb-- can be seen marching toward the office of CWF owner Jaiden Rishel.

As they approach the door of Rishel's office, the man in the center runs a hand through his platinum blonde, slicked back hair, not bothering to knock as he reaches down and turns the knob. As soon as the door is opened, the triad of unknown men are stopped in their tracks by T.J. "Fridge" Flint, the head of CWF security.

Jaiden Rishel: It's alright. Fridge. I'm expecting them.

With a huff, T.J. steps aside, crossing his arms in front of him. He recognizes these three men, and doesn't look all too comfortable with their presence here at Genesis tonight. Slowly, the camera turns to reveal the faces of the trio, and a very audible, very mixed reaction can be heard throughout the arena by the live crowd in Philadelphia as they see why Mr. Flint was so apprehensive about letting them in.

Michael Best, Maximilian Kael, and Cecilworth M. Farthington.

Collectively known as The eMpire, HOW's technically unsanctioned HOFC Champion, LSD Champion, and the World and ICON Champion respectively look smugly across the desk at Jaiden Rishel, who is already prepared with some official looking documents on his desk.

Jaiden Rishel: Gentlemen… welcome to the Championship Wrestling Federation. We're very proud to be airing this show from HOTv, and please, consider yourselves my guests here tonight. Make yourselves at home.

He reaches out to shake hands with the HOW singles champions. The militarily attired North Kaelrean General Max Kael gives him a half-interested handshake, followed by a firm handshake from Michael Best. Jaiden moves on to Cecilworth Farthington, who grins like a shark.

Mike Best: DON'T!

In a flurry, Michael slaps the hand of Jaiden Rishel away from the HOW World & ICON Champion.

Mike Best: Don't let him grab your arm. He'll break it. He's going through a phase.

Farthington shrugs his shoulders, the shit-eating grin not leaving his face.

CMF: I am a known breaker of arms. Kind of my thing. Probs not a phase, tee bee aitch.

The CWF owner takes a moment to take this information in, briefly considering what he's gotten himself into.

Mike Best: Anyway, we won't take up much of your time, Jaiden. From one child of a wrestling dynasty to another, I know you're a busy man. I wanted to come here tonight to officially welcome you and the CWF to the High Octane Television Network.

Jaiden Rishel: This has been a long time coming. Our rosters share a lot of history, and I know we've had our own

personal ups and downs, but this deal is big. It's fitting that it all starts tonight at Genesis, isn't it? Let me get you boys something to drink… it's time to celebrate.

The CWF mogul turns toward his mini-bar, which is currently occupied by Maximilian Kael-- he eyes Jaiden with suspicion, at least with the one functioning eye that he has. Somehow, his iron eyepatch seems to be staring, too.

Michael reaches out a hand, gripping Jaiden by the arm and stopping him.

Mike Best: Hold on, Jaiden. I didn't have to come here in person just to say hello and sign a piece of paper. We both know why I came all the way out to Philadelphia tonight— we have a deal to honor.

Silently, Jaiden nods his head.

The HOTv deal had not come without a price, and now it was time to give the devil his due. Whether or not Rishel has come to regret this decision is not evident on his face, however— he remains businesslike as he reaches into a desk drawer and produces a large fabric bag. He drops it on to the desk with a heavy thump.

Jaiden Rishel: Here it is. Everything we agreed to.

Michael opens the bag, pulling out the prize inside like an excited child who has reached the bottom of a cereal box. It's an official CWF World Championship Title, with the name Michael Best permanently etched onto the nameplate.

Immediately, the live crowd can be heard booing throughout the arena.

Mike Best: Beautiful work. Is this an original Halkum? Man, he designs beautiful championships.

Michael looks over the belt, taking in the details.

Mike Best: And you've filled the official paperwork?

Jaiden nods his head.

Jaiden Rishel: It's done, as we agreed. This title signifies that you OFFICIALLY won the CWF Championship at Summer Games on August 7, 2018. Eric Dane's name has been scrubbed from the CWF title history, and replaced with yours. Congratulations.

Max Kael, currently metaphorically balls deep in the mini fridge, interrupts the proceedings through an actual mouthful of peanuts.

Max Kael: Of all the petty things you've ever done, dear brother, this is the pettiest.

Michael isn't bothered by the criticism of the literal peanut gallery, staring at "his" CWF World Title with actual glee in his eyes.

Mike Best: I'm a petty guy, Max. Besides, what better way to cement a partnership between the CWF and HOW than to break bread over a rage quitting crybaby who couldn't hang with either of us?

He glances toward the camera, now clearly talking to whoever might be watching.

Mike Best: This is what happens when you burn every bridge on the way out, Eric. What happens when every promoter remembers you with a sour taste in their mouth. This didn't even take very much convincing— Jaiden loved the idea. He was happy to erase you from the record books, like you never existed. All I had to do was ask. You've made a lot of enemies, and you're proud of that, but you've never had one as petty as me.

Snapping out of promo mode, he turns from the camera and leans over the desk, scribbling his signature onto his portion of the HOTv contract.

Mike Best: You did the right thing, Mr. Rishel. Here's to the… Genesis… of a long and fruitful partnership. Best of luck tonight, and have a great show.

For just a moment, Jaiden Rishel shows a gleam of regret in his eyes, as Michael hoists the ill-gotten CWF Championship up onto his shoulder and assembles his troops. The three members of the eMpire make their way out of the office, as the scene cuts away.

Sean Fuller vs. Savannah Jade vs. 'Radical' Gabe Reno

Match

Ray Douglas: The following triple threat contest is your opening match and is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first…

The lights cut out as "Affliction" by Skarlett Riot starts to play. Sean Fuller walks out from behind the curtain and slowly proceeds down to the ring with his wrists/hands taped up and wearing his usual straight black wrestling tights and boots.

Ray Douglas: Making his way to the ring, being accompanied by Celeste Fuller! From Parts Unknown, weighing in at two hundred forty-six pounds! SEAN FULLER!!

Celeste Fuller is following not far behind her husband. Sean rolls into the ring under the bottom rope and rolls up to one knee, resting both hands on the other knee with his head bowed. Sean pulls back so he is sitting against one of the bottom turnbuckles, his arms draped over the bottom rope on either side of him.

Jim Gunt: Fuller looks set for action as he's looking to rebound from a submission lost to newcomer Thaddeus Duke at Evolution 72.

Mike Rolash: He's straight-forward, hard-hitting and looks to continue his path of brutality against these two tonight.

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

Ray Douglas: Participant number two, making her way to the ring from Nashville, Tennessee.. Weighing in at one hundred twenty-five pounds… "The Living Dead Doll"... SAVANNAH JADE!!

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

Jim Gunt: Savannah might have her eyes set on getting a bit of revenge against Fuller who viciously attacked her after defeating her at Evolution 69.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, he planted her face first into a steel chair after their match so I'm sure she's looking for some type of payback.

Darkness replaces the arena lights. A golden spotlight shines on a hooded figure center stage. The song "Golden Age" transitions with the simultaneous action of breaking the arms extended pose.

Ray Douglas: Participant number three, making his way to the ring from San Diego, California.. Weighing in at two hundred pounds! "Radical" GABE RENO!!

He flicks the hood off in a circle 360 jump toward the cameraman. "I'M STILL HERE BITCH!" Reno hops onto the apron, ascending the ropes with his middle finger waving at the crowd. He soaks in the boos with his arms out again,

seemingly using it to power up before the bell. Flipping into the ring he tosses his jacket at a ring hand with a smarmy smirk.

Jim Gunt: Here’s a man who makes his debut here tonight in what should be an already volatile situation already between Jade and Fuller.

Mike Rolash: Well it’s too early to call on this guy but hopefully, he impresses here tonight.

All three competitors look prepared to go as they complete their final stretches inside of the ring. Senior official signals for the bell and the three begin to circle the ring, each searching for their own advantage. Reno gets things started as he attempts a bicycle kick, aimed at Fuller but he catches the boot and wags a finger in denial. Now making her move, Savannah advances on both men but Fuller quickly throws Gabe's foot in her direction. She ducks underneath as Reno spins a full three-sixty, rising back up, she goes for a kick on Sean but he catches her foot as well, swinging it towards a recovering Radical as leans back with a matrix evasion, avoiding the strike himself. Sean smiles coyly at the efforts of his opponents as they now stand side by side, a double clothesline attempt is dodged by Fuller as he ducks under, rebounding off the ropes into double SUPERKICKS from Jade and Reno! The shots send Fuller tumbling through the top and middle ropes, crashing to the outside.

Jim Gunt: And the "x" finally hits it's mark as Savannah and Gabe send Fuller to the outside!

Mike Rolash: Fuller thought he had everything figured out as we was able to counter the beginning attacks.

Jim Gunt: Indeed, he was on a roll but now we have Jade and Reno inside of the ring. Two fairly new competitors to the Championship Wrestling Federation.

Mike Rolash: Yeah Jade made her debut at Evo 69 where she was defeated by the very man, trying to recover outside of the ring. As for Reno, I think this is our first look at him, here tonight.

Back inside of the ring, Reno seems to be trying to have a conversation with Jade. Pointing towards Fuller, it seems that he's trying to get on common ground with the Living Dead Doll. She only smiles before paint brushing his face with a hard slap! Taken aback, Reno clutches at his jaw, turning his back to Jade trying to collect himself. With an assuring nod, he turns back to her, pointing a finger but she's not hearing anything he has to say, interlocking her fingers with his and slapping him hard across the chest with her free hand. Using him as leverage, she races towards the corner and scales the buckles before leaping off and onto his shoulders, taking him over to the mat with a hurricanrana! The momentum sends Reno into the opposite corner where he woozily uses the ropes to get back upright but he quickly stumbles into a hard european uppercut, forcing him back into the buckles!

Jim Gunt: Jade looking to gain the early advantage as she has Reno on his heels. Monkey flip from the corner by Jade and that was simply beautiful, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, she got some extra torque on that flip and here comes Fuller, looking to get back in this one.

Sneaking up behind an unsuspecting Jade, Sean forces her into the ropes and tries an O'Connor roll but she holds onto the ropes, sending Fuller flailing backwards by himself. He's quickly to his feet as Jade charges at him, he sidesteps and she rebounds off the ropes where he leapfrogs over her. Rebounding again, she catches him by surprise in the return with a headscissors takedown, forcing him under the bottom ropes and back outside, next to a recovering Radical. Popping back up to her feet, she hurriedly goes to the corner nearest them, climbing to the top and leaps off, taking both men down with a crossbody!

Jim Gunt: BIG TIME CROSSBODY FROM JADE AND SHE'S FIRED UP!

Mike Rolash: I like the fire she's showing here tonight. As we step into the new era of CWF, it's passion like that that's gonna get you noticed.

Jim Gunt: Mike, are you alright?

Mike Rolash: I figured I'd give some of the new talent a chance before I completely shit on em.

Jim Gunt: Ahh.. that makes sense..

Bringing Reno back to his feet, Jade rolls him back inside of the ring, soon following suit. As she climbs through the ropes, Fuller buys Reno some time to get to his feet as he grabs at Jade's foot. But she kicks him in the face, sending him back to the floor. Finally able to enter the ring, she dodges an attempted attack from Reno, they spin towards each other and cross chop to Gabe's throat has him gasping for air as he clutches his neck area. She quickly takes him over to the mat with a snapmare, following it up with a flipping neck snap! Reno is down, grabbing his neck in agony as Jade goes for the first pin attempt of the match, Robbins coming over for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout by Reno as he's able to get his shoulder off the canvas. The Living Dead Doll gets back to her feet and catches a returning Fuller with another kick to the face, sending him back to the floor. Turning her focus back to Reno, she climbs on top of him and begins to claw at his face!

Jim Gunt: Smart strategy by Jade as she tries to keep her opponents isolated.

Mike Rolash: When it comes to three-ways, you've always got to keep your head in the swivel, or you're gonna get taken advantage of, quick.

Continuing to claw away at Reno's face, Jade doesn't see Fuller who's returned with a vicious boot to the side of her head, forcing her off of Radical. She crawls to the nearest corner, trying to recover as Fuller moves in, grabbing a handful of hair, he brings her upright and hooks her for a back suplex. Spotting Reno, who's up to his feet, still trying to clear his vision.. Fuller places Jade on his shoulders and shoves her violently, forcing her to take Reno over with another hurricanrana! The Philly fans go nuts for the sequence but Fuller isn't done as he slides in with a knee strike to a downed Reno's face! He hooks the leg for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

And Reno's able to get his shoulder off the mat again!

Mike Rolash: Sean Fuller looking impressive tonight.. He's one of the more unrecognized talents we have her in CWF.

Jim Gunt: I'd have to agree, he's been and to pick up some major wins, especially one over two time World Champion, Duce Jones who competes later on for the vacant Paramount Championship against Kyueishu and Danny B..

Mike Rolash: Exactly and if Douche wins, you'd have to think he'd be first in line for a shot.

Fuller has Reno up in a corner and rocks him with a brutal forearm to the jaw! Now focusing on Jade, he brings her vertical, drags get to the corner opposite of Reno and smacks her with a forearm. Turning towards Reno, Fuller charges in at him but the Radical sends him up and over to the apron, dropping him with a forearm of his own win Fuller lands. Gabe now charges at Savannah and brutalizes her chest with a loud chop that sends an audible "OH!" ringing out from the Philly crowd. Reno looks around confused at the crowd as if he'd done something wrong, deciding 'fuck it', Reno snatches her from the corner and spikes her face first into the mat, her body landing horrible in a scorpion position which incites another reaction from the crowd!

Jim Gunt: Oh My Lord! He could've broken her neck just then!

Mike Rolash: Yeah she crashed badly on that one..

Getting back to his feet, Reno turns towards a charging Fuller but the Radical shifts out of the way, forcing Fuller into the corner. Racing across the ring, Reno races back in but it's Fuller who sends him up and over to the apron but Reno quickly responds with a gamengiri kick that slumps Fuller down in the corner. Jumping back into the ring, snags an almost knocked out Jade and deadlifts her from the canvas. With her in his clutches, he sends her crashing back into a downed Fuller with a German Suplex! Reno pops to his feet and looks out at the Philly fans who are mixed in how they feel about the new competitor.

Jim Gunt: The "Radical" Gabe Reno is putting on a show!

Mike Rolash: I think this new era of CWF is going to be a great one if it's anything like this first match.

Done wasting time, Reno drags Fuller by his leg from underneath Jade, going for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Fuller shoots his shoulder from the mat, breaking Robbins count. Sitting up, looking annoyed at Robbins but he doesn't argue the count. Instead, he gets upright and goes over to Jade, bringing her vertical but she quickly pushes him off and unload with combinations of strikes. Trying his best to cover up, Reno finally has had enough and shoved her back into the ropes. She catches herself on the ropes and Reno rushes in but a kick to the knee, sends him throat first into the middle rope. Fuller tries to catch her by surprise but a dropkick to his knee sends him straddling the middle rope next to Reno. Quickly back to her feet, she rebounds off the opposite ropes, charging back in at her opponents and throws get body violently into their backs, adding more pressure to their already exposed throats. Both Fuller and Reno bounce off the rope grabbing at their windpipes.

Jim Gunt: Some unorthodox offense from the "Living Dead Doll" as she looks to get back in this fight!

Mike Rolash: What kinda moniker is the Living Dead Doll, Jimbo?

Jim Gunt: I learned a long time ago to just roll with the punches and don't ask questions.

Mike Rolash: Fair point.

Both men have now recovered in opposing corners as Savannah rolls to the center of the ring and rise to her feet. With her eyes set on victory, she charges back and forth between both men with corner clotheslines. Running in again at Fuller, looking for another clothesline.. Sean steps out and kicks her ankle out from under her, sending her crashing face first into the middle buckle! He races across the ring and cracks a still woozy Radical with a jumping knee strike in the corner! Almost as fast as lightning, he sprints back at Jade, rocking her with a forearm! Feeling the fire rising in his soul, Fuller runs back at Gabe but the Radical is up and over him as he crashes into the buckles as it's now Reno's turn to do his thing, sprinting towards the Living Dead Doll, connecting with a dropkick! Popping up to his feet, he gives Fuller the same treatment, up to his feet again, Reno looks to advance his offense on Jade but she stops him in his tracks with a boot to the face. Interlocking fingers again, she scales the corner, looking for another hurricanrana but Reno puts on the breaks, hoisting her back up into the air. Running across the ring looking to toss her into Fuller with a powerbomb but she connects with the buckles as Sean rolls out of the way and spikes an off balanced Radical with a DDT! The crowd cringe from the impactful move as all three are down.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: And Trent Robbins starting the count as all three of these competitors are down.

THREE!

FOUR!

Mike Rolash: I don't think I've ever witness a standing count in a triple threat match..

Jim Gunt: Trent's our senior official, so I'm pretty sure he knows what he's doing.

FIVE!

SIX!

Both Fuller and Reno are finally up to a knee, stopping Robbins count. Both men appear exhausted as they slowly rise to their feet, soon engaging in a battle of forearm shots. Back and forth the two men go as they're on shaky legs, until Reno finds energy to unleash a combination of strikes onto Fuller. Going for the kill shot, Fuller's able to duck behind the Radical and roll him up for a pinfall!

ONE!

TWO!

Reno kicks out and sends Fuller rebounding off the ropes where he retaliates with a sliding kick as Gabe sits up! He goes for another cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Savannah Jade makes the save as she shoves Sean off top of Reno! Fuller's first to his feet, reaching for Jade who shrugs him off and unloads with strikes, backing him into the corner where she whips him across but Sean reverses and it's Savannah who's sent into the corner as Fuller follows her in, she leaps to the middle ropes and springs backwards, landing on an incoming Fuller's shoulders before flipping backwards!

Jim Gunt: Inverted Hurricanrana by Jade, spiking Fuller on top of his head!

Mike Rolash: Man, that move looks deadly no matter who pulls it off.. now Jade hooks the leg for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Reno breaks the count with a hard sidekick to Jade's head that sends her rolling under the bottom rope and to the outside! Still worn down, the Radical on wobbly legs brings Fuller back vertical and connects with a right hand that sends him staggering into the corner.. He connects with another combination of strikes before whipping Fuller cross-corner, no, reversal by Sean as he pulls Reno into him and down to the mat in one fluid motion with a downward spiral!

Jim Gunt: GABE RENO JUST WENT DOWN THE ALLEY AND FULLER SHOOTS THE HALF, GOING FOR THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Trent signals for the bell as Jade can be seen diving in at the last minute but it's too late. Fuller gets to his feet as "Affliction" kicks back up.

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

Fuller clutches the back of his neck as he talks trash to his opponents, he climbs out of the ring, joining Celeste as they make their way to the back.

Jim Gunt: Another big victory by Fuller in our opening contest of Genesis and it looks like it might be a promising road for him.

Mike Rolash: He came out here, just one step ahead of his opponents tonight and I can't wait to see what the future holds for him.

Last Supper, New Start: The death of what we knew.

Match

Jim Gunt: I understand our very own Tara Robison is backstage where she's been told to meet Hoyt Williams.

Mike Rolash: Your Kyuseishu.

Jim Gunt: Not my Kyuseishu, let's go to Tara Robinson.

The camera joins a glamourous looking Tara Robison who is walking through the backstage area holding a microphone with a HOTv logo on it. Nothing stands out backstage just a long green hall with random blue doors.

Tara Robinson: I was asked to join Kyuseishu for an interview in room 33, where I think we are now in front of according to this map he gave me earlier.

Tara knocks three times on the door to no answerer, but she hears a shin dig going down on the other end, so tries the door handle and she opens the door hesitantly.

Tara Robinson: Oh my!

The camera catches up to Tara's eyes as we witness a scene familiar to Christians and art lovers alike. A long table with a white tablecloth lines the room horizontally. It's covered with a Thanksgiving style feast with a large turkey in the center. The back wall has three separate paintings of a hill valley made to look like a window. The white walls have four perfectly spaced tapestry's hanging upon them. Hoyt Williams sits at the center of the table shirt less, with his palms facing up and hair down. To his right is his business manager Karen who thankfully is full clothed. To the right of her are five shirtless men with amazingly toned abs and perfectly sculped bodies. To Hoyt's left are six shirtless hunks poising in various points of conversation. It's a perfect shirtless reenactment of Da Vinci's "Last Supper".

Tara Robinson: Hello Kyuseishu. I have a couple of questions to ask you, but if you're busy we can skip it maybe catch up after dinner.

The savior of everything under the sun and beyond motions her in with a biblical like gesture to come forward.

Hoyt Williams: Don't be foolish the Kyuseishu and his rock-hard abed "D bag disciples" are celebrating the last supper before my PARAMOUNT title match.

Tara Robinson: D Bags?

Hoyt Williams: Danny B disciples. Also known as D bags. The shirtless kind. Hold on everybody, it's time to pose for an Insta-AB-Gram-Ma'am.

A social media influencer steps out from the back corner of the room and snaps a photo of all the guys flexing their abs making duck lips with their mouths including Hoyt.

Hoyt Williams: Oh yeaaaa so many likes I can't wait to post this!! If walking around with out a shirt is all it takes to get into the CWF hall of fame than Tara I'm bringing an entire ministry of shirt less hunks to flaunt around like the savior of all things brotastic and basic!! Just like Mr. Danny B. Shout out to my shirtless brah and all the peeps who couldn't get

the fat off their abs to be here tonight. Let's pour one out for the fat homely sinners not invited to this homily.

The camera pans the table but Hoyt frowns as he notices nothing but water glasses in front of the shirtless men. The camera cuts to above the sight of the table where Hoyt starts waving his hands franticly like a magician or a guy on PCP. A moment later the camera pans down to show all the waters have now turned into White Claws and a loaf of bread turned into a can of tuna. Right on cue the savior's emotional support cat Meowru Suzuki hops in the table and starts digging into the tuna.

Hoyt Williams: To all the sinner who don't have abs to share obsessively in an act of excessive vanity we say homebodies this claw is for you!

Hoyt and the D Bag disciples pour their claws out onto the floor before dropping the cans. The cat takes a moment to try to understand humans, but gives up, and goes back to the tuna.

Tara Robinson: I'm not sure what's going on here.

Hoyt Williams: Just like the bible. Nobody really knows what's going on it's all interpretation. I mean nothing is wrong with showing off one's shirtless torso every other photo on twitter is it?

Tara Robinson: I mean it's not really something I dig, but at the same time I'm not complaining. Is there some Duce imagery I'm supposed to find in this bizarre backstage interview?

Hoyt Williams: I mean come on isn't it obvious? Are you even trying Tarrr-ah.

The Pontiff of the power bomb points to the turkey. The shirtless disciples all laugh in a bizarre cult like unison. Hoyt stands up slamming his hands onto the table. Tara jumps somewhat intimidated.

Hoyt Williams: Tara I don't think you're taking this to serious. You have teetered into the last supper! A scene that's the genesis of crucifixion of Christ the start of the end. The point of betrayal. A sinner who witnesses such a sight who truly doesn't believe, or understand, would have to have her EYES plundered from her skull with a savior's spoon. You do believe, don't you Ta-ra?

Hoyt picks up his spoon and holds it above his head in a threatening manner. As she's forced on the spoon the social media guy locks the door behind her.

Jim Gunt: Can we get some security to room 33!?!

Mike Rolash: There is no room 33 on the backstage map?

The backstage face of CWF is obviously frightened.

Tara Robinson: I'm just here to report nothing more.

Hoyt Williams: Ahhhh to bare witness. To be one of Hoyt's Witnesses. I understand.

Hoyt sinks the spoon into a pile of mash potatoes and takes a feeding. He swallows slowly and smiles.

Hoyt Williams: I don't think its rational for a grown man to obsess over his body. It's true the body our temple to God himself but nobody needs a gold plated driveway if you catch my preaching. Health is what God seeks of his children, not vanity.

The shirtless men start humming a spiritual tune in perfect harmony as they stand up and sway to the melody with their hands up in praise like motion. A moment later they start clapping and softly singing "Amen". The cat scrams. The savior leaps upon the table punting the mash potatoes to the wall smashing the bowl while some of the taters stick to the paint. Tara is terrified but she holds the mic towards the now dancing CWF wrestler.

Hoyt Williams: One day my BROTHERS and SISTERs all the OPRESSION will be behind us and the promised Paramount of paradise shall shine down upon thee and our shirtless bodies. The blind shall see.

Shirtless men: AMEN!!!

Hoyt Williams: The Duce shall talk property.

Shirtless men: AMEN!!!

Hoyt Williams: The Artoria will be enjoyable. The Styles of today will be unfashionable tomorrow. For Genesis is here!! Genesis is upon us.

Shirtless men: AMEN!!!

Hoyt Williams: For your Kyuseishu is here.

Shirtless men: AMEN!!!

Hoyt Williams: Halls of fame are to be crafted for the deserving. The disciples of dignity and shirt wearing adults. For we have been forsaken FOR to long. Bored to tears by what was the past. For the past if forgotten for the future is now. Danny B couldn't even get out of his block with out bringing baggage with him. Pathetic. But this is Genesis.

Hoyt picks up to the carving knife as Tara moves a little further back. The madman or savior's dancing intensifies with the knife slashing the air.

Jim Gunt: CAN SOMEBODY IN THE BACK PLEASE FIND THIS LOCATION…NOW!

Mike Rolash: It might not be a bad idea.

Hoyt Williams: Taaaa-ra and the fake news deities focus the lens. HOTv shall become HOYT tv for the masses to see what the dyslexic already understand. The revival is NOW. The Gates of heaven are upon us. Let's cry blood for the Hoyt HOTv, shall we Ta-Ra? Ta meaning to take. While Ra is the eye of god. Tell me Ta'Rah what do you see?

Tara Robinson: I….ummm.

Jim Gunt: FIND THAT DAMN ROOM.

Hoyt Williams: The comedy of errors is over. The confederacy of dunces and duces is dead. The lairs shall lie in graves of truth. For the kingdom of Hoyt has come. Tonight. We. WITNESS. GENSISIS. Do you seek to join us or be blind to what is truth. Ta'rah.

Hoyt turns around with the blade and carves a straight line down the center of a disciple's chest with a grazing wound the disciple shows pain but keeps singing and swaying with his brethren. Hoyt dances to the next guy and makes what appears to be a "2", Hoyt works down the line of torsos carving out a "3" in the third man's chest, a "2" into the fourth man, a "0" into the fifth man's chest, a "1" into the sixth man, and finally a "9" into the seventh man. Hoyt moves back to the first guy who's "one" is now dripping blood. Hoyt scoops up some blood with his fingers and traces them down his own face from his eyes downward creating blood tears. He jumps back up upon the table.

Hoyt Williams: December 3, 2019: Thy GENISIS of Hoyt becomes PARAMOUNT. I know you betrayed me Judas.

The savior stomps down on the turkey crushing it breaking bones and spending meat flying.

Hoyt Williams: I know you take the fall Duce, you betray wrestling, but does it cost me? JOHN 8:24, reads, "Therefore I said to you that you will die in your sins; for un less you believe that I (Hoyt) am He (the Kyuseishu), you will die in your sins." Bleed with me TA'RAH! As Luther said, "Simil iustus et peccator"!

Hoyt leaps forward toward her with the knife still in his hand. She turns around and darts out of the room pushing the social media influencer aside in the process.

Hoyt Williams: Sanguinem peccato vestro. Shame. For tonight is Paramount to the CWF for this is the word of your Kyuseishu.

Hoyt extends his hand seemingly to the unseen camera man. The camera drops and goes black.

Jim Gunt: I'm glad Tara is ok, can we check on the camera man. What the hell did we just witness?

Mike Rolash: All I can say is Hoyt works in mysterious ways.

Autumn Raven & PJ Blake vs. Ariel Shadows & Konrad Raab

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is a Tag Team Match for the #1 contendership for the Tag Team Titles!

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

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Cologne, Germany, he is The Iceman….KONRAD RAAB!!

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

Jim Gunt: It's been a number of weeks since we've seen Konrad Raab, but it's nice to see the Iceman sticking around following the Alpha and Omega Tournament.

Mike Rolash: Why wouldn't he, Jimbo? You thought the Iceman would be a one and done kinda guy?

Jim Gunt: I wouldn't say that Mike, just that Raab may not have had the showing that he would have expected going into the tournament. He does however have a great chance at getting back in title contention here tonight, even if it is the Tag Team Titles.

Mike Rolash: Don't hate on the Tag belts, the division is hot as ever right now!

The opening line to "Inna Gadda Da Vida" begins to play, but it sounds somewhat different. It turns out to be "Hip Hop Is Dead" by Nas, and the crowd not only boos this but also the appearance of the Dreamcatcher from behind the curtain.

Throwing up a sarcastic peace sign with an evil grin, Ariel struts down the ramp to the crowd's jeers. Before entering the ring, she removes her glasses and sandals; electing to wrestle barefoot.

Ray Douglas: And his partner, from Anchorage, Alaska, the Dreamcatcher….ARIEL SHADOWS!!

Ariel slides into the ring underneath the bottom rope, then does a quick push-up like move to bounce up to her feet. Ariel runs the ropes a couple of times, opting not to pose. After a couple of bounces off the ropes, she does a couple of stretches in the corner, and a high kick putting the foot above her head. She finally acknowledges her partner, giving a simple peace sign to Raab as she heads out onto her team's apron, electing to let him start the match.

Jim Gunt: How gracious of Shadows, to allow Konrab Raab to re-kickstart his career by starting this match off.

Mike Rolash: Gracious or lazy, Jimbo?

Jim Gunt: Well they do say smoking pot makes you lazy…

Mike Rolash: And Shadows certainly looks like she has her head in the clouds here tonight.

Purple lights shine around the top of the ramp, fog rolling around it as the beginning lyrics of the song start to play, the

tron displaying a purple outlined black raven with her name fading in over it.

“The sun is shining
Though everything’s dying
Your stars burned out for good
Somewhere in Hollywood”

As the guitar riff starts up, the purple lights start to flicker like a strobe light as Autumn slowly walks out from the back, coming to a stop at the top of the ramp. She glances out at the crowd with a smirk on her face as she starts down the ramp slowly.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents, first...from Los Angeles, California, she is the Beautiful Psychopath….AUTUMN RAVEN!!

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

She walks around the ring, glaring at the fans sitting at ringside before sliding under the bottom rope and leaping to her feet, giving the crowd a smug smile.

“The sun is shining
But everything’s dying
Your stars burned out for good
Somewhere in Hollywood.”

She runs to the corner turnbuckle, climbing to the second one, taunting the crowd and turning around to taunt her opponents quickly, flinging her arms out to the sides once again before climbing down.

Jim Gunt: The team of Autumn Raven and PJ Blake, a tandem that may have just came together at Evolution seventy two, but I could really see these two going far in the tag team division!

Mike Rolash: And if they fail, at least Autumn has a career in commentating as we seen two weeks ago. Maybe she can replace you, Jim!

Jim Gunt: Don’t give Jaiden any ideas!

"Coming In Hot" by Diamante hits as two women step out and walk to the edge of the stage where it meets the ramp and stand there with their heads bowed. PJ Blake saunters out wearing a pastel blue hooded sweatshirt and stands between her entourage, slowly setting her feet right and bringing her arms straight out. PJ throws back her head and then proceeds down to the ring.

Ray Douglas: And her partner, from Seattle, Washington, she is the Icon….PJ BLAKE!!

She slides into the ring under the bottom rope, whipping her legs all the way around and winding up in the middle of the ring on one-knee and her arms spread like an Eagle's wings. She slowly lifts her head, revealing a smile to the crowd of fans cheering and raving for her as her entourage simply stands at the bottom of the ramp. PJ makes her way over to her corner, clapping hands with Autumn and pulling her in for a hug. The crowd continue cheering as the team back into their corner, discussing the match.

Jim Gunt: Well we know who the crowd is behind in this one, they're already in love with this new team of Autumn and PJ!

Mike Rolash: You can't gauge anything by what these fans think, Jim, they're idiots!

Jim Gunt: They pay your bills though…

A brief discussion, and Blake and Shadows will start the match off. Referee in position, he signals for the bell.

DING!

AND BLAKE IMMEDIATELY GOES FOR A SIZZLE...but Shadows doesn't go down! The larger woman with ridiculous core strengths lifts her up and over her head. Suplex, but Blake lands awkwardly.

Jim Gunt: Blake hoping to end this early.

Mike Rolash: You can't blame her!

Jim Gunt: How so?

Shadows starts to stomp Blake, who is trying to reach the ropes to escape.

Mike Rolash: Regardless of how you feel about Blake, she's at a complete disadvantage. She's not only five foot, one of if not the shortest in the company, but both her opponents are at least a foot taller than her! Not only that, she's working with Autumn Raven. The Beautiful Psychopath may have been a tag team specialist and a fairly successful singles competitor, but they've never tagged side by side before! In situations like this, where a chance to dethrone the tag-champions are on the line. They need to gel quickly.

Jim Gunt: And Shadows and Raab have that advantage?

Shadows picks up Blake and runs for the opposite ropes. She sprints back for a bulldog, slamming Blake's face into the mat, before making a tag to Raab.

Mike Rolash: Judging from what I am seeing, yes!

The Iceman doesn't take long to get into the swing of things, methodically taking Blake down piece by piece. Elbow drop to her front just to start off, and a second to keep her down. A moonsault to cover her for the pin.

ONE…

TWO…

Kickout.

Raab is back up quickly and picks up Blake. He whips her to the ropes and jumps for a FRANKENSTEINE--He falls flat on his back as Blake grabs hold of the ropes to stop her momentum. She jumps on the middle rope--SPRINGBOARD CROSSBODY AND RAAB GOES DOWN! Raven reaches out to Blake for the tag, Blakes crawls and reaches out! SHADOWS WITH A DRIVE BY AND RAVEN GOES DOWN! Raven's head smacks against the steel steps on the way down, and the referee admonishes Shadows for the attack.

Jim Gunt: Hate to say this Mike but you seem to be right about Shadows and Raab.

Mike Rolash: Of course I am. When have I not been?

Jim Gunt: Well--

Mike Rolash: --don't answer!

Raab drags Blake to the middle of the ring and locks in a SHARPSHOOTER! She's screaming in pain as she tries to get out of the hold. Raab has it cinched in tight, judging from what looks like Blake leaving claw marks in the mat! She

uses the grip to push herself towards the ropes. Getting closer, and closer!

She's done it, but Raab isn't letting go! Ref starts to count!

ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR, FI--

Raab lets go, and gives Blake an insulting kick to the back. Still, he awaits Blake to drag herself up onto the ropes, exhausted from the battering. Shadows signals for the tag, which Raab gives in earnest. Shadows jumps into the ring, and she and Raab charge towards Blake.

Raab first, going for a spear! Blake moves to the side, with Raab landing between the ropes! Shadows going for a dropkick! Blake moves to the side and she lands on her backside. Blake tries to kick Shadows' chest, but they lay down as the foot swings around. Jab to Blake's knee forces her to crouch. Shadows darts for the ropes and finally performs her drop kick, knocking Blake back to the mat.

Raab begins to slide back into the ring and ascends. Referee begins to count, and he returns to his corner after standing on the downed Blake. Shadows for the count.

ONE…

TWO…

THR--

Kickout, and Shadow's stands up--schoolboy!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE--!

Narrow kickout! Both ascend! SPINNING ELBOW TO SHADOWS! And both go down!

Jim Gunt: Elbow connects! But the prolonged beating is taking its toll of Blake! She just needs to tag in Raven!

Blake starts to drag herself towards her corner, where Autumn is holding out her hand, desperate for the tag! Shadows see this as she comes to, and with faster speed heads to tag in Raab. He's tagged in! Blake reaches out!

TAG TO RAVEN!

She jumps in and charges to Raab! The more energised psychopath delivers a clothes line! And a jumping elbow to knock Shadows off! Going back to Raab! Ascending the turnbuckle! ANTI-HERO! Going for the pin!

ONE…

TWO…

THREE--

KICKOUT! Raab jumps up in a hurry! ENZIGURI! And Autumn staggers back to her corner!

TAG!

Raab charges towards them at breakneck speed! CLAW OF THE NIGHT FROM RAVEN! Blake charges before the opponent goes down! SIZZLE! SHE HIT THE SIZZLE! FOR THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Ray Douglas: Your winner, and the number one contenders for the CWF Tag Team Championship….AUTUMN RAVEN ...AND P...J...BLAKE!

Amy Jo Smyth vs. Zolton

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one fall with a thirty minute time limit and is a BRONZE MEDAL MATCH!

Jim Gunt: As we heard earlier today while the boss was preparing for his war with Ataxia later this evening, the rules of this match are simple. The winner of this match obtains a literal bronze metal on a necklace, one that they can use at any time of their choosing to award themselves a shot at either the Impact, Paramount or Tag Team Championships!

Mike Rolash: Not a bad prize by any means, title shots are always a good thing.

Upon the entrance screen a video montage begins to roll of Zolton standing atop a mountain and behind him is highlights of what he has done in a wrestling ring. As the lyrics begin to be heard, Zotlon himself steps out onto the stage area among the smoke. The crowd begins to boo loudly. Zolton relishes in the dissatisfaction of the crowd with an arrogant grin. His long leather trench coat gleams off the now bright spot light shining down upon him.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Amsterdam, Holland, he is the Man of Chaos….ZOLTON!!

He now begins to make his way down the ramp toward the ring. Refusing to acknowledge the crowd as he passes them. Reaching the ring he steps up the ring steps slowly, his arrogant smile plastered all over his face. He then jumps to the top turnbuckle of the corner of the ring. He calls it his throne as the arena lights return to normal and the song fades to silence. Zolton ignores the crowd as he lets his trench coat slide down off his shoulders to the floor.

Jim Gunt: The Man of Chaos hasn't gained many fans throughout his stay in the tournament, but I have to admit that I'm certainly one of them.

Mike Rolash: Is that right, Jimmy?

Jim Gunt: Well the man fought Alpha block winner Freddie Styles to an absolute last minute slugfest. He defeated Duce Jones in action. The one thing he wasn't able to do was put away Amy Jo Smyth, and with the two of them facing off in action again tonight with the stakes higher than ever; let's see if he learned a trick or two to change the tide.

The lights lower and the remaining lights turn to a golden color. "Shoot to Thrill" by Halestorm hits. The crowd explodes into cheers. Amy Jo Smyth steps out onto the stage, her back turned to the crowd, head covered by the hood of her jacket. The golden lights change and simulate a cascade of glitter over her. Smyth spins around on her toes and faces the crowd as a single spotlight falls on her. She holds a large silver cannon connected to a tube running backstage. The Good Doctor lifts the cannon, aims upward.

"I got my gun at the ready gonna fire at will
Cause I shoot to thrill and I'm ready to kill
I can't get enough and I can't get my fill
Shoot to thrill play to kill
Pull the trigger, pull it
Pull it, pull it
Pull the trigger."

Smyth screams as she presses the trigger on the handheld cannon. Large pieces of golden glitter shoot into the air and rain down over the right side of the crowd. Smyth moves to the left, aims, and fires off another round of glitter into the air.

Smyth hands the cannon off to a production staffer standing in the wings. She then throws her head back and arms upward and outward, letting the remaining glittering light wash over her. She slowly makes her way down the ramp, looking over the crowd, giving the occasional high five to a fan with a perfectly placed hand. She reaches the end of the ramp and throws a fist up in the air. The crowd pops.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent…hailing from the great state of New Jersey… She has her Ph.D. in submissions… “The Good Doctor” Amy Jo Smyth!!

After a quick moment of listening to the crowd, she rushes forward, slides into the ring, and stands. Smyth throws her hood down, unzips her hoodie, and spins on her toes with her arms raised. She throws both arms down triggering an explosion of glittering light over the ring.

She strips of her hoodie and passes it off to the nearest person on the outside. The lights come back up but remain golden. In the usual show of her abilities, Smyth runs past Zolton and bounces off the ropes, cartwheels forward, and performs a standing corkscrew twist that carries over into a butterfly twist. Zolton seems non impressed as she performs a one-handed handstand, coming down to land in a split.

Jim Gunt: The ever impressive Amy Jo Smyth, she has done it all in the Alpha and Omega Tournament.

Mike Rolash: Not really, Jim. She didn’t place for either title match…

Jim Gunt: She could very well challenge one of them after tonight, though! That’s a helluva opportunity!

“Big” Denny Davidson is the official in charge for this matchup, and he calls for bell after the checkups on both competitors. Amy Jo Smyth meets Zolton in the center of the ring looking for a collar tie up but quickly regrets the decision when he latches his arms around hers, using his heavy size advantage to back up into the corner. “Big” Denny starts to count and Zolton quickly breaks, electing to kick the Good Doctor square in the face instead. The Philadelphia fans let Zolton have it following the dirty kick, but the Man of Chaos ignores them, calling Amy back to the center of the ring to meet him again.

Jim Gunt: Zolton is laser focused this evening, not even letting the wild Philly fans get to him this evening. I have to say I’m impressed, hopefully he can keep this focused throughout!

Mike Rolash: He’d better if he wants this match to end up differently than their week eight match…

Holding her jaw, Amy cracks her neck quickly to the side and is as good as new. She smirks at Zolton, coming to the center of the ring knowing full well he’s reared up and ready to go. Zolton charges forward looking for his fast and furious MMA style punches, but Amy instead ducks under his legs to the other side. Before Zolton knows how to react, the Good Doctor’s up on his shoulders spinning him into a whirlwind. Jersey Tap Water!

Jim Gunt: What a headscissors takedown from Amy Jo Smyth, and now the Good Doctor is staying right on her opponent with a standing wrist lock. Zolton attempts to fight out, but oh...the Resisting Arrest takedown!

Mike Rolash: Amy’s pulling out all the stops here tonight, Zolton could be in trouble!

Jim Gunt: Could be because the Good Doctor isn’t done, Mike...HOT GEORGIA PEACH! What a Cartwheel Legdrop on Zolton and now she goes for the cover. This could be it!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

ZOLTON ROLLS HIS SHOULDER RIGHT BEFORE “BIG” DENNY DROPS THE THREE!

The Philadelphia fans are on fire, a dueling “LET’S GO ZOL-TON” “GOOD DOC-TOR” chant breaking out all around

the respectful but insane crowd as the will their favorite wrestlers back to their feet. Zolton is still clearly stunned as he uses the middle rope to aid him back to his feet, allowing Amy Jo to get right back on him and deliver a kick to his kidneys. Zolton responds with a back elbow to her face!

The Good Doctor is immediately busted open, a trickle of blood dripping out of her nose! She backs up, cringing as she holds onto her face. Zolton is like a shark in water looking to attack immediately, but “Big” Denny gets right in his way holding him back, bringing the Philly fans alive again- this time to boo the hell out of poor Denny.

Jim Gunt: The fans here tonight may not like the decision made by our official Denny Davidson, but it’s the right call for the safety of the superstars involved.

Mike Rolash: Oh bullshit, Jimmy. Blood and guts, it’s what professional wrestling was built upon!

As Jim shakes his head at his broadcast partner, “Big” Denny puts on gloves and begins to tend to Amy Jo Smyth. She pushes him out of the way however, wanting none of the help from the referee! A clearly agitated Davidson just shrugs his shoulders as Jo Smyth charges Zolton in his corner, just to take a Spinebuster. The Man of Chaos rolls back to his feet, bringing Amy with him, pulling her into the air like she’s weightless. Walking all the way around the ring with Amy in his arms, Zolton fights off several right hands from Smyth before landing her a little higher and spiking her right down with a massive Power Slam! Zolton hooks the legs of Smyth, leaving nothing to chance.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

SMYTH ROLLS HER SHOULDER NOW!

Jim Gunt: Another nearfall and the crowd here tonight at the sold out Wells Fargo Center are lit brighter than the Christmas Tree at Rockefeller Center!

Mike Rolash: Wrong city, Jim. We’re in Philly, not New York!

Zolton is shocked and more than a little frustrated as he turns to “Big” Denny, who flashes him two fingers back. The Man of Chaos pounds the canvas, rolling off Amy and to a knee, taking a breath as he tries to come up with another gameplan. With a handful of her hair, he brings her back up to her feet and hits a short-arm clothesline. The Good Doctor is stunned but unable to fall off her feet, if only because Zolton holds on looking for another clothesline. But this time Amy Jo Smyth takes ahold of his arm, using it to aid her up to the ropes where she springboards off and brings Zolton down with a huge Tornado DDT.

Jim Gunt: Code 28! Now the momentum is back on Amy Jo’s side, will she be able to keep it up?

Mike Rolash: She’s going to have to keep this match at a fast pace if she expects to have any chance. Once Zolton gets ahold of her, she’s good as dead.

Screaming out to the Philly fans to get them on their feet, Amy Jo bounces off the ropes and goes for a Shining Wizard kick to the back of Zolton’s head, but the big man is somehow able to roll through evading the attack. He however finds himself backed into the corner, prone to the Good Doctor to cartwheel towards him, leaping up for a Cross Body Block.

Jim Gunt: ZOLTON CATCHES SMYTH! HE THROWS HER UP ON HIS SHOULDERS, HERE COMES PEARLY GATES!

Mike Rolash: No, the squirmy bitch slips through again!

Jim Gunt: Standing Enziguri on Zolton as he turns around! This could be it at Amy goes for the Kimberly Hart Collection, evading a wobbly right hand attempt from Zolton with a somersault, and Backflip Jumping Spl-NO! Zolton

catches Smyth out of midair...TOMBSTONE PILEDRIVER!

Mike Rolash: The bitch is dead!

Amy Jo Smyth appears to be out cold following the Tombstone Piledriver, but Zolton doesn't leave things up to the official, choosing to go right for the cover instead.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

NO! AMY ROLLS HER SHOULDER AT THE LAST SECOND!

Jim Gunt: The Philly fans are rocking yet again, as they will the Good Doctor back to her feet!

Mike Rolash: Come on Zolton, this is your chance to prove that Amy's victory over you in the tournament was a clear fluke. Put her away!

With his arm wrapped around Amy Jo Smyth's head, Zolton brings her right back up not only to her feet, but high in the air. Her blood beginning to rush to her head, the Man of Chaos finally brings her down with a Vertical Suplex. Right into the Descension! Zolton locks on the Peruvian Necktie submission hold out of nowhere, his legs wrapped up around the head of Amy Jo Smyth and leaving her in absolute trouble as she squirms around the middle of the ring.

Jim Gunt: Zolton has the Descension locked in tight, and Smyth appears to be way too far away from the ropes. What's she gonna do here, Mike?

Mike Rolash: Tap bitch, tap!

Jim Gunt: How subtle.

Amy Jo Smyth does not tap however, holding on tight as Zolton clenches his legs even tighter, his body heaving in the air as he tries to use all his strength to make the Good Doctor give up. With a quick roll to the side, Smyth is able to break free and send Zolton through the ropes! The Man of Chaos stops himself from going outside though, holding onto the ropes and catching his footing as Smyth hurriedly joins him on the apron. She swings for the fences with a back elbow but Zolton ducks under to her back.

Jim Gunt: My god...Zolton is going for his patented throwing German Suplex. If the Man of Chaos would hit that to the unprotected outside, that wouldn't just be the end to this match, but Amy Jo Smyth's entire career!

Mike Rolash: We can only hope!

Jim Gunt: Ya know, win or lose, I really hope Smyth slaps you when this match is overwith…

Hands on the waist of Smyth, Zolton pulls back with all his might but somehow the much smaller Amy Jo is able to hold onto the middle rope with both hands. Her grip is weakened though and she appears to let go, but as the two fall backward for the German Suplex the body of the Good Doctor floats upward gripping ahold of the neck of Zolton.

Jim Gunt: SALIDA DEL SOL! ON THE EDGE OF THE APRON! Amy Jo Smyth with one of the most creative reversals I have ever seen in my life out of that German Suplex, but I'm not sure how much it saved either one of them, as both Zolton and Smyth still landed hard outside the ring!

Mike Rolash: I...I've got to give it up to Smyth for that one.

ONE!

TWO!

Both competitors roll to their sides, beginning to come to as the official continues to count them out.

THREE!

Amy Jo attempts a Five-O jumping knee strike, but Zolton simply overpowers her, grabbing ahold of the legs of the Good Doctor and throwing her like a paperweight right at the turnbuckle!

“OOHHHH!!”

FOUR!

The crowd gasps as Smyth lands hard on her ass, immediately putting a hand on her lower back to instinctively rub it for damage. Zolton goes right back for her.

FIVE!

Grabbing ahold of Smyth, he grunts as he lifts her high, bringing her right back onto his shoulders. The Man of Chaos dumps Smyth back in the ring with a Powerslam, grabbing ahold of the ropes to finish her off. Making sure he has Amy completely out of it before going for the Pearly Gates this time, Zolton screams out, spinning himself around as his opponent rises and connecting with the Titan Crush Roundhouse Kick!

Jim Gunt: BRUTAL kick from the Man of Chaos, but he isn’t finished...bringing Amy Jo up one more time for the Pearly Gates!

Mike Rolash: Put...her...down!

Jim Gunt: Wait a minute...it looks like Zolton is doing just that!? Wait he’s not going for the Pearly Gates, he has on the Earth’s Answer standing arm triangle submission!

The Good Doctor is in a world of trouble as the Man of Chaos has his body wrapped around the right arm of Smyth, pulling it up to full submission. “Big” Denny Davidson moves in to see if she’s incapacitated, but it is at that moment that Smyth uses the official’s location to her advantage, turning to her side and purposefully losing her footing to crash both herself and Zolton backward into “Big” Denny!

Jim Gunt: Oh no, Denny’s down!

Mike Rolash: You bastards!

With Zolton more than a little dazed, the Man of Chaos goes for a cover on Amy Jo not knowing that “Big” Denny is completely laid out. An angry slap to the canvas is followed by Zolton pulling Amy up by her hair, and receiving a massive Stunner! Making a quick movement to the far corner, Smyth gives herself maximum momentum running back at Zolton and backflipping right before impact. CORKSCREW MOONSAULT ON THE MAN OF CHAOS! Zolton bounces nearly three feet off the canvas as Smyth lands the running, standing moonsault, and she is quick to hook both of his legs to hold him down for the cover.

ONE!

The Philly fans begin to count loudly along, expecting this may be the end.

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: She’s done it again, Mike!

Mike Rolash: God damn it!

Not So Bad Really

Match

PJ and Autumn are seen standing backstage, quietly standing there and taking everything in after their well fought

victory. The look on PJ's face was neutral as she continued to stare at Autumn, saying something that the camera doesn't quite catch as Autumn sighs softly, knocking the girl in the shoulder playfully.

Autumn Raven: See? That wasn't so bad after all, was it?

PJ simply shook her head no, cradling her arm slightly.

Autumn Raven: We set out to do what we wanted, and we got the job done. Together, like a real team should. No one got screwed over, no one got left behind, nothing. Trust me on this chica, we are gonna do things around here. They may not be big, but we're gonna turn some heads ya hear?

Autumn paused for a second, glancing around her as if she expected someone else to pop up before continuing.

Autumn Raven: The tag team match that's happening later tonight? We're gonna have a front row seat for that. Gotta keep our eyes on the competition and see what everyone is about. You ready?

PJ Blake: Girl, I was born ready!

PJ grinned slightly, nodding as she followed a rather excited Autumn around the corner and out of sight.

Ataxia vs. Jaiden Rishel

Match

Ataxia vs. Jaiden Rishel
Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fall and is the “Falls Count Anywhere” match! The rules are simple...a three count fall is the only way for someone to win or lose this match. The fall can occur anywhere in the arena or outside of the arena. No disqualifications. No countouts.

The fans cheer at the mention of this grudge match.

Jim Gunt: Here we go Mike, a war a long time in the making. While their may not be any titles on the line, no control over CWF at stake, there's sure to be a lot of blood. And I'm not just talking about the bad blood between these two men.

Mike Rolash: You're right though, Jaiden and Ataxia can't stand each other. But who can stand Ataxia?

Ray Douglas: Introducing first...He is the president of CWF... “The Prodigal Son”...Jaiden Rishel!

"The Broken" by Coheed and Cambria comes over the speaker system, a dark blue lightning shining down two circles on either side of the ramp. The Prodigal Son himself makes his presence felt, coming through the apron and immediately garnering a mixed reaction from CWF fans, some booing and some cheering. Jaiden Rishel does not acknowledge the fans however, looking down at the ramp taking in the moment. Rishel raises both arms in the air, and then cranks them down, mouthing off as he heads down the ramp.

Jim Gunt: Here comes the boss and he looks ready for a fight.

Mike Rolash: A lot of other federation owners don't ever get in the ring, but not our golden boy here. He's been spending time in and out of the ring in Hostility and Carnage Wrestling for the past few months. This match will be a piece of cake...

Ray Douglas: And his opponent...He is a fromer CWF World Heavyweight Champion...From parts unknown...He is “The Messiah Pariah”...He is the man known only as....ATAXIA!!

“Dangerous Tonight” by Alice Cooper starts to play when it suddenly shifts to the familiar tune of “Die Die Die My Darling” by Metalica, perhaps for the last time. Out from the back comes Ataxia sans his usual ring gear of the top hat, raven cloak, and cane. Ataxia looks ready for business as Trent Robbins goes over the rules with Jaiden in the ring,

but Jaiden has none of it and runs to the far side of the ring and charges forward. He leaps onto the top rope and flies off crashing into Ataxia with a flying body splash!

“HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!”

Jim Gunt: The crowd here in the Wells Fargo Center are going absolutely crazy and for good reason!

Mike Rolash: You're damned right a good reason, Jaiden is about to end the nightmare of Ataxia forever!

Jaiden rolls off of Ataxia, holding his ribs, and kicks Ataxia in the side of the ribs and starts stomping away at him as Trent Robbins comes out of the ring. Ataxia takes the hits and reaches up and grabs Jaiden's foot. Drop toe hold into the barricade! Jaiden gets a face full of barricade for his trouble and Ataxia sits up...laughing. Jaiden turns to see Ataxia getting up and charges, going for a bulldog on the ramp, but Ataxia grabs Jaiden's arm and turns it into a hammerlock. He quickly tries to place Jaiden into the “Hungarian Reach Around”, but Jaiden keeps his mouth shut. So Ataxia just grabs Jaiden's throat and starts choking him! Ataxia sets himself, and releases Jaiden behind him. Jaiden lands face first on the ramp. Ataxia smiles and waits for Jaiden to start to get up.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia is nearly frothing at the mouth as he waits for his adversary to get up.

Mike Rolash: Check him for rabies! I always knew Ataxia was a wild animal...

Ataxia charges at Jaiden looking for a punt kick, but Jaiden rolls out of the way. Ataxia puts on the breaks and grabs Jaiden by the hair and lifts him up. Jaiden reaches out and grabs Ataxia's tie and yanks on it, hitting Ataxia with a modified Jawbreaker! Ataxia's tie flies off tearing off part of the dress shirt of the tuxedo. Jaiden rolls out of the way and gets on his feet. Jaiden grabs the closest set of steps and Ataxia gets up laughing. Jaiden charges forward and slams the steps into Ataxia's head. Ataxia falls down and Jaiden starts slamming the stairs into Ataxia's back.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

SIX!

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

NINE!

TEN!!!

The fans finish a chant of a ten count before Jaiden picks up Ataxia and slams him headfirst into the steps with a Michinoku Driver.

Jim Gunt: Oof! Did you hear the sound of Ataxia's skull bouncing against the steel steps?

Mike Rolash: I'm not deaf, Jim...

Ataxia is laid out and Jaiden starts patting down Ataxia and finds a black vial. Jaiden smiles as he reaches into his pockets and pulls out a lighter. Jaiden pours part of the liquid onto Ataxia's mask. Ataxia gets up and glares at Jaiden, who swallows the rest of the liquid. Jaiden flicks on the lighter and spits out the liquid as a black fireball engulfs Ataxia's face...

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Jim Gunt: WHAT THEY SAID!

Mike Rolash: BURN BABY, BURN!

Ataxia's mask is engulfed in flames and he reaches up and tears off the mask and throws the burlap sack mask to the ground as it burns. Part of the suit jacket is also burned. Ataxia tears off the suit jacket and the dress shirt. Ataxia looks up and we see he was wearing a second mask under that one...one of a white latex face of Jaiden Rishel. Under the suit Ataxia is wearing a black t-shirt, black opera gloves on his hands, and on the exposed parts of his arms he's wearing bandages. Jaiden is taken aback for a moment as Ataxia motions for him to come on.

Ataxia: Come on Jaiden...Face yourself mother fucker!

Jaiden responds by running and taking down Ataxia with a Lou Thez Press. Jaiden starts just punching the hell out of Ataxia. Everytime Ataxia just takes it and then shoves Jaiden off. Ataxia is yelling at Jaiden to come on. Jaiden charges and Ataxia grabs his fist and spins Jaiden around. He kicks Jaiden square in the ass sending Jaiden back towards the ring. Ataxia undoes some of the bandages on his left arm while he's walking towards Jaiden. Jaiden turns and see's Ataxia coming towards him. Jaiden turns and slides into the ring. Ataxia follows through and Jaiden hits Ataxia with an elbow drop. Ataxia takes it and sits back up and motions for Jaiden to bring it. Jaiden runs to the ropes and goes to dropkick Ataxia who reaches out with the bandages and wraps up Jaiden's legs!

Jim Gunt: Well Jaiden had Ataxia for awhile, but the Madman literally wraps him up!

Mike Rolash: When you get that freak down, you gotta keep him down...

Ataxia smiles as he kicks Jaiden in the jaw! He grabs Jaiden, by the head, and starts slamming Jaiden into the mat over and over and over again until blood starts pouring from Jaiden's nose. Ataxia picks up Jaiden and let's him stumble for a moment, stepping out of the bandages. Ataxia reaches the ropes and...THE RECKONING! Ataxia lands on Jaiden and Trent goes for the pin. Ataxia rolls off of Jaiden and grabs Trent Robbins by the throat.

Ataxia: I'm not fucking done yet...

Jim Gunt: Ataxia isn't done yet!

Mike Rolash: He just said that...

Ataxia picks up Jaiden by his right arm and slaps Jaiden in a crossface. He keeps wrenching the arm over and over and over again until we hear a sickening pop...Jaiden's arm is now out of it's socket as he howls in pain. Trent asks him if he wants to continue and Ataxia shoves Trent. Ataxia calls for a microphone.

Ataxia: You stop this match and I'll fucking kill you Robbins!

He turns to Jaiden.

Ataxia: I'm going to break every bone in your fucking body you little silver spoon swallowing bitch!

Jim Gunt: Somebody get security out here!

Mike Rolash: That won't stop him!

Security does rush out from the back and Ataxia runs to the ropes and leaps over the top rope taking out security with a splash. He rolls back into the ring and slams his hand into Jaiden's mouth with his nerve hold. Ataxia grabs the microphone.

Ataxia: If anyone comes in here...I'll fucking kill him! I got nothing left to lose! I fucking told you...

J.Rish: LET ME SON GO!!!

Ataxia turns and we see the former owner and president J.Rish walk down the ramp with a microphone.

J.Rish: Tax! I know you and I have had our differences, but you made your point...let my son go.

Ataxia: No bitch...You failed him as a parent before...He made his fucking choices Rish! He deserves this and more.

J.Rish gets into the ring and gets on his knee's

J.Rish: Let my son go and you can have me...Think of it. Everything you ever wanted. All you ever wanted was to hurt me Tax! Come on! Think about it...the boy...or the man who ruined your life...

Ataxia: You?!

Ataxia let's Jaiden go and reaches up to his facemask, the latex white face mask of his opponent.

Ataxia: Why would I want you...

Ataxia reaches up and pulls off the Jaiden mask and we see...a pale albino face that looks a lot like Jaiden and J.Rish. White long unruly hair falls from the mask. The only color on the face is black makeup around the eyes and lips and the red from the contact lenses and his teeth.

Jim Gunt: Oh my god...

Mike Rolash: He took off the mask!

J.Rish: What the f...

Ataxia: YOU!!! WHY WOULD I WANT YOU!!! YOU NEVER WANTED ME DAD!!!

The now unmasked Ataxia spits on J.Rish and looks down at Jaiden who is starring at J.Rish and shifting his gaze to Jaiden.

Ataxia: It's always been about him...It's always been about you...I joined here thinking...hell...I thought maybe you'd want me if I was a wrestler who you could build this company on. And you did...you used me...and all I ever wanted Dad...was to help you...and you scorned me...you threw my friends away...You know why I never told you who I was...because deep down I knew...it was always about this little shit.

J.Rish: Look. I'm sure we can...

J.Rish tries to reach out to Ataxia and he gets his hand kicked away.

Ataxia: Mom always said you were a selfish man and I would just be better off never getting near you. Did you even know about me? Did you even care? Well...you're going to care...You got what you wanted Jaiden...I'm out. I'm done with CWF as Ataxia...

Ataxia gets right in J.Rish's face.

Ataxia: I...Alexander Samuel Rishel...am going to sue your ass. I'm gonna sue ever single fucking stock holder on your board. I am going to destroy your fucking creation father...and then...I'm going to drive your son into such a depression that he kills himself! I'm done being your pawn father...Checkmate bitch...

Alexander moves over to Jaiden who is still gripping his arm.

Alexander Rishel: I told you bitch...even if I lose...I STILL WIN!!! HAHHHH!!!! HAHHHH!!! HAHHH!!! Be careful what you wish for brother...You just fucking got it...Hey Trent...just for fun...I quit.

Alexander rolls out of the ring as J.Rish crawls over to Jaiden and holds him. Jaiden looks infuriated as Alexander walks out of the ring to a silenced arena. You could hear a pin drop. Alexander grabs the burned jacket and puts it on as he picks up the ashes of his burlap mask and crunches them in his hand. He holds up the microphone.

Alexander Rishel: I told you...This was my federation father...And from the ashes of Ataxia...

He blows the ashes out of his hands and smiles a wide eyed red toothed grin...

Alexander Rishel: I will destroy your precious CWF and make it mine. Get ready for a war...neither of you two will survive. Enjoy your genesis brother...I just gave you your Revelation! AHAHHAHAHAHAH!! PLAY MY FUCKING MUSIC!!!

Alexander turns as “Die Die Die My Darling” starts to play as J.Rish and Jaiden are both talking to each other and yelling about what they just witnessed. EMT's rush down to see what they can do for Jaiden's arm. Alexander just blows them a kiss and struts up the ramp.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia is revealed and he's apparently the bastard child of Justin Rishel!

Mike Rolash: I...I...I have no words...

Johnny Graves (c) vs. Jeff Jackson

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contest is a shoot fight rules match for the CWF Impact Championship! Introducing first...

The lights go out in the arena. A bell sounds and voices begin a chant like chorus. After 15 seconds, the lyrics begin.

"I can feel the floor shaking, and the glass begin to break. The air is getting thinner with every breath that I take. The calm before the storm, you could hear the drop of a pin. Never been claustrophobic, but now the walls are closing in."

Ray Douglas: From Halifax, Nova Scotia...weighing two hundred thirty-five pounds...he is the challenger..."The Judge"....JEFF JACKSON!!

As the song continues, The terrifying figure known as The Judge makes his way to the ring. He is dressed in his purple cloak and hideous demonic skull mask. As he approaches, the chorus begins.

"So strike me down, take me away. Debts are due, it's time to pay. Face what I deserve, here comes Judgment Day! I won't run, the guilt is mine. Too long denying all my crimes. Face what I deserve, here comes Judgment Day!"

Once in the ring, he stands mid ring with his head down. After a long pause, he flings his head back to remove the hood, as purple flames shoot from the posts. As the camera focuses in on the horrific features of the mask, the music fades.

Jim Gunt: Here he comes, The Judge, one of the most terrifying figures in CWF history.

Mike Rolash: He's a lunatic, but he's dangerous and I love that about him.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent...

The lights throughout the venue cut leaving the fans sitting in complete darkness. Suddenly red and blue lights begin flashing throughout the arena as the sound of police sirens pierce the silence. Suddenly the heavy beat of "Terrorstorm" blasts from the various speakers throughout the venue. The fans rise to their feet in a thunderous response: half of them cheer while the other half boo.

After several moments of anticipation the curtain pulls back and Johnny Graves steps out onto the small stage wearing the CWF Impact Championship around his neck. He is followed by the Amazonian bodyguard known as Aeryka Aries. Graves slowly moves his gaze over the sea of fans, a confident smirk on his lips. He drops down onto his knees and bows his head as if in reverence. Slowly he raises his head once more while at the same time he raises both arms in front him, hands fashioned as if holding twin pistols, his index fingers curled around the invisible triggers.

Ray Douglas: From Las Vegas, Nevada...weighing two hundred eighteen pounds...he is the reigning and defending CWF Impact Champion....JOHNNY GRAVES!!

He hops to his feet and begins strutting confidently towards the ring with Aeryka in tow. The fans on either side of the

aisle reach out looking to get a high five or anything from the passing Graves who ignores them completely, his intense eyes fixated on the ring, confident smirk on his lips. As he reaches the ringside area he moves around towards the ring steps. Standing in front of them he bouncing on his toes warming up and getting himself focused. Suddenly he moves forward ascending the stairs quickly before stepping onto the ring apron and climbing through the ropes.

He moves the center of the ring and once again drops to his knees bowing his head. With Aeryka standing behind him, looking stern and focused to defend her client, Johnny again slowly raises his head bringing the twin pistols pose up as well. He springs up to his feet and moves to the corner where he drops to one knee, bowing his head once more, resting his forehead against the middle turnbuckle.

Jim Gunt: Here we go, the collision we've all been waiting for!

The bell sounds and we are under way! The two men briefly size each other up before moving in. Graves goes in for a punch, which connects with the masked face of the challenger. The Judge responds with one of his own. They begin trading shots back and forth, until Graves finally gets the upper hand. After three or four shots in a row, The Judge seems slightly dazed. Graves seizes his opportunity and goes for the Last Rites. As he fires off the spin kick, The Judge ducks out of the way! When Graves turns back around after a brief stumble, he gets BLASTED with a roaring elbow that knocks him cold!

Jim Gunt: Holy s**t! Johnny's Last Rites just got Overruled!

Mike Rolash: I think he's out, Jim!

The referee checks on Graves, takes one look at the glazed over eyes, and calls for the bell!

Jim Gunt: Wow! Flash knockout!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, and NEW CWF Impact Champion, "The Judge" Jeff Jackson!

As Jeff grabs the title and stares down at it, he hypes himself up for the second of his and Graves' two matches. What he doesn't see is that Graves, having had a few moments to start to recover, is shaking the cobwebs loose a bit. He's still obviously not all there, but he's got enough of himself back to jump Jeff from behind! The two begin brawling all over ringside as staff and referees try to pull them apart for our next match!

According To Plan

Match

We shift backstage where CWF head interviewer, Tara Robinson is standing in front of a Genesis backdrop, with a smile on her face, she receives her cue.

Tara Robinson: Ladies and gentlemen please welcome, Larry O'Leary and Wilhelm Terrance Fredericks.. The el33t Team!

Both men appear to her left, O'Leary giggling as if he's found something truly funny while Fredericks appears flabbergasted.

Tara Robinson: Gentlemen, after making a shocking debut appearing during the Masquerade Ball Tag Team Championship Match, you two find yourselves tonight with a shot at those very titles.

She holds the microphone up to O'Leary who tries to calm the giggle box inside of his body.

Larry O'Leary: Tonight! We let the entire world know *chuckles* exactly who we are.. We are the el33t Team! *chuckles again* A combination of two of the baddest men to grace this company with our presence and tonight! We will walk out the new.. CWF Tag Team Champions!

Fredericks pats the still laughing O'Leary on the shoulder as Robinson brings the mic to him.

Wilhelm Terrance Fredericks: That's right! We've come here to domin….

Fredricks is stumped in his statement as the current tag champs stoically walk up to one-third of their challengers tonight. An intense staredown commence between the four as Tara bails out of the area. Martinez smiles at Fredricks, turning his back on him before cracking him across the temple with a back elbow. This urges Espinoza to quickly bring O'Leary off his feet and crashing violently on the concrete floor with a gorilla press slam. LOL cringes in agony as Martinez fires rapid punches into WTF's skull. Vince quickly comes over with a brutal right punch to Fredricks' jaw dropping him to the floor. Both men continue their brutal attack on both men with punches, kicks and knees until Nina walks into the frame and snaps her fingers. The tag champs stop and focus on her as she signals for them to leave.

Jim Gunt: It looks like the tag champs are trying to eliminate their opponents before the match is even able to get underway.

Mike Rolash: It's a smart strategy on their behalf.

The two men stand over their opponents, looking as if they're not finish. Vince snatches O'Leary from the floor as Martinez grabs a fistful of Fredricks hair, forcing him to watch the events. With LOL on his shoulders, Vince takes a few steps before launching him head first into the Genesis backdrop!

Jim Gunt: Oh My Lord! He could've broken O'Leary's neck just then!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, I think he's gonna be out of commission for the tag title match later on after that one..

Vince growls as he stands over the unconscious bloody of Larry O'Leary as Omar slams WTF face first into the concrete. Now feeling that they're done, both men walk past a smiling Nina who can now be seen standing next to an elated Byson Kaliban.

Byson Kaliban: Everything is going according to plan, if I do say so myself..

He grins proudly as Nina shuffles right past him, never acknowledging anything that he just said. Byson continues to smile as we soon switch back to ringside.

Jim Gunt: Can we get a medic crew back there to check on Fredricks and O'Leary? After those events, I don't know if they'll be able to compete later on tonight.

Mike Rolash: The Most Known Unknowns don't plan on losing those titles tonight and they plan on going everything in their power to keep them.

Nathan Paradine vs. Thaddeus Duke

Match

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the following bout will be a Lion’s Den match!

The camera focuses on the structure standing off to the side of the main Genesis stage; an octagon surrounded by eight steel walls, a little smaller than a normal wrestling ring.

Ray Douglas: The match will be contested under Lion’s Den rules; victory will be achieved only by submission or technical knockout! Should neither competitor be able to finish the match, the winner will be decided by a panel of judges selected by the Championship Wrestling Federation. Introducing the judges…

The camera pans around the octagon to a table that has been erected outside the cage. Three men are seated at the table waiting patiently for the match to begin.

Ray Douglas: Former world champion and father of “The Lion Heart” Thaddeus Duke, Sebastian Duke!

Duke raises his hand to cheers from the crowd.

Jim Gunt: And the first judge is the father of one of the competitors!

Mike Rolash: Yeah, I'm sure we can trust him to have an unbiased opinion…

Jim Gunt: You think he's likely to favor his son?

Mike Rolash: Open your eyes Jimbo! Nepotism will get you a long way in this world!

Ray Douglas: The second judge… is Chuck Norris!

Norris nods and gives a thumbs up to a mixed reaction from the audience.

Jim Gunt: Chuck Norris and Nathan Paradine of course have history, with the self-declared Hostile Exile having a victory over Chuck Norris in Hostility!

Mike Rolash: Christ, put him back amongst the mothballs!

Ray Douglas: And the third judge… "The Icon", Jarvis King!

A big reaction from the crowd for King, who remains solemn and simply nods as the camera pans over him.

Jim Gunt: Jarvis King, former CWF stalwart, has returned here tonight as a special guest to judge this bout. As a technical specialist himself, I'm sure he'll keep a keen eye on both Paradine and Duke out there.

Mike Rolash: Never hurts to keep an eye on potential competition if he's ever looking at a comeback!

Ray Douglas: And now… introducing first, hailing from Old Saybrook, Connecticut and weighing in a two hundred and ten pounds… he is The Lion Heart, THADDEUS DUKE!

Silence.

Darkness.

GUITAR! White light bursts through the darkness pointing straight up from the ring posts illuminating the vertical Illuminatus Iron Cross banners (white field, blue cross,) hanging from the lighting rigging above side of the stage. More guitar, the screen flashes to behind the curtain where Thaddeus is shown wearing a white Duke hoodie with the hood up, rocking back and forth in anticipation and excitement.

Back to the mostly darkened arena. 'OKAY,' the arena lights pop on, strobing in blue and white colored lighting with Thaddeus Duke, hood up, standing on stage not moving.

GUITAR WINDS UP, CHORUS: The crowd cheers as he throws off the hood and walks to either side of the stage, pointing out toward the fans. He climbs down off the stage and approaches the Lion's Den, pausing long enough to take a selfie with a couple of kids before climbing into the octagon via an open door in the side of the cage. Inside the cage he paces around, nodding at encouragement from the fans as his music dies away.

Jim Gunt: This could be a make or break showing for Thaddeus Duke, after weeks of attacks on Nathan Paradine at the behest of Jaiden Rishel!

Mike Rolash: Those rumors are totally unsubstantiated and I will not stand for it!

Ray Douglas: And introducing the opponent… hailing from Melbourne, Australia and weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds… he is the Australian Submission Machine, NATHAN PARADINE!

"All Due Respect" by Run the Jewels begins to play as Nathan Paradine emerges from behind the curtain to a mixed reaction from the crowd. He pauses on the stage and surveys the Lion's Den before walking to the octagon, pausing again and looking at the cage before climbing inside to join Thaddeus Duke as the main hook of his theme music hits.

"You get no respect…"

Jim Gunt: And the message from Nathan Paradine is given loud and clear; you get what you give!

Mike Rolash: Pfft, respect is overrated anyway.

Jim Gunt: Is that right? What would you rather have?

Mike Rolash: I think I'd want people to fear me. Yeah, that sounds good!

Referees Trent Robbins and Scott Dean secure the cage door shut before climbing to the narrow walkway that surrounds the cage in order to clearly observe the octagon, and the bell rings. This match is finally underway!

Paradine and Duke circle each other slowly before Paradine lunges forward, wrapping his arms around Duke and pulling him down onto the mat. Duke fights his way back with a series of elbows before rising back to his feet and delivering a kick to Paradine's torso, sending the Australian Submission Machine sprawling. Duke seizes Paradine's arm and applies an arm lock but Paradine hooks his leg around that of his opponent and swings Duke down with a leg sweep, driving him face first into the mat! Paradine looks for an ankle lock but there's still plenty of fight left in Duke and he almost immediately twists his body and kicks Paradine away sending him staggering back into the steel mesh surrounding the octagon to cheers from the crowd.

Jim Gunt: And Thaddeus Duke is already proving that he isn't just hype!

Mike Rolash: Look out, you might have spoken too soon!

Paradine charges forward and seizes Duke by the legs, driving him back against the steel wall of the cage and attempting to drop him to the mat. Duke fights back and manages to free a knee, driving it into Paradine's jaw and sending him reeling backwards before Duke charges and hits a neckbreaker! Paradine is down but not out as as valiantly punches his way out of an attempt at a bodyscissor submission hold. Both men are back on their feet now and Duke powers Paradine back against the steel wall and tucks up as Paradine tries to lift him up before shifting his weight and sending Paradine flying with a body toss! Paradine is laid out flat in the middle of the octagon!

Jim Gunt: Paradine could be in trouble here as Thaddeus Duke makes it look easy!

Mike Rolash: This match is anything goes right, as long as it ends in a submission or TKO? I'd say it's about time Paradine starting using some creative tactics if he wants to come out on top!

Duke pulls Paradine to his feet and whips Paradine back into the mesh, but Paradine rebounds with what little give the cage offers and lays Duke out with a lariat! Paradine grabs Duke and begins to deliver a series of knees to his torso before hitting a double underhook DDT and transitioning it into a crossface! Paradine showing off his technical smarts as he wrenches on the neck and shoulders of Thaddeus Duke, who grabs at the cage desperately.

With a determined cry he grabs a handful of the steel mesh and manages to pull himself to his knees, but Paradine releases his arm and instead applies a rear naked choke! Paradine wraps himself around Duke and drags him back down onto the mat, where the Lion Heart desperately tries to fight his way out of the hold as he begins to run out of air. The crowd roars their support as Duke wrestles with Paradine... and manages to break the grip of the hold! Duke displays his own technical proficiency as he breaks the hold and flips himself over on top of Paradine who scrambles to get out from underneath Duke.

Jim Gunt: And Nathan Paradine finds out that the Lion Heart is a slippery foe!

Mike Rolash: What what if Paradine is a big game hunter?

Jim Gunt: Huh?

Mike Rolash: You know, hunting the lion and stuff.

Jim Gunt: You might want to give your analogies some work, pal.

Duke delivers a series of strikes to Paradine before backing away, eyeing up a woozy Paradine and going for the Better Than You superkick... but Paradine catches his foot! Paradine laughs as Duke hops on the spot for a moment before connecting with Paradine's head with an enziguiri! Paradine isn't down for long though as Duke pulls him to his feet and tosses him into the wall of the cage, but Paradine locks up and pulls him along too! Both men grapple against the wall before Paradine hooks Duke's legs and drives him down, delivering a flurry of punches to the Lion Heart's face before backing away and allowing his young opponent to climb unsteadily to his feet.

Jim Gunt: Paradine using his size to his advantage bringing Thaddeus down and just pounding into him.

Paradine grabs Duke and applies a headlock, wrenching Duke's head furiously... but Duke moves towards the wall and, pulling Paradine along with him, climbs the wall and flips himself over... SHIRANUI! Or at least that's what he attempts, as Paradine twists as he is in mid air and instead drives Duke solidly down onto the mat. Duke has the wind knocked out of him as Paradine seizes his head and applies the Mark of Judas to the displeasure of the crowd. Duke struggles desperately but as his airway is cut off for a second time tonight, and with the gogoplata locked in tight, it's a futile effort and he taps out on the mat in defeat!

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, here is your winner... THE AUSTRALIAN SUBMISSION MACHINE, NATHAN PARADINE!

"All Due Respect" resumes playing as Paradine releases Duke from the hold and climbs to his feet, raising his arms into the air in defiance of the mixed reaction his victory is getting from the crowd.

Jim Gunt: Despite a valiant effort, The Lion Heart has been defeated by Nathan Paradine here tonight!

Mike Rolash: If I were Thaddeus Duke I'd be on the lookout for some more payback from Paradine... like right now!

In the octagon Duke is finally stirring and he climbs to his feet as the realization of his loss sinks in. Paradine approaches him and, as he had promised, offers his hand for a handshake. Duke looks at it for a moment before accepting and both men shake hands as a sign of mutual respect. Duke exits the cage gingerly to make his way backstage, leaving Paradine to celebrate his victory for a little bit longer before Genesis cuts to a quick promo for HOTv.

Most Known Unknowns (c) (Omar Martinez & Vince Espinoza) vs. Natural Selection (Johnny Graves & Magdalena Lockheart) vs. Jeff Jackson & Scourge vs. the el33t Team (Larry O'Leary & Wilhelm Terrence Fredricks)

Match

Douglas is back inside of the ring and ready to get the next contest underway.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is now a Triple Threat Tag Team Match, scheduled for one fall.. and it is for the CWF Tag Team Championships! Introducing first...

“Givenchy” begins to play throughout the arena, Byson saunters from behind the curtain and is soon followed by both Vince Espinoza and Omar Martinez, the CWF World Tag Team Champions. The fans shower them with disapproval which brings a smile to Byson's face as he casually strolls down the aisle.. The MKU slowly follow suit, Martinez nods his head to the beat as Vince has his focus solely on the ring.

Ray Douglas: At a combined weight of four hundred fifty five pounds… being accompanied by Byson Kaliban! They are the CWF World Tag Team Champions! Vince Espinoza.. Omar Martinez.. THE MOST KNOWN UNKNOWNS!

The three men finally make it to the ring, Byson makes his way up the steps, Vince pulls himself up to the apron and Omar slides under the bottom rope. He's joined in the ring by Byson and Vince as they all stand unmoving in the center

of the ring staring out at the crowd.

Jim Gunt: These two men have been tag champs going on a good while now, will we see them being dethrones here?

Mike Rolash: If I were to be honest, I would say it's a 75% chance and let's now forget that the tag division has been less than stellar lately.

The lights throughout the venue cut leaving the fans sitting in complete darkness. Suddenly red and blue lights begin flashing throughout the arena as the sound of police sirens pierce the silence. Suddenly the heavy beat of "Terrorstorm" blasts from the various speakers throughout the venue. After several moments of anticipation the curtain pulls back and Johnny Graves steps out onto the stage. He is closely followed by the Amazonian bodyguard known as Aeryka Aries. Graves slowly moves his gaze over the sea of fans, a confident smirk on his lips. The deep, heartbeat bass of Taylor Swift's "Look What You Made Me Do" drops over the arena's public announce speakers as the artist Magdalena Lockheart emerges from behind the curtain. Magdalena steps out into the center of a light blue spotlight wearing a long black dress. Standing next to a now kneeling Graves as she applies a dark cherry lipstick to her lips with the aid of a pocket mirror.

Ray Douglas: Being accompanied to the ring by Aeryka Aries, at a combined weight of three hundred and twenty-nine pounds! They are the team of Johnny Graves and Magdalena Lockheart! They are... NATURAL SELECTION!!

The ramp in front of her lights up like a model's runway. Lockheart struts down the ramp - Johnny Graves and Aryka Aries in tow - as if she's modeling the dress, pausing briefly at the bottom to pose while flashbulbs go off all around her.

Jim Gunt: A few weeks ago, these two were on the heels of taking those tag titles away from the Most Known Unknowns, if it weren't for the el33t Team.

Mike Rolash: yeah, well with those guys out of the equation, they could have a chance and you totally know that Graves wants to bounce back from that Impact title lost earlier to Jackson..

The lights go out in the arena. A bell sounds and voices begin a chant like chorus. After 15 seconds, the lyrics begin.

"I can feel the floor shaking, and the glass begin to break. The air is getting thinner with every breath that I take. The calm before the storm, you could hear the drop of a pin. Never been claustrophobic, but now the walls are closing in."

As the song continues, The terrifying figures known as The Judge and Scourge makes their way to the ring. They are dressed in their usual attire as they approach, the chorus begins.

Ray Douglas: Their opponents, "The Judge".... JEFF JACKSON and SCOURGE!!

"So strike me down, take me away. Debts are due, it's time to pay. Face what I deserve, here comes Judgment Day! I won't run, the guilt is mine. Too long denying all my crimes. Face what I deserve, here comes Judgment Day!"

Once in the ring, they stand mid ring with their head down. After a long pause, Jackson flings his head back to remove the hood, as purple flames shoot from the posts. As the camera focuses in on the horrific features of the mask, the music fades.

Jim Gunt: Here's the new Impact champ and you have to believe with their size and power, they are the true favorites to win this match.

Mike Rolash: This is the Championship Wrestling Federation and anything is destined to happen around this place.

Scourge and Jackson step out to the apron, along with Lockhart and Martinez as Vince and Johnny start the match off. Clark signals for the bell and the two competitors circle the ring before tying up. Vince quickly snags on a side headlock, soon taking him over to the mat but the Sin City Saint quickly wraps his legs around Espinoza's neck for a headscissors. Now with the momentum shifted in his favor, he begins to crank and tighten his thighs around Vince's massive neck. Repositioning his body weight, the Boa escapes and latches another headlock of his own but Graves

hurriedly gets back up to his feet. Johnny powers through Espinoza's grip, reversing into another headlock for himself.

Jim Gunt: After that fight with Jackson earlier, it's quite impressive to see Graves match hold for hold with Vince.

Mie rike Rolash: That's because he's the Sin City Saint, a bonafide superstar within the CWF.

Jim Gunt: He's proven his worth on many occasions as Espinoza backs him into the ropes and shoots em across. Graves rebounds and drops Vince with a shoulder block!

Mike Rolash: I told you, this guy is money, he's already bouncing back from the Impact title lost earlier.

Graves hits the ropes and runs over top Espinoza who's rolled to his stomach, Johnny rebounds and is met with a vicious lariat from a rising Boa! Graves is counting stars as Vince snatches him up and slams him head first into the empty corner's top buckle. Now having him pinned back first into the corner, Espinoza tags him with a right hand that slumps the former Impact Champion in the corner. Bringing Graves back up, Vince grabs him around the throat with both hands before biel tossing him towards the MKU corner!

Jim Gunt: The power that Vince holds within his body is uncanny, and Martinez is being tagged in.

Mike Rolash: The guy has been tossing grown men around the ring like ragdolls whenever he's inside of it and what do they have planned now?

Martinez holds onto the top rope, still standing on the apron as Vince stands on the other side and uses the ropes himself to slingshot Omar into the ring and onto the still dazed Graves with a rolling senton! He goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

Graves gets his shoulder off of the mat! Getting to a vertical base, Martinez brings Graves up with him and stings his chest with a big overhand chop! Johnny cringes but fires back with a back elbow that staggers Omar. Firing a knife edge chop into Martinez's chest, he begins to unload with chop after chop until he backs Martinez into the Natural Selection's corner where Mags make the tag. Johnny pins Omar in the corner as Lockheart enters the ring and backs up a bit before charging in at the two, leaping into the air and clocking Omar with a big forearm.

Jim Gunt: Graves able to get his fresher teammate into the ring and looks to take advantage.

Mike Rolash: Well Maggie is more than capable to hold her open against these guys.

Graves goes to the apron as Martinez stumbles out of the corner and Lockheart snags his arm and takes him over with a judo hip toss and she goes for the quick pin..

ONE!

TWO!

Omar kicks out and the two are too their feet with haste. Maggie attacks first with open hand palm strikes that has Martinez gasping for air. He staggers into the corner as Mags tries to follow up but the Racer grabs her by the hair and slams her head first into the buckle before pulling her out and rocking her with an european uppercut that sends her into the ropes. She springs off and cracks Omar with a forearm but he recovers and throws a knee into her midsection before guiding her into the MKU corner where he tags Vince back in. With both members of MKU inside of the ring, Omar holds Maggie for Vince as he decks her with a right punch, Omar elbows her in the back for good measure as she drops to the mat.

Jim Gunt: Lockheart might be in trouble here as the MKU look to isolate her. We've already seen the type of damage they could do earlier when they attack the el33t Team keeping them from competing in this match.

Mike Rolash: It was smart strategizing on their behalf, you put those goofballs out, Jackson and Graves have already

competed earlier so as long as the smaller Mags is inside of the ring, they walk out still tag champs.

Vince has Lockheart in a headlock, but he soon releases and boots her in the stomach. Throwing her head between his legs, he lifts her up for a Powerbomb. With Lockheart on his shoulders, he begins to staggers as she reigns down sharp elbows into his skull. Now wiggling her legs, she is able to finesse hey body up and over Vince's shoulders and rolling him up in a sunset flip cover. Continuing to roll through, she flips her body over Vince's keeping his shoulders pinned to the mat. Clark slides in for the count.

ONE!

TWO!

Graves comes in and applies more body weight to the pinfall as everyone else enters the ring as well..

THREE!

Vince kicks out powerfully, sending both Graves and Lockheart sprawling off of him. Summits signals for the bell!

Mike Rolash: What the hell!?

Jim Gunt: I think that was three…

The bell rings as both Graves and Lockheart quickly exit the ring and retrieve the tag team titles as the other four competitors stand inside of the ring in pure shock, especially when Douglas makes it official.

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners and NEW CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! NATURAL SELECTION!

The duo raises their newly won titles high in the air as Byson is inside of the ring, protesting the call. Looking annoyed by the outcome, both Scourge and Jeff Jackson exit the ring, leaving the former champs alone with their manager who's still questioning a retreating Summits.

Jim Gunt: I guess the extra leverage from Graves was enough the keep Vince's shoulders to the mat for the pin..

Mike Rolash: This is definitely not good, Byson is going to have all types of legal teams in our lives..

Jim Gunt: I don't believe that he would go that far.

Mike Rolash: You never know these days in this business.

Aces Ride

Match

Backstage after the thrilling triple threat tag match, we find Duce and Freddie talking over something together. Tara Robinson comes over and begins to speak.

Tara Robinson: Duce, Freddie...you two have been almost joined at the hip since CWF’s return. You’re the most decorated tag team in CWF history, and with singles wins tonight, can be mentioned as one of the most decorated duos as well. What’s your take on that feat, and on your respective matches tonight?

Freddie Styles: That would be a helluva accomplishment. But let’s talk about that at Evolution. Tonight, Silas Artoria will step in the ring with the Alpha of CWF. All respect due, but I’m going out here to prove a point I’ve been making since Silas won two weeks ago. He’s been hyping himself up to be the leader...the world champion. Trying so hard to mentally convince himself that he’s capable...that he has the makeup and the ability to lead this company as the face of it. Silas, you can talk it, but I’ve walked it. I’ve won tag titles with my brother right here. I’ve won the Impact title. My bonafides are undeniable.

Duce Jones: Very fuckin’ undeniable, y’see Tara, comin’ inta dis thang, I knew it was eitha’ gonna be Freddie or myself at tha finish line an’ low an’ behold, who’s standin’ right here, ready ta go out an’ run dis shit like we always done?

Duce points between Freddie and himself..

Duce Jones: Tonight is tha beginnin' of a new era here in CWF… One where tha Alpha Ace is gonna reign supreme an' Duce is gonna be on tha loose! Hoyt wants tha Paramount strap as a means ta advance towards tha big belt an' Danny wants it so he can have some kinda heyday glory ride.. Whateva' tha case may be, tha Aces are comin' through tonight standin' at tha top'a tha mountain.. Like we always do…

Freddie Styles: Facts. Bitch ass Hoyt with his twitter fingers and Danny...they ain't got shit on my bro. Silas is boosting his head like an air pump trying to get ready for me. But there's no escape from your respective obliterations tonight. When the Aces ride...none of you fools will survive. Two Aces will beat an old legend, a joke Omega and a fake ass preacher any day of the week.

Duce Jones: Hmph.. I couldn't have said it betta myself, like I stated at tha press conference. Tonight might be tha Genesis'a CDubyaF but tha big Revelation is dat y'all muthafuckas are just wastin ya time.. Cuz it's a known fact dat when Freddie an' Duce step inside'a dat rang.. Business always gets taken care of.. Tara, right now, you're lookin' at tha future CWF World an' Paramount Champions and I dare any one'a those punk muthafuckas who stand across tha rang from us tonight ta change dat scenario.

Duce and Freddie walk off, leaving Tara still standing there.

Tara Robinson: Intense words from both members of the Smokin' Aces who look to capture gold here tonight, for now we send it back to Jim and Mike.

The scene switches back to the announce table and our commentators.

Kyuseishu vs. Danny B vs. Duce Jones

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is a triple threat match scheduled for one fall with no time limit, and is for the CWF PAARRRAAAMOUNT CHAMPIONSHIP!

The Philadelphia fans are already going wild at the announcement.

They go absolutely ballistic when a certain voice begins to speak through the PA system.

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

The opening sounds of "Godspeed" by Don Trip begins to play as the lights inside of the arena turn a crimson hue color, soon the stage filling up with smoke. After about a minute of waiting, Duce Jones slowly emerges through the fog, instantly inciting cheers from the crowd.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, making his way to the ring, weighing in at two hundred fifteen pounds! From Memphis, Tennessee….DUCE JONES!!

Slowly making his way towards the ring, Jones smiles at claps hands with some of the sold out crowd, as he soon makes it to ringside. Climbing onto the apron, Duce goes to the corner to his right, climbing onto the second rope and peering out into the crowd. Finally done, he jumps over the top rope, landing inside of the ring and removes his hooded vest as he prepares for action.

Jim Gunt: Duce Jones, without a doubt the sentimental favorite going into this match I would assume.

Mike Rolash: Question. If you're assuming it, how is it "without a doubt"?

Jim Gunt: Oh would you shut up...

The arena lights go off as "Personal Jesus" starts to play while the rampway fills with purple smoke. The crowd waits before the drums kick in, and out enters Kyuseishu under a single white spotlight. Behind him march 11 red suited

kabuki masked wearing disciples. Kyuseishu's jet black hair pulled back in a bun in is in the all to familiar traditional samurai hair style, and wearing a men's blue and black Kimono he raises his arms in a pose of the cross. He soaks in the jeers from crowd before clapping his hands together and bowing towards the ring.

Ray Douglas: And his opponents. First, from Nishi-Shinjuku, Tokyo, Japan, he is the Social Justice Samurai….KYUSEISHU!!

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

Mike Rolash: Bow down to the brand new Paramount Champion, Jimmy! It's been a long time coming, but Hoyt receives his crown here tonight!

Jim Gunt: Don't count your chickens before they hatch, Mike. Kyuseishu may have dominated most of the Omega block, but tonight he gets his first taste of the competition in what he himself deemed the "developmental block".

Mike Rolash: Haha, I love Hoyt's jokes!

Jim Gunt rolls his eyes as a large golden spotlight shines over the center of the stage as “Dragon Rider” by Two Steps From Hell begins. A blast of pyro, and “The Ripper” Danny B makes his presence known. The CWF legend pushes his way out of the apron, standing in the center of the golden spotlight as the CWF fans watch on and give him a mixed reaction.

Ray Douglas: And their opponent, hailing from Brighton, England and weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds… he is “The Ripper”... DANNY B!!

Danny arrogantly smirks at the announcement, confident in his ways as he makes his way down the ramp and slides into the ring underneath the bottom rope. He rises to his feet and surveys with crowd before performing a mock bow and backing away into his corner to await the start of the match. Duce and Kyuseishu remain nonplussed, watching on as Ripper tests out the ropes.

Jim Gunt: Danny B is coming into this match with a lot of steam, and some would even say is looking crisper than ever in the ring. Your saviour Kyuseishu said the opposite however, and even went as far as saying when he beats him here tonight he will offer him a rematch as long as he puts his Hall of Fame status on the line.

Mike Rolash: Ha, more jokes! I will say that if Kyuseishu is somehow unable to reign victorious over these two Double D dweebs, that I'd still be satisfied with Ripper as the new champ...

With three out of the four corners of the ring filled with three of CWF's fiercest competitors from it's past, present, and future, "Big" Denny calls for Sal to ring the bell, immediately bringing the Philadelphia fans up to their feet as they cheer in anticipation for the first Paramount Championship Match of the new era.

As soon as the match starts, Kyuseishu dips out of the ring through the ropes, waving his hands outside the ring at Duce and Danny who just look at him in awe from inside the ring. Duce shrugs, coming at Danny B with a kick to the chest. The Ripper brings a stinging shot to Duce's chest himself, using the traditional chop instead. Kick from Duce backs Danny up, but he smirks and brings in another chop.

Kick! Chop!

Jim Gunt: Double axe handle from Kyuseishu from behind!

Mike Rolash: The Second Coming picked the most opportune moment to strike, nothing wrong with that Jimbo.

Duce staggers into Danny following the axe handle, which just pisses him off. Ripper gets a handful of Duce's tights, lifting him end over end quickly and tossing him right at Kyuseishu! The Second Coming catches Duce like a

touchdown pass, bringing him right down onto his knees with a Code Breaker!

Jim Gunt: What a combination there, but it doesn't look like Ripper and Kyuseishu will be working together for long, as both men are already going at it!

Mike Rolash: Ripper with a wild clothesline, but Kyuseishu catches him with an Atomic Drop! Go Kyu!

Not able to knock Ripper off his feet with the reverse Atomic Drop, Kyuseishu opts to simply throw him through the ropes instead. The fans boo the display as Danny lands hard on the outside, but are back to cheering as soon as Kyuseishu turns around and takes a well placed rising knee from Duce.

Jim Gunt: Deeeee-TRIGGA!

Mike Rolash: Oh no, I think Kyuseishu is out on his feet, Jimmy!

Jim Gunt: Good for him! After all the trash talk on Twitter, I would love to see Hoyt get what's coming to him here tonight!

Mike Rolash: Oh me too, the Paramount Championship he deserves...

Jim Gunt: ...

Not allowing Kyuseishu to even lean on the ropes, Duce grabs ahold of his right arm and sends him hard into the corner. The Kid That Never Dies comes running in hard, but Danny explodes his way back into the ring with an alley-oop over the top rope, catching Duce with a massive lariat before he can splash Hoyt Williams!

Jim Gunt: The Ripper is back!

Mike Rolash: Legends never die, Jimmy. You can knock Ripper down, but he'll always get back up!

Jim Gunt: But will he get up from the Deeds of the Saints, because Kyuseishu just wrapped him up and turned him upside do...no Ripper reverses and has Hoyt hung in the air, ohh he hot shots him face first into the corner!

Pulling Kyuseishu away from the ropes by his legs, Danny forcefully shifts him onto his back and nonchalantly covers him with his side, not bothering to hook either leg.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Kyuseishu kicks out just as Denny drops the two count, you gotta think Ripper would have had a better chance at getting a three count if he would have properly covered his opponent.

Mike Rolash: Don't question Danny B, Jimbo, when you put the time that man has in the ring then maybe you'd have even half an idea about the mindset of the man right now.

Jim Gunt: Well I have called a good portion of the matches throughout his career, if that means anything.

Mike Rolash: It doesn't.

Danny B goes to lift Kyuseishu back to his feet after shaking his head back and forth, but by this point Duce has made his way back to his feet and smashes a knee into the kidneys of Ripper instantly dropping him down to a knee. Springing to action, Duce heads into the ropes looking to take Ripper's head clean off, but somehow he leaps back to his feet just before Duce's arrival, catching him as he's incoming and doubling him over with a Tilt-A-Whirl Backbreaker! Ripper takes his boot against the back or Duce's skull, blending it right into the canvas as Philadelphia fans boo him wildly.

Danny flicks off the crowd with a smile on his face, going back for Kyuseishu just to receive a European Uppercut! The

Second Coming follows it up by stretching Ripper out with an Abdominal Stretch. Danny screams out in pain but quickly tries to fight out of it, pulling an arm free and snapping Williams in the ribs with quick elbows.

Jim Gunt: Ripper breaks free from the Abdominal stretch and...RKS! Holy hell where did that come from!?

Mike Rolash: Out of nowhere, Jimbone, not even the Second Coming of Christ seen that one coming!

With Kyuseishu suddenly on the canvas, Ripper turns him to his back, this time electing to hook both of his legs as the fans give him a mixed reception.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO!

Jim Gunt: Duce breaks it up at the last second!

Mike Rolash: Duce's always get in the way of something good happening...

Jim Gunt: Oh God Mike, I don't even wanna know.

Following the low dropkick on Danny B, the Kid That Never Dies trades stomps down on both Kyuseishu and Danny before coming right between them, raising his hands up to flick them both off, drawing a huge reaction from the Philadelphia crowd!

Mike Rolash: Duce Jones is so disrespectful, no wonder these Philly fans love him!

Jim Gunt: It’s not just Philly, Mike, Duce is loved all around the world!

Planting Danny with a kick to the stomach stopping him in his tracks immediately, Duce runs back into the ropes looking for a Bicycle Knee Strike, but Kyuseishu unknowingly gets up right in the way, taking the shot to the back of the head instead! The crowd gasp as Kyuseishu drops awkwardly to the canvas, but the action continues on as Danny turns back around just in time to duck under a wild right hand from Duce. Jones is caught with his arms underhooked, being lifted high in the air by Ripper and planted right on his face!

Jim Gunt: Blood of the Jackal!

Mike Rolash: But Kyuseishu is back up...Oklahoma Stampede on Danny! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

RIPPER ROLLS HIS SHOULDER AT TWO AND A HALF!

Holding his head in his hands in frustration, Kyuseishu quickly regroups, turning to Duce instead and covering him.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: No! Ripper shoves Kyuseishu off Duce, and now he has full control, mounting him and launching in heavy right hands!

Mike Rolash: But now Kyu shoves Ripper off HIM, and right into a Backstabber from the rising Jones!

Jim Gunt: My god, what action!

His lower back wracked in pain, Danny B rolls out of the ring to recover while Duce and Kyuseishu stand eye to eye

just several feet from each other. The two men send a somewhat respectful nod to each other before coming at each other at full speed. Duce ducks under and Kyuseishu leap frogs over him, both men making it to the opposite side of the ropes for even more momentum.

Jim Gunt: DOUBLE CROSS BODY!

Mike Rolash: Speaking of bodies, they're laying everywhere Jimbo!

Neither Kyuseishu or Duce Jones seems to have gotten the better of the double cross body block, as both men hold their abdomen rolling around in pain on the canvas. Ripper quickly rolls back into the ring, sensing a heavy advantage swinging his way. He turns towards the ropes himself, heading into them and springing off for the Ripper's Blade clothesline on a rising Jones. But the Kid That Never Dies catches him in mid-air...modified Fisherman's Suplex right on his skull! Danny is laid out, the Philadelphia crowd cheering loudly as Duce turns him over for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-

Jim Gunt: Kyuseishu in with the save, colliding with a shoulder block that knocks Jones off Ripper and rolling to the outside!

Mike Rolash: What the hell is Duce doing!?

Making a hand movement as if to say "fuck this shit", Duce Jones turns his back on the ring and the Paramount Championship Match, making his way up the ramp as the fans who are normally faithful of the former World champ begin to boo him. Duce turns around, non-intentionally, as Kyuseishu grabs him by the wrist to turn him around and crack him with a right hand! Backing up the ramp, Duce holds his jaw in his hands. Williams charges forward to hit him with another underhand but Jones leaps stops him in his tracks with a Bicycle Knee Strike!

The knee connects hard, bringing Hoyt stumbling and rolling back towards the ring. Duce however, flicks Hoyt and then Danny off, and then once again turns his back to the action, walking up the steel rampway as the sold out Philadelphia crowd watch on in stunned awe.

Jim Gunt: I can't believe it...Duce Jones is actually walking out on this match!

Mike Rolash: And that freaking idiot just ruined the match for Hoyt, as Danny is pulling him back in the ring and unless our Kyuseishu has his father God right on his back, the Ripper's has to have him in the palm of his hands.

Danny waits for Kyuseishu to warily get up, struggling as he grabs ahold of the ropes and turns back around. It's academic at this point. R-K-S! The Ripper Kill Shot connects and brings down the already woozy Hoyt Williams, truly bringing birdies to the brain of the Social Media Saviour as he drops down face first to the canvas. Ripper flops him to his back, going right for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: The winner of this match by pinfall and the NEW CWF Paramount Champion, the Ripper….DANNY B!!

Jim Gunt: The Ripper once again reigns over CWF!

Mike Rolash: Only because that idiot Duce cost Hoyt the match! Who would have thought after all that Danny and Duce have been through that it would be him to give the Ripper a title win?

Jim Gunt: Oh come on, Mike, there was a lot more to Danny's win than just that final confrontation with Duce and Kyuseishu outside. Nevertheless, we have our first Paramount Champion of the new era in Danny B and the other two men in the match definitely seem to have some unfinished business following tonight...

Freddie Styles vs. Silas Artoria

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is scheduled for one fall with NO time limit and is tonight's MAAAIIINNN EVENT for the CWF WOOOORRRLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

The screens and lights go dark, the speakers go quiet, impending the arrival of tonight's main event. Faint music (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=krRNUVgl0dE) begins, and petals begin to appear on the screen. Drums kick in, and a familiar face in competition appears. It's footage from 2017, and a lofty dressed individual makes his way to the ring for his first match. It soon fades to footage later, him bleeding in the middle of the Tokyo Dome, weilding a ladder.

Silas Artoria: Two years...I've been on this path…

It cuts to footage from the audience, looking at the exhausted Silas in the middle of the ring.

Silas Artoria: ...and overtime, you have seen the struggles…

Footage to him climbing the ladder towards the Paramount Championship.

Silas Artoria: ...the peaks…

And him falling from the Hell in the Cell cage, through the announcer tables.

Silas Artoria: ...and the valleys.

Cut to footage from the beginning of Alpha and Omega tournament, face to face with Kyuseishu...

Silas Artoria: You've seen me confront my mistakes…

The battle with Autumn Raven.

Silas Artoria: ...fight my past…

The battle with Blake.

Silas Artoria: ...and made me realise who I really am...

The dive towards Ataxia.

Silas Artoria: ...and what it takes to become a king in my own castle.

Being announced as the winner.

Ray Douglas: (Through the video) The winner of Omega Block….SILAS….ARTORIA!

Him, looking at an out of focus Freddie Styles by the commentary desk.

Silas Artoria: The war is coming to an end...

Cut to Silas' head, looking down before slowly rising to meet the camera.

Silas Artoria: ...and it'll end the way I want it to.

A smirk.

Silas Artoria: Welcome to this new era.

Finger guns.

Silas Artoria: Bang!

The feed cuts out, and the stage lights up to see a band consisting of numerous drums, saxophones, a guitar, bass, and a vocalist. They start to play (https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ZJNG3WmsOs4), and it builds up.

Just as the horns start blowing, Silas Artoria, flanked by Hidetaka Ito, emerge from the gorilla position. He's dressed in a heavenly white jacket, with heavy dry ice emerging from both it's interior and the trails. The audience start to shower down their praise towards the One True Omega, even if all he does is look upon them and the ring. Still, a light smirk escapes him, and he begins his slow descend down the ramp.

Jim Gunt: He battled through nine opponents. Eight to one, defeating rising stars and legendary fixtures alike, both in the CWF and beyond. When he defeated Ataxia, he declared himself the One True Omega, and lamented how those whom have held the belt are quick to leave the second they lose it. He said it was the same mistake he wouldn't do, he said that he was bringing all the cannons to the battlefield, and he fired the first salvo when Freddie Styles took to the ring.

The saxophone solo finished and Silas makes quick eye contact with the eMpire group who greet him with sarcastic claps. Artoria turns his head away from them, sliding into the ring to take a look at the whole arena, as the music built up more and more. He walks around the ring to get a better look, before returning to the middle of the ring.

The music is rising, and rising, and rising.

Silas suddenly throws up his arms, and the lights turn to a blinding bright haze through the fog. Pyro shots go off with each new bar, something Silas doesn't take notice of, as his eyes are tightly closed.

The music abruptly stops, and the crowd hail down their enthusiasm as he slowly lowers his arms. He looks around, and walks over to Ito. A quick exchange of words, and he removes the heavenly white coat. His arm is still concealed with bandages and a glove.

Jim Gunt: Huge moment for Silas Artoria tonight as he main events his very first CWF pay per view!

Mike Rolash: Would be a shame if he came all this way just to fall all the way back down to the bottom, huh, Jim?

Jim Gunt: Regardless of the decision here tonight, I would assume both Silas and Freddie have proven themselves with their performances in the Alpha and Omega tournament. I think both men's spots are safe.

Classical music begins to play as the lights go out in the arena, then stop. Out of the air, the beginning of "King of My World" begins to play.

"I am the master of my destiny
I am the king of all I see

KING

I'll open your eyes and make you see
I'm the king of my world (king of my world)
I'll bring down the walls around you
I'm the king of my world (king of my world)
I'll bring down the walls around you
The walls of Jericho"

And with that, out walks wrestling legend….Ronnie McNeil!

Jim Gunt: Holy shit, it's Ronnie McNeil!

Mike Rolash: Who?

Jim Gunt: Oh come on, Mike! McNeil is not only a legend and former champion from CWF's past, but has competed all around the world...and even mentored our own Freddie Styles!

Ronnie claps his hands to the ovation, raises his hands to hush the crowd, and the lights go out again. This time, the buzz of the crowd is interrupted with the ethereal sounds of Idris Elba…

(The Alpha is not defined)
The Alpha is not defined by how low the jeans fall by the waist, but more how your genes stand up against expectations
"Never forgetting where we came from."
(The Alpha, the Alpha)
The Alpha is not defined by how many rocks are in your watch
But rather how many rocks you move while on your watch
Alphas, hustlers, republicans, democrats, pimps and hoes
Conservatives, labor
The seller, the buyer, the product, the producer
"See you are what you are in this world."
The Alpha is absorbed and adored by those that don't understand the laws that govern the Alphament
(Alphament, Alphament)
Alphament allows you to make up the own laws
And create brand new words, Alpha mentality
Alpha mentality, an American way
Created by the white
Mastered by the black, and absorbed by the fiends
Taxed by the governmentality, governmentality (governmentality)
Charted by Forbes
If you believe in Freddie, then you too can be an Alpha
By any means necessary, by owning that dream
I mean it's a long walk to freedom
But, while deep, deep, deep inside the bush
The war on terror screams, damn it feels good
Damn it feels good to be an Alpha, ha-ha
To be an Alpha, swagger is not a must, it's a liability
A cliché, a bad suit, cut the bullshit
You know if it wasn't for this, there would be no that…
…the Alpha of the new era of the CWF"

The feed fades into static.

"Look in my eyes, what do you see?
The cult of personality
I know your anger, I know your dreams
I've been everything you want to be
I'm the cult of personality
Like Mussolini and Kennedy
I'm the cult of personality
The cult of personality
The cult of personality"

Out steps Freddie Styles, ready for war, in Atlanta United colors, walking confidently down the aisle. He stops where Ronnie is standing, gives him a big hug, daps him up, then starts heading for the ring not paying any attention to the eMpire. Freddie slides into the ring, heads to the near corner and poses, then heads to the opposite corner and poses again.

“Neon lights a Nobel Prize
A leader speaks, that leader dies
You don't have to follow me
Only you can set you free”

Freddie walks right over to Silas, mouthing to him “It’s go time…don’t nut up son”, before leaning on the ropes, saying/singing the final portion of the final verse as the crowd sings in unison.

“You gave me fortune
You gave me fame
You gave me power in your own god's name
I'm every person you need to be
Oh, I'm the cult of personality
I'm the cult of, I'm the cult of, I'm the cult of, I'm the cult of personality”

Jim Gunt: What an ovation from Freddie Styles, and I think we’re finally ready, Mike. I know the two men in the ring are, both Silas and Freddie have waited their entire careers for this night!

Mike Rolash: And neither deserve it.

Jim Gunt: Both men couldn’t deserve it ANY more! They fought through the most strenuous tournament in wrestling history, the Alpha and Omega round robin, and both men come into tonight’s Genesis pay per view with eight wins and one loss. That’s incredible!

The lights inside the Wells Fargo Center slowly begin to dim, the only thing being spotlighted is the squared circle itself. Inside it are two of the top athletes in the game today, two men who have fought through adversity their entire careers. Two men who have fought their way from the very bottom, and tonight one of them will stand at the very top.

Silas Artoria. Freddie Styles. The sold out Philadelphia crowd has the entire Wells Fargo Center rocking as they prepare to see the first CWF World Heavyweight Championship match of the brand new era. Trent Robbins makes his way over to both men, Styles raising his arms in the air to allow him to pat him down while Silas hesitates for a moment, smiling before he does the same.

Trent calls for Sal to ring the bell, eliciting an instant cheer from the crowd who is clearly ready to go.

Jim Gunt: Here we go Mike, the moment we’ve waited over three long months for! The culmination of the entire Alpha and Omega Tournament, the match that will crown our brand new World Champion!

Mike Rolash: This moment couldn’t be any bigger, Jimbo. Not unless Kyuseishu was in the match, anyway…

Making their way towards each other slowly, it’s apparent that neither Freddie Styles or Silas Artoria are in any kind of a hurry, neither man wanting to make a snap decision that may cost themselves in the end.

Jim Gunt: Well he’s not, so get over it! Silas and Freddie both have had a damn near perfect tournament to get themselves to this point, both men coming in with eight wins and only one loss, with sixteen points a piece!

Circling around each other, both competitors make fake out moves, each time coming forward but stopping as the other looks ready for them. Finally, Silas moves low looking to take out the left leg of Freddie Styles, but Styles shifts his weight forward and brings Silas chest and face-first to the canvas. Transitioning around to his backside, Styles uses

the palms of his hands to press the back of Silas' head to pancake him into the canvas. Mr. Ballgame backs up with a smile on his face, wiping his hands clean as Silas gets up to a knee clearly disgusted.

Jim Gunt: It looks like Freddie's getting into Silas' head already. Is Artoria going to have to pull out his secret weapon here tonight?

Mike Rolash: You mean not so secret weapon, Jimmy? We all know Silas' Passenger has found its way out more and more often as of late, and I'm sure if the time calls for it, it will again tonight! And to be honest I for one would love to see the Passenger brutalize Styles here at Genesis!

Freddie Styles wipes the smile off his face as Silas comes at him looking to lay him out with a right hand, instead Mr. Ballgame ducks under, grabbing him around the waist and bringing him up and down with an Atomic Drop. Bringing him up to Fireman's Carry position, Styles drops the Psychotic Aristocrat right in the middle of the ring. He kips up to his feet, waving his hands around to get the crowd on his feet as he turns back around to Silas. Styles brings him up looking for an irish whip but Silas sideshifts and sends him into the ropes instead.

Silas ducks under as Freddie comes running back at him, but Styles sees it coming, leapfrogging over him. Continuing his moment, Freddie Styles hits the ropes and comes back quicker than ever, right into a heaving clothesline from Silas Artoria. NO! Styles catches the non-gloved arm of Artoria, bringing himself up and around him...TORNADO DDT!

The Philly crowd goes wild as Styles turns Artoria onto his back for the first cover of the match.

ONE!

Jim Gunt: Whatta reversal from Mr. Ballgame, but will it be enough!?

TWO!

SILAS KICKS OUT!

Mike Rolash: Guess not, but you're right. Hell of an effort from Styles, but with the strenuous tournament that he's had, will he have the stamina to stay on Artoria?

Jim Gunt: Talk about strenuous tournaments, Silas has fought numerous matches that were right down to the last minute, Mike! It's amazing the man is even able to stand, better yet come into this final match at Genesis pretty well unscathed. But I mean, I guess it is Silas Artoria we're talking about…

Mike Rolash: Exactly! Speaking of Silas, he just reversed a waistlock from Styles and is now behind him...Snap Dragon!

Jim Gunt: Nobody does a Snap Dragon quite like Silas!

Freddie Styles is slow to get back to his feet, shaking off the cobwebs as he does so. Silas, however, is already making his move.

Jim Gunt: KNOCKOUT!

Mike Rolash: No! Freddie dodges the high Bicycle Knee, and Superkicks Artoria! Incredible!

For a long moment, both Freddie Styles and Silas Artoria remain on their backs, taking a second to recover before both coming up almost simultaneously. The King of the Alphas delivers a right hand to Silas, looking to break the match down to a fist fight, but Silas instead hits him with a knife edge chop. Another right hand backs Silas up into the ropes, but two more rapid chops to Styles' chest brings them both right back to the center of the ring.

Punch. Chop. PUNCH! CHOP! PUNCH!

Jim Gunt: KNOCKOUT!

Mike Rolash: And Silas hits the knee flush this time, collapsing Freddie like a demolished building!

Jim Gunt: And now he makes the cover, could we be crowning our first World Champion of the new era here!?

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

NO! FREDDIE KICKS OUT HARD, SHOVING ARTORIA OFF OF HIM AS HE DOES SO!

With a handful of the middle rope, Artoria pulls himself back to his feet rubbing his right knee, showing that the Knockout may have done just as much damage to him as it did to Freddie. He takes a brief look outside the ring where the eMpire faction remain front row, Mike Best waving his hands for a bag of popcorn from the man in the third row.

Silas shakes his head before approaching his rising opponent, but Styles grabs ahold of his leg as Silas kicks out, twisting and pulling him down with a Leg Whip. Styles transitions the leg over, turning Artoria onto his back for a single leg Boston Crab! Silas is agasp as Styles puts all his weight down on his lower back, but he is quick to sense how close the ropes are to him.

Jim Gunt: Silas Artoria is in big trouble here, Freddie has that Boston Crab sunk in deep!

Mike Rolash: But with a hell of a fight, Silas makes it to the ropes!

Jim Gunt: He got lucky there!

Desperately grabbing onto the bottom rope, the One True Omega cringes as the Smokin' Ace holds the submission on for an extra count of three. Freddie finally lets go, throwing Silas down midsection and knee first to canvas for good measure. Walking across the square of Silas' back, Freddie runs over top of him and onto the ropes. But Silas is right back to his feet like a light, dropkicking Styles as he returns! With a roll both men are right back up, this time Styles ducking under a lariat from Silas, and then exploding backwards to nearly knock him out cold with a Pele Kick!

Jim Gunt: Neither man can gain a true advantage here, as both men trade BIG back and forth shots.

Mike Rolash: This match is a long time coming for both of these athletes, Jimbo. This Genesis main event, this World Heavyweight Title match, is the culmination of their entire careers and is easily the most important match in either man's career thus far.

Jim Gunt: Great analysis, for once, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Thanks, asshole.

Soaking in the cheers from the raucous Philadelphia crowd, Freddie Styles claps his hands together twice in succession awaiting Silas to get back to his feet. He chooses to aid him up, bringing Silas into a waistlock before tucking his head down and bringing his feet in the air to hang them on the ropes.

Jim Gunt: Hangman's DDT from Mr. Ballgame!

Mike Rolash: But Styles chooses to not go for the cover, that could have been it there!

Turning Silas onto his back following the DDT, Freddie instead chooses to mount his opponent and rain down heavy right hands to the exposed face of Artoria. Finally Silas raises his arms to block the shots after at least four right hands, and he's able to pull the slightly larger Styles off him with a shifting arm drag.

Both men right back to their feet, the Wells Fargo Center rocking to its core as they square off yet again. The formerly known Psychotic Aristocrat calls Freddie in for a fight, and Mr. Ballgame is never one to back down. He runs forward looking for a v-trigger knee, but Silas is able to sidestep him and bring him down with another Snap Dragon Suplex!

Styles holds the back of his head but is right back to his feet, coming at Silas yet again just to receive a quick Dragonrana for his troubles! Silas turns Freddie to his back, looking to make his first cover of the match.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: Only a two count as Freddie Styles kicks out of the Snap Rana.

Mike Rolash: Why does Silas have so many moves that have the name “snap” in it? I wish I could snap the guys freakin’ neck…

Jim Gunt: Geez Mike, tell us how you really feel about him…

Bringing his opponent right back to his feet, Silas doesn’t even give him a moment to recover. He launches him into the corner, Styles smacking headfirst into the pads. Tightening up the tape on his right arm, Silas comes in looking to deliver a few knockout blows, but Freddie ducks under and connects with repeated shoulder block, stopping him in his tracks. Turning around, Freddie leaps quickly towards the ropes, coming back around to deliver an impressive Whisper in the Wind on Silas! The Philadelphia fans give Styles a round of applause, but will it be enough for the three count?

ONE!

TWO!

NO! SILAS KICKS OUT AT TWO!

Jim Gunt: I’ve never in my life seen Freddie Styles go for the Whisper in the Wind, but it only shows that these two men are willing to hit all the stops to achieve their dream here tonight!

Mike Rolash: May as well call the match a draw and just give the belt to Kyuseishu, that’d be the smart thing to do.

Jim Gunt: Enough about Kyuseishu, Mike, he couldn’t even get the job done in the Paramount Title Match earlier for god’s sakes!

Mike Rolash: But still...and it’s Hoyt’s sakes, by the way.

Jim Gunt: Styles and Artoria are back up, Artoria caught by Styles and driven down to his knee and back forward. Dat Remix! That’s gotta be it!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-

Mike Rolash: No! Silas kicks out yet again!

“LET’S GO SILAS!”

“LET’S GO FRED-DIE”

“LET’S GO SILAS!”

“LET’S GO FRED-DIE!”

Jim Gunt: The crowd here in Philly are going absolutely crazy, and for good reason! These two world class athletes are putting on the show of a lifetime, and we get to sit here and call it! What a dream job!

Mike Rolash: Speak for yourself, Jimmy.

Freddie Styles does his best to maintain his composure, inhaling and exhaling a deep sigh before rolling off Silas and

back to his feet. He backs himself into the corner, both hands up on the top rope as if he's ready to spring on his opponent at any moment. Silas rolls back over to his back, coughing, and Styles indeed springs to action.

DOUBLE FOOT STOMP-NO! Silas is up as Freddie comes down, and he uses all his strength to grab the legs of Styles and flip him end over end on the way through!

But Styles lands on his own two feet, defiant as he flips off Silas from across the ring. An angered Artoria sneers back at him, the two men coming at each other and rising up to simultaneously hit Dropkicks at the same time.

Jim Gunt: Both Freddie and Silas hit nothing but air there as they look for Dropkicks at the same exact time!

Mike Rolash: These two men need to get out of the head of the other, and get their own heads in the game!

Jim Gunt: What?

Circling around the ring, both men are once again in a standstill as the Philadelphia crowd falls mostly silent awaiting the next maneuver. Freddie stops at the ropes, resting his back against them and calling Silas to charge at him. A sure fire Artoria goes to do just that, but Styles is able to duck out under the Knockout Bicycle Knee, hoisting him up over the ropes and to the outside with a Back Body Drop!

Silas lands hard on the outside, but looks to be completely undamaged as he lands on his bandaged up right arm and simply rolls back to his feet!

Jim Gunt: My god, this Silas Artoria is NOT human!

Mike Rolash: Just as long as his skin doesn't start to go green and scaley, I think we'll be fine Jim…

Jim Gunt: Wait a minute, here comes Freddie across the ring...CORKSCREW PLANCHA OVER THE TOP ROPE ON SILAS!

Mike Rolash: Insane!

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

Styles rolls off Artoria following the plancha, neither man able to make a move as they lay flat on their backs outside the ring.

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

CLAP! CLAP! CLAP!

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: With both of our competitors unable to get back into the ring, head official Trent Robbins has no other choice but to start counting them out!

THREE!

Silas Artoria and Freddie Styles remain on their backs, neither man moving even the slightest. Mike Best, CMF, and Max Kael all three get off their seats, the three men looking over the action with much interest.

FOUR!

Mike Rolash: Oh come on Jimmy Ray, that would be the bullshitiest of all the bullshit endings!

FIVE!

Styles pulls himself up to his knees slowly, clearly worse for wear from not only the strenuous Alpha and Omega tournament but the nasty landing on the Plancha.

Jim Gunt: Well it looks like Freddie Styles is slowly making his way to, so you may not have to worry about what I agree would be a hell of a disappointing ending after we've come all this way to the final match of the tournament.

SIX!

Turning to Silas, Freddie grabs him by his waist to pull him up in one yank, but the former Psychotic Aristocrat blasts him with a European Uppercut! The shot connects hard and leaves Styles staggering back into the steps!

SEVEN!

Silas looks over to Hidetaka Ito, nodding to his mentor before going back over to Freddie Styles and laying into him with a kick. Artoria's attention is turned to the HOW faction, Mike Best in particular, who very loudly runs his mouth in the direction of Silas.

EIGHT!

The One True Omega nearly loses his focus and goes over to the eMpire, but he quickly shakes his head to rethink and goes back to Freddie to toss him under the bottom rope, following him right in as Best throws popcorn in their direction.

Jim Gunt: And they're back in the ring at the count of eight!

Mike Rolash: The eMpire nearly cost Silas the match, but now he's calling for the Fall of Man!

A cut-throat taunt from Silas Artoria brings the sold out crowd to their feet, and the man wastes no time in going over to Freddie and lifting him up to Electric Chair position. Freddie is not going to give up yet however, hitting a couple of right hands to the top of the One True Omega's head causing him to stagger backwards. Out of pure desperation, Artoria snaps his body backward, hitting a regular Electric Chair Drop on Styles!

Jim Gunt: Artoria was unable to get the Fall of Man there, but an impressive Electric Chair Drop nonetheless.

Mike Rolash: And now the Airplane Spin. I hate when he does this, he makes me dizzy every time…

Turning Styles through the air several times, Silas goes to fling him back to the canvas by the base of his body, but Freddie somehow maneuvers his way through the air landing at the back of Artoria. He grabs one arm of Silas turning it towards his head for a Half Nelson and then spikes him back with a Suplex! Jumping over the body of the Omega Block winner, Styles walks the ropes making his way quickly to the top before flinging himself off back at Artoria.

Jim Gunt: KING OF THE FALL! The 450 Splash and Freddie stays on for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NEW CHAMPION!

FREDDIE'S DONE IT, THE DREAM FINALLY ACHIEVED!

BUT SILAS HAS HIS FOOT ON THE FUCKING ROPE!

Ito motions wildly for Trent Robbins, showing the head CWF referee that Silas had his foot on the ropes before the three count. Robbins looks at him with a raised eyebrow, but motions to Sal that the match must continue. Freddie Styles is beside himself, smacking the canvas as he knows that he was so close to becoming the first CWF World Champion of the new era. Taking in a deep breath, he slaps himself across the face three times as hard as possible.

Jim Gunt: Freddie delivering some hard shots to...himself.

Mike Rolash: Gotta wake himself up some way, Jimmy! Freddie has this match if he can just stay focused!

Jim Gunt: He's calling for the ATL Stomp, so you may be right!

Stomping down on the canvas several times, Freddie brings the Philly fans up on their feet as he waits impatiently for Silas to make a move. He begins to roll away from the ropes, Ito doing his best to try to warn him of what's ahead even as he turns right towards Styles. ATL STO-NO! ITO PULLS SILAS OUT OF HARM'S WAY JUST IN TIME!

The Philly crowd boo this display, but Silas' mentor may have saved from the final shot of the match! Silas is beside himself, not quite sure what happened as Ito points back towards the ring...where Freddie once again comes flying towards them, this time taking out both Silas and Hidetaka Ito with a Suicide Dive! All three men go flying into the barricade!

ONE!

Jim Gunt: Trent Robbins once again right on top of the count, making sure this final match goes right by the rulebook.

TWO!

Mike Rolash: Jaiden should have made this one a falls count anywhere match, not his own! Maybe he'd still be able to stand!

THREE!

Freddie pulls both Silas and himself back to their feet, taking his Omega opponent and whipping him as hard as he can. The momentum takes Silas several feet before he loses his footing and makeshift flips right into the corner of the barricade!

FOUR!

Ito is back to his feet attempting to get in the way of Styles out of instinct, but Mr. Ballgame has had enough of the Japanese legend's games, pulling him in by his shoulders for a Code Breaker! The eMpire proceed to throw more popcorn down upon a helpless Silas Artoria.

FIVE!

Ito wiggles, writhing in pain as Styles simply walks over to him towards Artoria. The One True Omega is up in a flash, catching Mr. Ballgame with a Spear into the steps!

Jim Gunt: Talk about realigning the spine, that had to have hurt!

SIX!

Mike Rolash: It's gonna hurt a lot worse if these two idiots don't get back in the ring!

Rolling Freddie under the bottom rope, Silas removes his hand from his lower back and sends in deliberate kicks right to the pinch point of his spine. Styles screams out in pain, attempting to roll right back out of the ring, but Silas stops him with a Cannonball into a Legdrop right to the back of his head! Artoria brings Freddie up to his feet looking to put him back into the Electric Chair position but the King of Alphas swings out of his grasp.

Jim Gunt: BALLLLGAME!

Mike Rolash: No, Silas drops down to somehow duck out under the kick...and now he has Freddie on his shoulders! My god, FALL OF MAN!

Jim Gunt: It's over!

Half the Philadelphia fans stand in shock while the others cheer vibrantly, as the One True Omega turns the King of

Alphas onto his back, looking up at Robbins and demanding he counts as quick as possible.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

IS IT OVER!?

YESSS!!

“Devil Trigger” by Little V begins to play over the speakers as the lighting in the Wells Fargo Center returns to normal.

Mike Rolash: By god, he did it! Through hell and high water, Silas Artoria is our NEW CWF World Heavyweight Champion!

Jim Gunt: With a Hidetaka Ito along the way...but give the devil his due, Silas earned that World Championship here tonight. Freddie Styles may be the King of the Alphas, and what a wild ride back to this point for the legend, but tonight is the night Silas finally reaches the pinnacle of his career!

Mike Rolash: Goodnight everybody, we’ll see you in two weeks from Pittsburgh for Evolution seventy three!

The cameras zoom in on the ring where Trent Robbins awards the CWF World Heavyweight Championship to Silas Artoria, the Omega True Omega proudly having his non gloved hand raised high in the air. Ito raises the other hand, Artoria nearly getting emotional at the moment and response from the Philadelphia crowd. That is...until he sees who has stepped towards the ring, over the barricade.

Michael Best.

The HOW unsanctioned HOFC Champion steps through the ropes, his trademark shit-eating grin plastered all over his face. Silas does not retreat in the slightest, even as the rest of the eMpire make their way over the barricade and join Best from the apron. The new CWF World Champion stares at the faction with cold eyes, showing no fear as he calls all three of them in. Instead Best steps forward.

Eye to eye, Silas Artoria and Mike Best, both men holding CWF World Championships on their shoulders. Suddenly Best makes a move to strike Artoria, and by instinct the champion flinches. Mike instead rolls out of the ring, finger guns shooting Artoria as he backs up the ramp with his eMpire faction, the smile still on his face. Silas turns his attention to a slowly rising Styles and back to the eMpire as Genesis goes off the air.

Cut.

Show Credits

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