

Hostile Intentions: James Milenko Presents: Civil War: Hostile Intentions

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
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Location: Alltel Arena — North Little Rock, Arkansas

Results

Hostile Environment

Match

A sellout crowd is buzzing in the Alliant Energy Center Coliseum in Madison, Wisconsin, awaiting a maybe once in a lifetime opportunity in "Civil War: Hostile Intentions". The heavy riff of Bolt Thrower's "Suspect Hostile" drowns out the fans and draws the attention to the tron, where the logo appears, followed by scenes old and new by some of the participants from both Hostility and CWF. Charles State walks through the curtains, arms outstretched and pointing at the tron above him.

Charles State: Good evening Madison!

Predictably the crowd greets him with a deafening cheer as the music fades.

Charles State: Welcome to Civil War: Hostile Intentions and in case you are wondering where my trusted sidekick Mr. Church is, he signed up for a match with the flu and unfortunately got steam-rolled, so Blake, all the best from here, we've got this covered! Especially since we have two MCs already built in right here, so I've done enough to earn my pay cheque today and hand you right over to more important people tonight!

"Beautiful" Bobby Dean & Bubba Love & Lucas Greene vs. Autumn Raven, Alex Rain, The Lost Soul

Match

As if summoned, Jon Stewart appears at the top of the ramp, red gloves shining in the spotlight, and a mic in hand.

Jon Stewart: Ladies and gentlemen, I'm sure that you're all equally excited to get this event going as much as I am. Not one to be outdone by adversaries, I am out here tonight to change the stipulations for this match. Since we will be unifying two of our single's titles at Frozen Over, I am out here to announce that the winner of this match will receive... A future promised shot at a NEW title belt somewhere down the line.

The crowd pops and cheer, Gunt and Rolash are head over heels with themselves exclaiming how big of an announcement this is. That is until the fans' cheers turn rather quickly to boos as James Milenko appears next to his counterpart, a toothy smile plastered on his face.

James Milenko: Oh dear, you certainly are cute when you try Jon. I'm out here to tell you though, that your "surprise" is no where NEAR what I come bringing to the table, so why don't you scurry away and watch a pro at work. I'm out here to announce that I'm bringing back Hostility's legacy, not just by throwing this event, but introduce to the CWF a part of Hostility near and dear to my heart. It's my way of showing that no matter what happens to the people, Hostility will forever be a part of this world. Ladies and gents, this match isn't going to be FOR a title shot, it IS a title shot. Starting now, the winner of this match will become the NEW Aversion Champion!!!

The fans erupt in cheers and Milenko winks at Jon Stewart before returning to the back, to be quickly followed by Stewart.

Jim Gunt: What an exciting night we have for our fans this evening, as James Milenko has brought back several names from Hostility's past to try to put a "nail in the coffin" for CWF. In the opening bout, three competitors from CWF and three competitors from Hostility battle it out in a All Out War Ladder Match!

Mike Rolash: And as we saw before this match, James Milenko and Jon Stewart are already not getting along. So instead of this match being for a briefcase containing a Milenko Surprize, it will instead be for the newly re-instated Hostility owned Aversion Championship!

Jim Gunt: So let's go to the ring where all six competitors have already made their way to the ring, and head CWF official Trent Robbins is ready to go.

DING DING DING

Right from the get go Autumn Raven moves into action, running right at the biggest man in the match, and hitting a huge dropkick to "Beautiful" Bobby Dean to knock him into the corner!

Jim Gunt: My god, someone must have gave Autumn some yellowjackets before the match, she's on quite a buzz!

Mike Rolash: Maybe she was in the wrong locker room and found her way into Lucas Greene's stash...

Bobby covers up his face as Autumn continues laying into him with kicks, as on the other side of the ring The Lost Soul and Alex Rain team up on Lucas Greene, trading right hands as he bounces back and forth like a ping pong ball between both men. Conspicuous by his absence, the camera catches Bubba Love sneaking out underneath the bottom rope, hiding out underneath a ladder as the action ensues inside the ring.

Jim Gunt: Well, Mike, it looks like Bubba Love isn't very enthusiastic about getting involved with this Ladder Match.

Mike Rolash: It has been a long time since Love has fought in a match, Jim, maybe he is just waiting on the right moment to make a move?

Measuring up the still down Bobby Dean in the corner, Autumn backs up, raising her hands in the air to get a huge cheer from the sold out crowd before hurrying forward and leaping right onto him.

Jim Gunt: BRONCO BUSTER! Autumn is riding Bobby Dean like a horse!

Mike Rolash: I sure hope she's wearing clean panties, Jim!

Jim Gunt: Mike!

With The Lost Soul holding Lucas Greene, telling Alex Rain to nail him across the face, the Trickster instead eye pokes his own partner! Rain begins laughing hysterically at himself as TLS swears out loud holding his eye, until Greene gets the upperhand on The Trickster and tosses him out of the ring between the top and middle ropes. Lucas Greene knees TLS in the face to keep him dazed before taking him over to the ropes and dancing over them to nail a beautiful Springboard DDT!

Jim Gunt: Nice Springboard DDT there from Lucas Greene, kinda makes you miss having him on our active roster, wouldn't you say Mike?

Mike Rolash: Hell no, not if he's going to be out here representing Hostility! I may be an asshole, Jim, but I am CWF's asshole. I hope Greene and the rest of Hostility go down in flames here tonight!

With Autumn Raven and Lucas Greene the only two competitors left standing, instead of going at it both turn their backs towards one another and head outside the ring to grab a ladder from the ringside area. But Raven is immediately surprised by a huge clothesline from Bubba Love! Love smiles as the mostly CWF crowd boo him aloud, he quickly turns his attention from them and over to the ladder Raven was after. Flattening the ladder, Love slides it into the ring and in doing so takes out the legs from the rising TLS.

Jim Gunt: Bubba Love finally getting into the action here, as he sets up one of the many ringside ladders in the middle of the ring. Will Love be the one to take the Aversion Title, Mike?

Mike Rolash: Well Lucas Greene also has a ladder in the ring now, and he looks to be going for the title as well! Come on CWFers, get these idiots down from there!

The two ladders sitting parallel to each other, Lucas Greene and Bubba Love give each other a look before both men head for the top of their respective ladders as fast as they possibly can.

SMASH!

Jim Gunt: Alex Rain is back in the ring, with a steel chair!

Mike Rolash: And he just seems to have pissed off Bubba Love, looks like it's no longer time for fun and games from Love!

An angry Love turns around from the ladder, kicking at Alex Rain and knocking the chair right out of his hands. Seeing a moment of opportunity, Lucas Greene hurries up his ladder all the way to the top. He swings his right hand towards the title but misses, and Autumn Raven is up the ladder in a flash, shoulder blocking him hard! Lucas staggers slightly, leaning backward dangerously but manages to hold on! Greene swings a right hand that misses, allowing Raven to pull the back of his head down and bash his face onto the top of the ladder. Raven then leaps over him.

Jim Gunt: SUNSET FLIP POWERBOMB OFF THE LADDER! THAT WAS AWESOME!

Both Autumn and Lucas Greene land in a sick heap, entangled in one another at the corner of the ring. The capacity crowd is on their feet, going wild and cheering their hearts out as members of CWF and Hostility alike lay all around the squared circle.

Jim Gunt: Bubba Love has a path to the Aversion Title now, but Alex Rain isn't going to let him get there so easily as he continues to swing that steel chair at him!

Mike Rolash: It would seem Alex has tired himself out, Jim, as he's propped up the chair now and taken a seat!

Jim Gunt: What a goofball.

Out of breath, the Trickster sits down on the steel chair and takes a deep breath, wiping the sweat from his brow. He doesn't notice that "Beautiful" Bobby Dean has finally gotten to his feet, however, until the big man is right behind him! Bobby lifts Alex Rain right off the steel chair, whipping him left to right violently for a big ol' bearhug!

Mike Rolash: See, Alex Rain just needs a hug, Jim.

Jim Gunt: Some hug, "Beautiful" Bobby Dean is squeezing the life out of him!

The Lost Soul is setting up a table on the outside of the ring, finally looking up to see that Bubba Love has the Aversion Title almost in his grasp. He rolls into the ring just as Autumn Raven gets to her feet, TLS quickly coming to a decision to prop her up and toss her right to the top of the ladder! The crowd cheer the showing of sportsmanship, and continue to cheer as Raven lays into Bubba Love with a right hand. Bubba fights right back with one of his own. TLS moves around the ladder, climbing behind Bubba Love as he tries to push Autumn off, knowing that a two on one advantage will be tough to beat.

Jim Gunt: Things are getting very interesting now as Autumn, TLS, and Bubba Love are all on the same ladder. Wait, now Lucas Greene is climbing up the other ladder again, he could have the title all to himself if he can knock down the opposing ladder!

Mike Rolash: Lucas is too stupid to do a thing like that, Jim, his brain is in a constant cloud of smoke from the Devil's lettuce.

Jim Gunt: Romaine?

Despite Rolash's protest, Lucas Greene's actions show the contrary as he begins to try to kick at the ladder beside him. The Lost Soul sees this and lets Autumn Raven and Bubba Love fight it out on their own, delivering one last forearm to the lower spine of Love before dropping down to grab ahold of the other ladder. TLS flings the ladder towards the ropes but Lucas Greene leaps off just in time- accidentally knocking his Hostility mate off the ladder and through the table outside!

Jim Gunt: Holy shit, there went Bubba...through a table!

Mike Rolash: Classic.

As "Beautiful" Bobby Dean continues to swing Alex Rain around like a ragdoll, Lucas Greene and Autumn Raven battle it out for the re-instated championship. Lucas swings a right hand, and Autumn takes it, fighting back by grabbing him by the back of the head and smacking his face into the ladder.

Mike Rolash: Look who it is, Jim!

Jim Gunt: What the hell is Silas Artoria doing out here?

Mike Rolash: Well it is Autumn in there, doesn't Silas always have to get in her affairs?

Jim Gunt: Unfortunately, yes.

The Psychotic Aristocrat stands with his newly won WCWA United States Title draped over his shoulder, holding himself up on the top of the ramp with help from his signature cane. Surprisingly Autumn only takes a quick look at Silas though, ducking another punch from Lucas and smashing him into the ladder again. She climbs to the top of the ladder, flipping Silas off before looking down at Lucas Greene. CLAW OF THE NIGHT SUPERKICK DRIVES HIM ALL THE WAY OFF THE LADDER! With an astonished look on her face, Raven looks up at the Aversion Title, pulling it down valiantly.

Ray Douglas: And your winner and NEW Aversion Champion...AUTUMN RAVEN!!

Jim Gunt: Wow, huge win there from Autumn Raven as she finally proves that she is no one's stepping stone, finally breaking out of the shadow of Silas Artoria and becoming a champion herself!

Mike Rolash: But is Silas going to come to the ring or not?

The bell rings, "Somewhere In Hollywood" playing once again as the Beautiful Psychopath looks down at the first gold she's won since starting her CWF career one year ago. Autumn allows herself to fall to the middle of the ladder, holding herself on as she emotionally looks down at the title again and back to the crowd, raising the gold in the air to one more cheer. She finally takes another look to the stage where Silas Artoria continues to simply grin, nodding at Autumn before making his way to the back.

The Hostile Takeover (Jimmy Allen & Tobias Devereaux)(C) vs. Elijah and Omega

Match

While the leftover of the match exits the ring on the side of the ramp, "Fucking Hostile" by Pantera booms over the speaker system as the lights inside of the Alliant Energy Center Coliseum start to strobe erratically with the thumping drums of Vinnie Paul. From the back steps Tobias Devereaux and Jimmy Allen, The Hostile Takeover make their presence known.

Ray Douglas: Making their way to the ring, they are the CWF Tag Team Champions! Representing the Hostile Takeover! Here are the Cajun Sensation. TOBIAS DEVEREAUX and the Catalyst. JIIMMMIIYYY ALLLLEENNNN!

Jimmy pats the title draped across his shoulder as Tobias looks down at the title around his waist, giving it the QVC hand wave, showcasing it to the camera with a smirk. The two take their sweet time getting down the ramp before sliding under the bottom rope. Both then meet back in their corner.

Voices start to raise through the crowd, a small but growing OMEGA chant breaking out. The lights dim, spotlights converging at the top of the entrance ramp as "Girl Anachronism" by the Dresden Dolls starts to play, quiet at first, building to a crescendo.

Ray Douglas: Introducing next, representing the CWF, they are... ELIJAH AND OMEGA!!!!

The crowd erupts in cheers as Omega steps out onto the entrance way, Elijah by her side, resting on his cane. They make their way down the ramp, Omega blowing kisses to the audience, Elijah's eyes locked straight ahead. Together they get in the ring as Trent Robbins calls for the bell.

Elijah and Tobias seem to be starting off the match, the two circle each other for a moment looking for an opening. Tobias shoots in looking for a leg but Elijah blocks it stepping back. Tobias quickly back to his feet. The two circle for another moment before meeting in the middle with a collar and elbow tie up. Both try to leverage position but Elijah gets advantage first. Backing Devereaux into the near unaffiliated corner. Elijah slowly starts to break the hold giving a clean break. Tobias just smirks back at Elijah as they step back towards the center of the ring. Once again circling one another, the two tie up once more, this time Tobias gets the advantage in leverage. He backs Elijah up but he backs Elijah up into the Hostile Takeover's corner. Tobias slowly starts to break and back away. He once again flashes a smirk at Elijah just as Jimmy Allen clubs Elijah in the back of the head, as he stumbles forward Tobias catches him with a flatliner.

Jim Gunt: What a cheap shot there from the Hostile Takeover!

Mike Rolash: You mean smart tag team wrestling?

Tobias gets to his feet quickly and starts putting the boots to Elijah. He lifts him back to his feet and sends him off into the ropes. Devereaux with a back elbow that takes Elijah off his feet. The CWF defender pops right back to his feet though and charges at Tobias. The Cajun tries for a clothesline but Elijah ducks, go behind, Elijah pops his hips and takes Tobias up and over with a german suplex. Elijah gets back to his feet and wastes little time to get Tobias back vertical, laying in stiff fists backing him into the friendly corner. Elijah with a tag to Omega. Omega positions herself on the apron as Elijah drags Tobias back towards the center of the ring and sends him off the ropes, as he bounces back Elijah drops a shoulder sending him up and over with a back body drop, as soon as Tobias lands Omega hits him with a springboard senton. Omega with a cover!

ONE!

TWO!!

No!! Kickout by Tobias!

Jim Gunt: Omega taking it to Devereaux here in the early going.

Mike Rolash: I'm sure he's just luring him into a false sense of security.

Omega stays on the offensive stalking Tobias as he starts to get to his feet. Omega off the ropes, leaps up and takes Devereaux down with a head scissors. Omega bounces off the near rope and hits a running senton, only to pop back up hit the far rope and hit another running senton, pop up hit the near rope, a third senton! Tobias is trying his best to roll away but the attack just is relentless. Omega lifts him back to his feet and sends him into a neutral corner. Omega charges in and leaps up hitting a clothesline as her lower body goes in between the top and middle rope so she lands sitting on the second rope. Quickly, she ducks outside the ring and to the apron as Tobias stumbles from the corner. Omega leaps up onto the top rope springboard bulldog! Cover by Omega!

One!

Two!!

Tobias once again with a kick out!

Jim Gunt: Oh so close that time, literally centimeters away, still think he's just luring her?

Mike Rolash: Shut up!

As soon as he can get some space Tobias rolls out of the ring, resting on the apron. Omega runs and bounces off the far ropes, as she comes back she leaps up and over the top rope dropping both feet down in a stomp onto the chest of the cajun before tumbling to the outside rolling through the impact and popping back to her feet to the pop of the crowd

Jim Gunt: Omega is on absolute fire here, the fans love her!

Mike Rolash: I'm going to be sick.

Jim Gunt: Must be from all this crowd you're eating right now.

Omega grabs Tobias by the arm and leg and yanks him off the apron letting him crash hard on the outside. She hops up onto the apron and positions herself for something only to catch a fist across the jaw as Jimmy Allen has had enough and has charged across the room nailing her with a stiff left. Omega stumbles down the apron as Elijah hops into the ring. Elijah charges at Jimmy but catches a spinebuster for his troubles. Jimmy bounces off the ropes and charges at Omega who is on the apron still. Jimmy goes for a shoulder block but Omega hops up does a bit of a split as Jimmy goes through the ropes and tumbles outside as Omega looks over her shoulder. Meanwhile, on the outside Jimmy and Tobias are getting up. Omega hops up onto the top rope and spring boards off with a moonsault that takes both men down.

Jim Gunt: Holy crap did you see the air she got there?

Mike Rolash: nope, wasn't paying attention.

Jim Gunt: Aww is someone's favorite getting the mess beat out of him?

Mike Rolash: I don't feel like talking about it.

Omega gets back to her feet again wasting little time she grabs Devereaux and rolls him back into the ring. She slides back in herself and tags in Elijah. Elijah lifts Devereaux back to his feet and brings him to a neutral corner lifting him up onto the top rope. Meanwhile there is a little commotion going on in the crowd. We see arms reach out and grab Jimmy Allen from the crowd and pull him up and over the barrier as he's getting up outside the ring. A few seconds later we see him being launched back over the barrier down hard as we can make out quickly a smirking Dorian Hawkhurst! Meanwhile inside the ring Elijah has Tobias up on the top and nails him with a superplex, as he hits Omega comes off the top with The DragonFly. Elijah floats over into a pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: And your winners of this match by pinfall....ELIJAH AND OMEGA!!

Snakes In The Grass

Match

The crowd cheers for CWF's golden couple as they stand side by side, breathing heavily, exhausted from their battle

with the Hostile Takeover. Elijah is smiling for once, his arm around his lover.

Jim Gunt: Strong showing from the CWF faithful tonight, showing the world why this company is and will always be unbreakable.

Mike Rolash: I'll admit, these two have shown themselves to be not entirely the utterly worthless specimens of humanity we always suspected them to be.

Jim Gunt: I suppose that's as close as they'll get to a compliment from you?

Mike Rolash: At least I'm trying!

Jim Gunt: Very trying. Now for the briefcase!

A ringside assistant approaches Elijah and Omega, presenting them with a very large black briefcase. Omega giggles, taking the briefcase with a childish smile.

She holds the briefcase in her arms. The audience cheers in expectation as Elijah snaps it open, lifting the lid to reveal

Jim Gunt: Snakes!?

Omega screams as the briefcase opens to reveal three snakes. One of them lunges out and strikes, sinking its fangs into Elijah. He falls to the ground, Omega rushing over to him before she yells out in pain, another of the snakes wrapping itself tight around her leg.

The ringside area turns to absolute chaos as staff swarm out from backstage, some trying to halt the third snake before it can reach the audience, the others working desperately to free Elijah and Omega.

Mike Rolash: What the -

Jim Gunt: VENOM?

Vince, Nina and Omar of VENOM step onto the entrance ramp, eyes fixed on Elijah and Omega with expressions of pure hatred. Security move to block them but the trio shove them out of the way, advancing on the prone Elijah and Omega. Elijah is rapidly losing consciousness, Omega's eyes filled with tears as she struggles against the snake.

Nina drags staff off Omega, spitting on the fallen woman before nailing her with a series of fists to the face and torso. Vince and Omar go for Elijah, pushing staff aside, glaring at him before burying him in an onslaught of brutal kicks.

Mike Rolash: WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING!?

Jim Gunt: Fans, we'll be back with you just as soon as we've restored some kind of order here!

Til Valhall!

Match

The camera cuts backstage, to one of the locker rooms. Just as a hand comes into view to knock, one strong voice calls out inside:

"Kämpa för ära!"

Answered by several voices.

"Til Valhall!"

"Visa ingen nåd!"

"Til Valhall!"

"Tills slutet!"

"Til Valhall!"

The hand retracts timidly and the screen fades to black.

Ozric Mortimer vs. Christer Lundmark

Match

We are back ringside, where Mike and Jim are standing behind their desk.

Jim Gunt: Looks like Christer is getting all hyped up and ready to go and it sounded like he had a whole Viking horde in there!

Mike Rolash: Well, never can have too many of them, if going against someone like Ozric Mortimer...

Jim Gunt: In other news, we are still waiting to hear back on the condition of Elijah after his snakebite, he has been rushed to hospital after the surprise attack by V.E.N.O.M., we will definitely make sure to keep you updated as we hopefully get more information in.

The lights dim and the opening guitar lick of Dream Theater's "The Mirror" blasts through the PA. Black balloons fall from the ceiling and images of black sparrows flutter across the tron as a tall, looming figure steps through the curtains.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the next match is a Blood of my Enemies match!

The crowd takes it up a notch upon the mention of blood as the tall figure starts to slowly walk down the ramp.

Ray Douglas: First coming to the ring, hailing from a place I definitely never want to go to, representing Hostility, the Dear Dead Sparrow - OZRIIC MORTIMER!!!

The crowd is not quite sure what to think, never having seen Ozric in person before, but his reputation as cunning psychopath still precedes him. He walks up the steps and through the ropes, taking up his position in the corner. As the lights come back up, the camera zooms in on the man, straggly long hair with blue-ish streaks, a tattered black and purple clown suit hanging off him, the clown face paint smudged and underneath all of that a stoic demeanour that belies the ragged appearance.

Jim Gunt: So this is the famed Ozric Mortimer, even as someone, who does not have a problem with clowns, this is the stuff that nightmares are made of!

Mike Rolash: And if he was not enough, look at that bat!

Next to him in the corner leans a nail-spiked baseball bat, its wood showing dark stains from former battles and probably more.

The lights go out again and the sound of a hammer striking an anvil can be heard before the sawing guitar riff of Amon Amarth's "Victorious March" breaks the silence. A spotlight shines down onto the entrance and a tall, blond, braided hair and beard and blue face paint.

Ray Douglas: And his opponent, hailing from Kiruna, Sweden - representing C - W - F--

Ray lets this hang there for a moment to give the crowd an opportunity to cheer.

Ray Douglas: CHRISTER - FENRIR - LUNDMARK!

Again the crowd cheers as Christer walks down the ramp, stopping at the side of the ring, not making any move to enter it.

Jim Gunt: OK, why is he not moving?

Ozric is standing up straighter, looking at the tall Swede, but he only shakes his head. Mortimer motions for him to

come in, but the Viking raises his arm and points towards the entrance, where a second tall, blond man with braided hair and beard and blue face paint steps out through the curtains.

Mike Rolash: Uh, what is happening? Jim? Are you seeing double, too? Jim? JIM!?

Jim Gunt: Yes, Mike, I see them, too...

Ozric's face shows some signs of confusion as he looks from man to man. The second Viking also walks down the ramp, taking up a spot opposite the other, but neither making any move to enter the ring.

Mike Rolash: OK, they are definitely two, but who of them is Lundmark?

Another, even louder cheer goes through the crowd, drawing the collective attention to the entrance, where a third man is standing, complete in long black coat with Mjölir emblazoned on it and his war hammer raised high into the air.

Jim Gunt: There is your answer, THAT is Lundmark!

He marches down the ramp with determination, handing over his hammer and coat to the two other Vikings, who take up position at the bottom of the ramp, while Christer is entering the ring. Him and Ozric meet up in the centre, the clown two inches taller and a good twenty pounds heavier than the Swede, but neither man wavers or flinches as they stand mere inches apart.

Mike Rolash: I was seriously starting to get worried here, I'm happy it was not just me!

Jim Gunt: Why? Did you go recreational again?

Mike Rolash: No! That stuff is illegal!

Before the discussion can go any further, though, the bell rings and Scott Dean motions for the two men to get going, but neither of them is moving. Instead they continue to just stare each other down.

Jim Gunt: This could be a long evening...

But thankfully the stalemate is broken by Lundmark, who goes for a quick strike, but Ozric is ready, ducking under the swing and in one fluid motion ramming his elbow into Christer's stomach, bending the Swede in half before following up with a nasty looking double axe handle blow into the shoulder blades, bringing Christer to his knees. Without much haste he circles Fenrir, studying him as he tries to straighten out and come to a vertical position again.

Mike Rolash: When I saw him first, I was expecting a psychopath, chaotic, brutal, but this is a very calculating approach.

Jim Gunt: Christer is just up on both feet again and a brutal lariat into the neck of him, bringing him back down.

With the help of the ropes Christer is coming back up, but he does not have a moment to find his bearings before Ozric steps behind him and GERMAN SUPLEX!

Mike Rolash: Good Lord, what power!

Immediately Ozric follows up, dragging Christer back to his feet and sending him back first into the ring corner and as Lundmark staggers back into the middle of the ring, Mortimer grabs him right away and fluidly sends him down onto the mat with a monstrous DDT

Jim Gunt: This man is definitely not wasting ANY time here!

Mike Rolash: Oh crap, he's going for the bat!

As if on queue, Ozric goes to retrieve his spiked bat in his corner with a sick smile forming on his smudged face. He saunters over to his downed opponent and raises it high above his head, but as he brings it down, Christer manages to roll out of the way just in time, barely avoiding his skull being crushed by the sheer force of the impact that leaves the

bat's nails embedded in the mat.

Jim Gunt: He could have literally killed him right there!

Mike Rolash: And now he's stuck!

Ozric is trying to pull the bat out of the mat, momentarily ignoring Christer, which proves to be a mistake as that brief moment is all Lundmark needs to regroup and with a bellow launches himself at the clown with a spear that not only sends Ozric halfway across the ring, but also dislodges the bat, which careens out the other side of the ring.

Jim Gunt: Both men down now. The match has not been that long yet, but it is hard to match this one in intensity so far!

Despite the impact Ozric is the first one to his feet, at first trying to find his bat, but eventually re-focusing on Christer who is kind of hanging off the top rope in his attempt to stand up. With quick strides Oz moves over and grabs Lundmark by his hair, a cruel smile playing around his lips, but the Swede has nothing of it, nailing some well-placed elbows to Ozric's gut before grabbing him and sending him into the ropes.

Mike Rolash: There's still life in that guy.

Ozric rebounds and braces for an impact that is not coming, expecting to see Christer ready to fight him. However, Lundmark isn't there and is instead...

Jim Gunt: Good Lord, Christer is on the TOP ROPE!

Mike Rolash: Big mistake!

And indeed it is, because as he leaps off, he is met with a mighty uppercut by Ozric.

Jim Gunt: Did you see how his neck snapped back there?

Mike Rolash: Yes, that did not look good.

With a satisfied smile Ozric rolls himself out of the ring and goes for his bat. Lundmark is just barely on his hands and knees when Ozric marches up the stairs and as The Clown steps back through the ropes, the Swede is on his feet, though wobbly. He staggers backwards toward the ropes as Ozric lifts his bat, taking a test swing. Ozric lunges forward with his bat and barely misses Lundmark as he drops to the mat and out of the ring. But Ozric is not done, he follows Christer out of the ring and takes another wild swing at the Viking.

Jim Gunt: Christer is definitely still feeling this uppercut and now all he can do is avoid these vicious swings with that bat!

Mike Rolash: If Ozric connects with any of these, there most definitely will be blood, that is for sure. But now they are coming over here, I don't like this!

And indeed as they circle the ring, they reach the announce table, where Christer stops his retreat, instead motioning Ozric forward. He happily obliges and takes a running start, bat in the air, bringing it down with all his might, but Ozric did not take into consideration that Lundmark was ready and quickly sidesteps, causing the bat to hit the table right in front of Mike, embedding itself into his notes, cleanly going through the pencil he had just been holding.

Mike Rolash: My...hand was just...there...

Immediately Christer grabs Ozric and whips him into the steel ring post and following right up, he grabs him again, going for another whip into the next one, but REVERSAL and Christer hits the post hard and right off that Mortimer is there and HEADBUTT! And another and another!

Jim Gunt: Ooh, the dreaded Mirror Mirror!

The quick succession of headbutts just come raining down upon Christer with the crowd counting with them. As he hits

the tenth, Lundmark is visibly out of it and Ozric immediately goes under the ring.

Mike Rolash: What now?

And out comes a chair. Ozric sets it up outside of the ring and sits a groggy Christer on it before sliding back into the ring and walking to the other end of it.

Jim Gunt: Oh I do not like the look of this! At all!

Mike Rolash: And here he comes!!

The clown gathers steam and jumps off through the ropes, aiming at Lundmark, but the Swede pushes himself backwards while bringing his legs up as Ozric is about to hit him, lifting Mortimer and catapulting him right into the announce table!

Jim Gunt: Holy shit!

Mike Rolash: No kidding! I can't believe this!

Jim Gunt: What a sick move!

Mike Rolash: No, I mean, yes, but the table is still standing!

Both men are out for a moment, but the punishment that Christer has been taking so far seems to have taken out more, as he is still on the ground, starting to stir as Ozric is pulling himself back to his feet by the handle of his bat that is still sticking out of the announce table and with a violent twist he yanks it out of the wood with a roar.

Jim Gunt: And now Christer is in real trouble!

Mike Rolash: He wasn't before? We are watching the same match aren't we?

His face in a grimace, Ozric turns and he swings. The crowd collectively holds its breath and momentarily the noise drops to almost silence. The bat hits the mat with a dull thud, but a scream by Lundmark shows that this time Ozric has not missed his mark and the camera shows crimson on the mat as the Swede rolls himself out of the way.

Mike Rolash: And there it is, the first blood is drawn!

Standing over the bleeding Fenrir, Ozric smiles cruelly, but something snaps in Christer and he suddenly stands up straight, his face blank. He slowly turns around at Ozric and as his eyes seem to cloud over, the look on his face changes into one of rage. With a blood-curdling scream he suddenly launches himself at the clown, driving him backwards into the barricades with enough force to have a part collapse from the sheer force of the two men crashing into it, fans scattering out of the way just in time.

Jim Gunt: I have never seen this look on Christer's face before, but it does not remind me of a look that I want my opponent to have!

Mike Rolash: Definitely not! Ozric is punching him as he drags him to his feet, but he may as well just be lightly slapping Fenrir!

With another roar Lundmark yanks on Ozric's arm and catapults him forward into the steel steps that scatter almost to the other side of the ring with the impact. Again Christer immediately stands up, the look on his face an intense stare that looks like it could kill on its own. He does not waste any time and goes for Ozric again, seemingly oblivious to the kicks and punches the clown throws his way as blood continues to trickle down the side of his face from where the bat struck him on the temple.

Jim Gunt: He has been talking about berserker rage before, I think we might be in the process of finding out what that is, Mike.

Mike Rolash: Might want to call it the "Might of Mjölfnir" to avoid any comic book copyright issues Jimbo...

As Lundmark brings Ozric to his feet once more, he tries to whip him into the steel ring post, but Mortimer reverses, sending Lundmark into it face first instead, however the Swede does not go down, but instead turns around immediately, a cut above his right eye now adding to the crimson flow. As he advances on Ozric, who for the first time starts to look unsettled, the clown runs at him for a clothesline, Lundmark is ready!

Mike Rolash: Holy crap, what a monstrous powerslam to the thin mats on the outside, did you the speed with which he just turned a 300 lb colossus around?

Jim Gunt: Impressive and scary, And what makes it even scarier is that they are right in front of us again!

Determinedly Christer walks away from Ozric and toward the twins, who are still standing silent guard at the foot of the ramp, grabbing his hammer.

Mike Rolash: Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit!

Jim Gunt: I'm outta here!

Mike Rolash: Jim, don't leave me, I'm too young to die!

As the two announcers take cover behind the barricade that normally shields them from the fans, Christer comes running, his hammer high. He brings it down hard where Ozric had just pulled himself to his feet, leaving a gaping hole in the announce table, just where Mortimer's hand had been a moment before. The clown is showing what seems like some sort of fear as Lundmark raises the hammer another time and brings it down with all his might again, this time taking out part of the corner of the table as Ozric staggers back.

Jim Gunt: Yes, he lost it.

His third swing barely avoids Ozric, who ducks, but on the backswing Christer does not go for another hit, but instead rams the handle right into Mortimer's face with a sickening crack to the bridge of his nose, blood beginning to spurt everywhere. Dropping the hammer, he grabs Ozric and half rolls, half throws him into the ring, before following him in, coming to his feet at the same time as Ozric, who connects with a haymaker to the side of Christer's head, who clocks Ozric with a hard punch himself.

Mike Rolash: Lordi, they'll have a lot of cleaning up to do after this...

The two colossuses trade blows, reopening wounds and striking new ones, painting the ring mat crimson. At one point Ozric manages to duck one strike and uses Christer's momentum to send the Swede into the ropes. Ozric positions himself a bit to the side to grab Lundmark for his finisher, the Inner Turbulence inverted DDT, but Fenrir out of pure instinct twists himself just enough to grab Ozric and drive him into the ring corner with a spear that almost breaks the clown in half.

Jim Gunt: GUNGNIR!

Almost like in a daze from the impact, Christer pulls Mortimer out of the corner and bends him over, head between his legs.

Mike Rolash: RAGNAROK!

And with a strained roar he heaves the heavier man up and brings him down with a modified Ragnarok, rattling the ring in its foundations. He lays across Ozric, hooking his leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Jim Gunt: NOOOOO!!!! I don't believe it! Ozric kicks out of Ragnarok

Both men lay on the mat, struggling to stand. Ozric rolls to a corner, using the turnbuckles to prop himself up after the onslaught. Christer rises shortly after and with another warcry gets another running start at Oz who meets him in the corner with a flurry of fists of his own! Ozric turns Lundmark around, pinning him into the corner, but Lundmark lands another haymaker that staggers the clown. Without any kind of hesitation, Lundmark grabs around the back and throws Mortimer back into the corner with a release German Suplex

Jim Gunt: Asgard's Fall! That's a move we haven't seen from Lundmark in a while!

Ozric rolls out of the corner but as Christer tries to capatilize, Ozric grabs the viking by the throat, the look in his eyes murderous, the only comparison is the look that Christer is returning to the clown. Ozric's grip tightens as he knees Christer in the gut and with one fluid motion, turns Lundmark around, once again looking for Inner Turbulence! As Lundmark goes up though, he is able to get out of the clown's grasp, landing behind Ozric, and whipping him around before hitting another Ragnarok! Christer makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Christer rolls off the giant clown and out of the ring, briefly finding his legs, but then collapses right then and there himself.

Ray Douglas: And the winner by pinfall is - CHRISTER LUNDMARK!!!

The fans are on their feet to celebrate CWF's very hardfought victory as the Viking twins rush to Christer's side.

Jim Gunt: What a battle, this must go down as one of the most monumental bouts in CWF history!

Mike Rolash: Oh absolutely, Ozric was impressive and I will never, EVER trust those, those things again!

Jim Gunt: Clowns?

Mike Rolash: Don't say that word!

Jim Gunt: And I think that we for the first time saw berserker rage in a CWF ring and quite frankly, I do not want to be on the receiving end of this!

Never Dismiss a Saint

Match

The night couldn't be turning out any better, except for Hostility losing the first couple of matches of the night. Outside of that though, James Milenko's pride and joy, the Aversion Championship is once again reinstated, there's an Aversion Champion, and...

C\$J: Quite the turn out you have here James. Posh digs, didn't realize you could afford such things.

Christopher St. James, who sits behind James' desk with his own shit eating grin plastered on his face and his faux hawk shining like it is made out of plastic.

James Milenko: Why are you here? I thought I got rid of you ages ago.

C\$J smirks as he rubs his hands along the top of the desk, as if admiring it before standing up and patting it lovingly, as if to say "soon my love." Coming around the desk, C\$J strolls up to James and whispers in his ear.

C\$J: Mark my words James. You will regret the day that you dismissed me. NEVER dismiss a Saint, you'll learn to

regret it.

Milenko scoffs at C\$J's words as the latter brushes by Milenko and disappears down the hall.

Dorian Hawkhurst vs. Nathan Paradine

Match

Ray Douglas: The following contest is the "Tug of War" match!

The fans give a mixed reaction as after the madness of the last match has some of this hostile crowd slowly getting into these versus matches.

Ray Douglas: The rules are simple. Each competitor will be chained to each other. No pinfalls. No submissions. No count outs. Anything goes. The first competitor to raise up their federations flag in each corner of the match in succession will win the match.

Jim Gunt: This seems a bit complicated for a federation that focuses on violence.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, but check out the high tech solution.

We see a two buttons being placed on the top of each turnbuckle post. One has the CWF logo on it, and the other has a Hostility Logo. Two flags are on the sides of each turnbuckle post. Meaning that to win you have to push the button of your federation to raise the flags.

Jim Gunt: Well that clears up how that's going to work...

Mike Rolash: As clear as anything else in this gorefest.

Ray Douglas: Introducing first...representing CWF...

"From the Pinnacle to the Pit" by Ghost begins to play as the lights go down and smoke fills the ramp. As spotlight sets upon the entrance, and "The Demon of Sobriety" Dorian Hawkhurst stands in an open legged stance with his arms out. He is wearing a long, leather trench coat and his trademark "Forsaken Demon" shirt. As the lead guitar comes in over the bass guitar, Chloe Hawkhurst crawls out from behind her father. She pops up on her knees, copying he father's pose while sporting a Mia/Amelia shirt of her own.

Ray Douglas: From Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, weighing in at 287 lbs., accompanied by Chloe Hawkhurst, here is the "Demon of Society"....**DORIAN HAWKHURST!!**

Dorian and Chloe walk down the ramp to the ring, Chloe slapping hands while her father is all business.

Dorian slides into the ring and hold the middle rope up for Chloe to get in the ring.

Jim Gunt: Those two have been through a lot together in the past year.

Mike Rolash: Yeah. Here's hoping she learns to stay out of the ring this year!

Ray Douglas: And his opponent...representing Hostility...

"Dangerous Tonight" by Alice Cooper starts to play. Dorian and Chloe both slowly turn to the ring entrance area. The fans of CWF stand and cheer expecting a certain fan favorite to appear when suddenly from out of the back comes as an almost equally large and tall man enters.

Ray Douglas: He is "The Australian Submission Machine"...**NATHAN PARADINE!!**

Jim Gunt: And the mind games begin! Using the entrance theme of Dorian's former rival and missing stablemate to try and get into his head!

Mike Rolash: That's a path you don't want to go in with any of "The Foresaken"...These people use psychological torture like playing a game of monopoly!

Jim Gunt: Did you just compliment Dorian?

Mike Rolash: I don't like him. I think he's a bad parent! I think he's an asshole! Damn it...I hate this show. I'm picking people I don't like because I want him to maim this bitch so we can home early!

Paradine walks down slowly and smiles for a brief moment. Chloe is yelling at him as Dorian motions for her to get out of the ring. The two stare down as referee Clark Summits locks the two together with manacles at the end of the chain. It gets quiet as the bell starts to ring and begins with Dorian grabbing the chain and pulling it as he falls on his back. Paradine is off centered by this for a moment and stops right above Dorian who reaches up and slaps the taste out of Paradine's mouth!

Jim Gunt: And a "Hai Frand" to kick things off!

Mike Rolash: Hell yeah! I mean...AHHH!!!

Paradine stumbles for a moment as Dorian gets back up and rushes Paradine with a bulldog taking down the slightly smaller man. Dorian gets up and wraps the chain around Paradine's neck and drags him to the first turnbuckle. Dorian slaps the CWF button and the CWF logo flag goes up on the first turnbuckle. Dorian starts to drag Paradine to the nearest corner from that, but Paradine positions his body to hit a drop toe hold sending Dorian down to the mat! Paradine gets up and untangles his chain. He leaps over and slams the already pressed corner button down hoisting up the Hostility flag instead!

Jim Gunt: And just like that the match can tip one way or the other!

Mike Rolash: That's crap! Milenko had to have approved this as a way for his guys to reverse things in the match!

Jim Gunt: It's a smart strategy. If Dorian can't get one flag up the whole time he'll wear himself out. Paradine seems to be playing the long game!

Dorian isn't having any of this and gets up. Paradine yanks the chain and Dorian gets drug forward a bit. Paradine rushes forward and grabs Dorian and hits a belly to belly suplex! He quickly jump on top of Dorian and slaps him into a crossface on the arm that has the chain hooked to it! Dorian scrambles to try to get to the ropes and grabs them, but anything goes in this match so rope breaks aren't allowed! Paradine keeps wrenching, putting his whole body weight onto Dorian, as Dorian tries to get up to his knee's a bit. It takes a long time, but finally Dorian is able to get a vertical base. With a burst of anger fueled strength Dorian pulls up the two hundred and thirty pound Paradine and powerslams Paradine into the cornerpost!

"That was awesome!" CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP "That was awesome!"

Jim Gunt: That was impressive, but is it too little too late.

Mike Rolash: It's still anyone's match, but that had to take a lot out of Dorian.

Jim Gunt: He had to lift over three fourths of his own body weight while still in that hold!

Mike Rolash: This match is way too evenly matched. It's all going to come down to who can hold out the longest.

Both men lay down for a moment on the mat with Paradine getting up first. He drags Dorian, via the chain, to the center of the ring and starts to work on that arm hooked to the chain by dropping strategic elbow drops around the collarbone and elbow area of the arm. He picks up the arm and then places it in an armbar! Dorian tries to wriggle his way out of it, but Paradine keeps it locked in and even turns it into a hammerlock keeping the pressure on Dorian's shoulder.

Mike Rolash: As much as I hate to say it Jimmy, this Nathan Paradine is a hell of an athlete.

Jim Gunt: He had better be if Hostility wants any chance at coming back in this one!

Paradine slaps the back of Dorian's head and starts showing some amateur wrestling styles just going over Dorian and slapping him around to get him angry. Paradine gets up and pulls up Dorian. He slams Dorian with a german suplex! Paradine gets up and slams down his fist onto the Hostility button on the nearest post sending up another Hostility flag!

Jim Gunt: That's two for Paradine! He's almost halfway done!

Mike Rolash: Come on you alcoholic rage machine!

Chloe starts slamming her hands on the ring apron to try and get Dorian back up and running. Dorian grabs his neck and tries to get back up as Paradine walks over to the third turnbuckle post and almost gets to it before Dorian yanks on the chain! Paradine stays up and yanks back, pulling Dorian back up! Both men start a test of strength trying to pull the other closer to the other. The fans cheer and boo for their chosen champion in this as they tug and pull becomes a chorus of woo's and boo's! It finally ends when Dorian kicks Paradine in the stomach and hits and Avalanche Crucifix Powerbomb right on top of an untagged turnbuckle! Paradine falls to the outside, landing front first onto the steps. Dorian slams his fist onto the CWF button and the flag goes up!

Jim Gunt: DAMN!

Mike Rolash: With Authority!

Dorian reaches to the outside and picks Paradine up dragging him into the ring over the top rope. Dorian pulls and tugs to get the last hit to the turnbuckle post. He slams his fist down bringing up the CWF flag and now things are tied two to two.

Jim Gunt: The first person to change all four over is going to win this!

The fans start to get up on their feet as Dorian walks over and picks up Paradine who headbutts Dorian right in the jaw! Dorian is knocked back as Paradine clotheslines him down to the mat! Paradine grabs Dorian and slaps him in a...Figure Four Leglock!

Jim Gunt: What the hell is he doing?! This isn't how you win the match!

Mike Rolash: Are you sure about that?!

Paradine uses his arms to push himself back, keeping Dorian in the hold, while moving towards one of the CWF flagged corners! When he gets close enough he lets go of the hold and then wraps the chain around Dorian's knee and then picks up Dorian's legs and slams it hard into the mat. Dorian is howling in pain holding his knee as he unwrapped the chain and then tags the CWF Corner...making it Hostility!

Jim Gunt: Three down! One to go!

Mike Rolash: Come on Dorian! Pretend he's anyone who ever called you a fat worthless pile of crap! Pretend he's me!

Paradine drags Dorian to the center of the ring and then slaps him in a katahajima! The knockout hold meant to put anyone to sleep! He wraps his legs around Dorian's midsection to help wrench some more air out of him. Dorian flails trying to get up and looks over. He see's Chloe banging her hands down on the mat and she starts yelling at the crowd.

"DEMON!!! DEMON!!! DEMON!!!"

Jim Gunt: The sold out crowd is going crazy, they are loving this Civil War show!

Mike Rolash: They sound like a bunch of Satan worshippers to me!

The fans start chanting as Dorian let's out a roar and gets to his knee's. Paradine keeps the hold locked in. Not letting go for a second as Dorian runs backwards hitting Paradine into the turnbuckle post back first. Paradine let's go. Dorian

spins around. Belly to belly suplex! Paradine lands hard! Dorian slams the button hitting the CWF flag up. He picks up Paradine and irish whips him into the ropes. Shouldertackle from Dorian! Paradine lands hard on his back. Dorian rushes to the closest Hostility flag and slams the button to make it CWF!

Jim Gunt: One flag left, Mike! And Dorian rushes for it!

Paradine locks his arms around the chain dragging his weight. Dorian moves. One step. Two steps. Three steps. Paradine is not letting go as Dorian yanks on the chain sending Paradine up! Paradine hits the ropes! Dorian ducks a shot! SAVAT KICK TO THE BACK OF PARADINE! Dorian leaps! THE FOURTH FLAG GOES UP!!!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner...Dorian Hawkshurst!!!

Dorian slumps down breathing heavily as Paradine looks up at him. The two stare down. Paradine nods as they uncuff him. If those looks say anything, this isn't over yet.

Jim Gunt: He did it! Dorian Hawkshurst did it!

Mike Rolash: The most dangerous game of Tug of War is over folks and CWF wins!

Bayou Bewilderment

Match

Bayou Bewilderment

Marching through the backstage corridors of the Alliant Energy Center Coliseum, Zach van Owen, is clearly on a mission, yelling at practically every stage hand whom is unlucky enough to cross his path. Notably, Leona Gainsborough is not by his side.

Zach van Owen: Hey You!

Zach grabs another stage hand, drawing him in to have a look at his name tag.

Zach van Owen: Richie...Where the frack is Milenko. He ain't showing up on my mini-map.

Richie: Ah...Mini-Map?

Zach van Owen: Where's Milenko?!

Richie: His office? I don't know...I'm just here to organize the talent for their matches...It's my first day.

Zach van Owen: Oh...Right.

Feeling sheepish, Zach releases Richie and smooths over his shirt.

Zach van Owen: Sorry about that...ah...enjoy your first shift...

Unbeknownst to Zach his efforts of hunting down CWF CEO James Milenko are being watched and enjoyed.

Tobias Devereaux: Well well, look what de cat done gone and dragged in. If'n it ain't ole Zachariah. I trust yew finding yews way around without incident dis week?

The Game-Changer rounds on Tobias Devereaux, leaning up against a nearby wall.

Zach van Owen: Oh it's you...You know where Milenko is? He and I got a cut scene to finish.

Tobias Devereaux: Now why in de hell would I tell yews dat?

Zach van Own: Man, wish I could switch on the subtitles...Cause he and I got some unfinished business. If you don't know where he is, I'll just skip this scene. Got enough to worry about.

Tobias Devereaux: Va te faire foutre.

Emphasised by a smirk.

Zach van Owen: Right and DabuQlu'DI' yISuv to you too...

The Impact Champion takes his leave from the awkward confrontation, Tobias watching in bemusement, twirling a screwdriver between his fingers.

Simon Marks Vs. Azrael

Match

"Don't Stop Me Now" by Queen plays over the house speakers as "Sexy" Simon Marks emerges from backstage, his hands on his hips. He pauses for a moment and blows a kiss to the crowd before sauntering down the ramp, wiggling his hips from side to side. He slides into the ring underneath the bottom rope and climbs to his feet, blowing a final kiss to the crowd before backing away into the corner closest to Mike Rolash and Jim Gunt.

Ray Douglas: Introducing, from...

Ray is interrupted by Simon Marks, who lightly strokes him on the arm, looking at him with big, blue, puppy dog eyes. His voice is coy as he whispers to Ray just loud enough for the mic to pick up.

Simon Marks: Bitch please. You KNOW that as a proper gentleman, you should NEVER give the deets on the fairer sex. And honey let me tell you, I'm definitely fair game and I do enjoy a good game of...

The "Sexy One" doesn't have a chance to continue as at this moment the lights fall and an orchestral version of Metallica's "One" comes on. Simon catches his first glimpse of the Archangel of Death as he descends from the heavens. If it's possible, his eyes get even wider as drool begins to pool at the corner of his mouth.

Ray Douglas: Introducing next and representing the CWF. He is... The Archangel of Death... AZRAEL!!!!

Azrael touches ground and removes his cassock, much to Simon's delight. The Sexy One sits on the second rope, eager for Azrael to get into the ring, so he can get a closer look at his opponent.

Jim Gunt: Well see? I don't think that ALL the Hostility people are bad. Simon is even holding the ropes open for his opponent. What great sportsmanship!

Mike Rolash: Erhm... Jimbo? You might want to take a second look at your definition of "sportsmanship."

As Azrael uncertainly climbs the ring apron, he makes the mistake of turning his back on Simon and bending down to get into the ring. Simon's big blue eyes get even wider, he licks his lips, raises his hand, and smacks Az's butt with a resounding SLAP that leaves everyone watching speechless. Az hops in the ring, furious and yelling at Scott Dean to disqualify Simon for a blatant move below the belt. Scott tries to warn Simon, who shrugs his shoulders and looks innocently at the two other men. Marks' smile only widens as both men begin to get quite uncomfortable around the forever flamboyant Simon Marks.

Mike Rolash: Such disrespect! What is this world coming to?!

Jim Gunt: But didn't you just do the same thing to Tara earlier tonight as she was walking by before the show?

Rolash doesn't get a chance to respond as Scott finishes patting down Az for foreign objects. He turns to do the same to Simon who turns and shows Scott his pink clad butt, shaking it suggestively at him. Scott Dean instead decides that Simon doesn't have any foreign objects that he wants to find and rings the bell instead.

Mike Rolash: NOW he gets special treatment? What if th...This Marks character is hiding a pair of brass knuckles in his trunks? Why is Az searched but not Marks?

Jim Gunt: Are you volunteering Mike? I hear that fluffers make great money... You could be Marks' personal fluffer!

Mike Rolash: Fluffer?

Back in the ring, Scott Dean calls for the bell and Azrael wastes little time in crashing into Simon Marks and sending him into the corner with a flurry of rights and lefts! Scott backs Az up, but only barely. Before Scott can check on Simon though, The Sultan of Sexiness blows the AoD a kiss! This only infuriates Azrael further, who charges at Simon!

Jim Gunt: After weeks of tough matches, it probably isn't best to incite Azrael's wrath.

Mike Rolash: You know, for once I actually agree with you Jimbo. I'm hoping this Marks character has his face ripped off by Az!

This isn't the case though as Az charges Simon in the corner, and Marks quickly gets himself out of harm's way, sliding through the ropes and to the apron! Az hits the corner hard and Simon quickly gives him a peck on the cheek before leaping up and using the ropes to fire off a high kick to the side of Az's head! Azrael stumbles backward and Simon follows up by hopping up to the top rope and leaping off, hitting a picture perfect springboard crossbody, and landing on Azrael! Simon bounces off the body of Azrael but is quick to recover and scurries back on top. Scott Dean slides into position.

ONE!

Simon repositions himself, one hand pressing down on Azrael's chest, caressing it in a forcibly playful way. His other hand reaches down and ends up in territory that makes Mike Rolash scream.

Mike Rolash: IS THAT EVEN LEGAL?!

Jim Gunt: Dean is letting it happen I guess, but Az is having none of it!

With a roar of rage Azrael throws Marks off of him and rolls out of the ring, pacing around the outside. Scott Dean can do nothing but to start the count.

ONE!

TWO!

Simon sits on his haunches, keeping his eyes on Azrael and pouting as his opponent continues to pace.

THREE!

FOUR!

Finally Az attempts to slide back into the ring, but Simon is there to offer a friendly hand up. Azrael falls back to the floor again and yells at Simon who only smiles and winks.

FIVE!

SIX!

SEVEN!

EIGHT!

Simon sits on the second rope again and pleads with Azrael to get back into the ring, so he can give The Sexy One what he deserves, oh so hard. Azrael decides instead to just make his way back up the ramp, shaking his head and ignoring everything around him as Scott Dean finishes the count.

NINE!

TEN!

Ray Douglas: Here is your winner by countout, SIMON MARKS!!!!

Simon lets an enthusiastic cheer as he hops in the air to celebrate. Scott Dean comes over to raise his arm in victory and instead Simon turns to him and gives him a giant hug and kiss.

Intermission

Match

The scene opens in what looks like a comfortable suburban living room. In the upper right hand corner, the words "PREVIOUSLY RECORDED" flash in red for about five seconds before slowly fading away.

We're looking at Tara Robinson, dressed up and made up, the picture of professionalism.

Tara Robinson: Good evening, CWF Empire; my name is Tara Robinson and I'm sitting here with a very special guest.

Her eyes drift and the camera follows them, turning around to see Tara's special guest sitting on a couch, legs crossed, hands folded.

Tara Robinson: Two time former CWF World Champion, Mariella Jade Flair... how are you, MJ?

MJ is also dressed as the picture of professionalism, with a mid - length black dress, wildly tie - dyed leggings, and calf-length black boots. She smiles at her friend, and brushes a stray hair out of her face.

MJF: Doing all right, Tara... and I need to thank you for giving me the chance to talk to the CWF Empire directly.

She looks straight on into the camera.

MJF: I love you guys, tribe. I haven't really been able to hit you back for all the emails and DMs, but I've read 'em all and I can't thank you enough.

Tara smiles and looks down, clearly happy for her friend. She regains her composure after a second, however, and continues.

Tara Robinson: I think your tribe is mostly interested in your return plans. Anything you can tell us?

With a deep breath, MJ drops her eyes for a moment.

Just for a moment.

MJF: You know, my dad spent most of his career hurt?

Tara doesn't answer - she looks at her notes for a moment but, fortunately, MJ continues.

MJF: It's probably not a surprise. He wrestled a balls-out style and never took a backstep. Any time he ever took time off, it was far too late, and he rested far too briefly. And honestly? Today? His knees are shot, his back always hurts, and he's never, ever, ever complained about it. You can only tell he's in pain by looking in his eyes.

It's clear that talking about her dad like this makes MJ uncomfortable.

MJF: But that was his choice, y'know, and all power to him for it. But I'm not my father, and I'm not lookin' to burn myself out for the sake of one moment'a glory. I'mma listen to the doctors and take my time so I can come back at full strength.

Tara smiles.

Tara Robinson: I think you pretty much just confirmed what everyone was hoping to hear, that you will be coming back. Can you tell us anything else? Modern Warfare, maybe?

MJ raises an eyebrow.

MJF: As much as I'd like to, the fact is, when Loki tossed me from the ring she ruptured a disc in my back, bruised

three vertebrae, and fractured my skull. And as much as I'd like to be able to round off a year in the CWF with a return to - and victory in - Modern Warfare... unfortunately I won't be able to wrestle again in time for the tournament. But... that's a disappointment, not a bookend. I will be back.

This makes Tara bust out a wide-open grin.

Tara Robinson: Awesome, chickie.

She holds out her fist and MJ bumps it.

Tara Robinson: Quite a bit has been happening since we last spoke to you, MJ... the Hostile Takeover has expanded, and we're looking at a Frozen Over main event to end all main events as the Hostile Takeover, the Glass Ceiling, and the Forsaken will all be represented in a bid to unify the World and Paramount Championships. Any predictions, any advice?

The former Champion purses her lips for a moment, as if lost in thought.

MJF: All three of 'em have a claim t'be in that match. Honestly, all I'd tell Shadow and Jarvis is to remember who the enemy is - and don't let sentimentality undercut either'a their efforts. And Loki?

Her expression goes deadpan.

MJF: Try ta win this one all by yourself, honey. Don't hide behind a referee this time and ya might not need your boy t'change the rules for ya.

Tara looks momentarily shocked at MJ's blatant disrespect to the current reigning CWF World Champion, but she recovers in short order.

Tara Robinson: MJ, as always, it's been a pleasure, and we're so happy to hear your recovery is moving along. We look forward to your imminent return to the ring!

The two shake hands as we cut.

Last Words

Match

The cameras cut from the nice picture of professionalism presented by MJ and Tara Robinson that the fans were all treated to, to a very nervous looking Marcus Maximus, who looks a bit pale and shakey.

Marcus Maximus: Greetings to both CWF and Hostility fans alike! I come to you now because I've been informed that Loki Synn has a response to MJ's video package.

The camera pans out and we see the one and only CWF World Champion Loki Synn. The crowd boos her relentlessly, but she doesn't seem to mind as she snags the mic from Marcus.

Loki Synn: Thank you Mucus.

Marcus Maximus: Er... That's Marcu...

The announcer stops himself as he catches the burlapped wrapped head of Loki staring into his very soul. He lets out a little "meep" sound and looks grateful as Loki gives him a dismissive hand gesture.

Loki Synn: Anyways... It seems that MJ needs a little refresher on what exactly happened when she went toe to toe with me. The Flairs talk a lot between hearing about her relic from a forgotten time of a father and now listening to her act like she didn't just get a look at her mortality and thinks that it's nothing to shake a stick at. She listed off her

shopping list of ailments that I caused. It wasn't Jarvis. It wasn't Shadow. It wasn't Milenko, or Tobias, Jimmy, or her measly excuse of "a ref."

It was me and I'd do it all again in a heartbeat if given the chance. Do you not recall what happened the last time you were in a match against me that didn't really require a ref? You barely walked out as champion. We have a match, with rules and everything. You STILL cry foul ball when I pin you with one finger. What is it that you hero types like to tout at all points when it serves you best? Oh right, "a win is a win."

Loki takes this point to hold HER title belt high for all to see.

Loki Synn: This is so much more than just another win MJ. This is so much more than a win for Hostility, or CWF, or whatever else your diluted mind might think that me coming and ousting you from your pedestal is about. No... Me doing EVERYTHING to destroy you and your position in this company has EVERYTHING to do with just my urge to dismantle everything you stand for. You stood atop this mountain touting that you would take on all comers. When I showed up, you scoffed and said I was nothing more than a puppet, flailing around under Milenko's hands. I get it though, at Northern Crown when I tossed you through the air and pinned you with one finger, I forced you to face your mortality. I made you face the fact that you are no the invincible superperson that people make you out to be. You don't deserve that golden spoon in your mouth and you don't deserve MY belt. This isn't Hostility's belt. This isn't CWF's belt. This is the World Championship of Loki Synn, Madness INC.

But I'm not if not a... "fighting champion." I don't take weeks off MJ after I win or lose a match. Look at my track record after I wrestled MY belt from your cold and broken grasp. How much time have I had off? How many fanfares have I thrown myself as soon as I come back a week after fighting in any kind of a match? So... You take all the time you need MJ. You take the time to heal your broken bones and ensure that there aren't any excuses for when you come back. Because like the cockroach you are, I'm know without you telling me, that you WILL be back, and you WILL come for me. I'm here to tell you to go ahead and bring it. Come give me your best shot at a come back and I'll show you why those spots only work for adult rated movies. I'm right here waiting for you MJ. You don't scare me. Your supporters don't scare me and rest assured when we meet again... I will break you to the point of NEVER coming back again and you'll WISH you were still able to walk around like that relic you call a father. Best wishes MJ, I'll be here waiting for you when you come back. Semi colon. Right parenthesis.

The fans boo as the camera cuts to inky blackness.

The Smokin' Aces (Duce Jones & Freddie Styles) vs. Chris Bond and Talon

Match

Jim Gunt: Good to hear from MJ that she is on the road back, but those were some serious injuries that she sustained and better wait a little longer instead of risking her career.

Mike Rolash: Indeed, Jimmy, at least she will be back, as she said, but Loki definitely is NOT a fan of hers and this just plays right into Ms. Synn's cards.

Jim Gunt: Well folks, it is time. It has been several years in the making, but here in a few moments, we are all going to witness the return of one of wrestling greatest brotherhoods. The names Talon, and Chris Bond are synonymous with Hostility; their name recognition rivaling that of owner, James Milenko, himself. They are both former champions, even going as far as squaring off against each other multiple times for company's top prize, the Hostility World Championship.

Mike Rolash: Jim, I'm getting really sick of this hours long nostalgia trip. We've seen countless other relics from Hostility's past, but these two take the cake. All I've been hearing for the past few weeks is "Talon this", or "Chris Bond that". CWF is the present and the future, and it's about time we leave the past where it belongs... in the trash.

Jim Gunt: Relics? In the trash? Do you even hear yourself sometimes? These legends helped pave the way for some of our own CWF roster... Tobias Devereaux, Lucas Greene, hell, even our World Champion, Loki Synn.

Mike Rolash: Oh pish, enough with this. Let's head to the ring for the introductions, so those two Hostility old-timers can get the beatings they deserve.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, the following match is a tornado tag street fight!

The crowd erupts with thunderous cheers, but are quickly drowned out as the sounds of police sirens and helicopters fill the arena, causing fans to look around to see what's going on. Suddenly the opening lyrics of The Game's "Ali Bomaye" sound off through the PA system.

Ray Douglas: Making their way to the ring, at a combined weight of four hundred and twenty eight pounds, representing the CWF, they are the team of Freddie Styles and Duce Jones! THE SMOKIN' ACES!

As the song breaks down, spotlights converge on the stage, illuminating the entry way. Freddie Styles is seen squatting down; head bent, arms stretched out in front of him, with his hands in twin pistol formation. Duce Jones stands behind Freddie, his back to the crowd, with arms folded across his chest. The fans shower them with boos as Duce spins around and stands beside Freddie, before both men begin to make their way down to the ring. Duce ignores a few fans' attempt at high fives, and hops right up to the ring apron, while Freddie hastily makes his way to the corner, and jogs up the ring steps. Once in the ring, Duce climbs the corner turnbuckles and glares out at the crowd, and Freddie makes his way over to the middle of the ropes, and points those double pistols once more.

Mike Rolash: Duce and Styles are looking hungry here tonight, Jim. I don't think those Hostility clowns stand a chance.

Jim Gunt: Ozric Mortimer was already in a match earlier, Mike. Please, try to keep your competitors straight.

Mike Rolash: I told you not to mention his name again! That guy gives me the creeps!

Ray Douglas: And their opponents... first...

The fans are already popping with anticipation as "You Know My Name" by Chris Cornell begins to play.

Jim Gunt: Here we go, Mike. This is it! The return of the Bond and Talon Show!!!

Mike Rolash: Get a grip, Gunt. You're gushing.

Ray Douglas: ...from San Antonio, Texas, weighing in at two hundred and forty pounds, CHRIS BOOOND!

The music continues to play for a few moments, but no one appears. The fans are still buzzing, but there is a hint of confusion as well. Styles and Jones stand right at the near ropes, exchanging glances as they await their opponents. After a few more moments, Ray Douglas attempts to announce Bond once again. However, before he can really get going, he is interrupted by the PA system going to static for a second or two. When it comes back on, "Through the Fire and the Flames" is already playing, and the Hostility faithful in the audience start going crazy for the "Hero of Hostility".

Ray Douglas: Okay... and his tag team partner, hailing from Carson City, Nevada, weighing in at two hundred and forty-five pounds... THE HERO... TAAALOOON!

Jim Gunt: I never thought I'd see the day, Mike. There is nothing you can say that will ruin thi...

Mike Rolash: Oh, do shut up, Jimothy.

The high energy music from DragonForce continues to blast throughout the arena, but just like his partner, Talon is nowhere to be seen. The fans are beginning to get a little restless, when the PA system once again, goes to static. This time it lasts a lot longer, and the lights start to flicker and fade.

Then pitch black, and silence...

"Hello darkness, my old friend,
I've come to talk with you again,"

The arena erupts with thunderous cheers and applause as "The Sound of Silence" by Simon & Garfunkel begins to play. As the anthem for Hostility's biggest pay per view, South of Heaven, the song evokes memories of the days when Talon and Chris Bond were main fixtures for the company and its shows. The fans soak in the moment, but suddenly the lights come back full blast. Freddie and Duce are still fixated on the stage, but standing behind them, with a steel chair in each hand, is none other than Chris Bond. The crowd goes wild as Bond has a great big grin on his face. He hollers to the Smokin' Aces to turn around, to which they oblige. Duce makes the first move towards Bond, but from the rafters, Talon is lowered down on a cable, making a hero landing next to Bond.

Mike Rolash: What in the blue hell was that!?

Jim Gunt: That was a surreal, fucking moment... THAT'S what that was!

Bondo smirks at Talon, and hands him a chair after the face painted hero unlatches from the cable. Styles launches himself at Bond, but gets a chair to the gut for his troubles, while Duce tries for a hard clothesline. Talon ducks underneath, and counters with a chair across the back. Jones absorbs the impact fairly well, and turns back to Talon, who actually looks quite impressed. He drives the chair into Jones' abdomen, and once again wails the folding chair

down across his opponents back. The Aces rolls to the outside to regroup and reassess, leaving Team Hostility to take a lap around the ring, soaking in the cheers. Duce and Freddie look a little wary of getting back in while the chairs are in play, and only hop up to the apron on opposite sides of the ring. Bond and Talon move towards the ropes, not letting the Aces back in. Bond swings his chair at Styles, who quickly ducks under, and surprises Bond with a step up enziguri after the former secret agent missed his mark. The kick catches Bond square on the jaw, dropping him to one knee, allowing Freddie to get back into the ring. Meanwhile, Talon and Duce are on the outside exchanging punches to the head. Duce tries to change things up, and jumps up for a knee strike, but Talon dodges it and whips him towards the ring steps. However, Duce counters it with the whip of his own, sending Talon crashing hard against the metal steps. With Talon down momentarily, Jones lifts up the apron, and searches for something under the ring to play with. When he emerges, he holds up a kendo stick for everyone to see.

Mike Rolash: Now that's what I'm talking about. Time for this Aces to go buck wild on Double-oh-loser, and Talon-tless over there.

Duce wastes little time going to work, swinging the kendo stick down in an overhead fashion. Talon manages to combat roll to safety, as the kendo stick hits the steps hard. Splinters of wood fly everywhere, but the stick itself is still in useable condition. Duce turns quickly, and catches Talon in the ribs, before "The Hero" can land his counter attack. Jones follows it up by driving the end of the kendo stick into Talon's gut, doubling him over. Talon struggles to right himself, but Duce helps him back up before tossing him back in under the ropes. Already in the ring, Styles has Bond pinned up in the corner, unloading on him with chops. Freddie then rolls Bond to a seated position with a snap mare, and then bounces off the middle turnbuckle to connect with a basement dropkick to the back.

Jim Gunt: Talon and Bond started things off hot here tonight, but now the tides seem to be turning in CWF's favor now. Those dastardly Smokin' Aces are back on top, and looking to dole out more punishment.

Mike Rolash: "Dastardly?" What are we in Jimbo? The Wacky Races? Is Muttly going to show up soon? I love that dog...

Duce grabs Talon and sits him up. He then takes the kendo stick, and begins choking the Hero with it. Chris Bond reacts out of instinct, and comes to his partner's aid, shoving Jones off of Talon. However, Freddie Styles grabs Bond from behind and spins him around for another couple of knife edge chops. Bond clutches his chest and spins around, and right into a shot from Duce's kendo stick. The ribs, the legs, the arms, they all get it. Duce goes a little berserk with the weapon, which maybe leads to trouble, as he swings for the fences. Bond somehow manages to display that great ring awareness again, and ducks the attack. Jones accidently hits Styles with the kendo stick, sending him reeling. Duce looks frustrated, but is suddenly grabbed from behind. Talon holds Duce's arms behind his back, as Bond connects with a superkick to the gut, and follows up with a cradle piledriver. He immediately goes for the match's first pin attempt.

ONE!

TWO!

Duce kicks out soon after the two count, and the match continues.

Jim Gunt: That was a close one, wasn't it, Mike?

Mike Rolash: Not even close, Jim. Both Aces have a lot more in the tank. Talon and Bond look like they might have lost a step or two.

Jim Gunt: Lost a step? I don't think so.

Bond pulls Jones to his feet, and then dumps him unceremoniously to the outside. Both Hostility members turn their sights on Styles, who recovers from the kendo shot just in time to strike at the duo first. He kicks Bond in the midsection, and connects with an elbow strike to Talon's cheek. Both men stumble back a step, but shake off the attacks and strike back. Talon hits a forearm shiver that stuns Freddie, and Bond drives his shoulder into Styles' stomach and slams him hard into the corner. Bond pulls Styles back toward the middle and delivers a beautiful overhead suplex. Styles lands at Talon's feet, and the Hero bounces off the ropes with a hard elbow drop. He follows up with a quick series of elbow drops, before Bond finishes things off with a running leg drop.

Jim Gunt: Hostility is back on a roll. Styles needs Duce to get back in there to help him, or he's going to be in big trouble.

Bond picks Freddie up to a standing position, and the brothers-in-arms look for stereo superkicks. Behind them, Duce manages to get back up to the apron, drawing Bond's attention. Talon continues on with Styles, lifting him up on his shoulders, and looking for a Death Valley Driver. Freddie begins to struggle, and actually manages to free himself from his predicament. Dropping down behind Talon, he shoves him in Bond's back, sending Bond out through the ropes. Talon stumbles back, and Styles rolls him up for a pin.

ONE!

TWO!

THRE...

NO! Talon kicks out to keep the fight alive for Hostility. Meanwhile on the outside, Bond and Duce are grappling for the upperhand, when Duce gets a boot up into Bond's stomach. A knee lift to the face drives Bond back into the apron. He hits hard and grabs his back as he falls to the floor. Duce quickly latches onto him and tosses him into the barricade near the bottom of the ramp. Bond tries to get to his feet, but only stumbles up toward the stage area.

Back in the ring, Talon sends Style into the corner, and follows him in with a spear, but Freddie dodges it, sending Talon shoulder first into the ring post. While he is indisposed, Styles starts removing the turnbuckle cover above Talon's head.

Mike Rolash: Freddie Style is pulling out all the stops now, and I'm not sure how much longer Talon can stay on this ride. Especially since it looks like Bond is doing the smart thing and retreating.

Jim Gunt: Don't be foolish, Talon has the heart and fighting spirit of a true champion and hero. It's going to take a lot more than a metal turnbuckle to do him in, and do you not know your history Mr. I'm James Milenko's pet announcer?

Chris Bond has never and will never give up a fight, ESPECIALLY when it comes fighting back to back with his heterosexual lifemate Talon.

Mike Rolash: Heterosexu...Wha?

Styles finishes his task, and pulls Talon back up. He whips him to the far corner, and then successfully connects with a big splash. Pointing towards the exposed turnbuckle with a wink and a gun, Freddie sends Talon hurtling across the ring. Somehow, Talon manages to stop short, and turns around, right into a superkick. He flies back, with the back of his head hitting the exposed metal. Talon crumbles to the floor, and Styles makes the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

Mike Rolash: THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! The Smokin' Aces have done it!

Jim Gunt: NO MIKE!!! Look at the ref! Look at Talon's foot on the ropes.

Mike Rolash: NOOO!!!

The crowd is ecstatic as the ref signals for the match to continue. Styles is beside himself, arguing with the referee to end the match. The ref won't budge, and Freddie moves onto the next plan. He swiftly rolls from the ring and heads to the time keeper's area. He grabs a couple chairs and tosses them into the ring, nearly hitting Talon and the ref. He slides back in, and puts the boots to Talon for good measure. He then begins to set up Talon for a one man con-chair-to, as the camera switches up to the stage.

On the stage, Bond and Duce Jones are going back forth, strike for strike, move for move, looking for an opening to win. Near the edge of the stage, are a bunch of strange props for the Unholy Carnival war games match up later, one of which is a giant hourglass. Very dangerous stuff. Duce goes for a running knee strike, but Bond brushes it aside, and looks to hit the mark with his Reality Check superkick. Duce ducks under it, and hits a belly-to-belly suplex. With a crazed look in his eye, having spotted the large glass object, Duce pulls Bond to his feet and drags him across the stage. He is about to ram Bond's head into the glass, but Chris frees himself at the last second. Duce falls into the glass, but not hard enough to break it. He quickly turns, but is met with a Reality Check. Duce gets jacked, and is sent back into the glass... hard. His head hits the glass and cracks it. He stumbles forward again, and Bond goes for another superkick. However, Duce shows great resilience and catches Bond's foot mid air. On pure adrenaline, he picks Bond up by the ankle and waist band, turns, and shoves Bond into the hourglass back first. The glass shatters and sand spills out in a wave. All that is seen of Bond is his legs sticking out of the sand, and they aren't moving. Duce falls to the stage, exhausted and in serious pain.

Jim Gunt: This is turning into a damn war for the ages. Neither team is going to give up until they are basically dead.

Mike Rolash: Yeah, credit where it is due, everyone is putting up one hell of a fight.

In the ring, Talon is in serious trouble. Laying face first on top of a chair, it is only a matter of seconds before Styles does his best to crush the skull of Hostility's Hero. Styles has the chair high in the air, when there is a collective gasp from the fans at ringside. Two men jump the barricade and slide into the ring.

Mike Rolash: Now wait just a minute. What the hell is this nonsense?

Jim Gunt: Oh my God, it can't be! Mike, do you know who they are!?

Mike Rolash: No fucking clue, Jim. Enlighten me.

Standing across the ring from Freddie Styles, a large three hundred pound man, and a smaller man more his size, both with reddish, auburn hair. They do look awfully familiar, and rather hostile.

Jim Gunt: That's Pat and Tom... the Atoe Boys! Pat was close friends with Talon and Bond back in the day. In fact, their friendship grew from the time Pat Atoe earned his Hostility contract by beating Chris Bond in a Milenko Talent Initiative match.

Mike Rolash: Wait... Pat Atoe... Tom Atoe... like from a fucking vegetable garden???

Styles looks supremely confused by the arrival of these unexpected Hostilites, but doesn't hold back with the chair. He charges Pat, the smaller of the two men, but is cut off by the much larger Tom. The Killer Tomato snatches the chair right from Styles' hands and heaves it from the ring. Pat quickly goes up top, while Tom lifts Freddie up into military press. Styles has no clue what's going on now, as Tom tosses Styles into the air, where Pat leaps from the ropes and connects with a flying cutter. Styles lands in a heap, as security pours out from the backstage area. As quickly as they arrived, the Atoe Brothers pull Talon on top of Styles and high tail it back out into the sea of fans. The referee is just as surprised as anyone and is a little slow on the draw. He drops down and makes the count.

Mike Rolash: No, not like this! This can't be happening.

Jim Gunt: You better believe it!!!

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-

Out of nowhere, Duce Jones dives into the ring and breaks up the pin attempt. The crowd swell with emotion, as this match was mere milliseconds from being over.

Mike Rolash: Thank you, there is a God! Oh wait, no, that was Duce. I get the two confused sometimes.

All four men are down and out, with Bond still half buried in hourglass sand. In the ring, there is no count under street fight rules, so the world waits for someone to get up.

Jim Gunt: The anticipation is killing me.

Mike Rolash: You know, what gets me is that under street fight rules, anything goes, so no count outs. Yet a rope break is allowed to stand?

Jim Gunt: Are you still on about that?

Talon begins to stir first, making it to the ropes to try and pull himself up. Duce Jones rolls from his back to his hands and knees, and slowly rises. Freddie Styles slowly rolls to the apron, and makes his way to a corner. Talon is the first to his feet, and turns to face Jones. Jones launches himself from his knees, but Talon blocks the takedown, and tries to drop Duce with a swinging neckbreaker. Duce keeps the momentum going and turns it into a neckbreaker of his own. He pulls Talon back up to his feet once more and sends him off the far ropes with an Irish whip. Talon comes running back, but Jones drops to his stomach and lets him pass. Talon rebounds again, and Duce leap frogs over him. As Talon heads for the ropes a third time, he sees Styles getting to his feet, and tries for a big boot. Styles sees it at the last moment and pulls the ropes down. Talon ends up crotched on the top rope, leaving him open for dual enziguiris from the Smokin' Aces. Left prone, the Aces look to end this once and for all. Hung up on the ropes, Duce grabs Talon by the neck and sets him up for a draping DDT from the top rope. Freddie heads up top and readies for a double foot stomp to combo with the DDT. Fans know this could potentially seal the deal for the Aces, and Talon knows it too as he struggles to free himself.

Mike Rolash: DO IT! Put another nail in Hostility's coffin and stomp that face painted freak back to the shadows.

Styles leaps into action, and it's like time stands still. The fans hold their collective breath as Freddie flies through the air.

CLANK!!!

Styles doesn't even make it to Talon when a steel folding chair is swung from the ring apron, connecting with his face. The arena lets out a gasp as Chris Bond, covered in sand, glass, and blood, stands there with the dented steel in his hands. Duce can't believe his eyes as Styles is out cold. He stares at Bond, not truly believing that Bond survived being thrown through the glass. Suddenly, Talon wriggles free from the ropes and lands on his feet. Bond tosses him the chair, and hurries into the ring. Talon slams the chair into Duce's gut, leaving him prone for another Reality Check from Bond. Duce stays up, so Talon tosses Bond the chair, and connects with a Claws of Fate superkick to the other side of Duce's jaw, spinning him into a chair to the forehead from Bond.

Jim Gunt: I can't believe this...

Mike Rolash: What can I say, Duce Jones is one tough son of a bitch.

Jones is staggered, maybe even unconscious, but he is still on his feet. Bond drops the chair in amazement, and winks at Talon.

REALITY CHECK

CLAWS OF FATE

Still standing...

REALITY CHECK AND CLAWS OF FATE!!!

Duce stumbles back into the ropes, and then lurches forward into the waiting arms of Talon. Talon looks around the arena, and back at Bond, who kicks the chair over to Talon's feet.

Jim Gunt: WINGS OF DESTINY ON THE CHAIR!!!

Mike Rolash: Well shit...

Talon drives Duce Jones' skull into the already mangled chair with his DDT finisher, and makes the cover. Bond drops down for the two man dog pile for good measure, and the referee makes the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!!!

The referee calls for the bell, and the whole place shakes with excitement. "Through the Fire and the Flames" plays over the PA system as Ray Douglas makes the call.

Ray Douglas: Ladies and gentlemen, here are your winners... CHRIS BOND AND TALON!!!

Jim Gunt: What an incredibly physical match that was. All those guys in the ring are known for their technical prowess and skills, but this was simply a knock'em down, drag'em out brawl, and the fans loved every second of it.

Mike Rolash: I won't say the better team won, but I'll at least say they deserved the win.

Jim Gunt: The legends of Chris Bond and "The Hero" Talon continue to grow even on this day, a match that will go down in the annals of history, both for Hostility and CWF.

In the ring, Bond and Talon embrace as the music switch over to "You Know My Name". The two men then scale the turnbuckles, close their eyes, and take in all the cheers and adoration, as this could be the last time either man steps into a wrestling ring again. It's not often to see wrestlers go out with a win, but if it was going to happen, these were the warriors to see it done. They slide down off the ropes and head to the outside, slapping hands with the fans at ringside. Bond stops to get some pics taken with his adoring fans, while Talon hands off his ring worn gloves to a small girl in the front row with Talon makeup on her face. As the show slowly fades to a commercial break, we see one last shot of Talon and Bond standing half way up the ramp with their arms raised in victory. A very special sight to see, indeed.

Going Over The Rules

Match

The lights inside of the Alliant Energy Center Coliseum dim down as the structure now affectionately known as the Unholy Carnival. The crowd watches on in awe as the massive structure slowly descends over the two rings.

Jim Gunt: What a night it has been, I've witnessed so much violence that I think I may need to go to church Sunday.

Mike Rolash: It's been a beautiful night Jimbo and you know it!

Jim Gunt: Be that as it may we want to welcome some of the great CWF and Hostility alumni, who chose to join us as fans instead of competing on this epic show. Joining us are The Blue Scorpion.

The camera switches to the crowd where TBS is seen amongst the fans, he shoots the camera his toothy grin as we now switch to a shot of the Highlanders, Dan and Caledonia!

Jim Gunt: Cali and Dan Highlander! Next to them are Amber Ryan and Alex Cain!

The crowd is going nuts as they try to jump into frame with the four, smiling at the ridiculousness of the fans, suddenly the voice of Rolash interrupting the surreal moment.

Mike Rolash: That's all cool and all, but don't forget about my boys The Entourage over there with Jaiden Rishel.

We are then shown a shot of the three, fans going crazy around them as well. Then switches to a split view of Hostility alumni, Sara Pettis and Xander Daniels.

Mike Rolash: We also have some Hostility greats in the building. Sara Pettis and Xander Daniels! Or how about the Atoe Brothers!

Tom and Pat Atoe are shown waving at the crowd, who cheer in approval, the camera finally shifting to one final splitscreen of Pat Fullam and Anti-Hero.

Mike Rolash: Last but not least we certainly can't forget about Anti-Hero and Pat Fullam, all legends within the ranks of Hostility!

Jim Gunt: Have you forgotten who signs your checks?

Mike Rolash: Nope, just like I haven't forgotten who pays me cash as well.

Gunt simply shakes his head as the Unholy Carnival is finally in place around the two rings!

Mike Rolash: I didn't realize how close we were gonna be to this thing.

Jim Gunt: At least the action will stay inside of that thing. I wonder what kinda twisted mind could think of something such as this.

Soon "Seek and Destroy" by Metallica blares out, James Milenko steps through the curtains, the fans giving him a mixed reaction. The diehards because of the amazing night of action that was on display and the CWF faithful for his reputation. He cockily walks down the aisle and makes his way up the steps immediately at the end of the aisle, leading into the cage. Walking across the metal platform, he steps through the ropes and comes to a halt inside of the first ring. Producing a microphone from his pocket, here looks around at the crowd with a shit eating grin.

James Milenko: Whew! What a night huh, ladies and gentlemen? What a night it has been for things to get hostile. And tonight you all have witnessed history unfold, but it's not over yet! Because what you're all are about to lay eyes on, can only come from one mind... a great mind.

Milenko walks towards the ropes leading towards the second ring, taking a moment to pause on the middle platform that separate the rings.

James Milenko: .. of James Milenko! The Unholy Carnival! 20 tons of steel. a solid steel style designed... to punish the human body!

Entering the second ring, Milenko moves to the ropes nearest the cage and exits stepping out onto the steel platform.

James Milenko: Ten warriors are willing to put themselves through HELL for the ultimate surPRIZE of saying their promotion was the best. But we all know the truth... Now here's how it's all gonna happen. the first eight individuals to step in these rings.. will be confined inside one of these pods!

Moving to the nearest pod, Milenko points at for the crowd to see.

James Milenko: A pod that is made out of glass and steel! Every five minutes, one of these pods will be unlocked, in random order by one of four referees!

Mike Rolash: We only have four employed!

Stepping back into the ring, he makes his way into the first ring, pointing at the entrance way, two relatively unknown referees run down the aisle, and get into position along with the already trusted crew who is on duty tonight.

James Milenko: Trust me Mike, I have all grounds covered. But the last two competitors to walk down that aisle will start things off. Now eliminations can occur at anytime during this match, and there are only a few ways for an Elimination to occur. That's either by pinfall, you exit this structure, or if you can't stand the punishment, if you can't stand the hostility, then by submission. Victory will only happen when the last surviving member of either team is eliminated! Did I forget to mention that there will be weapons!?

The Madison fans can't help but to erupt in cheers for the brutal match that's about to take place. Milenko soaking in the reaction from the fans as "Seek and Destroy" begins playing again, Milenko soon making his exit.

Team Hostility: Loki Synn, Tobias Devereaux, Brock, IM Hate, Jay Rayez vs. Team CWF: The Shadow, Jarvis King, Duce Jones, Freddie Styles & Mystery Man

Match

DING! DING!

Ray Douglas: Now ladies and gentlemen it is time to introduce the participants in the first ever UNHOLY CARNIVAL MATCH!

The crowd goes apeshit at the announcement, "New Orleans Heavy Swamp Blues" by Justin Johnson plays through, their cheers soon switch to boos as one half of the CWF Tag Team Champions, Tobias Devereaux steps out. He looks a bit worn down from his earlier match as he slowly saunters down the aisle.

Ray Douglas: The first participant for Team Hostility! He is one half of the CWF Tag Team Champions! Here is TOBIAS DEVEREAUX!

Making his way to the steps leading towards the structure. He hands his belt to the ringside attendant, finally making his way inside and to a pod on the Hostility side, he steps inside as the glass door is slid shut and locked by Scott Dean.

Jim Gunt: As Tobias gets settled in his temporary prison, you have to think that after him and Jimmy's defeat earlier.. he wants to turn things around for the Hostility regime.

Mike Rolash: The Hostility guys are down bad here tonight as CWF has a 4-2 lead, so any attempt of evening things up is out of the window. However, a match of the magnitude as this could have major implications.

As Tobias looks around at his temporary prison, the music of IM Hate kicks in as he makes his way out onto the stage area. Throwing his fists in the air, the crowd let's out a mixed reaction for the Hostility alumni.

Ray Douglas: The second participant for Team Hostility! IM HAAATTTTEEE!

Hate makes his way down the aisle looking smug as ever. Totally ignoring the fans he walks up the steps leading into

the Unholy Carnival positioning himself inside of the glass pod, Scott Dean securing him inside. The camera quickly switch back to the stage area as the music of the Heroes of Violence begins to play inciting cheers from the crowd.

Ray Douglas: The number three and four participants for Team Hostility! They are Jay Rayez and Brock.. HEROES OF VIOLENCE!

The two men make their way down the ramp slapping the hands of the fans. Finally reaching the unholy structure, both men step inside going to their pods respectively, where they are both locked inside by one of the new refs at ringside.

Jim Gunt: Well here's the team that Milenko compiled together to try and take down our impressive athletes Mike.

Mike Rolash: None of these guys are slouches and may give Team CWF a run for their money. Especially with the Aces having competed before this match.

Suddenly, the upbeat atmosphere in Madison shifts, as "Broken Dreams" by Shaman's Harvest starts to play. A solitary spotlight illuminates the entranceway as the Glass Ceiling, Freddie Styles, Duce Jones and Jarvis King, emerge. The three stand at the top of the stage, the Aces showing a bit of exhaustion from the previous match. The three men meander to the ring, slowly, without a care in the world.

Ray Douglas: Now the participants for Team CWF! First they are "East Coast Excellence" Jarvis King, Freddie Styles and Duce Jones! THE GLASS CEILING!

Jim Gunt: Stewart's 'top picks' might have bitten off more than they can chew with this task. But it is truly going to be a sight to see how they hold up in this type of match.

Mike Rolash: I got faith that these guys are capable of stepping up to the plate when they need to, they aren't called the Glass Ceiling for nothing.

King, Jones, and Styles all enter the cell, illuminated by the sole spotlight, and stand center stage. In unison, the three extend their right index fingers to the sky, meeting in the middle, bringing the lights back up. Now making their way to their pods, as "Big" Denny Davidson and the other ref, positioned on Team CWF's side locks them inside of their pods. The lights go out again as "Mea Culpa" by After Forever begins to play.

Ray Douglas: Representing Team CWF, from Calgary, Alberta, Canada! THE SHADOW!

As the choir sets in, fog starts to waft around the Unholy Carnival, illuminated only with dark, purple light, the ring itself dark. As the choir reaches their crescendo, the purple lights flicker with rising intensity and as the choir stops, the lights go back on and The Shadow stands stoically inside of his pod as everyone inside of the arena in stunned.

Jim Gunt: And just like that, the Weaver of Dreams is here!

Mike Rolash: How does he just appear like that? Has to be some supernatural shit going on behind that.

Jim Gunt: Well he is The Shadow after all.

Ray Douglas: And now, introducing the members of each team that will be starting off The Unholy Carnival! First, representing Team Hostility, she IS... YOUR CWF WORLD CHAMPION... LOOOOOKKKKKKIIIIII SSSYYYYYYNNNNN!!!

"They're Coming To Take Me Away (Ha-Ha!)" by The Butcher Babies starts up and The Janusian Jester makes her way out onto the entrance ramp, holding the World Title aloft with one arm, the other held at an awkward angle, and in honor of such a massive event, wearing the burlap mask she stole from The Shadow.

Jim Gunt: In comes our World Champion, looking creepy as ever...

Mike Rolash: That is understatement of the century Jimbo, Loki is creeptastic with a side of cray-cray.

Jim Gunt: What?

Mike Rolash: I don't know. I didn't really sleep, I had those nightmares again. Something about cockatoos and burlap.

I... I haven't been sleeping well.

Jim doesn't have a chance to reply to his broadcast partner as he catches sight of Loki who has frozen in her tracks, halfway getting into the Carnival, and stares a hole right through Jim Gunt. His face pales as Loki turns her attentions to the first ring, getting into the middle and spinning in a circle, collapsing into an Indian style sitting position as she stares at each of her opponents in turn. She could care less about her teammates, but that would involve effort, which Loki wasn't ready to expel quite yet.

Ray Douglas: Next up, representing Team CWF. That's... That's all I know about him since he IS, the Mystery Man!
The lights die, plunging the arena into inky blackness that lasts a few short moments. All eyes turn to the entrance ramp to reveal...

...
..
.

An empty birdcage.

Mike Rolash: Wait a second...

Suddenly, "Dangerous Tonight" by Alice Cooper queues up and the fans go ballistic as Mike Rolash is showered in raven's feathers! Mike jumps out of his skin as the one and only Ataxia appears behind Mike, staring up at the ring and addressing first Loki; and then the portly Rolash.

Ataxia: Hello nurse! Did you miss me? Your wife has been asking about you...

From somewhere unbeknownst to the general public and probably for good reason, Ataxia produces a potted plant and puts it next to Mike Rolash who looks like he's going to have a heart attack. He doesn't have long to respond as the Sentinels of Synn flood the already crowded ringside area to surround Ataxia! Wasting no time, Ataxia leaps up onto the announce table and after saluting Jim Gunt leaps into the Sentinels and shouting the only way Ataxia can...

Ataxia: LEEEEEEERRRRRROOOOOOOYYYYYYYYY JEEEEENNNNNKKKKKKIIIIIIINNNNNSSSSSS!!!

Ataxia lands on the closest pile of Sentinels and starts fighting them all off one by one. Just as Loki starts laughing at the mess the returning Ataxia has gotten himself into, her proverbial smile is wiped clean off her face as Myfanwy appears up at the top of the ramp and leads the Druids to chase of the Sentinels!

Ataxia: HAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!!

With a flourish that only Ataxia can muster, he swaggers into the ring, puffing out his chest to confront an admittedly perplexed Loki Synn.

Ataxia: Shall we dance, m'lady?

The Knight in Shining Burlap bows deep and Loki takes advantage by pelting the back of Ataxia with a flurry of strikes, similar to a tribal clans person beating on a deer skin drum. Ataxia staggers to a knee and Loki follows up with a knee to the burlapped crusader! Ataxia is quick though and catches Loki's leg, caressing it much like a lover would during a tango. Loki yanks her leg back as Ataxia gets to his feet, the Jester unsure how to proceed.

Jim Gunt: Uhhmmm... I'm not sure what to make of that exchange, Mike, how are you faring?

Mike Rolash: He... HE... He was supposed to be buried and GONE! Danny B. BURIED him at Hellbound after smashing his face with a shovel! Why?!

Loki let's out an unearthly howl and charges at Ataxia with a wild clothesline. Forever quick, Ataxia grabs Loki's arm and twirls her around in a spin much like a ballroom dancer. Ataxia twirls her in close but Loki knees him in the ribs, forcing him to drop her to the mat! She rolls away and gets to her feet, using the ropes to pull herself up. Ataxia spins away from Loki, inviting her to chase after him. She does so, looking for one of her patented boots, but Ataxia once again sidesteps, swatting Loki's leg away and knocking the champ off balance! Loki steps forward while Ataxia steps to her side, winding up and giving The Jester a playful slap on the butt!

Jim Gunt: I'm honestly not sure what to make of all this. For every attack Loki makes, Ataxia parries and then tries to... DANCE with Loki?!

Mike Rolash: BURIED JIM! HE WAS BURIED!

Loki roars in rage, spinning and looking to hit Ataxia with an elbow that would knock any normal person's head off. However, Ataxia isn't a "normal" person and he manages to snag Loki's elbow, pulling her down, and in one swift movement rips off her burlap mask! Everyone let's out one collective gasp as Loki takes the opportunity to spin up and away from Ataxia, her black with deep blue tipped hair falling out in a ponytail behind her. Her face of course, is covered by her all white mask with nothing but a semi colon and right parenthesis on it. She laughs at Ataxia as he tosses the mask to the side and joins in with Loki with her giggling. She notices and promptly stops, about to make another charge when carnival music begins to play and the countdown for the next entrant hits a five count, with which the fans join in.

FIVE!

FOUR!

THREE!

TWO!

ONE!

The buzzer sounds off as the pod occupied by Duce Jones is slid open by "Big" Denny! Looking around in shock, Jones curses to himself as he steps out. Both Ataxia and Loki turn their attention to Jones who slowly approaches the both of them.

Jim Gunt: Right off the bat with the first pod, things are about to get interesting. Especially given the history between these three.

Mike Rolash: Some may even say that if it weren't for the actions of the Aces, taking out Mia Rayne, Loki Synn wouldn't be here today.

Slowly making his way inside of the ring where the Janusian Jester and the Messiah Pariah are. He looks towards them both and begins to plea with Ataxia that they should team up and take out Synn. A seething look is on the Knight in Burlap's face as he begins to stalk towards Jones.

Jim Gunt: At the moment there seems to be no love lost from Ataxia towards Jones.

Mike Rolash: Well they need to get on the same page quick, because now Loki is stalking Duce from behind.

As if sensing the tension and vibration off the body of Synn, a worn out Jones curses again, slowly he turns around as Synn charges forward with a vicious lariat! However she takes out Ataxia as Duce is able to dodge out of the way. Giggling a bit to herself as Taxi tries to recover on the canvas, she turns her attention back to Duce who is pouncing on her with shoot kicks to the shins. Trying to block the kicks as best as she can, Jones eases up on the onslaught, letting out a huge roar to a decent reaction from the fans. Turning to charge the opposite ropes, his momentum is stopped as Loki reaches out grabbing him by his dreadlocks, snatching down and sending Jones hard to the canvas with a whiplash!

Jim Gunt: Oh My! Did you see the way his neck snapped back on that one?

Mike Rolash: Synn knows that Jones and Styles are partly responsible for her state of being and wants to cause major harm to them.

Rolling to his hands and knees, an exhausted Jones is knocked unconscious by Loki with a brutal punt kick! Slumping back to the canvas, Loki begins to laugh hysterically as she rolls Jones over going for the pin as Summits is over to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

NO!

Jim Gunt: How was he able to kickout!? After the night he's already had, having competed just before this match!

Mike Rolash: I know it's starting to become cliché, but he is the Kid that Never Dies..

Instead of frustration, Synn seems to be amused by Jones' fighting spirit. Getting to her feet, Loki walks toward the cell wall, climbing up a bit and retrieving a chair connected to the cell. Tossing it to the steel platform and dropping down herself, she picks it back up and returns to the ring. Slowly recovering inside of the ring the Kid that Never Dies is up to his knees as Synn stands in front of him with chair in tow. Off instinct, Jones looks up to the Janusian Jester and hurls spittle in her direction!

Mike Rolash: That was smart....

Loki cocks her bloodstained mask in the direction of Jones, before violently slamming the chair across his head! Jones is out like a light as he slumps to the canvas, Loki looking to cause more harm as she raises the chair, just then the carnival music starting and the timer counting down, distracting her from her malice.

FIVE!

FOUR!

THREE!

TWO!

ONE!

The buzzer sounds off as the pod of Brock is opened! He charges into the ring looking to cause some damage, but is caught by surprise by Taxi who drives both of his knees into the chest of Brock, sending him crashing into the corner turnbuckle pads!

Jim Gunt: He just destroyed Brock with the Reckoning! Ataxia is pulling him out of the corner and going for the pin!

ONE!

TWO!

CRACK!

Mike Rolash: Helluva way to break a pin attempt.

Summits stops his count, as Loki stands over both Ataxia and Brock, yanking the Knight in Burlap off of her teammate. Synn takes him by the mask and tosses him over the top rope and crashing hard on the platform that connects the two rings. Now herself standing between the two rings, Synn takes the chair and begins to choke Ataxia with the edge of it! Meanwhile, inside of the ring both Brock and Jones slowly recover. Using the corners opposite each other respectively, to get to a vertical base, Brock being the fresher of the two men, charges towards Jones grabbing his head with a side headlock and uses his momentum to spring off the top rope and spin Jones face first into the canvas with a springboard bulldog! He quickly shoots the half, going for the pin as Summits is over to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

THR-NO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: Jones able to survive for just a bit longer, but for how long will he be able to stay in this fight?

Mike Rolash: I don't know Jimbo, but I love the way Loki is treating that freak right now!

Finally done choking Ataxia, she lets up with the chair as he rolls into the second ring. Tossing the chair to the side, she measures a rising Ataxia before getting a running start and shooting a punt kick to his ribs causing him to flip over on his back. She goes for the pin, as official Trent Robbins is right there to make the count.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Loki quickly transitions to choking the life out of Ataxia as she laughs maniacally, soon letting up and getting to her feet to taunt a jeering crowd. Inside of the other ring, Brock has Jones pinned in the corner, stinging his chest with knife edge chops. Now running towards the opposite corner, he races back towards Jones going for a splash, but Jones ducks out of the way forcing Brock to crash into the empty corner! Racing himself towards the opposite corner, Jones runs up the ropes, springs off the top onto the top rope of the opposite ring and connects with the back of an unsuspecting Synn's head with a Shining Wizard! Just as they both crash to the canvas the carnival music starts up as the timer comes on again.

Jim Gunt: Who will be next to enter for Team CWF?

FIVE!

FOUR!

THREE!

TWO!

ONE!

The buzzer sounds off as the pod of The Shadow is opened by a ref! Entering the first ring, the Weaver of Dreams makes a beeline for Brock, crushing him in the corner with a clothesline. Stumbling out of the corner, The Shadow lifts Brock off his feet and drives him back first into his knee with a backbreaker. Opting not to go for the pin, Shadow drops a knee across the chest of Brock!

Jim Gunt: The Paramount Champion is taking it to one half of the Heroes of Violence right now! At the moment though things are up in the air on who has the definitive advantage.

Mike Rolash: You'd have to say right now, that Duce is the odd man out.. Speaking of Duce, where did he go?

Jim Gunt: I don't know, does anyone have eyes on Jones?

A cameraman inside of the Unholy Carnival spots Jones climbing up the cell, positioning himself on top of the pod that contains IM Hate, reaching up to try and grab some weapons. Standing on the glass ceiling, he's able to reach a kendo stick, tossing it inside of the ring. He's also able to reach another chair, a stop sign, and a lead pipe tossing them all in the ring.. He finally takes a jump trying to grab a chain, but the glass beneath him finally gives as he comes crashing through the pod and is now trapped inside with IM Hate!

Crowd: HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT! HOLY SHIT!

Jim Gunt: The glass ceiling just came crashing in on Jones!

Mike Rolash: You couldn't wait to say that huh?

Both men are down inside of the pod covered in shards of glass. However, Hate is the first to recover as he quickly begins to put the boots to a downed Jones, soon holding on to the inside of the pod for leverage as he chokes the Kid

that Never Dies with his foot! Ataxia and Loki are seen recovering, both of them slowly rising to their feet. Being the first to strike, Loki swings wildly at Ataxia who ducks underneath, turning quickly to each other, Ataxia blows a kiss in the direction of Synn. Infuriated she goes to attack him, but is pulled back hard into the mat with a Russian Leg Sweep courtesy of The Shadow! Making it back to his feet, he looks to take advantage, but Ataxia stops him, questioning his actions.

Jim Gunt: There seems to be dissension within the ranks of the Forsaken.

Mike Rolash: That bagged face freak has been missing since Hellbound, there's a lot he doesn't know.

Jim Gunt: But it's clear he knows who Loki really is, and maybe that's why he's been holding back.

Mike Rolash: Well I hope she rips both of their heads off, so they can be gone for good.

Continuing to have their conversation, neither man notice Loki rising to her feet, angry and taking off like a rocket, Synn leaps in the air and takes Taxi out with a Superman Punch as he pushes The Shadow out of harm's way. With Ataxia down on the canvas, Synn switches her focus back to the Shadow, who nails her with a hard right hand. Staggering back a bit, she returns fire with a headbutt that simply rocks the Weaver of Dreams. Backing up into the ropes, The Shadow is sent flipping over the top rope and crashing hard to the steel platform, thanks to a lariat by Loki! She follows suit, as back in the pod, the fight between Jones and Hate continues, Duce trying his best to escape when he has an opening. Hate nails a forearm that sends Jones back into the glass, however he comes back with a headbutt that stuns both men!

Jim Gunt: I think Duce is fighting off pure instinct, because he can't seriously be aware of anything that's going on with the multiple head shots he's taken here tonight.

Mike Rolash: I'm starting to think this kid has a death wish.

Dropping Hate with a knee to the groin, Jones jumps up to the top of the pod, grabbing it with his hands and pulls himself up, and using the edge of the pod for leverage, Jones tries to calculate his next opportunity, and he notices Synn who's just going to town on Shadow with the kendo stick that Duce brought into play. Waiting for the right moment, Jones perches himself on the edge and leaps off onto an unsuspecting Synn, taking her down to the steel platform with a Crossbody! The Madison fans are going crazy as Jones is slow to make the cover, Robbins there to make the count!

ONE!

TW-NO!

Loki kicks out with authority, Jones cursing to himself. Rising to his feet at a much slower pace and holding his head in pain, Jones is sent crashing down to the platform thanks to a stop sign wielding Brock. He screams out in triumph as the carnival music starts up and the countdown begins!

FIVE!

FOUR!

THREE!

TWO!

ONE!

The buzzer goes off as Jay Rayes is the next to enter.

Jim Gunt: Here comes the other half of the Heroes of Violence, Mike and we have yet to have an elimination!

Mike Rolash: Really hard to tell who's going to get the advantage, but there are bodies laid out everywhere!

As the pod of Rayes is opened by one of the newer referees, he surveys the scene, and chooses to help his partner, Brock who is working over Jones with shots to the back with the stop sign! Congregating with each other about their next form of attack, both men bring a sluggish, Jones to his feet and double irish whip him into the pod that Rayes was just released from.. Shattered glass goes flying everywhere as Jones crashes hard into the pod, the fans going nuts once more! Turning their attention to The Shadow who's slowly beginning to rise, Brock and Jay both grab an arm of the Weaver of Dreams respectively and whip him violently backfirst into the cell structure. Crashing to the platform, The Shadow is given a boot to the face by Brock for good measure!

Jim Gunt: The Heroes of Violence proving true to their names at the moment!

Mike Rolash: We might need to get some medical attention out here for Duce, he looks completely out of it.

Jim Gunt: He hasn't moved since being thrown into that glass pod.

Brock rolls The Shadow over, going for the pin, Robbins there to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

The pin attempt is broken up by a recovering Taxi who throws caution to the wind, flailing his own body over the top rope and crashing hard into Jay who lands on top of Brock and The Shadow! Cheering with excitement, the fans are too their feet, screaming for the Messiah Pariah. With new life, Ataxia is up to his feet, bringing Brock up with him, with a hand full of hair, the Knight in Burlap tosses Brock back in the ring, soon following suit. Slowly getting to his hands and knees, Brock is dropped by the feet of Taxi with a Basement Dropkick! Back to his feet with haste, Taxi brings him back up and whips him hard into a corner! Moving over, Ataxia unleashes with repeated kicks to the chest of a cornered Brock, making sure he Learns His Lesson! With the final kick Brock is slumped in the corner and Taxi quickly pulls him out, locking on a rear waistlock. Positioning himself and Brock towards the corner, he launches him backfirst into the corner turnbuckles with a German Suplex, his neck crashing violently with the pad.

Jim Gunt: Ataxia is trying to send Brock to the ER Stat!

Mike Rolash: Doesn't look like he's done yet!

Sprinting towards the opposite corner, Ataxia comes charging in again at Brock, murdering him with another Reckoning! Getting to a vertical base, Taxi pulls a slumped Brock out of the corner and goes for the pin! Jay notices what's going on and tries to save his friend but the Shadow is there to grab his leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Brock has been eliminated!

Jim Gunt: And we have our first elimination as Ataxia gets the pin over Brock.

Mike Rolash: Great...

Up to his feet, Ataxia is doing a happy dance, when he's suddenly rolled up from behind!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Ataxia has been eliminated!

Mike Rolash: Yes! We can all rejoice now!

Rolling over to his knees in shock, Ataxia looks up at the masked face of Loki who simply waves bye, bye to the Messiah Pariah. An upset Ataxia hangs his head as he makes his exit from the match as The Shadow and Jay Rayez are going at it on the platform, the Weaver of Dreams swings with a punch, but Rayez counters with a Float-Over DDT spiking the Shadow head first into the platform. The fans let out a collective "OH!" as Reyes goes for a pin, Summits now over to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

The Weaver of Dreams is able to get the shoulder up as Loki screams for Reyex to let her have some of The Shadow! Obliging, Jay brings him up and tosses him inside of the ring where Synn awaits. Grabbing the kendo stick from the platform, Jay tosses it inside to Loki who catches it effortlessly. She stalks her prey as he tries to get to his feet, but she unleashes a mighty fury of shots with the kendo stick. Shot after shot after shot after shot has The Shadow in a bad spot as Synn begins to laugh hysterically, she then directs Reyex to do his worse. Nodding in agreement, Jay goes on the offensive as the carnival music kicks in again.

Jim Gunt: Who's gonna be next for Team CWF?

FIVE!

FOUR!

THREE!

TWO!

ONE!

The buzzer sounds and the pod of Jarvis King is opened by "Big" Denny Davidson. As he calmly strolls out, the Janusian Jester's attention is immediately drawn to the Icon as she analyzes the situation. In no rush, he kindly offers The Shadow up to Reyex and Synn, choosing to go check on his stablemate, who has yet to move.

Jim Gunt: King is offering The Shadow up to the wolves!

Mike Rolash: He can hold his own, Duce is the one right now who needs the help..

Jim Gunt: You can't be serious!

East Coast Excellence makes his way over to the pod where Duce is slowly recovering, his body can be seen with small cuts forming and small trickles of blood starting to flow down his back. Back in the ring, Loki instructs Reyex to bring The Shadow to an upright position, while she twirls the kendo stick in her hand. As the Dark Shadow finally has The Shadow exactly where Loki wants him, she rips off a shot with the kendo stick that connects with the side of Rayez's neck as the Weaver of Dreams is able to break free.

Jim Gunt: The Shadow able to get out of harm's way, but Rayez wasn't so lucky. The World Champ looks annoyed right now.

Mike Rolash: What did Duce say about the Forsaken at one point? I think he called them parasites.. right now The Paramount champ is showing he's sticking around in this match.

Setting her sights on The Shadow again, she swings the kendo stick, but the elusive Weaver of Dreams dodges the swing, rebounding off the opposite ropes, he comes charging forward with his patented running dropkick, the Hammer of Gods! Synn is sent flying back through the ropes, landing on the middle platform between the two rings. He then

turns his attention back to Reyez as both men make it to their feet. Wasting no time, The Shadow catches him by surprise with a **SUPERKICK!** Reyez is flat on his back as the Shadow scales the nearest corner to Reyez, perching himself on the top rope. Finally having his foe lined up, Shadow launches himself off the top, flipping through the air and comes crashing down backfirst across the knees of Reyez! With his back bending unconventionally, Shadow bounces off Jay's knees clutching at his lower back as both men stay down on the canvas.

Jim Gunt: The Weaver of Dreams' momentum brought to an abrupt end, but it looks like King is ready to get involved in this match.

As Duce assures his brethren that he's fine, King makes his return to the ring, where Reyez is recovered and reigning down punches unto The Paramount Champion! Grabbing the steel chair off of the platform, King stalks up behind the Dark Shadow, crushing him with a chair shot across the spine! Seizing up, Reyez dismounts The Shadow, King soon making his way over towards the World Champion as she rises to her feet between the rings. But she is suddenly sent crashing back down as King cracks her across the head with the steel chair! King begins to taunt the crowd, letting them all know that he's the future World Champ, when he's suddenly confronted by a now upright Shadow.

Jim Gunt: It seems Team CWF might have some issues Mike.

Mike Rolash: You think? Stewart has to be out of his mind to think that these two would be able to coexist on the same page.

Still clutching his back, The Shadow questions King's loyalty to the cause. Looking undeterred by the leader of the Forsaken, King simply turns his back looking to go back on the attack of Synn, but it's The Shadow who spins him around looking for answers. But this proves costly as The Icon cracks him across the skull with the steel chair inciting boos from the crowd! Stumbling backwards, the Paramount champ is quickly rolled up from behind by a recovering Reyez, who pins his shoulders to the mat!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: The Shadow has been eliminated.

King smiles confidently at his work, soon smashing Reyez with the chair as he rolls off The Shadow.

Jim Gunt: Why would King do that? He's clearly put his team at an disadvantage. Besides with Jones still gaining his bearings, this certainly has to spell trouble for The Icon.

Mike Rolash: The CWF doesn't need him to win this match, at least that's what it seems to be in the eyes of King. And I for one don't blame him. Get that prick out of there!

Jim Gunt: In what way is this an advantage, Jones is down, The Shadow has just been eliminated and the music is playing again, and we all know it's a Hostility entrant!

As the music plays, the timer displays once more.

FIVE!

FOUR!

THREE!

TWO!

ONE!

The buzzer sounds off as IM Hate makes his first official appearance in this match. As soon as his pod is open by a ref, he shoots out like a rocket, running across the platform and sends a recovering Jones back into the pod he was climbing out of with a Claymore Kick! Back to his feet, he rushes to the ring, leaping over the top rope, and now charging at King, who swings the chair. Rolling through Hate is able to dodge his effort, getting upright and flipping back with a Pele Kick that forces King to drop the chair.

Jim Gunt: Now we know who the final entrants are for each team, as it's Freddie Styles for Team CWF and Tobias Devereaux for Team Hostility.

Mike Rolash: Those two have to be thanking the heavens, because they could've easily had the unlucky draw that Duce had.

Hate has King back to a vertical base, drilling him with an European Uppercut! Another has King reeling back into the ropes, where a recovered Synn blasts him with a hard forearm to the back of the head! Stumbling forward, King is dropped face first into the canvas with a Flatliner by Hate! Across the ring Reyez can be seen climbing to the top turnbuckle, flipping backwards with a rotation as King rolls right into the line of fire of the La Sombra Oscura! He stays on top for the pin as Robbins makes the count!

ONE!

TWO!

The sound of metal meeting flesh rings out as a bloody Jones is there to break the pin up with the lead pipe, sending audible gasps resounding through the crowd. Hate is right on him though, connecting with a leaping forearm that forces Jones to relinquish the lead pipe.

Jim Gunt: The odds seem to be really stacked against The Glass Ceiling.

Mike Rolash: Well knowing that Freddie is the next to enter may be a bit of relief, they just have to hold off until that happens or it's gonna be downhill from here.

Jim Gunt: That is true Mike, right now both teams sit at two eliminations apiece and have one man left to enter respectively.

Trying to find some recovery room, King rolls onto the middle platform and into the first ring, Loki now fully back into the contest and following suit behind him. In the second ring, Hate and Reyez are both laying the boots to Jones, who tries his best to cover up and retreat, only to find himself trapped in a corner, where both men begin to choke him with their feet. With Jones trying his best to breathe, both men let up as they now put the boots to him once more, stomping a mudhole in Jones! IM Hate lets up telling Reyez to bring him up. He does and they both lift Jones placing him on the top turnbuckle, pulling him back by his hair, Jones finds himself in a precarious position as he's hanging upside down in a tree of woe.

Jim Gunt: What do these two men have in store for the Kid that Never Dies?

Mike Rolash: It's not gonna be pretty, Hate is grabbing that steel chair!

IM Hate tells Jay to climb the corner as he places the chair in front of Jones' face, he goes to climb the opposite corner from Reyez as both men stand upright as the crowd rises to their feet.

Jim Gunt: This is not gonna end well...

Mike Rolash: There goes that idiotic music again.. whoever thought of this needs to be shot.

The countdown appears on the screen as both Hate and Rayez patiently wait for the final second, knowing Styles is about to enter.

FIVE!

FOUR!

THREE!

TWO!

ONE!

The buzzer sounds and both men leap off their perch connecting with double coast to coast dropkicks to the steel chair covered face of Jones! Styles is chomping at the bits as his pod is finally opened. Stepping out Styles enters the first ring, aiming his sights on Synn who's stomping King down in the corner. He charges full speed and crushes her in the corner from behind with a Styles Splash! Synn slumps down on top of King, as Styles moves to rescue his tag partner. Stepping off her back, Styles steps on the top turnbuckle, using an empty pod for leverage as he walks across to the other top turnbuckle, leaping off he drops a rising Reyez with a Missile Dropkick! Getting to his feet Styles catches a charging Hate and plants him into the canvas with a High Angled Spinebuster! Freddie begins to get the crowd hyped as the Madison fans are too their feet!

Jim Gunt: Mr. Ballgame is house of fire right now!

Before Rolash can respond, a loud yell rings out as a now bloodied face Jones is too his feet looking like a man possessed. He fires off like a cannon out of the corner catching a rising Hate with a D-TRIGGA! Slumping to the mat, Hate tries to rise again, but is sent face down into the canvas with the ATL STOMP! Styles shoots the half going for the cover as Robbins is over to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: IM Hate has been eliminated!

The Aces are back to their feet, bumping forearms but their attention is caught by a charging Reyez, who receives a Double Biel Throw, Reyez flying over the top rope and landing unceremoniously on the steel platform! The crowd starts up another "Holy Shit!" chant, they now turn their attention to Synn who's now being dominated by King. Both men grabbing steel chairs they have ill intentions as they join their stablemate inside of the first ring. King yanks Synn out of the corner, offering her up to the Aces as they get ready to do damage.. They wait patiently for her to rise, as she is finally upright, they sandwich her head between the two steel chairs with a con-chair-to!

Jim Gunt: The Glass Ceiling proving why they are the dominate faction in the CWF!

Mike Rolash: Did you just give TGC props?

Jim Gunt: I'm sorry, I got caught in the moment..

Jones can be seen laughing as he comes up with an idea.. He positions an opened steel chair by the ropes as Styles catches the drift..

Jim Gunt: They're not about to do what I think they're about to do?

Mike Rolash: I think they are Jimbo..

Jones climbs to the top rope as Styles has Synn in a front facelock with her feet draped across the ropes. Jumping off, Duce comes down with a double stomp and Freddie DDTs her face first into the chair! The fans explode with boos as they all recall the dastardly actions of the Aces. Both men celebrate what they've just done, looking to add King in on the festivities. However the look on his face is one of pure shock as Synn is slowly rising to her feet behind the WCWA

Tag Team Champions!

Jim Gunt: I think they've just woken the beast Mike.

Mike Rolash: Duce! Freddie! Look behind you!

Both men have confused looks on their faces as Jarvis points behind them. Turning around, both men are steamrolled over by the World champ with dual clotheslines, dropping them to the canvas. Looking to take advantage East Coast Excellence goes for a swing that is ducked by Synn. Rebounding off the ropes, she drops the Icon with the PUNCHLINE! Turning her attention back to the Aces, both men bum rush her, tackling her down to the canvas as the timer and carnival music start up for the final time.

FIVE!

FOUR!

THREE!

TWO!

ONE!

The buzzer sounds as Scott Dean opens the final pod containing the Cajun Sensation! Stepping inside of the ring containing everyone. He charges to the rescue of Loki deadlifting Jones off of Synn and spiking him into the mat with a German Suplex! Landing in a bad spot, the Madison fans can be heard stirring.

Jim Gunt: Jay Rayez is back in this match and he's climbing the pod!

Mike Rolash: I don't think Duce is going to like this..

Fully upright on top of the pod with his back to Jones, the Dark Show flips backwards with a rotation as the fans can simply stare in awe.

Jim Gunt: LA SOMBRA OSCURA BY RAYEZ OFF THE POD ONTO JONES! HE'S GOING FOR THE PIN!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Duce Jones has been eliminated!

The fans are going insane from the high risk maneuver by Rayez! Joining each other in a collective "Holy Shit!" chant. As Tobias helps Loki with Freddie, King sneaks up behind a war torn Rayez, crossing his open arms in front of his chest and drilling him shoulder and neck first into the canvas!

Jim Gunt: King with the Straightjacket Suplex! He holds on as Robbins is over to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Jay Rayez has been eliminated!

Mike Rolash: Now it's two-two, King and Styles.. two-thirds of Glass Ceiling against Synn and Devereaux of Hostile Takeover!

Able to escape the onslaught of Synn and Devereaux, Styles positions himself beside King as the two are ready to

prove which stable is the more dominant one. Tobias and Loki come face to face with the Glass Ceiling members as jaw jacking begins to commence between the competitors. The crowd is at a fever pitch as the four competitors soon come to blows! Styles pairs off with Devereaux as King and Synn battle back and forth. The future main eventers of Frozen Over VII brawl through the ropes and outside onto the platform, as back inside the ring Tobias and Freddie exchange european uppercuts and knife edge chops respectively.

Jim Gunt: Which one of these four will represent their brand proudly? The fight for supremacy is on!

Mike Rolash: I'm torn Jim.. on one hand I hold the CWF dear to my heart. But the envelopes from Milenko helps me though my days..

Jim Gunt: That's truly disheartening Mike.

As Synn and King battle, the Icon gains the upper hand with a chop to her throat, grabbing at her neck as a natural reflex, King grabs her by the hair and looks to ram her face first into the cell. Recovering quickly the Jester reverses and instead sends East Coast Excellence face first into the cell, dropping him on the platform. Back inside of ring, Tobias whips Styles towards the ropes, upon his return, Mr. Ballgame ducks a lariat attempt and catches a turning Cajun Sensation with a Pele Kick dropping him to the canvas! Bringing Devereaux to a vertical base, Styles whips him hard into the corner and quickly follows up with a Styles Splash!

Jim Gunt: Freddie Styles showing that fire and intensity he's known for!

Mike Rolash: Loki's back inside of the ring!

Dodging a Synn big boot, Styles quickly retaliates with a Tornado Kick that stuns the World Champ! Stumbling into a nearby corner, Styles crashes into her with his patented splash. However before he's able to follow up Devereaux rolls him up from behind but Styles is able to roll through. Back to his feet quickly, Freddie catches a rising Devereaux with the ATL Stomp! The Madison crowd erupts in cheers as Styles screams, "it's over!" Dragging Tobias near a corner, an adrenaline rushing Mr. Ballgame climbs to the top rope.

Jim Gunt: Freddie has Tobias right where he wants him. KING OF THE -- PUNCHLINE!!

Mike Rolash: OUT OF NOWHERE!

Styles goes stiff in mid air, Synn surprising him with the devastating Superman Punch! Crashing to the mat, Devereaux shoots the half on Styles as Summits is there to make the count!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Ray Douglas: Freddie Styles has been eliminated!

Jim Gunt: Jarvis King the only one left for Team CWF!

The crowd is going crazy for the amazing feat as Synn slowly rises to her feet, staring a burning hole into King who's coming to realization of what just happened. The Icon uses the cell to make it to his feet, as Styles is helped out of the ring by Clark Summits. The fans are going crazy as the former Paramount Champion is at a disadvantage.

Jim Gunt: Tobias and Loki are both left for Team Hostility, Mike, things went from amazing to pretty scary for CWF here over the last few minutes.

Mike Rolash: Team CWF probably should've eliminated Loki first!

Now Devereaux and Synn both have their sights on King as he climbs inside of the ring. Looking at both, a worn down King tells them to bring it! Synn is the first to attack, charging at King, but it's the Icon who sidesteps her, grabbing her

by the hair, King uses her momentum to send her up and over the top ropes and crashing onto the steel platform! However the numbers games proves too much as Devereaux sneaks up behind King grabbing him underneath his arm, surprising him as he drills him into the canvas with a Saito Suplex! Rising to his feet Tobias calls the recovering Loki back into the ring.

Jim Gunt: The Cajun Sensation is putting the boots to King, Mike! He's really at a disadvantage right now.

Mike Rolash: Look at how easily he just lifted King off the mat with that gutwrench!

Holding King in the air as if he were a child, Devereaux slams King hard into the mat with a Gutwrench Suplex. Popping his hips Tobias rolls to his feet, his grasp on King tight, bringing him back up, slamming him with another Gutwrench Suplex! Loki staggers through the ropes, holding her head a bit, but soon throwing her hands in the air, drawing all the jeers from the capacity crowd as she looks through her mask at the final CWF competitor left inside the Unholy Carnival. After completing the Gator Roll, Tobias lifts the dazed Jarvis to his feet so Loki can have her way with him.

Jim Gunt: This is despicable, someone needs to come out here and help Jarvis King!

Mike Rolash: Jarvis had all the help in the world with him earlier, Jim and now he's on his own.

A salivating Loki Synn balls her fist, looking down at him with a cocked head. Meanwhile Tobias is seen picking up the lead pipe as Synn heads for King.

Jim Gunt: Oh no.. King might not makes it to Frozen Over if Tobias does what I think he's about to do with that lead pipe!

Pulling at the Icon's hair, Loki slowly begins to bring a dazed and confused Jarvis King back to his feet.

BING!

The sound of the pipe connecting with flesh ring out as the crowd share a collective gasp. King falls back out of the clutches of Synn, watching on as she crumbles to the mat in a heap!

Jim Gunt: TOBIAS DEVEREAUX JUST CROWNED THE JESTER WITH THAT LEAD PIPE! BUT WHY!?

Mike Rolash: She's really gonna be unhappy when she wakes up..

The atmosphere inside of the Alliant Energy Center Coliseum is one of pure shock! Sitting near the ropes Jarvis looks up at Tobias who just winks his eye at him, dropping the lead pipe and makes his way towards the exit. Yelling at "Big" Denny to open the cell door, he exits the match as the Madison fans don't know what to make of the situation.

Ray Douglas: Tobias Devereaux has left the Unholy Carnival, therefore he has been eliminated!

Jim Gunt: I can't believe what just happened! Tobias just handed Loki to Jarvis on a silver platter!

Mike Rolash: And he's not wasting any time taking advantage Jimbo!

Jim Gunt: I really don't know how to feel about this ordeal Mike.

Back to his feet, King is cocky as ever, bad mouthing an unconscious Synn as he goes to her legs, rolling her onto her back. Doing his thing, Jarvis King twists Synn's legs around his, flipping her over and sitting down deep with the Sharpshooter! King yanks back with all his might but it's clear that the Jagged Grin of CWF is clearly knocked out, head official, Trent Robbins coming over to check on her. Noticing that she's unresponsive, he raises her arm and releases.

Trent Robbins: ONE!

Robbins raises her arm and releases again.

Trent Robbins: TWO!

Jim Gunt: This could be it!

Raising her arm for the third and final time, Trent Robbins let's go as her hand flails to the mat, however Loki shows signs of life, stopping her hand before it hits the canvas, but quickly fades out finally touching the canvas!

Trent Robbins: THREE! RING THE BELL!

DING! DING! DING!

Ray Douglas: Loki Synn has been eliminated, leaving Jarvis King as the sole survivor! Therefore your winners of Unholy Carnival... TEAM CWF!

"Cult of Personality" begins to play on the speakers as Jarvis King releases the legs of the reigning CWF World Heavyweight Champion, taking a deep breath as he realizes he just got a major victory over her heading into Frozen Over VII, in the main event of a CWF vs. Hostility show to boot.

Jim Gunt: This has been one insane show folks, and one that although CWF came out on top of in the end, we will be feeling the effects of for a very long time. But for the first time in a long time Loki Synn has been defeated inside the squared circle, and it's because of the help from her so-called partner Tobias Devereaux!

Mike Rolash: And that's all the time we have for you fans, see you in 2019!

Jarvis King is shown at the top of the stage celebrating as Elizabeth Bates and Smokin' Aces are there to join in. After playing to the crowd the four representatives of The Glass Ceiling and CWF make their way to the back. The camera then switches back to the ring where the World Heavyweight Champion is still face down. Suddenly she springs to a kneeling position, breathing heavily as her head is cocked towards the entrance stage, the show coming to a conclusion.

Show Credits

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