

# Infernalialia: Infernalialia — Ep. 12 - Fault Lines

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**Promotion:** Championship Wrestling Federation  
**Date:** September 18, 2026  
**Location:** Accor Arena — Paris, France

## Results

### Fault Lines

Segment

There is no opening montage.

No voice-over.

No collection of championship victories, bloodied faces, or career-defining moments.

Instead, the screen is black.

For several seconds, there is nothing.

Then, faintly, the sound of a crowd.

Not Amsterdam.

Not Boston.

Paris.

The sound gradually grows louder until the black screen gives way to an exterior shot of the Accor Arena.

The massive building dominates the surrounding streets, its exterior illuminated beneath the Paris night sky. Thousands of CWF fans are already packed around the entrances, with lines stretching away from the arena as people make their way inside. CWF merchandise hangs from temporary stands outside the building, while black-and-gold banners bearing the familiar logo hang from the arena entrances.

The camera moves closer.

Fans are carrying signs.

"12 SHOWS LEFT."

"RIPPER VS CALEDONIA — CROSSING LINES."

"THANK YOU, CWF."

"LAST CALL — DECEMBER 11."

Another sign reads simply:

"26 YEARS."

The camera lingers on that one for a moment.

Then it cuts inside.

The Accor Arena is already packed.

The noise is enormous.

The camera sweeps across the audience as thousands of fans wave their signs and merchandise toward the ring. The

familiar CWF stage sits at the far end of the arena, the entrance screens displaying a stark graphic.

## CWF INFERNALIA 12

### FAULT LINES

The music hits.

The crowd erupts.

The camera cuts to the announce desk.

Jim Gunt and Mike Rolash are already seated, both dressed for the evening. Jim looks toward the camera with the same measured expression he has carried through countless CWF broadcasts. Mike, however, looks around the enormous arena before slowly shaking his head.

Jim Gunt: "Paris, France... welcome to CWF Infernalia."

The response from the Accor Arena is immediate and deafening.

Mike Rolash: "You know, Jim... I've been doing this long enough that I thought there wasn't much left that could surprise me."

Mike looks out toward the crowd.

Mike Rolash: "Then somebody tells me we're going to Paris, we're going to have an absolutely stacked Infernalia, and we're going to do it with the clock officially ticking on the final months of CWF."

The crowd reacts with a mixture of cheers and a noticeable swell of emotion.

Jim Gunt: "Two weeks ago in Amsterdam, CWF Chairman Jaiden Rishel made an announcement that changed the complexion of everything we're doing."

The camera cuts away from the desk.

The massive screen displays a still image from Infernalia 11: Jaiden Rishel standing backstage beside Amelia.

Jim Gunt: "Jaiden Rishel announced that he was once again taking control of CWF."

Another image appears.

Amelia beside Jaiden.

Jim Gunt: "And alongside Amelia, the former General Manager of CWF, he made another announcement that has hung over this company ever since."

The screen goes black.

White lettering slowly appears.

DECEMBER 11, 2026

The crowd begins to react before the next line even appears.

### CWF LAST CALL

### THE FINAL CWF EVENT

The Accor Arena erupts.

Jim allows the reaction to settle.

Jim Gunt: "December 11th. Last Call. The final event in the twenty-six-year history of Championship Wrestling

Federation."

Mike leans back slightly in his chair.

Mike Rolash: "And that's not something you can just throw into a graphic and move past, Jim."

Jim Gunt: "No."

Mike Rolash: "Because everybody in that locker room knows it now."

Mike looks directly toward the camera.

Mike Rolash: "Every match matters a little more. Every championship reign has a little less time attached to it. Every rivalry has a deadline whether the people involved like it or not."

Jim Gunt: "And tonight, we begin finding out what those final months are going to look like."

The screen changes.

INFERNALIA 12 — FAULT LINES

The first match graphic appears.

DAKOTA ANDERSON

VS.

PAUL FREEDOM

Jim Gunt: "Tonight begins with Dakota Anderson taking on Paul Freedom."

Mike Rolash: "And neither one of those men is exactly known for taking the scenic route."

Jim Gunt: "Dakota has already proven she can survive under pressure, while Paul Freedom enters tonight after winning three consecutive eliminations in the Chaos Championship number one contender gauntlet in Amsterdam before Christian Patrick stopped him."

Mike Rolash: "Which means Paul gets to find out whether last week's momentum was real or whether Christian Patrick simply ruined his evening."

The graphic disappears.

#BEACH KREW

JARED HOLMES & WADE MOOR

VS.

FIRE & ICE

DEAN & SETH MOXLEY

Jim Gunt: "Then it's tag team action. Jared Holmes and Wade Moor, #Beach Krew, against Dean and Seth Moxley."

Mike Rolash: "Fire & Ice."

Mike pauses.

Mike Rolash: "And after what they did two weeks ago..."

The screen briefly shows Dean and Seth Moxley standing over JD Riot and Taylor Rayne.

Mike Rolash: "...I don't think anybody wants to be standing across from those two right now."

Jim Gunt: "They were dominant in Amsterdam. But Jared Holmes and Wade Moor are former champions themselves,

and they know exactly what it takes to survive a fight like this."

The next graphic appears.

KEVIN HUNTER

VS.

MIA RAYNE

The crowd gives a noticeable reaction at Mia's name.

Jim Gunt: "Kevin Hunter takes on Mia Rayne."

Mike Rolash: "And if Mia Rayne's match with Lex Collins in Amsterdam taught us anything, it's that you don't want to get dragged into a psychological fight with that woman."

Jim Gunt: "Lex Collins may still be feeling the effects of that match."

Mike Rolash: "Kevin Hunter just has to make sure he doesn't give her the opportunity to make this personal."

The graphic changes.

CWF CHAOS CHAMPIONSHIP

STIPULATIONS TO BE ANNOUNCED

ESMERALDA VON KRAUSS (c)

VS.

CHRISTIAN PATRICK

The crowd reacts strongly.

Jim Gunt: "The Chaos Championship will be on the line tonight."

Mike Rolash: "And we don't even know the stipulation yet."

Jim Gunt: "Esmeralda von Krauss successfully defended the title in a non-title match against Tyler Anderson two weeks ago, while Christian Patrick shocked the field by winning the Chaos Championship number one contender gauntlet."

Mike Rolash: "And somebody apparently decided that a normal championship match wasn't chaotic enough."

Jim Gunt: "We'll find out the stipulation later tonight."

Mike Rolash: "Assuming Esmeralda survives long enough to find out."

The crowd responds loudly.

The screen changes again.

CALEDONIA

VS.

DANGEROUS DAN

The reaction is immediate.

Jim Gunt: "Caledonia takes on Dangerous Dan."

Mike Rolash: "That's a problem."

Jim Gunt: "For whom?"

Mike Rolash: "Everybody."

Jim gives him a brief sideways glance.

Mike Rolash: "Think about it. Caledonia is heading into Crossing Lines to challenge Danny B for the CWF World Heavyweight Championship in an I Quit Match."

Jim Gunt: "And Dangerous Dan just failed to take the championship from Danny B in Amsterdam."

Mike Rolash: "Exactly. One person is trying to get to the World Championship. The other just lost his shot at it. Put them in the same ring two weeks later."

Mike shrugs.

Mike Rolash: "What could possibly go wrong?"

Jim Gunt: "Quite a lot."

The final graphic appears.

The crowd rises.

CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP

THE REGULATORS (c)

ADAM HANSEN & LEX COLLINS

VS.

THE UNSTOPPABLE FORCE

BILLY & TYLER ANDERSON

The building gets even louder.

Jim Gunt: "And tonight's main event is for the CWF Tag Team Championships."

Mike Rolash: "The Regulators defending against The Unstoppable Force."

Jim Gunt: "Adam Hansen and Lex Collins won those championships at Wrestle Fest V. They survived the first defense against #Beach Krew, and now they've got another major challenge in front of them."

Mike Rolash: "Billy and Tyler Anderson."

Mike looks toward the ring.

Mike Rolash: "Two brothers. Two very different personalities. One very simple objective."

Jim Gunt: "The championships."

Mike Rolash: "And if The Regulators learned anything from Amsterdam, it's that nobody is simply handing anything over anymore."

Jim nods.

Jim Gunt: "Six matches tonight."

Mike Rolash: "And every one of them has consequences."

Jim Gunt: "Because CWF has entered a period unlike any other in its history."

Jim looks directly into the camera.

Jim Gunt: "Twenty-six years have brought us here."

The crowd begins a scattered chant.

"C-W-F!"

Jim waits as it grows.

Jim Gunt: "And now there is a final chapter."

The camera slowly pulls back from the announce desk, revealing the packed Accor Arena.

Jim Gunt: "But the final chapter doesn't mean the fights stop."

Mike Rolash: "It means they get harder."

Jim Gunt: "Welcome to Paris."

Mike Rolash: "Welcome to Fault Lines."

The CWF logo fills the screen.

The opening pyro explodes across the stage.

The Accor Arena erupts as the camera sweeps across the crowd, finally settling on the ring.

CWF INFERNALIA 12 — "FAULT LINES"

And the final stretch begins.

## **Celebration**

Segment

The lights inside the Accor arena fade to black as the French CWF faithful wait to see what this sudden shift in mood could mean.

The opening riff of "For I am Death" plays into the darkness, and the partisan crowd erupts, mostly in a chorus of boos, but sections of cheering can be heard throughout. As the lyrics kick in, the lights come back on to show Danny B standing atop the ramp, championship belt held high for all to see. Pyro explodes behind him as he shows off the gold. When it finally dies down, he drapes the belt across his shoulder and begins swaggering down the ramp, taking his time to soak in the loud, sustained reaction from the crowd.

JIM GUNT: Seems the champion has decided to open the show tonight.

MIKE ROLASH: And there was me thinking we might get the night off from him this week!

Danny, dressed in street clothes rather than his usual business suit, steps through the ropes and walks to each side of the ring in turn, raising the belt up for the crowd to see. Finally, after milking the performance as long as he dares, he pulls a microphone from his back pocket and smirks.

DANNY B: "Bonsoir Paris!"

The crowd responds warmly to the greeting.

DANNY B: "Merci, merci. So, let me start by apologising to the folks at home, and especially my fans in Amsterdam. I know many of you were expecting a big celebration party from me, but I didn't deliver. The fact is, by the time the last show had rolled around, I didn't really feel like celebrating. Should have been the biggest moment of my professional career, right? But no, I had to spend my celebration time preparing for 2 high-profile matches, back to back. We can get into the fuckery of all of that another time, but for now, let's focus on the positives."

He looks down at the newly polished gold adorning his shoulder, taking it in.

DANNY B: At WrestleFest I did exactly what I said I was going to do. I conquered my demons, I laid to rest any questions of whether I still had it in me, and I slayed that Canadian Goose to finally, after all these years, stand here and once again declare for all to hear that I am YOUR WORLD HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION!"

Another round of noise from the crowd, this time a little more 50/50 split than before.

DANNY B: "Merci. I went to hell and back, dragging Gordy with me and made him realise one very important fact. You simply do not walk into the fires of damnation with a demon and expect to walk away again. That moment will live forever, but just two weeks later, I achieved yet another huge milestone. For the first time, I walked into a CWF event as champion, and for the first time, I actually got to defend MY championship against Dangerous Dan. No Steven Gamble-based bullshit this time!"

A light smattering of laughter from the audience members old enough to remember the 2011 relaunch.

DANNY B: "Dan, you put up a fight. I know I ran you down a little in the lead-up; that's the job, but I have always respected you. You brought your best, and although it wasn't good enough then, who knows on another night. Thank you for giving me my first title defence. You made me earn it."

The crowd responds universally positively to the mention of Dangerous Dan, a reaction that elicits a slight sneer from The Ripper.

DANNY B: "So, speaking of deserving. Let's address the elephant in the room, shall we? Caledonia Highlander. For some reason, you have decided you deserve a shot at my championship. I've been wracking my brain trying to think of a reason why you think that. You must believe that beating me before WrestleFest entitles you to something. I find that strange. You and I both know what happened there. You earned nothing. I would be more forgiving if you then went and put MJF down, but you couldn't even do that!"

Again, a cheer for the mentions of Mariella and Caledonia, a small 'Cali!' chant even breaks out amongst the faithful.

DANNY B: "So, my initial response was going to a hard no. Then I got to thinking. For one thing, tainted victory or not, you did get one over on me, which means that one-on-one, we stand at one win apiece. Then there's my history with your lot. Dan also recently got one over on me for the first time. Now, did he earn the match? No. But as Highlanders tend to do, he was handed an opportunity out of thin air, and to his credit, he grabbed it with both hands."

Danny visibly starts to get irritated with the constant cheering for other stars. The smirk drops as he addresses the crowd once again.

"So, Caledonia. I considered your request, and for once, I am going to get in ahead of the game. We both know you were going to be handed this chance anyway; such is the way around here. So, allow me to do what needs to be done before someone else gets the chance. Danny B vs Caledonia Highlander, for the CWF World Championship. I accept!"

The crowd roar with approval, bringing the smirk back to the face of The Ripper.

DANNY B: "Oh, but wait. There's more. See, I have an unprecedented opportunity here. I hold the unfortunate record of twice holding this championship when the company closed. In December, we shut the doors for the last time, so I'm told anyway. I have every intention in the world of being the one to close the doors as the last CWF Champion for the third time in my career. That means I cannot afford any slip-ups, no lucky falls, no momentary lapses. I need to beat you in a way that banishes you from my life for good.

Caledonia. "At Crossing Lines, the world will be left with one very important image. The vision of you, crumpled on the floor, tears running down your face as you scream the words, 'I QUIT!'"

Danny drops the mic, but doesn't move, staring down the barrel of the camera. The shot cuts to the commentary booth, where Mike and Jim sit, shocked expressions on their faces.

JIM GUNT: "I heard that right? Danny B has challenged Caledonia to an I QUIT match!"

MIKE ROLASH: "Danny is beatable, but can Caledonia really make him say I quit?"

JIM GUNT: "Anything is possible, and if anyone not named Amber Ryan has it in them... I really don't like the look on Danny's face, though."

MIKE ROLASH: "That's just his face... Jim, what's wrong?"

Rolash turns white as a hand is placed on his shoulder. He turns slowly to see Danny smiling down at him from above.

### **Dakota Anderson vs. Paul Freedom!**

Match

The camera returns to the ring inside the Accor Arena, where the Paris crowd remains loud following the opening moments of Infernal 12. The CWF logo sits across the massive screen above the entranceway as the lights around the arena begin to shift.

Joey Garcia: "The following contest is a singles match set for ONE FALL!"

"ONE FALL!"

The opening notes of "Perfect Princess" hit the speakers and Dakota Anderson steps through the curtain, immediately drawing a warm reaction from the Paris crowd. The Georgia Peach pauses at the top of the entranceway, taking in the atmosphere before beginning her walk toward the ring. At only five-foot-three and 110 pounds, Dakota is giving away a considerable amount of size to the man she will face tonight, but there is a confidence in the way she carries herself as she makes her way down the ramp. She reaches out to several fans along the aisle before sliding beneath the bottom rope, climbing onto the second turnbuckle and looking out across the Accor Arena.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first, from Rincon, Georgia, weighing 110 pounds...THE GEORGIA PEACH...DAKOTA ANDERSON!"

Jim Gunt: "Dakota Anderson has been around this company long enough to know exactly what kind of challenge she's facing tonight. Paul Freedom has been on something of a run recently, and after winning multiple eliminations in the Chaos Championship number one contender gauntlet two weeks ago, his confidence should be at an all-time high."

Mike Rolash: "Confidence is one word for it, Jimbo. Paul Freedom has always had confidence. Sometimes more confidence than actual common sense."

Dakota steps down from the turnbuckle and begins stretching her shoulders as the lights return to normal.

Then the arena goes dark.

The CWF Tron comes alive with footage from throughout Paul Freedom's career. Early images show the young wrestler smiling, shaking hands with opponents and flashing the exuberance that has become synonymous with his career. The footage then becomes progressively more violent, showing blood, crashes and spectacular risks as Less Than Jake's "Help Save the Youth of America From Exploding" blasts through the arena.

Paul Freedom bursts through the curtain.

But he doesn't stop.

There is no awkward pause. No exaggerated pose. No double peace signs.

He simply stands at the top of the ramp, staring toward the ring.

The difference is noticeable.

Jim Gunt: "Well..."

Mike Rolash: "That's new."

Paul slowly walks toward the ring, his eyes never leaving Dakota Anderson. He slides underneath the bottom rope and gets to his feet without the usual display of gymnastics. Dakota approaches him cautiously, and Paul looks toward her hand for a moment.

He offers his hand.

Dakota accepts.

Paul nods once before backing toward his corner.

Joey Garcia: "And her opponent, from Boston, Massachusetts, weighing 195 pounds...THE ASTERISK...PAUL FREEDOM!"

The crowd gives Paul a solid ovation, though there is a noticeable curiosity in the reaction after the unusually subdued entrance. Paul stands in his corner, rolling his shoulders and staring across at Dakota.

Jim Gunt: "We've talked about it coming into this match. Paul Freedom has seemed...different lately."

Mike Rolash: "Different how?"

Jim Gunt: "More focused."

Mike Rolash: "Maybe somebody finally told him that cartwheeling around the ring doesn't actually count as a game plan."

Jim looks over at Mike.

Jim Gunt: "I don't think that's what changed."

The referee checks both competitors before calling for the bell.

DING DING DING!

Dakota immediately begins circling, keeping her feet moving as Paul remains planted near the center of the ring. The size difference is obvious, but Dakota doesn't allow Paul to dictate the opening exchange. She darts forward with a quick kick to the thigh before slipping around behind him, catching him with a quick waistlock. Paul immediately reaches down to pry her hands apart, but Dakota drops her weight and rolls him forward, nearly catching him in a schoolboy clutch before Paul kicks free. Dakota is back to her feet first and smiles briefly at the crowd, earning a cheer from the Paris fans.

Paul rises more cautiously this time.

Dakota steps forward and the two lock up again, with Paul using his greater size to force her backward. Dakota turns with the pressure and slips underneath his arm, cracking him with a quick forearm before catching him with a sharp kick to the ribs. Paul absorbs it, but Dakota keeps moving, hitting the ropes and coming back with a low dropkick that catches Paul in the knee and sends him down to one knee.

Jim Gunt: "Dakota is going to have to keep this match moving. She cannot afford to stand in front of Paul Freedom and trade power moves with him."

Mike Rolash: "She's doing exactly what she needs to do right now. Get him frustrated, get him chasing her, and make that 195 pounds work harder than the 110 pounds she's carrying around."

Dakota comes in again, looking for another strike, but Paul catches her wrist this time. He yanks her toward him and drives a hard knee into her midsection. Dakota folds forward, and Paul immediately takes her down with a snap suplex. The impact leaves Dakota rolling onto her side, clutching at her back as Paul gets to his feet and looks down at her.

There is no celebration.

No peace signs.

No tapping his temple.

Paul simply grabs Dakota by the wrist and pulls her upright.

Jim Gunt: "That is a very different Paul Freedom."

Mike Rolash: "Yeah. He's not interested in entertaining anybody tonight."

Paul sends Dakota into the ropes and catches her on the rebound with a drop toe hold, planting her face-first against the canvas. Dakota immediately tries to scramble away, but Paul stays on her, wrapping both arms around her waist and dragging her backward before dropping her with a compact takedown. He floats over into a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Dakota gets a shoulder up and immediately rolls toward the ropes, but Paul grabs her ankle before she can reach them. He drags her back toward the center and stomps down across her thigh. Another follows, then another, as Paul begins systematically taking away Dakota's ability to generate the speed that gave her success in the opening minute.

Jim Gunt: "Paul Freedom has changed his approach completely. He's not chasing the big moment. He's breaking Dakota Anderson down."

Mike Rolash: "Maybe that's what happens when you stop worrying about whether the crowd thinks you're clever."

Dakota manages to get back to her feet and fires a forearm into Paul's jaw. Another follows. A third sends Paul backward, and Dakota suddenly accelerates, catching him with a glitz flip that sends Paul crashing down. Dakota doesn't waste time, immediately climbing the ropes.

She leaps.

LIONSAULT!

Dakota lands across Paul's chest and hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

The crowd applauds as Dakota rolls away, breathing heavily. Paul sits up and shakes his head, but Dakota is already moving. She catches him with a kick to the side of the head, then another, before grabbing him for a Paige Turner. Paul blocks the attempt, shoving Dakota away, but she rebounds off the ropes and catches him with a sharp Chick Kick.

Paul drops to one knee.

Dakota sees her opening.

She charges.

STRATUSFACTION!

Paul catches her.

He staggers backward under the impact, but manages to stay upright, grabbing Dakota around the waist and driving her down with a sudden takedown. Dakota's momentum dies instantly.

Jim Gunt: "What an answer from Paul Freedom!"

Mike Rolash: "That's the difference tonight! Dakota is trying to string things together. Paul is just cutting her off every time she gets started!"

Paul pulls Dakota up and sends her hard into the corner. He follows immediately, driving a shoulder into her stomach before lifting her onto the second turnbuckle. Dakota tries to fight him off, but Paul climbs after her and begins hammering her with mounted punches.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

The crowd counts along before Paul finally steps away. Dakota slumps against the turnbuckles, dazed, and Paul backs toward the opposite corner.

For a moment, it looks as though the old Paul Freedom might return.

He takes off.

Paul runs directly at Dakota, plants one foot against the bottom rope, then another against the middle rope before springing upward and flipping backward.

THE PAUL FLIP!

He lands on his feet.

The crowd erupts.

Paul doesn't celebrate.

He turns immediately and catches Dakota with a brutal clothesline as she stumbles away from the corner.

Jim Gunt: "That was spectacular, but look at Paul! He doesn't even acknowledge it!"

Mike Rolash: "He's hunting her!"

Paul drags Dakota back up and pulls her into a side headlock. Normally this would be the moment where Paul's instincts would take over, where he would look toward the crowd and attempt something unnecessarily elaborate. Instead, he simply tightens the hold and grinds Dakota down. Dakota struggles, pushing against Paul's wrist and attempting to create space, but Paul keeps his weight over her, forcing her down to the canvas.

The Paris crowd begins clapping rhythmically, trying to encourage Dakota back to her feet.

Eventually, Dakota manages to work her way upward. She drives several elbows into Paul's ribs, finally breaking the hold before turning and catching him with a sudden Twist of Fate.

TWIST OF FATE!

Paul crashes to the mat.

Jim Gunt: "Dakota found it!"

Dakota crawls toward the ropes, pulling herself upright. Paul is still down. She climbs to the top turnbuckle, looking down at her opponent.

Jim Gunt: "Dakota Anderson has the opportunity right here!"

She leaps.

SPARKLE SPLASH!

Paul rolls out of the way at the last possible second.

Dakota crashes hard into the canvas.

Mike Rolash: "NOBODY HOME!"

Dakota rolls onto her back, clutching her ribs.

Paul is already moving.

He grabs Dakota and pulls her toward the corner, then quickly climbs to the second rope. Dakota tries to fight him off, but Paul hooks her and sends her crashing down with a corkscrew flipping neckbreaker.

Dakota hits the canvas and rolls away.

Paul stays on her.

He grabs her by the wrist and pulls her upright once more.

Jim Gunt: "Dakota has taken a tremendous amount of punishment here."

Mike Rolash: "And Paul Freedom is showing absolutely no interest in slowing down."

Paul whips Dakota across the ring. She hits the ropes and rebounds directly into him, but instead of attempting another flashy counter, Paul catches her around the waist and drives her down with a hard snap suplex. He floats directly into another cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—KICKOUT!

Dakota barely gets her shoulder up.

Paul sits back on his knees for a moment, breathing heavily.

He looks toward the ropes.

Then toward the top turnbuckle.

For the first time all night, the familiar Paul Freedom grin begins to appear.

But it disappears almost immediately.

Paul gets to his feet.

Jim Gunt: "Whatever he's thinking about, he's decided against it."

Mike Rolash: "That's the biggest story of this match. Paul Freedom is making decisions instead of impulses."

Dakota slowly pulls herself upright using the ropes. Paul approaches from behind and catches her with a schoolboy clutch.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Dakota rolls through and gets back to her feet, firing a desperate forearm that catches Paul flush. Another follows. She ducks underneath a clothesline and spins around him, catching him with a chokehold STO.

Paul crashes down.

Dakota drops beside him.

She hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—KICKOUT!

The crowd groans.

Dakota slaps the mat once in frustration before forcing herself upright. She catches Paul as he rises and hits the spinning elbow to the face.

JUDAS EFFECT!

Paul staggers.

Dakota grabs him.

She tries to set him up for another finishing sequence, but Paul's legs buckle before she can complete it. He drops to one knee.

Dakota charges.

Paul explodes upward.

HEADBUTT!

Dakota reels backward.

Paul catches her around the waist.

SNAP SUPLEX!

Dakota lands hard and rolls onto her stomach.

Paul looks down at her.

Then he slowly climbs the turnbuckles.

Jim Gunt: "Paul Freedom is going upstairs."

Mike Rolash: "And this is usually where the old Paul Freedom comes out."

Paul reaches the top.

He looks down at Dakota.

No double peace signs.

No glance toward the audience.

No smile.

He simply turns his body and launches.

THE IMPRESSIVE DISPLAY OF AGILITY!

Paul twists through the air in his no-look imploding 450, driving the knee down into Dakota's chest.

He lands awkwardly but immediately rolls into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

The crowd erupts as Paul Freedom rolls off Dakota and sits against the canvas, breathing heavily.

Joey Garcia: "Your winner...PAUL FREEDOM!"

Paul slowly gets back to his feet.

The Accor Arena applauds the effort, but Paul barely seems to hear it. He looks down at Dakota, who is still trying to recover on the canvas.

Paul extends his hand.

Dakota looks at it.

She takes it.

Paul helps her back to her feet, and the two exchange a brief nod before Dakota exits the ring.

Jim Gunt: "A hard-fought victory for Paul Freedom, but Mike, I don't think the result is the biggest story tonight."

Mike Rolash: "No. The biggest story is the way he got there."

Jim Gunt: "We have seen Paul Freedom be enthusiastic. We've seen him be reckless. We've seen him be spectacular."

Mike Rolash: "Tonight we saw him be deliberate."

Paul remains in the ring.

He looks up toward the CWF Tron.

The camera slowly begins to pull back.

Then suddenly—

The feed cuts backstage.

The backstage area is almost completely empty.

Standing alone in the shadows is a man in a perfectly tailored black suit.

Alabaster Enders.

The porcelain mask conceals his expression entirely.

He is watching a monitor displaying Paul Freedom standing victorious inside the Accor Arena.

For several seconds, Alabaster simply watches.

Then he begins to clap.

Slowly.

Deliberately.

Emotionlessly.

Clap.

Clap.

Clap.

The camera holds on the porcelain mask.

Then cuts back to the ring.

Paul Freedom is still standing.

But now he isn't smiling.

The camera lingers on him for one final moment before fading back toward the announce desk.

## **UCI Presents: The Throne**

Segment

Check out all the results from CWF's affiliate fed UCI's The Throne PPV here!

## **Need To Talk**

Segment

The cameras cut backstage to the office of Jaiden Rishel, as the Heir to CWF ruffles through a set of paperwork on his desk. The Prince doesn't notice the camera on him at first, deeply focused on one of the papers laying in front of him. He pulls it from the pile of other papers, turning his desk lamp on brighter as he scopes out what is written on the form.

A knock on Jaiden's door pulls his attention away from the paperwork, and he looks up to see Ian Ambrose smiling sheepishly back at him. CWF's I interviewer shrugs and enters the bosses office without permission.

Ian Ambrose: "Sir, I would like to be one of the first to welcome you back here to CWF. Things have been pretty crazy since Ascension, of course not as wild as everything was during that 2326 time period...but I like everyone else would love to forget about that time. Unfortunately, there..."

Jaiden Rishel: "Excuse me, do you have a point or did you just come into my office just to blabber on all night? I have very important matters at hand...what did you say your name was again?"

Ian Ambrose: "Ian..."

Jaiden Rishel: "I didn't ask you what your name is!"

Ian retracts, backing up a step and raising his eyebrow.

Ian Ambrose: "But sir..."

Jaiden throws a pile of random paperwork at Ian. He sidesteps just in time to not be hit by a bundle of trees.

Jaiden Rishel: "Now get out!"

Shaking his head in confusion and frustration, Ian turns to leave Jaiden's office and nearly walks right into Angelica. The former Queen of Amoralita and newly revealed general manager of HVW's Evolution stands before Ian with a sly smirk on her face. She turns and looks right at Jaiden.

Angelica: "We need to talk."

Jaiden is amazed at what's in front of him. After everything he went through against AnHellica and the Amoralists, now she stands before him wanting to talk?

Jaiden Rishel: "What in the hell makes you think I'd ever talk to you after everything we've been through?"

Angelica: "Oh, I think I have some information that you're just dying to know..."

### **#BeachKrew (Jared Holmes & Wade Moor) vs. Fire & Ice (Dean & Seth Moxley)**

Match

The camera returns to the ring after a brief commercial break, the Accor Arena still buzzing from the opening match. The atmosphere changes when the familiar music of #BeachKrew begins to play, and Jared Holmes steps through the curtain alongside Wade Moor.

Jared is dressed in his usual extravagant fashion, the Peacock King taking his time at the top of the ramp as though the entire arena has been assembled specifically for his arrival. Wade, by contrast, looks almost entirely at ease, his Hawaiian shirt hanging open as he walks beside his partner with the relaxed confidence of a veteran who has spent more than two decades learning exactly what he is capable of. The former CWF Tag Team Champions make their way down the aisle, Jared soaking in the reaction while Wade occasionally acknowledges the fans before climbing onto the apron.

Joey Garcia: "The following contest is a tag team match set for ONE FALL!"

"ONE FALL!"

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first... the former CWF Tag Team Champions... JARED HOLMES and WADE MOOR... #BEACHKREW!"

Jared removes his mask and hands it to a ringside attendant before stepping through the ropes. Wade enters beside him, rolling his shoulders as the two men confer in their corner.

Jim Gunt: "Former Tag Team Champions, former rivals, and two men who have been through just about everything CWF can throw at them. #BeachKrew know what it takes to win a match like this."

Mike Rolash: "And more importantly, they know what it feels like to lose those championships. I don't think Jared Holmes has exactly gotten over that yet."

The lights drop.

"Heartless" begins to echo through the Accor Arena.

Dean Moxley steps onto the stage.

He stands beneath the lights for a moment before Seth Moxley joins him, the taller of the two brothers looking out across the massive Parisian crowd. There is something different about their demeanor compared to the usual chaos surrounding them. They aren't playing to the crowd. They aren't talking trash toward #BeachKrew.

They're focused.

The brothers make their way down the ramp together, Dean occasionally slapping the barricade as Seth keeps his eyes locked on the ring.

Joey Garcia: "And their opponents... representing Fire & Ice... DEAN and SETH MOXLEY!"

The Accor Arena erupts.

Jim Gunt: "Fire & Ice were absolutely dominant two weeks ago in Amsterdam."

Mike Rolash: "They beat the hell out of JD Riot and Taylor Rayne, and tonight they've got former Tag Team

Champions standing across from them. This is a serious test.”

Dean and Seth climb onto the apron and enter the ring together. The two brothers stand side by side, staring across at #BeachKrew.

Wade Moor grins.

Jared Holmes sneers.

The referee checks all four men before calling for the bell.

DING DING DING!

Wade Moor and Dean Moxley begin the match, circling one another before locking up. Wade immediately uses his size advantage to force Dean backward, but Dean slips around him and briefly hooks the waist. Wade reaches down and breaks the grip, turning around into a forearm from Dean. Dean follows with another before sending Wade into the ropes, but Wade comes back with a powerful shoulder block that sends Dean rolling across the canvas. Wade barely reacts, simply smiling as Dean gets back to his feet.

Jim Gunt: “There's the veteran strength of Wade Moor.”

Mike Rolash: “And that grin. Wade's enjoying himself already.”

Dean charges back in, only for Wade to catch him with a snap powerslam. The veteran immediately tags Jared into the match, and the Peacock King comes through the ropes with a series of sharp stomps before hauling Dean to his feet. Jared peppers him with knife-edge chops, backing Dean into the corner before whipping him across the ring. Jared follows with a Stinger Splash, crushing Dean against the turnbuckles, then pulls him out into a butterfly suplex that sends the Vegas Prince crashing onto his back.

Jared quickly covers.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jared immediately grabs Dean by the hair and pulls him toward the corner, sneering as he begins hammering him with forearms. Seth reaches through the ropes, but Jared turns and shouts at him, allowing Dean just enough time to catch Jared with a sudden right hand.

Dean explodes forward.

DOWNWARD SPIRAL!

Jared hits the mat.

Dean crawls toward his corner.

Jared grabs his ankle.

Dean kicks him away.

Seth reaches.

TAG!

The Paris crowd erupts as Seth Moxley comes flying through the ropes.

He catches Jared with a Cody Cutter almost immediately, dropping him flat onto the canvas before sprinting across the ring and knocking Wade from the apron with a forearm. Seth turns back toward Jared, who is already getting up.

CLAYMORE!

Jared is nearly turned inside out.

Mike Rolash: "THAT'S what Fire & Ice are capable of!"

Jim Gunt: "Seth Moxley just changed the entire complexion of this match!"

Seth drags Jared toward the center and covers.

ONE!

TWO!

WADE BREAKS IT UP!

Wade grabs Seth from behind and launches him across the ring with a release Uranage. Dean immediately charges Wade, but the veteran catches him with a rolling elbow into a snap powerslam.

For a moment, #BeachKrew have control again.

Wade looks down at Dean and smiles.

Then Jared grabs Seth and begins stomping away at him in the corner. Wade joins him, driving a heavy running corner clothesline into Seth before immediately following with a release German suplex. Seth lands hard and rolls toward the ropes, while Jared pulls him back toward the center.

Jim Gunt: "#BeachKrew have regained control, and they're working over Seth Moxley now."

Mike Rolash: "This is where their experience matters. They know how to isolate one half of a team."

Jared lifts Seth into an airplane spin toss, sending the taller Moxley stumbling across the canvas. Jared immediately follows with a running shooting star press.

He connects.

Jared hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jared sits upright and looks toward the referee with disbelief.

Mike Rolash: "Jared thought he had him!"

Jim Gunt: "Seth Moxley refuses to stay down."

Jared grabs Seth and attempts to pull him into position for the Song of the Hyades, but Seth suddenly drives an elbow backward into Jared's jaw. Jared staggers. Seth turns and catches him with a 1916.

Jared crashes down.

Both men are down.

The crowd begins clapping.

Wade and Dean both reach desperately toward their respective corners.

Dean gets there first.

TAG!

Wade charges.

TAG!

Dean and Wade collide in the center of the ring.

Wade fires a right hand.

Dean answers.

Wade fires again.

Dean answers again.

The veteran catches Dean with an explosive discus clothesline, but Dean rolls through the impact and comes back with a spear that drives Wade backward. The crowd explodes as both men scramble back to their feet.

Jim Gunt: "What a sequence between these two!"

Dean hits the ropes and comes back with another spear.

Wade sidesteps.

Dean crashes shoulder-first into the turnbuckles.

Wade grabs him.

BLACKWATER KNEE!

Dean collapses.

Wade covers.

ONE!

TWO!

TH—SETH BREAKS IT UP!

Wade sits up, staring at Seth.

Jared immediately charges Seth from behind.

The Peacock King catches him with a Cliché Kick to the stomach.

He hooks him.

SONG OF THE HYADES!

Jared drives Seth down with the Canadian Destroyer!

The crowd erupts.

Jim Gunt: "SONG OF THE HYADES!"

Mike Rolash: "Seth Moxley just got planted!"

Jared looks toward Wade, who has Dean down in the opposite corner.

The two former champions exchange a glance.

Wade smiles.

Jared nods.

They move in together.

But Dean suddenly explodes out of the corner.

POP-UP POWERBOMB TO WADE!

Wade crashes hard.

Jared turns around.

SPEAR!

Dean nearly cuts him in half.

The crowd is now completely behind Fire & Ice.

Dean crawls toward Seth.

Jared crawls toward Wade.

Dean reaches.

TAG!

Seth comes through the ropes.

Wade is still down.

Jared is trying to get back to his feet.

Seth pulls Wade upright.

Dean catches Jared with a massive pop-up powerbomb, sending him through the ropes and out to the floor.

Wade turns.

Seth hooks him.

SOUTH OF HEAVEN!

Wade is lifted high.

He crashes down.

Seth doesn't cover.

He pulls Wade back up.

Dean is waiting.

FIRE BLAST!

The Cross Rhodes connects with absolute violence.

Wade's body bounces off the canvas.

Seth hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

The Accor Arena erupts.

Joey Garcia: "YOUR WINNERS... FIRE & ICE... DEAN AND SETH MOXLEY!"

Dean rolls away from the cover, breathing heavily. Seth drops to one knee beside him, both brothers staring at one another in disbelief at what they've just accomplished.

Jim Gunt: "THEY DID IT! FIRE & ICE HAVE DEFEATED #BEACHKREW!"

Mike Rolash: "I don't think anybody expected that!"

Wade Moor slowly rolls toward the ropes, holding his head as Jared pulls himself up outside the ring. Neither man looks toward the ring with anything resembling a smile. Jared kicks the bottom of the ring steps in frustration before storming toward the entranceway.

Wade follows, visibly angry, refusing to acknowledge the fans or the victorious team behind him.

Jim Gunt: "#BeachKrew are not happy about this one."

Mike Rolash: "Would you be?"

The crowd begins chanting.

"FIRE! AND ICE!"

"FIRE! AND ICE!"

Dean climbs onto the second turnbuckle, pounding his chest as Seth stands in the center of the ring, raising both arms.

Then the opening notes of the Moxley theme hit again.

The reaction changes.

Roman Moxley steps onto the stage.

Dean sees him first.

His face breaks into a grin.

Roman makes his way down the ramp and climbs into the ring, where his two brothers immediately meet him.

The three Moxley brothers stand together in the center of the Accor Arena.

Dean throws one arm around Seth.

Roman raises both of their arms.

The crowd roars.

Jim Gunt: "Look at this!"

Mike Rolash: "The Moxley brothers are together!"

Jim Gunt: "Dean and Seth Moxley just scored perhaps the biggest victory of their CWF careers, and now Roman Moxley has joined them to celebrate it!"

The camera pulls back as the three brothers stand together beneath the CWF lights, with Dean and Seth still feeding off the reaction of the Paris crowd.

Across the arena, #BeachKrew disappear behind the curtain.

Inside the ring, Fire & Ice and Roman Moxley continue celebrating.

The camera fades away.

## **Jamie and Tyler's First Doctor's Appointment**

#### Segment

Tyler drives Jamie and him to the doctor's office for the very first visit. He parks the car, and helps Jamie out, and shuts both doors. They walk inside, and Jamie signs in. They wait in the waiting room, and a nurse calls them back. They follow her to the room, and she takes Jamie's weight and blood pressure. She takes them to the room, and Jamie sits on the bed while Tyler sits in a chair. The nurse leaves, and the doctor comes in after a few minutes. He does the checkup, and they talk.

Doctor: "Good morning, Jamie! How excited are you to become a mom?"

Dakota Anderson: "I am very excited to become a mom, and we have been wanting this for a long time. We spent a lot of time praying and talking about it, and God answered that prayer."

Doctor: "How excited are you to become a father?"

Tyler Anderson: "I am very excited, and it is going to happen. I can't contain it, and I know we will be great parents when he or her or even them come into this world."

The doctor does the checkup on Jamie, and sets up the next appointment. Jamie and Tyler leave the doctor's office, and head to get something to eat since they are both hungry.

### **UPRISING presents Revolution 14: Please Remain Calm**

#### Segment

Check out the results from CWF's affiliate fed UPRISING's latest show, Revolution 14, headlined by a huge Apex Championship match pitting champion John Patrick against Lexus Van Drachenburg. You know you want to see this show, so just click it (after you read Infernalina that is!).

### **Kevin Hunter vs. Mia Rayne**

#### Match

The lights dim as "Sin After Sin" by Alter Bridge begins to blare throughout the arena, the lights turn red, flickering at the sound of the music and, after a moment Kevin Hunter slowly emerges from the back. Standing at the top of the ramp, he takes in the reactions from the crowd before making his way down the ramp and into the ring. Pulling himself up onto the apron, he looks into the crowd before taunting. He enters into the ring, climbing the second turnbuckle and taunting one more time before hopping down and waits, stoically staring at the ramp Mia Rayne was due to walk down any minute now.

Jim Gunt: "This match has a lot of intrigue going into it. Is Mia alright? What does it mean that she's no longer 'in control?' Are we going to see one of her personas tonight?"

Mike Rolash: "I hope not. Mia is bad enough, but those personas of hers? They aren't to be messed with, take it from someone who was thrown, with minimal effort, three hundred years into the past."

Jim Gunt: "At least it didn't take anything extra to make you a believer..."

Mike Rolash: "Hard to doubt anything I experienced first hand Jimbo. Looks like we won't have much longer to get these questions answered though..."

"Unbreakable" by New Year's Day rings out, signaling Mia's arrival as it has done for so long before. Tension mounts as seconds turn to minutes with nothing but New Year's Day blaring on the speakers. After several more minutes, the music fades, and finally, the curtain leading to the back rustles slightly, as Mia Rayne stumbles through it onto the stage. She falls to her knees, and holds her guts, a rabid smile on her face, accented by tears of blood leaking from her eyes. Truly a sight meant for a horror movie.

Jim Gunt: "What the..."

Mike Rolash: "I'm... I think I'm out of this one Jim. I feel like I need to leave if I value whatever soul I have left..."

Jim and Mike exchange looks and they both duck under the announcer's desk. Mia cocks her head to the side, her gaze locked on Kevin Hunter. Even without a mic, her voice carries throughout the arena so all can hear her high pitched, manic voice.

Mia Rayne: "I waRNEd YoU! Don't you HEAR it?!"

Mia shrieks in laughter as a pulsing beat can be heard, almost the sound of a human heartbeat. "Atlas" by Lilith Max lights up the soundwaves as the beat gets louder, the heartbeat now replaced by loud stomps. Mia starts to rock back and forth as the song continues. A black fog appears and swiftly covers Mia, her shrieks and giggles still echoing as purple and green lightning highlight a silhouette in the fog, the figure puts on a mask, complete with bells on top. The music suddenly stops and the lights turn off, right as Kevin Hunter moves to get out of the ring and confront Mia, uncaring about the "theatrics." Bells replace music, slowly, but pick up speed. The lights come on right as a CRASH can be heard, Loki Synn emerging from the fog and smacking Hunter over the head with a bundle of fluorescent tubes!

The crowd groans and Kevin Hunter falls to a knee. Loki cocks her head, her gaze on her prey and the bells of her mask highlighting every twitch her head makes.

Ding!

DING!!

DINGDINGDINGDINGDINGDING!!!

Loki holds her arm out and the broken and shattered tubes in her arms turn into a scepter, complete with a skull head on top, wearing its own, jagged, and sharp looking jester's cap. She winds it up, and swings as hard as she can, cracking it on the crown of Kevin's head! He snaps backwards and rolls toward the ring. Loki struts behind him, taking her time and swinging the scepter haphazardly around. She watches, amused by Kevin rolling into the ring, the ref instantly checking him out. Loki rolls into the ring, taking her time again as she motions for the ref. Like Mia, she doesn't need a microphone for all to hear her voice.

Loki Synn: "You have a choice to make. Ring the bell and start the match, or don't, and this all remains unsanctioned. I'm going to make Kevin Hunter pay for not listening, for showing up and do whatever it is that he's doing now. I don't care. Anything else done further to him will be on YOUR head, and let me just say.... If you're clenching your ass cheeks now? Just you go ahead and call this match off, then I'll give you a REAL reason to clench that ass and clutch those pearls. So, zebra man... What's it going to be?"

The ref of course calls for the bell. They don't get paid enough for anything like that.

Loki Synn: "Smart."

With that, Loki holds her arms out like a plane and spins around, her gaze now fixated on Kevin, who has backed himself up into a corner. As soon as Loki spots him, she gets a running start and drives her knees right into his chest! Hunter can't seem to get a breath as Loki pulls him up and off the mat, before lifting him up in a stalling suplex position, spinning him around, and bringing him down with a brainbuster! Without wasting a second, Loki floats over and covers the prone body of Kevin Hunter.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Loki gets up and the ref instantly makes sure that Kevin is still breathing, helping him get out of the ring. Loki looks on, the only movement are the small twitches that make the bells on her mask ring. It didn't matter the movement, if it was



are necessary to say about that. One, it is the only shot I've gotten these nigh-on two decades. Two, to get it I had to utterly debase myself by serving as one of AnHellica's conscripts in that bloody End Games match... but of course, you remember that one, don't you?"

Loki scowls, furious at the memory of her other self's loss.

Mark Carlton: "If anyone has a reason to feel hard done by, it's me, watching my cousin and her lunkhead of a husband each ascend to the pinnacle, while I am perpetually stuck in the doldrums. So you can whine all you want about dealing with the likes of that shitstain in the ring with you..."

Loki, reminded of Kevin's existence, delivers what must be a very cathartic kick to his ribs.

Mark Carlton: "... but I'd remind you that you aren't the only one. And so, Loki Synn..."

Loki's nostrils flare.

Mike Rolash: "You know... I can't tell if he's about to ask her to fight him or fuck him."

Mark Carlton: "... if you want a better place on the card, you can bloody well get in line."

The crowd murmurs.

Mark Carlton: "Or better yet - how about you put your money where your mouth is and show why you deserve it more than I do!"

Loki's head cocks to one side sharply, rapidly. Watching almost gives onlookers whiplash.

Loki Synn: "Hehehehehe....HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!!!! I'll give you points kid, took some real gonads to step up to this plate, Jaiden can sign this match into existence and I will in return suspend my reign of terror. In the meantime, I gotta ask.... WHO DA FUQ ARE YOU?!"

The fans roar with approval of a potential dream match to happen, but the echoes of Loki's laughter leave all with a lasting souvenir of this evening.

## **River City Wrestling**

Segment

RIVER CITY WRESTLING: An affiliate of CWF's coming January 2027.

## **Esmeralda von Krauss (c) vs. Christian Patrick**

Match

The camera returns to the Accor Arena following the previous match. The atmosphere has changed noticeably. There is an almost nervous anticipation among the Paris crowd as the camera sweeps across the arena, eventually settling on the CWF Chaos Championship sitting alone on the announce table at ringside.

The purple-and-silver championship looks almost out of place sitting there beneath the arena lights. There is no pedestal. No display case. No security surrounding it. It simply rests on the announce table, waiting.

Jim Gunt: "Ladies and gentlemen, we now turn our attention to the CWF Chaos Championship, and if you've been watching CWF over the last several months, you know that there is no such thing as a normal Chaos Championship match."

Mike Rolash: "Normal is overrated, Jimbo. Chaos is where the fun starts."

Jim Gunt: "Esmeralda von Krauss has held that championship since Wrestle Fest V, when she survived one of the most elaborate matches we've ever seen. Tonight, she faces a completely different challenge."

Mike Rolash: "And a guy who's only wrestled one match in this company!"

Jim Gunt: "Christian Patrick won that gauntlet two weeks ago against Dakota Anderson, Kevin Hunter, Magik The Gatherer and Paul Freedom! He's gone from CWF newcomer to championship challenger in the span of fourteen days."

The lights throughout the Accor Arena suddenly dim.

The opening notes of "My Name Is Human" by Highly Suspect echo through the building.

Christian Patrick steps through the curtain.

He stops beneath the lights, dressed in black trunks accented with pink, the fractured crown emblazoned across the back. His expression remains unreadable as he surveys the arena. There is no gesture toward the Paris crowd. No attempt to soak in the moment. His eyes eventually settle on the Chaos Championship sitting at ringside.

Christian slowly nods.

Joey Garcia: "The following contest is scheduled for the CWF Chaos Championship! Introducing first, the challenger! From Wichita, Kansas, weighing 240 pounds... THE FRACTURED HEIR... CHRISTIAN PATRICK!"

The crowd gives Christian a mixed reaction. Some cheer the newcomer, others boo the confidence with which he carries himself. Christian walks down the ramp without acknowledging either side.

When he reaches ringside, Christian doesn't immediately enter the ring. Instead, he circles it once.

He looks at the championship.

He looks at the announce table.

Then he looks upward.

There is a steel hook hanging high above the center of the ring.

Christian's eyes narrow.

Jim Gunt: "He's already putting the pieces together."

Mike Rolash: "That's what this guy does, Jimbo. He thinks."

Christian climbs onto the apron and steps through the ropes. He walks to the center of the ring, slowly turning as he studies the surrounding area before returning to his corner.

The lights dim again.

"Silver Hand, Steady Hand" begins to play.

The Paris crowd immediately responds with a chorus of boos as Esmeralda von Krauss emerges from the back in her extravagant gown, ornate cigarette holder resting between her fingers. She takes her time, smiling as she looks toward the ring.

Then she notices the Chaos Championship sitting on the announce table.

Her smile widens.

Esmeralda takes a long drag from her cigarette before beginning her walk.

Joey Garcia: "And his opponent! From Cologne, Germany, weighing 145 pounds... SHE IS THE CWF CHAOS CHAMPION... ESMERALDA VON KRAUSS!"

Esmeralda reaches ringside and stops.

She looks at the ladder leaning against the barricade.

Then at the hook above the ring.

Then at the championship.

She begins laughing.

Esmeralda von Krauss: "Oh, dahling..."

She slowly climbs onto the apron.

Esmeralda von Krauss: "You really do know how to welcome a girl back."

Esmeralda steps through the ropes, slips the shoulders of her gown down and allows it to fall around her feet. She hands it toward the timekeeper without looking.

Esmeralda von Krauss: "Find a good home for it, dahling. I doubt I'll need it again."

She turns toward Christian.

Christian simply stares back.

Esmeralda smiles.

The music fades.

Joey Garcia suddenly receives a signal from ringside. He raises his microphone.

Joey Garcia: "Ladies and gentlemen, before this championship match begins, CWF CEO Jaiden Rishel has announced the following stipulation!"

The Paris crowd becomes noticeably louder.

Joey Garcia: "This contest will be an... INSIDE OUT LADDER MATCH!"

The crowd reacts with confusion before the realization begins to spread.

Joey Garcia: "The CWF Chaos Championship has been placed on the announce table at ringside! The objective of this match is to retrieve the championship from the announce table, carry it into the ring, climb the ladder and hang the championship on the hook suspended above the ring!"

The crowd erupts.

Joey Garcia: "The first competitor to successfully hang the championship from the hook will be declared the winner and become the CWF Chaos Champion!"

Jim Gunt: "There it is! The championship isn't hanging above the ring! It's starting at ringside!"

Mike Rolash: "So instead of climbing the ladder to get the belt down, they've got to climb the ladder to put the belt up!"

Jim Gunt: "Exactly."

Mike Rolash: "I hate that I love this."

Esmeralda throws her head back and laughs.

Esmeralda von Krauss: "Oh, this is marvelous."

Christian looks toward the championship once more.

He slowly rolls his shoulders.

Christian Patrick: "Let's go."

DING DING DING!

The bell rings and neither competitor immediately rushes for the championship.

They stare across the ring at one another.

Christian takes a measured step forward.

Esmeralda takes one of her own.

The two finally meet in the center and lock up, Christian immediately using his considerable size advantage to drive Esmeralda backward. She tries to transition into a wrist lock, but Christian powers through it, captures her around the waist and launches her across the ring with a release German suplex. Esmeralda lands hard but rolls through the impact, coming up on one knee. Christian is already waiting for her and catches her with a short-arm clothesline that turns her inside out.

Jim Gunt: "Christian Patrick came into this match with a very clear plan."

Mike Rolash: "Step one appears to be 'throw the 145-pound woman around.'"

Christian doesn't celebrate. He grabs Esmeralda and pulls her toward the ropes, but she suddenly twists around his arm and drops underneath it, capturing his wrist. She rotates behind him and snaps into a Nikajo wrist lock. Christian grimaces and drops to one knee. Esmeralda immediately changes levels, wraps her legs around his arm and shoulder and begins wrenching backward with an Omoplata.

Christian refuses to panic.

He crawls toward the ropes, then abruptly rolls forward, forcing Esmeralda to release the hold. He rises and catches her with a hard backhand. Esmeralda drops to one knee.

Christian follows with a Patrick Kick.

Esmeralda ducks.

The superkick misses.

She catches Christian from behind and drives him face-first into the turnbuckle.

Esmeralda unloads.

Palm strike.

Backhand.

Palm strike.

Another backhand.

Christian drops to a knee, and Esmeralda immediately drives another palm strike into the side of his head before stepping back and smiling.

Esmeralda von Krauss: "Much better, dahling."

Christian slowly rises.

Esmeralda runs toward him.

Christian catches her.

**HIGH-ANGLE SPINEBUSTER!**

The ring shakes as Esmeralda crashes onto her back.

Jim Gunt: "What a spinebuster!"

Mike Rolash: "And that's 240 pounds landing on her!"

Christian immediately gets back to his feet. He looks toward the championship at ringside.

The first ladder is sitting just beyond the barricade.

Christian steps through the ropes.

Esmeralda grabs his ankle.

Christian looks down.

She smiles.

He kicks her hand away.

Esmeralda springs up and catches him with a backhand that sends Christian stumbling against the barricade. She follows him outside and drives a knee into his stomach before grabbing his head and smashing it into the ring apron.

Christian staggers.

Esmeralda grabs his wrist and attempts to whip him toward the barricade.

Christian reverses.

Esmeralda hits the barricade.

Christian charges.

Esmeralda moves.

Christian crashes shoulder-first into the steel.

The Paris crowd roars.

Esmeralda looks toward the announce table.

She walks over to it.

Her eyes settle on the Chaos Championship.

Esmeralda von Krauss: "Come to Mama."

She reaches for the belt.

Christian grabs her from behind.

Esmeralda spins.

ROUND THE WORLD!

Christian's spinning lariat catches Esmeralda across the chest and sends her sprawling across the floor.

Jim Gunt: "Christian Patrick was waiting for that opportunity!"

Christian immediately reaches toward the Chaos Championship.

His fingers touch the purple strap.

Esmeralda grabs his wrist.

Christian pulls.

Esmeralda refuses to let go.

For several seconds the two fight over the championship while it remains on the announce table, neither willing to give

the other the advantage.

Mike Rolash: "This is the strangest tug-of-war I've ever seen!"

Jim Gunt: "Because normally the championship isn't even part of the match until the end!"

Christian finally uses his size to yank Esmeralda forward, sending her crashing chest-first into the announce table. He reaches for the championship again.

Esmeralda drives a knee into his stomach.

Christian doubles over.

She grabs the back of his neck and drives him face-first into the table.

Christian staggers backward.

Esmeralda grabs the championship.

The crowd boos.

She raises it over her head.

Christian suddenly charges.

Esmeralda ducks.

Christian crashes into the announce desk.

The championship slips from Esmeralda's hands and lands on the floor.

Jim Gunt: "The championship is down!"

Both competitors look at it.

Then they look at each other.

They dive.

Christian reaches it first.

He snatches the Chaos Championship from the floor.

The crowd erupts.

Jim Gunt: "Christian Patrick has the championship!"

Mike Rolash: "Now he's got to get it into the ring and up that ladder!"

Christian turns toward the ring.

Esmeralda catches him with a Superman palm strike.

Christian's head snaps backward.

The championship falls against his chest but he refuses to drop it.

Esmeralda hits another palm strike.

Christian staggers.

She grabs him by the arm and attempts to wrench him into the barricade.

Christian stops her.

He turns.

ALL RISE!

The uranage drives Esmeralda into the floor.

Christian rolls toward the ring, still clutching the Chaos Championship.

He slides underneath the bottom rope.

Esmeralda remains outside.

Christian stands.

He looks at the ladder.

He looks at the hook.

He looks at the championship.

He begins setting the belt against his chest and starts climbing.

Jim Gunt: "Christian Patrick is going for it!"

Christian reaches the third rung.

Esmeralda grabs the other side of the ladder.

She violently pulls it away from him.

Christian drops to the mat.

Esmeralda climbs onto the apron and enters the ring.

Christian rises.

Esmeralda charges.

Christian catches her with an over-the-shoulder gutbuster.

She rolls away.

Christian grabs the ladder.

He sets it up.

Esmeralda attacks from behind.

Christian is driven face-first into the ladder.

Esmeralda grabs the ladder and folds it shut.

She swings it.

Christian ducks.

The ladder crashes into the ropes.

Christian kicks the ladder out of her hands.

He catches Esmeralda with a short-arm clothesline.

She falls.

Christian sets the ladder upright again.

He places the Chaos Championship against the mat.

Then he starts climbing.

Jim Gunt: "He's got it positioned! Christian Patrick is climbing!"

Mike Rolash: "This is where thinking matters, Jimbo. He's not rushing anymore!"

Christian reaches the middle of the ladder.

Esmeralda rises.

She grabs the side.

Christian looks down.

Esmeralda begins climbing.

She reaches him.

The two exchange strikes several feet above the canvas.

Christian lands a forearm.

Esmeralda answers with a backhand.

Christian catches her wrist.

She fires another strike.

Christian ducks.

Esmeralda's hand slams into the ladder.

Christian drives his shoulder into her stomach.

She nearly falls.

Christian catches her.

For a moment, it appears he might throw her from the ladder.

Instead, he pulls her upward.

Esmeralda smiles.

Esmeralda von Krauss: "How gentlemanly."

She headbutts him.

Christian's grip loosens.

Esmeralda climbs above him.

She reaches the top.

Christian follows.

The Chaos Championship remains on the canvas below them.

Jim Gunt: "Neither competitor can win until they get that championship!"

Esmeralda reaches down.

Christian grabs her ankle.

She kicks.

He holds on.

Esmeralda swings her other leg around and catches Christian across the face.

Christian falls backward onto the ladder.

Esmeralda climbs down two rungs.

She reaches for the championship.

Christian suddenly rises and grabs her around the waist.

RELEASE GERMAN SUPLEX!

Esmeralda crashes onto the canvas.

Christian remains on the ladder.

He looks down at her.

Then toward the championship.

Christian climbs back to the top.

He reaches down.

His fingers close around the purple-and-silver belt.

The crowd roars.

Jim Gunt: "HE HAS IT!"

Christian pulls the Chaos Championship against his chest.

He begins climbing toward the hook.

Esmeralda slowly gets back to her feet.

Christian reaches the top of the ladder.

The hook is directly above him.

He raises the championship.

Esmeralda grabs the ladder.

She shakes it.

Christian loses his balance.

He catches the top rung.

Esmeralda begins climbing.

Christian looks down.

She reaches him.

The two are now standing on opposite sides of the top of the ladder, each fighting for control of the championship.

Christian pulls.

Esmeralda pulls back.

The belt stretches between them.

Neither gives.

Christian's face changes.

The calm expression disappears.

For the first time tonight, there is unmistakable aggression in his eyes.

Esmeralda von Krauss: "There you are."

Christian stares at her.

Esmeralda smiles.

Christian suddenly shoves her.

Esmeralda flies backward.

Her body crashes onto the horizontal ladder that had been propped in the corner.

CRACK!

The ladder buckles underneath her impact.

The Paris crowd gasps.

Jim Gunt: "OH MY GOD!"

Mike Rolash: "ESMERALDA JUST GOT SENT THROUGH THAT LADDER!"

Christian remains atop the ladder, breathing heavily.

He looks down at Esmeralda.

She is motionless among the wreckage.

Christian slowly turns back toward the hook.

The Chaos Championship is still in his hands.

He reaches upward.

His fingers find the hook.

Christian lifts the championship.

He hooks the belt.

The purple strap catches.

Christian releases it.

DING DING DING!

The Paris crowd erupts.

Joey Garcia: "HERE IS YOUR WINNER... AND NEW CWF CHAOS CHAMPION... CHRISTIAN PATRICK!"

Jim Gunt: "CHRISTIAN PATRICK HAS DONE IT!"

Mike Rolash: "SECOND MATCH IN CWF! SECOND MATCH AND HE'S A CHAMPION!"

Jim Gunt: "He won a gauntlet two weeks ago to earn this opportunity, and tonight, Christian Patrick has defeated Esmeralda von Krauss in one of the most unusual championship matches CWF has ever presented!"

Christian looks upward at the Chaos Championship hanging from the hook.

For several seconds he simply watches it sway.

Then he climbs down the ladder.

Christian stands in the center of the ring, breathing heavily, his eyes fixed on the wreckage in the corner.

Ringside officials immediately rush toward Esmeralda.

One checks on her while another begins carefully moving the broken ladder away from her. Esmeralda finally begins to stir, rolling onto her side as the officials help her sit upright.

Christian doesn't taunt her.

He doesn't celebrate in her face.

He simply looks toward the championship.

An official eventually retrieves the belt from the hook and hands it to Christian.

Christian takes it.

The crowd reaction is mixed. There are cheers for the astonishing victory, but a loud section of the Paris audience boos the way he finished it.

Christian raises the Chaos Championship above his head.

Jim Gunt: "Christian Patrick is the new CWF Chaos Champion."

Mike Rolash: "And Esmeralda von Krauss is going to be asking herself for a long time whether she should've smiled when Jaiden Rishel announced that stipulation."

Jim Gunt: "Four consecutive victories for Esmeralda end tonight."

Mike Rolash: "And Christian Patrick's second CWF match ends with him holding championship gold."

Christian lowers the championship against his shoulder.

He looks once more toward Esmeralda.

There is no apology.

No celebration directed at her.

Just a long stare between the former champion and the man who has taken her title.

Esmeralda, still being helped to her feet by officials, looks back at him.

For the first time tonight, she isn't smiling.

Christian turns toward the Paris crowd and raises the Chaos Championship again.

The camera pulls back, capturing Christian standing beneath the dangling hook, the broken ladder in the corner, and Esmeralda being helped toward the ropes.

Jim Gunt: "The Chaos Championship has changed hands again."

Mike Rolash: "And with Crossing Lines coming up October sixteenth, I have a feeling this is only the beginning."

Christian holds the championship tightly against his chest as the shot fades.

That keeps Christian's victory earned and consistent with his "thinking wrestler" profile, while making the final shove a meaningful escalation rather than a random turn into a brawl.

**When the music's over...**

Segment

Jim Gunt: "We're back, live, in the City of Light, and up next—"

CUE UP: "Wings" by ILUKA

Mike Rolash: "She promised she was gone. We left the country. We left the continent. SHE SAID SHE WAS GONE."

I was sixteen when they told me, "Girl  
Know your place, this ain't your world  
If you dress like that, then your asking for  
And you'll go nowhere with a voice like yours"  
Fuck it.

The fans erupt immediately as the song starts, looking towards the entrance ramp. After just a few seconds, MJ Flair appears, far sooner than anyone could have thought. She wears a black T-shirt with two baguettes on the front, crossed like swords, and the phrase "LIFE IS PAIN" over them.

If there's a single fan in the arena that's upset over her sudden, unadvertised appearance, they're drowned out by thousands of others on their feet, chanting "EMM JAY EFF" as loud as they can.

Mike Rolash: "I can't believe this spoilsport got on a plane and flew six time zones just to ruin my day."

Jim Gunt: "I'm your colleague, and I'm your friend. Mike, seek therapy."

Mary Magdalene had some fun  
Some called her a whore, some called her a nun  
Was she the baddest bitch in Bethlehem?  
We'll never know 'cause her story's written by men

Spending plenty of time slapping hands around the ringside area, MJ shares a few friendly words with the fans bold enough to talk to her; it's as if she knows them personally.

Jim Gunt: "MJ Flair, of course, wrestled what some are referring to as the Match of the Year against Caledonia at Wrestlefest V, and subsequently withdrew from active competition in the CWF, citing that she was never intending on a full time comeback. I think it might be safe to say she's here as a direct response to the announcement made in Amsterdam, Mike?"

Mike Rolash: "I don't know, Jim... she's just dumb. If bread causes you pain, stop eating it."

The crowd threw me out for the kill  
Told me how to dress and how to feel  
They held me down but I learned how to heal  
Look at me now, look at what I built

MJ retrieves a microphone from ring announcer Joey Garcia and climbs from the floor to the top turnbuckle in a move she's been doing for years... and it still elicits the same response. She stands on the middle turnbuckle from the outside of the ring, arms up, soaking in the cheers.

Just like her father. Except she can't help but let a smile form on her face.

Finally, she drops down to the ring, microphone in hand.

MJF: "Je suis aussi surpris que vous d'être ici."

The fans cheer, loudly, and the "EMM JAY EFF" chant starts again. MJ grins.

MJF: "Okay, okay... I don't want to insult your wonderful city by butchering any more French, so is it cool if I continue in

English?"

She shrugs, as if to give the floor to the fans and they all cheer their approval. MJ nods her assent.

MJF: "Awesome."

Deep breath.

MJF: "So let's be fully transparent here; I thought I was finished with professional wrestling."

Some good natured boos fill the arena, joining a singular clap.

Jim Gunt: "Sit down, Mike!"

MJF: "I stepped away several years ago and enrolled in higher education to ensure I had a future outside of the business. And while I consistently refused any request to make a return, no matter what was offered, I never closed the door completely. Until this year, until I was asked if I wanted to step back between the ropes and maybe, potentially, get myself the return match that I was never able to earn against Caledonia the first time around."

A vocal pop lights up for the number one contender, which MJ actively encourages.

MJF: "And I meant it when I said all I wanted was one last shot against Caledonia, to see if I could reverse the curse from our first match. Win or lose, I knew that if I left it all in the ring, I could be satisfied with the outcome."

She lowers the microphone and looks down, clearly reminiscing about Wrestlefest.

Jim Gunt: "The match between Flair and Caledonia, of course, was one of the most highly anticipated matches of the year, and may very well be the greatest match of 2026."

MJF: "And I said I was done... but I didn't close the book all the way."

Once again, MJ lets the microphone drop from her lips, and the fans cheer, some of them starting up a 'ONE MORE MATCH' chant. She sees them and grins, smiling.

MJF: "Listen, I'm right with you. I was so satisfied with how that match turned out... but I left a little room for another trip to the ring, just in case the feeling was there."

She pauses one more time; leaning on the top rope facing the hard camera.

MJF: "Unfortunately, as we've learned... we're out of time."

MJ paces as the fans mildly boo, and she shakes her head with some sadness.

MJF: "This wasn't the place where I started my wrestling career... but it was the first one that felt like home. Before I got to the CWF, I found myself working for promoters who wanted to have it both ways: I'm a nobody who hasn't earned anything in the sport and deserves to languish in the mud until I prove otherwise, but I'm also my father's daughter and heir to his legacy, where every success is nothing more than meeting expectations and every failure was a sign that I wasn't good enough to jerk the curtain."

Pause.

MJF: "Except for the CWF."

The fans cheer for the company name drop.

MJF: "This company didn't look at me as the daughter of a legend, cursed to be judged by the shadow of that legend. No, this company said, ok girl, show us what you've got. This company appreciated what I had to offer for what it was, and did nothing but encourage me to succeed or fail on my own merits. No matter what else might ever be said about the CWF's office and its selectively cosy relationship with The Municipality, that is a kindness that I will never forget."

The fans pop once again.

MJF: "So, with that in mind... this was not on my bingo card for at least six months, but if the CWF is going to shut down, I owe it to everyone in the back, everyone who has wrestled on a CWF branded event for the past twenty years and upcoming three hundred..."

She points towards the stands.

MJF: "... and every single one of you..."

Once again, they cheer at the acknowledgement.

MJF: "...to say that I intend to be here and hold the CWF's hand as it closes its doors forever. I intend to be here for as many events as I possibly can to demonstrate what this company has meant to me. I will be here..."

Dramatic pause. MJ grins.

MJF: "...until LAST CALL."

No Freedom without the will

Won't die for much, but I'll die on this hill

Some choose the cage 'cause they love the gild

My wings grew back, and theirs never will

Jim Gunt: "Powerful words from the two time former CWF World Champion, she will evidently be with the company from now until the doors close!"

Mike Rolash: "I can only hope she gets her bell rung at least once so we can finally future endeavor this gigantic pain in my ass."

Jim Gunt: "Mike's stump speech aside, we'll be right back!"

## **Caledonia vs. Dangerous Dan**

Match

The camera comes back from the commercial break to a wide shot of the Accor Arena, the Paris crowd still buzzing from the unexpected return of MJ Flair. The atmosphere has changed slightly from the earlier portions of the night; there is a sense that everyone in the building has just been reminded that CWF is approaching its final chapter, and that every appearance now carries a little more weight than it might have a month ago.

Jim Gunt: "Welcome back to Infernal 12, and what an extraordinary few minutes we've just witnessed. MJ Flair, who told us after her extraordinary match with Caledonia at Wrestle Fest V that she wasn't planning on returning to active competition, is now telling the CWF that she intends to be here all the way through Last Call."

Mike Rolash: "Which means I have to look at her for the next three months."

Jim Gunt: "You really need to work through that."

Mike Rolash: "I'm trying, Jim. I'm trying."

Jim Gunt: "But there is something particularly interesting about what we just saw. MJ Flair talked extensively about Caledonia, about that match at Wrestle Fest V, and about the fact that she still had room in her heart for another trip to the ring. And now Caledonia has to put all of that aside, because she's got a very important match of her own."

Mike Rolash: "Very important is putting it mildly. Caledonia is the number one contender to the CWF World Heavyweight Championship. She's facing Danny B at Crossing Lines. And tonight she's wrestling the guy Danny B just beat for that championship."

Jim Gunt: "Dangerous Dan."

Mike Rolash: "Exactly. If you're Caledonia, you can't help but look at what happened last week and think, 'I need to know exactly how I measure up against this guy.'"

The arena lights begin to fade.

The opening notes of "Day and Night" by Billie Piper begin to play.

The Paris crowd immediately rises.

Caledonia steps onto the entrance stage.

For several seconds she doesn't move. She simply looks across the enormous arena, absorbing the reaction. The smile that appears is small, but genuine. Then her expression becomes more serious as she looks toward the ring.

The High Priestess begins her walk.

Joey Garcia: "The following contest is scheduled for one fall! Introducing first, from Wichita, Kansas by way of places far beyond our understanding, weighing 130 pounds... THE HIGH PRIESTESS... CALEDONIA!"

Caledonia reaches ringside and takes a moment to acknowledge several fans before climbing onto the apron. She steps through the ropes and immediately walks toward the center of the ring, raising both hands as the Paris crowd continues cheering.

She lowers her arms and turns toward the entrance.

The smile is gone.

Caledonia adjusts the tape around her wrists.

She is ready.

The lights go out.

A strobe of red and blue begins flashing across the arena.

"Enemy" by Imagine Dragons hits.

The reaction is strong as Dangerous Dan emerges onto the stage with Crazy Chris beside him. Dan pauses at the top of the ramp, glancing across the crowd before looking toward the ring.

Joey Garcia: "And her opponent! From Smithville, Tennessee, weighing 225 pounds... THE DANGEROUS ONE... DANGEROUS DAN!"

Dan starts toward the ring, acknowledging fans along the barricade as he goes. There is still an easy charisma about him, but the smile never completely reaches his eyes. He has lost the Paramount Championship to Jared Holmes at Wrestle Fest V. He has just lost a World Championship match to Danny B. Tonight, he has another opportunity to remind everybody exactly what he is capable of.

Dan climbs the steps and enters the ring. He walks to the nearest corner and climbs the turnbuckles, raising his arms before turning toward Caledonia.

The two competitors stare across the ring.

Jim Gunt: "This is an important match for both of them, Mike, but I don't think there's any question which competitor has more at stake."

Mike Rolash: "Caledonia."

Jim Gunt: "She is the number one contender. Crossing Lines is October sixteenth. Danny B is waiting for her. And

Danny just defeated Dangerous Dan last week."

Mike Rolash: "So if Caledonia walks out of here tonight looking bad against Dan, people are going to start asking questions."

Jim Gunt: "And if she wins?"

Mike Rolash: "Then those questions get a lot quieter."

The referee checks both competitors before calling for the bell.

DING DING DING!

Caledonia and Dan move toward the center of the ring cautiously, neither willing to make the first reckless move. They circle for several seconds before finally locking up. Dan immediately uses the weight difference to drive Caledonia backward, but she drops her hips and slips underneath his arm, catching him with a quick waistlock. Dan pries her hands apart and turns into her, only for Caledonia to fire a quick kick against his thigh and attempt another tie-up. Dan catches her this time, spins her around and sends her toward the ropes. Caledonia rebounds and comes back with a running forearm, but Dan barely moves. She hits another forearm, then another, and finally Dan answers with one of his own that sends her stumbling backward.

Jim Gunt: "Dan already showing that strength advantage."

Mike Rolash: "And Caledonia is showing that she's not going to stand in front of it and trade punches all night."

Caledonia immediately changes direction, ducking underneath another clothesline and bouncing off the opposite ropes. Dan catches her on the return with a tilt-a-whirl attempt, but Caledonia shifts her weight in midair and lands behind him. She catches the back of his head and drives him down with a quick neckbreaker before rolling away. Dan sits up almost immediately, and Caledonia catches him with a sharp kick to the chest. She follows with a second kick, then a third, forcing Dan backward into the corner. Caledonia charges and leaps onto the top rope, springboarding backward with the Queen's Gambit, the roundhouse catching Dan across the side of the head and knocking him down.

Jim Gunt: "Queen's Gambit connects!"

Mike Rolash: "And that's exactly what Caledonia needs to do. Don't let the bigger man establish his rhythm."

Caledonia hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

Dan kicks out.

Caledonia doesn't complain. She immediately grabs his wrist and pulls him toward the ropes, looking for another burst of momentum. Dan catches her with a sudden boot to the stomach and follows with a leaping snap hurricanrana that sends Caledonia tumbling across the canvas. He rises and stalks her for a moment before catching her with a hard kick to the ribs as she tries to stand.

Jim Gunt: "Dangerous Dan has weathered the opening storm."

Mike Rolash: "And now he's going to make Caledonia pay for it."

Dan grabs Caledonia and drives her backward into the corner, where he unloads with several hard body shots. Caledonia covers up, trying to create enough space to escape, but Dan catches her around the waist and throws her across the ring with a Blue Thunder Bomb. Caledonia lands hard and immediately rolls toward the ropes. Dan follows, grabs her before she can get up and pulls her into position.

DANGER ZONE!

The Angel's Wings connects.

Dan covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

Caledonia kicks out.

The crowd erupts.

Jim Gunt: "Caledonia gets the shoulder up!"

Mike Rolash: "That was close!"

Dan sits back on his knees for a moment, looking toward the referee and then toward Caledonia. There is no frustration, just a slight nod as though he has learned something. He gets to his feet and waits for Caledonia to pull herself up using the ropes. When she turns around, Dan catches her with a short kick to the stomach and begins setting her up for the ENDD of an Era. Caledonia recognizes the danger and immediately rolls through the attempted stomp, catching Dan's leg as he turns. She pulls him forward and fires a vicious enzuigiri.

SUCH IS LIFE!

Dan drops to the mat.

Caledonia crawls toward the ropes.

The Paris crowd begins clapping in rhythm.

Jim Gunt: "Both of these competitors have already been pushed into their second gear!"

Mike Rolash: "And neither one is backing off!"

Caledonia gets back to her feet first. She moves quickly now, striking Dan with a series of kicks and forearms before sending him into the ropes. Dan rebounds and ducks underneath her first attempt at a clothesline, but Caledonia spins with him and catches him with a second enzuigiri. Dan stumbles forward. Caledonia grabs his head and drives him down with a DDT before immediately climbing the turnbuckle.

The crowd rises.

Caledonia looks toward Dan.

She launches.

FALL FROM GRACE!

The shooting star press connects.

Caledonia hooks both legs.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

Dan gets a shoulder up.

Jim Gunt: "DANGEROUS DAN SURVIVES!"

Mike Rolash: "Two near falls now! Caledonia is throwing everything she has at him!"

Caledonia sits up and takes a moment to breathe. Dan rolls toward the ropes, clearly stunned. Caledonia follows him and grabs his arm, attempting to pull him back toward the center. Dan suddenly yanks her forward, sending her chest-first into the turnbuckle. Caledonia turns around and Dan immediately catches her with a superkick.

THE ENDDD IS NEAR!

Caledonia collapses.

Dan doesn't cover.

Instead, he looks toward the corner.

The crowd begins to realize what he is thinking.

Jim Gunt: "Dan may be thinking about the Swanton."

Mike Rolash: "And if he hits it, I don't know if Caledonia is getting back up."

Dan climbs the turnbuckle slowly. Caledonia remains motionless on the canvas. Dan reaches the top and looks down.

He leaps.

THE ENDD!

Caledonia rolls away at the last possible moment.

Dan crashes onto the canvas.

The crowd gasps.

Caledonia pulls herself toward the ropes, breathing heavily.

Jim Gunt: "HE MISSED!"

Mike Rolash: "Caledonia moved just enough!"

Dan clutches his back and rolls toward the ropes. Caledonia sees the opening and begins crawling toward him. She reaches the ropes and uses them to stand. Dan gets up behind her. Caledonia turns.

Dan charges.

Caledonia ducks.

Dan goes through the ropes and lands on the apron.

Caledonia immediately runs.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT!

She leaps onto the top rope and springs backward.

The roundhouse catches Dan square across the head.

He falls from the apron to the floor.

Jim Gunt: "QUEEN'S GAMBIT ON THE APRON!"

Caledonia doesn't wait.

She climbs through the ropes and immediately follows Dan to ringside.

Dan is on one knee.

Caledonia grabs him and tries to pull him up.

Dan suddenly catches her.

ENDD OF TIME!

The reverse Last Shot connects against the floor.

Caledonia collapses.

Dan rolls her toward the ring and slides underneath the bottom rope before following her.

The referee begins checking Caledonia.

Dan stands over her.

The crowd boos.

Dan lifts her by the wrist.

He sends her toward the ropes.

Caledonia rebounds.

Dan catches her.

DANGER ZONE!

The Angel's Wings lands a second time.

Dan covers.

ONE!

TWO!

THR—

CAledonia gets the shoulder up.

The crowd explodes.

Jim Gunt: "ANOTHER KICKOUT!"

Mike Rolash: "How many lives does she have?!"

Dan sits upright, breathing heavily now. He looks down at Caledonia and then toward the crowd, almost as though he is trying to understand how she continues to survive. He gets back to his feet and begins setting up another ENDDING to Remember, waiting for her to rise. Caledonia slowly gets to one knee. Dan charges toward the ropes and leaps, attempting the springboard diving DDT.

Caledonia catches him.

She twists.

Dan lands awkwardly on his feet.

Caledonia spins behind him and catches his head.

SUCH IS LIFE!

The enzuigiri rocks Dan.

He stumbles toward the corner.

Caledonia charges.

Dan tries to move.

Caledonia leaps.

QUEEN'S GAMBIT!

This time the roundhouse catches him flush.

Dan drops.

Caledonia falls to the canvas as well.

Both competitors are down.

Jim Gunt: "Both men and women are down!"

Mike Rolash: "Don't call this one yet, Jimbo. We've seen too much already."

The referee begins a ten-count.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

Caledonia begins moving.

FOUR!

Dan rolls onto his stomach.

FIVE!

Caledonia pulls herself toward the ropes.

SIX!

Dan reaches the ropes.

SEVEN!

Caledonia gets one foot underneath herself.

EIGHT!

Dan pulls himself upright.

NINE!

Both competitors reach their feet.

The crowd erupts.

They turn toward each other.

Dan throws the first strike.

Caledonia answers.

Dan.

Caledonia.

Dan.

Caledonia.

The exchange becomes faster, with neither giving ground until Dan suddenly catches Caledonia around the waist and drives her into the mat with a release German suplex. He keeps hold of her, rolling through the landing and attempting another.

Caledonia blocks.

She elbows backward.

Dan releases.

Caledonia spins.

SUCH IS LIFE!

The enzuigiri catches Dan.

He staggers.

Caledonia hits the ropes.

Dan turns.

She comes flying back.

Dan attempts another clothesline.

Caledonia ducks.

She bounces off the opposite ropes.

Dan turns.

Caledonia catches him with a running knee.

Dan drops to one knee.

Caledonia climbs.

The Paris crowd rises.

She reaches the top rope.

Dan slowly gets to his feet.

Caledonia leaps.

FALL FROM GRACE!

The shooting star press connects perfectly.

Caledonia hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

The Accor Arena erupts.

Joey Garcia: "HERE IS YOUR WINNER... CALEDONIA!"

Jim Gunt: "CALEDONIA HAS DONE IT!"

Caledonia rolls onto her back, exhausted. Dan remains on the canvas for several seconds before slowly sitting up, staring across the ring.

Mike Rolash: "What a fight!"

Jim Gunt: "Dangerous Dan threw absolutely everything at her tonight. Two Danger Zones, The ENDD, ENDD of Time, and Caledonia kept finding a way to survive!"

Mike Rolash: "And that's exactly what she needed."

Jim Gunt: "You said it earlier. She needed this win."

Caledonia slowly pulls herself upright using the ropes. The referee raises her arm as the Paris crowd continues cheering.

Jim Gunt: "Think about the situation she's walking into at Crossing Lines. Danny B defeated Dangerous Dan in a CWF World Championship match last week. Tonight, Caledonia has defeated Dangerous Dan."

Mike Rolash: "And before anybody gets too cute with the comparisons, that's not how wrestling works. Beating somebody Danny beat doesn't automatically mean you're better than Danny."

Jim Gunt: "No."

Mike Rolash: "But it does mean Caledonia has just proven she can survive the same kind of fight."

Jim Gunt: "And that matters."

Caledonia turns toward Dan.

Dangerous Dan is slowly getting back to his feet.

The two former opponents look at one another across the ring.

Dan gives a small nod.

Caledonia returns it.

No handshake.

No grand gesture.

Just recognition.

Dan rolls beneath the bottom rope and begins walking toward the back, occasionally looking over his shoulder at Caledonia.

Caledonia remains in the ring.

She turns toward the hard camera.

The Paris crowd is still on its feet.

Caledonia raises both hands.

Jim Gunt: "Caledonia is the number one contender to the CWF World Heavyweight Championship, and tonight she just picked up one of the biggest victories she could have possibly picked up heading into Crossing Lines."

Mike Rolash: "Danny B is waiting on October sixteenth."

Jim Gunt: "And after tonight, Caledonia has given herself every reason to believe she's ready."

The camera slowly pulls back as Caledonia stands alone in the center of the Accor Arena, sweat running down her face, the cheers from Paris surrounding her.

Jim Gunt: "The High Priestess survives Dangerous Dan."

Mike Rolash: "Now let's see what happens when she meets The Ripper."

Caledonia looks toward the camera one final time.

The shot fades to black.

## **HVW Evolution 10**

Segment

Check out the latest results here from CWF's sister fed Heroes & Villains Wrestling, HVW Evolution 10 headlined by The Regulators vs. The Amoralists in a six person tag team match.

## **Right Where We Belong**

Segment

Backstage at Accor Arena, the camera finds Ian Ambrose standing beneath a monitor displaying tonight's main event graphic.

CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP

THE REGULATORS — ADAM HANSEN & LEX COLLINS (c)

vs.

THE UNSTOPPABLE FORCE — BILLY & TYLER ANDERSON

Ian turns toward the approaching footsteps. Adam Hansen enters first, already dressed for competition, his cowboy hat pulled low and the CWF Tag Team Championship resting over his shoulder. Lex Collins walks beside him, his own championship hanging from one hand by the leather strap. Neither man looks particularly interested in being interviewed. Adam, at least, gives Ian a nod.

Ian Ambrose: "Adam, Lex, thank you for taking a few minutes before what could be the biggest match of your reign. You won these championships at Wrestle Fest V against #BeachKrew, and tonight you're defending them in the main event against The Unstoppable Force. What does it mean to walk into the final stretch of CWF's existence as the Tag Team Champions?"

Adam looks down at the championship on his shoulder for a moment before answering. His voice is even, carrying none of the bravado one might expect from someone about to headline a show.

Adam Hansen: "It means we got a job to do."

Lex glances sideways at him.

Lex Collins: "Real poetic."

Adam cracks the smallest smile.

Adam Hansen: "You asked."

Lex looks back toward Ian.

Lex Collins: "Look, we didn't win these things at Wrestle Fest because somebody felt sorry for us. We beat #BeachKrew for 'em. Biggest show of the year, biggest stage we'd been on together, and there were plenty of people

who thought we were outsiders walking into that building."

Lex taps the faceplate of his championship with two fingers.

Lex Collins: "Turns out 'outsider' ain't exactly an insult to me."

Adam lets out a quiet laugh beside him.

Adam Hansen: "He actually likes that one."

Lex Collins: "Always have."

Ian Ambrose: "And now you're walking into the main event."

Lex's expression changes slightly. The humor doesn't disappear, but it settles into something more serious.

Lex Collins: "Yeah."

He looks toward the monitor behind Ian, where the main event graphic remains frozen on the screen.

Lex Collins: "That's the part I think people forget. Everybody wanted to tell us where we didn't belong when we won these. We weren't supposed to be the guys standing here. Weren't supposed to be the guys carrying these belts into the last stretch of this company's run."

He lifts his championship slightly.

Lex Collins: "Now look where we are."

Adam steps forward, resting both hands over the top of his own championship.

Adam Hansen: "Right where we belong."

Lex turns toward him, nodding.

Lex Collins: "Exactly."

Ian Ambrose: "Billy and Tyler Anderson have made a career out of being one of the toughest teams in CWF. You've both been around long enough to know what they're capable of. Is there any concern that tonight could be the night the titles change hands?"

Adam takes a breath before answering. There is no hesitation, but there is also no disrespect in his tone.

Adam Hansen: "Concern? No. Respect? Absolutely."

He adjusts the championship on his shoulder.

Adam Hansen: "Billy and Tyler are dangerous. They're experienced. They know each other better than most teams ever will, and if you give either one of 'em an opening, they'll take it. We're not gonna stand here and pretend otherwise."

Lex nods slowly.

Lex Collins: "But they're gonna have to earn every inch."

He looks directly into the camera.

Lex Collins: "That's what these titles mean now. You don't just get 'em because you've got a name. You don't get 'em because you've been around. You don't get 'em because people expect you to win."

Lex's jaw tightens.

Lex Collins: "You fight for 'em."

Adam looks toward Lex, then back to Ian.

Adam Hansen: "And tonight, we're gonna fight."

For the first time, Adam's intensity rises. Not anger. Not theatrics. Just the focused edge of a man preparing for a fight.

Adam Hansen: "Billy. Tyler. We know what we're walking into. We know you're gonna hit hard. We know you're gonna make us work for every minute of this match."

Adam pats the championship on his shoulder.

Adam Hansen: "That's fine."

He smiles.

Adam Hansen: "Because we're bringing these home with us."

Lex steps alongside him.

Lex Collins: "Not just bringing 'em home."

He looks down at the title in his hand.

Lex Collins: "They're comin' home with the Regulators."

Adam gives Lex a sideways look, amused.

Adam Hansen: "That sounded better than mine."

Lex Collins: "I know."

Adam shakes his head with a quiet laugh. Ian smiles despite himself.

Ian Ambrose: "Gentlemen, good luck tonight."

Adam extends his hand. Ian shakes it firmly.

Adam Hansen: "Appreciate it."

Lex offers his hand next.

Lex Collins: "Thanks, Ian."

The two champions turn away from the camera. Adam adjusts his hat and settles the championship against his shoulder while Lex slings his own title over it. They walk down the hallway together, shoulder to shoulder, disappearing around the corner as the camera remains on the empty corridor for a moment before cutting back to the arena.

## **The Regulators (c) (Adam Hansen & Lex Collins) vs. The Unstoppable Force (Billy & Tyler Anderson)**

Match

The camera returns to the Accor Arena as the lights around the ring dim. The Paris crowd has been on its feet throughout the evening, and the reaction only grows louder as the familiar opening of "I Could Kick Your Ass" by Justin Moore hits the speakers.

Joey Garcia: "Ladies and gentlemen, it is now time for our MAIN EVENT of the evening! This contest is scheduled for one fall, and it is for the CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONSHIP!"

Billy Anderson steps through the curtain first, followed by his younger brother Tyler. The two men walk down the ramp together, Billy carrying himself with the hardened confidence of a veteran while Tyler looks toward the ring with a mixture of nerves and determination. Billy slaps a few hands along the barricade, then turns toward his brother as they reach ringside.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first, the challengers! From Rincon, Georgia, weighing in at two hundred twenty-five pounds... BILLY ANDERSON! And his tag team partner, weighing in at two hundred twenty pounds... TYLER ANDERSON! Together, they are THE UNSTOPPABLE FORCE!"

The brothers enter the ring. Billy climbs onto the second turnbuckle and surveys the arena while Tyler paces across the ring, bouncing lightly on his feet. There is a brief exchange between them before Billy puts a hand on Tyler's shoulder. Tyler nods.

Jim Gunt: "This is an important moment for The Unstoppable Force. Billy Anderson is a 2011 CWF Hall of Famer, a former Tag Team Champion, and a man who has been through virtually every kind of environment this business can throw at you. Tyler has always been the younger brother trying to prove he belongs alongside him."

Mike Rolash: "And tonight he's got the easiest job in the building. Just don't screw up."

Jim Gunt: "That's one way to motivate somebody."

The arena lights shift again. "Wanted Dead or Alive" by Bon Jovi rolls through the building. A red light shines behind the entranceway as Adam Hansen steps onto the stage, cowboy hat in hand. He gives the crowd his customary "YEEHAW!" before placing the hat back on his head.

Lex Collins emerges beside him, his CWF Tag Team Championship draped over his shoulder. The two champions take their time down the ramp. Adam acknowledges the fans along the barricade, while Lex remains focused on the ring. Neither man is interested in theatrics tonight.

Joey Garcia: "And their opponents! They are the CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS! First, from The Open Road, weighing in at two hundred two pounds... THE OUTSIDER, LEX COLLINS! And his tag team partner, from The Long Road Ranch, weighing in at two hundred twenty-nine pounds... THE CAROLINA COWBOY, ADAM HANSEN! They are THE REGULATORS!"

Adam steps onto the apron and scrapes his boots against the edge before flipping over the top rope. Lex enters through the ropes behind him. Adam removes his hat and vest, handing them to an official before the two champions raise their titles for the crowd.

Jim Gunt: "The first defense of the CWF Tag Team Championship for The Regulators. They won these titles at Wrestle Fest V against #BeachKrew, and tonight they are defending them for the first time."

Mike Rolash: "Which means they've had plenty of time to get comfortable."

Jim Gunt: "Or prepare."

Mike Rolash: "Jim, if you say 'prepare' one more time, I'm going to prepare to leave."

Adam and Lex hand their championships to the referee, who raises both belts overhead before giving them to the timekeeper. Adam and Billy exchange a look from across the ring. Lex and Tyler do the same.

DING DING DING!

Adam and Billy begin in the ring. Neither man rushes as they circle for several seconds before locking up in the middle of the ring. Billy initially gets the leverage, driving Adam backward, but Hansen lowers his center of gravity and turns the exchange into a side headlock. Billy backs him toward the ropes and shoots him off. Adam rebounds and catches Billy with a shoulder block, but the Hall of Famer barely moves. Adam looks down at the mat, then back at Billy.

Jim Gunt: "Two big men testing one another early."

They lock up again. This time Billy gets Adam into the ropes and lands a clean right hand to the body before whipping him across. Adam ducks a clothesline, rebounds again and catches Billy with a swinging neckbreaker. Hansen

immediately covers.

Referee: "ONE! TWO—"

Billy kicks out.

Mike Rolash: "That was almost the shortest main event we've ever had."

Jim Gunt: "It was a neckbreaker, Mike."

Mike Rolash: "A very persuasive neckbreaker."

Adam brings Billy up and tries to drive him into the corner, but Billy reverses the momentum. Hansen hits the turnbuckles hard. Billy charges, only for Adam to get a boot up. Billy staggers backward and Adam explodes out with a big boot that sends the challenger down.

Adam reaches toward his corner.

Adam Hansen: "Lex!"

Tag.

Lex comes in and immediately goes after Billy's left arm. He twists the wrist, drags Billy to the mat and works his forearm across the shoulder. Billy tries to roll through, but Lex follows him, transitioning into an armbar before Billy gets his foot to the ropes.

Jim Gunt: "This is where Lex Collins becomes especially dangerous. He doesn't need to overwhelm you. He finds something and starts taking it apart."

Mike Rolash: "Like my retirement plan."

Jim Gunt: "You don't have one."

Mike Rolash: "Exactly. He's already taken it apart."

Billy powers his way up. Lex fires a stiff elbow into the side of his head and immediately grabs a front facelock. Billy lifts him and backs him into his corner. Tyler reaches over and tags himself in.

Tyler enters with urgency.

He catches Lex with a short-arm clothesline, then another. Lex gets back up and Tyler sends him down with a Georgia Flame, dropping him across the top rope before pulling him backward into the center of the ring. Tyler hits the ropes and comes back with Georgia Lights, hammering Lex with a Lou Thesz Press before raining down punches.

The crowd comes alive.

Jim Gunt: "Tyler Anderson has been waiting for this opportunity."

Tyler pulls Lex up and drives him into the corner. He follows with an inverted backbreaker, then tries for the Georgia Roundup.

Lex counters.

He catches Tyler's arm, pivots and drives him down with a side slam backbreaker.

Mike Rolash: "That's why you don't try to get cute with Lex Collins."

Lex tags Adam.

Hansen enters and immediately plants Tyler with a fallaway slam. Tyler rolls to the corner, but Adam grabs him and pulls him back toward the middle. A snap powerslam follows. Adam hooks the leg.

Referee: "ONE! TWO!"

Tyler kicks out.

Adam looks toward Billy, who has extended his hand from the apron.

Adam Hansen: "Come on."

Adam pulls Tyler up, but Tyler fires a right hand into his jaw. Another. Adam absorbs the second and grabs Tyler around the waist. Tyler slips behind and shoves Adam forward, sending him chest-first into the turnbuckles.

Tyler charges.

Adam moves.

Tyler crashes shoulder-first into the post.

He drops to the canvas clutching his arm.

Jim Gunt: "Oh, Tyler Anderson went in hard!"

Billy immediately leans through the ropes.

Billy Anderson: "Ty! Get up! Come on!"

Tyler pushes himself upright, but he is clearly shaken. He reaches toward his corner.

Adam sees it.

Hansen charges.

Tyler sidesteps.

Adam crashes into the corner, and Tyler turns back toward his brother.

Billy extends his hand.

Billy Anderson: "Tag me."

Tyler hesitates for just a second.

Billy's face tightens.

For a moment, there is a flicker of something familiar. The old anger. The old frustration that had once consumed him during their darkest days in 2326.

Billy closes his eyes.

He takes one long breath.

Then another.

Billy Anderson: "Just tag me, Ty."

Tyler slaps his hand.

Jim Gunt: "That's significant."

Mike Rolash: "What's significant?"

Jim Gunt: "Billy didn't lose his temper."

Mike Rolash: "I was hoping he would. I had several things prepared."

Billy enters.

Adam turns around.

Billy hits him with a clothesline.

Lex rushes in.

Clothesline.

Adam gets back up.

Billy catches him with a spear.

The crowd erupts.

Lex comes flying off the ropes and Billy ducks underneath the strike, catches him around the waist and plants him with God's Last Gift. Lex rolls away, and Billy immediately turns back toward Adam.

Jim Gunt: "Billy Anderson just cleaned house!"

Adam staggers upright.

Georgia Rip.

Adam drops.

Billy climbs the ropes.

Georgia Ice.

The Phoenix Splash connects.

Billy hooks the leg.

Referee: "ONE! TWO—"

Lex dives across and breaks it up.

Mike Rolash: "AND THE CHAMPIONS LIVE!"

Billy sits up, breathing heavily. He looks toward Tyler, who is recovering on the apron.

Billy Anderson: "Stay ready."

Tyler nods.

Billy pulls Lex toward his corner and tags Tyler.

The younger Anderson enters and helps Billy drive Lex into the corner. Tyler lands a Georgia Kick to the midsection before Billy follows with a hard clothesline. Tyler grabs Lex and plants him with an inverted backbreaker. Billy reaches over.

Tag.

Billy comes back in.

Quick tag.

Tyler returns.

The Regulators are suddenly being forced to deal with the veteran Anderson in waves.

Tyler traps Lex in a crossface chickenwing. Lex claws at Tyler's grip, twisting his body until he can reach the bottom rope. Tyler releases immediately, backing away with his hands raised.

Jim Gunt: "That is the difference between Tyler and the man his brother used to be. The submission was broken the

moment Lex reached the ropes."

Mike Rolash: "Yes, because Tyler is a gentleman. Terrible quality in a professional wrestler."

Tyler pulls Lex up and attempts the Georgia Bomb.

Lex blocks it.

He drives an elbow backward into Tyler's jaw, spins and catches him with AD HOMINEM., planting Tyler into the canvas.

Both men are down.

The crowd begins clapping.

Jim Gunt: "Both teams have been in this for quite some time."

Lex crawls toward his corner.

Tyler crawls toward Billy.

They both reach.

TAG!

Adam and Billy explode into the ring.

Adam lands a big boot.

Billy answers with a clothesline.

Adam charges.

Billy catches him with Checkmate.

Lex enters.

Billy ducks a punch and drives him down with a Georgia Spike.

Billy turns back to Adam.

The Carolina Cowboy catches him with a snap powerslam.

Jim Gunt: "Adam Hansen refusing to stay down!"

Adam pulls Billy up and attempts the Turnpike Powerbomb.

Billy slips free.

He catches Adam with the Georgia Rip.

Adam drops to a knee.

Billy sets up for Georgia Fast Pace.

Lex catches Billy from behind.

The veteran turns.

Lex fires a sudden knockout right hand.

Billy staggers.

Lex pivots.

READY TO FALL!

The swinging reverse STO plants Billy face-first.

Mike Rolash: "GOOD NIGHT, GEORGIA!"

Lex rolls toward the corner, exhausted.

Tyler reaches.

Tag.

Tyler storms into the ring and catches Adam with a Georgia Roundup.

Adam crashes down.

Tyler hits the corner.

He begins the mudhole stomps.

Jim Gunt: "Tyler Anderson may have him!"

Tyler pulls Adam toward the center.

Georgia Blood.

Tyler sets.

GEORGIA BOMB!

Adam blocks the double underhooks.

He drives his head backward into Tyler's face, breaks the grip and catches Tyler around the waist.

Cowboy Stampede!

The front powerslam connects.

Adam doesn't cover.

He looks toward Lex.

Lex is back on the apron.

Adam reaches.

Tag.

Lex enters.

Tyler slowly gets to his feet.

Lex circles behind him.

Adam grabs Tyler and holds him in place.

Lex hits the ropes.

Carolina Crush!

The slingshot springboard forearm smashes into Tyler's face.

Tyler stumbles forward.

Lex catches him.

READY TO FALL!

The reverse STO drives Tyler into the mat.

Adam immediately covers.

Referee: "ONE!"

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Joey Garcia: "Here are your winners, and STILL CWF TAG TEAM CHAMPIONS...ADAM HANSEN AND LEX COLLINS....THEEE REGULATORS!!!"

The Paris crowd erupts as Adam rolls onto his back, breathing heavily. Lex remains on one knee beside him, staring down at Tyler for a moment before finally getting to his feet. Adam extends his hand.

Lex takes it.

Adam pulls him upright.

The two champions are handed their championships. Adam raises his overhead while Lex holds his title against his chest, both men visibly exhausted.

Jim Gunt: "What a main event. The Regulators survive The Unstoppable Force, and they retain the CWF Tag Team Championship in their first defense since winning these titles at Wrestle Fest V."

Mike Rolash: "And I have to admit, Jim, that was a pretty good match."

Jim Gunt: "That's the nicest thing you've said all night."

Mike Rolash: "Don't get used to it."

Billy has pulled himself upright in the corner. Tyler sits against the bottom turnbuckle, disappointed but alert. Billy looks toward his younger brother.

There is no anger.

Instead, Billy extends a hand.

Tyler looks at it.

He takes it.

Billy pulls his brother up, and the two stand together as the crowd applauds.

Jim Gunt: "And Billy Anderson showed something important tonight. When Tyler made that mistake, we saw that old flash of anger. But he took a breath, called for the tag, and they kept fighting. That's growth."

Mike Rolash: "I preferred the angry version."

Jim Gunt: "Of course you did."

The camera begins to pull back.

Then the arena lighting shifts.

The crowd reaction changes.

At the very top of the entrance ramp, Dean Moxley and Seth Moxley step into view.

Roman Moxley walks out behind them.

The three brothers stop together at the top of the ramp.

No music. No theatrics.

Just a stare.

Dean's eyes are fixed on the championships.

Seth folds his arms.

Roman stands between them, expression unreadable.

Inside the ring, Adam Hansen notices.

Lex follows his gaze.

The two champions turn toward the stage.

Adam slowly lowers his championship from overhead.

Lex grips his title more tightly.

The Paris crowd begins to buzz as Fire & Ice stand opposite the Tag Team Champions from across the arena.

Jim Gunt: "Wait a minute."

Mike Rolash: "Oh, come on."

Jim Gunt: "Dean and Seth Moxley... with Roman. Fire & Ice have been making their presence felt since the return from hiatus."

Mike Rolash: "They beat #BeachKrew earlier tonight. They beat JD Riot and Taylor Rayne at Infernal 11. Now they're staring at the Tag Team Champions."

Jim Gunt: "And Adam Hansen and Lex Collins are staring right back."

Neither side moves.

Adam stands beside Lex, both championships visible beneath the lights.

Dean, Seth and Roman remain at the top of the ramp.

The camera slowly moves from one side to the other.

Jim Gunt: "CWF is in its final stretch. The championships are more important than ever, and tonight The Regulators successfully defended them."

Mike Rolash: "And judging by the look on that stage, they may have just found their next problem."

Adam looks down briefly at the title in his hand before raising it again.

Lex does the same.

Across the arena, Fire & Ice don't blink.

The camera holds on the four men.

Then Roman steps forward between his brothers.

The three Moxleys stand together as Infernal 12 slowly fades to black.

## Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite