

Golden Intentions: Golden Intentions 5

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: June 23, 2018
Location: Wells Fargo Center — Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Results

We have arrived!

Match

The picture fades in to a sold out Wells Fargo Centre in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. A steel cage is hanging above the ring, ready for the Impact Championship match later on. The atmosphere in the arena is electric with all belts on the line and the big rumble on top of it. As the camera pans around, a lot of the usual suspects are in attendance, the Ataxiarmy, Highlanders, the Shadow Foundation, Flairheads. There also are a few more marriage proposals than usual, going out to not just Caledonia, but also Amber Ryan, Amelia and one for Ataxia. By a person with a bag on his or her head. At the top of the ramp the dynamic duo of Blake Church and Charles State are ready to go.

Blake Church: Good evening Philadelphia!

Cheers from the crowd.

Charles State: Welcome to Golden Intentions, where one dream WILL come true!

More cheers.

Blake Church: First of all a round of applause for Adrian Evans and Angus Skaaland for being so gracious to stand in for us at Church vs. State on short notice, but I'm sure you still missed us, didn't you?

Laughter from the fans.

Charles State: But on to tonight's show and boy, is this ever action packed! A lumberjack match between Amelia and Cassandra, which promises chaos abound and then it is strike after strike after strike, King vs. Starr, Ataxia vs. Silas Artoria, Smokin' Aces vs. The Forsaken and then the big triple threat between Caledonia, Amber Ryan and Omega!

Blake Church: And then the big one, 30 competitors battling it out for the number 1 contendership for the World title in the Golden Intentions Rumble, so much to do and so little time, so let's not hold things up more than we have to and go to ringside, where we have our German announce team of Markus Voglmayr and Reinhard Hansen!

wave, Cassandra blows the audience a kiss.

"Hope" by Apocalyptica starts to play. The audience rains down abuse as Ouroboros steps out onto the entrance ramp. Elisha and Cassandra walk arm in arm, waving to the crowd, smirking as they receive a torrent of profanity in response. Choronzon and Judas stand on either side of the two, shoving fans back if they get too close. In front, the hulking Revenant makes his way didn't the ramp, Schamor by his side, an enormous smug grin on his face.

They approach the ring and enter, Cassandra grabbing a mic and tossing it to Elisha.

Elisha: Good evening Philadelphia!

It would seem we here in Ouroboros have ruffled a few feathers over the past weeks. Roll the footage!

The Tron lights up, showing clips from last week's Evolution. J. Rish stressed as hell. Eric Dane and MJF against the Shadow and Revenant, Revenant's betrayal of the Shadow and joining Ouroboros. Anger from Mia and Ataxia at being set against one another. The ring filling with bodies, everything descending into chaos as the show ends.

Back in the arena, the crowd rains down abuse as Cassandra takes the mic.

Cassandra: All this fussin' and feudin' over little old us? Brother turns against brother, ally turns to enemy and all anyone can do is blame nasty old Ouroboros for spoiling everyone's fun.

Fact is: you can't manipulate those who aren't willing to be manipulated, you can't break a team unless one half secretly wants it to be over. All we have done is take all those petty resentments and fault lines and insecurities and drag them out of the shadows into the light for all to see.

Beautiful, isn't it?

She smiles, hands the mic to Judas.

Judas: You expend all your effort in passing the blame on to us, on vilifying us, for all the ill that has 'suddenly' befallen you. Yet not once do any of you blokes and sheilas stop for a second to consider that perhaps the problem is more internal. Like strewth. Maybe you should all pause and take a good bloody long look into a reflective surface, instead of getting cranky at the likes of us. The problem was already there BEFORE we came along. We're just forcing you to come to terms with your mistakes, your flaws and your short-comings. That is the path toward ascension that stands before you. Now you can continue to waste your time, your lives, by maintaining this façade of resistance. But at the end of the day you will be cowed, you will fall and kneel before the Serpent. Now enough of all this yabbering! Any of this make you madder than a cut snake, you know where to find us! We're ready for a blue...

He hands the mic to Schamor. The crowd boos as Schamor takes the mic. They start chanting "Fuck you" in unison. Throwing beer cans at the ring. Schamor stays silent and looks at them with a straight face.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!"

Revenant screams at the top of this lungs at the crowd. He gets up on the turnbuckle and screams again and the crowd goes silent in fear as Revenant looked at them with bloodshot eyes.

Schamor: Stand down, Revenant.

Schamor grins as he watches Revenant come back and slowly pace left and right behind Schamor.

Schamor: I can see the disgust in your eyes. Some of you think what I did to Revenant was disgusting. Some of you think that what I did was wrong. And most of you are correct in doing so. I am by no means an angel. I am only a human being. Just like all of you I have sinned consciously. I have entertained thoughts which were taboo this world.

"You are a monster!"

A woman in the crowd breaks the silence and screams at Schamor.

Revenant glares at the woman for the interruption and the woman quickly sits down quietly.

Schamor: No, no, I can see why you might think that way. But here is the truth. Every human being in this world have something that they desire. Whether it's wealth, love, fame, it really doesn't matter what it might be but they have that one desire that motivates them to go the distance. I am no different. I too have a desire. A wish. To get that wish fulfilled I too am willing to go the distance. To deny that desire is to deny the very essence of being a human being. You can sit there judging me for what I have done but if it were you who was chasing your dreams, your desires, wouldn't you have done the same?

Yes, Yes, you say you won't but the truth is when the time comes you do what needs to be done. So if what I did makes me a monster then sweetheart here is a rude awakening for all of you...

The crowd stays silent as they watch Revenant walking behind Schamor like a guard dog ready to attack anyone who would even make a noise.

Schamor: We all are monsters.

"Hope" by Apocalyptica hits the speakers once more. Ouroboros step out of the ring and make their way backstage.

Are we Ready?

Match

Blake Church: As usual we have our Mexican duo infernale here, Gabriel Mendoza and Juan Ignacio Cimarron!

Gabriel Mendoza: Golden Intentions, el gran estruendo y cada título en el juego, ¡una gran noche!

Juan Ignacio Cimarron: Sí, ¿quién prevalecerá, especialmente si algunos de los participantes tienen dos o incluso tres partidos? ¡Lo veremos esta noche!

Charles State: And our French friends are here as well!

Yannick Moreau: Golden Intentions, le gros grondement et tous les titres du jeu, une soirée géniale!

Pierre Robitaille: Oui, qui va l'emporter, surtout si certains participants ont deux, voire trois matches? Nous allons le voir ce soir!

Blake Church: But the action is about to begin, so back to ringside!

Cassandra vs. Mia Rayne

Match

Mike Rolash and Jim Gunt are already positioned behind the announce desk ready to get Golden Intentions underway.

Jim Gunt: Good evening ladies and gentlemen! Boys and girls! Children of all ages!

Rolash shakes his head and picks up where he left off.

Mike Rolash: That was, uhm. Something Jim. Welcome everyone to Golden Intentions, let's get this started with a bang then shall we?

As if on cue the lights in the arena turn off and "Ego Likeness-Cassandra" blares over the sound system as twin purple spotlights flick throughout the arena, frantic in their search for an unknown person, or thing. Finally they come to a rest as the music reaches a crescendo on a form on the entrance ramp, dressed to compete and surrounded by The Ouroboros as Ray Douglas' voice carries out throughout the arena.

Ray Douglas: Weighing in at 175 pounds and accompanied by The Ouroboros, hailing from The Epicenter...

Cassandra!

The spotlights converge on the center and the stage flares to life, Cassandra standing in the middle blowing her trademark sarcastic kiss to anyone that was booing her, which is everyone that isn't in The Ouroboros; flocked on either side by her stablemates and of course The Chosen. She interlocks arms with Elisha and together they lead the group down the ramp, The Moonchild himself holding the ropes open for his Prophetess. The two enter the center of the ring, soaking in the boos from the crowd. Elisha gets out of the ring and joins the lumberjacks as Cassandra turns to face the entrance ramp, waiting for her opponent to show up.

"AHEM!"

Mike Rolash's face goes pale as he recognizes the voice instantly and tries to shrink back in his feet. Gunt on the other hand leans forward, eager to show that he's excited for what's to come next.

All eyes turn from Cassandra to the source of the intrusion. Standing atop the entrance ramp by himself, a spotlight shining down on him from high above and casting all sorts of fun shadows is Ataxia with microphone in hand.

Ataxia: Ladies, germs, and everyone in attendance tonight! I think we all know that one should NEVER announce a lady's weight to the general populace and in all honesty the next competitor deserves her own special entrance. So without anymore fluff. You love her, she has mixed feelings about all of you.... AMELIA!!!!

"Committed" by One-Eyed Doll blares and as the opening guitar riffs hit an electric buzz fills the air. Goosebumps can be felt throughout the arena as the song's entrance plays and the Druids file out onto the stage, followed closely by The Shadow and Dorian, with manager Chloe in tow, leaving...

The first verse starts and out pops Amelia hopping onto the stage and joining Ataxia, her eyes, one blue and one purple staring a hole right through Cassandra. Her head cocks to the side as she interlocks arms with Ataxia and together they make their way down to the ring, Ataxia helping Amelia onto the apron before heading to one of the sides of the ring, the better to keep an eye on the hostile waters. Tensions mount as Amelia, dressed in simple tank top, shorts, tights, and combat boots but sporting the same creepy face job that everyone saw during her "advent" crosses over and gets right in the face of Cassandra backing her right into a corner!

Mike Rolash: Uhm, dafuq? I thought this was supposed to be Mia wrestling Cassandra?

Amelia's head snaps in Rolash's direction and her gaze falls on him. His face grows even paler if that's even possible and he shrinks back into his seat, regretting his life decisions suddenly.

Jim Gunt: If you did your due diligence, you would know that that is Amelia and she, I guess, "took over" for that other name you mentioned, that she doesn't want to go by, and will murder a foo.

Amelia turns her attentions back to Cassandra, who doesn't back down though she certainly can't do much to fend off the taller Amelia who only smiles, kisses Cassandra lightly on the nose and spins away into her own corner, sitting cross legged and staring at the bewildered Cassandra curiously from across the ring. Cassandra stares around and a sly smile starts to come over her face, the numbers game favors The Cookies. Cassandra looks back in Amelia's direction and The Forsaken member loses it, pointing at Cassandra and rolling around in the ring.

Amelia: DID YOU THINK THAT I WOULD COME ALONE?!

Mike Rolash: Mi...Amelia has friends?

Jim Gunt: Haven't you been paying attention bud?

Rolash just looks over at his broadcasting partner a queasy look turning into one of pure illness as he is no longer sitting next to Jim Gunt. Jim Gunt has been replaced by Ataxia, who pats Rolash on the head, laughs, and hops up on the barrier, balancing right behind Rolash and waves at the entrance ramp.

Amelia continues to laugh inside the ring, as one by one Eric Dane, Bronson Box, and MJ Flair head down to the ring, dressed to go to war and MJ even carrying a very familiar baseball bat. The names of each Oreo Speedwagon member are written in marker all over it and Judas' name already crossed out in blue. Anyone paying attention would notice Judas shrinking away slightly at the sight of his demise last week and who could blame him?

As the three of them get to ringside, pandemonium and chaos erupt around the ring as tensions finally break and the lumberjacks all go at it at once! This will NOT be your typical lumberjack match folks! Amelia looks around her at obvious delight and Cassandra just looks bewildered as the bell rings and the first match of the night is underway! The two combatants run at each other, both looking for an early advantage. Amelia looks for a big boot out the gate, but Cassandra is too quick and ducks the heavy boot and hooks Amelia's other leg with hers, tripping the taller woman!

Jim Gunt: Looks like Amelia wanted to start things off with a bang, but got caught!

Mike Rolash: Serves her right! The claims that Cassandra is a "False Prophetess" is ludicrous!

Amelia goes down hard and Cassandra wastes little time, heading to the ropes and... She flies out of the ring as Chloe Hawkhurst grabs the second rope and sends the Prophetess to the outside of the ring surrounded by Druids fighting off The Chosen and Dorian Hawkhurst! The Forsaken Demon picks Cassandra up roughly and easily tosses her back into the ring before returning to bashing in the skull of any Chosen he could find and running right into Judas! The two fire rights and lefts with each other and Dorian gets the upper hand, backing Judas up, but right into a group of Chosen who swarm The Demon! Box is currently bashing anything that moves, MJ surrounded by a melee of Chosen led by Chronozon, Dane dueling with Incubus and Succubus while Shadow tees off against Elisha. For his part Ataxia stands on top of the announce table, cheering on his angel who screams at Cassandra from across the ring, a primal scream that would shred a normal person's vocal chords.

Mike Rolash: I don't have the words to describe how uncomfortable I am right now.

Gunt laughs and Ataxia shuffles his feet, messing up whatever papers Rolash has in front of him.

Mike Rolash: CAN YOU NOT?! I'M A PROFESSIONAL!

This only causes Gunt to snort and laugh even harder, pounding the desk with his mirth. Ataxia only continues to cheer on his princess.

In the ring, Amelia backs up into the closest corner and gains a running start, skipping her way toward Cassandra and hitting a beautiful running knee! Amelia laughs and goes for the cover but is dismayed when the ref isn't able to come for the count and is pulled out of the ring! The Forsaken Psychotic goes over to commence Operation: Rescue Ref but is attacked from behind from Cassandra, being taken down by a running bulldog! Cassandra doesn't release her hold on Amelia's head and continues to bash it into the mat, over and over, and over again! The ref is finally able to climb back into the ring and Cassandra makes the cover!

ONE!

NO!

Amelia kicks out quickly and rolls to her knees, staring a stunned Cassandra directly in the eyes. With surprising speed, Amelia launches herself right at Cassandra and is only met with a vicious double knee to the bridge of her nose! Amelia falls backward and Cassandra is quick to hop up and run once again at the closest rope, this time able to jump up and leap off the top rope, twisting in the air and landing on Amelia hard with a sunset flip, a move she calls Prophet's Lament!

Jim Gunt: Oooooo! That looks like it hurt!

Mike Rolash: GOOD! I hope so!

Ataxia blows him a raspberry and Rolash huffs and crosses his arms, visibly upset that Ataxia still hasn't gotten off his paperwork.

As the air gushes out of Amelia, she sits up, gasps, and is quickly kicked in the back by Cassandra! Amelia writhes in pain and Cassandra smirks at the chaos unfolding around her and the prone Amelia in front of her. She doesn't have long to gloat though as Amelia rolls out from under the heel of Cassandra's boot and makes it to her feet! Without a second to catch her breath Amelia kicks Cassandra hard in the midsection, whips her foot behind her for momentum, and swings it up, bringing it down across the back of Cassandra's neck with a brutal axe kick!

Jim Gunt: Oooo! Nice!

He gives Ataxia a high five as Rolash just looks on in perpetual misery.

Cassandra goes down hard but Amelia isn't done there and hops up to the second rope, bouncing up and down, enjoying the ride before hopping into the air and hitting Cassandra with an awkward splash! She doesn't get time to celebrate though as the floodgates open and people start pouring into the ring around them! The Chosen have the numbers advantage, led by Incubus and Succubus, Amelia read to take the two of them on by herself. Before she can though an epic war cry can be heard and Eric Dane rushes from behind Amelia and tackles Succubus! Cassandra quickly uses the distraction to blindside Amelia from behind and Incubus hops on Dane's back to neutralize the ring veteran!

Dane lets out another howl of frustration and grabs Incubus around the neck and bending down, tossing Incubus into the closest corner! Dane is red in the face and huffs before he spies it and ignores the ref's pleas with him to get out of the ring. He picks Lynk up from where Amelia had stashed it and spins it in his hand, testing its weight. He turns toward Succubus who backs away, scared at this development. For his part Dane just smiles somewhat and runs at Incubus, taking a big swing, and hitting The Chosen member hard and flush in the face with the skillet! Bones can be heard breaking but Dane isn't done there and tosses Lynk to the side before laying into Incubus with everything he has!

The ref has seen enough and calls for the bell, tired of the disorder and startling all the competitors from the sudden sound of the bell! He has a quick discussion with the announcer and...

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, your winner via disqualification.... CASSANDRA!!!

Jim Gunt: What?! That can't be right!

Ataxia's body language changes in an instant and looks like he's about to leap into the ring. Mike Rolash snickers from behind him and Ataxia kicks one of his feet backward, showering Rolash with his precious papers.

Amelia loses her shit in the ring and drops Cassandra's head as she goes to argue with the ref who informs her that his decision is final, Cassandra has won. Amelia screams as the ref pulls a battered Prophetess to her feet and raises her arm in the air. Amelia turns her frustrations to Eric Dane who just stands in the corner panting, staring down at the bloody face that was Incubus, now considerably flatter from the impact from Lynk and the amount of heavy blows that Dane had reigned down upon him. Amelia grabs Dane by the shoulder, yanking him around and forcing him to look her in the eye.

Amelia: WHAT THE HELL DANE!?

He shrugs his shoulders, looking to turn back and continue the beatdown on Incubus, but Amelia once again whips him around. Once was enough to annoy Dane to begin with, twice is adding fuel to an already blazing inferno of rage. Dane throws off Amelia's hand and pushes her hard! Amelia goes down on her tush and Dane continues to beat the ever living hell out of Incubus! Boots and fists connect to Incubus' now prone body, the other members of The Chosen either frozen in fear or looking for a convenient excuse to leave the ring out of Dane's possible line of view. Amelia, furious now hops up to her feet and whips Dane around, the crowd cheering at the confrontation between the two.

J. Rish: NO!

Again, all eyes turn to the entrance ramp as Rishel Bishel shows his face with a mic in hand, his face red and angry.

J. Rish: I'll be DAMNED if that's how we start the road to WrestleFest! Dane! You are hereby banished from ringside! This match is restarted NOW. And just to ensure that there is a clear cut winner, this will now be a NO DISQUALIFICATION MATCH! Now ring the damn bell!

Gunt and Rolash both gasp, eyes wide with shock as Ataxia sits on his haunches, watching the events unfold in front of him.

The crowd cheers and Cassandra looks ready to blow as she slowly turns to face Amelia, who stands patiently waiting, waving at her. Cassandra snarls and the two reignite their fisticuffs anew while The Chosen scrape the remains of Incubus out of the corner and carry him to the back. Dane just brushes everyone off and makes his way to the back as Amelia and Cassandra are left alone with the ref as chaos once again reigns supreme.

Shadow has managed to grab his reliable staff from, well, a grand magician never reveals their secrets; and pursues Elisha who is brandishing a kendo stick like a sabre. The two trade blows back and forth but of course the staff's reach overcomes Elisha's expert dueling skills and Shadow looks to press his advantage, whipping the staff back to gain momentum, bring it down over Elisha's defenseless skull...

Only for the staff not to come down on top of Elisha and stop at its apex by two hands belonging to Revenant, staring unflinchingly up at Shadow. With surprising strength Revenant whips the staff out of Shadow's hands, but Shadow is ready and uses the momentum to turn and knee Revenant in the face! Shadow makes the other man stumble back but is caught by Elisha from behind! Suddenly, a banshee scream can be heard and Amelia comes running in dropping Revenant from behind with a boot and smiling slightly as Shadow quickly elbows Elisha and follows up with a right jab to Elisha's nose, forcing the leader of The Oreos backward!

Elisha only has a chance to briefly regain his composure before being leveled by Dorian! The Forsaken have little time to celebrate though as they are quickly surrounded by the rest of The Ouroboros as well as the few Chosen left after the destruction of Incubus. Elisha gets to his feet and sneers at Shadow who looks calmly right back at him, Dorian at his back and Amelia taking up the other side, facing off against Cassandra and Chornozon, Dorian looking at Judas, and...

Ataxia comes in from out of nowhere and leaps off the apron taking out Cassandra and Chronozon! Amelia leaps at the other Chosen and the other Forsaken attack the people they were already eyeing, everyone jockeying for position. Amelia gains the upper hand against a couple of the minion Chosen, but is quickly overwhelmed by a third! Suddenly, Azrael comes running down the ramp and plows into one of The Chosen, knocking him into the other one that was waiting his turn to get his hands on Amelia, and The Forsaken Psycho short arm clotheslining the third into next week. She turns to see who helped her only to get blasted by Azrael! He lands a couple punches before his eyes widen and he backs off a very confused Amelia. She turns back to the ring and away from Azrael's retreating form to catch Cassandra who has launched herself at Amelia!

Mike Rolash: Holy shit! That was amazing! What athleticism from The Prophetess!

The two ladies collapse into a heap on the ground and Cassandra springs up, a vile look on her face. She eyes the discarded Lynk, lying in the ring and a sick smile comes over her face as Amelia slowly begins to stir. She grabs the skillet and heaves it over Amelia, now on all fours and trying to get her bearings. Cassandra lifts the skillet high over her head and brings it down as hard as she can!

Only it isn't on Amelia who is lying on her side and staring at the person who pushed her out of the way. Laying face down, her eyes closed is...

CHLOE HAWKHURST!

Jim Gunt: Oh... Oh no...

Rolash can't even speak as he stares at the scene before them in abject terror.

The stunned silence doesn't last long though two very distinct, loud, and primal sounds elicit from Amelia and Dorian Hawkhurst at the very same time. Cassandra drops the skillet and runs back into the ring, being chased closely behind by Amelia and Dorian. Cassandra jumps on top of Amelia's shoulders, but Amelia is ready and shifts her balance, spinning, and slamming Cassandra down on top of Dorian's waiting knee! The crowd gasps as Amelia stumbles backward and uses the ropes to stand up, slightly winded and catching her breath. Dorian glares at Cassandra, writhing in pain on the mat and stomps his fist into her gut a couple times for good measure before rolling out of the ring and checking on his daughter. He picks up his daughter and meets eyes with Amelia who nods earnestly and urges Dorian to take his daughter to safety.

Amelia staggers to the center of the ring, ready to take the fight anew to Cassandra, only to get blasted from the side by Revenant! Amelia flies to the side and lands hard by the ropes only for Revenant to quickly be on top of her and delivering heavy rights and lefts! Amelia does her best to cover up as Cassandra rolls to safety and takes a breather in the corner. Before anything else can be done though Revenant suddenly stops in his Amelia pummel and glares behind him, rubbing the back of his head, a lump developing from where MJ Flair has hit him with her bat! She backs up ready to take on the bigger guy, a sly smile on her face but is left smiling at no one as Revenant flies to the side, assaulted by Bronson Box! Box just stomps on and around Revenant, forcing him out of the ring and following him, quite intent on making his presence felt!

MJ turns her attentions to Cassandra, but is quickly pushed out of the ring by Judas! He quickly follows her with a flying crossbody landing on her hard and the two writhing in pain on the outside of the ring. Cassandra staggers to her feet but stops dead as Amelia has made it to her feet as well but is quickly joined by Chronozon! Amelia swears as she begs both of them to come get her but is stopped short as cheers gain everyone's attention to the ramp, where the tag team champions Duce Jones and Freddie Styles have appeared! The slide quickly into the ring, first glaring down Amelia who is ready for anything. Duce has a mic though and quickly turns his attentions to The Oreos.

Duce Jones: Freddie?! How would you feel if our competitors for tonight were less than their best?!

Freddie shakes his finger at The Oreos and the Smokin' Aces launch themselves at Cassandra and Chronozon! Amelia doesn't know what to do as the champs chase the two Oreo members out of the ring and salute to Amelia, who is left scratching her head and watching the champions depart, promising that their match later tonight would be nothing short of epic! Amelia nods and then turns her attentions back to her task at hand...

Mike Rolash: They weren't part of this match! There's no reason for them to be out here! This is a trave...

He doesn't have long to speak as he is cut off by a flying member of The Chosen, sent his way courtesy of Ataxia who salutes him and continues taking the fight to whoever dares to stand before him next.

Amelia turns around in the ring finding herself alone and realizing that everyone is fighting on the outside of the ring. Suddenly, Elisha appears behind her! He wastes little time and lifts her up and just drops her on her face! Amelia gasps for air and checks for blood, a little annoyed that she hadn't been busted open yet and tries to make it to her feet before being kicked in the gut by Cassandra! The Forsaken Psycho goes down but makes it back to all fours smiling slightly at the fact that she was still getting up.

Mike Rolash: Well this is what she gets for calling out The Prophetess!

Amelia makes it to her knees and manages to set her sights on Cassandra, quite aware that The Oreos were slowly recovering and surrounding her in the ring. She makes it to her feet but is suddenly refreshed by a new knowledge. As

The Bastardized Sailor Moon and False Prophetess led the other members against Amelia, she saw a wonderful sight, and it made her giggle as the first fists hit her.

The Forsaken have also recovered, Dorian is back his daughter safe, MJ stretches her neck and flexes her arms with her bat, and Ataxia is uhm.

He is bloody pissed.

Led by The Shadow, Ataxia, and Dorian, The Forsaken, MJ and the Druids flood the ring and surround The Oreos like the darkest shadow absorbing the last light. The ring is nothing but pure pandemonium and nothing can be heard but a lot of scuffling and a faint giggle. Slowly the ring clears as Druids start to face off against The Chosen and The Forsaken, with the help of MJ Flair face off against all the members of The Oreos. Amelia heads for the closest corner, trying to regain her breath and pulling herself up, eyes narrowing at Cassandra who is doing the same opposite her. The two lock eyes and everyone can feel the tension mount as the two square off against each other!

Amelia screams in rage and Cassandra matches her fury, the two firing off quick rights and lefts, The Forsaken Psycho catching The Prophetess' arms and licks her...nose? Everyone looks at Amelia in confusion and she just laughs as she hits Cassandra with a massive belly to belly suplex! The wind explodes from Cassandra's lungs and Amelia hops to her knees proud of her work. She grabs Cassandra by the hair, pulling her to her feet, delivering a quick kick to the gut and timing it right as she bounces off the closest set of ropes and hits a running straight jab to Cassandra's jaw!

Jim Gunt: A stunning sequence from Amelia as it looks like the chaos is only spurning her forward!

Mike Rolash: I'd like to see her try that again without the help of The Forsaken.

Jim Gunt: Same can be said about Cassandra and her cookies of choice, The Oreos...

Rolash continues to argue with Gunt as Cassandra crumples to the ground in the ring and Amelia scrambles for the cover. The ref starts the count...

ONE!

TW....

NO!

Cassandra manages to kick out and Amelia screams in frustration, but it costs her as Cassandra is quick to reply with a running knee to the bridge of Amelia's nose! Amelia goes down hard grabbing her face, her hands now covered in blood as Cassandra makes the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

TH...

Mike Rolash: YES!

Jim Gunt: NO!

Amelia kicks out and whips herself to her stomach, pounding on the mat and making it to all fours as she pounds the mat again; while the ref says that it was only a two count. She slowly makes it to her feet and turns to see Cassandra rush at her!

The two meet in the middle of the ring at full force and Amelia backs Cassandra up into the corner, hitting The Prophetess with a flurry of rights and lefts! Amelia screams in Cassandra's face and she turns and runs getting a jump start and hits Cassandra with a clothesline! Cassandra crumples into the corner and Amelia turns lining Cassandra up for something certainly painful for her opponent, but is quickly thwarted by Elisha who appears in front of Amelia!

Jim Gunt: NO! It can't end like this!

Mike Rolash: Yeah it can! You don't mess with The Ouroborous and get away with it!

The Forsaken Psycho looks shocked slightly but doesn't have to worry too much as Dorian Hawkhurst appears at her side. Shadow appears soon after followed by MJ still with her bat and looking to cross the biggest name off. Elisha turns to fight another day only to get hit by Ataxia who has launched himself from the top rope and lands his knees directly on Sailor Moon's collar bones, a move most know as The Reckoning!! Elisha goes down hard and Ataxia bounces up, pushing Amelia toward a now standing Cassandra! Amelia uses the momentum and hops up, grabs Cassandra by the back of the neck and brings her down with a vicious DDT, a move Amelia affectionately calls The Last Laugh!

Amelia quickly pushes Cassandra over and goes for the cover as The Forsaken and MJ keep the area clear from anyone that may try to interfere.

ONE!

The crowd counts as MJ chases Chronozon away from the apron with her bat and Shadow watches as Elisha rolls themselves out of the ring.

TWO!

Ataxia laughs at Judas' attempt and dispatches those efforts with a well placed boot to the ribs. Dorian growls as a few Chosen try to save the match, but are thwarted by The Forsaken Demon and Shadow, who are quickly able to gain the upper hand to chase away whatever efforts that may come.

THREE!

The crowd cheers as Amelia pops up and collapses onto her knees in celebration and partially exhausted. The Forsaken and MJ all crowd around her and together they celebrate.

The Call

The Call

Match

We cut backstage. J. Rish is in his office, on the phone. He is red in the face, clearly stressed, trying to keep his cool and failing rapidly.

J. Rish: Look, I genuinely can't make changes to the running order this late in the game. The match starts in just a few

-

A pause, a burst of volume from the phone.

J. Rish: I get that, but you can't seriously expect me to...

Another pause. The tension and stress fade from Rish, replaced by anger.

J. Rish: You know what? Fuck you. I've had enough. This is my company and I'll be damned if -

He pauses, takes the phone away from his ear, stares at it. Call disconnected.

J. Rish: Prick.

Patience, A Reward Dawns

Match

Silas and Autumn are walking down the arena corridor. Autumn is behind Silas, whom is still stern faced and expressionless, fixated on a destination.

Autumn Raven: Are we going to talk out our plan today?

Silas Artoria: No.

Silas is blunt, nothing wasted. He's found his destination, the door to a lockerroom, with the notice saying "Reserved for Silas Artoria." Autumn looks at it perplexingly.

Autumn Raven: Just you?

Silas Artoria: Yes.

He opens the door and proceeds to enter.

Autumn Raven: Silas?

Silas stops, and turns around, taking a calm look at Autumn, nothing antagonistic.

Silas Artoria: Yes?

Autumn Raven: You haven't been yourself. How can I be sure you're not going to do something stupid?

Silas looks to the floor, and breathes in. He looks sincere.

Silas Artoria: I don't know. The past few weeks, since Amber, have been some of the worst of my career. Not a single goddamn win, and that fact is messing with me. I just...

He stops, looks down, another deep breath.

Silas Artoria: I just need time to myself in an environment I am not that intimate with. I just need the cool air.

Autumn scrunches her lips.

Autumn Raven: Alright...fine. Just don't do anything stupid.

Silas Artoria: I won't. Take care.

Autumn starts walking away as Silas steadily closes the door. He exhales deeply, then turns around. Silas walks calmly over to the nearby bench, and sits down. Legs spread, elbows on the structure, his hands on his head. He's muted, but mutters out words, albeit in a different tone than usual.

Silas Artoria: ...she has her purpose, albeit not applicable here...

He pauses.

Silas Artoria: ...I know, and she did her duty when it was needed....no, not today, not here...

More pausing.

Silas Artoria: ...depends, we'll have to see in the weeks ahead and what they have in store...

He lifts his head up, breathing carefully.

Silas Artoria: ...and I look forward to it all.

He drops his hands, now holds onto the bench on the outside of his legs.

Silas Artoria: ...the effects should wear off come WrestleFest. Do what you can.

Deep breath.

Silas Artoria: Do what you must.

The feed starts glitching, as Silas' eye close. The interference gets stronger, as does the volume. Silas' mouth opens. Teeth, gritted, a yell signing a thousand calls to inferno rage roars around the locker room.

The bench snaps!

Feed cuts out.

Jarvis King (c) vs. Christian Starr

Match

The Philadelphia crowd comes alight as the graphic for the next match pops onto the CWF tron – Jarvis King vs. Christian STARR in a Submission match for the CWF Paramount Championship.

Jim Gunt: Now I am not sure what is happening here, but it looks as if we might see a completely different side to Silas Artoria tonight when he steps into the cage with Ataxia later on, this one is definitely heating up! And, ladies and gentlemen, regardless of how you feel about either of the competitors in the next contest, this one should be an absolute barn burner. King vs. STARR II – a submission match for the Paramount Championship.

Mike Rolash: Ah, the rare salient point, Jimmy. Finally, we're going to get to see the Paramount title come home to a deserving champion!

Jim Gunt: Fair and balanced as always, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Hey, fair and balanced, do you figure we could get ourselves on that network?

Jim Gunt: ...no.

The arena lights cut out and the bright glow of the CWF tron draws all the attention of the crowd as the screen lights up with the words to "Kings Never Die...", drawing boos from the Wells Fargo Center.

The camera pans down to the entrance lamp where now a single spotlight shines brightly behind two silhouetted figures. One a towering monster of a man, the other a man standing stoically in front, dwarfed by comparison.

Mike Rolash: OH HELL YEAH!

HAAAAAIIIII TO THE KIIINNNNG!

The lights flare to an almost blinding intensity as Avenged Sevenfold's "Hail to the King" takes over the arenas P.A. system. The figures are now clear to see, the larger is PAYNE, who raises his arms into the air as the opening words ring out. In front of him is "The King of Wrestling" Christian Starr, his arms stretched open over his head allowing him to take in the thunderous reaction around him.

HAAAAIIIIII TO THE OOOONNNNE!

Mike Rolash: Let me tell you something, Jimbo – I don't know that I've ever seen Christian STARR looking more primed, more ready, more assured in his life. He's lost his Paramount Championship, sure, but tonight he gets to prove to the world that he is more than ready to reclaim that throne and be the fighting champion that Jarvis King WISHES he was!

Starr turns around and starts backing his way down the entrance way with a clearly confident swagger to his step, PAYNE follows close behind flexing and looking just all around menacing.

Jim Gunt: Well, it's certainly hard to doubt that Christian STARR is an amazing competitor, and certainly a Paramount Champion in the mould of a young Jarvis King. And with the monstrous PAYNE following him to the ring.

Mike Rolash: He'll get to prove that he breaks that mould, Jim! Christian STARR is on the cusp of greatness – Jarvis King said it himself – and tonight is the re-coronation of the King of Wrestling!

Jim Gunt: Christian STARR's finishing maneuver – a variation of a cross-face known as the King's Cross – will certainly be how he looks to finish this match. He's not known for many other submission holds, but he certainly applies this one with unmatched expertise.

PAYNE climbs his way into the ring over the top rope as Starr mouths off at some fans in the front row. STARR then shoots his way up the ring steps and climbs the turnbuckle. Here he strikes a pose throwing up the 2 Sweet hand sign as PAYNE raises his arms high in front of him, letting out a roar as he does. Referee "Big" Denny Davidson walks over to the corner to give instructions to the challenger. As he does so, PAYNE looks down at him, menacingly.

Jim Gunt: Well, you've got to wonder what effect the big man of E.G.O. is going to have on this match.

Mike Rolash: It's no disqualification, Jimmy! Only way to win this match is to make your opponent submit!

As Davidson continues his instructions, the lights around the arena go out once more, sending the capacity crowd in Philadelphia to its feet as the opening lick of "Hello Timebomb" by Matthew Good Band plays. A single, bare lightbulb descends from the rafters, in the middle of the stage.

I found me a reason...

As the song continues to build, more and more lightbulbs descend around the stage, giving an eerie, ambient glow to the stage. As the song begins to reach a crescendo, smoke pours from the entranceway, and in an elegant script, words are scrawled across the screen:

Some men are born great
Some achieve greatness
But only one man is Jarvis J. King

The crowd explodes in rapturous acclaim, as the lights in the arena come back on with a bang. From the smoke emerges The Internet Icon, with a towel across his shoulders and a wry smirk on his face and the Paramount Championship around his waist.

Jim Gunt: Well, you ask just about anyone in this industry what man defined the tone and tenor of what that title, the Paramount Championship, means, and they're likely to say Jarvis King. He is a two-time Paramount Champion, a former Tag Team Champion, a former Impact and World Champion, a belt he successfully defended more times than anyone in CWF history. All of this made him a CWF Hall of Famer, but the man is not satisfied, and looks to cement his legacy once again tonight.

Mike Rolash: He's good, Jim, I won't deny it, but Jarvis King as a competitor has not managed to replicate his success of the past in any meaningful, sustainable way. He wants to cement his legacy? He has to prove that he can do it every time he steps between the ropes, and he has failed to do that to my liking so far.

King raises his right arm and begins to saunter confidently to the ring, with a steely determination in his eyes as STARR, no longer paying any attention to Davidson's instructions, leans over the top rope and jaw-jacks at the

Paramount Champion.

Jim Gunt: Jarvis King is more apt to use submission holds – he utilizes a seated dragon sleeper and a Muta lock – but similarly to STARR, he'll be looking for his version of an STF – the Royal Mutilation.

Jarvis unhooks the title from around his waist as he gets to the ring apron, and as STARR gives him a bit of room, he slides into the ring, and rolls to his feet. Grabbing his towel as he stands, Jarvis walks to his corner and climbs to the middle turnbuckle, and raises the Paramount Championship up with both arms in a salute to the fans, soaking in their rapturous applause before stepping down to hear instructions from the referee. As he does so, Jarvis hands Davidson the title, and Ray Douglas takes center stage to make the official introductions. The bell rings, and the CWF's ringside announcer brings the microphone to his lips as Davidson holds the Paramount title aloft.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and Gentlemen, the following contest is a submission match for the CWF Paramount Championship!

The City of Brotherly Love roars their approval as both King and STARR do some last-minute warm-up in their respective corners.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, the challenger. From Hollywood, California! He weighs in at 190 lbs, and is the former Paramount Champion..."The King of Wrestling", Christian STARR!

Philly boos heartily as STARR is introduced, driving the King of Wrestling to flip off the crowd with a grimace on his face.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent...

The boos turn gradually to cheers as the camera settles on Jarvis King.

Mike Rolash: Oh, come on!

Jarvis smirks, waving at the crowd as Douglas introduces him.

Ray Douglas: From Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada! He weighs in at 240 lbs and is the reigning and defending CWF Paramount Champion..."The Internet Icon" JARVIS KING!

Douglas leaves the ring as referee Davidson hands off the Paramount title to the timekeeper. Making some last-minute checks, Denny goes to ring the bell, but stops, points at PAYNE, and instructs him to leave the ringside area!

Mike Rolash: WHAT?!

Jim Gunt: It seems that PAYNE is being ejected!

Mike Rolash: THIS IS A TRAVESTY!

PAYNE roars his disapproval and STARR shouts at Davidson in kind, but Big Denny stands tall, eventually leading to PAYNE leaving, to a chorus of "Kiss Him Goodbye". As PAYNE makes his way up the ramp, Denny calls for the bell!

STARR and Jarvis begin to circle each other, a slow clap building in the crowd as they do so. As the clapping reaches a fever pitch, the men lock up, collar and elbow!

Jim Gunt: Here we go! The last time these two met, they wrestled to an instant classic, and smart money says that they're going to do the same here!

King and Christian jockey for position, and Jarvis quickly takes advantage of his superior height and weight, pushing STARR backwards. As Christian stumbles, Jarvis takes control, wrenching STARR's left arm. Christian winces in pain, and King wrenches in on the arm again, before pulling STARR in for a short-arm clothesline!

Jarvis doesn't let up the contact, and lifts STARR to his feet by the arm and the head. STARR manages to get a bit of

separation, hitting a deep arm drag, sending King across the ring, and sliding to the outside. STARR bounds to his feet and quickly hits the ropes, leaps over the top and hits a big suicide dive!

Jim Gunt: Big start from Christian STARR here, Mike!

Mike Rolash: That's right, baby! The title's coming back to E.G.O!

STARR gets to his feet first, with King slowly doing the same seconds later. This gives Christian enough time to create a bit more distance, and as Jarvis makes his feet, he is knocked back down with a Slingblade on the floor! Jarvis hits hard, and STARR smirks cruelly before he grabs Jarvis by the hair and tosses him into the ring.

Sliding in, STARR goes for the first submission hold of the match, a short-arm scissor on King's right arm. Davidson comes in close, checking on Jarvis and asking him if he wants to quit. King answers in the negative and works to try and break the hold. He turns into the pressure, and manages to separate himself from STARR, leaving him on his back, but guarded from a further attack. Jarvis steps back, and Christian kips up when it's clear there's no danger. The Philadelphia crowd applauds the men's athleticism as they begin to again circle one another.

Jim Gunt: An early submission attempt escaped by Jarvis King here, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, but STARR's not dumb, Jimbo. He knew that wasn't going to be enough to put King away. Look at what he's done so far though – he's targeting the neck and arms of Jarvis King.

Jim Gunt: Setting him up for the King's Cross.

Mike Rolash: Bingo, Jimmy. He's also making it harder for Jarvis to lock on his own finisher.

Jim Gunt: Seriously, why don't you always analyze stuff like this, Mike? I mean, where did you pick up this level of knowledge?

Mike Rolash: Watching tapes after I nailed your mom!

Jim Gunt (sighing): ...there it is.

STARR, interestingly, stops his pacing and puts an arm up for a Greco-Roman knuckle lock - the classic test of strength. Jarvis looks at him quizzically, but obliges, linking in his fingers with Christian's. The two men lace fingers on their opposite hands, and then begin to fight to establish the dominant position in the hold. Unsurprisingly, the larger of the two, King, gains a quick advantage. Also unsurprisingly, STARR does not allow himself to be in a disadvantageous position for very long, and aims a kick squarely between Jarvis's legs, making the Internet Icon crumple to his knees almost immediately.

Jim Gunt: Oh come on! Low blow from STARR to King.

Mike Rolash: No disqualifications, Jimbo!

Christian laughs maniacally, letting go of Jarvis's hands. He floats behind King, and locks on a simple chinlock, wrenching back on King's neck whilst planting a knee in his lower back. Jarvis howls in pain, and reaches for the ropes but can't get a finger close enough to grab them. He then changes tactics, opting instead to try to break the hold manually by breaking STARR's grip.

STARR manages to hold on for a moment, but Jarvis eventually manages to break the hold long enough to get one of STARR's fingers into his mouth. Jarvis bites down on the digit, which makes Christian relinquish the hold immediately, hitting King with a punch to the side of the head, which makes Jarvis spit out his fingers. Christian presses his advantage, bounding into the ropes before hitting a sliding lariat, which knocks King to his back. STARR immediately follows up with a cross-armbreaker!

Mike Rolash: This is it! New champion!

Jim Gunt: Well, Jarvis has some fight left in him, I'm sure, but it certainly has been all STARR from the early going here.

Mike Rolash: That's right, because Christian STARR is a fighting champion! He's constantly ring ready and he's simply better than Jarvis King. Full stop.

STARR wrenches in on the hold, screaming at Jarvis to submit. For his part, Jarvis takes his free arm and flips The King of Wrestling the middle finger, which he turns to Davidson when he's asked if he wants to give up! Jarvis rolls, trying to relieve the pressure and connect his arms in order to render the move ineffective, but STARR holds true. Unable to break the hold, King begins to feel around himself with his feet, eventually managing to hook his left boot under the bottom rope. STARR refuses to break the hold, and so Davidson begins to count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

STARR lets go of the hold at the last possible second, getting the most out of his five-count. Davidson admonishes him for not following the referee's instructions and warns him that he can still be disqualified for failing to adhere to a rope break, but Christian shrugs it off, instead getting back on the attack. Much to Big Denny's chagrin, STARR uses the ropes, hooking Jarvis's now bad arm between a twisted middle and bottom rope! Christian stomps at King's isolated shoulder, gaining the ire of the referee and a chorus of boos from the Philadelphian crowd.

Jim Gunt: STARR's gotta be careful here, otherwise he could be in danger of losing this match by disqualification!

Mike Rolash: It's a calculated, clever move, Jimbo! Think about it – Jarvis isn't going to be able to lock on Royal Mutilation with that arm! Christian's playing right at the edge of the rules and it's that kind of genius that's gonna win him this match.

Denny manages to get STARR away from King and works at getting Jarvis unhooked as Christian takes a breather by posing at the rapturously booing crowd. As King's arm gets unhooked, he starts to get to his feet. Christian turns around to see this at just the right moment, and advances on King to press his advantage. Jarvis is a bit too quick for him, though, and he manages to baseball slide between STARR's legs, tripping the former Paramount Champion in the process. As Christian hits the mat face-first, King rolls through, using his good arm to lock on a single-leg Boston Crab!

Jim Gunt: Jarvis King has a lot of fight left in him here!

The surge of energy from the champion, coupled with the immense pain of the hold, clearly strikes STARR with panic. Jarvis sits deep in the move as the King of Wrestling struggles to make it to the ropes. He gets within arm's reach but is clawed back to the center of the ring by The Internet Icon! Unfortunately for Jarvis, this gives STARR just enough space to roll himself over to his back, but King adjusts, hitting a knee-DT, and locking on a heel hook! STARR howls in pain but doesn't submit, as Jarvis rackets up the pressure. Unable to get to the ropes, STARR breaks the hold the only way he can – by aiming a few well-placed boots at Jarvis's hurt shoulder! The pain causes the Internet Icon to release the hold, and roll to the side of the ring to assess the damage.

Mike Rolash: The end is near!

Indeed, STARR gets to his feet and, despite a slight limp, signals that he's going for the King's Cross! Christian grabs Jarvis by the arm, drags him back to the center of the ring, and locks it on tight!

Jim Gunt: King's Cross! Jarvis King is in real trouble here!

STARR wrenches back on the hold, putting incredible pressure on Jarvis's bad arm and neck. Screaming at him to tap,

STARR smiles with a wild look in his eyes. Jarvis tries to claw to the ropes, to no avail; STARR holds true and applies further pressure to the hold.

Mike Rolash: NEW CHAMPION BABY! HAPPY DAYS ARE HERE AGAIN!

Jim Gunt: Jarvis isn't giving up...

Indeed, King doesn't tap, instead his body starts to limpen, his eyes drooping and closing as he begins to lose consciousness from the pain. Davidson asks him if he wants to continue, but gets no answer. Big Denny lifts Jarvis's free arm, and it drops to the mat, lifelessly.

ONE!

Jim Gunt: Jarvis King has passed out from the pain! If he can't answer the referee on the third attempt, this one is over!

Davidson communicates to the timekeeper that very same information before turning back to King and STARR. Christian, laughing evilly, leans back on the hold and nods his happy approval as Big Denny lifts King's arm a second time before letting it fall to the mat.

TWO!

Mike Rolash: HERE WE GO!

Davidson points to the timekeeper, readying to call for the bell as he lifts King's left arm one last time, holding it aloft before letting go.

THR—NO! HE'S UP!

Mike Rolash: NO!

Jarvis's arm doesn't hit the mat, but instead shoots back up after wavering for a moment. Catching his second wind, King gingerly manages to extricate his arm from STARR's grasp, leaving the King of Wrestling with just a crossface chinlock applied. Desperate to maintain control, STARR shifts his weight and locks on a bulldog to try to keep Jarvis on the mat. King is having none of it though, as he rises to his knees, forcing STARR to his feet with him.

As the two combatants reach their feet, Jarvis immediately arches backwards, sending STARR crashing to the mat with a big backdrop driver! A rush of adrenaline drives King back to his feet with a kip-up, and King quickly pushes his advantage. Dragging STARR to the center of the ring, Jarvis flips him over to his stomach and wraps his legs up in a figure-four configuration. Jarvis steps into it, locking STARR's legs together, before shooting forward and attempting to lock on Royal Mutilation!

Jim Gunt: Jarvis King trying to finish strong here and retain his Paramount Championship!

Mike Rolash: He can't get it on all the way!

Indeed, King's hold is largely ineffective, and STARR, while in pain, is not in any real danger in this scenario. Jarvis grits his teeth, trying to lock on the hold as best he can, but can't seem to get it on. He collapses from the strain of it, and STARR rolls away from him.

Jim Gunt: My god, Jarvis King is unable to lock in Royal Mutilation!

Mike Rolash: And it's only a matter of time until STARR gets The King's Cross back on, Jimbo!

Christian is first to his feet, and he uses this fact to his advantage. As Jarvis manages to get up, clearly spent from the earlier surge, STARR kicks him in the gut, doubling him over. Christian follows up by attempting for a powerbomb, but Jarvis has it scouted! As STARR gets King up, he loops backwards, sending STARR to the corner face-first with a headscissors!

STARR turns around in the corner, dazed and confused, and is met with a big boot from Jarvis King! The impact from the Yakuza Kick causes STARR to crumple to the mat! King unhooks himself from the top rope and, taking STARR by both legs, drags the King of Wrestling to the middle of the ring once again. Rather than going for Royal Mutilation, King laces his left leg through STARR's, crosses them, and turns him over with a Sharpshooter!

Jim Gunt: This could be it!

STARR writhes in pain and tries to claw to the ropes, but King doesn't allow it, instead sitting in on the move with more gusto! Christian claws at the mat, tries to push out of the hold, but is eventually, left with no other option but to pound the mat, tapping out!

Mike Rolash: NO!

The bell rings, and Jarvis collapses, releasing the hold as "Hello Timebomb" starts to play again. Ray Douglas stands to make the official announcement as Big Denny gives Jarvis his title and raises his hand.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and Gentlemen, your winner and STILL! PARAMOUNT CHAMPION! JARVIS KING!

Jim Gunt: Wow, just wow, an incredible match between two of the hottest superstars CWF has to offer! And to think that these two will be entering the rumble on the positions 1 and 2 is just insane!

Put Dick on Your Chest

Match

We fade into a shot of CWF's newest signee, Dick Fury, in an empty ring. The camera zooms in on him.

Fury: Do you like Dick?

A giant YES zooms in and hits the screen before going away.

Fury: Do you want to tell the world how much you enjoy Dick?

Another YES swoops in from the side of screen and continues as it heads out the other side.

Fury: Then put Dick on your chest! That's right. For the low price of twenty nine ninety five you, too, can join the millions who have already put Dick on their chest and purchase of the two new Dick Fury t-shirts!

We get a shot of the shirts.

Fury: In both mens, and womens, from size zero to XXXL for those big and beautiful bitches who love Dick on their chest... the new officially licensed Dick Fury t-shirts.

A number comes across the screen.

Fury: So put Dick on your chest and call 1-800-GiveMeD today! Kids... don't bother asking your parents.. you too can get Dick on your chest! Just call and charge it to your parent's phone bill!

We switch to a busty blonde woman wearing a Dick Fury shirt.

Woman: I love Dick!

She jumps up and down before we go to a very good looking man, also wearing a Dick Fury shirt.

Man: I really... REALLY.. like Dick.

We head back to Fury.

Fury: So if you like Dick, like these two like Dick.. get your own Dick Fury shirt today as supplies are limited!

A small print warning comes up. It goes back very quick, but we can only assume it says that kids should not call and charge shirts to their parent's phone bills.

Ataxia (c) vs. Silas Artoria

Match

Jim Gunt: Alrighty then, I can see this going wrong on so many levels, but I'm sure that CWF has good fraud insurance... Anyways, some of you might ask how could we top such an intense match like Jarvis versus Starr, but take one of the most pretentious characters in the federation and our resident nutcase, and I say this in the most loveable way possible, and stick them into a cage - well, you do the math...

Mike Rolash: Can we leave Ataxia in that cage when we leave?

Jim Gunt: No, Mike, we can't!

Mike Rolash: Grmph, fine then.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is a CAGE MATCH for the Impact Championship! The only way to win is to escape the cage.

"Arousal" shouts out to the arena, and the arena goes black. Smoke floods the stage, and from behind the curtain stands Silas Artoria. He stands in the middle of the stage, observing the audience, and then starts walking towards the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, from Toronto, Canada - SILAS ARTORIA!

Jim Gunt: Silas Artoria's current record has taken a nosedive. He's made statements both publicly and private in terms of happenings within the company, and his grasp of awareness and coherency is brought into question.

Mike Rolash: In denial perhaps?

Jim Gunt: Well, he loudly challenged for the World Title after coming off a string of midcard losses, so you tell me.

Silas climbs into the ring and walks towards the opposite side. He leans against the ropes and faces the stage.

The lights flicker as we hear this over the PA System...

"AHAHAHAHHAAAAHAHAHAHA"

"Dangerous Tonight" by Alice Cooper starts to play as Ataxia enters the arena wearing his cloak of raven feathers, top hat, cane, and raven mask over his usual bag like mask.

Ray Douglas: And the Impact Champion - ATAXIA!

Ataxia spins the cane around and high fives fans as he walks down the ringside area. He leaps into the ring and whips off the cloak. He takes off the mask, hat and cane. A ring attendant grabs them as Ataxia waits...waving and blowing kisses at Silas.

Jim Gunt: The last time these two fought, the match went to a no-contest. But there'll be no such outcome tonight!

Ataxia hands the belt to a nearby official, and Silas, his expression inscrutable, stares down the masked man. As the cage lowers, Ataxia cocks his head to the side and looks straight at Silas, puffing out his chest.

Ataxia: Look at me, I'm Silas Artoria! I want to be the World Champion, but none of the three women in the top match are taking me seriously! So I'm just going to do a bit of a sullen staring silence, followed by a long, ranting promo, followed by more silence. So what's it gonna be? Ranting promo? Or sullen staring silence?

Silas closes his eyes, breathes in, and grabs his left shoulder.

Silas Artoria: Enough talk!

Ataxia: Oooh, ranting promo! I love it!

Silas rips his coat and his shirt off, both now flying through the air and traversing the cage.

Ataxia (singing): You can leave your hat on...

Silas is bare chested, pants and boots on, and his hat and cane still in his possession, but the difference of his skin is clear. His right arm, breast, and shoulder is covered in a black, scale-like pattern. His veins are a different story, glowing white, as a pulsing presence emerges on the back of his neck.

Jim Gunt: My God! Silas Artoria's skin has changed completely into... some sort of scales?

Mike Rolash: They make a special moisturizer for that now, I think.

Ataxia once again cocks his head quizzically, as Silas removes his hat and tosses it outside the cage.

Silas Artoria: I've played safe for far too long. I pray you have an ambulance ready.

Ataxia: Whoa there babe, let's start by laying out some ground rules, since it's your first time. Our safeword can be "flugelhorn", and -

Silas sucker punches Ataxia as the bell rings.

Ataxia: Flugelhorn! Flugelhorn!

Silas is unrelenting in his assault, shoving Ataxia into the cage wall and laying into the Messiah Pariah with a fury we've not previously seen from him. He hammers with hard rights and lefts before Ataxia is able to uppercut his way out of Silas' onslaught. The Impact Champion takes a few seconds to recover before the Psychotic Aristocrat charges back in with a massive clothesline - this time Ataxia is able to nimbly duck out of the way and catch Silas with a back kick as he bounces off the ropes attempting another clothesline. Silas is staggered momentarily, but as Ataxia makes to capitalize, Silas clobbers him with a massive right hand!

Jim Gunt: A much more unrestrained Silas than we've previously seen!

Silas closes his eyes as the back of his neck tenses involuntarily. He exhales and resumes laying into Ataxia with hard kicks to the ribs, before hauling the Messiah Pariah to his feet and launching a German suplex! He hangs on for a second, and a third. Ataxia is laid out and Silas goes for the side door. Before he can ask the referee to open the door, however, he is grabbed from behind as Ataxia locks in a kata-hajime hold!

Mike Rolash: BED OF ROSES! CALEDONIA HAS THE BED OF ROSES LOCKED IN! WILL SILAS TAP OUT?

Jim Gunt: He's fighting Ataxia, not Caledonia.

Mike Rolash (smugly): How do you know that they're not the same person? You ever see them in a room together?

Jim Gunt: Last week, you dumbass!

Ataxia shortly realizes that a submission victory is no use here, and releases Silas from the hold. Nimbly, he scampers over to the turnbuckle and begins climbing out of the cage - but he barely makes it to the top bar before Silas drags him down, throwing him bodily to the mat and throwing hard rights and lefts in a Thesz Press. Ataxia goes for an eye poke, but Silas powers through it and continues laying down punches. Finally, with an exertion of effort, Ataxia reverses the Thesz Press, pinning Silas to the ground and throwing some punches of his own.

Ataxia: And this is why we lay down ground rules!

He punches Silas in the face a few times.

Ataxia: See, you're lucky I'm a natural switch, but what if I were a dom? The whole session suffers because there's no pre-talk. This is how we get that Fifty Shades of Grey shit.

Silas growls. He grabs Ataxia's fist as it comes down for another punch, squeezing hard and using the leverage to for the Impact Champion off him, finally throwing him in an arm drag, hitting the side of the cage with tremendous impact! Silas does not hesitate before hauling Ataxia to his feet and shoving his face into the mesh of the cage, dragging it back and forth as the crowd boos.

Jim Gunt: The fans expressing their displeasure at Silas' attack!

Mike Rolash: Brilliant insight, dumbass.

Ataxia is able to escape with a sharp elbow strike, followed up by a series of punches and kicks, knocking Silas towards the center of the ring. A massive Butterfly Kick lays the Psychotic Aristocrat out, and Ataxia heads for the turnbuckle, ascending the cage.

Jim Gunt: Here we go!

This time, Ataxia reaches the top, but Silas is able to grab him by the leg, preventing his escape. He pulls Ataxia down to the top turnbuckle - the Messiah Pariah lands hard on his knee, but is able to knock Silas to the ground. As Silas charges back in, Ataxia leaps off the top turnbuckle - PEACEFUL TOLERANCE!

The crowd goes wild as Silas is knocked to the ground, but Ataxia isn't in much better shape. The Reckoning has bought him some time, but both men are laid out in the center of the ring and rise to their feet only slowly. The crowd roars as the Impact Champion reaches his feet right before the Psychotic Aristocrat does.

Jim Gunt: What a battle by these two men!

Of the two, Silas looks to be the worse for the wear, having been hit hard by Ataxia's signature move. But he launches onto the offensive first, whipping Ataxia into the corner and charging in after him with a massive clothesline! He then mounts the turnbuckle and begins raining down punches, one after another. Ataxia attempts to powerbomb his way out, but Silas is able to counter his counter, landing on top of Ataxia. He hauls the Impact Champion to his feet and whips him into the ropes. Ataxia bounces off and Silas gets set to launch him skywards with a massive Back Body Drop - but Ataxia hits the brakes, dropping to the ground and backhanding Silas across the face.

Ataxia (along with the crowd): HAI FRAND!

Silas is momentarily staggered, as much from the indignity of the attack as anything, and Ataxia capitalizes, launching on the offensive with a flurry of blows. Silas goes for a massive left hook punch - but Ataxia ducks under it, and grabs Silas from behind (ooh, matron!) and launches him into a German suplex into the turnbuckle!

Jim Gunt: ER STAT!

Mike Rolash: Oh come on, the emergency room for that? This kind of frivolous shit is why our healthcare system's in the toilet.

Jim Gunt: First off, Silas is Canadian. Second off, it's the name of the move, dumbass.

Ataxia stalks Silas, waiting for him to rise and rallying the crowd. As Silas reaches his feet, Ataxia bounces off the ropes and leaps into the air - RECKONING!... but Silas counters, hitting the KNOCKOUT high knee!

Jim Gunt: Oh my God! I don't think I've ever seen the Reckoning countered like that!

Silas looks down contemptuously at Ataxia and begins ascending the cage. The crowd boos as he ascends the turnbuckles slowly, still recovering from the ER Stat. He begins his climb, and is almost halfway up.

Jim Gunt: Silas Artoria is going to do it! He's putting his money where his mouth is!

But Ataxia is not so easily kept down.

The Impact Champion grabs Silas by the leg, preventing him from ascending. Silas struggles, kicking at Ataxia, but the Messiah Pariah is undeterred. He hangs on but can't drag Silas down - but desperate times call for desperate measures!

Jim Gunt: LOW BLOW! LOW BLOW BY THE CHAMPION!

Mike Rolash: Well, it's Silas' own fault. He didn't say "flugelhorn."

Silas falls, but rises to his feet with a guttural roar. It's for nothing, though, as Ataxia leaps off the top rope, this time nailing the RECKONING! Silas crumples, and Ataxia begins to climb.

Jim Gunt: That's gotta be it.

Mike Rolash: And Silas once again fails to put his money where his mouth is.

Ataxia reaches the top of the cage and blows a kiss to a section of fans bearing #miataxia signs. With one last look down, he jumps to the outside!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, and STILL Impact Champion - ATAXIA!

He raises his arms in the air and then bounces over to the announce table.

Mike Rolash: What are you doing here?

Ataxia: Celebrate, of course, silly! HUUUUUG!

Ataxia pulls Rolash into a tight hug.

Mike Rolash: Let go! Flugelhorn! Flugelhorn!

Unfinished Business

Match

"From the Pinnacle to the Pit" by Ghost begins to play and Dorian Hawkhurst storms out from the back. He marches to the ring like a man on a mission and slides under the bottom rope, and immediately calls for a microphone.

Jim Gunt: I don't know exactly what "The Demon of Sobriety" is doing out here.

Mike Rolash: I don't either, but he looks pissed!

A mic flies through the air and Dorian catches it with ease.

Dorian Hawkhurst: Cut the damned music.

Dorian's music cuts on command.

Dorian Hawkhurst: I'm out here because I'm not happy with the way shit went down at Evolution. I had a plan, and those plans got messed up. Caledonia, I'm not asking you, I am telling you to get your ass out here and face me!

"Day and Night" by Billie Piper hits over the stereo and the crowd goes wild for the World Champion. She walks out onto the ramp, thinks for a moment, and walks down to the ring, where she faces Dorian.

Caledonia: You called?

Dorian Hawkhurst: You're damn right I did. We both know things didn't happen the way they were supposed to last week at Evolution. I know the only way to make things right should be for me to walk out here later and start disposing of the bodies. But you know me, man. I'm not a patient person. So, yeah, I called your ass down here.

Dorian looks around, expecting the boos to come raining down on him as he goes off on CWF's beloved World Champion. In light of what happened earlier in the night, it seems that the CWF audience is giving him a pass... for now.

Dorian Hawkhurst: The way I see it, I owe you something from last week.

Caledonia: Oh really? And what is that?

Dorian gets right into Caledonia's face before extending his hand to her.

Dorian: No games. Take it. I got a hurt kid to get back to.

Caledonia cautiously takes Dorian's hand. Dorian grabs her hand firmly and shakes it before letting go and rolling out of the ring, leaving Caledonia in the ring by herself while "From the Pinnacle to the Pit" plays again.

Jim Gunt: What a show of respect from Dorian Hawkhurst.

Mike Rolash: I thought he was done being a kiss ass.

The Smokin' Aces (c) vs. The Forsaken

Match

Get my people out them chains, nigga
I mean handcuffs, time to man up
Put my hands up? Fuck you sayin', bruh?
'Cause I'm a black man in a Phantom
Or is it 'cause my windows tinted?
Car cost 300 thou' and I blow Indo in it
You mad 'cause your daughter fuck with me on spring break
Well, I'ma fuck her 'til the springs break

As the song breaks down, the lights beam back on spotlighting the entrance area as Freddie Styles is seen squatting down, head bent, arms stretched out in front of him, hands in twin pistol formation. Duce Jones stands behind Freddie, his back to the crowd, arms folded across his chest. The fans roaring in admiration, as the two men are both now facing the fans. The two men have made their way down the aisle and to the ring. Freddie walks up the ring steps as Duce hops on the apron. Both men climbing inside of the ring, taking off their tag straps, displaying them to the crowd. Freddie making his way to the middle ropes, while Duce climbs one of the corners.

Jim Gunt: Mike this is a match, that a lot of the fans have been looking forward too. Forsaken and the Aces, this one is sure to be a barn burner!

Mike Rolash: I think the real question is, are these two one hit wonders? Or are they going to prove those belts belong in their camp?

The lights go out again. "Mea Culpa" by After Forever starts with its ominous keyboard sounds. As the choir sets in, fog starts to waft around the ring, illuminated only with cold, blue light, the ring itself is dark. As the choirs reach their crescendo, the light flickers with rising intensity and as the choir stops, the lights go back on and The Shadow and Amelia stand in the centre of the ring, stoic and unmoving under their hoods.

Jim Gunt: The question here is whether Amelia is in good enough condition to even help the Shadow in this match? Having competed in a hellacious Lumberjack Match earlier against Cassandra.

Mike Rolash: If we've learned anything about Amelia, Jimmy... It's that she's one tough chick...

Jim Gunt: Well let's not waste any more time, and send it to Ray for the introductions.

We switch to the ring where Ray Douglas is standing, both teams in their respective corners. "Big" Denny Davidson is doing his usual routine check as he finally receives the Tag Team titles from Freddie and Duce, and shows them to The Shadow and Amelia... The rowdy Philly crowd are to their feet with anticipation, waiting for this contest to begin.

Ray Douglas: The following contest, is scheduled for one fall!

ONE FALL!

Ray Douglas: And is for the CWF Tag Team Championships! Introducing first, to my right, they are the challengers, at a combined weight of four hundred and nine pounds! They are the team of Amelia and The Shadow! THE FORSAKEN!

They both raise their hands to the crowd, who give them a resounding ovation, especially Amelia as they are chanting her name at the top of their lungs, for her efforts in the Lumberjack match.

Ray Douglas: And their opponents, standing to my left.. At a combined weight of four hundred and twenty eight pounds! They are your Reigning and Defending CWF Tag Team Champions! Freddie Styles and Duce Jones! SMOKIN' ACES!

They both raise their arms to the crowd, who gives them a warm reception. Ray exits the ring as "Big" Denny raises the tag titles for the crowd to see. Which brings cheers once more from the Philly faithful. Amelia steps out to the apron, Duce doing the same as well. The crowd is ready for a great contest, dueling chants already getting started up!

SMOKIN' ACES!

FOR-SA-KEN!

SMOKIN' ACES!

FOR-SA-KEN!

Davidson calls for the bell, officially starting this contest. The Shadow and Freddie Styles circle the ring before meeting in the middle with a lock up, a power struggle ensues as neither man is able to gain the advantage. They both disengage, nodding at each other out of respect. Freddie calls for another tie up, which The Shadow happily agrees too. Both men tie up again, as another struggle between the two starts up. Jockeying for the an advantage, both men struggle back and forth around the ring until The Shadow gains the upper hand, placing a Styles in a headlock. Quickly trying to escape, Styles backs the Weaver of Dreams into the ropes, looking to shoot him off into the opposite set! The Shadow holds on though with the headlock, putting the brakes on and cinching the hold on tighter, bringing Styles down to a knee.

Fighting to both of his feet, Styles tries to relieve some of the pressure. Not giving Styles a chance to think of another escape, The Shadow flips him to the mat with a side headlock takedown, never letting go of the headlock, applying more pressure. Freddie fights against the hold, finally able to manage his legs around the neck of Shadow with a head scissors! Finding himself in a precarious situation, The Shadow, quickly escapes the hold getting back to his feet.

Styles quickly does the same, but The Shadow runs through him with a shoulder block! The impact of the move sends Freddie back down to the canvas! The Shadow stoically stalks his opponent, who has flipped to his knees, staring at the Weaver of Dreams..

Jim Gunt: The Shadow is looking to take care of business here tonight! He seems extremely focused..

Mike Rolash: He's a man on a mission, Jim. Even though Amelia might not be in top condition, Smokin' Aces might see their reign cut short here tonight.

Slowly making it to his feet, frustration is apparent on the face of Styles. Both men slowly approaching each other, they collide for another lock up, but Mr. Ballgame shoots a knee into the midsection of Shadow. With his opponent doubled over, Styles locks on his own headlock! He pulls him to his teams corner, tagging in Duce! Transitioning, Styles flips Shadow over with a snapmare, at the same time, Duce running the ropes, returning and nailing The Shadow across the face with a Knee Smash! He goes for the quick cover!

ONE!

The Shadow quickly kicking out, showing its going to take more than that to keep him down. Back on the offense Jones, brings the Weaver of Dreams to his feet, blasting him with a forearm that sends him staggering backwards. The Kid That Never Dies wraps his arms around the waist of The Shadow, driving him into the mat with a Sambo Suplex! Back to his feet and tagging Freddie back in, they go for another double team. They both back him into the ropes, whipping him across the ring, upon his return, Smokin' Aces connect with a Double Hip Toss! Freddie cartwheels through, nailing The Shadow with a dropkick as Duce shoots a kick to his back! Duce makes his way to the apron as Freddie goes for the pin, Davidson sliding in for the count!

ONE!

TWO!

Amelia is in to stop the count, stomping on the back of Styles!

Jim Gunt: Since becoming a team, the Aces have proved to be a cohesive unit!

Mike Rolash: Yea these guys are kinda growing on me..

Freddie brings The Shadow back to a vertical base, nailing a knife edge chop to his chest. Styles grabs the arm of The Shadow for an irish whip, however he reverses, sending Styles into the ropes.. Going for a clothesline upon his return, The Shadow ducks underneath the lariat, grabbing Styles with a rear waistlock, and spiking him into the mat with a

German Suplex! Not holding on for the pin, The Shadow begins to make his way towards his teams' corner to make the tag. The crowd cheers him on as he finally makes it to his corner, tagging the hand of Amelia! Duce is in off the tag as well, as they both meet in the center of the ring! Amelia goes for a clothesline, Duce ducks, hooking her arm in the process. Flipping her over his body, she lands face first on the canvas, sitting up on her knees proves costly as Duce drives his knee through her face!

Jim Gunt: Oh my! Amelia has just been IntroDuced!

Mike Rolash: He didn't hold back at all with that one..

Amelia is out like a light, Jones not giving her a chance to recover, bringing her to her feet. Hooking a front facelock, Duce lifts her for a suplex, shifting her weight, she lands behind the former World champ. Pushing him in the back, the Kid That Never Dies turns right into a Superman Punch! She goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Kickout!

Amelia screams out in rage as she kicks the downed body of Duce like a madwoman. Trying his best efforts to cover up proves futile, his only option to roll out of the ring. Freddie joins Duce, checking on him, but both men don't account for a flying Amelia, coming at them like a speeding bullet! The Philly crowd goes nuts as Amelia grabs the body of Jones, throwing him back into the ring. Duce struggles to his feet, only to be struck down by a Shining Wizard! Amelia hooks the leg for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Freddie breaks the pin! But The Shadow enters quickly grabbing Freddie, throwing him out of the ring. Amelia curses out loud as Shadow is back in the corner and taking the tag. They both go to the downed body of Jones bringing him to his feet. Wrapping their arms around his head for a double front facelock, they drive him into the canvas with a Double DDT! The Shadow goes for the cover as Amelia goes to the apron.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

Jim Gunt: Jones able to get his shoulder up in time!

Mike Rolash: You gotta hand it to Amelia, after such a grueling battle earlier. She is displaying a lot of heart right now!

Jim Gunt: Neither team wants to walk out on the losing end of this match Mike.

The Shadow stalks Jones, bringing him off the canvas. However it's not for long as he scoop slams him back down. The Weaver of Dreams backs into the ropes, before coming off and driving his knee into the skull of Jones! Calculating his next form of offense, he runs towards the ropes, springing off connecting with the Hammer of Doom! He goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Styles is in to break the cover once again! Amelia enters the ring also looking to attack Styles. He catches her though, throwing her shoulder first into corner turnbuckle post! The Shadow is up to his feet trying to avenge his partner, running towards Styles! Styles catches him with a tilt-a-whirl, but The Shadow lands on his feet, taking Freddie down with a Russian Leg Sweep! The Weaver of Dreams is back to his feet only to catch a Bicycle Knee Strike to the jaw, courtesy of Jones! He has no time for following up, as Mia rams her boot through his face with a Yakuza Kick, sending him twisting through the air! Amelia let's out a banshee scream, but turns right into the arms of Freddie, who hooks her, sending flying with an Overhead Belly to Belly!

Jim Gunt: Umm. This is starting to get out of hand.

Mike Rolash: Watch out Freddie!

HAMMER OF THE GODS, sends Freddie to the canvas, as The Shadow rises off the mat to suffer the fate of a D-TRIGGA! The Weaver of Dreams slumps back to the canvas, a worn down Duce has no time to recover as he receives a SUPERKICK! Amelia falls to the canvas from exhaustion, after delivering the kick, as the crowd is in a frenzy!

"THIS IS AWESOME!"

CLAP-CLAP

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

“THIS IS AWESOME!”

Jim Gunt: All four of these competitors are down, and I have to agree with these fans! This is awesome!

Mike Rolash: These four are leaving everything out in the ring tonight, Jim!

All four competitors lie on the canvas, struggling to get to their feet as the crowd rallies behind them. Styles and Amelia respectively roll out of the ring, returning to their corners as Duce and The Shadow slowly rises to a vertical base. A battle of fisticuffs break out between the two men, furiously throwing left and right bombs at each other. The punches between the two slowly begins to die down as both men begin to lose gas. But a surge of life, brings the two to blows once more! The Philly fans are cheering like crazy as the punches fly wildly! Being the bigger of the two, the Weaver of Dreams finally gains the upper hand, driving Jones back into the ropes.

Duce leans against the ropes, as The Shadow backs up, he goes to clothesline Duce over the ropes! Jones ducks, sending up and over to the apron, where he lands on his feet! Duce turns to go on the offensive, the Weaver of Dreams blasts him with a forearm for his troubles... Stumbling backwards, Duce goes to attack again, catching a shoulder to the gut, The Shadow grabs him by his dreadlocks, ramming him face first into the corner turnbuckle! A whaling scream echoes throughout the arena, as a charging Amelia surprises Duce with a Yakuza Kick! The former World champ slumps down in the corner, Amelia isn't done as she bounces off the ropes, driving her foot across his face with a Face Wash! “Big” Denny admonishes Amelia, forcing the madwoman into her teams' corner. Jones rolls out of the corner onto his back in a compromising position. The Shadow climbs the turnbuckle, and flies off with the FLIGHT OF THE NIGHT DEMON! He hooks the leg, but Davidson is still out of position, turning at the last minute to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: Styles with the save!

Mike Rolash: I think Amelia might be lose Jimbo!

Dragging Jones to his corner, The Shadow makes the tag to Amelia, she skips around the ring manically as her partner brings Jones back up. Amelia skips right up to Jones and clobbers him with a headbutt! Jones staggers backwards, recovering, coming back with a headbutt of his own! She stumbles herself, but returns the favor, Duce coming back with another as well! The two hard headed warriors staggers backwards, finally locking eyes, and begin to share a good laugh!

Mike Rolash: What the fuck? Are they serious?

The fans are too their feet on admiration, as Jones and Amelia come to a head with simultaneous headbutts, knocking them both to the canvas! The fans showing their appreciation!

“CWF!”

“CWF!”

“CWF!”

Both Amelia and Jones lie on the canvas as Davidson begins the mandatory ten count, Styles and The Shadow rallying the fans behind their partners respectively.

ONE!

TWO!

Jim Gunt: In my years of commentating, I've never witnessed anything as brutal as that..

THREE!

FOUR!

Mike Rolash: They're fucking nuts, that's what it is.. I've always said this place has become a Crazy House!

FIVE!

SIX!

Both competitors, begin to slowly crawl for their corners, forcing Davidson to stop his count. Duce is able to reach the hand of Styles, just before Amelia reaches The Shadow.. Coming in fast, Styles drops Shadow with a clothesline, the Weaver of Dreams quickly to his feet to be dropped again with another clothesline by Styles! Making it to his feet again, Styles irish whips The Shadow to the ropes! No! Reversal! Styles takes advantage, springing backwards off the middle rope, Springboard Moonsault! Holding on for the cover, the Shadow quickly kicking out! Both men are too their feet, Shadow throwing a wild punch, but Styles ducks, planting him into the canvas with DAT REMIX! He goes for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

Shadow with the shoulder up! Freddie stays on the attack, positioning himself in the corner, the Shadow woozily rolls onto his stomach, Styles sprints towards him as he rises looking for the ATL STOMP! BUT HE'S BLINDSIDED BY AMELIA, WHO THROWS HER BODY INTO HIS WITH A RUNNING CROSSBODY!

Jim Gunt: HOLY SHIT! WHAT A SAVE BY AMELIA!

"HOLY SHIT!"

"HOLY SHIT!"

Amelia quickly retreats to the corner, yelling for him to make the tag! He does just that, coming in on fire, she catches Freddie as he rises with an Enziguri! She shoots the half, going for the cover!

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

Jim Gunt: Duce with the save! And here comes The Shadow!

Just as Gunt calls it, the Weaver of Dreams rushes at the Kid That Never Dies, but he dropkicks the legs of Shadow, sending him straddling the middle rope! Duce hits the opposite set, coming back swinging his knee through the ropes

connecting with his face! NICE TO KNEE YOU! Shadow goes flying back onto the canvas as Duce returns to the corner, begging for Styles to make the tag! However, Amelia is to her feet, bringing Styles up to a standing position. Almost in a daze, Amelia backs him to the ropes, where Jones makes the blind tag! Amelia goes to whip Freddie to the opposite set, but he reverses, when she returns Styles pops her into the air! Upon her decent, Jones catches her with a Knee Strike! Amelia lands on her feet in a daze, suddenly shaking off the effects, and exploding through Duce once more with a Running Big Boot! Before Freddie can react on the apron, the Shadow sends him flying off the apron with the Hammer of the Gods! He quickly perches himself on the second rope, waiting as Duce unknowingly rises in his direction! Jones is almost to his feet, but is soon spiked into the canvas with the NIGHTFALL! Amelia's laugh can be heard throughout as she quickly brings Duce up once more, she hooks him and spikes him once more onto his head with the LAST LAUGH! SHE HOOKS THE LEG!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Davidson calls for the bell as the fans cheer in approval! Douglas making it official!

Ray Douglas: Here are your winners, and NEEEEWWW! CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! THE FORSAKEN!

Davidson retrieves the belts, as Styles has joined Duce, checking his condition. Duce assuring him he's fine, "Big" Denny goes to hand the titles to their new owners, but Styles is quickly there snatching them out of his hands.

Jim Gunt: What's this all about?

Mike Rolash: Obviously, they're sore losers..

Duce joins the side of Styles as he hands him one of the titles. Amelia and The Shadow, squaring up for another fight. Both members of Smokin' Aces stare at the titles, before handing them to the Forsaken and raising their hands in victory! The crowd goes nuts for the show of respect as they let out another chant!

"YOU DESERVE IT!"

CLAP-CLAP

CLAP-CLAP-CLAP

“YOU DESERVE IT!”

Both teams share a respectable handshake as Amelia soon breaks down in tears.. Smokin' Aces raise up a finger, signifying they want a rematch as they exit the ring to let the Forsaken, bask in their moment!

Defiant Intentions

Match

Fade in.

Angus Skaaland is dressed in a turquoise tuxedo t-shirt covered by a Members Only jacket that looks like it was stolen from Don Johnson directly off the set of Miami Vice. His hair is greased back, and a knowing smirk sits brazenly across his face.

Angus: It ain't a lot of muh-fuckers bumbling around the CWF that know what it means to be a Champion in life, nevermind professional wrestling.

Eric Dane walks up from behind him, the blood splattered across his face earlier from the beating that he gave Incubus has been masterfully cleaned off and wiped away. It's almost as if he didn't assault the young cult member during the Lumberjack match with the intent to maim at the very least.

The Only Star is dressed to wrestle, with his adamantium knee brace snugly wrapped around his knee and his old school Team Danger leather jacket draped over his shoulders and dripping with swagger. To top it off he's got a tartan scarf wrapped haphazardly around his neck and a pair of Maybach shades over his eyes.

His smile is offensive it's so obnoxious.

Angus: Tonight Eric Dane does what only Eric Dane can do by chucking twenty-nine other motherfuckers up and over the top and out of the ring, paving the road to gold at Wrestle Fest IV with blood and broken bodies!

The End Boss takes center stage as Angus steps back and crosses his arms, smacking away at a wad of bubblegum. Dane spreads his arms wide, gesturing broadly.

Eric Dane: I've been a champion everywhere I've ever been. My earliest memories in this business are of being that brash young kid bucking up to the old timers and taking their titles, their money, and their spots at the top of the card...

His grin widens.

Eric Dane: Well I may not be that “brash young kid” anymore, but what I am is the Hall of Famer that he grew up to be. I never have given up on taking titles and putting myself at the top of the heap, and I sure as shit ain't about to start now in the CWF.

His words are spoken softly but filled with violent intent.

Eric Dane: With the help of my man Angus, and with backup like MJ Flair and Bronson Box, we roll into Golden Intentions tonight to face the biggest lineup of superstars that money could buy! There are former and future champions, legends, monsters, and an entire cult on top of everything else!

Tonight.

Against all odds.

Eric Dane shows the CWF what it means to be The Only Star!

Tonight is the first night of the rest of your lives, ladies and gentlemen, and if any of you assholes and idiots think that you've got what it takes to be the man, you'd better think twice because tonight I'm giving out free lessons in How to be a CHAMPION! I'm gonna out-wrestle, out-think, and out-perform every single man woman and moron in that ring, and when it's all said and done and the ink dries in the history books there'll only be one thing that anybody remembers about the 2018 Golden Intentions Rumble...

The camera tightens in on his face. Intensity isn't the word, neither is arrogance, but both of those are swirled in somehow to give the gleam in the cerulean eyes that stare out at you through the magic of television... or the internet. Whatever.

Eric Dane: And that's the show that The Only Star is about to put on. The clinic that I'm about to teach on how to make an entire promotion bow down to you in sixty minutes or less! You ain't got to like it, friends...

If he were any more smug, he'd probably punch himself.

Eric Dane: But you'd better learn to live with... it.

The Only Star trails off as his "backup" saunters into the shot... also dressed for war. The Bombastic Bronson Box, his sheared head and waxed mustache, his brown and grey pinstripe singlet. One glancing look from the barrel chested Scotsman and Angus Skaaland is immediately behind his boss, his smile long gone. Dane though... his smug grin never fades.

The two share the silence for a moment before Eric obviously can't take it anymore.

Eric Dane: There something you want, Boxer? You're sort of steppin' all over the end of my shit here.

The Wargod sighs a contented sigh as he hooks his thumbs through the straps on his singlet.

Bronson Box: You're doin' it again.

Dane cocks his head to the side incredulously.

Eric Dane: I'm doing what now?

Boxer leans in a little closer, taking maybe a half step to far into Eric Dane's personal space.

Bronson Box: You're underestimin' me again. Just like all these other smug pricks in this backwater promotion.

The Only Star is about to open his mouth to speak but The DEFIANT Scotsman gets that wild unhinged look in his eyes and literally glares Eric's mouth shut. He takes one more little half step towards his "associate."

Eric's smug grin has officially been replaced with an annoyed scowl.

Bronson Box: This here? You and me? There's a level of mutual respect. Aye. I bled you, you bled me. An lookin' around this locker room, aye not many can touch either of us, especially if we're on the same page. And we will be...

It's Boxer's turn to smile. A gnarled, terrifying smile but a smile nonetheless.

Bronson Box: Just not tonight.

Dane's eyes are cold as ice. Bronson's full of fire. The Wargod's face already turning red with an almost fanatical intensity level bubbling just under his skin. Dane manages a gravelly retort.

Eric Dane: That so, big man?

Bronson Box: Bloody right... you can rant and rave all night about goin' out there and chuckin' all them poor bastards out o' that ring but when it comes down to it and it's you and me out there you aint chuckin' me nowhere ya' fookin' prick. A ain't no little helpless cult wannabe waif an' I ain't here to wipe yer' ass and be yer' bloody bag boy. I'm here for one thing and one thing only... to break necks and win me that World Heavyweight title. And not you... or your

adorable little friend Mariella... or any agreement we all might have made is gunna' deter me from that goal.

They're as close to nose to nose as you can get without actually being nose to nose.

Bronson Box: Understand me ya' big lumberin' bastard? Listenin' to you go on and on I got the distinct fookin' impression you might have forgotten just what it's like steppin' into the ring with me. So wrapped up in puffin' up yer' ego and listin' yer' fookin' accomplishments that it slipped yer' mind yer' about to go out there in a few short ones to face ME.

The Scotsman thumps his chest with his fist. His wild bloodshot brown eyes saying almost as much as his mouth.

Eric Dane: It's like that, huh.

A stony silence falls over the two men. Technically three, but Angus hasn't moved or said a word from his perch behind Eric since Boxer interrupted the proceedings. Boxer takes a sudden but confident step back, runs his tongue between his lip and gums causing his mustache to twitch as he turns towards stage right.

Eric Dane: I'll tell you what, Hollis. Why don't the two of us go out there and things the way that men like us do things. We bring violence and chaos and hatred and blood down on this Rumble, and then if you're there with me when I get to the end, me an' you'll settle our little differences right then in there in front of everybody.

The Scottish Psychopath contemplates this momentarily. Eventually his eyes go wild and a smile finds itself nestled underneath that thick, curled masterpiece of a mustache.

Bronson Box: Alright then, boyo. I'll see ya' out there partner.

After a few moments, sure The Wargod is fully out of earshot, Angus emerges from behind Eric. Skaaland just stares at his employer in disbelief. Holding his outstretched palms up and in the direction Bronson stormed off in.

Angus: ... your backup. Stellar idea, by the way. Bringing him in. Yup, good times.

An annoyed grimace from The Only Star.

Eric Dane: Shut the fuck up, Angus.

The Truth

Match

J. Rish makes his way down the entrance ramp. No music, no fanfare, barely even acknowledging the fans, eyes straight on the ring.

Jim Gunt: Over the past few weeks we've seen Rish acting very strangely, making calls he wouldn't usually make. Folks around CWF have been asking what the deal is and it looks like tonight we might get some answers!

Rish rolls into the ring, gestures for a mic. Waves at the front row, where his family are sitting. Amber has Everia on her lap, both smiling, waving back at Rish. Rish raises the mic to speak.

J. Rish: One and all. No doubt some of you have been wondering what's been going on with CWF, and me, over the past few weeks. Tonight, I'm going to break my silence. You see -

Before he can continue, "Antichrist Superstar" by Marilyn Manson hits the speakers. The crowd erupts in a deafening chorus of boos, throwing garbage as Elisha makes his way down the ramp. Alone for once, bag slung over his shoulder, a steel chair under the other arm.

Elisha reaches the ring, bows theatrically for the crowd, prompting fresh abuse. Rish looks uneasily from the chair to Elisha and back.

J. Rish: What in the hell do you want?

Elisha: Now now! Can't an innocent Moonchild pop in and pay a visit to one of his best friend's and business associates without tongues starting to wag? Besides...

He unfolds the chair, sets it up in the middle of the ring.

Elisha: You really think I'd miss a show like this?

He sits on the chair, opens the bag, takes out an enormous bag of popcorn. Elisha stretches out his legs, flips a piece of popcorn into the air, catches it in his mouth. He gestures to Rish in a cheerful "on with the show" way. Rish rolls his eyes.

J. Rish: Like I was saying...

I founded CWF years ago, nearly two decades. I've seen it through thick and thin, seen it close, re-open, close again, open once more for this - what's shaping up to be our greatest run in history!

The crowd pops, a small "Thank you Rish!" chant breaking out.

J. Rish: CWF to me - just like to all of you - is way more than just three letters, a load of legalese and a list of names, facts and figures. It's a part of who I am, what I live and breathe, what I stand for.

Earlier this year, it looked like Ryan Sunset might take control of the company for good. I couldn't let that happen. So I made a deal. A match at Unhinged, winner takes all. The Federation - and the Institute.

I made deals with two sides, Caledonia and Jace on the one hand, Elisha and Choronzon on the other. Making sure that whatever happened, I would walk out with the company I'd worked so hard to build.

Amber, Everia...could you come to the ring please?

Security help the two over the ramp and into the ring. Elisha sits back, flipping popcorn into his mouth in amusement, waves at Everia. Everia goes to wave back but Amber stops her, shushing her into silence.

J. Rish: I...

His voice breaks.

J. Rish: I love you. Both of you, from the absolute bottom of my heart. Believe me, there is nothing I would ever do to put you in danger. If I ever thought there was a chance...

Amber: What are you saying?

J. Rish: In the build to Unhinged, I made a deal with Elisha and Choronzon. Sunset had something each of us wanted - the Institute and the CWF. So we made a deal. To work together against Ryan. I would take the federation, he would take the Institute.

But there were...conditions. Insurance, as it were.

Amber: Which was...?

Rish glances from Amber to Everia and back.

J. Rish: If I.... I'm finding I wasn't able to uphold the deal, if Elisha didn't walk out of Unhinged as head of the Institute. I agreed that he....

That he could take Everia.

Amber takes a step back.

Amber: What!?

J. Rish: It was the only way he would agree to it, and I needed to cover all bases to make sure we walked out with the company. This is everything I've worked for, I couldn't -

Amber: So you agreed to put our daughter in the hands of this lunatic?

J. Rish: It all worked out okay, we -

Amber: Shut up! And as for you -

She turns to Elisha, eyes pure fury, slaps Elisha across the face.

Amber: You stay the hell away from my family!

She grabs Everia by the arm and marches off backstage, eyes filled with tears. Elisha watches them leave, picks up his fallen bag of popcorn, offers Rish some. Rish just watches his wife and daughter leave, heartbroken.

As Amber and Everia reach the top of the entrance ramp, an arm shoots out from behind the curtain, seizing Amber by the wrist. Cassandra steps through, her hand locked around Amber's arm with python-like intensity. She leans in, speaks into Amber's ear, words dripping with venom.

Cassandra: I'm going to let this one slide - for now. But I don't care who you're fucking. You lay a finger on the Moonchild again and I will rip your fucking throat out. And your little girl, too. Understand?

Amber struggles to free herself, Cassandra holding on tight, unmoving. Fear crosses over Amber's face and she nods as the scene cuts away.

Caledonia (c) vs. Omega vs. Amber Ryan

Match

The inside the abandoned warehouse (now transformed into Omega's Funhouse) comes into full view immediately. The intensity of the scene is warning any intruder to stay far, far away. Tonight, though, three of CWF's most fearless women stand within it, ready and willing to tear the flesh right off of the bones of two other women they once called friends.

Little Miss O, Omega.

Miss Unhinged, Amber Ryan.

The CWF World Heavyweight Champion, Caledonia Highlander.

Three of the most dangerous fighters in all of professional wrestling.

And Marcus Maximus? Yes, the former YEDAH-! stands in a half crouched position with a black and gold Golden Intentions 2018 t-shirt on and a headset placed snugly over his head. With egg shaped eyes that are as open as they possibly can be, Marcus looks on, jaw hanging open at the scene.

Marcus Maximus: Hello ladies and gentlemen, and welcome to Malice in Wonderland! The rules are simple, what you will see before you will horrify you. But don't be scared, because all you have to do is put your opponent through one of the two glass sheets that are lined up horizontally on two separate sides of the ring that have their ropes completely removed. Sounds fun..right?

Around the abandoned building, funhouse mirrors of every shape and size, with bizarre weaponry laying down across nearly every foot of the floor, even dolls with their heads ripped off hanging in the one corner.

A wrestling ring, if one could even call it that, carefully placed right in the middle of the warehouse. On two opposite sides of the ring there are ropes, on the other two sides they are completely removed, thick panes of glass lined with the open sides all across the ring. The two sides that the ropes remain are still not left unscathed, as they are embedded with enough shards of broken glass to slash every tire in Times Square.

The women in the ring, however, pay no attention to the tapestry and scenery around them. The time has come. The war is on.

Ding, ding, ding!

Scott Dean wearily stands in the ring with the CWF World Champion and her two challengers, knowing even his body could be harmed in a match this sadistic.

Marcus Maximus: We have no Ray Douglas to call out the competitors this evening as he has duties to call the rest of Golden Intentions in Philadelphia, and of course Mike Rolash, Jim Gunt, and event Church & State get to stay behind in Philly too. So guess what? Yours truly gets tasked with calling this crazy one. Who would have thought that when a cray cray gimmick match came, that takes place way out of the confines of an arena, that I would be the one to have to call it. I mean what a COINCIDENCE, right!?

Marcus ends his long winded rant with a rolling of his eyes, YEDAH~! completely missing calling the first minute of the World Heavyweight Title fight. The match starts off in the most unclean of fashions, with all three competitors immediately throwing themselves at each other with all their might. Amber Ryan swings a right hand and misses Omega who ducks underneath and tackles Caledonia to the canvas. The Unhinged briefcase holder pulls her former friend off of Cali, turning her around to meet her face to face. Omega slaps her right across the cheek! Amber Ryan slaps her right back!

Marcus Maximus: Holy shit, we have ourselves a catfight here, ladies and gentlemen!

Both challengers are absolutely seething, anger nearly coming right out of their pores as they both grab each other by the hair and circle around the ring- just to eat a huge Dropkick from Caledonia! The momentum takes Omega and Amber backward, nearly right into one of the roped laced with the nasty shards of glass. Cali is not finished though, taking a high rise knee upward onto Omega's jaw, finally sending her right into the glass!

Marcus Maximus: Ouch! Omega may have created this crazy monster of a match, but she may very well be regretting it now!

Little Miss O screams out in pain as glass digs into the back of her arms on release of the ropes. She comes back at the approaching Caledonia with a hard elbow, following it right up with another one. Amber Ryan re-enters the fray, momentarily teaming up with Cali to attempt to put down Omega with a couple of right hands. She will not go down so easily, however, as Omega comes back with some jabs of her own to both Cali and Amber Ryan! Wiping some of the trickles of blood from the back of her arms, she looks at the crimson and smiles, laughing as she charges forward. LEAPING CROSSBODY BLOCK TO RYAN AND HIGHLANDER! Neither lady is able to catch the ball of flame that is Omega, and she somehow still lands on her feet to do a curtsy in no particular direction.

Marcus Maximus: I may have spoken to soon; Omega may have been the first to be broken open, but a little blood certainly hasn't slowed down Little Miss O one bit!

The manic Omega takes in the scene in front of her, the scene that she built with her own two hands, and once again shows off a twisted smile as she calls on both of her opponents for more punishment. Amber Ryan is the first to arise, but comes up with a shoulder block right to the gut of Omega, catching her off guard. Amber attempts an Irish whip back into the glass embedded rope but Omega holds steadfast, reversing it through to send Amber towards the open-end. She stops just in time- UNTIL CALEDONIA SPEARS HER OUT OF NOWHERE, SENDING BOTH WOMEN FLYING LIKE PAPER AIRPLANES!

CRASH!

Marcus Maximus: Thankfully the glass table was spared there or we would have seen our first elimination of this evening, but the bodies of Cali and Amber were not! I know Caledonia said she would do whatever it takes to not only Omega but Amber as well here tonight, but...GOD DAMN!

Laying in a heap at the cusp of unconsciousness, Amber Ryan and Caledonia Highlander take in shallow breaths just to feel alive.

The World Heavyweight Champion and the Unhinged Briefcase Holder, two best friends, two women who are and will put each other through hell for CWF's top prize. But for the woman carefully making her way up the corner, this is all but a game. Omega stands upon the top ropes, eyeing up the broken down bodies of Cali and Amber as they lay just two feet away from the glass sheet that could have put them out of their misery. THE DRAGONFLY! Omega launches a gorgeous 450 Splash, landing right on both of her opponents as both their bodies bounce simultaneously in the air!

Marcus Maximus: And now Omega is back on the offense! Little Miss O may have just recently made her return to the ring, but she isn't showing even an ounce of dust tonight, especially with that heart-stopping Dragonfly! But now we have all three competitors outside of the ring, maybe the fun will really begin!?

Far from unscathed after landing hard on both of her opponents right next to several sheets of heavy glass, Omega is still the first to begin rising back to her feet. She grabs hold of the glass to pull her up, stomping on both Cali and Amber furiously as she does so.

Marcus Maximus: The former heavily adored fan favorite, Omega, would get showers of boos at this point if this match was in front of the live audience in Philadelphia. But no, we're stuck here in this freakin' warehouse!

The Princess of the Funhouse turns away from both of her former friends, making her way to the back of the warehouse precariously. Omega grabs ahold of two stuffed animals, each missing limbs with their stuffing half dragged out of them already. She snaps the heads off both of them in one quick motion with both of her hands, laughing as she walks back and to dump the stuffing on Caledonia for good measure. PELE KICK! Cali is up and kicks the dolls right into the face of Omega!

Marcus Maximus: The World Champion still has some life left in her! Go Cali!

Omega is stunned but only momentarily, as she is able to fight the oncoming attack of Caledonia and the couple jabs she throws by holding up her hands and then driving a kick deliberately into the right knee of Cali. She crumples down off her feet in an instant! Omega is loving this as she has Caledonia Highlander on her knees right in front of her. LOW BLOW FROM BEHIND FROM AMBER RYAN!? Omega goes down hard, but as Amber goes to approach her all she can do is smile back at her and wave.

Marcus Maximus: Well I think that's the first time I've ever seen a low blow used in a match with not only two but three females, but I guess it would hurt down there regardless of what you have. But for Omega, pain is only temporarily, fun lasts forever!

Amber Ryan looks back and forth from Caledonia to Omega, first delivering a fast spin kick to her still friend Highlander and then directing her attention solely back onto Omega. Not a hint of fear is shown by the former Academy runner, as she raises her hands for Amber to bring on the fight. Amber leaps onto her to mount a position but Omega is far too quick, transitioning the attempt at a Thesz press right into a grapevine headscissors! Amber Ryan was not expecting that as she screams out in both anger and singing pain! Omega squeezes her legs as tight as she possibly can, pounding down right hands on the face of Amber for good measure. But Caledonia is back up with a steel chair, whipping it down before Omega even knows what hit her. RIGHT ACROSS THE FACE!

AND AGAIN!

AND AGAIN!

Caledonia is going apeshit as she begins swinging the chair again and again and again down across the face of Omega, blood flying everywhere as a wound has been opened up on her upper forehead.

Marcus Maximus: Oh my god! I have never seen our World Heavyweight Champion in this state, Caledonia is going mad! But I guess I cannot say I blame her after how Elijah and Omega have manipulated her husband into leaving to

be basically a killing machine in their name!

An absolutely relentless Caledonia is not finished with Omega just yet, as she pulls the lifeless body of Omega up by her now blood soaked hair, placing the steel chair around her neck.

Marcus Maximus: No, Cali, no! I know Omega and Elijah have done some horrible shit to you, but no one deserves to die like this!

Meeting Caledonia as she begins to pull the broken body of Omega up is Amber Ryan, who turns her around and delivers a huge European Uppercut that sends Cali falling halfway onto one of the glass panes. Amber takes the initiative to put her the rest of the way on the sheet of glass, hitting a couple more right hands for good measure. But Caledonia knows that going through that glass will cause her defeat, so she is not willing to go down without a fight, using her own head as a weapon to headbutt Ryan on her way in. And then a pulled in kick to the face. Caledonia escapes off the glass but is instead grabbed into a Snap Suplex- RIGHT ONTO OMEGA AND THE CHAIR WRAPPED AROUND HER NECK! Both women seize up in pain, Omega seizing around after quite possibly receiving a broken neck.

Marcus Maximus: Jesus christ, Buddha, Satan, whatever god you believe in! Omega is a bloody, broken mess at this point. This could be Amber's chance to have Caledonia to herself, she needs to take advantage of that if she wants to make good on that Unhinged Briefcase!

Taking hold of the glass sheet nearest to her, Amber Ryan uses all of her strength to begin pulling it away from the ring towards her. She turns around to pick up the slowly rising World Champion, knife edge chopping her right across the neck, and then hoisting her up on her shoulders. Ryan takes sprint, looking for a Running Powerslam that is not there, as Cali falls out of her grasp from behind. SUPERKICK!

Marcus Maximus: What a Superkick there from the reigning World champ, and now Cali has Amber Ryan right where she wants her. On the glass sheet!

With Omega still completely out of the fight. Caledonia looks to put a stamp on the Unhinged briefcase holder. She unwraps the steel chair from Omega's head forcefully, using it this time to blast Ryan's left shoulder. She attempts a second shot but the Painted Hurricane gets her legs up, kicking the chair right out of the hands of Highlander. She rolls across the glass sheet as carefully as she can while still being in a hurry, sliding right back into the ring. Cali is quick to follow suit, but Amber only lets her get into the apron before she blasts her with a back elbow. AND CALI TUMBLES OFF THE APRON THROUGH THE GL-NO! She somehow desperately catches the middle rope with her pointer and middle fingers, barely saving her from a possible gory defeat.

Marcus Maximus: Caledonia saving herself by literally the skin of her fingertips, but she had now found herself in a very precarious position. The champ could be in some big trouble!

Amber Ryan goes right for the fingers of Caledonia, but instead of shoving her back through the glass table she instead pulls her in, Suplexing the champion back into the ring. Waving her fingers impatiently, Ryan is ready to end this thing.

Amber Ryan: Come on bitch, get up!

Marcus Maximus: Bitch!? I know Amber has always had a bit of a silver tongue, but these two are supposed to be best friends! I guess all is fair in love and war, they say.

Amber grabs Cali by the arm, pulling her up into an awaiting clothesline. She then brings her over to the ropes left on the ring, attempting to shove her face-first into the glass. But the champion still has some life left in her, elbowing her way out and then snapmaring Amber right into the ropes!

Marcus Maximus: Owwie Maui! The glass almost acting as a binding agent there, holding Amber Ryan painfully in place as the shards tear away at her flesh!

A now prone Amber Ryan flinches and screams out in pain as Caledonia gets to her feet, giving her a long look as she turns her head to the side, a smile coming across her face.

Caledonia: So I'm a bitch, huh?

STIFF kick to the side of Amber's head as she continues to hang upside down on the ropes, her legs draped over the top right atop the pieces of glass.

Caledonia: Now you're my bitch.

Marcus Maximus: These women are not being very nice!

Standing behind Caledonia absolutely unbeknownst to her is her worst nightmare, Little Miss O with a small fun house mirror snugly in her hands. It's as if Cali can sense her former friend behind her, even before her trademark giggle gives her away.

Marcus Maximus: This is not going to end well...

Caledonia takes a deep breath and turns around with her hands up very quickly, still nowhere fast enough though as the thin sheet of glass that makes up the mirror is brought down right across the top of her head! Caledonia goes down

like a sack of bricks as a bloodied Omega falls to one knee, wiping the fresh crimson from Cali's face all over her hands as if it's war paint.

Marcus Maximus: I may not be Nostradamus but I think I may have predicted that one pretty well!

Turning her attention over to Amber Ryan as she sees her and official Scott Dean working together to remove her from the ropes, Omega leaps onto the blood dripped back of Ryan as soon as she gets released. The crazied Omega vines her legs around Amber and yanks handfuls of hair out of her head, finally pulling her body backward abruptly. REVERSE HURRICANRANA SENDS AMBER VERY CLOSE TO AN OPEN END OF THE RING!

Marcus Maximus: This has been one brutal affair so far, and we may only be just getting started when you think about it. This match is contested under elimination rules...but I mean damn it, how much more can these women take!?

Amber somehow shoves off Omega as she attempts to pull her up to her feet, turning around to see how far she is from the edge of the ring, but that is to her detriment. Omega high kicks Amber just as she turns back around, pulls her into a vertical position and leaps off the edge.

Marcus Maximus: THE CROWN! Little Miss O just sacrificed her own well being to take Amber Ryan to hell! And unfortunately for Amber although pain is only skin deep, her Unhinged briefcase being cashed in unsuccessfully might hurt just as bad.

The glass is shattered as well as the hopes and dreams of Amber Ryan as both her and Omega lay incapacitated on the outside of the ring, Cali similarly in the ring laid out with blood still dripping from the top of her skull onto the canvas.

Marcus Maximus: This match has been the kind of bloodbath that only psychotic perverts would get pleasure out of. And I'm looking at you, Eris!

A few unnamed officials come into the scene to pull Amber Ryan out of the wreckage, Omega slithering away backwards on her hands as she just smiles at the defeated Amber being helped onto a gurney. She is far from 100% herself after taking the half dozen chair shots to the head earlier, but Omega already feels like she has won. That is until she carefully steps across the broken glass and back into the ring, where Cali surprises her with a snap Headscissors Takedown!

Marcus Maximus: The champ is back and still has maybe the tiniest bit of fight left in her! YES!

Caledonia can barely even get to her feet, the loss of blood making her wobbly and the damage dealt to her by both Omega and Amber has taken its toll to mass effect. The fearless World champion grabs onto ropes embedded in glass, the only thing near her support, and shrieks in pain as she pulls herself up. She stomps down on Omega with no

remorse, following it up by choking her with her boot. Omega gasps for air, Scott Dean simply watching on as she is choked to death.

Marcus Maximus: This is starting to get out of hand. These two former besties are willing to take each other to the brink of death here tonight!

Finally Omega sweeps the planted leg out from underneath Caledonia, surprising her enough that she collapses forward and goes face first into the shards of ice! The glass is now more crimson than clear at this point, and the two remaining women in the World Title match have lost so much blood that the scene could be mistaken for a warzone. Omega pulls Cali away from the glass, biting into her bleeding flesh.

Marcus Maximus: Oh my God, Omega just took a chunk out of Caledonia's cheek! Disgusting!

On her knees, the World champion is in so much pain that she cannot even make a sound. Cali holds onto her bloody face, prone to Omega sending her crashing down with a spiked DDT!

Marcus Maximus: This has got to be over. It HAS to be! These women need to be taken to a hospital!

Omega: Oh would you shut the fuck up already!

Marcus goes ghost white as Omega turns from Cali to him, looking right at the former YEDAH~! from inside the ring as he starts to literally piss himself. Omega slides out of the ring, knowing she has Caledonia all but beat, walks right over to Maximus and slaps the broadcast headset right off his head!

Marcus Maximus: Wha... what did I do?

Omega: Nothing. You're just in the wrong place, at the wrong time, my dear.

RISING ELBOW! Omega breaks Marcus' jaw with one blow! The sadistic Princess stands over America's favorite announcer and does another curtsy, but somehow when she turns around to go back into the ring she sees a flash of someone shooting through the air, as Caledonia hits a slow motion rotation moonsault, turning her body like a homing missile to go right through Omega! Both women go tumbling on the outside, dust flying as they come towards the funhouse mirrors. Cali pulls herself slowly to her feet, still panting as she wipes the dried blood from her face. She peers into the mirrors, showing a distorted reflection of an already broken down woman.

SMASH!

Omega is up as quick as a cat and grabs Caledonia by the back of her head, putting her skull right through the fucking glass mirror!

HOLY SHIT!

Caledonia once again collapses, this time right in the arms of Omega on the way down, who cradles her like a baby: a baby she'd wrap a blanket around and send down the river. Omega kisses Cali right on the lips, giggles, and Crossroads her right into the unforgiving concrete floor! With no Marcus to call the match from here on out, and an official there just to make the call, Omega's voice is the only one you shall ever hear.

The voice of an angel, or the voice of a psychopath? How about the voice of the next World Heavyweight champion?

Omega: There's no earthly way of knowing...

Stomp.

Omega: Which direction we are going...

Stomp.

Omega: There's no knowing where we're rowing, or which way the rive-

Stom-NO! Caledonia somehow twists the ankle of Omega, yanking her right off her feet. Spitting up blood like it was a nasty Whole Foods beverage, Cali struggles her way onto the back of Omega. BED OF ROSES! But she barely has any strength left, leaving Omega easily getting right to her feet and whipping Cali off her- onto the glass table!

But she does not go through! The glass begins to crack, but it does not break! Omega is relentless however, following Highlander right onto the table despite the crack growing wider. Omega hoists Cali up for the second The Crown, looking to put away both of her opponents with the same maneuver. But Cali reverses mid-move; REVERSE DDT- NO! Omega shoves out of it, desperately falling off the table to the floor below.

Little Miss O crawls on her hands and knees but Caledonia is after her like a cat looking for a mouse, and baby, it's time to play. She places her boot right on the left hand of Omega, moving it back and forth to stamp it into the concrete.

Omega: Ouch! You fucking whore!

Caledonia busts the already broken open Omega in the face with a nasty kickboxing kick.

Caledonia: I am not a fucking whore. I am faithful to my husband...WHO YOU TOOK AWAY FROM ME!!!

Caledonia unloads with several more kicks, and Omega is no longer moving as she tries to block the first two but then takes the nasty brunt of two more. Cali picks her up off the floor, taking her over to a display of thousands of pictures of times of the past. The Insurgency in battle. Them and all their friends partying after work. The battles they fought in forged their friendship. Now that friendship has turned into one final battle. Cali picks up several polaroids and waves them in the face of Omega.

Caledonia: What happened to us? What happened to when Dan and I thought we could trust you...

Caledonia Highlander has snapped, shoving the crumbled up pictures down the gullet of Omega. She then clotheslines her, but not to the concrete floor, instead picking her right back up and walking over to a different glass sheet that has not been touched. Cali places Omega onto the glass sheet, pulling herself up onto the apron behind it and carefully up the turnbuckle. The champ never even turns around as she hurls herself in the air- FALL FROM GRACE!

The Shooting Star Press may not be Cali's latest calling card but it was more than enough to do the trick, as the barely conscious Omega didn't know what hit her until the proverbial glass house came crashing down. Caledonia lay over top of Omega just breathing herself, but victorious. The bell rings as Scott Dean sneaks out of the ring to help Highlander to her feet. She hands her the World championship and she falls to one knee, barely able to stand.

Dean pulls the emotional still champion back up; literal blood, sweat and tears dripping from every pore of the warrior. Caledonia takes one last look at Omega, shakes her head back and forth slowly, and then leaves her in the dust as she slowly heads for the door to escape Omega's Funhouse.

This won't take long

Match

As the excited fever pitch of the crowd only grows as the Golden Intentions rumble grows closer and closer, J. Rish steeples his fingers behind his desk and stares intently at the door sitting across his office from him. Finally, a knock on the door as Christian Starr's music hits and the Golden Intentions main event gets started.

J. Rish: Come in.

Rish smiles slightly as a war torn Amelia/Mia Rayne comes stumbling through the door, looking worse for wear after two hellacious matches tonight. Her unsettling eyes narrow at Rish as Lynk swishes at her side, an awkward holster holding the skillet in place.

Amelia: You wanted to see me?

Her voice is quiet, dangerous, but Rish's face turns red as he gets up and gestures for the star in front of him to have a seat. She proceeds to the seat, never taking her gaze off of the boss, curious as to why she was called in here, alone.

J. Rish: Mia! Sit, this won't take long at all."

She finally sits, hesitantly, but doesn't relax. Something seems... Off. As soon as she sits, Rish sits behind his desk and gives Amelia a stern look.

J. Rish: Listen, I'm going to make this quick. I heard that you dropped out of the rumble because of your priority being on turning back the tide of Ouroboros...

Amelia's gaze narrows even further, a feat that is not expected from Rish's seat but he presses forward.

J. Rish: And of course your tag title match earlier tonight. What you said about these matches is definitely, inspired. But, you need to learn exactly who the boss in the CWF is. That's me. You don't get to put your hands on me, you don't get to change your matches around just because you don't like it and see some sort of invisible conspiracy theory, and in all honesty, I don't appreciate being threatened. I am the boss, I make the rules.

Therefore you now have a choice. You can either get out there into the rumble and take the spot that you vacated or...You're fired.

Amelia twitches at the last word and snarls as she stands up quickly, slamming her fists down on the desk.

Amelia: You..Can't do this. You, can't be serious. That's three matches tonight!

Rish just returns her glare, a heated confrontation developing between the two. Knowing she wasn't going to get anywhere she turns to leave but with lightning fast speed, all things considered, Amelia whips around and slams Lynk down on top of Rish's right hand!

Bones snap and Rish howls in pain as Amelia smiles sweetly at the sudden noise and Rish's obvious pain.

J. Rish: First of all Bishy, I don't play by rules I don't like, I thought you learned this before... But apparently you need a remedial lesson, no worries, Lynk seems to have HANDled that.

Amelia puts her fists in the middle of Lynk and pushes down, most of her body weight sitting on top of Rish's crushed hand, but she doesn't care. With stunning speed for a woman that just competed in two matches in one night, now being forcibly entered into a third royal rumble, she leaps up and lands down on top of Lynk again, causing another scream of pain from Rish.

Amelia: Second, and all you bitches would do good to remember this one...

It's Amelia, bitch, and I think it's about time that you got a performance review from the ACTUAL boss of this federation. If he doesn't know already, he WILL. Amelia and Ataxia, sitting in a tree...

She laughs her shrill trill and whips Lynk off of Rish's hand, who grabs it back to survey the gruesome damage of shattered hand bones, his face stark white, half from pain and half from the mere mention of Ataxia's name. She laughs down the hall as she makes her way to the entrance ramp to determine which number Amelia would be entering Golden Intentions in..

Beware The Tall Grass

Match

Tara Robinson is seen backstage as she holds a microphone and sports a cheery smile.

Tara Robinson: Its a big night tonight at Golden Intentions, and the main event has not even begun yet! The thirty competitor over the top battle royale. It will be a spectacle for CWF fans everywhere! There will only be one winner left standing in the end, one to reign supreme in the ultimate matchup of CWF past and present!

Tara smiles.

Tara Robinson: This match will consist of many twists and turns, shockers and surprise entrants! The conqueror of this

spectacle will be granted a CWF World Heavyweight Championship match at the greatest show of the year -- Wrestle Fest! Some of these competitors you may know well, some of them you will get to know again, and some you don't know at all!

Tara is walking as she is talking, and she approaches a metal locker room door.

Tara Robinson: I am here to have a word with 'Eclipse', a rookie recruit picked up by the CWF late Tuesday afternoon. We don't know much about Eclipse, in fact we don't have much other than a name...and I was told he is in this room. That's why we are here, CWF Universe! Guys like Eclipse prove that just about anyone can get in -- and win -- the Golden Intentions match!

Tara pulls open the door and her cheery exterior turns to slack jaw horror.

BEWARE THE TALL GRASS!

A shrill voice squawk out.

FOR THERE ARE SNAKES EVERYWHERE!

Tara stands very still, skin turning ghostly pale.

THE CHILDREN ARE JUST PORCELAIN DOLLS!

Peering into the locker room, the voice seems to be coming from a black crow. No, it is a parrot. Dyed. Altered. Repaired. Each feather as dark and cold as night.

THE ECLIPSE IS COMING.

The parrot sits stationary in solitary on top of a lone oak bench. Underneath the midnight wings of the bird lay a bunch of ropes. No, they are not ropes. It is a mangled and tangled mess of snakes, worms and maggots. Tara Robinson can not hold it back anymore, projecting vomit all over the floor. Between heaves of breath, she manages to speak again.

Tara Robinson: Well...I guess he's not in there. That was...horrendous.

Tara quickly flags down a stadium janitor that is walking by.

Tara Robinson: You, look in here.

The man is silent, but looks into the room with an expression of shock and disbelief.

Janitor: What do you want me to do about it, lady? Call pest control?

Tara Robinson: They're all dead. Maybe call the morgue.

Fade.

Golden Intentions World Title #1 Contendership Match

Match

Jim Gunt: Wow, what a night has already been already, with some of the most outrageous action we have seen in this federation to date!

Mike Rolash: Four title matches, but only one belt changing hands from the Smokin' Aces to the Forsaken, who now have both the tag titles and the Impact title in their ranks. It's a disgrace really...

Jim Gunt: And we are far from done, because it is time for the one, the only Golden Intentions rumble! 30 superstars are going head to head, or in one case bag, and it is going to be absolutely spectacular!

Mike Rolash: Absolutely. And some of the ladies and gentlemen that we have already seen today in their individual matches will also be participating in the rumble, so it is going to be interesting to see how they will fare.

Jim Gunt: We will also have two additional commentators here at ringside today, with our friends Blake Church and Charles State keeping an eye on the action in and outside of the ring for an even more complete coverage, but Ray Douglas is ready to rock in the ring, so over to you Ray!

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, it is time for the rumble style battle royale of Golden Intentions. 30 athletes will come to the ring in 1 minute 30 intervals to enter the match. When a competitor is tossed over the top rope and both feet touch the ground, they are eliminated from the match and have to leave the the ring area immediately.

Blake Church and Charles State appear through the curtains and they are carrying a covered board with them, setting it up next to the entrance. Blake pulls a microphone out of his pocket.

Blake Church: Good evening Philly!

A cheer comes from the crowd.

Blake Church: We have a few little surprises for you today and we figure that right now is as good of a time to do so as ever.

Charles State: In the past in a rumble-like setting, the clock would just count down and a competitor would come through the curtains and come to the ring. No, not this time.

He pulls back the fabric covering the board and reveals 30 pictures, upside down, pinned to the board to a collective gasp by the crowd.

Blake Church: When the timer has counted down to 0, an arrow will be shot and whichever picture is pierced will be turned over and reveal the next entry into the rumble.

Charles State: And who will be our archer? Someone had suggested Mike Rolash, but due to safety concerns for our fans and colleagues here in the arena we went for the next best thing...

Blake pulls out a Robin Hood cap and a bow and strikes a pose.

Blake Church: Blake Hood. Robin Church.

He takes three pictures and turns them around, placing them onto a second board that has just been brought out, with slots numbered from 1 to 30.

Charles State: We already know the numbers one and two, them being Christian Starr and Jarvis King respectively, as well as the winner of the Beat the Clock challenge, Duce Jones, who will enter the rumble last.

More cheers from the crowd. A line of referees, basically the whole ref roster, files through the entrance and they takes their spots around the ring, among them someone with a burlap bag over his head.

Blake Church: Looks like Ataxia is trying to do triple duty today, title match, rumble and referee...

Head referee Trent Robbins immediately walks over to Ataxia and motions him to return to the back, trying to make clear to him that he is not a referee. He makes his way back up the ramp, head hanging, sadly waving to the fans.

Mike Rolash: Good! He has no place here!

Jim Gunt: You know that he WILL be in the rumble, right?

Mike Rolash: Yes...

The lights go down and "HAIL TO THE KING!" shows up on the tron as Avenged Sevenfold's song of the same title begins, the crowd with very mixed reactions. Due to the nature of the match, the usual pomp and circumstance is being dropped and Christian Starr walks through the curtains, his look grim and determined after losing his match against Jarvis King.

Ray Douglas: The two competitors starting the Golden Intentions rumble in the ring are "The King of Wrestling", Christian Starr...

Starr slides into the ring, takes off his leather jacket and takes up a spot in one of the corners to wait for his first opponent.

Ray Douglas: ... and the reigning Paramount Champion of the CWF, The One King - Jarvis King!

The crowd goes wild as Jarvis King steps out on the stage to thunderous applause. He stands there for a moment, looking towards the ring and pointing at Starr before determinedly walking down the ramp, motioning to the crowd to make noise as he progresses, which happily obliges.

Jim Gunt: These two have had a gruelling battle for the Paramount title earlier tonight and in an intense match Jarvis King managed to walk away with the title, so Christian Starr will definitely be out for revenge.

Mike Rolash: Yes, but they are both starting this rumble, so with already such a match in their bones this is going to be a harsh environment. And off we go!

The two kings circle each other, wary of the other one, waiting for an opening. Finally Starr charges forward, trying to catch Jarvis on the wrong foot, and this momentary lapse of focus opens him up for a clothesline that sends Jarvis to the mat. Starr stomps on him right away to keep him down, but Jarvis manages to grab his foot and yank him down as well. With a quick move he puts on an ANKLE LOCK!

Jim Gunt: And they continue with the submission holds, did anyone notify them that they have to get their opponents over the rope to eliminate them?

Mike Rolash: At least King should now, since this is not his first canoe trip, but weakening the opponent always is a good tactic here.

Starr manages to inch towards the ropes and manages to bring a fingertip onto the bottom rope, but there are no referees in the ring...

Mike Rolash: Yeah, this is not working for Starr, but I don't see Jarvis letting go before the next opponent is in the ring.

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The crowd is counting down the time for the next entrant.

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One single arrow shoots through the arena and stays stuck right in the centre of a picture on the board. Charles State walks over, takes it off and turns it around.

Charles State: Dorian Hawkhurst!

Dorian Hawkhurst comes running through the curtains, narrowly avoiding Charles State as he affixes the photo to the other board.

Jim Gunt: The only Forsaken not in action prior to the rumble is coming off a narrow loss against our current champion Caledonia and is visibly pumped. It looks like his membership with The Forsaken has given him some renewed vigour, because he looks more energetic and determined than ever!

He slides into the ring and without further ado barrels right into Jarvis, breaking the hold, which Starr uses to just roll himself outside of the ring to regain feeling in his leg. Dorian does not waste any time by lambasting King with hard punches sitting on him. The Forsaken Demon gets up and flings himself into the ropes and his attempt at an elbow drop misses as Jarvis managed to drag himself out of the danger zone and into the corner. Dorian does not seem too frazzled as he comes back to his feet and takes aim, going for a CANNONBALL INTO THE CORNER!

Mike Rolash: Ouch! It shows that Dorian definitely has the best outlook right now, first match of the evening, high motivation and right now tons of momentum!

Dragging King to his feet, Dorian lifts him up onto the top rope, but as he tries to heave him across, a hard blow between the shoulderblades by Starr ironically saves his fiercest opponent right now. Not wanting to let go of the momentum, Starr plants his knee into Dorian's spine and pulls him back, while Jarvis uses the opportunity to slide back into the ring, enjoying the brief respite from the evening's toils so far.

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Jim Gunt: Ready for number 4!

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The next arrow hits its target and Charles State turns around the next picture!

Charles State: Azrael!

Suddenly Ataxia comes running out through the curtains, his arms in the air. He almost makes it to the ring when the officials manage to stop him and Trent Robbins makes it clear that it was not his name that was called. Just like earlier, Ataxia slouches towards the back as Azrael actually emerges from the curtains.

Jim Gunt: Someone seems very eager to get to be part of this today!

Mike Rolash: Well, the Archangel of Apathy now has arrived and he is hoping for a change of luck this time.

Azrael stops short of the ring and stares at the action.

Jim Gunt: Why is he not entering the ring?

Mike Rolash: I don't know, I'm not Miss Cleo.

Azrael turns and returns to backstage.

Mike Rolash: Well, he isn't going to win anything back there.

Jim Gunt: Well let's go to Tara Robinson who is with Azrael now.

Tara Robinson: Azrael, you are supposed to be in ring, participating in the rumble. Why did you walk away?

Azrael: Why should I go through that punishment? A match like this isn't about talent, it's all about luck. When you enter, who's in the ring, how many people don't like you? It's not worth it.

Tara Robinson: But the winner gets a chance at the World Title?

Azrael: Ok, say I do win. Then I go to that match. Do you think I have any chance of winning that match? I don't. I've won, what three matches? Yes, I put on great matches, and bring the best out of other people, but why do I want to keep doing that. What is that going to do for me?

Tara Robinson: You know Rish is not going to be happy about you walking out of this match plus you walking out of the lumberjack match.

Azrael: All choices have consequences. Sometimes they are good consequences, sometimes they seem like bad, until time has passed. There are never any bad consequences. They always work out in the end. If it isn't working, it isn't the end.

Tara Robinson: So we can add philosopher to your list of names.

Azrael: You can do whatever you want. I'm going home.

Meanwhile in the ring Dorian has been able to throw Starr off and onto the mat, leaving all three competitors right now on the ground, trying to regroup, each of them receding to a corner, seemingly waiting out the last few seconds before the next entry.

Mike Rolash: Well, this once more confirms that Azrael really does not want to win anything, but at least it gives the people in the ring a chance to catch a breather, since neither of them seems to want to go on any kind of offense here.

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The next arrow seems to have a slight malfunction, because it veers to the side a bit, barely hitting the edge of a picture.

Charles State: Andy Murray!

The crowd goes absolutely nuts at the mention of Andy Murray, one of CWF's most successful alumni.

Jim Gunt: Oh my God! Andy Murray is back for the rumble! It's been almost 15 years since we have seen him. He's from the Big Sexay era of CWF!

Mike Rolash: Good Lord, we all saw how that ended!

Jim Gunt: Yes, but I don't think we can really compare Murray and Big Sexay here. Now this is giving this match a completely new kind of dynamic!

Mike Rolash: None of the people here in the ring right now have ever been in the same ring as Andy, not even Jarvis, and he is wearing a smile on his face, I think we will see some action here again! He looks in great shape for his age!

Andy is taking his time to get to the ring, shaking hands and high fiving as he goes down the ramp and fans definitely have not forgotten him despite not having been active in CWF in many years. As he gets to the ring, Jarvis gets up and holds the ropes for Murray, who seems appreciative of the effort, but elects to come in at his own pace, at one of the corners. Dorian comes charging at him right away, hitting him with a shoulder block that embeds the legend into the turnbuckles, prompting Jarvis King to follow in his tracks and hitting a shoulder block of his own onto the Scotsman.

Jim Gunt: They may not have shared a ring with the man, but they surely seem to be intent on making the time they share it now as short as they can.

Murray is sitting in the corner now, clearly groggy, but as Dorian and Jarvis work together trying to lift him up towards the top rope, the sheer dead weight of the Murr gives them far more trouble than they had expected.

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Another arrow hits and Charles State again walks over to do his duty.

Charles State: Ooh, double Scotsman action! Bronson Box!

The fans are not quite sure yet what to make of the Scottish bruiser, as he struts out from the curtains and immediately beelines for the ring.

Jim Gunt: This is going to completely change the match, Bronson Box, who just has come in at the behest of Eric Dane is not just a fellow Scotsman, but these two men know each other from Defiance Wrestling, this is getting really hot!

And the Wargod is not wasting any time sliding into the ring and going right for Andy Murray, who is just getting to his feet. The two Scotsmen lock stares, but their private moment is unceremoniously interrupted as Dorian, Starr and Jarvis together run at them with a TRIPLE CLOTHESLINE, which brings the two of them into the ropes, but despite the element of surprise it is not enough to send them over the ropes just yet.

Mike Rolash: You have got to love rumble matches for the unlikely alliances these matches will bring.

As one they turn towards their assailants and it could be the Scottish blood in them uniting them in this moment, but they charge into the other three, leveling them with mighty clotheslines of their own, leaving them on the mat, writhing

in pain. Right after, though, Bronson grabs Murray's shoulder and turns him over, kicking the big man in the stomach, following right through with a DDT that leaves Box as the sole standing man in the ring. Looking around he goes to Starr and drags him up to his feet, hitting him with a hard headbutt that leaves the former Paramount champion reeling.

Jim Gunt: Looks like we got ourselves a force to be reckoned with here in CWF, any word yet if he is here to stay or just coming in for the rumble, Mikey?

Mike Rolash: So far nothing definitive, but look at what happened with Marksman Mora and MJ Flair, they came to visit and then ended up staying, at least for a while.

Jim Gunt: That is true, some just need to see the competitiveness of this federation first. And we might see our first real elimination!

Bronson has Starr on his shoulders, walking to the edge of the ring, but as he readies himself to throw Starr over the top rope, a kick to the back of the knee by Jarvis King brings the Scotsman down to his knee, dropping Starr to the mat in the process.

Mike Rolash: Second time now that Starr and King have saved each other from elimination, how ironic!

Jim Gunt: Very much so! Ooh, SHINING WIZARD by King to Bronson, one way to make friends here, what a matchup this could be...

Mike Rolash: Aren't you getting a little ahead of yourself?

Jim Gunt: Hey, a man can dream, no?

Mike Rolash: Eww!

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The next picture pierced by an arrow and turned over is...

Charles State: Zach!

The crowd gets to its collective feet to cheer for the young man, who has gone through a lot of turmoil in the weeks since Paradise. The reaction works wonders to the look on his face, which gradually switches from insecurity to determination.

Jim Gunt: Wow, this young man really is an inspirational story here in CWF, from being viciously assaulted at Paradise by various members of Ouroboros all the way to the attempted murder at the hands of Xander Haze, yet he still is here and we heard that none other than The Shadow seems to have managed to get him to actually participate tonight.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, that dark freak has talked to him, but a lot of other wrestlers have shown him support, too, so don't give out all the credit there.

Zach slaps hands as he comes down the ramp, but freezes as he gets to ringside and sees The Chosen stand up in unison with glaring looks in his direction. All confidence drains from him in this very moment and he stands there, rooted to the spot until two of the officials manage to get his attention and he moves towards the ring.

Jim Gunt: It looks as if the harrowing experience at Paradise has left its emotional scars and the presence of the Chosen definitely is having a big effect here.

Zach hesitantly enters the ring, but his self-doubts are quickly rattled from his mind as Andy Murray hits him with a thundering superkick that brings Zach to the mat immediately, but before the Scot can cash in on his offensive, Dorian Hawkhurst pushes him into the ropes and brings Murray up with a back body drop that is making the ring shake in its foundations.

Mike Rolash: They are definitely not taking this easy on the old man here!

But Dorian apparently is not done, as he whips Christian Starr into Jarvis King in one of the corners and BODY AVALANCHE! On the other end of the ring, Bronson Box has hoisted up Zach, but the young man seems to have regained his wits and is wiggling his way down Box' back and pushes him forward into the top turnbuckle, which does not seem to have much effect on the Scottish hard head, because Bronson just turns around and without much ceremony runs up at Zach and turns him inside out with a vicious clothesline.

Jim Gunt: This suddenly has sprung to life here and Dorian and Bronson are now in the middle of the ring!

The height difference between the two competitors makes the staredown look a little more lopsided than intended, but the Wargod is not letting that intimidate him, quite the contrary. It looks as if he views it as a challenge that is to be accepted. Elsewhere in the ring Starr and King are still laying on the ground in one corner after that devastating body

avalanche by the Forsaken Demon, Zach is flat on the mat and Andy Murray is just getting to his feet.

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As he turns over the next picture, Charles State's eyes go wide.

Charles State: You've got to be kidding me. The next entrant is - Mike Rolash?

The crowd gasps in unison and Jim Gunt's expression changes to one of absolute and utter incredulity. Mike Rolash gets up, takes off his jacket, tears off his shirt and pants in superhero fashion, revealing a rather unflattering one-piece that is highlighting all the wrong areas. He walks up the stairs and enters the ring, but the moment his feet touch the mat, Dorian Hawkhurst grabs the announcer and heaves him right back out of the ring and in front of the announce table.

Jim Gunt: And then...there was that.

Blake Church: Definitely a contender for shortest rumble entry EVER! 1.2 seconds in the ring!

Ray Douglas: Mike Rolash has been eliminated from the match!

Rolash is not moving where he landed and a medic is on his way to ringside to take care of him, while in the ring Andy Murray is in a all-out lock up in the middle with Dorian Hawkhurst, while Bronson Box is pounding away on Jarvis King. Starr is still on the mat in the corner, on the apron. Getting the better of his opponent, Murray manages to push Dorian back and into the corner that Bronson has just knocked Jarvis King to the mat, something that the Scot does not seem to take lightly.

Jim Gunt: Look at the look on his eyes, he is NOT happy!

As he slowly turns around, proverbial steam is coming out of his ears, unbeknownst to the two combatants that have moved alongside the ropes, brawling away. His focus is briefly interrupted by Christian Starr suddenly battering into him with a double axe handle blow, but all it does is make Bronson even madder and award him a headbutt.

Blake Church: Charles can take care of the stuff up there, I have a big butt-dent to fill here. It looks like Mr. Box has a penchant for using his head when wrestling, this is the second headbutt he has been dishing out and going with the little effect they seem to have on himself, I would assume that this is not the first time he's using them.

Jim Gunt: Now this is a welcome change here! Yes, he is like the proverbial brawler that would go bare knuckle against a rabid bear.

Blake Church: Nice analogy, but yes, yes, I could see that.

Bronson makes his way over to Murray and Hawkhurst, raining punches down on both of them, breaking up their scuffle and forcing them into the defensive, while Starr, King and Zach are trying to either recover or preserve their strength while the other three are decimating each other.

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The next arrow hits almost exactly between two photos, thankfully Charles State is prepared and is measuring which one got more of a hit and finally he turns around the picture on the left.

Charles State: Who the heck is this?

Even the participants in the ring pause for a moment to look at the tron with the picture, before resuming their carnage with Bronson, Hawkhurst and Murray taking turns trying to lift each other over the top turnbuckle, while Zach, Starr and King are doing the same in the opposite corner.

Jim Gunt: I know that they were talking about surprise entrants, but this pushes it a bit...

Blake Church is rifling through papers and at one point finds the right sheet.

Blake Church: So apparently, this is LX-98...

He is interrupted by a screech from the crowd. Suddenly a woman pushes through the fans and jumps over the barrier, slim, yet muscular, build, hair in a ponytail, skin extremely pale, but moving at incredible speed.

Jim Gunt: Whoa, who is that?

She jumps into the ring and goes absolutely berserk. She attacks at sight, kicks, punches, slams, herself, anything she can throw at the competitors in the ring. It does not take long until everybody is in the ropes or on the canvas as she stands in the middle, a blank stare on her face, together with a creepy smile. Suddenly a scream comes from the crowd.

Male voice: LX-98!

The moment she whirls around and sees him, her composure completely changes. Her features mellow and her eyes are filled with life. She waves at the stranger like a child and he climbs over the barricade, motioning for her to come and with a happy look on her face she climbs up the , completely oblivious of the bodies all around her in the ring. He takes her arm and leads her up the ramp and into the back.

Jim Gunt: What on earth was that?

Blake Church: Well, looks like we just, uh, experienced LX-98. Ehm, yeah. Now what?

Ray Douglas: LM-98 has been eliminated from the match, I guess...

Jim Gunt: Guess we'll wait for the next one to show up.

Blake Church: Speaking of the next one, how's Roley Poley?

The camera switches to Mike Rolash leaning against the announce table, a nice bruise covering part of his cheek and his eye partially swollen shut.

Jim Gunt: Meh, he's fine.

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Blake lets loose the next arrow and as it hits the picture, thin wisps of black smoke form around the hole.

Charles State: The --

Like a masked bolt of lightning Ataxia bursts through the curtains again and races down the ramp, but once again is met with a row of referees blocking his way.

Trent Robbins: Ataxia, it is not your turn, listen, man! If you do this one more time I will have to disqualify you!

Ataxia (demoralized): Alright...

As he drags himself up the ramp, Charles State gives it another try.

Charles State: The --

Suddenly the lights go out for a moment and as they come back on, he finishes.

Charles State: -- Shadow!

Who already stands in the middle of the ring, surveying his competitors, looking at a loss at what happened before he came out. Several of the competitors are stirring, but The Shadow first goes to his fellow Forsaken Dorian Hawkhurst and helps him to his feet.

Jim Gunt: Now this is going to be interesting, we have the first true alliance here in the rumble and this could potentially spell doom for some people in the ring right now, but then again, he already went through a grueling tag team match against the Smokin' Aces and despite winning the belts, he just HAS to feel that!

Blake Church: Yes, and together they could actually pick some people up and get them out of the ring. But the others don't seem to want to take that chance!

First to his feet is Bronson Box and he rams himself into The Shadow, who in turn is pushed into Dorian himself, opening the two Forsaken to the united attacks of the rest of the competitors so far, with the Scottish duo of Bronson and Murray taking on Dorian, while King and Starr are once more unlikely allies as they descend upon The Shadow, with only Zach staying back, observing. King and Starr both have one leg of The Shadow each, trying to lift him up, but as they inch higher, Zach springs into action and executes a beautiful dropkick to the back of Jarvis King, sending him

forward and with a quick move up with his leg, The Shadow uses King's momentum to vault him over the top rope!

Jim Gunt: Oh, Jarvis King is in trouble!

As the camera moves around, he is hanging on by a thread, but manages to scooch onto the apron and back in before anyone can take advantage of his predicament, once again Christian Starr's attack against The Shadow giving him this brief respite to secure his continued presence in the rumble match. His joy is short lived, though, as the King of Wrestling sees himself turned inside out by a clothesline by Andy Murray who has abandoned Dorian and is leaving him in the capable hands of Bronson Box, who in turn is in a holding, stretching, pushing contest with the Forsaken Demon.

Blake Church: It is interesting to see how alliances here are shifting back and forth and it once more shows that these rumbles have their very own character and laws.

Jim Gunt: Absolutely, it actually has been a very sly move to separate The Shadow and Dorian right from the get-go, but there is still Ataxia waiting in the wings, and is he ever, which could completely change the dynamics once again.

With Starr on the ground, Murray is redirecting his attention to The Shadow, who shows no fear of the big man coming his way, but ducks under a haymaker and jumping over Starr that is still in the middle of the ring goes for the ropes, but stops short after Murray is brought down with a leg sweep by King and a clothesline by Zach. Instead he turns and takes a run at Bronson Box, who is stretching Dorian over the top rope.

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Another one of Blake's arrows sails through the evening air and arches down to hit a picture dead centre. Charles State is up again, pulls out the arrow and turns over the photo in question.

Charles State: Sam Braxton!

Moments later the Australian is on his way to the ring with the crowd cheering him on, the look on his face just being pure anger. He slides into the ring and the first unfortunate competitor in his way is Zach, who is mowed down with a hefty clothesline, but the Lost Boy does not stop there. Jarvis King is the next victim with an elbow right between the shoulders and Andy Murray is the recipient of a foot into the stomach and a following hard forearm into the neck. The Shadow is hanging off Bronson Box to get him to let go of Dorian, but the burly Scot is a tough nut to crack here, his

plight is aided, though, by Sam with a dropkick to The Shadow's back, which in turn pushes Bronson into Dorian, releasing his hold in the process.

Jim Gunt: I don't think that Sam has any allegiance to anyone right now, he just wants to vent his anger and frustration and this could either work in or against his favour.

The Shadow turns to face the Aussie and immediately enters a staredown, which Sam finishes by pushing the Weaver of Dreams away. He immediately counters with a kick, but Sam grabs his foot and pushes him backwards, making The Shadow lose his balance and stumble backwards into the ropes. As soon as he is out of the way, though, Dorian comes through and gives Sam a taste of his own medicine with a thunderous clothesline that makes him flip and leaves him crumpled to the canvas.

Blake Church: All it takes is one vicious move and all the offense is for naught. But now we have two Forsaken on the prowl and a king is in the wrong place right now!

The Shadow drags Jarvis King to his feet and whips him into the ropes, he bends forward and flips King up with a back body drop, but Dorian catches him! BACKBREAKER! But he does not let go!

Jim Gunt: King might be in some real trouble now!

Dorian backs up a few steps to get closer to the ropes and FALLAWAY SLAM OVER THE ROPES!

Blake Church: Holy sh--itake mushrooms! That was one of the most spectacular eliminations I have ever seen!

Ray Douglas: Jarvis King has been eliminated from the match!

After a quick high five between Dorian and The Shadow and they move on towards Bronson Box who is in one of the corners both trying to lift him up, but not only is he putting up quite the fight, Andy Murray is coming to his aid, tearing The Shadow off him, but Zach is pummeling away on Murray's back. In the meantime Christian Starr is kind of hanging in one of the corners, trying to stay out of things as much as he can.

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Blake fires off his next arrow and for the first time it misses! A second arrow and it misses again!

Charles State: Third time is the charm?

Said and done, finally the arrow pierces the picture.

Charles State: Ooh, Cassandra!

The enigmatic prophetess of Ouroboros steps through the curtain to a deafening chorus of boos, still looking worse for the wear after her intense lumberjack match with Amelia earlier this evening. She is limping, has her shoulder bandaged and numerous scrapes in her face, but the look of determination on her face is undeterred and she marches to the ring, sliding in and immediately attacks The Shadow by yanking his hair back and using his imbalance to lay him out with a DDT! She winces from the impact, but comes back to her feet again, but Andy Murray picks her right off the floor and BODY SLAM!

Jim Gunt: The rivalry between Ouroboros and The Forsaken continues here, she beelined straight for The Shadow and what a DDT to take him out!

Mike Rolash: What happened? Why is he here?

Jim Gunt: Oh, hello there!

Blake Church: I'm here because you went to play in the big sandbox over there and instead of building a castle you learned to fly...

Dorian slings Bronson across the ring, taking out Sam Braxton, who had just managed to get to his feet, throwing him through the ropes and to the outside!

Jim Gunt: Sam is out of the ring, but not eliminated, since he went through the ropes, but it looks like Bronson is in trouble!

Andy Murray and Dorian are suddenly working together, trying to get the Scottish bruiser over the top rope, but the Wargod has none of it and is giving them some epic resistance. Despite the size of his opponents, Bronson seems to be working himself into some sort of a frenzy, kicking, punching, headbutting, with some of his punches connecting pretty hard, especially with Dorian, who catches one of the jabs straight in the jaw, felling him like a tree.

Blake Church: He might not be the biggest man in the ring, but he is more than making up for it with sheer fighting spirit!

And now Andy Murray is feeling his wrath, getting pummelled left, right and centre. On the other end of the ring, Christian Starr is slugging it out with Zach, while Sam Braxton is still outside the ring.

Jim Gunt: And the next competitor is about to come out, folks!

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As Blake notches the next arrow, he briefly aims at Mike Rolash, who throws himself under the announce table.

Mike Rolash: Put that thing away, man, are you crazy?

He lets loose the arrow towards the intended target.

Charles State: Hey Mike, fitting one, Krayzie!

Duce Jones' father steps through the curtain to a shower of cheers from the crowd, due to his son's popularity, but he pays them no heed, but runs down the ramp, pumped up to join the fray. He slides in and right away finds himself face to face with Christian Starr, but unceremoniously dumps the former Paramount champion with a harsh headbutt, sending him crashing to the canvas. In the centre of the ring he suddenly is confronted by none other than Bronson Box, the two older men staring holes into each other. Krayzie and Bronson go right for it, Zach and The Shadow are trying to figure out what to do with Andy Murray, who is still feeling the aftermath of Bronson's barrage of blows. Dorian is still on the ground, as is Christian Starr, Cassandra is just now coming to her feet, while Sam Braxton is still outside the ring as the timer counts down again.

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Next arrow goes flying, hitting the picture dead centre.

Charles State: And the Oscar goes... Nah, next up we have - oooooh, ladies and gentlemen - EMM JAAAY--

"FLAIR!"

The crowd explodes when former World Heavyweight Champion MJ Flair steps through the curtains and the competitors in the ring are definitely taking note. She high fives a few people along the way, mostly children, and walks up the stairs instead of sliding in, keeping a keen eye on everything happening in the ring.

Jim Gunt: This is a big one, MJ has been considered one of the top picks to win this rumble and get a shot to win back the Heavyweight title that Caledonia had taken off her at Paradise.

Mike Rolash: And looks like one of her newest friends is ready for her!

Cassandra attacks her the moment she steps through the ropes with a high knee and within a moment the two of them are brawling on the canvas with a ferocity that shows that things definitely are personal between the two of them. Zach and The Shadow abandon Murray, who proves to be too heavy for the two of them to lift and Zach catches a punch by Krayzie, while The Shadow finds himself face to face with Bronson Box. He goes for the ropes and attempts a shoulder block on the Scotsman, who barely moves. The brawling ladies distract him for just a moment as they bump into his legs and The Shadow runs the ropes once more and MISSILE DROP KICK to the chest of Bronson!

Jim Gunt: Ooh, great use of the distraction!

A clearly incensed Bronson runs at him at full force, but before he can connect with a clothesline, The Shadow drops down, pulling the top rope with him!

Mike Rolash: And Bronson, who has been all over the place so far, is out of the rumble!

Ray Douglas: Bronson Box has been eliminated!

Jim Gunt: He probably would have hoped to last longer, and I would assume that especially Eric Dane had hoped the same, but he showed that he is a force to be reckoned with, but Sam Braxton is back on his feet!

The Australian has climbed up onto the apron and is surveying the ring. Krayzie runs at him, but Sam ducks and hits

him with a shoulder block through the ropes before coming in and jumping on Duce's dad. As he pounces away, Zach is back on his feet and so are MJ and Cassandra, until Zach and Cassandra bump into each other. The moment he turns around and sees the Prophetess, his face goes ashen and all confidence is drained immediately from his features, his arms falling to his side.

Jim Gunt: Uh oh, I think there is a flashback hitting hard!

A cruel smile plays around Cassandra's lips and she blows him a kiss, but both of them are being brought back into the here and now by both MJ Flair and Krayzie, who both barrel into them with axe handle blows to the upper back. Cassandra tries to fight back, but MJ grabs her arm and locks it in.

Charles State: Oh! A Kimura lock!

Mike Rolash: A what? A Tempura lock?

Charles State: A Kimura lock, it is a double wristlock, it hurts like heck and if you try to move out of it, it could break your wrist or elbow, so this thing is not to be toyed with!

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Blake Church: For you, my fair Maid Marian!

This time the arrow goes quite off center, hitting the picture in the top right corner.

Charles State: Eric Dane!

Eric Dane comes through the curtain and strikes a pose for the fans, who are very split, even though his association with MJ Flair surely works in his favour. In the ring, with Cassandra down, the spell she seemed to have had on Zach is gone, as he almost wakes up out of a trance and hits a dropkick on Krayzie that sends him into the ropes.

Jim Gunt: Beautiful dropkick by the young man and The Shadow with a clothesline!

Mike Rolash: Krayzie is out!

Ray Douglas: Krayzie has been eliminated!

The resistance of Cassandra is waning and MJ is letting go of the devastating wristlock before pulling her back to her feet. She takes a step back, Cassandra holding her arm, when Dorian Hawkhurst comes through like a freight train, wiping out Cassandra completely, hitting the ropes. Upon her bounce back into the ring, MJ takes her and whips her into ropes once more, but she runs after her and lands a hard elbow to the face. Feeling the previous harsh match Cassandra is at the end of her rope and hanging in the ropes. Suddenly Eric Dane slides into the ring and heaves her over the top and onto the floor below!

Ray Douglas: Cassandra has been eliminated!

Blake Church: Whoa, what an introduction of Eric Dane!

Jim Gunt: No kidding! It had been a fairly slow start when it comes to eliminations, but looks like we are gaining steam!

After throwing Cassandra out of the ring, Dane takes inventory of what is happening. Sam Braxton is wailing away at The Shadow, Dorian is choking Andy Murray, MJ Flair has been hit with yet another dropkick by Zach, leaving her momentarily dazed, while Christian Starr...

Mike Rolash: Has anybody seen Starr?

Blake Church: Ehm, no, not of late!

They do not have time to continue their investigation since Eric Dane is making his presence felt by levelling Zach with a surprise DDT before coming to Andy Murray's help, yanking Dorian away from him and hitting another DDT. Sam runs at MJ, taking her out with a vicious drop kick that catapults her into the ring corner.

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Blake Church has moved closer to the target, pulling the string with his tongue sticking out in deepest concentration.

Charles State: Trent Steel!

A murmur goes through the crowd as the man from Carnage Wrestling steps through the curtains. Tattooed and with corpse paint he looks as menacing as his reputation that precedes him. Some boos begin to erupt as the shock of actually seeing him on the ramp fades away, but Steel pays no heed to the fans, but stops outside of the ring first to take note of what is happening.

Jim Gunt: This man has some of the longest history in this business that I know of and it shows, he is studying what is happening before jumping right in.

Mike Rolash: And now is the time apparently!

He slides into the ring and instead of trying to get his bearings goes straight for Eric Dane, putting him into a FULL NELSON out of nowhere! Dane is flailing, but Steel really has the hold on tight. Zach is running at Andy Murray with a drop kick, but the big Scot sidesteps him and using his momentum catapults him between the ropes and into a crumpled heap on the outside!

Jim Gunt: Wow, he has done good, young Zach, but his encounter with Ouroboros really hit him hard, the way he reacted to Cassandra was downright scary! And this impact must have hurt really bad.

Mike Rolash is snickering.

Jim Gunt: What?

Mike Rolash: You said impact.

In the ring Dorian is yanking Sam Braxton off MJ Flair, leveling him with a short-arm lariat, wiping him off his feet. The Shadow is hitting a pele kick to the side of Trent Steel's head, releasing Dane from the full nelson and together with Dorian whip him into the ropes and a beautiful double back body drop that lands him right on Sam Braxton, who is still not moving after Dorian's lariat. While Eric Dane is trying to catch his breath, Andy Murray runs the ropes and BIG SPLASH onto Steel and Braxton!

Charles State: Ooh, that was a wonderful sequence here, from the lariat over the pele kick, the back body drop to the big splash!

And the action does not stop there, as Murray and Dane clash in the middle of the ring, pushing and shoving, whereas

Dorian and The Shadow double-up to continue their assault on Steel, pulling him back to his feet and trying to get him over the rope, but the Pittsburgh Nightmare does not go down, or out, without a fight and is scratching and clawing, kicking and punching with any body part that can be used, knocking The Shadow to the ground after a vicious knee to the temple and pushes Dorian enough to get back into the ring, before Sam Braxton comes flying in with a mighty spear that knocks Steel into the corner.

Jim Gunt: I am not quite sure what happened, but this match has suddenly gained a lot of momentum and there is tons of action right now!

Mike Rolash: It's almost as if the arrival of Trent Steel set some sort of electrical forcefield into motion, because pretty much everybody is in full force, other than MJ and Starr...where the heck is that guy?

Blake Church: I shall investigate!

Jim Gunt: Thanks, Blake!

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Before going out on his investigation, Blake makes sure to blast another arrow at the target, while walking over to the ring.

Charles State: Amelia!

Jim Gunt: This is insane! She already went through the lumberjack match with Cassandra AND the tag team title match and now she is in the rumble???

Mike Rolash: And she is looking horrible!

Her makeup is all smeared, hair frazzled, she has bruises all over her body, some crusted blood around her temple, but the look in her multi coloured eyes is a mix of determination, exhaustion and pure craziness. Amelia drags herself to the ring, stops next to the apron, lifts her head, closes her eyes, takes a deep breath and slides in. As she gets up, Sam Braxton is bumping in to her and the two briefly stare each other in the eyes before all hell breaks loose. The two loose cannons in the ring are starting to go at it with reckless abandon, hitting each other, rolling along the ropes in a

battle to get the upper hand.

Jim Gunt: Wow, it is absolutely incredible that Amelia still has any steam left - and they are OUT OF THE RING!

Mike Rolash: They did not go over the ropes, but they are literally bashing each other's heads in right now on the outside of the ring!

Dorian, Dane and Murray are slugging it out in one of the ring corners, all three showing signs of fatigue as their punches are not as hard anymore, but neither of them wants to show weakness and let off. The Shadow is barely stirring at the edge of the ring after Steel's hard knee and MJ Flair is resting in a corner, ready to pounce, if the need arises.

Jim Gunt: It was only a matter of time before these ladies and gentlemen could not keep this insane momentum going, but so far this has been an incredibly competitive rumble, oh, I hear that Blake Church has some news concerning Christian Starr, Blake?

Blake Church: Yes, Mr. Starr is currently residing UNDER the ring! There are no rules about having to come back into the ring, if not eliminated, so he is showing some remarkable ring strategy here right now, after that harsh submission match with Jarvis King!

Mike Rolash: Now that is real champion material! WHOOOOAA!

Amelia and Sam Braxton interrupt the cheerful banter as their relentless brawl has brought Amelia on top of the German announce table. The Australian pulls her back off and SNAP SUPLEX on top and THROUGH THE TABLE! Sam seems to have gotten the edge of the table into the back himself, as he is staying down right now as well! In the ring the action has almost come to a standstill, with most of the competitors trying to recuperate from something.

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Blake takes aim and off the arrow goes.

Charles State: Silas Artoria!

The psychotic aristocrat does not look like himself coming through the curtain, having shed most of his regal appearance and instead half running, half limping to the ring under a steady stream of boos.

Jim Gunt: Ooh, Silas clearly is feeling that intense cage match, he looks severely disheveled there and he didn't even win it! And since Ataxia is not in here yet to exact his revenge, he already has found who he wants to target - The Shadow!

And indeed, Silas right from the get go sends some hard kicks to The Shadow's head, but a very high drop kick right into his face gets him off the Weaver of Dreams.

Mike Rolash: MJ Flair out of nowhere! Ooh, that rhymes!

MJ flashes a triumphant smile at the crowd as she stands over Silas, bringing her boot down in the small of his back. Alerted by the scream of pain, Dorian abandons his battle and turns towards MJ and Silas and an evil grin comes to his face. He motions MJ to wait a moment, takes a run into the ropes and SENTON!

Jim Gunt: Yes, Silas has not made a whole lot of friends in here of late and it shows now!

Murray and Dane also separate and refocus on Trent Steel, who has managed to get to a vertical base again in the corner. Dane hits him with a hard elbow to the face and Murray follows up with a mighty BODY AVALANCHE!

Mike Rolash: Steel is down!

MJ has locked in an ankle lock on Silas as Murray turns The Shadow inside out with a clothesline and Dorian whips Dane into the ropes and then mows him down with a powerslam that could be felt all the way in Pittsburgh. Once more Murray and Dorian face in the centre of the ring, face to face, trying to out-menace each other.

Jim Gunt: This is one of the oddest rumbles I've seen so far, six people in the ring, four on the outside... And we still have some big names waiting on the list!

On the outside of the ring there is movement. Sam is pulling himself up on the apron, while Amelia is off the ruins of the table, albeit not to her feet yet. In-ring Murray and Dorian are in one of the corners, taking turns at bashing each other, but more interestingly Trent Steel is back on his feet and he drags Eric Dane to his, whipping him across into MJ Flair, who ends up through the ropes in the process.

Mike Rolash: This is getting worse, we'll end up with more people outside than inside the ring! Can someone clean this

up, please?

Sam Braxton intervenes by grabbing Trent Steel's leg and pulling, tripping him up and putting him face down in the ring before himself climbing through the ropes and landing some well-placed boot stomps to the upper back of the Pittsburgh Nightmare. Unfortunately for him, he cannot enjoy his upper hand for long as Silas Artoria grabs him and DDT! Silas just sits next to his former Coalition partner with an evil grin on his face before turning towards The Shadow, who is just getting to his feet after the vicious clothesline by Andy Murray.

Jim Gunt: Uh oh, looks like someone is out for retribution here! And quite frankly, the rumble here is Silas' last straw to win a title shot here at Golden Intentions!

He walks up to the Forsaken and grabs him by the throat, getting right in his face, backing him into a corner. A quick knee up into the stomach makes The Shadow double over and a sharp elbow between the shoulder blades puts the dark man back on the canvas. As Amelia is back on her feet and dragging herself up on the apron, the countdown timer appears again on the tron.

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As Blake is about to let go of the arrow, suddenly the string breaks, almost hitting him in the eye.

Blake Church: One sec, little malfunction at the junction here.

A stage hand comes running out with a spare bow and the procedures can continue.

Charles State: Alex Cain!

A whoa goes through the crowd, as nobody had expected the old man to make a surprise appearance. As he stops at the end of the stage, he lifts his hand and points at the ring, where Andy Murray just laid out Dorian after a hard fought battle. The Scotsman motions for Cain to come down and bring it and he does not have to wait long for the acceptance of his challenge as Cain marches straight down and into the ring, swiping Trent Steel aside in the process.

Mike Rolash: Wow, it really is Cain, back after all this time and he clearly has not forgotten Andy Murray!

Jim Gunt: No, definitely not, but I don't think it was that good of an idea to push Steel aside just like that, because if looks could kill, they would be calling a coroner right now!

Cain is in a lock up with Murray, but as occupied as he is with his old opponent, he does not notice that Steel is standing right behind him. After a brief survey of the situation, Trent Steel goes for the ropes and then at full force rams into the two of them and towards the ropes. The sheer momentum forces Murray down, stretching the top rope and tilting over!

Jim Gunt: Oh my, this could spell trouble here for the Scot!

Eric Dane is back from the dead and now is trying to force all three of them over the top rope! And the three men that are entangled are tilting more and more!

Mike Rolash: Oh no, they are losing their balance!

Suddenly The Shadow is there at Eric Dane's side and together they heave them up, with Steel and Cain tumbling to the ground below, but Andy Murray manages to hold onto the rope and onto the apron!

Ray Douglas: Trent Steel and Alex Cain have been eliminated!

Jim Gunt: Wow, what an amazing manoeuvre, who are we crediting with the elimination, though?

Mike Rolash: Give each of them half?

Amelia is still outside at the apron and after the two matches she already went through and the slam through the table, she is looking like death, just less alive. Meanwhile Silas Artoria hits Eric Dane from behind slamming him into the corner, then upon rebound hitting a mean looking SIT-DOWN POWERBOMB!

Mike Rolash: Mia is in really rough shape here!

Amelia hears that and turns around with a death glare before giving him a wink, blowing a kiss and saying...

Amelia: That's Amelia bitch, now say my name!

And returns to face the ring as the countdown clock comes back on.

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After re-stringing his bow, Blake is back on the spot with his trusted weapon and he shoots, he scores!

Charles State: Dick Fury is next!

A very flamboyant man has stepped through the curtains, complete with a pink feather boa and a few scattered boos flare up while the Supreme Sleaze struts down to ringside.

Jim Gunt: Dick Fury is one of the free agents that have entered the rumble and he seems to want to try to charm his way into CWF, because it looks like - he is trying to sweet talk Amelia and MJ!

Mike Rolash: Clearly a case of desperation...

It looks as if the conversations are not going as planned, because with a look of rage on his face, Dick kicks MJ in the stomach and then throws Amelia to the side, narrowly avoiding the ring post. As he climbs onto the apron and through the ropes, MJ is grabbing his foot, distracting him enough for The Shadow comes to the ladies' avenger, with an ENZUIGIRI, sending the Fury down and right onto Sam Braxton.

Charles State: It looks like there is some movement under the ring, MJ Flair just disappeared and I hear some shouting!

The camera comes nearer and as Charles lifts the apron, MJ is trying to pull Christian Starr out from under the ring, but has to fend off his boots. Above the ring is shaking as Dorian just slammed Silas into the canvas, but the aristocrat is brought back to reality by a drop kick into the back by The Shadow. He turns around with an angered look, charging all of a sudden with a spear attempt, but the Weaver of Dreams steps aside, allowing Silas to go through and hit the just ascending Dick Fury instead.

Jim Gunt: Action inside the ring, outside of it, even under it, this rumble is really exceeding expectations here and we are far from done!

Mike Rolash: Mia, uh, Amelia finally made it back into the ring! And she does not look happy!

As battered as she is, it looks like she is trying to mount one final stand against Dick Fury. Just as he gets up on his knees, she slaps him so hard that his whole upper body moves. A bright red hand print begins to show as he punches her into the mid section, but SHINING WIZARD!

Jim Gunt: Once more a very good reminder not to make Amelia mad!

Just as she gets up, she feels a hand on her ankle as she moves forward and she falls down. Looking back, Silas is the one that tripped her up and she tries to kick him, but the Canadian already has jumped up and is pressing his foot against Amelia's neck. MJ has rolled Starr in to the ring when she sees this and takes to the turnbuckle!

Blake Church: Risky business in a rumble!

But nobody challenges her as she jumps off and dropkicks Silas right into the back of the head, propelling him forward to where The Shadow is just waiting for him for a DDT! In the meantime Zach has also found his way back into the ring and he dropkicks Starr into a corner.

Mike Rolash: I would not have thought I would see MJ Flair and The Shadow high fiving...

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Charles State: Xander Haze!

Some of the probably loudest boos of the evening can be heard as Xander Haze comes out onto the stage. Upon seeing Zach in the ring he races down the ramp and right into the ring.

Jim Gunt: Young Zach is in real trouble now! Xander went straight for him!

Before Zach knows what has hit him, Xander Haze is right on him, pummeling him with punches and elbows. He pulls the dazed Zach to his feet and runs at the ropes with him, throwing him right over!

Ray Douglas: Zach has been eliminated from the rumble!

Mike Rolash: Looks like his mortal enemy is still out for him, but Starr just knocked him out with a really vicious kick to the head!

Xander looks completely out, but before Starr can continue to lay into him, Andy Murray picks him right off the mat and the crowd starts to cheer! He throws him across the ring and he lands in a heap next to Silas Artoria before slowly rolling himself out of the ring again. Next Murray also picks up Haze and just as it looks as if he is throwing him actually over the top rope, Eric Dane clips his leg behind the knee and the sheer force of the impact brings Murray down to one knee, but Haze still goes over the ropes!

Ray Douglas: Xander Haze has been eliminated from the rumble!

Dorian is clobbered over the head by Dick Fury, who then grabs the Forsaken Demon and tries to use momentum to get him over the top rope, but Hawkhurst blocks the move and instead runs him right into the turnbuckle!

Jim Gunt: Ooh, that was a hard impact there!

Mike Rolash: But he already is out...

Jim Gunt: Not that Impakt, that is Zach. Oh, whatever...

Dick staggers to his feet, but he does not see the duo of Amelia and MJ running at him and with a DOUBLE CLOTHESLINE he goes over the rope and to the floor!

Ray Douglas: Dick Fury has been eliminated from the rumble!

Jim Gunt: Wow, things really sped up here, three eliminations in just barely less than one and a half minutes!

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Blake Church: Dangerous Dan!

The crowd, as usual, cheers for the perennial fan favourite, undeterred by the lack of success. He bounces through the curtain, then raises his hands to another cheer before running down the ramp, sliding into the ring and as he runs at the first opponent in his path, that being MJ Flair, he tries to ram her, but she slides down, pulls down the top rope and straight out he goes!

Ray Douglas: Dangerous Dan has been eliminated!

Blake Church: Almost broke Rolash's record, 2.1 seconds!

Right now the only people standing in the ring are Dorian, The Shadow and Amelia in one corner, MJ Flair and Eric Dane in the other. Silas, Sam and Murray are on the mat, while Starr has disappeared outside of the ring again. The five seem unsure how to continue, almost like a truce, only interrupted by a quick stomp or kick to keep the other three down.

Mike Rolash: What is this? Intermission?

Jim Gunt: No, it looks more like all these people are on the same side in the whole Ouroboros conflict and knowing that there are still two Ouroboros members on the list to come in, it makes sense to preserve their strength to make sure none of them will win this!

The fans are getting a little restless, but the action they have seen so far seems to mellow the reactions until the countdown timer comes on again.

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Blake with a shot from the hip, so to say, holding the bow sideways and letting go while walking up the ramp.

Charles State: Eclipse!

The crowd is visibly confused at the mention of the name, since they have no idea who or what this hulking man is, as

he walks out onto the stage, his face obscured by black and purple facepaint.

Mike Rolash: Whoa, who or what is this?

Blake Church: Eclipse, just signed a deal with CWF a few days ago. Noone knows where he came from, but looking at him, this looks like a monster among men!

He walks down the ramp with this aura of determination, of supremacy, as if the whole world already was his. As he steps onto the apron, the other wrestlers in the ring move to the other side of the squared circle, leaving him open to enter the ring over the top rope. The first one to make a move is Dorian Hawkhurst, who takes a few steps forward, still looking the giant up and down.

Jim Gunt: Looks like Dorian is stepping up to the challenge.

Eclipse just smiles at him and holds his hand up. Just as Dorian is about to accept it, though, Eclipse hits him with a vicious right jab to the head, followed by a harsh kick into the stomach and a high knee, sending him right down to the mat. Trying to catch him off guard, Amelia comes swooping in from the other side, but Eclipse whirls around, grabs her and using her momentum sweeps her right over the top rope and out of the rumble.

Ray Douglas: Amelia has been eliminated from the rumble!

Jim Gunt: This girl fought a valiant fight with three matches in one night and none of them were easy or short!

Mike Rolash: At least for her she is walking away with the tag team titles, but this beast here, how are they going to get him out of the ring?

One tactic is to overwhelm by numbers and The Shadow, MJ and Eric are attacking at once. Andy Murray is using their distraction to clip Eclipse's knee, bringing him crashing down to the mat. Eric and Andy are right on Eclipse, while The Shadow and MJ look at each other with a nod and drag Silas to his feet.

Jim Gunt: Looks like someone is going to be in trouble here!

While The Shadow holds him up, MJ grabs his arm and another KIMURA LOCK! Silas screams in pain, but MJ does not let up.

MJ Flair: Do you want to tap, Silas? Do you?

Eric Dane is flying off Eclipse and even Andy is being flung off as the giant gets up and levels The Shadow with a clothesline, then kicking MJ off Silas and standing in the centre of the ring with a wicked smile, looking down at everybody else laying on the ground.

Mike Rolash: This is a really scarily strong first impression by this Eclipse!

Blake Church: Yes indeed, his physique is impressive enough, but while he has not shown any real wrestling move yet, his sheer power seems to be enough right now to clean house!

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Charles State: Revenant!

The big masked man walks out of the curtains and straight to the ring, being showered by resounding boos after his recent allegiance with Ouroboros. The Shadow is just getting to his hands and feet as he sees Revenant. With a rage-fueled look on his face he suddenly starts to run and SUICIDE DIVE!

Jim Gunt: There is no love lost between these two after Revenant's betrayal two weeks ago, he is lucky he didn't go over the top rope, because that would probably have been the most spectacular self-elimination ever!

The Shadow rolls back into the ring, where people are getting back to action, leaving Revenant slouched against the barrier from the impact, but Eclipse is ready for him, grabbing him and flinging him across the ring, right into the ascending Sam Braxton. Eric Dane seizes the opportunity to run at Eclipse, hitting him with a knee right into the kidney and Dorian attempts to continue the attack with a dropkick to the stomach, but sees his legs swiped aside by Eclipse. MJ is working on Silas again, continuing her attack on his arm.

Mike Rolash: Who is going to tell her that she won't get rid of Silas by submission holds? Especially since he does not tap?

Jim Gunt: Sometimes just weakening an opponent already is worth the while.

Dane goes for another kick against Eclipse, who is now leaning against the turnbuckle after these two hits. Andy Murray is finally back to his hands and knees as The Shadow takes a run, jumps onto Murray's back and into a missile drop kick against Eclipse, which connects beautifully, but unfortunately for the Forsaken, the landing is hard and awkward. Being next to the edge of the ring, he rolls out to avoid further injury.

Mike Rolash: We really need lumberjacks in this match, what is with everybody being outside of the ring? Revenant hasn't even made it INTO the ring!

Silas gets a surprising aid by Sam Braxton tackling MJ off the aristocrat, but the somewhat grateful smile of Artoria is slapped right off his face as the Australian blasts him with a baseball slide right after. MJ is bringing herself to a vertical base and she is positively seething. She stomps over to Silas and drags him to his feet. The Shadow is crawling back into the ring behind the Canadian, and as MJ blasts him with a superkick, The Shadow aids her by pulling down the top rope just enough to have Silas tumble to the outside.

Ray Douglas: Silas Artoria has been eliminated!

Jim Gunt: Silas' record is not getting any better here, but he has had a rough cage match already in his body this evening, so it would have been a tall order either way.

Revenant is slowly getting to his feet on the outside of the ring, but inside the ring there is more action as Andy Murray has Dorian in front of him, he sends him into the ropes and runs right after - LARIAT and Dorian can just barely hold on!

Mike Rolash: Dorian came in on number 3 and clearly had a great rumble so far, after all he eliminated me--

Jim Gunt: Don't put yourself down like that...

Mike Rolash: Oh, sorry, it took this behemoth of a man to eliminate me from--

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As Blake lets go of the arrow, the arrow looks like it breaks and the arrow veers to the left, away from where it was supposed to go, hitting the outmost edge of the outmost picture.

Charles State: That was a close one! Ooh, this is going to be fun - Ataxia!

The spotlights are at the curtains, but nothing happens.

Jim Gunt: This is odd, he was so eager earlier to come out!

Suddenly there is a squawk and a cockatoo comes flying out of the curtains, followed by Ataxia, the cage in hand

Ataxia: Silas! I said come here, Silas! Bad bird! Come here this instant!

Of course the bird does not return.

Ataxia: Typical! Never listens!

He walks down the ramp, craning his neck, trying to find the bird, but instead finds Silas on all fours, trying to get up after having been tossed out by MJ Flair. He tosses the cage to Artoria.

Ataxia: Here, he's your problem now.

Right next to Silas Revenant is standing at the apron, getting ready to finally enter the match, but the Messiah Pariah walks up to him and casually bangs the masked man's head into the apron before sliding in. He walks over to Andy Murray and taps him on the shoulder. As the big man drops Eric Dane, who he was just choking, turns around and the two embrace for a moment before Andy goes back to choking Eric Dane and Ataxia jumping onto Eclipse back, banging away at the head of the mysterious giant.

Charles State: What the heck was that?

Jim Gunt: Oh, these two have known each other for ages and this is the first time in a long time they've seen each other.

Eclipse does not condone such behaviour, though, and lets himself just falls backwards, slamming Ataxia into the mat, driving any air the Impact champion had right out of him. MJ has Dorian in the corner, her foot right under his chin, draining the strength from the man that is the second longest standing entrant in this rumble. Sam Braxton is on a rampage, going from Eric to Andy to The Shadow, with punches, chops and kicks like a berserker.

Mike Rolash: Hey, Revenant is finally in the ring!

The Undead indeed is in the ring and his first victim is Ataxia, still on the ground, getting hit by a big splash that further lays out the Masked Menace. Next up is The Shadow, who is just reeling back from a punch by Sam, DDT! Just as he goes to grab MJ Flair's hair, though, Sam Braxton spots him, newest member of Ouroboros and with that one of his main enemies and culprits for losing Dean. With a primordial cry he storms at Revenant, spearing him into the corner, but a brawl ensues and Andy Murray takes advantage of it and starts to lift them up. Dorian joins him, then also Eric and together they manage to heave the two combatants up and over the rope!

Ray Douglas: Sam Braxton and Revenant have been eliminated!

And it does not end there as Sam and Revenant continue their brawl outside of the ring, while people inside the ring take a breather. MJ rolls herself out of the ring again and once more pulls a very reluctant Christian Starr out from under the ring. Eric Dane comes to her aid and together they roll Starr back into the ring, where Dorian Hawkhurst already is waiting to pick him up and lays him out with a thundering powerslam.

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"Paranoid" by Black Sabbath starts to play as the spotlights converge on the entrance.

Blake Church: What the-- I have not even shot the arrow! Who is this?

Jim Gunt: Oh my God, this is Weapon X's music!

Immediately Ataxia whirls around, looking intently at the entrance, tense as a bowstring, but nothing happens, nobody is coming out.

Blake Church: OK, this was weird... So time for the next arrow!

Charles State: Yikes, Payne!

The monstrous sidekick of Christian Starr comes walking out with a determination that seems to spell doom for the

united competition in the ring.

Mike Rolash: Now a few people are going to be in trouble, especially everybody that has laid hands on Starr!

Payne comes down the ramp with long strides and goes in over the top rope, grabbing the first person he can grab, which is Ataxia, who just had come back to his feet. He lifts him up with both hands and then throws him out of the ring, over the barrier and into the first row!

Charles State: Oh my God, he hit Allison!

Ray Douglas: Ataxia has been eliminated from the rumble!

The cameraman storms over and shows Starr's wife clutching at her stomach. With a worried look Payne climbs back out of the ring and over the barricade to attend to her.

Jim Gunt: He just eliminated himself from the rumble to help Allison!

Ray Douglas: Payne has eliminated himself from the rumble!

He picks her up and carries her into the back as medics rush out from behind as well. Christian Starr has not noticed what is happening, since Dorian has him in a bearhug. Eclipse in the meantime is in a lock up with Andy Murray and looks as if he is slowly gaining the upper hand, pushing the Scot backwards and into Dorian, who lets go of Starr. Eric Dane takes the opportunity to pounce on Dorian, hitting him with a sharp knife edge chop to the chest, then another one, backing Hawkhurst into a corner. Eclipse has Murray on the ground now, but instead of pursuing the big man, he swats The Shadow to the side, who now is really feeling the effects of two matches and moves forward.

Mike Rolash: Not sure who he is going for, but someone is in trouble, could be MJ, Dane, Dorian, Starr...

Jim Gunt: Starr still does not know about the accident with Allison!

Suddenly Starr turns towards the announce team at the mention of Allison, eyes wide. And that is all the distraction the Maker Reborn needs to throw Starr straight over the ropes and right next to the announce table. Despite clearly dishevelled, he looks up at Jim with a questioning and alarmed look. He briefly fills Starr in off microphone and the former Paramount champion immediately runs backstage.

Jim Gunt: Now he knows and we hope that everything is going to be alright in the Starr camp!

Ray Douglas: Christian Starr has been eliminated from the rumble!

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Blake fires off his next arrow!

Charles State: Freddie Styles!

Jim Gunt: The first of the former tag team champions has arrived and I am sure that he will have some choice words or actions for The Shadow, who still is in the ring, but at this point looks more dead than alive.

Styles comes running through the curtain and down the ramp, sliding into the ring as if he did not have a long and exhausting match already, beelining straight for The Shadow, hitting him with a flying knee that backs him into the ropes and a short arm clothesline catapults him over the top rope and to the outside.

Ray Douglas: The Shadow has been eliminated from the rumble!

Mike Rolash: Some retribution for Freddie Styles for the lost titles, maybe he can make up for it by going all the way in here!

He wheels around and looks for his next victim, but is met with a big foot by Dorian Hawkhurst, clearly intent on avenging his Forsaken brother. Neither of them, though, see Andy Murray taking a run across the ring, barely ducking a clothesline by Eclipse, and both Dorian and Styles are tumbling over the top rope, with Styles landing on top of Dorian.

Ray Douglas: Dorian Hawkhurst and Freddie Styles have been eliminated from the rumble!

Charles State: One second guys, Freddie's feet have not touched the floor yet, he's laying on Dorian, so he is not out yet!

Upon that announcement Dorian grabs the legs of Styles and pulls them down, making his feet touch the ground, thus

eliminating him. Freddie does not take that lightly and starts to lay into Dorian, who is just laughing through the punches that take a lot out of the man that had been in the ring for 38 minutes!

Jim Gunt: The last ones left in the ring right now are Andy Murray, MJ Flair, Eric Dane and Eclipse, each in their corner, waiting for the next one to make their move.

Kind of in a stalemate, they all stay in their respective corners, trying to gather up strength for the rest of his match, especially since there are three more competitors waiting in the wings.

Blake Church: Judas, Clark Steele and, of course, Duce Jones are still backstage, so we are nearing the end stage of this rumble, which has been outstanding so far!

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Charles State: Judas!

Ouroboros' last entry into Golden Intentions is stepping through the curtains and he still does not look any more thrilled to be in the position that he is in. It is visible that the boos raining down at him from the Philadelphia crowd hurt him more than he probably would care to admit, but his gait coming down the ramp does not really ooze with enthusiasm and determination.

Jim Gunt: I have never seen Dean Co-- Judas so dejected, I wonder if that is going to get him into trouble with the rest of the Ouroboros...

Sliding into the ring, Judas immediately comes to blows with Eric Dane given their history despite the short time Eric actually has been part of CWF, with MJ Flair springing to his aid. Just as sudden Eclipse uses the short distraction and runs at Andy Murray, who is feeling the toils of the match, having been in the match since number 5 and while throwing out a couple of people already also has had to endure quite a few ordeals himself.

Mike Rolash: How one man's arrival can throw the whole delicate balance off.

Judas manages to distance MJ with a kick to the stomach, but Eric subdues him with two quick knees to the gut. Andy Murray is hanging in the corner, while Eclipse comes rushing in with a shoulder block that looks as if it may have

moved the ring by a few inches, before turning around and running over an unsuspecting Eric Dane, leveling him like freight train. Right next to him Judas is jumping on MJ, pulling her head back as far as he can, Eclipse does not allow him to enjoy his hold, though, as he grabs Judas, pulls him up and goes for a German suplex, but somehow it does not go down the right way.

Jim Gunt: This - was the oddest and possibly worst German suplex ever! Eclipse pretty much buried himself underneath Judas!

Charles State: Awkward indeed, and right now we have five people on the ground in various states of consciousness.

Some of the competitors are sitting up, some still down when the countdown timer appears on the tron again.

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Blake holds up his last arrow!

Charles State: Clark Steele!

Jim Gunt: Well, with Duce being last, this one has not been as much of a surprise anymore and it is amazing how a man can bring an entire audience fully against him in such a short amount of time!

Boos and jeers are raining down on Clark Steele as he makes his way down the ramp. As he slides into the ring, he immediately goes for MJ Flair, likely as the perceivedly weakest link in the ring, but as he pulls her to her feet and tries to set up a snap suplex, MJ just lunges forward a bit, knocking Steele off balance, which is enough to free herself from his grasp. Steele, however, with his experience takes the opportunity and lets himself fall backwards with a heavy elbow to Judas' neck, keeping him down.

Mike Rolash: It shows that despite his experience Mr. Steele definitely does NOT know CWF and probably didn't care either, but even a toothpick like MJF has more spunk than one would expect when seeing her.

Jim Gunt: You know what? This was the probably nicest thing you've said about her ever since she started here!

Mike Rolash: What? No, no, that's not what I meant!

Eclipse is peeling himself out from under Judas, just to see Eric Dane flying his way with a shoulder block. All the while Steele is kicking away at Andy Murray, but MJ is jumping in, pulling Steele into the Kimura lock!

Jim Gunt: She really likes this one and it is damn efficient!

Dane is right back at his feet, ready to attack and Judas is the unfortunate soul that is in his way as he yanks him to his feet and readies him for a German suplex, but he turns around as he executes it!

Mike Rolash: Oh my God! He threw Judas over the rope with a German suplex! This is insane, someone has to check on him, this impact was sickening!

Ray Douglas: Judas has been eliminated from the rumble!

Eric stands at the ropes, looking at the crumpled heap that is Judas with disbelief, as if he could not believe that he just did that. But he is yanked back into reality quickly as Andy Murray batters into him, using the ropes to throw him back into the ring. Eclipse is positioning himself in one of the corners, preparing to launch an attack when the countdown timer comes on for a last time.

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Blake Church: And our 30th and last entrant - Duce Jones!

Thunderous applause greets the former multi title champion, looking somewhat battered from the tag team title match earlier in the evening. But that does not take away the look of utter determination as he makes his way down the ramp.

Jim Gunt: Duce Jones, winner of the Beat the Clock challenge to win this prestigious spot at the end of the rumble has entered the ring and he looks business!

Not wasting any time with pleasantries, he right away ducks under a clothesline attempt of Eclipse, sending the big man into the corner with a drop kick instead, while MJ lets go of Steele and instead hits him with a SHINING WIZARD!

Andy Murray has Eric Dane cornered and is busy bashing his head into the turnbuckle as Duce comes in and rams into Murray, pushing him right into Dane in the corner.

Mike Rolash: This is the endgame, no more additional contenders to come, but some of the folks in here have been at it for a long, long time tonight!

Eclipse grabs MJ and flings her aside, then picking up Clark Steele, sending him to the mat with a thunderous body slam. As he looks up, MJ's boot hits him square in the forehead, bringing him down as well. Drop kick by Duce to MJ, but Andy Murray has not taken the attack lightly and SPEAR from the back!

Jim Gunt: Ouch, the way his spine got bent there, he'll feel that tomorrow!

Clark Steele is peeling himself off the mat and to a vertical position courtesy of the ropes, but he realizes too late that the big Scot is gathering speed coming his way and CLOTHESLINE!

Ray Douglas: Clark Steele has been eliminated from the rumble.

Mike Rolash: And then there were four. Andy Murray, Eclipse, MJ Flair, Eric Dane and Duce Jones.

Jim Gunt: Uh, that's five.

Mike Rolash: Potayto, potahto...

Eric Dane is just getting up in the corner, Duce is back standing as well, Eclipse, MJ and Andy look ready to go. As Dane is back up, him and MJ shoot each other a quick look and an almost imperceptible nod and they both run up to Duce and before he can react they pick him up and throw him over the top rope!

Charles State: That was a neat team move!

Ray Douglas: Duce Jones has been eliminated from the rumble!

Unfortunately for them standing at the edge, they do not realize themselves how vulnerable they are until Andy Murray comes ploughing in and rams them over the top rope by sheer force and momentum.

Ray Douglas: MJ Flair and Eric Dane have been eliminated from the rumble!

Jim Gunt: What the heck is happening here all of a sudden? At first we have barely anyone being eliminated and now they are dropping like flies?

Blake Church: Late surge of adrenaline. Fatigue is setting in, focus can lapse and boom.

Eclipse and Andy are circling each other, Andy clearly showing the signs of a very long rumble, while Eclipse looks fresher, more poised. He is going in, teasing the older man with some easy slaps and dancing around in front of him. Suddenly Murray charges forward, hitting Eclipse in the mid section and driving him heavily into turnbuckle. He follows up with another shoulder block and another, leaving Eclipse gasping for air.

Mike Rolash: Looks like Andy is mounting one last stand here!

As Andy stands back up, he looks as if he is about to collapse from the sudden drive of power and the exhaustion of the match so far, but he takes a step back, closes his eyes, takes a deep breath and steps in. Upper cut bringing Eclipse higher up. He bends down and grabs his opponent. Lift up. The strain is visible in his face. A primordial scream. One last effort. Eclipse is on the top rope, trying to grab onto something. A grunt. One push.

Ray Douglas: Eclipse has been eliminated from the rumble! The winner of the 2018 Golden Intentions Rumble and new number one contender for the World Heavyweight title - ANDY MURRAAAAAY!

Jim Gunt: Wow, what a finish, what an upset! Andy Murray wins with one last ditch effort and comes out the hero!

Mike Rolash: It does come at a price, though, he is down on the mat, visibly in pain, but has one fist in the air as his sign of victory!

Jim Gunt: Unfortunately this is all we have time for, we hope that you enjoyed this incredible PPV!

Raising the Stakes

Match

Backstage, Zach couldn't stop his hands from shaking. Not because he's enraged by being eliminated from the rumble at the hands of Xander Haze, but because he couldn't get the image of Cassandra from his mind. At first he had dared to think things had been going well for him, modicums of confidence slowly returning with each passing moment, but all of that was shattered the second he came face to face with Ouroboros and the memory of what they had done to him. It was like being back in the hospital bed. Zach is so engrossed in his melancholy that he is startled by the appearance of the Shadow, jumping in place.

Shadow: Are you ok?

Zach: Ok? Am I ok? Look at me? I'm about on par with one of those wacky, wavy, inflatable arm flailing tube men! I was as useful as a screen door on a fucking submarine. I told you I wasn't anywhere near ready!

Shadow: And yet could you not hear the adulating voices of the crowd as you walked to the ring? Did you not feel that

old fire starting to burn within you?

Zach: And a fat lot of good that did me!

Shadow: This was only the beginning of your journey of healing.

Zach: Dude! Could you just stop? I'm not in the mood right now.

Shadow: Understandable. I do wish however to pass on a message. Some old friends of yours wish to see you.

Zach: Friends? What friends?

Wordlessly, Shadow moves out of the locker room doorway and bids the visitors to enter. Zach is stunned into silent as two individuals come into the room, two people he never thought he'd see again; Syd Lockheart and his daughter Celia. His time as an employee of the Lockheart Tavern in the UK seems like an entire lifetime ago.

Zach: What? When? How? Why? Celia giggles at his flustered blubbling.

Syd: Which one would you like us to answer first?

Silently the Shadow slips from view, leaving the friends to get reacquainted. Zach recovers with a brisk shake of the head.

Zach: Sorry. Been a bit of a rough...well life lately.

Syd: So I've been told. That piques Zach's curiosity. His eyebrows raised in question.

Syd: I've got something to confess...you coming to work for me wasn't entirely an accident...I've been a friend and ally of Elijah's for quite some time. He agreed that having a contact in the town near the Academy would prove beneficial, and in your case, he was right.

Zach: Wait. So all that time?

Syd: The Academy doesn't abandon its people.

Zach: But Celia?

Syd: She has been uninvolved, at my urging. At least until recently. Though I have informed her of my involvement she will stay well away from all of this. Elijah agrees.

Zach: As do I!

Celia is not only genuinely touched by Zach's concern but also slightly embarrassed by it, turning her head away as she begins to blush. Zach can't deny that although he's been away from the Lockhearts for a while and his mind focused on the CWF, he occasionally didn't regret leaving.

Celia: We came to visit you, see how you are, after...well...

Zach: Oh...you heard about that. Could we perhaps not talk about that right now. Don't get me wrong, It's great to see you both, I've missed you.

At that Celia skips a breath.

Zach: But, I got a lot on my mind at the moment.

Celia: How about a bit later tonight then? Let you settle after the show...

She looks from Zach to her father and back again several times, seeking confirmation and approval at the same time. Syd smiles warmly.

Zach: That...yeah...I'd like that.

Syd: Sounds good. See you then Zach.

For the first time in some time Zach feels a sincere smile upon his face and shares a tender embrace with the Lockhearts, the hug with Celia that little bit tighter and lingering that little bit longer. Syd pauses at the door before their exit.

Syd: Just never think that you don't have friends out there rooting for you.

As he watches them leave, Zach feels a slight weight lifted off his shoulders.

--

Outside the arena Syd hails for a car and waits for his daughter. Celia's stride is delayed, the worry for Zach clearer than day on her face. Syd throws a comforting arm around her shoulder.

Celia: He didn't seem himself. He was...lesser.

Syd: He's got a tough road ahead of him, but he's a tough kid. He'll come round.

Celia: I hope so...

The car pulls up. Suddenly from the shadows a figure appears, bringing down a previously concealed baton across the back of Syd Lockheart's head, knocking the aged Englishman to the kerbside. The door is slammed shut behind Celia as she looks to the fallen form of her father.

Celia: Wait. I have to help him.

Panicking she tries to open the passenger doors, realising they have both been locked.

Celia: Let me out!

Celia comes face to face with the grim face of the grizzly and portly driver, revealed to be John Kreese. Meanwhile Syd's shadowy assailant disappears from view but shares a brief look and glance to John in the driver's seat. In that split second the face of Xander Haze was revealed.

John Kreese: You keep your mouth shut and I won't have to hurt you or your dear daddy.

Celia: What are you doing? Please let me go.

John Kreese: You and I have a mutual...friend in common. And with your assistance I reckon he'll give me what is owed...

Celia: Zach!

As people start to gather, the car screeches off into the distance. Celia looks out of the back window, the sight of the arena and her unconscious father. But in her mind she can't stop thinking of what danger awaits Zach.

When the Crowds Are Gone

Match

Fade in to the Wells Fargo Center. All the fans are gone, the ring is sitting in silence under a single light from above, the rest of the arena bathed in darkness. In the centre of the ring sits a masked figure with an open bird cage next to him.

Ataxia: Silas? Silas! Why did you forsake me? Hah, the irony... You know I have an open cage policy, but you betrayed it! Don't make me bring out the Hungarian Reacharound on you, Silas!

A squawk directs his attention upwards and a cockatoo slowly circles down, landing right on top of the cage in front of

Ataxia.

Ataxia: There you are, you rascal! I knew you would come back!

Silas: World title!

Ataxia: No, Silas, no...

And the last light is turned off..

Fade.

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