Golden Intentions: Golden Intentions 6

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: June 12, 2019
Location: Mercedes-Benz Superdome — New Orleans, Louisiana

Results

Boiling Point

Match

The camera fades into the Mercedes-Benz Superdome, which is filled to the rafters in anticipation of the great Golden Intentions event. The fans are duel chanting the names of their favourite wrestlers, cycling through the participants of the battle royal. As usual the camera stops at a few of the numerous signs in the crowd:

"Where in the world is Myfanwy?"
"Game over, Dan Ryan"
"Raven takes flight!"
"MJF is CWF's Queen!"
"No, Lindsay Troy is!"

Then the cameraman pans around, as if trying to find something, or someone, before stepping through the curtains into the backstage area. There's steam emanating from under one of the many doors, the cameraman beelining for it. Muffled voices can be heard through the door and as he opens it, a wall of steam streams into the hallway, fogging up the camera lens.

Blake Church: Seriously? Oranges and lemons?

Charles State: Yes, Blake, also the artichokes and potatoes.

Blake Church: I can't see a thing in here!

Charles State: It's a boil, what do you expect?

The cameraman clears his throat and the conversation stops dead in its tracks.

Blake Church: Did you hear that?

Charles State: Yeah.

Cameraman: Uh, guys, the show is starting...

Charles State: What show?

Cameraman: Golden Intentions

Charles State: Oh shit!

Some clanging of spoons can be heard together with a muffled grunt after what sounds like someone hitting a table. Then the two news anchors of CWF appear through the steam, drenched in sweat and red-faced, wearing aprons.

Blake Church: Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Golden Intentions!

Charles State: Sorry for our, uh, attire, but we got caught up in the N'Awlins spirit here.

Blake Church: So tonight is the night of our big Golden Intentions battle royal and even we don't know everyone that is going to show up, but as usual we have some illustrious guests that are going to give this a shot, not least since the

winner gets a shot at the World Heavyweight title at WrestleFest.

Charles State: All three other singles titles are on the line as well, Silas Artoria vs. Lindsay Troy for the Paramount, Autumn Raven vs. Bryan Ford in a New Orleans Street Fight for the Impact and finally Dan Ryan defending the World Heavyweight title against Zach van Owen.

Blake Church: Now if you would please excuse us, we have a crayfish bowl to attend to.

Charles State: Boil, Blake, Boil. Geez, you Canadians are hard of understanding.

Blake Church: Look, I can probably talk to more Cajuns down here in French than you in English!

Charles State: Oh just shut up, Beavertail!

Blake Church: You're not even from down here.

Charles State: How do you--

With that the camera cuts to ringside to where Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash are ready to roll.

MJ Flair vs Jarvis King

Match

Jim Gunt: And we're about ready to get started here at Golden Intentions with what's become known as the Golden Ticket match!

Mike Rolash: The only golden ticket I'm looking forward to is Flair getting cut by Grandpa Joe's coke nail.

Jim Gunt: What is wrong with you?

Mike Rolash: WATCH THE MOVIE.

Ray Douglas: This contest is scheduled for one fall with a thirty minute time limit. The winner of this match will be automatically entered into the Golden Intentions match at number thirty, while a disqualification will cause the disqualified party to be banned from the match completely!

Jim Gunt: Serious stakes, Mike. After Jarvis King's attack on MJ Flair in the closing moments of Evolution, do you think she can hold her temper?

Mike Rolash: I hope not.

CUE UP: "Cult of Personality" - Living Colour.

The fans immediately boo at the sight of the former Grand Slam winner, Hall of Famer Jarvis King. He enters the arena seemingly oblivious to their jeers, walking to the ring like a conquering hero.

Mike Rolash: MY MAN!

Jim Gunt: Your man has an uphill climb, Mike… he's faced off with MJ Flair twice now in one on one competition and once in a tag match, and he's never shown a consistent ability to get past her.

Mike Rolash: He's just waiting for the right time to strike.

Jim Gunt: You've known Jarvis just as long as I have, Mike. If he could have beaten Flair any of those times, he would have. Why go for the spectacle when he could go for the humiliation?

Mike Rolash: ...Shut up.

Jarvis enters the ring with little fanfare, allows Trent Robbins to look him over, and leans back in the corner, smirk

plastered all over his face.

CUE UP: “Goodnight” - The Birthday Massacre

Jim Gunt: Quite a different reaction from the fans, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Too bad the fans don’t have any taste.

Much like Jarvis, MJ Flair disregards the cheering fans to keep her focus on the ring.

Jim Gunt: Two-time former World Champion MJ Flair, she would love to win Golden Intentions and make it number three at Wrestlefest this year!

Mike Rolash: That won’t happen.

Jim Gunt: Win or lose here, that could happen for either of these athletes!

Approaching the ring, MJ skips the usual lap around the outside and slides right in on the entrance side. She walks right past Trent Robbins and fires a punch into Jarvis’ face to an explosion of cheers!

Mike Rolash: Disqualify her! Hah! There’s the bell, it’s over!

Jim Gunt: That’s the opening bell, Mike.

Caught off guard, it’s all Jarvis can do to try and block MJ’s continued left hands as she pounds him down in the corner, with Robbins counting immediately. At four, she steps back, hands up.

Jim Gunt: BOOT TO THE FACE BY MJ FLAIR!

Mike Rolash: Get serious about the rules, Robbins!

Jim Gunt: Oh, I think he’ll let them go at it in the context of the wrestling match, Mike… with a shot at Golden Intentions at stake he’ll give them a bit of rope.

MJ grabs Jarvis by the hair and hoists him to his feet, sending him backwards into the ropes. Irish whip across the ring! King drops down before he hits the opposite ropes, however, and he baseball slides under the bottom and out to the floor!

Jim Gunt: Smart move by Jarvis, I think - take a breather!

Mike Rolash: And check with your lawyer for all of the illegal actions that Trent Robbins ignored from Flair.

Robbins counts, all the while keeping to the side to watch MJ. Flair does not make a move to leave the ring but she paces like a caged animal, impatient for dinner.

Jim Gunt: Jarvis climbing the stairs, he has to reenter the ring! Trent Robbins’ count is at five!

Mike Rolash: He needs to be able to get back into the ring, and Robbins needs to be able to control the psychopath behind him.

Robbins backs MJ up again while Jarvis reenters between the ropes, taking his time.

Jim Gunt: More mind games by Jarvis, he’s making MJ wait, which will clearly make her even angrier.

Finally, as Jarvis steps away from the ropes, Trent Robbins backs up and steps away from both athletes - JARVIS BACKHANDS MJ! The fans boo this act of disrespect, but cheer MJ’s spin out of it and straight punch into his face! MJ locks up with him and presses her advantage, driving him backwards into the corner! The referee is on hand to back the two up and, after counting one, two, three, four, MJ slowly lets go and steps back--

Jim Gunt: JARVIS WITH A HANDFUL OF HAIR AND AN OPEN HAND TO THE THROAT!

Mike Rolash: He’s gonna let them go at it in the ring, Gunt! Remember that?

To his word, Trent Robbins does back up Jarvis and threaten him, but at the same time, MJ is on the mat, struggling to breathe. He rolls her over for a quick cover!

ONE…

TWO…

Kickout!

Mike Rolash: Stand on the hair and hook the tights, man! You know how this goes!

Jim Gunt: THAT might get him disqualified.

Mike Rolash: ...and if it helps, slip the ref a fiver?

Jarvis pulls MJ back up and hooks her for a snap suplex! She hits the mat hard and her hands immediately go to the back of her neck! Cover!

ONE…

TWO…

Kickout!

Mike Rolash: He’s going too easy on her!

Jim Gunt: That crack to the neck has interrupted her breathing, Mike - you can’t breathe, you can’t fight! But I think that fact has given Jarvis a bit too much confidence.

He does seem frustrated, however. Jarvis pulls MJ up to her feet and drives a boot into her stomach, dropping her to her knees. Another boot catches her on the side of the head, and he scoops her up in a belly to belly overhead release suplex, and she skids to the corner! Jarvis moves in and pulls her up again; belly to back with a bridge!

ONE…

TWO…

THKICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Jarvis pounds his fist on the mat!

Mike Rolash: Hit her, not the ground!

MJ rolls outside, and she sinks to her knees, still coughing.

ONE…

Jim Gunt: Jarvis sneaks outside behind Robbins’ back!

Mike Rolash: See, if Flair had been smart enough to do that, she might not be in this mess!

TWO…

Jarvis kneels down and looks under the ring, even as the fans are trying to get the referee’s attention, and he emerges with a wrench!

Jim Gunt: Turn around, Robbins!

Mike Rolash: Not yet, let him get in one good shot and drop it first!

THREE…

MJ still trying to struggle to her feet, and Trent Robbins finally sees Jarvis! He counts four, then points at Jarvis, accusingly!

Mike Rolash: Oh, you let him stay where he wants, he's not bothering anyone!

Jim Gunt: He has a wrench in his hand!

Mike Rolash: ...Maybe he saw a loose turnbuckle pad?

FIVE…

Jim Gunt: Yes, Trent! Make him show you his hands!

Having cleverly hidden the wrench behind his arm, Jarvis tucks it into the back of his gear and holds his now - empty hands out to his sides.

Mike Rolash: See?

Jim Gunt: Are you kidding me--MJ WITH A LEG SWEEP!

Jarvis lands on his back, crying out in an unusual amount of pain in Trent Robbins' eyes. MJ doesn't follow through, as her sweep was an instinctive move. She coughs once, twice… and scoots away from Jarvis, as she clearly assumes he's about to get up.

He doesn't.

SIX…

Jim Gunt: Jarvis rolls over, and MJ sees the weapon! She pulls it out and looks at it!

Mike Rolash: Disqualify her!

MJ looks at Robbins, who shakes his head, no.

SEVEN…

Jim Gunt: What? I don't want it!

MJF: TAKE IT.

Mike Rolash: I'll take it!

Jim Gunt grabs the wrench out of MJ's grip and hides it behind his chair!

EIGHT…

Jim Gunt: MJ SLIDES INTO THE RING!

Mike Rolash: That's so unfair!

NINE…

Jim Gunt: Jarvis slides in as well!

Mike Rolash: Still unfair of MJ to use that weapon and not get disqualified!

Jim Gunt: He used it on himself!

MJ rolls Jarvis over and covers!

ONE…

TWO…

KICKOUT!

Jarvis rolls over, his back still gingerly painful from the impact, and MJ pulls herself towards the ropes! She muscles herself up as Jarvis pushes up to his knees. MJ WITH AN ELBOWDROP ON JARVIS' SPINE!

Mike Rolash: Isn't it breaking the rules to exploit a weakness like that?

Jim Gunt: You've gotta be kidding me.

MJ continues to struggle to take deep breaths, but she's on her feet and trying her best to walk it off. Jarvis puts a hand to the small of his back and gingerly tries to get back up again!

Jim Gunt: MJ with a handful of hair, she pulls Jarvis to his feet, and a spinebuster puts him right back down! Cover!

ONE…

TWO…

THKICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: The near-falls are getting desperate!

Jim Gunt: You surprised? You know what's at stake!

MJ picks him up again and spins him around… Morningstar! NO! Jarvis muscles her up and flips her over, and he immediately goes down on his back!

Jim Gunt: MJ is still dazed and Jarvis took advantage, but he certainly damaged himself in the process!

Mike Rolash: Save some for the GI match, Jarvis!

Jarvis gets to his feet on unsteady legs just as MJ does, and they lock up! He headbutts her and sends her flying into the corner, chest first! Jarvis falls to his knees as he sends her, but he gets one foot down almost immediately! He staggers to her and drives a double axehandle into the back of her head, and he sends her across the ring to the opposite corner!

Jim Gunt: Jarvis with a running start! YAKUZA KICK! MJ DODGES!

Mike Rolash: GOD DAMN IT, THAT'S THREE TIMES! WAIT?!?

For the third time in their series, yes, Jarvis King runs towards MJ Flair in the corner with a Yakuza kick, and for the third time, MJ slips out of the corner just before impact! However, this time, Jarvis does not extend his leg all the way, he braces his sudden stop on the middle turnbuckle, and he turns around just as MJ does with the point of his elbow finding its mark in the middle of her windpipe! MJ gasps for breath again as Jarvis hooks her!

Jim Gunt: STRAIGHTJACKET SUPLEX! BRIDGE!

ONE…

TWO…

THREEKICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

Jim Gunt: Neither can Jarvis!

His eyes are wide, and his expression is no longer one of frustration, but utter shock. MJ barely stirs, and Jarvis takes the opportunity to cover agan!

ONE…

TWO…

THREEKICKOUT!

Now the anger is back.

Jim Gunt: There's still plenty of fight in MJ Flair!

Mike Rolash: But it's very quickly going away, Gunt!

Jarvis scoops MJ again… LOW BLOW! SMALL PACKAGE!

ONE…

TWO…

THREEKICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: Where's the DQ there?

Jim Gunt: Trent Robbins clearly didn't see it, but I do have to agree - that's a borderline call!

MJ pulls Jarvis back to his feet and spins him around - she's going for the Morningstar again!

Jim Gunt: JARVIS WITH A HANDFUL OF HAIR! I think he pulled some out!

Mike Rolash: That's what she gets!

Trent Robbins warns both of them, but MJ drops him! Jarvis with a roll up!

Jim Gunt: HE'S GOT THE TIGHTS!

ONE…

TWO…

THREE!

DING DING DING

Jim Gunt: NO!

Mike Rolash: YES!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner, and the final entrant into Golden Intentions… JARVIS KING!

Jarvis slides out of the ring, still favoring his back but with a look of satisfaction on his face. MJ is on her knees in the middle of the ring, looking at him with equal parts anger and frustration.

Jim Gunt: I think these two are far from finished, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Oh, she's finished.

Jim Gunt: What a start to Golden Intentions!

Gumbo Machine

Match

The camera cuts backstage into Blake Church and Charles State's little office/kitchen. A TV has been set up, even though it is almost invisible through the steam coming from various pots and pans.

Blake Church: And then I dump in the shrimp?

Charles State: Yep.

Cameraman: Uh, guys?

Both heads swivel in his direction.

Blake Church: Yes?

Cameraman: What are you still doing down here?

Charles State: Cajun cooking!

Cameraman: But the show...

Charles State: Yeah, yeah, I know, so who won?

Blake Church: The shrimp.

Cameraman: Jarvis.

Charles State: Oh really? Nice! So folks, Jarvis King will be one of the favourites for the battle royal now, going in at number 30.

Blake Church: And that is a big one, since he has been one of the most wily veterans in CWF history. And next up is another big decision, where Nathan Paradine is putting his CWF career on the line against Xander Daniels, so let's move right over there, because I think our shrimp are ready.

Fades to black.

Nathan Paradine vs. Xander Daniels

Match

Ray Douglas: The following match is set for one-fall… and it is a Loser Leaves the CWF match! Whoever is pinned or submitted will be immediately fired from the Championship Wrestling Federation.

Jim Gunt: Incredibly high stakes for both of these men tonight. One man will still have a job when everything is said and done, and the other will be-

Mike Rolash: -Fired! Sacked! Dropped! Basically any phrase that means “jobless loser” will apply here.

“Princes of the Universe” by Queen begins to blast over the arena sound system as the lights around the stage dim save for a single emerald green spotlight. “The Phoenix” Xander Daniels emerges from backstage, his long black hair covering his face as he stands and stares out at the ring. As his theme music kicks into the first verse he runs his hands through his hair to push it out of his face and begins a cocky strut down to the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first… hailing from Atlanta, Georgia and weighing in at two hundred and seventy pounds… he is “The Phoenix”, XANDER DANIELS!

Daniels slides into the ring and climbs to his feet. He unzips and shrugs off his sleeveless jacket and tosses it carelessly to ringside, ignoring the jeers and boos from the crowd as referee “Big” Denny Davidson ushers him into the corner.

Jim Gunt: This man has had Nathan Paradine’s number for weeks now.

Mike Rolash: I mean, he tried to run Nathan over with a car. I think that’s taking it a little bit beyond “having his number”, don’t you?

“Beat The Devil’s Tattoo” by Black Rebel Motorcycle Club begins to play and the jeers turn into a somewhat mixed reaction as Nathan Paradine steps out from behind the curtain. He pauses at the top of the ramp and stares down at his opponent, a determined scowl on his face.

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

Paradine begins to march down the ramp, but Xander Daniels suddenly runs forwards and jumps out of the ring to meet him halfway. Both men clutch each other on the ramp furiously trading blows before Daniels grabs Paradine around the head and tosses him with a clang into the security barricade. Paradine slumps on his side as Daniels grabs the top of the barricade and begins to lay the boots in, each stomp finding its mark on Paradine's torso. Finally Daniels relents and pulls a groggy Paradine to his feet before dragging him towards the ring, however Paradine fights back and irish whips Daniels into the steel stairs closest to the ramp sending him tumbling from view!

Jim Gunt: Xander Daniels wasting no time in going on the offensive!

Mike Rolash: Let's be honest, Paradine should have expected something like this after the last few weeks.

In the ring Denny Davidson is calling for both men to get into the ring and Paradine obliges, sliding under the bottom rope and taking position on the middle of the mat. Daniels climbs to his feet and dives into the ring, while Davidson holds out his arms to ensure they don't start fighting. He calls for the bell, and this match is finally underway!

Paradine and Daniels immediately resume striking at each other and it's the heavier Daniels who comes out on top again, wailing forearm strikes forcing Paradine down onto his knees. Daniels whips Paradine into the ropes and catches him with a sitout sidewalk slam on the rebound before going for an early pinfall.

ONE!

TWO- No, kickout!

Paradine throws his shoulder up demonstrating that he still has plenty of fight left. Daniels, on his hands and knees, slams his forearm into Paradine's head again before grabbing him in a headlock. Paradine struggles and reaches for the ropes but Daniels drags him back into the middle of the ring. It's this movement that allows Paradine a chance to fight back and he drives his elbow directly into Xander's ribs, eliciting a grunt of pain from his former protege. Daniels releases Paradine and the Australian slambers to his feet, striking Daniels with a quick kick to the jaw while he's on his knees to buy himself some breathing space.

Jim Gunt: I hope Daniels has good dental cover, because he's gonna need some work done after that kick.

Mike Rolash: I think I saw someone catch a tooth up in the cheap seats Jim, wanna bet that ends up on eBay after the show?

Daniels has been rocked from the kick but he's not down. Paradine tries for another superkick but Daniels catches his foot and sweeps his leg out from beneath him. Daniels, still holding Paradine's leg, grabs the other leg and positions himself in front of the ropes before falling backwards, vaulting Paradine upwards and guillotining him on the top rope. Paradine staggers around the ring and Daniels seizes him from behind, lifting him high before dropping him forward with a facebuster. He grabs Paradine's arm and applies a vicious shoulderlock, utilising the Australian's own moveset against him.

Jim Gunt: The Australian Submission Machine finds himself on the receiving end of a shoulderlock! Could this match be over already?

Mike Rolash: You know I'm pretty unimpressed that a so-called submission machine would find himself in this sort of situation.

Paradine struggles against the move, desperately trying to drag himself one-armed to the ropes. Daniels cranks back on the shoulder but he fights through it, screaming as he extends his free arm… and manages to grab the rope! Denny Davidson slaps Daniels on the shoulder and orders him to relinquish the hold, which he does after another moment or two. Paradine pulls himself to his feet using the ropes favoring his shoulder while Daniels nimbly rolls to his feet, coolly confident of his control in this match. Paradine swings his arm out looking for a clothesline and Daniels ducks underneath, but Paradine was ready for it and catches him with a back spinning elbow! The shot rocks Daniels and

Paradine capitalises by seizing him around the waist and planting him with one, two, three German suplexes! Paradine covers!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Daniels gets the shoulder up at two! Paradine mounts Daniels and rains fists down on Daniels who covers up, and Denny Davidson steps in to seperate the two men. He pushes Paradine back into his corner and allows Daniels to climb back to his feet but Paradine pushes him aside to continue his assault, throwing out fists and elbows on Daniels in the corner. Daniels slumps to the mat and Paradine begins to drive the boots in, getting some payback for the attack during his entrance.

Jim Gunt: And Nathan Paradine is finally on the offensive, driving in those boots like nobody's business!

Mike Rolash: Well I mean, it looks like he's all up in Xander's business at the moment to be fair.

Daniels slumps on his side and rolls out of the ring, but Paradine now has a head of steam. He runs at the ropes, rebounds and LAUNCHES HIMSELF ONTO DANIELS! Both men crash into a heap at ringside against the security barricade as Denny Davidson begins a countout.

ONE!

TWO!

Both men begin to stir and disentangle their bodies, the fans at ringside urging both men to get back up!

THREE!

FOUR!

Paradine is on his hands and knees and he begins to crawl towards the ring, his arm outstretched for the bottom rope!

FIVE!

SIX!

Paradine dives and attempts to slide back into the ring underneath the bottom rope, but Daniels lunges, grabs him by the trunks and pulls him back to ringside! Daniels slips back into the ring and Paradine is on the ground!

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

NINE!

Paradine makes it back into the ring, barely in the nick of time! Denny Davidson motions for the match to continue as Daniels, already back on his feet, sizes up a weary Paradine on his hands and knees. The Phoenix charges, looking for a punt kick, but Paradine rolls out of the way! Paradine tackles Daniels' legs from underneath him, grabs a limb and unsteadily rises to his feet to lock in a single leg Boston crab! Paradine lets out a roar and wrenches back on the leg as Daniels screams in pain, but he manages to twist his body and kick his way out of the submission.

Jim Gunt: And The Phoenix escapes again!

Mike Rolash: Both of these men have to be feeling the effects of this match by now, we might be coming into the home stretch!

In the ring, both men stare at each other with intense hatred; Paradine in one corner bleeding from a cut above his

eyebrow, Daniels slumped in the opposite corner massaging his thigh as he climbs to his feet. Paradine motions for Daniels to step forward and finish the match and he obliges, blasting out of his corner and meeting Paradine in the middle of the ring. Both men tie up and again it's the larger Daniels who comes out on top, slipping behind Paradine and whipping him into the ropes, but Paradine returns with a rebound lariat and sends Daniels flying! Paradine grabs Daniels by the arm and applies a crossface chickenwing, screaming at him to submit!

Jim Gunt: Paradine tries the crossface again, a regular move in his repertoire. This could be it!

Mike Rolash: Unfortunately, telling someone to do something doesn't always mean they'll actually do it.

Daniels refuses to tap out, somehow managing to get his feet underneath himself and powering back to his feet sending Paradine sprawling. Paradine rolls to his feet but Daniels drives his boot straight into his gut, kneeling him over. Daniels grabs Paradine and hoists him into the air to deliver a power bomb, but Paradine moves sending both men off balance. Paradine topples backwards onto the mat but he's still clutching Xander's arm and as soon as he touches the mat he yanks him forwards, trapping him between his legs! Paradine has the Mark of Judas locked in!

Jim Gunt: Tap Daniels, TAP!

Mike Rolash: This is it! It's happening!

Paradine cinches in the hold as tightly as he can and gradually, Daniels appears to weaken. Paradine roars as Denny Davidson dives in, and after a few very long moments Daniels frantically taps on the mat. Davidson orders Paradine to relinquish the hold before calling for the bell, and this one is all over!

Jim Gunt: Paradine did it! He's beaten Xander Daniels and saved his job here tonight!

Mike Rolash: But after a battle like that, what are his chances of a strong showing in the Golden Intentions match later on tonight?

In the ring, Paradine climbs to him feet while Xander Daniels remains laying on his back, staring at the ceiling. Slowly, Paradine approaches Daniels and extends his hand to help his old foe to his feet. After a moment Daniels accepts and Paradine pulls him up, both men staring at each other in the middle of the ring, their hands clasped together.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner via submission… NATHAN PARADINE!

Daniels turns to leave the ring, but Paradine refuses to relinquish his hand. For a moment, Daniels has a resigned smile on his face, as if he always expected it to come to this. Paradine yanks him close and hits a ParaPlex, driving him headfirst into the mat with force.

Jim Gunt: No! You already beat him, what the hell is that!?

Mike Rolash: I think there's one thing you and I forgot about going into this match, but Paradine will happily tell you if you ask… he's a real spiteful son of a bitch.

"Beat The Devil's Tattoo" resumes playing over the speaker system as Paradine rolls out of the ring, pausing at the bottom of the ramp to admire his handiwork as several members of the CWF medical crew rush past to attend to Xander Daniels before making his way back up the ramp to the back.

Complicated Relationships

Match

Backstage.

A quiet hallway near Gorilla.

Lindsay Troy stands alone, affixing the last of her arm tape into place and bouncing lightly on the balls of her feet. It's a routine that's served her well over the years, and one that's become second nature by this point. In her head, she runs

through her gameplan, imagining the smack of a punch, or the crack of a kick against Artoria's body, and she smiles, just a little.

???: You look focused. I expected nothing less.

Troy looks up to see Julian Bathory approaching. In his wake, as is becoming customary, trails Bruce 'Violence Jack' Shanahan. The former has donned his wrestling gear, a silver and dark-green singlet with a panache separating himself from his predecessor. A matte-black mantle rests around his shoulders. Shanahan wears his standard ensemble: ceremonial robes befitting a leader of his infernal order, and he carries a jagged-tipped scepter.

Lindsay Troy: Julian. Come to flatter me some more? You'd better make it quick; I have a date with a very spoopy man.

A hard look over to Bruce Shanahan.

Lindsay Troy: You might find Silas fun, Jack. He's got some narcissistic, self-righteous qualities. And a big, creepy "compound."

She makes sure to hit the air quotes.

Lindsay Troy: Maybe you two can trade decorating tips.

Bruce Shanahan: (snapping) Stuff it, mongrel. I'll have you know--

Julian Bathory: Father Shanahan, be gracious. This is a new era for the Sect of Black Wisdom. As I told you before, Lindsay, I'm a diplomat. Please excuse the discourtesy, my mentor finds contempt is a rough habit to break. These things don't happen overnight.

There is a brief glimpse of surprise on Shanahan's face. He quickly masks it, turning a hard gaze back on the Queen of the Ring with an obviously faux smile attached.

Lindsay Troy: Oh, you don't have to excuse anything. Truth be told, I'm sure Jack enjoys needling me just as much as I enjoy needling him. But our barbs aren't why you made sure our paths crossed tonight, are they?

Julian Bathory: Perceptive. No, I came to thank you.

A lifted eyebrow from the Lady of the Hour.

Lindsay Troy: Go on…

Julian Bathory: Inspiration. After I was beaten by Johnny Olympus I was...exasperated. I had been reckless. It shan't be a mistake repeated, I vowed. So I looked back on the last person to put his shoulders to the mat which, lo and behold, was yourself a week before. I analyzed the match, focused on my flaws, realized what I could have done better to put that dog in his place. In a sense you indirectly rescued me from myself. I'm not above thanking a rival for aid rendered, even if that aid wasn't by design. Once again you succeeded in inspiring me.

Lindsay Troy: Hm.

She smirks, clearly amused.

Lindsay Troy: Well, I am glad to be an inspiration, despite being a rival. I'm sure Jack just loves that.

Shanahan stalks away down the corridor. He grumbles as he departs, words inaudible and ripe for censorship anyhow...

Julian Bathory: Forgive him. An abrasive personality is a difficult thing to overcome. You and the high priest have a...complicated history. However, I have no quarrel with you. I'm actually rather glad to be involved, standing atop the shoulders of giants as they say. As a result I want to extend an invitation. Well...two invitations, in a sense.

Lindsay's amused expression immediately turns firm. Before the conversation delves deeper, a runner approaches

from up the corridor.

CWF Staffer: Troy, you're up.

The Queen of the Ring looks away from the New World Savior and nods her assent. That interruption couldn't have come at a better time.

Lindsay Troy: Title time.

Julian Bathory: Time. There is no harsher of masters. As a matter of fact, the Book of Dirges even speaks at length about the cruelty of time--

Lindsay Troy: (holding up a hand) Just because you're Jack's pet doesn't mean you have to quote from his goddamn book.

Bathory appears briefly wounded. At the very least he feigns it well.

Julian Bathory Very well. I won't damage your focus. Good luck, Lindsay Troy. May the abyss take your enemies. And always remember: mortality may be fleeting, but the Old Ones are forever.

Troy momentarily blinks, then shakes her head and walks off down the corridor.

Bathory appears pleased. Whatever designs he may have, nothing appears to be yet impaired. He turns, almost regal in his gear, and marches off in search of Father Shanahan.

Silas Artoria (c) vs. Lindsay Troy

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is scheduled for one fall... and it is for the Paramount Championship! Introducing first, hailing from Tampa, Florida and weighing in at one hundred and ninety five pounds... she is the Queen of the Ring, LINDSAY TROY!

The opening clap-stomp beats of "Watch Me" by The Phantoms hit the speakers as the fans jump to their feet. There's a decidedly negative reaction as they wait for Lindsay Troy to step through the curtain. The Queen of the Ring doesn't keep them in suspense for too long; as soon as the lyrics kick in, she strides out onto the stage with a smirk on her face.

Jim Gunt: Lindsay Troy is all business tonight, but then again that's to be expected from somebody nicknamed "The Chairwoman".

Mike Rolash: She definitely has an interesting rapport with the fans. Some love to hate her, and others hate to love her.

Jim Gunt: And where would you put yourself?

Mike Rolash: Why I love to love her, of course. You'd be stupid not to!

Troy stands for a brief moment basking in the pyro before marching down the ramp. At the bottom, she jumps flat-footed onto the apron, then catapults herself up and over the top rope with a flip. She immediately heads for the corner and turns to face the stage, anticipating the arrival of the Paramount Champion.

Jim Gunt: Over the last few weeks we've seen Silas Artoria become more focused and aggressive, but will it be enough to pull out a victory here tonight?

Mike Rolash: I'm gonna go out on a limb and say there's a fifty-fifty chance.

Jim Gunt: Yeah, reeeeeeeal good odds there Mike.

"Something Got Me Started" by Simple Red begins to play as the stage fills with fog, illuminated by deep blue lighting.

Silas Artoria emerges from behind the curtain, the Paramount Championship strapped around his waist. It's immediately apparent that something is different about him; he stares expressionless at the ring, his attention focused entirely on Lindsay Troy.

Ray Douglas: And introducing her opponent... hailing from Toronto, Canada and weighing in at two hundred and twenty pounds, he is the Psychotic Aristocrat, the reigning Paramount Champion, SILAS ARTORIA!

Artoria tears off his title belt and throws it at Hidetaka Ito who deftly catches it. He shrugs out of his coat and tosses it aside, his attention still on Lindsay Troy who is pacing inside the ring like a caged animal. He charges down the ramp but Lindsay Troy has a mind to get the match started already as she bounds across the ring and slides beneath the bottom rope with a baseball slide sending the champion and his mentor flying. Troy is immediately on the offensive with wild strikes but Artoria fights back, covering up until he finds an opening and delivering an elbow to Troy's midsection before tossing her back into the ring. Ito, clutching both the Paramount title and Artoria's coat, urges him to follow his opponent into the ring and Artoria obliges, rising to his feet along with Lindsay Troy as referee Clark Summits calls for the bell!

Jim Gunt: Lindsay Troy not wasting any time at all in getting this match underway, but Silas Artoria just won't stay down!

Mike Rolash: Can you blame her? If the champ isn't willing to do whatever it takes to keep the belt then quite frankly he doesn't deserve to hold it.

Artoria and Troy circle each other and lock up, the champion pushing the challenger back into the ropes then tossing her over his shoulder into the middle of the ring. Troy lands nimbly though and runs forward, rebounding off the opposite ropes and catching Artoria with a crossbody... or at least attempting to, as he catches her mid leap and plants her back down onto the mat with a powerslam. Artoria drops to his knees looking for an early pin attempt but Troy rolls away, jumping to her feet and connecting with a quick dropkick to the face of the champion that sends him tumbling out of the ring to the outside.

Jim Gunt: And Lindsay Troy manages to catch a bit of breathing room in the opening minutes of this match.

Mike Rolash: She's really going all out here, trying to wear Artoria out early with some high-octane offense, but she's getting it as much as she's giving it!

Troy is back up on her feet and she runs at the ropes again, rebounding and sprinting across the ring, vaulting herself over the top rope for a suicide dive... but Silas catches her again! Silas throws her back and she lands awkwardly on the barricade, the lower half of her body snapping over the edge and nearly colliding with the fans in the front row. Both competitors collapse into a heap on the ground, Troy clutching at the small of her back from the impact. Clark Summits leans over the rope to check on them both before beginning to count them out.

Jim Gunt: Those fans paid a premium to be close to the action, but I don't think that that's quite what they were expecting!

Mike Rolash: That guy in the hoodie nearly caught a size ten boot in the face, he could have taken home a busted lip as a souvenir!

Troy and Artoria rise to their feet and begin to trade blows at ringside until Troy lashes out with a quick kick, knocking Artoria down to one knee and taking advantage of the gap in combat to slide back into the ring. Artoria is close behind her however and gets another kick to his thigh for the trouble, before Troy jumps onto the middle rope and launches herself into a backflip, hitting Artoria with a DDT as she comes down and planting his head directly into the mat. Troy covers!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Silas Artoria gets the shoulder up! Lindsay Troy rolls off him and back into the corner, reassessing her match strategy as The Canadian Reaper climbs to his feet looking completely unperturbed by Troy’s attack.

Mike Rolash: Something is a bit off about Silas Artoria, but I just can’t put my finger on it.

Jim Gunt: I don’t suppose it has anything to do with the fact that he’s just shrugging off every attack Linday Troy throws at him, does it?

Mike Rolash: You know what? I think you might be onto something there.

Lindsay Troy steps forward and seizes Artoria, driving her forearm into his face several times before stepping over his arm and administering a brutal looking armlock, a move that would have most people screaming in pain but Artoria simply grunts, his expression blank and unfeeling, Troy's legs wrapped around his neck and her arms around his, twisting the lock. He manages to hoist her up slightly and charges diagonally, driving Troy into the turnbuckle in the corner. Troy's head connects with the metal post and she releases the hold sending Artoria stumbling away, testing his newly free arm gingerly. He lines her up as she drags herself into a sitting position and runs forward, driving his knee into Troy's head and bouncing it off the turnbuckle. He backs away into the opposite corner to admire his handiwork, his hair slick with sweat and falling into his face.

Jim Gunt: The Paramount Champion showing no sign at all of slowing down as he takes control of the match!

Mike Rolash: I think you might have spoken a bit too soon, you shouldn’t count out the Queen of the Ring like that!

Artoria runs forward looking for a follow-up knee to Troy's head, but she rolls out of the ring in the nick of time. Artoria leans over the ropes to peer at her as she stands up, cheers from the crowd seemingly urging her on as she runs and vaults herself up onto the ring next to the opposite turnbuckle. As Artoria spins around and moves towards her she clambers up onto the ropes and jumps, hitting a HUGE dropkick. Artoria is down flat on his back, Troy runs and jumps off the middle rope again to hit a picture perfect moonsault, landing directly on Artoria and hooking his leg!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE-

NO! KICKOUT!

The Paramount Champion again manages to get his shoulder up in the nick of time! Troy rolls away and remains laying on her back for a moment, taking several breaths as she contemplates her current situation. Both competitors climb to their feet, Troy groggily and Artoria with ease, both aware that the initial rush of the match has definitely subsided and every move going forward has to count.

Jim Gunt: There’s something I’ve noticed about Artoria, he has red eyes tonight.

Mike Rolash: Well there’s a lot to be said for the medicinal properties of marijuana, maybe that’s why he’s just absorbing every single blow out there.

Artoria is first up on his feet and he seizes Troy, giving her a stiff backhand across the face that sends her staggering before seizing her around the waist and driving her into the mat with a German suplex. Just one doesn't satisfy him however, and he hits two more before finally releasing her in a groaning heap onto the mat. Artoria unbuttons his vest and flings it away to Ito at ringside before gesturing for Troy to climb back to her feet with a flourish. Troy bares her teeth and leaps at Artoria, wrapping her arms around his neck before her legs suddenly give way beneath her sending

her tumbling down to her knees. Artoria grabs her and hoists her high into the air before spiking her down directly onto her head. He follows up by throwing his arm over her chest in a pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!?

NO!

ROPEBREAK!

Somehow, Lindsay Troy retained her state of mind enough to throw her foot up onto the bottom rope to break the pinfall! Silas Artoria is incredulous and he shoots to his feet, staring down the referee with fury in his first show of true emotion in the match. Clark Summits shakes his head, declaring that the match will continue. Artoria growls in frustration and yanks Troy to her feet, suddenly all business. He whips her into the opposite rope and throws her into a spinning slam on the rebound, seemingly determined to wear her down completely.

Jim Gunt: Well if there's one thing to be said about Lindsay Troy, it's that she is-

Mike Rolash: Beautiful? Dangerous? Your next Paramount Champion?

Jim Gunt: You sound like a man in love.

Mike Rolash: Not yet, but it's getting there.

Jim Gunt: I think she's spoken for, buddy!

Artoria kneels down, shouting at Troy to get back onto her feet. She rises slowly and the Paramount Champion lunges forwards… but she's ready for him and sidesteps! Artoria spins around and Troy catches him with a spinning kick! There's an audible groan from the crowd as the kick connects with Artoria's mouth and his head snaps back, specks of blood flying into the air. Artoria staggers backward a step or two, seemingly dazed. Troy tenses and raises her fists as she prepares for a follow up, but something is… off. Troy lowers her arms cautiously as it becomes apparent that Silas Artoria is laughing.

Jim Gunt: What the… what the hell is that?

Mike Rolash: What kind of psycho eats a kick like that and laughs about it!?

Artoria snaps his head back down, blood trickling from a split lip. He roars and begins to advance on Lindsay Troy who opts to throw out an assortment of quick strikes and kicks, none of which seem to have any effect on Artoria. He catches her arm following a strike attempt and hoists her onto his shoulders, ignoring an elbow to the back of the head before he plants her into the mat, her body bouncing away from the force. Artoria rolls onto his stomach and licks the blood from his lip, eying off Lindsay Troy almost hungrily before standing upright. The Queen of the Ring is battered, using the ring ropes to help herself to her feet, but definitely not out for the count as she runs at Artoria again, utilising the same trick from earlier in the match as she ducks under his outstretched arm, bounces off the opposite ropes and looks for a crossbody… but Artoria has wisened up to that particular maneuver and he drops flat to the mat, and instead Troy collides with Clark Summits! Summits is down and he rolls out of the ring writhing in pain!

Jim Gunt: I'd expect nothing less from Lindsay Troy after seeing the sort of men she associates with each week.

Mike Rolash: You mean winners? The referee was clearly in her way, he should have moved!

Lindsay Troy is incredulous at what she's just done, and she turns her head just as Silas Artoria seizes her and pulls her to her feet. Calmly he wraps his arms around her and throws her across the ring with a belly to belly suplex, while on the outside Hidetaka Ito is calling for him to finish her off. Artoria scoops her up and hoists her onto his shoulders,

looking to hit the Fall of Man. He walks with her into the middle of the ring, hoists her high…

… and suddenly he staggers forward as someone strikes him with a cane! The hooded fan, previously seated at ringside, is furiously striking Silas Artoria with his own cane! Artoria drops Troy and spins around to face his attacked, who rips back his hood to reveal his identity as BRANDON YOUNGBLOOD! Youngblood cracks Artoria over the head with the cane, sending him down to his knees. Youngblood grabs Lindsay Troy and they clasps hand for a moment, Youngblood quickly muttering instructions to Troy before dropping out of the ring. Artoria is back up on his feet as Troy charges forwards, connecting with the Raynes of Castamere!

Jim Gunt: What the hell are we witnessing here!? Brandon Youngblood has been seated at ringside this whole time? But he's scheduled for the Golden Intentions match!

Mike Rolash: Not only that, he's assaulted Silas Artoria with his own cane!

Jim Gunt: And… by God, Artoria still isn't down. How is he still standing after that? Beaten with a cane and then a knee from Lindsay Troy, how can he still be on his feet?

Mike Rolash: Lindsay Troy is going up high to try and finish him off!

On the outside Hidetaka Ito is shouting at Artoria to refocus, but he suddenly finds himself fending off an assault from Youngblood and his cane. Troy grabs the ropes and ascends to the top of the turnbuckle, sizing up the woozy Silas Artoria as he sways back and forth. He turns on the spot, ready to go back on the attack… but Troy jumps and hits All Hail the Queen, a 360* hurricanrana! Troy hooks the leg, while on the outside Youngblood forces Clark Summits back into the ring roaring at him to make the count. Clark raises his hand!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

Clark Summits waves his hand to call for the bell as "Watch Me" resumes playing. She releases Artoria from the pin and staggers towards the ropes, while Youngblood grabs the Paramount Championship from Hidetaka Ito and slides into the ring to hand it to Troy. They clasp hands again before Youngblood raises her arms, holding the title belt high to savor her victory.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner… and NEW Paramount Champion, the Queen of the Ring, LINDSAY TROY!

In the middle of the ring Silas Artoria is gathering himself, suddenly looking puzzled at his location. He glances around and finally locates Hidetaka Ito, who calls for him to get out of the ring. The former champion and his mentor make their way up the ramp and head to the back and there's definitely a question on everyone's minds; what the hell was happening to Silas Artoria tonight?

Demanding Answers

Match

The camera cuts to the corridor behind the luxury boxes of the Mercedes-Benz Superdome. Several people are running into the opposite direction, causing the cameraman to turn and follow them. It's easy to see their destination, which is a busted door hanging off its hinges into the corridor, the sign "CWF Commissioner Jon Stewart" dented on the floor and the sound of commotion inside. Pushing his way through the small crowd, the cameraman shows a swath of destruction through the furniture of the luxury box, chairs flung aside, broken tables, pills strewn all across the floor.

The Shadow: You are behind all of this and I know it. Where is she? Where - is - she?

Jon Stewart's back is pressed against the glass of the luxury box, The Shadow almost nose to nose with the tuxedoed man. The look on Stewart's face is a mix of fear and surprise while The Shadow's face is hidden from view, his back

turned towards the camera. He lunges forward, taking Stewart by surprise once more, pressing the CWF commissioner's head against the glass pain, his forearm pressed against the throat. The camera is coming closer as The Shadow menacingly hisses into Stewart's ear.

The Shadow: I will tear your life apart, one piece at a time, it is in your hands.

Suddenly the Weaver of Dreams is yanked backwards by a man in a black suit, wearing shades, looking exactly like a whole bunch of men in black, who look ready to kill. A still pale Jon Stewart is staggering to his feet, holding his throat, giving an almost imperceptible nod upon which the four men converge on The Shadow, their fists raised. His eyes darting from one man to the other, The Shadow plants a hard elbow into the gut of the man holding him, thus breaking his grip, before charging forwards, spearing another man through a glass table before the two other man manage to grab a hold of the enraged Canadian.

Jon Stewart: How confident do you feel now?

He starts to walk towards the door, giving the men a simple hand signal and his goons begin to lay into The Shadow as Stewart exits with a mirthless laugh.

Jim Gunt: This is not looking good for The Shadow.

Mike Rolash: He put himself into that posi-- Whoa!

Suddenly Jon Stewart is flying back into the room, crumpling against a half wall as a man races through the door, taking out the first suited man with a stepup enzuigiri before flooring the second with a superkick that almost takes his head off. The Shadow manages to evade the upper cut of the last man standing, ducking under and in one fluid motion executing a DDT on the man, knocking him out instantly. The mysterious man that had come to his rescue extends his hand, which The Shadow takes, pulling him to his feet. As he turns, the crowd gives a gasp.

Jim Gunt: Jimmy Allen!

Mike Rolash: I'll be damned...

As the camera turns around to follow The Shadow and Jimmy, the spot where Jon Stewart had been laying is empty and the camera fades to black as the two men race out of the door.

Let Them Fight

Match

"CWF where the bloody hell are ya?"

The crowd erupts as Sam and Dean step onto the stage with Become the Enemy by Like a Storm playing. The Lost Boys stride down to the ring with the tag belts held aloft.

Jim Gunt: Here comes the CWF Tag Team Champions and last week on Evolution, Byson Kaliban stated he had a team that could take on the chams.

Mike Rolash: I'm still trying to figure out who it is. The Most Known Unknowns… that's being very bleak about it if you ask me.

The champs are handed microphones as they are ready to get things going.

Sam Braxton: Struth. Ok. Against our better judgement we agreed to give some drongo and his wankers a fair shake of the sauce bottle. And here we are waitin'.

Dean: Byson Kaliban. I sure hope you can deliver. Cause we're getting a bit knackered waiting for a challenge.

They look to the stage, waiting impatiently when the beginning sounds of Chaka Khan's "Ain't Nobody" kicks in. Byson comes salsa dancing from behind the curtain. The champs looking on annoyed. Byson has a mic in his hand, signaling for the music to get cut.

Byson Kaliban: Patience, patience gentlemen... Your inevitable demise is slowly approaching.

He looks to the crowd with a coy smile.

Byson Kaliban: Tonight! The Lost Boys face a test unlike any other. A team that will soon dethrone them and become your NEW CWF Tag Team Champions! Ladies and gentlemen.. I present to you.. the Most Known Unknowns...

Byson points towards the curtain. The fans along with The Lost Boys wait with anticipation but no one comes out.

Sam Braxton: Struth mate.. I thought you had a....

There's a commotion from the crowd as the champs are suddenly ambushed from behind by two men.

Jim Gunt: The Tag Team Champions have just been attacked!

Mike Rolash: Wait.. isn't that Espinoza and Martinez?

Indeed it is, Espinoza sporting a newly designed mask along with Martinez don street clothes as they pounce on the champs like rabid dogs!

Jim Gunt: What is this? We haven't seen these two in months!

Mike Rolash: I'm just as in the dark as you on this one.

The champs have managed to get back in the fight, Dean battling Vince. Sam going at it with Omar. Byson watches on with a devilish smile as the four men brawl back and forth inside of the ring. The battle soon spills outside as they continue to go at it.

Jim Gunt: What was supposed to be a contest for the Tag Team titles have turned into complete and utter chaos!

Mike Rolash: These guys are at each other's throats. And here comes security to get things in order.

Kaliban steps to the side as security rushes past him to break up the fight. They are finally able to subdue the four as a, "Let Them Fight!" chants resonates through the Louisiana crowd.

Jim Gunt: Hopefully security can restore done order. But what a return! V.E.N.O.M is back or should we call them the Most Known Unknown?

Mike Rolash: I think we should maybe stick with the latter but hopefully these two will be able to bring that competition that they so desperately seek.

Autumn Raven vs. Bryan Ford

Match

We cut back to ringside, both Gunt and Rolash seemingly a bit shocked.

Jim Gunt: It seems we may finally have some competition for those Tag titles, currently held by the Lost Boys.

Mike Rolash: I was wondering what happened to those guys.. but why have they aligned themselves with Kaliban out of all people?

Jim Gunt: There's already a lot of questions that need answers and this show promises to have many more surprises.

Mike Rolash: Right you are Jim Bean.. we've just reached what could be considered the halfway mark of this already awesome pay per view.

Jim Gunt: Indeed and up next, we have the Impact Championship on the line as the champion, the 'Beautiful Psychopath' Autumn Raven defends against third generation superstar and Carnage Wrestling's own Bryan Ford in a New Orleans Street Fight.

A graphic flashes across the screen, displaying both Raven and Ford.

Mike Rolash: This is one I've really been looking forward to, Bryan Ford made his first appearance at Twilight of the Gods in grand fashion. Making his intentions clear, interrupting the opening moments of the Impact title match between Raven and now turned referee, Freddie Styles.

Jim Gunt: Who just so happen to be the referee of this contest. Let's send it to Ray as we kick off this New Orleans Street Fight!

Purple lights shine around the top of the ramp, fog rolling around it as the beginning lyrics of "Somewhere in Hollywood" by Sixx A.M. starts to play. The CWF Tron displaying a purple outlined black raven with her name floating over it.

Ray Douglas: The following contest is a New Orleans Street Fight and is for the CWF WORLD IMPACT CHAMPIONSHIP!

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

Jim Gunt: If there were anyone who ever held the Impact title and was the true definition of what that holder should look like, I guarantee you Autumn's name would be first in the book.

Mike Rolash: I'll give credit where credit is due. Since becoming Impact Champion, she's proved night in and night out that she deserves it. Who would've thunk it?

Jim Gunt: Thunk?

Mike Rolash: It flowed so smoothly off my tongue huh?

She walks around the ring, glaring at the fans at ringside before sliding under the bottom rope and leaping to her feet, giving the crowd a smug smile. She runs to the corner turnbuckles, climbing to the second one and unstraps her title. She taunts the crowd and flings her arms out to the sides once again before climbing down. She begins to psych herself up as "DNA" by Kendrick Lamar blares over the speakers. Resounding boos are heard throughout the Superdome as Bryan Ford strolls out onto the stage.

Jim Gunt: The self proclaimed, 'Innovator of Greatness' is here tonight and he has his eyes set on the trifecta; Impact Championship, Golden Intentions Rumble Winner and then going on to compete at WrestleFest V and becoming World Champion. Very ambitious man.

Mike Rolash: When you have the pedigree that this guy has, the sky's the limit for Ford and he can just as easily make all of those statements become facts.

A shit eating grin glued onto his face as he mouths off to the fans. He makes his way down the ramp and leaps onto the apron before slingshotting over the top rope, rolling into an Indian style sitting position. He looks over at Autumn who for her part is focused. Ford gets to his feet and go to his designated corner as Ray Douglas makes the formal introductions.

Ray Douglas: Introducing the challenger.. residing in Terrell, Texas.. weighing in tonight at two hundred nine pounds! The Innovator of Greatness… BRYAN FORD!

Ford poses mockingly for the crowd who respond with jeers. With a smirk, he waves them off as Douglas continues.

Ray Douglas: His opponent.. residing in Los Angeles, California.. weighing one hundred twenty pounds! She is the CWF IMPACT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD! The Beautiful Psychopath... AUTUMN RAVEN!

Raven shows her Impact title off for the hard camera as she's perched on the ropes. The crowd cheers in admiration for the champion when she's suddenly blindsided by Ford, quickly inciting boos from the New Orleans fans! Autumn goes tumbling over the ropes, hitting the apron before crashing hard to the floor! Styles immediately calls for the bell and this match is underway. Douglas tries to hightail it out of the ring but Ford grabs him by his suit jacket and snatches the microphone from his possession. He shoves Douglas down to the canvas and he hurriedly rolls out of the ring.

Jim Gunt: C'mon! That was totally uncalled for, it seems Ford isn't one for formalities.

Mike Rolash: This kid has a mission and he looks to complete that here tonight.

Jim Gunt: Mission or not, we have a way of doing things here in CWF. Ford exits the ring and decks Raven with the microphone!

Mike Rolash: Yeah I agree, this isn't some bar room promotion like Carnage. But when it's a street fight, anything goes..

Autumn staggers around at ringside. Ford taking a moment to trash talk some fans in the front row. Moving back towards Raven, Ford clocks her again with the microphone, sending her stumbling towards the barricade. He strikes her once more. Now dropping the mic, the Innovator of Greatness begins to choke Autumn violently with his hands. He lets up and begins to taunt the fans, Autumn trying desperately to catch her breath.

Jim Gunt: Ford taking the cheap shot and getting an early jump on Autumn. Now he's using his knee to choke her again.. This is despicable.

Mike Rolash: I'm going to point out again that this is a street fight. Bryan's only taking advantage of the rules.

Ford releases after a minute of choking Raven and starts bragging once again. Raven is in a daze on the floor but quickly meets eyes with Ford has he turns his attention back to her. She gives him the middle finger salute which infuriates Ford. He angrily kicks at the downed Raven, he then grabs a handful of her hair and sends her bodily into the guardrail! She slumps to the floor, the fans trying to encourage her back up to her feet. The fans start chanting Autumn's name, Ford only smirks at their enthusiasm.

Jim Gunt: Raven really needs to find a way to stop this onslaught by Bryan Ford if she has any hopes of retaining her tonight.

Mike Rolash: Ford is a decorated wrestler who can become very deadly inside of that ring and you can't forget that his father and grandfather are Hall of Famers. So you'd have to think that he's destined to have his name on a ballot one day.

Autumn crawls on her hands and knees towards the ring apron, Ford's focus still somewhat on the fans but now back on Autumn. She fiddles under the apron as Ford nears. He doesn't notice that Raven has now found a chain and is

wrapping it around her right hand. As soon as Ford is close, she swings a hard right hand into his bread basket causing him to double over in pain! He drops to his knees and Raven wraps the chain around his throat and now starts to choke him!

Jim Gunt: Raven catching a lucky break, finding that chain and now using it to her advantage!

Mike Rolash: C'mon Styles! Do something!

Jim Gunt: Weren't you just saying that anything goes in a street fight?

Mike Rolash: Ugh.. technicalities..

Autumn pulls back with all her might, trying to choke Ford's life from his body. He reaches every which way trying to find refuge but there's none in sight. She finally releases and lets out a screeching scream, bringing roars of approval from the crowd. Ford retreats, coughing violently as Raven stalks him. He gets to his feet using the barricade but Raven is on him, stinging his chest with a chop. Clinching his chest, Ford moves along the barricade with Autumn hot on his trail. Trying to use the barricade to rest, he's sent tumbling over it and into the crowd by Raven who boots him in the face!

Jim Gunt: These fans getting an up close and personal look at the competition right now! Ford finding himself amongst the CWF faithful.

Mike Rolash: He needs to get away from those fans before he catches some horrible disease..

Jim Gunt: Really Mike?

Autumn tells some of the fans in the front row to move out of the way as she climbs over the barricade. She stomps down on Ford. With Ford down on the floor, Autumn takes a chair and places it over the Bryan's prone body as she now has a seat and photo op with a few fans as they have their camera phones out and flashing. In the midst of enjoying the fans, Raven cries out in agony. The cameraman gets a closer look and show that Ford has somehow manage to bite Autumn's ankle.

Jim Gunt: Bryan Ford able to escape the vulnerable position he was in. Raven now clutching at the ankle that was just bitten by Ford.

Mike Rolash: She should really invest in boots. Those kickpads do not protect anything.

Up to get feet, Autumn hops on one leg, grabbing at her ankle. Bryan shoves the chair off of him and gets to his feet. With Raven still hopping around, Ford grabs her by the hair and smashes her head against the barricade before dumping her back over into the ringside area. The Innovator of Greatness checks his chest for damage and waits for Autumn to rise. When she gets to her feet, Ford pulls himself to the top of the barricade and springs off!

Jim Gunt: Innovative offense by Ford taking Autumn down with clothesline!

Mike Rolash: Ford came to win and he's willing to do it by any means necessary.

Ford is slow to his feet but he brings Autumn up along with him. Grabbing her by the hair, he slams her violently into the ring steps. She goes toppling to the floor, Ford taking a moment to check himself for damage again. Bryan stalks Raven but just as he reaches her. He is sent stumbling backwards, clutching at his midsection. Popping to her feet, Raven raises her right arm in the air and in her possession, is her trusty barbwire bat. The crowd explodes.

Mike Rolash: Where did she pull that from?

Jim Gunt: She was fumbling around by the apron while Ford was checking himself.

With a mighty swing, the Beautiful Psychopath cracks him across the back with the bat. Ford arches his back in pain, moving along at ringside trying to create some space. Raven begins to feed off the crowd's energy turning her attention

to Ford who's resting on the announce table. Raising the bat high in the air, she charges at Ford but he catches her with a kick to the gut. Raven drops the bat and Ford makes his move, rocking her with a forearm shot to the jaw. She returns fire with one of her own and Ford is staggered a bit. He recovers and returns with a lariat but she dodges out of the way and brings him down with a chop block.

Jim Gunt: Autumn able to get things turned around here, that lariat probably would've destroyed her.

Mike Rolash: It pays to be small and limber.

She brings him upright and rolls him into the ring. She follows closely behind but Ford uses the opportunity to roll completely across the ring and back outside. He moves around ringside where Autumn has stepped through the ropes. She runs along the apron looking for a kick but Ford catches her foot. He slings it backwards and Raven goes crashing face first into the apron. She rolls back into the ring as Ford moves along ringside to retrieve the barbwire bat. He rolls back inside of the ring and gets to his feet. Raven is on her hands and knees and Ford brings the bat down hard across her spine.

Jim Gunt: Now it looks as if Raven is in a dangerous spot, Ford now in possession of the barbwire bat.

Mike Rolash: The guy is from a place called Carnage.. I'm sure he can show Autumn a thing or two about how to use it.

Autumn lets out a cry, arching up to her knees. Ford now taking the bat and driving the barbwire into her forehead. Trinkles of blood begins to flow from the cuts, the fans booing Ford with a passion. Done doing damage to her forehead, Ford tosses the bat aside and brings Raven upright and whips her into the ropes. She rebounds and he cracks her across the face with a dropkick, backflipping to his feet. He poses a bit for the booing fans before finally doing down for the cover, Styles coming in to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

Autumn is able to roll her shoulder off of the canvas, breaking the count.

Jim Gunt: She's not out of this thing yet able to escape the pin attempt.

Mike Rolash: Autumn has proving to be a tough chick, even taking Silas to the limit in a Last Person Standing Match. So you can't count her out just yet.

Ford is back to his feet while Autumn has rolled to her hands and knees looking to recover. Bryan mockingly kicks her in the face. Bringing her back up, Ford sizes her up and drills her with an axe kick. She drops the mat again and he goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Ford gives Freddie an evil eye but he assures the Innovator of Greatness that the count was two. Rising to his feet, Bryan goes to Raven's legs and bring them up before making a wish! Autumn grabs at her groin area in pain, Ford taking the time to taunt the fans, feeling he has things in full control. Now going back to Autumn, she trips him down by his leg and quickly has him locked in the STF! She yanks on the hold as Ford struggles for the ropes in a panic. She's not letting up as the fans are firmly behind her screaming for Ford to tap.

Jim Gunt: This could be it for Ford, Raven having a firm grip on that STF.

Mike Rolash: Ford doesn't have any reprieve either, rope breaks are basically null and void in this street fight.

Continuing to flail his arms, Ford's left hand reached the barbwire bat, reaches back and cracks Autumn in the face!

She's forced to release her grip. Autumn grabs at her face from the shot but she isn't safe as Ford uses the wide end of the bat to spike Raven in the face. She slumps to the mat and rolls towards the ropes. Groggily, she tries to use them to get vertical. Ford drops the bat again and begins to choke Raven on the middle rope. He digs his nails into her open wound, more blood starting to flow down her face. Finally letting off, Ford mouths off the fans as Styles is over to make sure Autumn can continue.

Jim Gunt: Bryan starting to display a more vicious side and Autumn's Impact title reign might be in danger.

Mike Rolash: Ford has come to put the CWF on notice and Autumn better do something quick because it looks like her time is running short.

Ford turns his attention back to Raven, going to bring her up. She catches him by surprise with a headbutt under the chin! He stumbles back and she decks him with a forearm followed by a stinging knife edge chop. Bryan continues stumbling backwards as Raven continues to tear into him like a madwoman. The crowd are on their feet, cheering on the onslaught as Raven finally lets out a guttural yell. Ford finds himself in the near corner as Raven uses her hands to choke him.

Jim Gunt: Raven has come alive and she knows what's on the line.

Mike Rolash: Yeah but Ford able to free himself from her clutches, with a rake to the eyes!

Raven stumbles back, trying to clear her eyes. Ford rushes in and scoops Raven off her feet looking for the Bford Bomb. But he lifts her to high and she's able to slide down his back and rolls him up for the pin. Styles coming in to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

They both quickly roll to their feet and Ford is the first to strike with a boot to the gut. He butterflies her arms and spikes her on top of her head with a High Impact DDT! He shoots the half going for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

The crowd explodes for Autumn's heart but this only infuriates Ford. He pops to his feet, telling the crowd it's over. He brings a woozy Raven to her feet. Having her positioned right where he wants her, Ford runs towards the ropes. He rebounds.

Mike Rolash: Bryan's going for Bford & After..

Jim Gunt: CLAW OF THE NIGHT BY RAVEN! SHE PULLED THAT ONE FROM OUT OF NOWHERE!

The Superkick has Ford out like a light Raven falls on top of him with the backpress as Freddie makes the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

The crowd cheers as Freddie calls for the bell. He goes to retrieve the Impact Championship.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner and STILL CWF IMPACT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD! AUTUMN RAVEN!

Freddie hands Autumn her title as she's still on her hands and knees. Slowly getting to her feet, she raises the title high in the air, dried up blood mixed with chipped paint covering her face.

Ataxia vs. Mia Rayne

Match

Ataxia vs. Mia Rayne
Jim Gunt: After some intense action tonight and the rumble itself still to come, we now move onto quite an interesting match up next. Mike, I'm sure any CWF loyalist can already predict how you feel about it, but do you want to get anything off your chest now before it starts?

Mike Rolash: Sure! I have some thoughts! There is no God, if there is one, or more, they all hate me.

He smiles and nods, indicating he is done talking as Jim shrugs and sends things over to Ray Douglas, standing by in the ring with referee Nick McArthur.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen! This next match, is the "I Love You, I Hate You" match between Mia Rayne and Ataxia! In order for Ataxia to win, he has to force Mia Rayne to declare her unbridled hatred for him. In order for Mia to win, she has to have The Messiah Pariah declare his love for her! Other than that, there will be no rules, no pinfalls, no submission, no disqualification. The match will not end until either stipulation has been met. Introducing first...

Cue: Be My Friend by One-Eyed Doll.

Ray Douglas: She is "The One Woman Party Favor..." MIA RAYNE!

Mia comes out on stage to her usual light show of blues and purples, the fog twirling around her as she hops around, drawing in her focus.

Jim Gunt: So this is quite the "I Quit" match with some serious stipulations on the line. One could argue that this could be one of the only things that a title belt would fall second place to.

Mike Rolash: Wait, what? Love?! Pish posh Jimmy. If you believe that that's all this is about, you have another thing coming. As much as I hate to admit it, Ataxia has finally had his eyes opened to the world. He knows that Mia has been nothing but dead weight, her only time being relevant being when she undergoes her most recent identity crisis. She's a walking variable, an "X" factor if you will. She...

CRACK!

Mia goes down hard and the fog consumes her body as a shadowy figure stands over her. Ataxia takes off his mask and tosses his cane to the side, staring down at where Mia's body landed. Nick has no choice but to call for the bell before rushing up the ramp and the music ceases, the fans showing their displeasure with Ataxia almost instantly!

Mike Rolash: Just got her brains splattered by Ataxia's cane.

Jim Gunt: To your point though Mike, with Mia's past... Issues with head injuries and the consequences of them, is that kind of attack really the smartest move?

To answer Jim's inquiry, Ataxia lifts his leg up to stomp down on Mia's body, still covered by the fog from her entrance. However, as he lifts his leg up, his other one is swept out from underneath him! Mia rises from the fog, rubbing the back of her head where the cane hit, her eyes narrowed in fury.

Mia Rayne: Ooo... It's on bitch.

Without hesitation she blasts Ataxia in the side of the head with a punt heard up in the highest seats! The crowd pops as Ataxia rolls to his back, and keeps rolling trying to get some space between him and Mia.

Jim Gunt: See?! You make a target out of Mia's head and... Well... It's a sound strategy against any "normal" person...

Mike Rolash: But Mia isn't normal Jim! I call foul play, Ataxia pulled the hit, he wasn't trying, he...

And once again in answer to the commentators, Ataxia grabs Mia's advancing form and uses her momentum against her, propelling her into the LED light panels on either side of the entry way. She bounces off of them stunned, but before she can fully recover Ataxia runs and delivers a double knee attack, driving her back into the panel and causing several fragments of glass to explode! Mia tries to push herself off but Ataxia is still behind her, causing her to trip over him, and falling hard over him!

Jim Gunt: Right from the start the viciousness of Ataxia is on display! He is a man possessed as he points at Nick to ask Mia if she's ready to admit she hates him!

Mike Rolash: I literally just got done saying that Ataxia came out here to prove Mia is beneath him. Not on the same playing field. He's tired of people riding his coat tails to the top and leaving him high and dry. Mia talks a lot about people never coming to her aid after the attack that hospitalized her, but when she came back afterward, she didn't really reach out to fix things did she? In fact, she came back as a completely different person, one that tore apart the fabric of the family she's claiming to be trying to save right now.

Jim Gunt: Well, I think... That's... When did you figure all that out?

Mike Rolash: I don't know man... When things come bumping in the night and don't stop, one kind of has no choice but to get to know the things making the noises. Ataxia has tormented me for years now, since CWF came back. Mia has done a lot of her own since coming here. They put a target on me, so why wouldn't I know what's going on?

Jim Gunt: That's honestly a smart way to look at things Mike.

Mike Rolash: It's the only way in my eyes Jim.

Ataxia beckons Nick over to ask Mia if she has anything that she would like to say. Mia wipes the trickle of blood from a small cut on her head and pushes the zebra away. She gets to a knee and snarls, launching herself at Ataxia, and driving her shoulder into his gut, driving him backwards, their combined momentum driving them both off the stage! The fans around the entrance erupt and Nick cautiously makes his way down into the debris of various tables that were there to break the fall. Through the carnage, Mia is the first to stir, shoving splintered pieces of table off of her and driving her size eleven combat boot right into the groin of Ataxia!

Mia Rayne: How's that for a hello... Frand?

Ataxia groans and rolls to his stomach, crawling away from Mia. She snatches him by the hood and picks him up to his feet, but he's quick to counter, shoving her back into the broken tables! She stumbles and almost falls back into the splinters, but manages to stay on her feet. She turns her attentions back to Ataxia but is met with The Reckoning knee strike from Ataxia! Mia flies backwards and they both fall on top of a table that has yet to be touched by their chaos.

Jim Gunt: Granted, this match has only been going on for mere minutes, but the viciousness displayed by both competitors shows something of how much a victory here means to them.

Mike Rolash: You already touched on it Jimbo. There's not belt on the line and pride isn't a factor here. This is about love and hate. Somehow, in a professional wrestling world, we have are witnessing a wrestling match to determine if a couple is compatible. I'm honestly not sure how I feel about 2019 as a whole so far.

Jim Gunt: For once, I'll have to agree Mike, but at the very least, without a belt or having to worry about pride, we can see what is truly important to probably the two most unpredictable...

Mike Rolash: And dangerous...

Jim Gunt: And dangerous competitors the CWF has to offer. You hate to watch it happen, but when it does, you can't look away.

This time Ataxia is the first to move from the wreckage of now several tables. Standing up carefully over Mia, Ataxia takes a moment to admire his handiwork before jumping up and coming down across Mia's throat with a leg drop! Mia coughs and grabs at her throat as Ataxia rolls off the table, coming up and lighting Mia up with a flurry of punches to wherever he can reach! A laugh comes from him, the creepy and familiar laugh that everyone who has every seen an Ataxia match has grown accustomed to as he takes a motionless Mia and stands her up against the table. She seems to be out on her feet as he backs up and lines up his shot, getting a running shot and going for another Reckoning! Mia is quick though and catches Ataxia in mid air, holding him up in a powerbomb position and turning, before throwing him through the table she was just on! He crashes through in a sea of splinters as Mia collapses backward, scrambling away from the wreckage and leaning up against the ramp to catch her breath. Nick heads over to see if Ataxia has anything to say, but is only grabbed and roughly pushed away for his troubles. Mia sees and does her best to get to her feet as Ataxia gets to his.

Jim Gunt: Everything Mia has thrown at Ataxia so far, he has had an answer for.

Mike Rolash: The reverse is true too. Honestly not sure who has the upper hand here or how this is going to end. One this if for certain, my money is saying that it isn't going to be pretty.

Mia advances on Ataxia who stands his ground. She sees he isn't moving and her step falters, he takes advantage of her uncertainty and swings for the fences with a piece of broken table he grabbed from the wreckage around him! The splinter catches Mia across the top of her eye, blood instantly flowing from the gash the wood caused. Ataxia is quick to follow up with a flurry of punches. Grabbing her around the neck, he pulls her head down under his arm in a headlock, pulling her along with him as he proceeds backstage. He doesn't get far though as Mia recovers enough to deliver a couple forearm shots to Ataxia's side, forcing him to release his grasp of her head. She shoves him away, but he comes back at her. Again, showing amazing fortitude though, Mia is able to catch an oncoming Ataxia, lifting him up and transferring his momentum into a uranage type slam into the hard concrete!

Jim Gunt: I know we're all the way at ringside, but watching this on the monitors, I swore I could almost hear the impact as Ataxia hit the ground!

Mike Rolash: I'm honestly ok with this match right now. Keep your bitches in line Ataxia and keep that one in the back!

Jim can only look astonished at his broadcast partner as Mia puts her hands on her knees, doubled over and trying to catch her breath as Ataxia struggles to peel himself up off the floor. She looks around her surroundings realizing she's in one of several backstage interview spots. She nods at Tara Robinson, who quickly gets out of the way, and Mia grabs a nearby spotlight, holding it like a staff. She turns to see Ataxia on his feet, grabbing a steel chair conveniently placed by him. They shrug at each other and let out their respective war cries, charging at one another!

Jim Gunt: Look out!

Mike Rolash: Clear backstage! This is going to get messy and awesome quickly! Fingers crossed they kill each other!

Ataxia goes for an overhead strike with the chair, that Mia blocks with the steel pole of the lamp. She swings the end with the light toward Ataxia, but The Messiah Pariah is able to deflect with the chair, the cost though being that the chair flies across the area and hits the wall with a resounding CLANG! Mia smiles as she reverses momentum, driving the other end of the pole into the side of Ataxia's head! He stumbles to the side, crashing into a catering table. Mia runs at him and guillotines the pole across his throat as he tries to recover! Using her height advantage she pushes his upper body down onto the table, straddling him and resting her knees on top of the pole, further forcing the Ataxia to struggle to breath!

Mia Rayne: Anything you'd like to say to me snoogie boogums?

Ataxia coughs and Mia turns her head.

Mia Rayne: Oh I'm sorry. I can't hear you, mind speaking up and enunciating your words?

Ataxia still struggles under the weight of Mia and the steel pole slowly robbing him of air.

Jim Gunt: Dear lord! Mia is strangling the life out of Ataxia!

Mike Rolash: I don't even think Loki was THAT bad...

"MIA! That's ENOUGH!"

Blood trickles from Mia's cut, dripping down onto Ataxia's quickly unmoving form as she narrows her eyes and shifts slightly, taking her attentions off Ataxia for an instant and turning to face the sound of a very familiar voice. The Shadow.

The Shadow: Mia... End this. This isn't you, look at what you're doing to him!

Mia considers his words for an instant before glancing back down at Ataxia. She takes more of her weight off the pole and turns to consider Shadow again. However, the momentary lapse in focus allows Ataxia to seize a coffee pot and smash it aside Mia's head! Shadow curses as Mia falls off Ataxia, her hand going up to the side of her head and coming back covered in blood. Ataxia tosses the pole off him and hops down off the table.

Ataxia: Thanks for the assist. Now if you'll excuse me...

He turns his attentions to Mia, delivering a vicious boot to her ribs! She grunts in pain, but latches onto Ataxia's foot, grimacing in pain, and rises to her feet, still holding onto Ataxia's foot! He hops up and down and with a sudden feat of strength, lifts Ataxia up for another powerbomb and drives him straight through the catering table! He crashes through, various pastries and coffee supplies spilling over him as Mia collapses backwards on her butt, trying to catch her breath. Shadow moves to check on her as the medical team rushes in to check on an unmoving Ataxia.

Mia Rayne: We warned you Shadow. Don't get involved in this. Not this time. You don't know... You just don't... But we did, we knew you wouldn't stay away, despite being warned of Plan B...

The Shadow: What... What are you talking about Mia? We can help Ataxia a different way, but I know for a fact that this isn't the way to go about doing it! You...

His words are stopped though as Mia turns her head to face him. She doesn't look into his eyes though, but behind him where ATWOxia stands menacingly over Shadow, his arms crossed and staring down at the leader of The Forsaken.

Mia Rayne: Warned you Shadow. We get what we want. Now you get what you deserve for interfering. Meet "Plan B."

She weakly snaps her fingers before she struggles to her feet, ATWOxia advancing on Shadow. Not one to back down from a fight, Shadow lights up the bigger opponent with a flurry of punches and some kicks to the knee. They work briefly, but not well enough to keep ATWOxia from driving a knee into Shadow's gut, preventing anything further from being thrown. With a double axe handle, Shadow is driven to the ground, picked back up again by the monstrous ATWOxia, and then thrown into various supplies! Mia laughs at the catastrophe, returning her attentions to Ataxia who has started moving.

Mike Rolash: That's one thing I haven't really understood here. Why did Shadow feel like he needed to get involved in what Mia was doing? I mean, if it wasn't for Mia returning and saying she was going to turn Ataxia back into who he was, Shadow would still be getting his butt kicked by The Knight in Burlap?

Jim Gunt: I'm only guessing, but maybe it has something to do with the tactics Mia has employed and the fact that Ataxia is one of the most... Practiced superstars when it comes to mind games? Mia has been violent, you even going so far as saying that you don't think Loki was ever this bad, since coming back. Maybe this is what Ataxia planned on and this is just his way of acting on his plan?

Mike Rolash: That's quite the plan.

Jim Gunt: Well... It's Ataxia. Expect the unexpected and then because that's what you're expecting, expect the expected.

Mike Rolash: What?

Jim Gunt: Exactly.

Ataxia gets to his feet from the wreckage of the concessions table, picking off various pieces of pastry. Mia advances but Ataxia thumbs her in the eye before delivering a closed fist right where he hit her with the coffee pot! Mia stumbles and Ataxia laughs as he grabs the closest pointy object, a fork, and stabs it right in the same spot, gouging the side of Mia's head!

Ataxia: SAY IT!

Mia only yells out though and lifts Ataxia up, dropping them both onto their backs, Ataxia letting go of the fork and allowing Mia to rip it out from her wounds and throw it across the room. Ataxia pounces on top of her though and begins to pelt her with rights and lefts, repeating and never stopping until Nick McArthur has finally seen enough and intervenes, pulling Ataxia off Mia! Ataxia allows himself to be pulled off gazing down at the bleeding mess that is Mia Rayne. He spits on her as she begins to move, yelling for Nick to do his job and ask her to say the words to end the match.

Nick McArthur: Mia? Do... Do you hate Ataxia?

Mia's body shudders and she convulses, coughing. However, instead of words that leave her throat, it's a low growl. Nick quickly backs off.

Mike Rolash: Novice ref making veteran moves. I really don't envy his position right now. His job is essentially to ask two of our craziest, probably THE MOST crazy of our CWF roster, to say something that both have gone on record saying that they would never... Say.

Jim Gunt: It's definitely going to be interesting to say the least to see how this plays out.

She rolls to her knee, wiping the blood out of her eyes, the growl only getting louder as she meets eyes with Ataxia. For the first time, he looks slightly put off. She gets to her feet, unsteady, but still ready to take on Ataxia. Her growl turns to a snarl as Ataxia slowly circles around her, a predator finding new respect for his prey. Her eyes follow him as he loops around her, she turns to follow him, he widens his pace to further the distance between them. She steps forward, he takes a step back. The circle repeats itself before finally Mia snaps and launches herself at Ataxia, driving him into a nearby wall and sending various stacked buckets, supplies, and scaffolding flying! Mia lays into Ataxia's midsection with various punches and forearm shots, he tries a double axe handle, which slows her flurry enough for him to shove her off him. Using the wall to as a platform to spring from, Ataxia launches himself at Mia, much like a missile. Mia is ready for him though and stops his momentum dead by grabbing him in a headlock, and lifting him up, spiking his head down with a DDT!

Jim Gunt: I really don't know how much longer anyone can allow this to go on. There aren't any mats back there to break any falls and these two are swinging for the fences with how much damage they're doing to each other!

Mike Rolash: Nevermind the fact that we still have the Golden Intentions rumble coming up, it's going to be a miracle that these two survive!

Breathing heavy, a woman possessed, Mia rolls to her knees, and gets back to her feet. Enraged she starts tearing off the sleeve she wears on her arm, covering her scars. She throws it down on his body, slowly beginning to move. She screams once, and looks around frantically. Her primal roar echoes throughout the arena as she finally finds what she

is looking for and stomps over to a nearby table, grabbing a pair of scissors in one hand and steel chair with the other. She stomps on Ataxia's hand and continues to do so until he moans and moves it. She drives her boot into his ribs, causing him to cough horribly.

Jim Gunt: Mia may be the one looking worse for the wear, bleeding from various cuts from Ataxia...

Mike Rolash: But it's actually Ataxia that has suffered through most of the high impact moves. Sure, cutting an opponent and making them bleed is one thing, but that only causes adrenaline and the effects aren't felt necessarily until later. Getting tossed through various tables, face planted on the concrete, you might not be able to SEE the damage, but if Ataxia isn't feeling it, then I think we can confirm that he isn't human.

In a bloodlust rage, Mia falls on top of Ataxia, rolling up his left sleeve. She opens the scissors and grips them in her fist, driving the blade into Ataxia's skin and leaving cut after cut on his forearm.

Mia Rayne: We. LOVE. Ataxia. YOU will remember, one way or another. You think we copy everything off you? Now you can share our scars if you want to worry about copycats.

Satisfied with the massacre she left on his arm, Mia stands up, but gets unsteady due to how fast she stands. She wavers slightly and Ataxia uses the time to launch himself at the back of Mia's legs, taking her down with a chop block! She collapses backward, the chair she had just grabbed falling to the side. Ataxia steps on it to prevent her from using it and delivers a boot to her nose.

Ataxia: End this now Mia. You hate Ataxia. Mia hates Ataxia. SAY IT!

She yells and shakes her head and Ataxia stomps on her chest, driving the air out of her lungs. She lets go of the chair and he grabs it, setting it up on top of her and sitting on it, preventing her from being able to get a full breath. He sees the bloody scissors on the wayside and picks them up absently.

Ataxia: Mia hates Ataxia. Say. It.

She predictably shakes her head and he laughs softly.

Ataxia: You could have ended it here...

With a flourish, he takes the scissors and attempts to aim them at Mia's already bleeding face. She manages to get an arm up and instead takes the blade in her forearm, using the fact that the blade is in her arm to yank the weapon away from Ataxia. She turns, knocking Ataxia and the chair off balance, managing to get her other arm under the chair and pushes with all her might, finally tossing Ataxia off her! She stands, the scissors still hanging limply from her arm as she takes the chair and with no hesitation wraps it around Ataxia's head! The crowd reacts, gasping as Ataxia twitches slightly before slumping to the side.

Mike Rolash: I'm honestly not sure how much more of this I can take. There's wrestling and then there's... Whatever this is...

Jim Gunt: Hopefully not too much. This is getting a bit out of hand.

Ataxia is able to slowly make it to a sitting position, but Mia is there with the chair, once again raising it high and swinging for the fences, this time hitting Ataxia's hand with the end of the chair. She keeps his hand pinned down, resting her weight on it.

Mia Rayne: Say it.

This time Ataxia shakes his head and Mia lifts the chair, only to stomp down on the same hand and in the same motion, drive the chair into the ribs of Ataxia. He coughs and Mia backs off. Before she can get Nick to check on him though, Ataxia only lets out his trademark laugh. Mia isn't having any of it though as she tosses the chair and delivers a knee to his nose! Ataxia falls back, holding his face, but his laughter still rings true. With one last gasp, Mia picks up

her Knight in Shining (with blood) Burlap, and drops him with the Last Laugh! Nick runs over to check on him, but the only sound he can hear is Ataxia's weak laughter. Mia screams and the laughter only gets louder, pausing only for Ataxia to cough, lifting his mask enough to spit out the blood and lowering it again. He gets up and stands in front of Mia.

Jim Gunt: An eerie sight, and what does something like that do to Mia's mindset? She just gave Ataxia a lot of offense, what would keep a normal man down, and he just... Laughed it off?

Mike Rolash: Ataxia isn't normal Jim. Mia might have bitten off more than she can chew.

Ataxia cocks his head to consider Mia, who is breathing hard, a wild look in her eyes.

Ataxia: You know you can't...

He doesn't have a chance to finish the words as Mia runs at him and leaps high into the air, or at least as high as her body would allow her to go, and delivering a superman punch straight to Ataxia's heart! The Messiah Pariah stumbles back, looking stunned before he falls on his butt, suddenly short on breath. He goes to stand back up again, but is kicked back down gently by Mia.

Ataxia: Why won't you give up on me?

Mia pauses as she considers the question.

Mia Rayne: You know. We know. SAY IT.

Ataxia: IT!

The two of them laugh, but the smile quickly washes away from Mia's face as she stomps on Ataxia's hand. He yelps and tries to back away, Mia following him.

Mia Rayne: Why won't you admit it Ataxia? WHY?

She delivers a boot to his ribs, he coughs and sputters, but is able to wheeze out a couple giggles before Mia kicks him again. He looks up at her just in time to get a fist for his troubles. He absorbs the hit and looks back into her face. She swings at him again and he comes right back to look her in the eyes. Those beautiful eyes that were so full of rage and now so full of... Tears. Mia sobs as she delivers another knee.

Ataxia: You know the truth don't you?

Mia's tears are openly flowing as much as the blood down her face, but that doesn't stop her from driving Ataxia's face into her knee another time.

Mia Rayne: The truth?! The truth is that we can't hate the only person that has ever shown us love! We hate ourselves legions more than we could EVER hate the one person who has shown us the true meaning of the word, "love."

The crowd goes silent, not even Mike has a response to say to that as Mia stomps down on Ataxia again. She raises the chair high above her head.

Ataxia: FINE! I... I love you Mia...

Mia Rayne: *sniffle* We know.

As Nick McArthur calls for the bell a resounding and metallic "CLUNK" can be heard as Mia delivers one final chair shot to Ataxia before collapsing on top of him.

Louisiana Fried Catfish

Match

The cameraman is cautiously closing in on Church and State's domain, peeking around the corner. Nothing is boiling,

nothing is bubbling or steaming.

Cameraman: Hello?

Blake Church: Over here!

He swivels around and finds the two gentlemen seated at a table, laden with food, the gumbo of earlier, fried catfish and more. They are digging in like there is no tomorrow.

Charles State: I know, I know, the show. What an incredible match just now between Mia and Ataxia, with Ataxia finally admitting that he loves her. Let's hope they are both going to be ok...

Blake Church: One more match before the big battle royal now, though, and it is for the big one, with Dan Ryan and Zach van Owen going at it, so you guys have fun and you--

He points at the cameraman.

Blake Church: You come right here and eat.

Cameraman: But I'm supposed to--

Charles State: --be here with us, right? So sit down!

We see the camera being set onto the ground, hear a chair scraping and food being put on a plate as the picture fades to black.

Dan Ryan (c) vs. Zach van Owen

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contest is scheduled for one fallb and is for the CWF WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP!

“Zero” by Smashing Pumpkins hits, and as the main riff kicks in, strobes flash all over the arena as Dan Ryan steps out onto the stage, the lights reflecting off and on, off of his sunglasses. The World title shines brightly around his waist as Ryan pauses just for a moment, scans the crowd, then heads for the ring.

Mike Rolash: The Ego Buster is in the building and things are about to become very bad for Van Owen.

Jim Gunt: You never know Mike, Zach has been training for this moment for a very long time. You can not count out the Game-Changer.

Ryan makes it to the ring and climbs inside, then climbs the turnbuckle and looks into the crowd as a mixed reaction takes over for the hometown wrestler. Ryan smirks briefly, then turns and hops back down into the ring. The entire arena goes dark as green digital rain appears on the screen and gradually forms the phrase "Ready… FIGHT!" The music picks up and Zach appears on stage with a bright flash of green lights, his head bowed and arms outstretched.

Jim Gunt: Zach has worked very hard for this title shot, going through a Triple Threat with Nathan Paradine and Lindsay Troy to obtain it.

Mike Rolash: Yeah but if he loses.. you can only imagine what his dad's going to do to him.

He looks to the ring and marches down the ramp, determined as ever as he slides in the ring and gets right in the face of the Ego Buster. Ryan simply smirks back at him, patting the World Title as he looks on.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first, the challenger. From Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, he is the Game-Changer....ZACH VAN OWEN!!

The N'awlins fans are on their feet cheering their hearts out for the Superhero turned real. Owen looks back at the massive crowd, before turning his attention right back to Ryan.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, from Houston, Texas, the REIGNING and DEFENDING CWF World Heavyweight Champion....DAN RYAN!!

Robbins calls for the bell and the first main event of two begins with the crowd already chanting "LET'S GO ZACH!". Both men circle around the ring and Van Owen shoots a kick into Dan's right leg. However Ryan shrugs it off and the two continue to circle the ring. The Game-Changer goes for his leg but Ryan picks him up with a gutwrench. With Zach off his feet Ryan picks him up over the top rope and places them on the apron. Robbins is quickly over for the mandatory count which forces Ryan to release his grip and back up mockingly. The Ego Buster motions for van Owen to bring the fight. Not being one to back down he steps through the ropes and back inside of the ring.

Mike Rolash: One thing Zach doesn't want to do is match power for power with Ryan because he will lose every time.

Jim Gunt: I definitely agree Mike, he needs to use his speed and quickness to his advantage if he plans on walking out with the World title tonight.

The two circle the ring again before finally meeting with the lockup. Ryan easily slings van Owen to the mat with a headlock takeover. Dan looks down at Zach, who's on the mat trying to figure out what his next move is going to be. Getting back to his feet, Zach circles the ring as Ryan stalks him. He goes for a lock up but Ryan twist his arm with an arm wrench. Quickly applying pressure to his shoulder as he has Zach down to a knee. He brings van Owen backup and lifts him straight into the air by his arm. Zach cries in agony as Ryan slams him to the mat. Effortlessly he places his knee on the Game-Changer's head and applies an armbar.

Jim Gunt: So far in this match, Zach is looking very outmatched by the World Champion.

Mike Rolash: CWF is the big leagues, Jim. I hope Zach's truly prepared for the beating he's about to receive.

Looking fairly bored with Zach's efforts, the World Champion gets back to his feet, still having a hold to his arm and simply kicks at Zach's head. With an annoyed look, he scans the crowd and asks them if this is the best he can get. This sparks a fire under Zach as he flips through to his feet and catches Ryan with a dropkick. Ryan stumbles but doesn't fall. He follows it up with a hard chop but Ryan shakes it off. Grabbing him around the neck, Ryan tosses Zach into the near corner. He lines van Owen for a right hand but he's able to duck out of the way and stings Ryan's chest with another chop. Infuriated, Ryan charges out the corner with a clothesline but Zach is able to dodge him again. Ducking underneath the arm, van Owen handsprings off the ropes and strikes Ryan with a Jumping Roundhouse Kick, dropping him to the mat!

Jim Gunt: Zach looking to turn things around with the big handspring roundhouse kick.

Mike Rolash: We said he had to use his quickness and that time, he definitely nailed his mark.

Ryan has a look of disbelief on his face from the surprise kick. Zach watches on from across the ring as Ryan tries to regain his bearings. He's to a knee, Zach helping him to get vertical before connecting with an european uppercut that sends Ryan back into the corner. Unleashing a mighty rage, Zach goes ballistic as he nails kick after kick to Ryan's chest. Robbins is over to give the five count which cause Zach to let up. Ryan sees an opening and rocks van Owen with a forearm! He staggers back, clutching his jaw, he drops to a knee in front of the far ropes as the World Champ makes his way over. Bringing him vertical, the Ego Buster rocks him with another brutal forearm.

Jim Gunt: Ryan able to gain the advantage once again. And can we be fair Mike, I believe that Zacks speed is no match for Dan's strength.

Mike Rolash: The guy is what the champion is supposed to look like. Not some street thug who can't speak proper English.

Ryan rocks him again and yells for Zach to bring a real fight. He obliges, slowly rising to his feet and looking for a forearm of his own but quickly switches up with a spinning sole kick to the gut, catching the champ by surprise. He

hooks Ryan for a suplex but he powers through and lifts Zach off his feet. However, Zach is able to wiggle free and land on his feet behind Ryan. Dan with a standing switch and shoves him off into the ropes. Zach rebounds, Dan leapfrogs and destroys van Owen with a big boot on his return! Ryan dusts his hands to a jeering crowd before bringing Zach upright and destroying his chest with a hard chop!

Jim Gunt: Zach crashing to the mat hard after that brutal chop.

Mike Rolash: Man, he put this whole arm into that one.

Zach tries to crawl to safety but Ryan steps on his head and poses for the booing crowd again. Trent starts his count but Ryan lets off at four. He brings his challenger back up and sends him staggering into the ropes with another hard forearm. He tells Zach to bring it, yet again but a worn down van Owen can only respond with a weak forearm. Dan smiles and returns the favor. Zach woozily staggers a bit almost dropping to the mat but Ryan stops him. Bringing him back up, Ryan creams him with another hard blow that has the Game-Changer teetering. He slumps to the canvas, Ryan watching on proudly before deadlifting him up and into the mat with a gutwrench suplex. He finally goes for the cover as Robbins is over to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Ryan has firm control with no signs of letting up right now.

Mike Rolash: The champion's having his way with the young van Owen. The kid's not able to hold any sustainable offense.

Getting back vertical, Ryan moves towards Zach who suddenly sends kicks into his leg but a stomp to the head stops whatever momentum he was trying to muster. He brings Zach back up only to plant him back into the mat with a hard body slam. Dan quickly springs off the ropes and drops a huge leg across Zach's throat. He goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

Van Owen able to roll his shoulder off of the canvas. Ryan is back to his feet and bringing up van Owen, he goes for a belly to back suplex but Zach is able to flip through to his feet. Dan spins and Zach shoots a kick to his leg. He strikes again and looks to whip Ryan into the ropes. But he maintains his base as Zach is unable to budge the three hundred pounder. He reverse and Zach rebounds but he uses his speed to his advantage, dropkicking Ryan across the knee. Both men are down as the fans begin to rally behind Zach.

Jim Gunt: Desperation move by Zach and now he looks to power up using the fans energy.

Mike Rolash: The kid should've listened to his dad when he told him that the only thing that should matter is the World title. Listening to these fans will get him screwed up everytime.

Zach is back to his feet and swinging wildly at Dan who's on a knee. Ryan shoves him off into the near corner and charges forward. Zach ducks through the ropes and to the apron as Ryan crashes in the corner. He trips him down into a seated position and uses the ropes to slingshot himself over and connect with a dropkick. Van Owen rolls back to his feet and charges at Ryan and nails him with a hesitation dropkick! Using all his might, Zach drags him from the corner and goes for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Zach makes it back to his feet, his fingers in the air questioning the count of Robbins. He goes back to Ryan, helping him get vertical but Ryan catches him with a stiff forearm. He rebounds off the ropes and Zach catches him with a step up enziguri that drops him. Ryan rolls out of the ring as Zach is quickly back to his feet, the fans firmly behind him. He has Ryan lined up and hits the ropes, charging back, he comes flying through with a suicide dive and Ryan catches him! Ryan carries him around at ringside before sending him crashing back first into the apron with a Spinebuster! Zach crumples to the floor.

Mike Rolash: That is why he's the World Champ. A man who's prepared for anything, always.

Jim Gunt: His back looks to be in bad shape after that one. Ryan is firmly back in control.

Robbins yells out, "FOUR!" on his count as Ryan peels Zach off the floor. He hooks him for a belly to back and just tosses the lighter Zach into the air as he crashes down on the apron back first once more! He rolls back down to the floor, Ryan proud of his with. Trent has reached seven as Ryan rolls under the bottom rope and back outside, stopping Robbins count. Propping Zach against the apron, Ryan blisters his chest with a chop. This only fires Zach up as she comes firing back with repeated chops of his own. Ryan stops him with an eye rake and lifts him onto his shoulder. Getting s running start, Ryan lawn darts Zach shoulder first into the turnbuckle post! He screams in pain.

Jim Gunt: Oh My Lord! Zach could've been seriously injured just then.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, Trent's out to check on him right now.

Ryan rolls back into the ring and gets to his feet, the New Orleans fans showing their displeasure for Ryan's actions. He doesn't care. Zach tells Trent he's able to continue so Trent gets back into the ring and starts up his count. He yells out "ONE!" as Zach continues to recover on the outside. Trent yells, "TWO!" The fans starting to rally behind the challenger. "THREE!" Ryan cockily stands inside of the ring, already requesting his belt. "FOUR!" Zach is still unmoving outside of the ring.

FIVE!

Jim Gunt: It's starting to look like Zach's chances at winning the belt is becoming slim to none.

SIX!

Mike Rolash: I don't understand why he would tell Trent he's fine if he's not able to make the ten count..

Robbins yells, "SEVEN!" Zach begins to stir as the fans chant his name. "EIGHT!" Van Owen sits up and blood can be seen falling from his lip as he's still in a daze. "NINE!" Zach is back to his feet and rolling under the bottom rope before Trent is able to count to ten. The crowd goes nuts, Ryan's pissed. He stomps on Zach's head, not giving him a chance to recover. The fans begin to clap in unison which brings a mocking clap from Ryan who's amused by the situation. With a fistful of blonde hair, Ryan brings Zach up and places him in the corner. An overhead open hand chop slumps Zach back to the mat. Determined, Zach pushes up to his feet and slinks back into the corner, telling Ryan to bring it. He does with another chop, Zach drops to his knees but lets out a guttural yell. He rises to his feet and chops Ryan, the Ego Buster retaliates with a knee lift and hooks Zach for the Humility Bomb. He lifts him up but van Owens transitions into a guillotine choke!

Jim Gunt: HUGE REVERSAL BY ZACH AND WILL HE BE ABLE TO TAP OUT RYAN!?

Mike Rolash: Just when you thought it was over for the kid…

Zach has the hold on tight, trying to squeeze the life from Ryan's body. Ryan's able to power out and butterflies Zach's arms. He lifts him and spikes him down with a piledriver! Ryan goes for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

KICKOUT!

Ryan sits up, frustrated he didn't get the three but gets back to his feet nonetheless. Dan brings him vertical, takes him to a corner and places him on the top turnbuckle. He climbs up behind him and looks to butterfly Zach's arms again but he breaks free and dazes Ryan with a headbutt. He teeters on the ropes and Zach drops though his legs and to the mat, tucking Ryan's head in the turnbuckle through the process. Zach takes a step back and SUPERKICK! Ryan drops down to the canvas the fans begin to cheer Zach on as he senses an opening. He climbs back to the top and leaps off with a moonsault but he catches Ryan's boots right to his face as he descends. Zach stumbles around, holding his face as Ryan is back to his feet.

Jim Gunt: SUPERKICK BY RYAN!

Mike Rolash: Zach almost went flying out of the ring after that shot!

Zach is slumped in the ropes, Ryan quickly dragging him out and hooking his head in a standing headscissors. Without hesitation, Ryan has Zach up and lays flat out with the HUMILITY BOMB! RYAN HOOKS BOTH LEGS FOR THE COVER!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Mike Rolash: HOW THE FUCK DID HE KICK OUT!?

Jim Gunt: This kid is all heart and he's proving it here tonight.

The crowd are to their feet, cheering Zach on as Ryan displays obvious frustration. He asks Trent about the count just to make sure. He gets back to his feet and kicks Zach in the head. The crowd coming alive trying to get him back in this thing. Dan continues to kick Zach's head as he slowly rises back to his feet. Zach is fully upright and groggily staring at Ryan when he suddenly flips the Ego Buster off. Infuriated Ryan snatches him down to the mat and applies a Fujiwara Armbar! Zach rolls through and Dan displays some agility himself as they are back on their feet but Ryan is first to strike. He has the distinct advantage of being behind Zach and spikes him with a Dragon Suplex. The impact of the move sending Zach between the bottom and middle rope, to the outside. Ryan quickly follows suit.

Jim Gunt: What is Ryan going to have to do to keep Zach down?

Mike Rolash: Kill em maybe..

Jim Gunt: He can't do that on live television!

Mike Rolash: Hey you asked my opinion and I gave it.

Jim Gunt: Fair enough.

Dan brings Zach up and tosses him over the barricade and into the crowd. Placing Zach's behind the barricade, he unloads with clubbing blows to the chest. So much so that Trent has to physically restrain him, pulling him off Zach. He slinks to the floor as Trent begins to chastise Ryan. Dan moves Trent out of the way looking to go back to work but Zach springs off the barricade with a back elbow that takes Ryan down. Zach pops to his feet with the fans behind him, he slides back in the ring and waits for Dan to rise. He does and van Owen rebounds off the ropes with a handspring and then backflip over the top rope taking out Ryan! The crowd reacts again. Zach brings Ryan up and tosses him over

the barricade as he, himself slides back into the ring looking for something huge. He tells got Trent to move out the way as he races towards the corner, leaping to the top he springs off and into the crowd taking Ryan out with a crossbody! The fans respond appropriately.

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Jim Gunt: Zach laid it all out on the line and he might have some headway now in winning the World Title.

Mike Rolash: I'm amazed at the trajectory he got on that springboard. Amazing to see..

Both men are down in the crowd as the fans are up on their feet, the chant still ringing through the arena. Trent having no other choice but to start his count. Both men are trying their best to recover the fans willing them back to their feet. Soon they both come tumbling over the barricade and sliding back inside of the ring. They slowly and a battle of one upmanship begins. Forearm from Zach, chop from Ryan. Forearm. Chop. Forearm. Zach ducks the chop and unleashes a flurry of strikes. Ryan shoves him off and chops him down. Zach Kip's backup and nails a gamengiri kick and both men are down! Zach powers through to his feet, adrenaline at an all time high. Ryan is to a knee, Zach rocks him with a switchblade kick. Ryan hulks up and brutalized Zach with a lariat. He brings Zach backup and hooks him for another Humility Bomb. Dan lifts him up but Zach flips through and take Ryan down with a sunset flip! He holds on for the pin.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NOO!

Jim Gunt: Ryan with the kickout, I thought Zach had him on that reversal of the Humility Bomb.

Mike Rolash: I guess Dan has infinite lives, haha.

Zach is now on his knees, leveling up off of the crowd's energy. He gets to his feet and places his knee into the back of kneeling Ryan's head. Grabbing Ryan's closer arm, Zach pulls backwards and drills him with his father's former finisher.

Jim Gunt: V-TRIGGER BY ZACH AND THIS ONE COULD BE ALL OVER!

Mike Rolash: He doesn't have enough energy to make the cover.

Zach pops back to his feet, he waits for Ryan to rise as he leaps to the ropes and springs off. Ryan catches him out of midair with a full nelson but spikes him with another Dragon Suplex! Ryan back to his feet and hooks Zach for the Brainbuster. He lifts the Game-Changer up but he spins through and cracks Ryan's jaw with a stunner. He stumbles through the ropes and lands on the apron. Zach slowly rising to his feet. Ryan uses the ropes to get vertical on the apron and Zach shoots a sole kick through the ropes into his gut. Ryan's reeling on the top rope as Zach uses his strength to pull Dan gut first across the top rope. Ryan dangles across the top rope as Zach scales the corner nearest to him.

Mike Rolash: What is Zach doing? Dan move out the way!

Jim Gunt: SHOOTING STAR PRESS INTO RYAN WHO WAS DRAPED ON THOSE ROPES! ZACH'S NOT DONE!

Dan crashes into the ring, rolling his stomach as Zach pops back up and climbs to the top again. He leaps off and connects with another shooting star across his back! Zach pops back up again and signals that it's over, climbing to the top one last time and twist through the air with his patented, ULTIMA WEAPON! Zach lays on top with the back press as Trent slides in for the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NEW WORLD CHAMPION!

NO!!!!

Jim Gunt: RYAN KICKED OUT AT THE LAST SPLIT SECOND!

Another set of headsets can be heard hitting the announce table as Rolash is to his feet and pacing, sweat starting to fall from his face. Zach is in disbelief as well as he thought that was it. The shocked expressions from the crowd tell the entire story.

Jim Gunt: Oh My Lord, what is it going to take for one of these to put the other away?

Zach gets to his feet as Ryan slowly rises to his. Zach hits the ropes and springs off looking for the Limit Break: Move of the Year Edition but as he twist through the air, Ryan drills him with another SUPERKICK! Zach falls dead in midair, with haste, Ryan gets to his feet and brings Zach up. He hooks him again and lifts van Owen onto his shoulders and nearly putting him through the ring with a Humility Bomb! The fans boo profusely as he jackknifes Zach's legs over his head for the pin! Trent makes the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Trent signals for the bell.

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner and STILL CWF HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD....DAN RYAN!!

"Zero" by Smashing Pumpkins once again plays over the speaker system as Trent Robbins hands Dan Ryan his World Championship which he snatches quickly away from him, celebrating atop the turnbuckle as the fans boo him aloud.

2019 Golden Intentions

Match

Ray Douglas: The following is tonight’s main event and the GOLDEN INTENTIONS RUMBLE MATCH!

The New Orleans fans nearly blow the roof off the Mercedes Benz Superdome, not even trying to contain their excitement as the time they’ve all been waiting for is finally here.

Ray Douglas: Two competitors will start things off in the ring, with a new one entering the fray every ninety seconds. The only way to be eliminated is to be thrown over the top rope and both feet must hit the floor. The last man or woman standing is awarded a CWF World Title match at the biggest pay per view of the year, Wrestle Fest V August 20th!

Jim Gunt: The excitement is palpable here tonight in the Superdome. We’ve seen some explosive action already, but the time is finally here for the big one!

Mike Rolash: For once I agree with you Jimmy, Golden Intentions is my personal favorite night of the year.

Jim Gunt: Spare us your stories, Mike, it’s time to see who drew the unluckiest number possible. The number one spot!

An ever familiar revving from a motorcycle circulates throughout the arena before "Evenflow" by Pearl Jam fires off through the speakers, and the crowd rises right to their feet.

Jim Gunt: It’s CWF Hall of Famer, Harley Hodge!

Mike Rolash: Ha. Poor old man probably shit his pants when he found out he drew the number one spot.

Jim Gunt: I highly doubt that, Mike. The Accelerator is one of the most decorated superstars in CWF history. Multiple time World Heavyweight Champion. Could another run towards the championship start here tonight?

The Accelerator screams out through the backstage area on his Harley Davison motorcycle, with his traditional biker vest and blue jeans covering his still massive frame. He raises one fist in the air, and eyeballs the cheering crowd before revving up his engine, and then continues to ride down the aisle. Harley parks the motorcycle at the side of the ring, clapping a couple hands before sliding under the ring ropes. He climbs to the second turnbuckle, raises his fist into the air to another large pop from the crowd.

Ray Douglas: Entering Golden Intentions at entrant number one, from Brooklyn, New York, he is the Accelerator….HARLEY HODGE!!

Hodge smiles at the announcement of his name, cracking his neck back and forth after getting down from the turnbuckle. Harley takes his vest off and hands it over the top rope to the timekeeper as the arena lights dim down and green strobe lights flicker all around the arena, focusing mainly on the entrance platform just as the tones of Dave Grohl's voice ignites throughout the place.

Amidst the smoke and the green strobe lights, Jacob McKail wanders onto the platform and the crowd treat him with mixed emotions. McKails continues down the aisle, his face focused and unrelenting, ignoring the crowd and their reaction to him the best he can. McKail leaps up to the ring apron with one perfect stride and propels himself over the top rope with no perceivable effort. Once in the ring, McKail ignores the CWF Hall of Famer standing on the opposite side of the ring and proceeds to warm up a little, rotating his arms at random intervals and testing out the ropes.

Ray Douglas: Introducing number two entrant, from Bronx, New York, Fearless….JACOB MCKAIL!!

Jim Gunt: This is one of the coolest things about the Golden Intentions rumble, the fact that CWF opens its doors to competitors from far and wide to battle it out for a World Title shot at the biggest night of them all!

Mike Rolash: And not only does CWF provide the opportunity to win; outsiders and returning legends have actually WON this famed matchup before. To start out this year’s rumble? We have both an outsider AND a returning legend, can’t get more exciting than that!

The camera scans the ringside area to show head referee Trent Robbins inside the ring and Clark Summits outside to make sure that all the action is captured by the officials. The bell rings following a hand movement from Robbins, Hodge and McKail both taking in the atmosphere of the cheering sold out crowd, suddenly Jacob quickly takes advantage of the legend by booting him right in the gut. A smile forming on his face, McKail places an arm over the head of Hodge looking for a DDT.

Jim Gunt: Jacob McKail took the early advantage in this matchup, but I think it may have gotten to the man’s head way too much, Mike. Because he just got that DDT reversed into a Back Body Drop that nearly sent him flying out of the ring!

Mike Rolash: Nearly is the key word though. I betcha McKail knows who he’s in the ring with now, though.

Coming after Jacob as he tries to pull himself away from the ropes, Harley Hodge drop toe holds him into the middle turnbuckle pad. The Hall of Famer pulls McKail up to his feet and begins ascending him up the ropes attempting to eliminate him. Instead Hodge eats an elbow to the face, the blast causing him to back up and hold onto his lip which has slip open. He raises his head up just as McKail comes spinning in towards him.

Jim Gunt: DISCUS ELBOW! Another big elbow from Jacob McKail, and Hodge is in trouble here!

FIVE!
FOUR!
THREE!

TWO!
ONE!

Mike Rolash: Both men are, because it's time for our number three competitor to enter the fray!

"Dragon Rider" by Two Steps From Hell blasts over the speakers, bringing the New Orleans fans up to their feet. The majority of the audience boo, but several cheer as another legend enters the fray.

Jim Gunt: Look who it is, Mike! 2017 Golden Intentions rumble winner, Danny B!

Golden flashes of light stream across the stage as the Ripper makes his way to the ramp, McKail taking Hodge to the corner and delivering knife edge chops as Danny makes his way down to the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing entrant number three, from Brighton, England, he is The Ripper….DANNY B!!

Jim Gunt: For those of you fans unaware of the history of CWF, Harley Hodge and Danny B fought many wars against each other for the World Championship in 2017, culminating in a Buried Alive Match. It has been a LONG time since both men have been in the same ring with each other...what a moment!

Mike Rolash: Did we invite the entire retirement home for this one? Better get these folks some AARP. Can we get somebody that has wrestled a freaking match this year for god's sake?

Jim Gunt: Oh stop, Mike. Golden Intentions brings in all kinds of competition!

Mike Rolash: Yeah...all kinds.

The Ripper shoots Rolash a death glare as he walks by the announce booth and up the steps, entering the ring and taking Jacob McKail off Harley, hip tossing him halfway across the ring. McKail gets up with a look of shock and anger, but backs off letting Ripper have his way with Harley Hodge, lifting the man up before placing a boot right under his chin and choking the life out of him.

Jim Gunt: Hall of Famer Harley Hodge is really taking a beating now, as Jacob McKail and Ripper fight for pieces of the Accelerator.

Mike Rolash: McKail and Ripper need to just work together; two great minds are always better than one.

As if the words of CWF's color commentator rang in the ears of the competitors in the ring, Danny B pulls Hodge away from the corner and irish whips him hard right the awaiting arms of Jacob McKail.

Jim Gunt: Fearless Jacob McKail with the Fallaway Slam! And Ripper turns on him in an instant, Superman Punching McKail as soon as he gets back to his feet.

Mike Rolash: So much for that alliance!

The Ripper is the last man standing in the ring as Hodge and McKail recover in separate corners. Danny yells out at the entrance way as the count begins again on the CWF Tron.

FIVE!
FOUR!
THREE!
TWO!
ONE!

As "Justice" begins to play, Carnage Wrestling's Isaiah Luck comes from the backstage area brushing through the curtain and taking a step out onto the stage. The main spotlight jumps down straight on Isaiah as the other lights around the arena flash and move around between the colors of white and blue. A cocky smirk comes across his face as he begins to take a step and walk off the stage onto the entrance ramp. Coming down he acknowledges the

cheering fans and gives out a few high fives. Danny B watches him from the ring like a hawk as Luck makes his way towards the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing entrant number four, from Charlotte, North Carolina, he is Carnage Wrestling's own….ISAIAH LUCK!!

Mike Rolash: Wake me up when one of our own guys get in there, Jim.

Jim Gunt: Would you stop your criticizing and show the competitors the respect they deserve coming into this rumble? WE were the ones who invited these superstars to compete in this rumble, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Fine. Isaiah Luck is the first of what will be several competitors coming into this rumble from Carnage Wrestling. Proving that...I guess...it's nice to have friends where it counts.

Jim Gunt: Well CWF and Carnage do have quite the working relationship, and I do have to admit it would be quite interesting to see their best challenge Dan Ryan at Wrestle Fest V. Unfortunately for Luck, however, if he wants to have some good...ahem...luck, he's going to have to get past a very game Ripper.

Isaiah Luck dashes headfirst into the ring under the ropes, going right for the Ripper before he can even defend himself. Danny takes two shots to the face before throwing Luck to the side and rolling with him, delivering a couple of rounds of his own. Both men are back up to their feet, but Harley Hodge has recovered and turns Ripper around to knock him silly with an elbow to the forehead. The Accelerator lifts up his former rival, a smile on his face as the New Orlean fans cheer him on.

Jim Gunt: Sidewalk Slam from Harley Hodge! A small measure of revenge from the damage Hodge took earlier from Ripper, but it's still great to see the legend get some offense here.

Mike Rolash: Yeah but can Harley truly cut it, Jimmy? Or should the old horse been put out to pasture years ago?

Jim Gunt: He's looking pretty good now, as Hodge now works over Isaiah Luck on one side of the ring while Jacob McKail has Ripper placed in an STF on the other side.

After blasting Luck with a shot to the top turnbuckle pad, Harley attempts to get the Carnage star up over the top rope to no avail as he pushes him off. Hodge changes his gameplan up by coming in for a hard clothesline, but Luck ducks under and holds down the top rope, sending Hoge all the way over!

Jim Gunt: Harley Hodge has been elim-NO! Hodge skins the cat! Hodge skins the cat!

Mike Rolash: I didn't know the old man was such a good butcher.

FIVE!
FOUR!
THREE!
TWO!
ONE!

The opening of "Committed" by One-Eyed Doll blasts over the PA as the lights all go out, plunging the entire arena into pitch darkness, save for one, lone, icy blue spotlight that shines bright on the stage. A lone figure comes dancing out into the spotlight, skipping frantically to the beat and collapsing in the middle of the spotlight as the music crescendos.

Mike Rolash: Oh come ON!

Mia Rayne hops up to her feet and curtsies to the delight to most in the crowd. She skips down to the ring, doing her best to not show the damage from the match with Ataxia earlier, her arms swinging freely at her sides and pauses once she gets to the ring. Mia places her hands on the apron and gazes up at the competitors in the ring with a mad expression in her eyes and a maniacal smile on her lips. She licks her lips savoring the moment as she watches the

action ensue inside the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing entrant number five, from the Rabbit Hole….MIA RAYNE!!

Jim Gunt: You wanted a CWF original, Mike, you got one! Mia Rayne, the One Woman Party Favor, and quite possibly the favorite going into this match!

Mike Rolash: I can't see how she could be a favorite after that brutal match with Ataxia earlier.

Mia slides into the ring, quickly ducking under a clothesline attempt from Jacob McKail. He stops in his tracks and turns around to catch a kick from Rayne. Enziguri! Mia turns her attention to Isaiah Luck who is still trying to knock Hodge off the apron, grabbing hold of the Carnage star from behind and dropping him with a Back Suplex. With the opportunity to finally re-enter the ring, the Accelerator moves through the ropes and immediately gets a boot to the stomach.

Jim Gunt: The Last Laugh! Mia with the Last Laugh DDT as soon as Harley re-enters the ring. God damn...this girl is on fire!

Mike Rolash: That would make a good pop song.

Before Mia Rayne can celebrate her dominance over the Golden Intentions field, she is double axe handled from behind by the Ripper. Danny B takes ahold of Mia by her hair, a slick smile forming on his face as the New Orleans fans boo him as he pulls her head back by her hair, mouthing off to the fellow former CWF World Champion. This causes Rayne to snap, a spinning heel kick surprising Ripper and nearly knocking him through the ropes.

FIVE!
FOUR!
THREE!
TWO!
ONE!

Jim Gunt: Who's next, Mike?

Mike Rolash unbuttons the top button of his dress shirt.

Jim Gunt: ….

Mike Rolash: Just kidding.

Smoke rises up on the stage and ramp way as new signee Chaos comes out with "My Own Prison" by Creed beginning to play. He looks to the crowd and nods his head up and down in the moment, quickly making his way down the ramp.

Ray Douglas: Introducing entrant number six, from Queensland, Australia….CHAOS!!

Jim Gunt: Not much is known about Chaos other than he signed a deal with CWF just a couple of days ago and Jon Stewart fast tracked him into the rumble despite it seemingly having thirty competitors already.

Mike Rolash: Maybe Stewie's just trying to give these n00bs a shot?

The Australian competitor slides underneath the bottom rope and immediately takes an elbow drop to the upper spine from Mia Rayne who was just waiting on him. The One Woman Party Favor shoots him across the ring, right into a massive scoop powerslam by Harley Hodge.

Jim Gunt: Cuckoo's Nest! Mia and Harley working well together, as Chaos scrambles for cover in the corner.

Mike Rolash: So much for Chaos talking such a big game going into the rumble, huh?

While Mia and Harley chase Chaos around the ring, Isaiah Luck and Jacob McKail trade right hands on the other side of the ring with the Ripper on a knee on one corner, simply resting. Following a European Uppercut, McKail brings Luck

up onto his shoulders looking to toss him up over the top. Luck fights back with a couple of elbows looking to escape, but instead McKail brings him upside down and plants him hard with a Piledriver!

Jim Gunt: RKS from out of nowhere! The Ripper is in full effect now, ladies and gentlemen.

The Ripper stands over the bodies of both McKail and Luck with his arms in the air, taking in the mostly booing response from the Louisiana. Chaos attempts to slide underneath the bottom rope to escape the chase, but a crazed Mia Rayne grabs him by both legs, giggling as she shakes her head “no”. With one hard yank she pulls him right in, whipping his legs up in the air to make him do a makeshift backflip right in front of her. MASSIVE Shoulder Tackle from Harley Hodge to Ripper as soon as he turns around!

Jim Gunt: Danny B with a little shock treatment of his own, as he didn’t see that shoulder tackle from former rival Harley Hodge coming until it was too late!

Mike Rolash: I just can’t believe no one’s been eliminated yet, Jim. The ring’s starting to really fill up now, and I think it’s almost time to see who drew “lucky” number seven…

FIVE!
FOUR!
THREE!
TWO!
ONE!

Red and Blue lights begin flashing, with sirens sounded. The theme song from Cops begins to play, as Amanda the Game Warden, a scantily clad woman in a beige police bedroom costume makes her way to the ramp. She is holding a leash as the song Who Let The Dogs Out is mixed in, creating an "interesting" remix. The other end of the leash, comes Benji, a man crawling on his hands and knees, wearing a custom BDSM hood, in the shape of a dog's head and leather pants. As he reaches even with the Game Warden, he stands up and looks at her with a look of slight irritation hidden on his face. Tom sighs, shaking his head as he finishes making his way towards the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing entrant number six, from Florida, Ohio….TOM MARROW!!

Jim Gunt: Tom Marrow, one of CWF’s own that has had a bit of a rocky start in his career here. But with the news that his main squeeze Amanda is now pregnant, that has to only improve things?

Mike Rolash: Improve things? Riiight. You can tell you don’t have any kids, Jim.

Jim Gunt: I have three. You’ve known me for damn near twenty years, Mike...how the hell is it humanly possible that you didn’t already know that?

Rolash just shrugs his shoulders sheepishly as Tom slides into the ring, accidentally interrupting the attack on Chaos from Mia Rayne as he rolls right into a legdrop not even meant for him. Chaos quickly springs to his feet, running into the ropes and hitting Mia with a Spear just as she turns around. The Australian calls for the Chaos DDT looking to blow his load already, but Mia overpowers him running him back into the corner with her shoulders.

Jim Gunt: Repeated shoulder blocks in the corner by Mia now as she takes the breath out of Chaos.

Mike Rolash: If you can’t breathe, you can’t fight, Jimmy.

Satisfied with her attack on Chaos for now, Mia backs up and assesses the situation, just to be turned around by Danny B and hit with an RKS! The Ripper Kill Shot was once again unseen until it was too late, and now Ripper has Chaos all to himself. He pulls him to the top rope, cracking him with a hard uppercut before following him to the top rope. Chaos will not quit though, nailing Ripper with his own quick, snap punches. This only infuriates Danny though, as he explodes from the middle rope upward.

Jim Gunt: Golden Strike! Ripper's version of the V-Trigger Knee just caused the first elimination of the night!

Ray Douglas: CHAOS HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

FIVE!
FOUR!
THREE!
TWO!
ONE!

Mike Rolash: Oohh, one goes, and one more comes in! How 'bout that.

The lights go down, and all you see is a silhouette of a man, bouncing side to side as the bridge hits...

"Heavy is the crown
Only for the weak…"

As the song moves into the verse, Freddie Styles steps out from behind the curtain to a HUGE ovation from the New Orleans crowd. Hood over his head, bouncing from side to side, the Hall of Famer turned referee looks back to full form. Styles takes the hood of his head, a bright smile on his face as he dashes down the ramp looking to quickly get back into competition.

Ray Douglas: Introducing entrant number eight, from Atlanta, Georgia….FREDDIE STYLES!!

Jim Gunt: OH...MY...GOD! I don't know how he did it, Mike, but Freddie has gotten out of his referee clause at least for tonight...and he's entered Golden Intentions!

Mike Rolash: Sit down, Jim!

Mr. Ballgame hops up onto the apron, flipping over the top rope and catching Tom Marrow with a flying headscissors on the way down. Styles kips up excitedly, but Ripper comes in for another surprise RKS. NO! Styles pushes Ripper off of him, right into a Borderline spinning sidewalk slam from Harley Hodge. The two legends clap hands momentarily before Jacob McKail and Isaiah Luck simultaneously turn them around and land right hands. Styles blocks that of McKail's, pulling him up high before planting him with a Spinebuster. Luck lands his on Hodge, backing him up into the ropes with a second punch but when he attempts to send the veteran over Harley retaliates with a kick to the chin.

Jim Gunt: We have veterans, outside talent and CWF originals alike in this matchup...if you had to pick a winner from the competition so far, who would it be Mike?

Mike Rolash: Hopefully whoever comes out next, because these guys suck.

Jim Gunt: Mike Rolash, ladies and gentlemen. Anyway back to the action as Harley Hodge and Isaiah Luck continue to trade right hands, and Freddie Styles and Mia Rayne putting up a two person effort to get Ripper over the top on the other side.

FIVE!

FOUR!

THREE!

TWO!

ONE!

The lights begin to flash purple and pink as "Big Dick Fury" by Z Mann Zilla begins to play. Dick Fury comes through the curtain, microphone in hand, as the fans scream.

Jim Gunt: Number nine out here, Dick Fury.

Mike Rolash: Yes! Everybody loves Dick!

Jim Gunt: Dick showed up several weeks ago stating he intended to be here tonight and to win the rumble.

Mike Rolash: And he will!

Fury stops at the top of the stage. Looking down at the others in the ring, Dick raises the microphone to his mouth, speaking as he begins to walk down the ramp.

Dick Fury: Tonight is a huge night for everyone in that ring, everyone in the back, and everyone in the stands.

Fury pauses for a moment looking across the crowd.

Dick Fury: Tonight is the night that Dick does each and every one of you a favor by being here!

Jim Gunt: Oh come on!

Mike Rolash: It's true! It's true!

Dick Fury: You see, Dick has been off doing big things in REAL wrestling promotions!

The fans who were cheering begin to boo. The eight in the ring halt what they are doing and look up toward Dick, slowly coming down the ramp.

Dick Fury: Future Stars of Wrestling... Alpha Omega Wrestling... Championship Wrestling from Hollywood... A little something where the.. ELITE... go play... that has been Dick's life for the last six months.

Jim Gunt: Can he even say that? I can guarantee there's a producer in the back being yelled at right now!

Dick Fury: It didn't take Dick long to realize that the problem wasn't that the idiots running the CWF, but that the CWF was nothing more.. than a glorified.. unorganized.. indy promotions.

Heavier boos from the crowd.

Dick Fury: Shut the hell up! Every one of you! You should be cheering right now! You should be thankful that Dick is even giving you an opportunity to witness what a TRUE superstar looks like!

The reaction from inside the ring is one of disgust.

Jim Gunt: Dick Fury making no friends as he inches toward this match.

Mike Rolash: He doesn't need any of them!

Dick Fury: Now, Dick is going to step into that ring right there...

Fury points at the ring.

Dick Fury: ...Throw each of those never will be's over the top rope and then proceed to do the same thing until at the very end, when the last body has hit the floor... everyone will know what it is like to have... FELT... THE... FURY!!!!

Heavier boos as the opponents in the ring yell for him to bring it. Dick raises the microphone back up.

Dick Fury: Maybe once Dick stands tall at the end the rest of the world can look at the CWF and take it more serious...

He shrugs.

Dick Fury: Or maybe when Dick is done he just goes back to working for actual good promotions. We'll see.

He drops the microphone and sprints toward the ring. As Dick slides under the bottom rope, everyone already in the ring begins to stomp him. The New Orleans fans show their clear approval, cheering as an entire ring full of competitors take their shots on Dick. A scrambling Dick Fury raises his arms in the air as Mia Rayne turns him around,

laughs, and pulls him in for a VICIOUS clothesline. Mia places her hands down as if to say “your turn” to whoever may want a piece. Jacob McKail is the first to reciprocate, picking up Dick just long enough to plant him with a Reverse DDT. Illumination Theory Backflip Splash from Harley Hodge. 450 Splash by Isaiah Luck and Dick Fury is WRITHING in pain!

Jim Gunt: You can't say stuff like he said and not expect this!

Mike Rolash: This isn't fair at all! Give him a chance!

Fury rolls over and to a knee. He backs toward the ropes, throwing his hands up and begging for mercy. A couple of the other wrestlers grab his arms and lift him to his feet. As he rises, they let go. Mia Rayne pushes through the pack and hits Dick with a thunderous clothesline sending him over the top rope and crashing to the floor on the outside. The fans go crazy.

Jim Gunt: Dick Fury is eliminated by Mia Rayne!

Mike Rolash: NOOO!!!!!

Ray Douglas: DICK FURY HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

FIVE!
FOUR!
THREE!
TWO!
ONE!

“Black Static” by Health begins to play over the speakers and former PRIME star Brandon Youngblood comes out from behind the curtain. The Last Diamond soaks in the mixed reaction from the New Orleans crowd as he stands on top of the ramp for a moment.

Ray Douglas: Introducing entrant number ten, from Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada….BRANDON YOUNGBLOOD!!

Mike Rolash: It’s been nearly a decade since Brandon Youngblood was seen on American soil, Jim, looks like the man is making up for lost time.

Jim Gunt: He’s certainly taking his time getting down to the ring. Maybe he just wants to last longer than Dick?

Accessing the competition in the ring once he’s finally made his way fully down the ramp, Youngblood stands by the ring with a hand on his silver beard, stroking it unknowingly. He grabs the bottom ropes about to roll in when he looks up and sees Mia Rayne charging like a banshee in his direction.

Jim Gunt: TOPE SUICIDA! The One Woman Party Favor lit the party on fire, as she soared UNDER the top rope to knock Brandon Youngblood on his ass before he could even get in the ring!

Mike Rolash: Talking about high impact moves, what the hell is Isaiah Luck doing up on the top rope with Danny B!?

Jim Gunt: Spanish Fl-NO! Nasty headbutt by Ripper, and Luck just goes tumbling over the ropes! He’s gone!

Ray Douglas: ISAIAH LUCK HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

Jim Gunt: That is now two eliminations for the Ripper, who has shown the world and most importantly himself that he still has “it” here tonight.

On all fours, Tom Marrow runs around the ring trying to escape Freddie Styles. Mr. Ballgame waits for him to turn a corner and catches him at the pass with an ATL Stomp! Hodge and McKail brawl in the corner sluggishly, both men starting to show their wear after being in Golden Intentions for over fifteen minutes now.

FIVE!

FOUR!
Mia Rayne has Youngblood back to his feet, about ready to throw him into the ring when Tom Marrow comes flying over the top rope after being hit with the BallGame! Kick.
THREE!
Ray Douglas: TOM MARROW HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!
TWO!
ONE!

“Goodnight” by the Birthday Massacre plays over the speakers and the New Orleans fans go absolutely apeshit. The lights dim in Superdome, with strobe lights flashing all over as MJF comes out from the back wearing a hood over her face. She ignores the sea of fans cheering her name and reaching their arms out for her to touch them, not in the mood after the match with Jarvis earlier.

Ray Douglas: Introducing entrant number eleven, from Warwick, New York….MARIELLA JADE FLAIR!!

Jim Gunt: Flair is all business, and to be quite honest with you Mike, I don’t think this is how she pictured tonight to go at all.

Mike Rolash: Haha, I love it! MJ got what was coming to her, it’s just too bad she didn’t have to start out Golden Intentions at number one!

Walking past Youngblood and Tom Marrow, MJF lends a hand to help Mia up to her feet before rolling in the ring, and immediately pushing out of an RKS attempt by an opportunistic Ripper. She turns around and catches a spinning heel kick from Jacob McKail, shaking her head angrily as she takes his boot and flips him violently backwards- all the way over the top rope!

Ray Douglas: JACOB MCKAIL HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

Harley Hodge attempts to turn MJF around looking to work with the fellow former World Champion, but she takes it the wrong way and back elbows him instead. Hodge is stunned, and sent flying over the top as Flair rotates around and clotheslines him right out of his boots!

Ray Douglas: HARLEY HODGE HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

Jim Gunt: My god, MJF is on FIRE here! Two eliminations in a matter of a minute, let’s see if whoever comes out at number twelve can put an end to Flair’s dominance.

FIVE!
FOUR!
THREE!
TWO!
ONE!

"I'M FINALLY HOLDING ON TO LETTING GO"

"Unsainted" by Slipknot kicks in and blue pyro blasts from the sides of the stage and JC comes out wearing his trenchcoat, a protective piece over his right eye. Lights start to flash in the arena as he makes his way to the ring to the sounds of the chorus.

Ray Douglas: Introducing entrant number twelve, from Jersey City, New Jersey….JC!!

Jim Gunt: Carnage Wrestling’s JC has a huge target painted on his back, or technically in his case his eye, going into the rumble.

Mike Rolash: I’m not even sure how JC was cleared to compete in Golden Intentions, maybe he did a little Mike Rolash

fudging of the paperwork.

Jim Gunt: That's just because you're too impatient to read through the entire contract, Mike…

JC doesn't even hesitate to enter the ring, coming through the ropes after walking up the steps, his one good eye watching on as the competition swarms to him like flies. Danny B and Freddie Styles both begin to make their way towards him, as Mia Rayne finally tosses Youngblood back into the ring and rolls in after him just to receive a Fisherman Suplex from him as soon as she enters. JC throws a right hand at Ripper and one at Styles, doing his best to back both men up but a kick to the gut from Danny doubles him over.

Jim Gunt: Styles and Ripper at least momentarily working together, as the two men try to eliminate JC. I feel bad for JC coming into this match with such a clear disadvantage...I mean the guy can't even see out there!

Mike Rolash: *shrugs* He has one good eye, Jim…

Blood of the Jackal from Ripper! JC goes down hard following the Impact Buster, which leaves Ripper open for Styles to turn on him just as soon as their alliance started. BallGa-NO! Ripper ducks under the trouble in paradise kick, but the veteran Brandon Youngblood is not so lucky! Youngblood staggers backwards right into the hands of MJF, who spikes him on his face with a Drop Toe Hold.

FIVE!
FOUR!
THREE!
TWO!
ONE!

Jim Gunt: Unlucky thirteen, who's it gonna be!?

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

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

Ray Douglas: Introducing entrant number thirteen, from Memphis, Tennessee….DUCE JONES!!

Slowly making his way towards the ring, Jones has his eyes set on the superstars in the ring showing complete focus. Smokin' Ace partner Freddie Styles is in awe in the ring, watching from the ropes as Jones makes his way down. This leaves him open to Brandon Youngblood, who has recovered and grabs Styles from the base of his legs, quickly ascending him up and over the ropes before he can put his weight down.

Ray Douglas: FREDDIE STYLES HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

Jim Gunt: Well that was just tragic! Styles was super excited that him and Duce would get to go through Golden Intentions as a team, and Brandon Youngblood put an end to that dream immediately!

Mike Rolash: Professional wrestling isn't about dreams coming true, Jim. And being a ring veteran, Styles should have known he has to keep his head on a swivel in a match like this.

Jim Gunt: I know one thing, Youngblood eliminating Styles must have set off Duce Jones because Jones just entered the ring and absolutely LEVELED Youngblood with a D-Trigga!

Brandon Youngblood is out on his feet following the massive knee from Duce, but before he can finish him off Ripper turns him around looking for an RKS. D-TRIGGA to Ripper instead! Duce is on fire, calling anyone and everyone in that wants some. MJF and Mia Rayne back up, their hands in the air as if to say they're good, but JC shows some guts by grabbing him from behind and executing a German Suplex. The Carnage star rolls through, looking for another

German but Duce breaks out and pulls him towards him.

Jim Gunt: Deeee TRIGGA! Duce is D-Trigga'ing anything that stands! He is not a happy man!

FIVE!
FOUR!
THREE!
TWO!
ONE!

An instrumental version of "Mosh" by Eminem starts playing over the speakers, a theme song that some of the fans in attendance recognize and boo immediately. Former CWF and 4CW star Jay "Marksman" Mora saunters out from behind the curtain, raising a single hand up in the air to finger gun the competition from the ramp before running quickly down towards the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing entrant number fourteen, from Chicago, Illinois….JAY "MARKSMAN" MORA!!

Jim Gunt: This ought to be interesting, Mike, MJ Flair is in the ring and here comes the Marksman...if you remember back on the first World Title reign of MJF it was Marksman who was a thorn in her side nearly the entire reign!

Mike Rolash: And they go right at it! Marksman unleashes on Flair, but the bitch isn't letting up on him either!

Marksman and MJF trade hard hitting shots as Mia has decided to go toe to toe with Duce Jones, calling the Kid That Never Dies to try a D-Trigga on her. JC aides Flair in attacking Marksman, infuriated after Mora's recent remarks on twitter. Mia catches a roundhouse kick from Duce and trips his other simultaneously, laughing as Jones looks up at her wide-eyed.

Jim Gunt: RKS out of nowhere from the Ripper! Danny B just saved Duce from getting his leg torn off by Mia!

Mike Rolash: Ripper has been everywhere tonight! So Jim, we are at seven eliminations with seven competitors left in the ring...we're almost halfway through this thing already.

Jim Gunt: Indeed. And we know Jarvis King is taking the number thirty spot, so only fifteen available slots to go! Oh shit Brandon Youngblood is going too far as he has JC in the corner trying to take that protective piece off of JC's injured eye!

Mike Rolash: For those who don't know, JC from Carnage had his eye severely injured after taking a TV monitor from masked maniac Ragnarok. He should have never even been cleared for this match, so good for Youngblood for taking advantage of an idiotic move.

JC fights off Youngblood with a knee to the ribs, followed by a European Uppercut, but he is caught by a Jawbreaker.

FIVE!
FOUR!
THREE!
TWO!
ONE!

"Reno" by Red Vox plays and the lights shine a deep maroon as Wanderin' Will Beckenhall steps out from behind the curtain and immediately gets leveled by a double axe handle from Lucy Wylde. Will drops to the ramp hard, the side of his head spiking against the steel, but Wylde pays him no attention as she walks on top and over him before running the rest of the way down the ramp.

Ray Douglas: Introducing entrant number fifteen, errr...from Baltimore, Maryland….LUCY WYLDE!!

Jim Gunt: Apparently Wanderin' Will Beckenhall was supposed to come out here at number fifteen ladies and

gentlemen, but it appears Carnage Wrestling's own and JC's partner Lucy Wylde has stolen his spot!

Mike Rolash: That bitch!

Wylde face dives under the bottom rope and is up in a flash, taking Brandon Youngblood out of position to hit his King's Road Half Nelson Suplex, hitting a stiff kick that causes him to break his grip on JC. Youngblood turns around angrily, swearing as he gets in the face of Lucy Wylde. Wylde slaps him across the face, bringing the New Orleans fans to their feet! Marksman reverses an irish whip from MJF, throwing her hard into the corner. An angry Youngblood comes at Wylde with a Hammerfist chop, but before he can do any more damage JC joins in on the fight.

Jim Gunt: Dragon Suplex from JC! Stunner from Lucy Wylde! Now both of members of Carnage's First Family reer back and hand in hand double clothesline Youngblood over the top rope!

Mike Rolash: Youngblood falling victim to the numbers game there...what a shame.

Ray Douglas: BRANDON YOUNGBLOOD HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

JC doesn't have the chance to celebrate his elimination as he looks up and sees Carnage Wrestling's World Champion Jack Michaels standing at the top of the ramp.

Jim Gunt: Holy shit! I thought Michaels wasn't able to be here tonight!?

Mike Rolash: Looks like plans changed, Jimbo.

JC is awestruck as Michaels mouths off to him from up the ramp. Following a Hurricanrana to Duce Jones, Lucy Wylde makes her way over to JC as she sees him and Jack Michaels in a mouth battle now that Michaels has made his way down to the ring. The half blinded competitor is unable to see her out of his blind side as she goes to place an arm around him, which proves to be a deadly mistake for Wylde as JC accidentally Hip Tosses her over the top!

Jim Gunt: Oh no, JC has eliminated his own wife!

Ray Douglas: LUCY WYLDE HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

FIVE!
Mike Rolash: Haha, what a turn of events! And here we go with another entrant!
FOUR!
THREE!
TWO!
ONE!

An absolutely distraught JC looks on as he finally comes to a realization that he eliminated Lucy Wylde as she gets back to her feet with her hands in the air. JC apologizes as he is nearly in tears, Michaels laughing as he backs his way up the ramp. "DNA" by Kendrick Lamar blares over the speakers as Bryan Ford strolls out onto the stage. A pissed off is worn on Ford's face as he wasn't able to get the job done and win the Paramount Championship earlier. Ford mouths off to the fans as he makes his way down the ramp.

Ray Douglas: Introducing entrant number sixteen, from Terrell, Texas….BRYAN FORD!!

Jim Gunt: From one Carnage superstar to another, it's time to see what Bryan Ford can do following a brutal battle with Autumn Raven!

Mike Rolash: Ford talked a big game going into this one, and he even had me convinced he would be the one to dethrone Raven. But he wasn't able to get the job done, and I guarantee you he HAS to have that on his mind going into the rumble.

Bryan Ford enters the ring after hopping on top of the apron, going right for Duce and Mia and breaking up their fight by

landing right hands on both of them. Wanderin' Will Beckenhall has finally recovered on the ramp from his shot from Lucy Wylde, and he has begun to wander his way down the ramp as the fans cheer him on to finally make it to the ring. Following a dragon screw, JC pulls Ripper up in the corner and begins to lift him over the ropes. Ripper breaks out by kicking both legs at the face of JC, leaving him painfully grabbing at his eye as Danny measures up Will and leaps through the top and middle ropes.

Jim Gunt: Ripper just dived through the ropes and SPEAR! Spear on Wanderin' Will!

Mike Rolash: Are they ever going to let the poor guy to the ring?

Following a picture perfect dropkick to Jones, Bryan Ford lands on his feet and begins to pose for the booing fans, who quickly change their tune when Mia turns him around and rocks him with a straight jab! Ripper and Will Beckenhall roll around the mats outside trading right hands, with MJF and JC recovering in separate corners.

FIVE!
FOUR!
THREE!
TWO!
ONE!

"Something Got Me Started" by Simply Red begins to play and former Paramount Champion Silas Artoria makes a beeline for the ring, not even bothering with his normal pleasantries.

Ray Douglas: Introducing entrant number seventeen, from Toronto, Canada….SILAS ARTORIA!!

The Psychotic Aristocrat stops dead at the heap of Ripper and Beckenhall fighting it out on the mat, a sick smile coming across his face before he leaps high into the air.

Jim Gunt: Oh my god DOUBLE FOOT STOMP on both Ripper and Will! I'm not sure if the Passenger is still in tact, but nevertheless Silas is going absolutely crazy out there. He just tossed Ripper like a sack of bricks into the steps! And now he enters the ring with Wanderin' Will cradled in his arms!

Ray Douglas: Now officially introducing what we'll now call entrant number eighteen….WANDERIN' WILL BECKENHALL!!

Duce Jones comes charging at Silas as soon as he enters the ring but the Psychotic Aristocrat uses Beckenhall as a weapon, tossing the Wanderin' One violently at Jones. Duce is ready for him however, D-Trigga'ing him out of mid-air! Jones and Artoria head towards opposite ropes, springing against them and coming through the middle each ducking under clotheslines before bouncing off the opposite set of ropes in a flash. Attempting to go aerial, Duce is caught out of mid-air by Artoria who uses his moment to float him right over with a Fallaway Slam.

Silas Artoria kips back to his feet, right into the face of Mariella Jade Flair.

The history between these two competitors is enough to bring the New Orleans fans to their feet, cheering for the moment that all hell will break loose.

It doesn't, as MJF is turned back around and jammed by a Marked Superkick from Jay Mora! Flair goes over the top rope!

Jim Gunt: Oh my god MJF has been elimin-no! Her feet got tangled up in the ropes on the way down, and she is just hanging there dangling on the outside by her leg! Help her Robbins!

Mike Rolash: I'm sure there are a few people in the ring willing to "help" her, Jimmy…

FIVE!
FOUR!

THREE!
TWO!
ONE!

The opening clap-stomp beats of “Watch Me” by The Phantoms hit the speakers as the fans jump to their feet. There’s a decidedly negative reaction as they wait for Lindsay Troy to step through the curtain. The Queen of the Ring doesn’t keep them in suspense for too long; as soon as the lyrics kick in, she strides out onto the stage with her newly won Paramount Championship draped over her shoulder.Troy looks worse for wear from the match earlier and the attack by the Passenger, but when she sees Silas in the ring she makes a decided dash down the ramp.

Ray Douglas: Introducing entrant number nineteen, from Tampa, Florida, she is the new Paramount Champion….LINDSAY TROY!!

Jim Gunt: Here we go, Mike! There are a lot of egos and a lot of former rivals in the ring together, but none more fresh than Troy and Artoria as these two just fought in one HELL of a battle earlier tonight.

Mike Rolash: I don’t care about their petty rivalry, Jimmy, because I see Ripper about to get MJF out of this match! Hurry Danny, get her tangled out of the ropes before...oh god, here comes Mia!

The One Woman Party Favor taps Danny B on the shoulder as he tries to untangle MJF out of the ropes to eliminate her. With a deep inhale and exhale, Ripper turns around to find a giggling Mia waving at him.

Jim Gunt: THE LAST LAUGH! Mia pulls Ripper in with her own move out of nowhere, slamming him with that Hammerlock DDT and now tossing him out like yesterday’s garbage...haha...get it, because he’s old?

Mike Rolash: He’s gonna kill you, Jim.

Ray Douglas: DANNY B HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

Jim Gunt: Ahem, regardless...Ripper was the tenth elimination and whoever comes out next will be our twentieth entrant. We’re nearly two thirds of the way through the competition!

Mike Rolash: As much as I’d hate to see someone from outside CWF win this thing and then leave with their tail tucked between their legs like last year, I’ve got to admit I would love to see either Marksman or Bryan Ford win Golden Intentions. Both of those athletes just exude such confidence.

Jim Gunt: So basically you’re saying they’re both assholes just like you.

Mike Rolash: Yep.

FIVE!
FOUR!
THREE!
TWO!
ONE!

“Sex Machine” by James Brown ft. Bruno Mars (Noah Hanson Mix) hits. Noah Hanson steps out from the curtain, taking in the reaction from the CWF fans that got to see him in action a week ago. Hanson claps a couple hands on his way down, although a good portion of the New Orleans fans boo the Hollywood Blockbuster as he moves towards the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing entrant number twenty, from Kansas City, Kansas….NOAH HANSON!!

MJF now fully recovered in the ring after Mia Rayne aided her, joins in with Rayne and Lindsay Troy momentarily as Troy calls the two woman over to a corner with Hanson approaching the ring. They nod heads and charge Hanson as soon as he enters the ring, all three taking one side of him not even giving him a chance to get to his feet before they

swarm him with sudden stomps to every inch of his body.

Jim Gunt: So it seems like Noah Hanson is quite the ladies man, eh?

Mike Rolash: What the hell did Noah do to piss off all these broads?

Wanderin' Will Beckenhall blasts Bryan Ford with a big dropkick, but the momentum of it is enough to make him stumble back into LT- who accidentally pushes Rayne, who stumbles into Flair. All three women go down, and Noah Hanson leaps up, a big smile on his face. The Hollywood Blockbuster drops an elbow drop down on Mia, and then attempts another on LT which misses completely as she rolls to her side.

Jim Gunt: Noah Hanson is now back to his feet and walks RIGHT into a Spinebuster from MJF! I can't believe I'm seeing Lindsay Troy, MJF and Mia Rayne all working together but they're doing just that as all three women hoist Hanson on their shoulders…

Mike Rolash: This is so sexist!

Jim Gunt: MASSIVE TRIPLE POWERBOMB FROM THE LADIES TAKES OUT NOAH HANSON AND UNFORTUNATELY WANDERIN' WILLY ON THE WAY DOWN AS BOTH MEN GO TOPPLING OVER THE ROPES!

Ray Douglas: NOAH HANSON AND WANDERIN' WILL BECKENHALL HAVE BEEN ELIMINATED!

Three of the women of CWF celebrate their joint victory as the CWF Tron once again lights up with the countdown.

FIVE!
FOUR!
THREE!
TWO!
ONE!

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

"AHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHHAHA"

"Dangerous Tonight" by Alice Cooper starts to play as a man in a burlap mask much like Ataxia's but dressed in entirely different gear comes out from behind the curtain. The man tosses off the mask as "Sound of Madness" by Shinedown takes over. The spotlights reveal "The Catalyst" Jimmy Allen, who pauses there as he gets a huge pop from the crowd. Sprinting towards the ring he leaps and dives under the bottom rope sliding to the center of the ring where he pops and Spears the first thing in his way, an unlucky JC who no longer has Lucy Wylde to guide him through the rumble

Ray Douglas: Introducing entrant number twenty one, from Dallas, Texas….JIMMY ALLEN!!

Jim Gunt: Jimmy Allen coming in hot after tossing his "Ataxia 2" mask to the side. You've got to think the Catalyst is a clear favorite going into this year's Golden Intentions?

Mike Rolash: Why, because he's turned his back on all his friends and complained and begged for forgiveness so much that they finally granted him it?

Jim Gunt: Err...I was thinking more along the lines that he was the freshest superstar in the ring at the moment, but sure. Anyway back to the action in the ring as it seems like all the rest of the competitors have built some kind of wall around Jimmy Allen and JC as they roll around the ring battling it out.

Mike Rolash: Everyone loves a good dog fight, didn't you know?

After momentarily stopping on a whim to watch Allen and JC trade right hands, hell once again breaks loose with the rest of the field battling it out. Jay Mora has Mia in a headlock cranking down while Duce nails repeated knees to a

dazed Silas Artoria on the other side of the ring. MJF does a double take looking around the ring looking for some action, and she finds just that as Ford comes in with a Scissors Kick that she's able to just dodge. RAYNES OF CASTAMERE! The unexpected high speed double knee strike from LT knock BFord through the air, Ford unable to stop his momentum as he goes flying over the top rope!

Ray Douglas: BRYAN FORD HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

FIVE!
Jim Gunt: Another member of the Carnage roster is gone, Mike, and here comes another superstar to replace him!
FOUR!
THREE!
TWO!
ONE!

"Light Em Up" starts to play and not long after PJ Blake throws herself out from behind the curtain and launches a closed fist up towards the sky. The Newcomer makes her way to the ring with a smile on her face, excitedly clapping every hand offered to her as she quickly makes her way down.

Ray Douglas: Introducing entrant number twenty two, from Seattle, Washington….PJ BLAKE!!

Blake rolls under the ropes and hops up, meeting Lindsay Troy as she does so. A smiling Blake raises her right hand in the air, trying for a handshake from the Queen of the Ring. Troy smirks at the thought, grabbing her by the arm and grapevining her legs around her to bring her down to the canvas.

Jim Gunt: Holy crap, Divine Right! Troy has that Koji Clutch locked in- oh, until Silas just flew into the scene with a Missile Dropkick that knocked her halfway across the ring!

Mike Rolash: I don't know what Troy was doing going for a submission anyway, I think the Queen was getting a little too carried away there.

Jim Gunt: Marked Superkick to Jimmy Allen. JC pulls him in- Schism Package Piledriver! He's back up- BICYCLE KNEE STRIKE! BY GOD, JC GOES FLYING OVER THE TOP!

Ray Douglas: JC HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

Mike Rolash: After back to back hard hitting moves, it is Duce Jones who is able to eliminate JC after a sick Bicycle Knee. Looks like the Tron is lighting up, must be that time again.

FIVE!
FOUR!
THREE!
TWO!
ONE!

The arena lights go off as "Bastard Samurai" by High on Fire starts to play while the rampway fills with purple smoke. The crowd waits before the drums kick in, and out enters Kyuseishu under a single white spotlight. Behind him march 11 red suited kabuki masked wearing disciples. Kyuseishu's jet black hair pulled back in a bun in is in the all to familiar traditional samurai hair style, and wearing a men's blue and black Kimono he raises his arms in a pose of the cross. He soaks in the jeers from the New Orleans crowd before clapping his hands together and slowly walking to the ring where the competitors within it continue to battle for supremacy. Jay Mora has MJF almost over the top rope when Mia Rayne hits him with a spin kick from behind.

Ray Douglas: Introducing entrant number twenty three, from NishiNishi-Shinjuku, Tokyo, Japan….KYUSEISHU!!

Kyuseishu takes off his Kimono and hands it off before hopping onto the apron in one motion, entering the ring and hitting an immediate Back Chop to Mia Rayne. A scoop slam to Duce Jones. Roundhouse Kick to MJF. Kyuseishu is going crazy, calling in any and all comers. A cocky Marksman moves forward to take his turn, but the Holy Samurai pulls him in for a nasty short arm Lariat.

Jim Gunt: The Lord's Lariat! Big mistake by Marksman Mora going up against Kyuseishu, who is a house on fire entering Golden Intentions the freshest man in the contest at the moment.

Mike Rolash: Speaking of poor Marksman, there's ANOTHER devastating Lord's Lariat that shoots him like a missile all the way to the canvas outside! There goes one of my favorites!

Ray Douglas: JAY MORA HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

PJ Blake and Lindsay Troy strike each other with back and forth kicks to the stomach, neither woman backing down as the New Orleans fans cheer them on. Jimmy Allen intervenes out of their sight until it's too late, springboarding off the ropes from the apron and hitting a Flying Forearm to both Troy and Blake!

Jim Gunt: Scorched Earth from Jimmy Allen! What a phenomenal forearm.

Mike Rolash: That was bad, Jim.

FIVE!
FOUR!
THREE!
TWO!
ONE!

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

"AHAHAHAHHAHAHAHAHHAHA"

"Dangerous Tonight" by Alice Cooper starts to play as Ataxia staggers down from the backstage area, barely able to walk after the "I Quit" match with Mia Rayne earlier. He makes his way down the ramp as quickly as he can on the cane, never taking his eyes off the ring where Mia has both hands in the air, calling him in.

Ray Douglas: Introducing entrant number twenty four….ATAXIA!!

Jim Gunt: Mike, you can come out now!

Mike Rolash: My bad. *coming out from underneath the desk* That never gets old.

Jim Gunt: Haha. Ataxia entering the ring where Mia meets him head-on. The two leapt into the air aaand holy shit what a fisticuff!

Jimmy Allen takes PJ Blake off the canvas, shrugging before taking the lightweight newcomer and tossing her up and over the top rope. PJ lands hard on the canvas outside, the thud echoing throughout the crowd as some of the ringside fans run towards the barricade to check and cheer her on.

Ray Douglas: PJ BLAKE HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

Jim Gunt: Although PJ Blake is now eliminated from Golden Intentions, she didn't do too bad for a debuting star.

Mike Rolash: Could have done worse.

Jim Gunt: *looks at Mike trying not to laugh* You would know, huh? We've only got SIX superstars left to enter the fray, who's next?

As Jim awaits the count to light back up on the CWF Tron, the ladies of CWF once again find a victim to pick on; this

time targeting Silas Artoria. The Psychotic Aristocrat holds both hands in the air as he backs himself up into a corner, thoughts surely running through his head as Lindsay Troy, MJF and Mia Rayne crack their knuckles ready to lay into the former Paramount Champion.

FIVE!
FOUR!
THREE!
TWO!
ONE!

The lights go out and the intro to "Wield Lightning to Split the Sun" by Primordial begins to play. Close up images of flickering torches appear on the tron and the ramp down to the ring. As the main riff kicks in, The Shadow steps through the curtains, cold, blue light illuminating wafting fog. Clad in his traditional hooded robe he silently stands there until the lights go off again for a moment. When they come back on, he is right in the middle of the ring, as stoic and unmoving as before as the New Orleans fans pop wildly, the competition watching on in awe.

Ray Douglas: Introducing entrant number twenty five, from Calgary, Alberta, Canada….THE SHADOW!!

Jim Gunt: As if things weren't already bad enough for Silas, here comes one of his fiercest rivals!

Mike Rolash: Maybe Silas should have brought Ito out here for backup?

As Shadow enters the ring, Silas uses the distraction to slide underneath the legs of Mia Rayne and out of the grasp of the three woman salivating as they prepared to eliminate him. A crazed Mia shoots Shadow with an elbow to the jaw instead, drilling him unexpectedly and dropping him on his ass. Kyuseishu turns Duce Jones upside down to prepare him for the Deeds of the Saint Piledriver but Lindsay Troy leaps up grabbing his head from behind.

Jim Gunt: REVERSE SNAP HURRICANRANA ON THE SAMURAI SAINT! He didn't even see Troy coming!

Mike Rolash: And she didn't see that Discus Clothesline coming either! Troy goes flying over the top, Silas gets his revenge!

Ray Douglas: LINDSAY TROY HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

Jim Gunt: Not so fast, MJF grabs Silas from behind, throwing him up and over. Silas celebrated way too soon, as he's now out of the rumble as well!

Ray Douglas: SILAS ARTORIA HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

FIVE!
FOUR!
Mike Rolash: My god, Jim, two quick eliminations and now here comes entrant twenty six...only four more to go!
THREE!
TWO!
ONE!

The lights momentarily go out in the Mercedes Benz Superdome, bringing the crowd and the action to a hush. A couple of seconds after the lights go out, a spotlight focuses on the entrance and the silhouette of "The Demon" Dorian Hawkhurst looms large in the spotlight. An explosion of cheers from the New Orleans fans as the light changes angle, the silhouette changes to normal size, and Dorian steps out as the lights come on.

Ray Douglas: Introducing entrant number twenty six, from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania….DORIAN HAWKHURST!!

Jim Gunt: By-freaking-god! Dorian Hawkurst is back and here in New Orleans!

Mike Rolash: And The Demon looks to be on a mission, as he runs down the ramp full speed and dashes in the ring…

Jim Gunt: Duce in with the D-Tri-no, Dorian is ready for him and CAPTURE SUPLEX OVER THE TOP ROPE!

Mike Rolash: No! Duce showing unbelievable athleticism holding onto the ropes and touching just one foot, saving himself from elimination there.

Not realizing Duce has skinned the cat, Dorian turns his attention back to the center of the ring and locks up with Kyuseishu. The two competitors test each other strength, with the much fresher Hawkhurst able to shove him down to one knee easily. Before Dorian can inflict any more damage his frenemy Jimmy Allen bounces off the ropes, nearly knocking Jones off the ropes but somehow to the crowds approval he hangs on while Allen sprints back towards Hawkhurst to pull him in for a Slingblade!

Jim Gunt: Impressive move there from Jimmy Allen, although you can tell that the Catalyst is hesitating to continue the attack on Hawkhurst.

Mike Rolash: Come on Jimmy, grow a set!

Jimmy Allen turns around and takes an uppercut from the original Ataxia while Kyuseishu is back up attempting to put Dorian in a Camel Clutch. The Demon climbs to his feet with Kyu dangling on his shoulders however, whipping his body around to his front into a Powerslam position. Hawkhurst moves towards the ropes to throw the Holy Samurai over the top but he fights back with an elbow, only stopping Dorian momentarily as he continues to shove him over the ropes.

FIVE!
FOUR!
Ataxia sneaks behind Dorian, lifting him up with all his might as both Hawkhurst and Kyuseishu go tumbling over the top rope!
THREE!
TWO!
ONE!
Ray Douglas: KYUSEISHU AND DORIAN HAWKHURST HAVE BEEN ELIMINATED!

The opening riff to "Beat The Devil's Tattoo" by Black Rebel Motorcycle Club begins to blast around the arena as Nathan Paradine emerges from behind the curtain, the overhead lights reflecting off of his trademark sunglasses. He does his best to hide his injuries from the Loser Leaves CWF match with Xander Daniels earlier, smirking as he surveys the crowd for a moment, thumbing the collar of his leather jacket before flicking his hands outwards and approaching the ring. He climbs the stairs and wipes his boots on the outside of the apron before stepping between the ropes.

Ray Douglas: Introducing entrant number twenty seven, from Melbourne, Australia….NATHAN PARADINE!!

Jim Gunt: We’re getting down to the nitty gritty, Mike, as Paradine like many other competitors here tonight comes into Golden Intentions after already fighting one battle earlier tonight.

Mike Rolash: Speaking of battles, Mia Rayne has been the rumble now for over thirty three minutes. MJF and Duce Jones also have been in the ring for a very long time. If I were the Australian Submission Machine, I know who I’d be going after…

Jim Gunt: And I know who The Shadow is going after, as he stands behind Ataxia with a look unlike I’ve EVER seen on his face.

A guttural roar escapes the Weaver of Dreams as he throws the entirety of his body at his former best friend. The months of pain, anger, and hatred all come to the forefront as he connects with an explosive Hammer of the Gods running dropkick. Nathan Paradine enters the ring and goes after Mia Rayne who was recovering in the corner, putting

the boots right to her. Wrapping a hand tightly around the throat of Ataxia, the Shadow yanks him up to his feet. He rears back, charging and leaping up to clothesline not only the Messiah Pariah but himself over the ropes!

Ray Douglas: ATAXIA AND THE SHADOW HAVE BEEN ELIMINATED!

Jim Gunt: Talk about sacrificing yourself for the cause! Suddenly we are down to just five competitors in the ring after having nearly the entire rumble spent with the ring full of superstars.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, things are really starting to slim down now. Just think Jim, one of these five or one of the three left to enter will go one on one with the greatest World Heavyweight Champion in CWF history at the biggest event of the year, Wrestle Fest V!

Jim Gunt: Jimmy Allen with an impressive neckbreaker on Duce, showing once again after he revealed himself last week as Ataxia #2 that the man has no ring rust whatsoever.

Mike Rolash: He's also a hell of a lot more fresh than Jones is at this point…

FIVE!
FOUR!
THREE!
TWO!
ONE!

"Immortal Fire" by Nox Arcana begins to play as muted lighting interspersed with periods of rapid strobes blind the fans near the ramp. Swirling occult glyphs from varying spotlights circling the audience, ring, entrance way, attracting the attention from those left in the rumble. Julian Bathory follows behind his manager, Bruce 'Violence Jack' Shanahan, who points him with a sadistic grin towards the ring.

Ray Douglas: Introducing entrant number twenty eight, from Szeged, Hungary….JULIAN BATHORY!!

Jimmy turns his attention to MJF but only receives a snap kick to his leg then another to his stomach for his trouble, before Flair takes him by the head mid-leap. TORNADO DDT ON THE CATALYST! An opportunity Bathory slides into the ring and grabs MJ from behind, tossing her violently into the corner shoulder first several times before hurling her like a paper weight over the top rope.

Mike Rolash: YES! Flair is gone!

Jim Gunt: Uhh...might want to look again, Mike.

Rolash does a double take and sighs angrily when he realizes that MJF landed like a cat on the steel ring steps, balancing herself close to the edge with her hands straight out.

Mike Rolash: God damn it.

Julian Bathory grumbles as he sees Flair land on the outside, distracting himself enough to get a Belly to Belly Suplex from Paradine as soon as he turns around. Flair re-enters the ring and stumbles right into a turning Mia Rayne, sending the entire crowd inside the Mercedes Benz Superdome into shockwaves as the two ladies face off.

"HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!"

Mike Rolash: A holy shit moment before they even do anything? These fans are pathetic.

Jim Gunt: MJF and Mia are two of the most beloved and celebrated competitors in CWF history, Mike. Excuse these wonderful folks for being excited to see another chapter to their story.

Mike Rolash: We're not writing books, Jim, we're calling wrestling matches.

Before any kind of action can begin between Flair and Rayne, the countdown once again kicks onto the CWF Tron.

FIVE!
FOUR!
THREE!
Jim Gunt: We know Jarvis is number thirty, but who's coming out at twenty nine?
TWO!
ONE!

Purple lights shine around the top of the ramp, fog rolling around it as the CWF Tron displays a purple outlined black raven with her name fading in over it. As the guitar riff starts up, the purple lights start to flicker like a strobe light as Autumn Raven slowly walks out from the back, coming to a stop at the top of the ramp. She glances down at her Impact Championship on her shoulder proudly, then out at the crowd with a smirk on her face as she starts down the ramp slowly.

Ray Douglas: Introducing entrant number twenty nine, from Los Angeles, California….AUTUMN RAVEN!!

Jim Gunt: After yet another successful defense of her Impact Championship, Autumn has to be pleased that she drew such a late number in Golden Intentions.

Mike Rolash: Couldn't have been any sweeter unless she was number thirty, and that spot is reserved for the King! The Golden Intentions 2019 Winner!

Jim Gunt: We'll see about that, Mike, for now Jarvis has yet to even enter the competition. Autumn however is, and she is going right for Duce Jones- springboarding off the ropes to execute a beautiful Corkscrew Splash!

Circling around each other, Mia and MJF each make false moves forward, trying to psych each other out before finally locking up tight. Flair starts to push her up against the ropes but Rayne outpowers her, grabbing the Second Coming and spinning with her as she launches her up over her shoulder.

Jim Gunt: Blue Thunder Bomb by Mia! Now that was impressive!

Nathan Paradine and Julian Bathory continue their battle on the other side of the ring, Bathory taking a right hand but slipping out of Paradine's grasp as he tries to get him over the ropes. Jumping leg lariat from Bathory stuns Paradine, and the Saito Suplex damn near decapitates him as Bathory hurls him right into the bottom turnbuckle.

Jim Gunt: Ignition Spark! My apologizes folks as we do our best to call all the action in the ring...at least things have calmed down a little bit from earlier?

Mike Rolash: A lot a bit, actually. But we have one more entrant to go...and here he comes baby!

FIVE!
FOUR!
THREE!
TWO!
ONE!

The lights around the Superdome cut out momentarily as "Cult of Personality" by Living Colour starts playing. As the song's iconic guitar riff begins to fill the arena, a single spotlight rests on the entranceway, and in an elegant script, words are scrawled across the screen:

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

With that, Jarvis King steps out into the entranceway, flanked by Elizabeth Bates. Jarvis bounds up and down,

smacking himself in the face lightly before he raises his right index finger in the air as an old-school salute of the Glass Ceiling, which brings the lights up.

Ray Douglas: Introducing the number thirty and FINAL entrant of night, from Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada….JARVIS KING!!

The capacity crowd jeers The Icon as he makes his way to the ring with a massive smile on his face seeing that MJF was able to withstand the competition to survive up to this point.

Jim Gunt: Look at the shit-eating grin on Jarvis' face, I don't think I've ever seen the man so happy, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Can you blame the man? He shut up Flair and proved once and for all he was the better man earlier tonight.

Jarvis pulls himself onto the apron with the help of the middle rope, then MJF aides him the rest of the way into the ring with a Headscissors! Despite being exhausted beyond belief, Flair kips up barely, screaming at King to get up to his feet and fight her. Instead Flair is turned around by Paradine, who launches her across the ring with the Paraplex! Looking to put her away, Paradine is halted by a running forearm from Julian Bathory, which is enough to send him careening over the ropes and to the floor outside!

Ray Douglas: NATHAN PARADINE HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

Jim Gunt: There goes the Australian Submission Machine! That means if my count is right, we're down to our final seven!

Mike Rolash: Listen to Bruce, Julian, turn around!

Jim Gunt: CLAW. OF. THE. NIGHT! Superkick from Autumn Raven just knocked Bathory silly AND to the outside!

Ray Douglas: JULIAN BATHORY HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

The excitement inside the Superdome is palpable as the final six competitors of Golden Intentions all stand in separate areas of the ring, readying themselves for war.

Autumn Raven. Duce Jones. Mia Rayne. Mariella Jade Flair. Jimmy Allen. Jarvis King.

Six superstars who all have Championship Wrestling Federation pumping through their veins.

Six superstars who would kill for a chance to main event Wrestle Fest V.

Looking for another elimination, Autumn snaps to her right to attempt another Claw of the Night, but Jarvis King grabs her around the leg and whips her across the air- violently landing her outside after flying over the top rope.

Ray Douglas: AUTUMN RAVEN HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

Jim Gunt: Jarvis with the sudden elimination, as he was able to reverse that Superkick into a horrific leg whip that landed Autumn in a heap on the outside. They're dropping like flies now, Mike!

Mike Rolash: Go Jarvis, go!

MJF attacks Jarvis from behind, spiking him with a double axe handle before he can even turn around from eliminating Autumn Raven. An X-Factor follows, planting King right on his face. Duce Jones does his best to try to talk Jimmy Allen into helping him go after the most worn competitor in the match, Mia Rayne, but Allen instead chops him hard in the chest then brings him to the mat with a snap suplex.

Jim Gunt: Entering at number five, Mia has been in Golden Intentions for over forty minutes. MJF and Duce Jones have also been in this match for around a half hour a piece. Absolutely incredible!

Bringing Jarvis up to his feet, MJF receives a shoulder block for her troubles. The final entrant in this years rumble

grabs her by her hair, mouthing off to his newest rival as he hoists her up on his shoulders.

Mike Rolash: Here we go Jimbo, King's about to put Flair in her place two times in one night!

Jim Gunt: No- MJF busts out of his grip, standing defiantly behind Jarvis. DISCUS CLOTHESLINE! JARVIS TUMBLES OVER THE TOP!

Mike Rolash: NOOO!!!

Ray Douglas: JARVIS KING HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

Flair turns around to join back in on the action, not realizing that Jarvis has gotten right to his feet infuriated. Looking all around him, a seething King slides right back into the ring and grabs ahold of MJF, placing her arms around her chest before she even prepare to fight back.

Jim Gunt: STRAIGHTJACKET SUPLEX...OVER THE TOP ROPE! HOW IS THAT EVEN LEGAL!?

Mike Rolash: YESSS!!!

Ray Douglas waits for an official call in his headset before making the announcement.

Ray Douglas: MJF HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

Jim Gunt: Well folks, I'm not sure why Jarvis King was not only allowed to re-enter Golden Intentions after being eliminated, but allowed to eliminate MJF after she already eliminated him...but moving on.

Mike Rolash: The rules simply state a competitor has to go over the top rope with two feet hitting the floor to be eliminated, nothing is in the rulebook about who can eliminate them!

Jim Gunt: Oh come on…

MJ Flair pulls Jarvis out of the ring, blasting him with a hard right hand. An intense Flair follows him as he scrambles up the ramp, while in the ring Duce lifts Mia onto the ropes, hanging her there preparing for the running swinging knee lift.

Jim Gunt: Nice to Knee Yo-No! Jimmy Allen intercepts Duce with an Inside-Out Crescent Kick! The Catalyst ascends Duce up the ropes now, but Jones sunset flips forward through the ropes, flipping Allen end over end with him!

Mike Rolash: There goes Jimmy, Jimmy! We're down to our final two!!

Ray Douglas: JIMMY ALLEN HAS BEEN ELIMINATED!

Jim Gunt: Mia Rayne. Duce Jones. Two former CWF World Heavyweight Champions, but only one of them will get a shot to face Dan Ryan at the granddaddy of them all, Wrestle Fest V.

Mike Rolash: Ugh, I couldn't be more disappointed by our final two. Any chance there's still a thirty first entrant back there somewhere?

Jim Gunt: Don't think so, Mike. Get used to it, it's Ryan vs. either Jones or Rayne at Wrestle Fest. Now we just sit back and enjoy getting to see which of these world class athletes are able to get the job done.

Mike Rolash: I don't know how Mia is even standing after competing in Golden Intentions for over forty five minutes, on top of that "love fest" with Ataxia earlier. So my money's gotta be on Duce.

Duce Jones and Mia Rayne circle each other, neither competitor making a move at first. The atmosphere in the Superdome is amazing as the two former champions finally lock up, the tie up not lasting long as Jones easily overpowers the weakened Rayne pushing her down to a knee- then NAILS her with a D-Trigga Knee!

Mike Rolash: I told you Jimbo, Duce has Mia exactly where he wants her!

Jim Gunt: It sure looks that way as Jones lifts up Mia, who is deadweight at this point.

Mike Rolash: Mia breaks out from behind!

Jim Gunt: Backstabber! Oh my god, Mia is about to get out Duce and win this thing!

Despite being an exhausted mess, Mia Rayne gets up on all fours with her head pointed upside down towards Duce, crab-walking towards him as Jones backs up with a bit of fear in his eye. Rayne turns right and onto her feet; MISSILE DROPKICK CRUSHES DUCE INTO THE CORNER! Mia follows Jones in, hoisting him up to the top rope and keeping him stunned with an uppercut. Her attempt at climbing to the top with Jones is stopped by a knee to the face, and Duce leaps off the top rope- RIGHT INTO THE ARMS OF MIA RAYNE!

Jim Gunt: RUNNING POWERSLAM! DUCE IS GONNNEE! MIA WINS IT ALL!

Ray Douglas: DUCE JONES HAS BEEN ELIMINATED! THE WINNER OF THE 2019 GOLDEN INTENTIONS RUMBLE….MIA RAYNE!!

Mike Rolash: God damn it Jimbo, even I've got to say it…what a performance by Mia here tonight!

Streamers begin to come down from the roof as the crowd drowns out "Committed" as it starts back up over the speakers, cheering their hearts out as Trent Robbins lifts up an incredibly emotional Mia Rayne's right arm. Mia falls to a knee, spent, but beyond elated. Recovering on the outside, Jones rolls back into the ring as Mia begins to climb up the turnbuckle, raising her arms into the air to another huge cheer.

Jim Gunt: What's going on here...?

Mike Rolash: Looks like Duce has something to say, Jim.

Duce Jones looks Mia dead in the eye as she descends the turnbuckle and faces him. "Go give him hell. And make sure you get the job done." Jones mouths to Mia, a smirk following from both competitors as he raises a right hand for her to shake. The new Number One Contender grabs a hold of his hand but instead of shaking it pulls Jones in close, embracing him with a deep hug before the two raise each other's arms high in the air to one final cheer.

Jim Gunt: What a showing of sportmanship ladies and gentlemen, and what a way to close Golden Intentions. For Mike, I'm Jim Gunt...we'll see you June 25th when we come back from a small break with Evolution Fifty Five!

Mike Rolash: Goodnight everybody!

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