

Infernal: Infernal — Ep. 9 - The Mountain

Promotion: Championship Wrestling Federation
Date: July 10, 2026
Location: Hammerstein Ballroom — New York, NY

Results

Shipping Lanes

Segment

"Is it recording?"

"I think so."

"Damn it, Bobby, you need to make sure."

"Jeez, Will... fine. We're live."

Shaky camera footage shows a man, standing in front of the Manhattan Center entrance in New York City, wearing a vintage "Smokin' Aces" T-shirt featuring Duce Jones and Freddie Styles.

Will: "Hello, fanatics. We've made it to the Hammerstein Ballroom, six hours before Infernal 9's opening bell, and it looks like we're the first in line to get in."

Bobby: "Which doesn't matter."

Bobby says from behind the camera.

Bobby: "Because we still don't have tickets."

Will looks upset.

Will: "We'll get tickets, don't you worry. But the big get is going to be the Wrestlefest tickets, and we'll be broadcasting live all of Wrestlefest week. We're gonna get interviews with all the big names, and I promise you now, we'll have some kind of press pass to get backstage."

Bobby: "And what are we looking forward to?"

Will: "Marielladonia!"

Bobby: "What do we want?"

Will: "Marielladonia!"

Bobby: "WHAT DO WE WANT??"

Will: "MARIELLADONIA!!!"

"That was always a weird name to me."

Says a voice from behind.

"Sounds like something from the Punic Wars of Carthage."

The live shot spins around to see Mariella Jade Flair and Caledonia standing there in street clothes. MJ is sipping from a straw while holding a bag from Los Tacos #1 on 43rd street.

MJ Flair: "I preferred Caliella. It rolls off the tongue a little better."

Caledonia laughs in response.

Will: "Holy shit...holy shit."

MJ Flair: "Here."

MJ says, juggling her lunch to reach into her back pocket and withdraw a pair of tickets.

MJ Flair: "You seem like legit fans. Enjoy the show."

Bobby: "Holy shit."

Repeats Bobby, forgetting himself, dropping the camera lens to his side, and running off with his buddy. MJ and Caledonia watch them go.

MJ Flair: "Public life rule number one...do something nice for a fan every day."

Caledonia: "I think you made his year."

She says, as the women walk to the front door of the venue.

Caledonia: "And mine. Thanks for lunch."

MJ Flair: "I still can't believe there aren't any tacos three hundred years in the future. Even Taco Bell, winner of the franchise wars, didn't make it?"

Caledonia laughs.

Caledonia: "I'm just amazed that you accepted this whole thing without so much as a shrug."

MJ Flair: "Remember, I was raised in the business, girlypop. Pro wrestling seems to have its very own PG-13 offshoot of Rule 34: if it's conceivable, it's probably happened."

Caledonia: "Don't say that too loudly or we'll never hear the end of it from Eris and the other Marielladonia fans."

Cali says, opening the door and holding it for MJ to enter.

Caledonia: "But you're probably right."

MJ Flair: "It's from experience."

Replies MJ, tapping a thin but distinct scar on her cheek.

MJ Flair: "Did I ever tell you how I got this scar?"

Cold Open

Segment

The screen is completely black. A single guitar chord echoes through the darkness. Then another.

The opening notes of "Frames" by 2DCAT begin to play.

Images fade into view. First, the golden Wrestle Fest V logo. A sold out TD Garden. The World Heavyweight Championship hanging in the balance. The Chaos Championship finally brought into the fold. The Paramount Championship, held high in the air by Dangerous Dan.

One by one, the screen flashes the faces of the competitors chasing glory. A voice quietly breaks the silence.

"Every road..."

A montage begins. Danny B pointing toward the Wrestle Fest V sign after winning Golden Intentions. Gordy King raising the World Heavyweight Championship high above his head. Dangerous Dan standing proudly with the Paramount Championship over his shoulder. Esmeralda von Krauss narrowly surviving elimination after elimination in

the Golden Intentions Rumble. Paul Freedom offering a handshake. Kyle Bright appearing alongside Billy and Tyler Anderson as the newest member of The Unstoppable Force.

"...leads somewhere."

The music builds as quick flashes roll through. MJ Flair and Caledonia standing shoulder to shoulder...before instantly transitioning into the two glaring at one another from opposite sides of the ring.

The Wrestle Fest V graphic flashes across the screen.

MJ Flair vs. Caledonia

"Friendship becomes rivalry."

Dangerous Dan and Crazy Chris stand back-to-back. Gordy King and Danny B stare one another down.

The image freezes.

"Respect becomes competition."

A quick succession of championship gold.

The World Championship. The Paramount Championship. The World Tag Team Championships.

"Opportunity becomes legacy."

The music suddenly stops. Silence as one final image flashes across the screen.

The legendary Hammerstein Ballroom.

Dark, foreboding...waiting.

BOOM!

A wall of red and gold pyro explodes across the entrance stage as the sold out Hammerstein Ballroom erupts into deafening cheers. The camera sweeps across thousands of fans packed shoulder-to-shoulder. Signs fill the air.

"GORDY FEARS THE RIPPER!"

"PAUL FREEDOM IS A NATIONAL TREASURE!"

"PEACOCKS DON'T FLY!"

"WELCOME TO NEW YORK, KYLE!"

"ESMERALDA ERA!"

The camera circles the historic ballroom before settling at ringside.

Jim Gunt: "Ladies and gentlemen... welcome to New York City!"

The crowd roars.

Mike Rolash: "Jim... I don't think Hammerstein has been this loud since somebody announced free pizza."

Jim Gunt: "Tonight, we're just four weeks away from Wrestle Fest V, and every match could change the landscape of CWF!"

Highlights flash across the screen as Jim runs down the evening.

Jim Gunt: "Tonight, MJ Flair and Caledonia must somehow coexist as they face the reigning World Tag Team Champions Jared Holmes and Wade Moor in a non-title showdown... despite knowing they'll meet one-on-one at Wrestle Fest!"

The crowd buzzes.

Mike Rolash: "Nothing says healthy friendship like agreeing to punch each other in the face next month."

Jim Gunt: "Esmeralda von Krauss and Taylor Rayne are both looking to build momentum after difficult starts to their CWF careers."

Mike Rolash: "Somebody's leaving New York smiling."

Jim Gunt: "Kyle Bright makes his CWF debut tonight as the newest member of The Unstoppable Force, but Paul Freedom hasn't forgotten Kyle costing him and Taylor Rayne a victory two weeks ago."

Mike Rolash: "Paul's nice... but even nice people eventually want revenge."

The screen changes once more.

Gordy King. Danny B.

Dangerous Dan. Crazy Chris.

The crowd explodes.

Jim Gunt: "And in tonight's blockbuster main event..."

Footage rolls showing Gordy King raising the World Championship. Then Danny B winning Golden Intentions for a historic second time. Finally, Dangerous Dan and Crazy Chris celebrating together.

Jim Gunt: "...the World Heavyweight Champion Gordy King teams with his Wrestle Fest challenger, Danny B, to face the Paramount Champion Dangerous Dan and one of the greatest tag teams in CWF history... The Danger Boiz!"

The Hammerstein Ballroom erupts.

Mike Rolash: "If those four don't tear the roof off this building, New York's gonna file a complaint."

Golden and crimson fireworks explode once more across the stage.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

Jim Gunt: "New York City..."

Mike Rolash: "ARE YOU READY?!"

The sold out Hammerstein Ballroom shakes from the response.

Jim Gunt: "Because we're live...THIS IS...INFERNALIA!"

Mike Rolash: "Hey! I wanted to say it too..."

Another thunderous blast of pyro erupts as the cameras transition toward the entranceway for the opening contest of the evening.

Dakota Anderson Speaks To Her Sister-In-Law Jamie Bright Anderson

Segment

Dakota walks inside of the arena since she will be in the corner of Kyle when he takes on Paul Freedom, and sees her Sister-In-Law Jamie as she walks over to her and starts talking to her.

"Georgia Peach" Dakota Anderson: "I am going be in your brother's corner in his debut match, and I am really nervous when it is my time to step into the ring since I haven't done this before."

Jamie Bright Anderson: "Kyle is going to love having you in his corner for his very first match, and he is nervous about his debut match. Billy and Tyler talked to him about it, and now he is ready for it. You will do alright as well, and when it

is your time I am sure one of your brothers will be in your corner since you're their sister. I am glad you're with my brother, and Kyle is happy with you. He trained with Billy and Tyler, I can't wait until the three of them team together as The Unstoppable Force is really stronger now."

They keep on talking about stuff, and walk off to find Stormee.

Opening Non-Title Tag Team Match- Caledonia & MJ Flair vs. #BeachKrew (c) (Wade Moor & "The Peacock King" Jared Holmes)

Match

The camera pans around the Hammerstein Ballroom giving a picturesque view of the famous New York venue before coming to a stop on the voice of CWF, Joey Garcia, center stage in the middle of the ring and ready to announce another night of pure action.

Joey Garcia: "Ladies and gentlemen, tonight's opening match is a Tag Team Match scheduled for one fall!"

"ONE FALL!"

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first..."

CUE UP: "Frequency" by AL1CE. The rest of Joey's statement is lost in a sea of sound.

Watch the clock, tick tick by...

And the sign on the mask is slipping

Here we are when the words run dry...

And where the hands keep on gripping

The lights dim, except for a pair of spotlights on the entrance as the music reaches its first crescendo and the fans cheer. Applaud. Whistle. It only gets louder when the video wall lights up.

M J F

Can you hear me, can you hear me now?

All we have is just the words we're whispering

Can you hear me, can you hear me now?

Is anybody out there listening?

The two-time former CWF World Champion steps out casually, looking around the arena with an expression of gratitude and disbelief. MJ Flair holds her hands to her face briefly, before kissing the tips of her fingers and 'releasing' them into the air.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first...from Warwick, New York, standing at 5'7" and weighing 145 pounds...M...J...FLAIR!!"

Don't breathe in this haunted house

(Too many voices)

MJ carries herself with the veteran presence that she's somehow gotten despite her age. Wearing a brand new set of ring gear for the occasion, she stands at the top of the entrance for several seconds, just enough for photos and video to maintain the memory.

The demons dance and the soul is dipping

(Last call, last game, lost in the frequency)

She walks to the ring, the bottom of her black blazer fluttering in the air conditioning just a bit as she slaps every outstretched hand she can reach. The plain maroon sports bra underneath and matching bottom gear with her initials laid across them. Her purple Converse low tops make no sound on the ramp: you wouldn't be able to hear footsteps anyway.

Count the seconds one by one

(skip skip record skip skipping fast)

MJ continues around the ringside area, doing a lap to show appreciation to as many fans as possible before finally entering the ring. She goes right towards the nearest turnbuckle, climbing up the ropes carefully with her arms placed on the top one, before making it to the middle and raising one arm casually in the air to a massive response.

Jim Gunt: "Big news coming out of the last Infernal...it is OFFICIAL! MJ Flair vs. Caledonia...the rematch...WRESTLE FEST FIVE!"

Mike Rolash: "As much as it pains me to say it...that will definitely be a historic, guaranteed to be unforgettable match.

"Day and Night" by Billie Piper hits, the crowd immediately getting to their feet to cheer as Caledonia Highlander makes her presence felt.

"All of the day.

All of the night.

You do the things that make me feel so right."

Caledonia stands at the top of the ramp for a long moment, taking in the loud cheers coming from all around the Colosseum. Battle worn and more ready to go than ever before; a determined Caledonia enters the ring and walks across, raising both hands in the air to a screaming response.

Joey Garcia: "And her partner, standing at 5'5" and weighing 130 pounds, The Companion...CALEDONIA!!"

Mike Rolash: "The companion? First she was the High Priestess. Joey brought back a classic, calling the former champion the "English Rose" last week. Now this?"

Jim Gunt: "A woman of many names, Mike...but one thing is for certain. Caledonia is one of the fiercest competitors in the long history of this company. And teamed up with another former two time World Champion herself in MJ Flair? Not gonna be an easy task for our Tag champions tonight."

"The Dark Sentencer" by Coheed and Cambria begins with its haunting opening as the arena lights fade to a deep sapphire blue.

A lone spotlight cuts through the darkness at the top of the ramp.

Standing beneath it is Wade Moor.

Dressed in an open Hawaiian shirt over his ring gear, Wade surveys the arena with an easy confidence. A grin slowly spreads across his face, not arrogant, but knowing. Like a man who's walked into hundreds of arenas before and still enjoys every second of it.

Joey Garcia: "And their opponents, one half of the CWF Tag Team champions hashtag BeachKrew, introducing first from the Everglades, Florida...standing at 6'4" and weighing 247 pounds...Gawdnilla....WADE MOOR!!"

As the announcement ends and the opening riff crashes through the speakers, Wade starts down the ramp with an unhurried stride and never once takes his eyes off the ring.

There's no urgency, no wasted motion, no need to convince anyone who he is. At ringside, Wade climbs onto the apron, wipes the soles of his boots against the edge, steps through the ropes, and rolls his shoulders loose.

That grin hasn't gone anywhere.

He gives the crowd a slow once over before curling two fingers toward himself. Come on. The gesture is almost friendly. Almost. The smile says he's happy to be here. His eyes say he's about to make someone earn every inch of that ring.

Jim Gunt: "The Gawdnilla, Wade Moor, making his first true "scheduled" debut here tonight."

Mike Rolash: "He came into CWF a lot like his partner in crime Jared Holmes, a golden opportunity dropped into his hands from day one. Jared stepped in during the Tag Team tournament as Freddie Styles partner during the 2326 years, and Moor stepped in to replace Styles two weeks ago."

Jim Gunt: "Luckily for Wade...him and the Peacock King seem to have much better chemistry than he had with Mr. Ballgame."

The arena lights dim as a strange electronic pulse fills the Colosseum. "obedear" by Purity Ring begins to echo through the speakers. Immediately the crowd begins booing as golden light floods the entranceway.

Joey Garcia: "And his partner, the other half of the CWF Tag Team Champions...from La Jolla, California, weighing at 235 pounds and standing at 6'2", he is the Peacock King....JARED HOLMES!!"

Several members of the House of Balloons emerge carrying golden balloons and multi-colored streamers. Finally Jared Holmes appears. The Peacock King is draped in his trademark robe, jeweled mask covering his face. The CWF Tag Team Championship hangs arrogantly over one shoulder.

He slowly raises a hand to adjust the championship on his shoulder, and the boos intensify. Jared smirks beneath the mask as he slithers his way down the entranceway, weaving left and right as he seems to breathe in the atmosphere like fuel to get him ready for the massive match ahead. He places his championship on the announce table, giving Mike and Jim one cold look before sitting down his mask and robe next to it and turning back to the ring.

With a handful of ropes, Holmes launches himself up to the apron, looking back to the booing crowd with a coy smile on his face before abruptly turning back to the ring and entering quickly. He goes right to his corner, a smile immediately coming to his face as he and Moor see each other and begin conversing about who will start the match.

Referee Trent Robbins does his job in going over the rules of the match with both teams before coming to the center of the ring as Moor and Caledonia step through the ropes to enter themselves. He says a few words to each of them before coming once again back to center and calling for the bell.

DING DING DING!

As soon as the match rings Caledonia springs into action, heading to the middle of the ring for a lock up with Wade Moor who was more inclined to circle his opponent and test them before jumping the gun. Moor sighs, raising his arms up over Caledonia to meet hers anyway, and receives a knee to the gut in the process. The Companion follows it right up, taking the doubled over Moor and spiking him on his dome with a Deathrider DDT.

Moor rolls to his side, looking right up at Caledonia with a smirk already plastered all over his face.

Wade Moor: "Nice one."

Mike Rolash: "Well at least he's complimentary."

Jim Gunt: "Right. But there's something strangely off about this Wade Moor...I can't put my finger on it, but the dude just gives me the creeps."

Mike Rolash: "Well he runs around with Jared Holmes #BeachKrew, is that really that much of a surprise to you?"

Moor comes right up to his feet, taking Caledonia off hers with an arm drag. She gets right back up and is brought down with another arm drag. It is Caledonia who rises now with a knowing smile, before looking right at her opponent and telling Wade to "bring it".

Wade looks to do just that, spinning around as Caledonia approaches and spiking her with a Rolling Elbow that echoes through the Hammerstein Ballroom. Release German Suplex immediately follows it up, and Caledonia lands hard on the canvas!

Jim Gunt: "Tag! Luckily for Caledonia Highlander, the offense done by the newest member of the #BeachKrew landed her right in her corner...and now we get to see MJ Flair in action for the first time since her return at Golden Intentions!"

Mike Rolash: "Flair looked pretty damn good in the rumble, lasting over thirty minutes and picking up the elimination record for the night along the way. She proved to me, herself, and the entire world that she still belongs in a wrestling ring that night. Tonight she may say she has nothing left to prove, but a win over the reigning Tag Team Champions would look awfully good heading into her match with Caledonia at Fest."

Jim Gunt: "Good point...for once. Now MJ and Wade face off in the ring and immediately spring into fast paced action as Flair ducks under a clothesline attempt from Moor, springs off the ropes...and smashes him with a running Knee!"

Flair looks to continue her offense, leaning over to lift Moor's arm. Just as he's to his feet he stops in his tracks for a moment, before spinning around and delivering a stiff Discus Clothesline! Jared claps from his teams corner as the confident Wade Moor stomps down on Flair a few times before dragging her over to his corner and tagging Holmes into the match.

The Peacock King soaks in the boos coming from the sold out New York faithful for just a moment before entering and raising a boot to stomp the underarm of Flair as Moor holds her arm high in the air. Moor and Holmes make eye contact, the former taking Flair back a few feet towards the middle of the ring and launching her hard into the corner. Jared points to the outside with one raised finger, and the Gawdnilla immediately heads to the apron as Holmes drops down for the cover.

ONE!

T-KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: "Not even a two count there!"

Mike Rolash: "That was a statement, Jim. The hashtag BeachKrew weren't looking to pick up the win against miss Em Jay there, they were looking to prove that they COULD at any moment."

Jim Gunt: "If you say so."

Jared simply smiles back at Trent Robbins as he flashes a solitary finger back at him, before turning to MJ and grabbing a thick handful of her hair and yanking her right to her feet. A furious Flair shoves Holmes backward against his chest into the corner. Using the splashback momentum of his body bouncing off the turnbuckles, she hoists him in the air and drops him high on the neck with a German Suplex!

The crowd is on her side now, seemingly all of New York standing on their feet for their hometown girl as she grabs the leg of the Peacock King, stopping him from any attempt at rising to his feet and Dragon Screws him right through the ropes!

Mike Rolash: "Oh come on...that was outright cheating!"

Jim Gunt: "How, Mike? The entire ring is a battleground for these amazing wrestlers to show their craft in each and every week. You tell me how using the ropes to your advantage for a fraction of a second broke the rules THAT

badly..."

Mike Rolash: "Well...she..."

Jim Gunt: "Thought so."

Tagging Caledonia back into the match, MJ launches Peacock King into the ropes one more time before leaving the ring, leaving him prone to a leaping Such is Life enziguri from the Companion on the way through! The kick drives home and smacks Holmes right in the forehead, dropping him instantly. Caledonia hooks both legs, the fans coming alive as she makes the cover on the Tag champion.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Jim Gunt: "Wade Moor with the interference...saving the match for his team as he drops a heavy elbow down on the spine of Highlander to break up the cover!"

Mike Rolash: "Smart move there by the Gawdnilla. The titles may not be on the line tonight, but there's no way in hell these two are giving up any momentum heading into the biggest pay per view of the year."

Jim Gunt: "Also...you do realize that Jared Holmes is actually still undefeated here in CWF? Like we mentioned earlier he came in as a replacement partner for the Amoralists to team with Freddie Styles...and I swear the man has been allergic to defeat ever since."

Mike Rolash: "And that provides even more incentive to want to come out of tonight's match with the dubbya."

Holmes rolls and pulls himself right back to his feet, his mismatched eyes watching on with malice as a jolly Wade Moor brings Caledonia into a shoulder block, and then brings her over to their corner with MJ Flair standing on the middle rope screaming out on the other side of the ring. Tag! And Moor is right back into the match.

He takes his opponent by the arm, once again targeting the specific spot on the Companion as he drives her forward spiking her shoulder joint right into the top turnbuckle pad. Continuing on, he holds her by her right hand, pulling her arm up and then back down abruptly with an arm wringer. Caledonia yelps out after a moment of pain, waving her hand back and forth trying to regain feeling in her fingers as the Gawdnilla just smiles back her with that Florida Man smile.

Wade Moor: "Sorry 'bout that."

The two veterans begin circling the ring now, the Hammerstein Ballroom coming alive as both look for a charge that the other is able to counter. Finally Moor is able to bring Caledonia in, locking her arms and doubling her over with an Exploder Suplex!

NO! Caledonia flips over and lands right on her feet!

Jim Gunt: "What an amazing reversal there from the Archer!"

Mike Rolash: "THE ARCHER NOW!? COME ON!"

Caledonia turns back around, stopping in her tracks as she sees Wade Moor just smiling back at her, before finally giving her a respectful nod. She shakes her head, running in just to get caught by the Gawdnilla, who doubles her up and over with a Back Body Drop. Continuing on the pressure Moor holds Caledonia up over her neck with a Dragon Sleeper, sinking it in fully while remaining standing as he walks over and allows Jared Holmes to tag his shoulder to bring him back into the match.

Jared enters not showing any attention to his opponent in the ring, instead charging full speed over to the opposite corner and hitting a Stinger Splash that knocks the jumping up and down MJ Flair right off the apron!

“BOOO!”

Landing in a heap on the outside is MJ Flair, leaving Caledonia prone in the ring to a double team arsenal from the #BeachKrew. Before leaving the ring, Moor spikes Caledonia with a release Uranage Suplex, and the Peacock King follows it right up, grabbing ahold of Highlander as soon as she rises back up and launching her upside down high in the air for just a moment.

Jim Gunt: “Falcon Arrow! And Holmes holds it for the cover...this could be it!”

ONE!

TWO!

THRE-NO! FLAIR MAKES THE SAVE!

Mike Rolash: “HOW!? Jared Holmes made damn sure to take Flair out of the proceedings and she STILL made it back into the ring!”

Jim Gunt: “Maybe the “magic” of 2326 still lingers in the air?”

Mike Rolash: “And maybe you’re a god damn idiot!”

Diving in the ring at the last possible second, MJ Flair uses her full body to break up the cover. An incensed Holmes rises right to his feet, leaping up to hit Flair with a dropkick that she ducks under heading towards the ropes. Clothesline attempt from the Peacock King and Flair ducks under yet again. He turns around expecting to see MJ heading towards the ropes again, just to find himself doubled over with his mismatched eyes lit up bright.

Jim Gunt: “LOW BLOW BY FLAIR!”

Mike Rolash: “And once again...cheating!”

Jim Gunt: “Right into a HUGE DDT! Trent Robbins is telling Flair to get out of the ring, and she’s doing just that...right after she places Caledonia on top of Holmes!”

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Mike Rolash: “Thank God! This match continues!”

The crowd rallies as both Caledonia and Jared Holmes struggle towards their respective corners, Holmes making the tag to Wade Moor just as the tag is made to the Second Coming, echoing cheering running through the Hammerstein Ballroom as Flair meets Moor in the center of the ring. She runs right at him but is caught...Tilt A Whirl Backbreaker!

Flair is writhing in pain on the canvas holding onto her lower back, but a disturbance on the ramp causes Moor to stop any further offense. He looks up, his smile finally leaving his face as he sees the Paramount Champion Dangerous Dan sprinting down the ramp.

Jared sees the same, dropping off the apron instantly despite already being exhausted from the tag match, meeting Dan with right hands that he eagerly returns, the two men battling it towards the barricade as Trent Robbins looks on from ringside, unsure of whether or not he should call for the disqualification.

One clothesline from Dangerous Dan knocks Holmes up and over the barricade, right into the crazed fans! He follows him in, leaping up onto the barricade before driving into the Peacock King with a leaping cross body that takes out a few fans on the way through. The Hammerstein Ballroom is rocking, these New York fans don’t care if they die tonight, as long as they can watch the best professional wrestling on earth.

Moor's attention is still fully on the battle outside, his usual smirk gone as he stands at the ropes with one foot on the middle one, completely unaware that MJ Flair has risen behind him with a smile of her own starting to come across her face.

MJ Flair: "Hey asshole."

Wade's eyes flash, and he turns around.

SUPERKICK!

Flair doesn't waste another second, hooking Moor from the neck from behind as he tries to rise to his feet. She drops to one knee, leveraging the other knee against the Gawdnilla's spine.

Jim Gunt: "THE MORNING STAR! Flair just DROPPED Moor with the Morning Star!"

Mike Rolash: "Yes I know...I'm not blind."

Jim Gunt: "Cover!"

ONE!

TWO!

The battle with Holmes and Dan continues in the crowd with both men landing heavy right hands, Holmes attention completely diverted from the ring.

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Joey Garcia: "And your winners of this match by pinfall...MJ FLAIR AND CALEDONIA!!"

"Frequency" once again plays as Caledonia re-enters the ring, celebrating the victory with her Wrestle Fest V opponent as the crowd stands to cheer them both on.

Arrival

Segment

The shot opens to the garage door of the Hammerstein. It slowly rolls up, revealing a beautiful orange Lamborghini Murcielago. As the shutter fully opens, the car roars into life driving into the arena car parking lot. It slows to a stop and the gullwing doors open to reveal the 2026 Golden Intentions Winner, "The Ripper" Danny B.

Danny B: "See this? This is the kind of car a champion should driving. Soon, it will be the kind of car that the champion of this company will be driving."

Danny steps out of the car and starts walking, throwing the key at a passing stagehand.

Danny B: "Now, we have to address the elephant in the room don't we? Two weeks ago, I walked into Golden Intentions, promising the world that I would become the first ever two-time winner. I did that. Where was my celebration? Did I get a dedicated promo spot on the show? Of course not."

Danny pushes a door open, continuing down the corridor.

Danny B: "But who is surprised really? This shit just keeps happening around here doesn't it? Danny B, the greatest of all time, the man everyone knew would win Golden Intentions, given the last spot to make sure that there was always an asterisk. That way, I didn't beat my greatest enemies, they either fell before I entered, or I just got an easy path."

Danny pushes into the production area, throwing his suit jacket at one of the guys with a headset. He continues, pushing through the curtain into the ballroom where he is greeted with raptuous booing.

Danny B: "So, I get a tainted victory, my face doesn't end up on the poster, or the marquee and my spotlight is trained directly on Gordy King. Oh look at our handpicked Canadian shitling. Look at how special he is. He says eh and sweats maple syrup! What a hero! YAY!"

Danny stalks down to the ring, ignoring every single person as he does so. He climbs the steps and into the ring, waxing the whole way.

Danny B: "Gordy King will be the third of that famous family of fuckwits that I will be sending Nova Scooting into obscurity. But, farting his way into another accidental title win gets him a celebration shot does it? It really is like watching a Royal Heir be handed a crown and them acting like it was the will of the people. So, I did something about it. You will see that I don't have that stupid fucking cup in my possession, don't worry King, it's safe. Play ball in our match tonight, and I'll give it back. Act the prick, and I won't."

Danny's smirk finally drops as he looks directly into the camera lens.

Danny B: "This ends now. This campaign to keep me down, this smearing of my legacy in the face of company favourites. It ends tonight. Tonight is the last time I share any kind of spotlight with Gordy. WrestleFest is coming, and there is nothing that you, these people or Gordon fucking King can do to stop me from once again standing tall at the top of the mountain that I made famous."

Danny drops the mic and simply walks out, no music, just a chorus of boos.

Jim Gunt: "That chip must add a hundred pounds. Does he really think that the system is 'against him.'"

Mike Rolash: "It does happen Jim. The company has been calling you lead announcer for two decades. They have their favourites."

Jim Gunt: "Last week you went to the wrong arena."

Mike Rolash: "See, this is what I mean. There wasn't even a show last week, why was I scheduled?"

Jim Gunt: "I... I got nothing."

Singles Match- Esmeralda von Krauss vs. Taylor Rayne

Match

The Hammerstein Ballroom has been electric all night long, the historic venue packed with CWF fans who have been waiting for another night of chaos on the road to Wrestle Fest V. The lights dim slightly as the sound of heels clicking against concrete echoes through the arena.

"Silver Blade, Steady Hand" by Katherine McDaniels and the Imperfect Eternity begins to play. Immediately, the mood changes. The booing begins before Esmeralda von Krauss even appears. The towering German woman steps out from behind the curtain wearing an extravagant black and crimson gown, a small smile crossing her face as she looks out at the hostile New York crowd. In one hand she holds her ornate cigarette holder, the Egyptian cigarette glowing at the end as she casually takes a drag.

Joey Garcia: "The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL!"

Esmeralda slowly makes her way down the ramp, taking her time as if the entire building belongs to her. She stops halfway down the aisle, looking around at the fans screaming their disapproval, before smiling wider.

Jim Gunt: "Esmeralda von Krauss has certainly made an impact since arriving in CWF."

Mike Rolash: "Impact? She showed up at Golden Intentions, started talking about murdering people for championship opportunities, and somehow that was only the beginning."

Jim Gunt: "She is dangerous, Mike. There is no question about that."

Mike Rolash: "And now she's got a Chaos Championship match waiting for her at Wrestle Fest V. The question is whether she can prove she belongs in that conversation."

Esmeralda reaches the ring and climbs onto the apron. She leans forward as the referee opens the ropes, sliding inside before removing her gown. She lets it fall from her shoulders and tosses it toward the timekeeper.

Esmeralda von Krauss: "Find it a good home, dahling. I shall never wear it again."

The referee simply shakes his head as Esmeralda turns around, her eyes narrowing while she waits. The arena lights suddenly flash bright pink and gold.

The opening guitar riff of "Hell On Heels" by Pistol Annies hits. The reaction is immediately split between boos and scattered cheers as Taylor Rayne steps onto the stage.

Joey Garcia: "And her opponent...from Charleston, South Carolina...standing at 6 feet tall...TAYLOR RAYNE!"

Taylor steps out confidently, head held high, wearing a smug smile as she looks around the Hammerstein Ballroom. She slowly walks down the ramp, pointing toward herself while mouthing the lyrics before climbing into the ring.

Jim Gunt: "Taylor Rayne also looking to get herself back into the win column tonight."

Mike Rolash: "She had a strong showing at Golden Intentions, but since then? Things haven't gone exactly according to plan."

Jim Gunt: "Neither woman has had the momentum they expected coming out of that event."

Mike Rolash: "Which makes this dangerous. You get two people desperate for momentum, and somebody usually ends up regretting it."

Taylor leans against the ropes, staring across the ring at Esmeralda. Esmeralda simply smiles a wicked smile back at her. The referee checks both competitors before calling for the bell.

DING DING DING!

The two women circle each other slowly, and Taylor immediately begins talking trash.

Taylor Rayne: "You really think you're special?"

Esmeralda tilts her head slightly as Taylor steps closer.

Taylor Rayne: "You're just another person pretending to be something bigger than you are."

A small grin crosses Esmeralda's face...then she strikes. A vicious open-hand chop cracks across Taylor's chest. The sound echoes throughout the Hammerstein. Taylor stumbles backward, shocked. Esmeralda follows instantly with another chop. Another. Then a sharp palm strike to the ribs.

Jim Gunt: "Esmeralda is not wasting any time."

Mike Rolash: "That's the scary thing about her. There is no wasted motion. Everything she does is meant to hurt."

Taylor tries to regain control, throwing a wild right hand, but Esmeralda ducks underneath and immediately traps the arm.

NIKAJO WRIST LOCK!

Taylor drops to one knee as Esmeralda twists the wrist and shoulder with absolute precision. The crowd boos loudly as Esmeralda kneels over her opponent, calmly applying pressure. Taylor reaches for the ropes, but Esmeralda releases before the referee can force her to, only to immediately kick Taylor in the shoulder.

Taylor rolls away and crawls toward the corner, but Esmeralda stalks after her. The Charleston native tries to use the

ropes to pull herself up, but Esmeralda grabs her from behind. Double knee strike to the back! Taylor collapses to the canvas in a heap. Esmeralda drags her away from the ropes and locks in a grounded headlock, forcing Taylor to carry her weight.

Jim Gunt: "Taylor Rayne has not been able to get anything going."

Mike Rolash: "She needs to slow this match down. She's trying to fight Esmeralda's pace, and that's a mistake."

Taylor begins fighting back, throwing elbows into Esmeralda's ribs.

One.

Two.

Three.

The hold breaks. Taylor fires up, rushing forward with a boot to Esmeralda's stomach. The wild New York crowd reacts as Taylor finally finds an opening. She grabs Esmeralda by the hair and drives her face-first into the middle turnbuckle, again and again. Taylor steps back and smiles, showing off her work.

Jim Gunt: "This is where Taylor Rayne becomes dangerous."

Mike Rolash: "Absolutely. She's not the biggest powerhouse in the world, but she knows how to find weaknesses."

Taylor runs forward.

BOOT WASH!

Esmeralda crashes against the turnbuckle. Taylor pulls her out by the arm into a Snapmare. Followed by a running soccer-ball kick!

CLICKBAIT!

Esmeralda falls backward. Taylor quickly hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Esmeralda kicks out, and Taylor scowls, looking annoyed. She immediately climbs onto Esmeralda and begins throwing punches. The referee warns her about closed fists, but Taylor ignores him.

Jim Gunt: "Taylor is letting her frustration get the better of her."

Mike Rolash: "Or she's doing exactly what Taylor Rayne does. She bends rules because she knows rules are just suggestions."

Taylor pulls Esmeralda up and attempts to whip her across the ring, but Esmeralda reverses. Taylor hits the ropes, springing off them hard. She comes back in a sprint.

SUPERMAN PALM STRIKE!

NO!

Taylor barely avoids it, dropping underneath the strike. She spins around and lands an inverted headbutt! Esmeralda staggers and Taylor smiles, seeing the opening.

TROLLING!

Taylor spits directly into Esmeralda's face. The Hammerstein erupts with boos. Esmeralda slowly wipes the spit away

as Taylor charges.

STUN GUN!

NO!

Esmeralda catches her. A look of pure disgust crosses Esmeralda's face, as she grabs Taylor by the wrist. TWISTING ARM DRAG! Taylor flies across the ring. Esmeralda does not stop. She runs forward.

BACKHAND!

The strike catches Taylor perfectly across the face and sends her down to one knee.

Jim Gunt: "GOOD LORD!"

Mike Rolash: "That wasn't a slap. That was a warning."

Esmeralda stands over Taylor, cold and expressionless. She grabs Taylor by the arm.

OMOPLATA SHOULDER LOCK!

Taylor screams immediately, trying to roll free. Esmeralda bends the arm backward, putting pressure on the shoulder. Taylor reaches desperately for the ropes, and finally after a matter of moments she gets there. The referee forces the break, but von Krauss holds on, finally releasing at four. She immediately looks down in disgust and stomps Taylor's hand. The crowd rains down boos.

Jim Gunt: "There is absolutely no compassion from Esmeralda von Krauss."

Mike Rolash: "She literally runs an assassin's guild, Jim."

Jim Gunt: "I am aware."

Mike Rolash: "Just making sure."

Taylor slowly rises, holding her hand in agony. She tries to capitalize, grabbing Esmeralda from behind.

GERMAN SUPLEX!

NO!

Esmeralda lands on her feet. Taylor turns around.

PALM STRIKE TO THE NOSE!

Taylor immediately covers her face as she drops. Esmeralda watches her carefully. She doesn't go for the pin, instead, she pulls Taylor upward.

Jim Gunt: "She wants to make a statement."

Mike Rolash: "And that is never a good sign."

Esmeralda pulls Taylor into position. She whips her into the ropes. Taylor rebounds and Esmeralda drops low. A burst of speed and a leap upward.

JUSTICE!

The palm strike connects perfectly under Taylor's chin. Taylor's eyes roll back as she crashes to the canvas. The crowd erupts in shock as Esmeralda slowly turns Taylor over and hooks the leg.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Joey Garcia: "Your winner...ESMERALDA VON KRAUSS!"

"Silver Blade, Steady Hand" begins playing again as Esmeralda rises to her feet. The referee raises her hand. She doesn't celebrate. She simply looks down at Taylor Rayne, then toward the Wrestle Fest V graphic displayed above the entrance.

Jim Gunt: "A dominant victory tonight for Esmeralda von Krauss."

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

Jim Gunt: "Heading into Wrestle Fest V, where she will compete for the Chaos Championship, Esmeralda has sent a very clear message."

Mike Rolash: "The message is simple. Everybody else in that match is fighting for a championship. Esmeralda thinks she's fighting for ownership."

Esmeralda steps onto the middle rope, staring out at the crowd. She raises one hand. Not in celebration...almost like a warning. The Hammerstein rains down boos as she simply smiles.

Interview With Billy and Tyler Anderson

Segment

Billy and Tyler walk inside of the arena to support their Brother-In-Law's debut match when Stormee walks over to them, and the interview starts.

Stormee Bright Anderson: "You two won the tag team match at the last Infernal, and actually worked like the team you used to. What did you think about the win?"

"Unbreakable One" Billy Anderson: "It felt great to actually work together and show our dominance when we are on the same page. Kyle got to see how we do when we are not fighting each other. Now we are going to watch his debut match, and see how he does against Paul Freedom, which we know he will dominate."

"Mysterious One" Tyler Anderson: "We finally came together, and did what we used to do. We aren't going to stop, but now it is Kyle's turn to show what he is made of. He has this match, and we are ready to support him. The Unstoppable Force is going to be even more dangerous now that there are three of us, and we can't wait to team with him. We know with him by our side, we will go very far. No one can stop us now."

Stormee Bright Anderson: "Thank you for your time guys."

"Unbreakable One" Billy Anderson: "You're welcome baby."

He kisses his wife, and they walk down the hallway when Kyle walks over to them.

"Nashville Prince" Kyle Bright: "I am going to show everyone in the back what I can do when I step into the ring, and I am glad to have you two watch my very first match."

"Unbreakable One" Billy Anderson: "We wouldn't miss it, and we just came off a win so we don't mind watching your match. You will have Dakota in your corner, and we will be in the locker room as we know you got this."

"Mysterious One" Tyler Anderson: "You got this Kyle, and he can't stop you. We will cheer you on, he wasn't even focused in our tag team match so we know you will be dominant in your very first match. There is nothing to be nervous about because we've seen you train for this match, and you are ready. So go out there and show everyone why you are the third member of The Unstoppable Force."

The three of them put their fists together, and keep discussing the match that Kyle has.

A Better Direction

Segment

The backstage corridors of the historic Hammerstein Ballroom seemed to stretch on forever. Crew members hurried by carrying cables. Ring hands pushed equipment carts. Wrestlers moved with purpose toward locker rooms. And weaving through all of it, clutching a worn leather portfolio beneath one arm, was the ever-unsettling movie producer...

Alabaster Enders.

He paused at yet another hallway intersection.

Alabaster Enders: "Curious..."

He glanced at a small sign reading "Storage." Then another reading "Electrical." Then opened a door marked "Janitorial." A confused janitor stared back at him. Alabaster politely tipped his hat.

Alabaster Enders: "My apologies."

He quietly shut the door again. A few moments later, after another wrong turn, he rounded a corner and nearly walked directly into Paul Freedom! Already dressed to compete later tonight against Kyle Bright, Paul brightened immediately.

Paul Freedom!: "Oh!"

His face lit up.

Paul Freedom!: "Were you looking for me?"

Alabaster blinked twice as Paul stepped closer with all the confidence of someone who had spent the entire week rehearsing this moment.

Paul Freedom!: "Because if you were... I think I finally figured it out."

Alabaster tilted his head.

Paul Freedom!: "...the perfect role."

He pointed proudly at himself.

Paul Freedom!: "Me."

He smiles brightly.

Paul Freedom!: "I can do action..."

He threw a surprisingly crisp spinning kick into the air.

Paul Freedom!: "Comedy..."

He shrugged awkwardly.

Paul Freedom!: "Drama..."

His smile slowly faded into an exaggerated frown.

Paul Freedom!: "...and I already know how to fall down."

Alabaster slowly looked Paul up...then down...then back up again. Finally...

Alabaster Enders: "Mr. Freedom..."

A polite smile.

Alabaster Enders: "...for perhaps the first time since arriving in Championship Wrestling Federation..."

He adjusted the screenplay tucked beneath his arm.

Alabaster Enders: "...I am not here to make a motion picture."

Paul's hopeful grin immediately wilted.

Alabaster Enders: "I am actually searching for Amelia."

A disappointed sigh escaped Paul before he quickly forced another cheerful smile onto his face.

Paul Freedom!: "Oh!"

He snapped his fingers.

Paul Freedom!: "Actually, I just came from her office!"

And just like that, Alabaster's interest visibly grew.

Paul Freedom!: "We had a really great talk."

He puffed his chest out proudly.

Paul Freedom!: "She told me I earned a Chaos Championship match at Wrestle Fest Five!"

Paul couldn't stop smiling.

Paul Freedom!: "So... that's happening!"

Alabaster nodded thoughtfully.

Alabaster Enders: "Congratulations."

A short pause.

Alabaster Enders: "...would you be willing to show me where I might find her?"

Paul gave an enthusiastic thumbs up.

Paul Freedom!: "Absolutely!"

A minute later...

Paul confidently led Alabaster through hallway after hallway before stopping outside an office door. He gestured dramatically.

Paul Freedom!: "Ta-da!"

He reached for the handle and pushed it open. The office was empty. The chair sat tucked neatly beneath the desk. A coffee mug remained warm, a teddy bear with one eye missing stared back at Alabaster, but Amelia herself was nowhere to be found. Paul blinked once, and then rubbed his eyes and blinked again.

Paul Freedom!: "...Huh."

Alabaster slowly looked around the vacant room before letting out the faintest sigh.

Alabaster Enders: "Once again..."

His porcelain smile never changed.

Alabaster Enders: "...our timing appears to be unfortunate."

He gave one last glance around the office before quietly turning away. Paul scratched the back of his head.

Paul Freedom!: "She was literally just here."

As Alabaster disappeared down the hallway, the camera lingered on Paul. He looked into the empty office. Looked down the hallway and back into the office. Then, believing nobody was watching, he quietly stepped behind Amelia's desk. He slowly lowered himself into her chair, folded his hands together and cleared his throat.

Paul Freedom!: "As manager of general things..."

He nodded importantly.

Paul Freedom!: "...I hereby award myself..."

A dramatic pause.

Paul Freedom!: "...Next Friday off."

Just as he leaned back triumphantly...

The office chair suddenly sank all the way to the floor with a loud HISSSSSSS. Paul vanished behind the desk. A second later, only one hand slowly rose into view, giving an embarrassed thumbs up as the scene faded to black.

Singles Match- Kyle Bright vs. Paul Freedom!

Match

The Hammerstein Ballroom is still buzzing following a night filled with surprises, and the energy only grows as the camera cuts toward the entrance stage.

Jim Gunt: "Earlier tonight we saw Esmeralda von Krauss pick up a huge victory on the road to Wrestle Fest V, but now we turn our attention to a situation that has been brewing since last week."

Mike Rolash: "And I hate to say it, Jimbo, but Paul Freedom has nobody to blame but himself."

Jim Gunt: "Paul Freedom was teaming with Taylor Rayne against The Unstoppable Force last week when the debuting Kyle Bright made his presence known at ringside. His involvement distracted Paul long enough for Billy and Tyler Anderson to pick up the victory."

Mike Rolash: "And now Paul gets his hands on the newest member of The Unstoppable Force."

The lights inside the Hammerstein dim as the opening notes of "Last Man Standing" by Trailer Choir hit the speakers. Kyle Bright steps through the curtain with Billy and Tyler and Dakota Anderson in tow behind him. The six-foot-six Nashville native stands at the top of the entrance ramp, slowly looking around at the cheering crowd. He beats his chest once before making his way down the aisle with a confident smirk.

Joey Garcia: "The following contest is scheduled for ONE FALL!"

Kyle enters the ring and climbs onto the second rope, looking out over the audience.

Jim Gunt: "Kyle Bright is making his official in-ring CWF debut tonight."

Mike Rolash: "And he picked a fight with somebody who is usually very difficult to intimidate."

Jim Gunt: "That's true, but Kyle Bright has a lot of confidence behind him. Becoming the third member of The Unstoppable Force is a huge opportunity."

Mike Rolash: "It also means he has Billy and Tyler Anderson watching his back. That's not exactly a bad insurance policy."

Kyle drops down from the turnbuckle and waits as the lights cut again. A video package begins playing across the screen showing clips of Paul Freedom's career flash across the screen. Moments of triumph. Moments of failure. Moments where he looked like he was about to break through before something went wrong.

The energetic guitar of Less Than Jake's "Help Save the Youth of America From Exploding" blasts through the arena.

Paul Freedom bursts through the curtain. He stops at the top, just like always. For a few awkward seconds, he simply stares at the ring, watching the footage of himself play above him. The crowd cheers him on. Paul shakes his head, snaps back into reality, and suddenly sprints down the ramp.

Joey Garcia: "And his opponent...from Boston, Massachusetts...THE ASTERISK...PAUL FREEDOM!"

Paul slides into the ring and immediately extends his hand toward Kyle. Kyle just stares at it for a moment before smiling and taking it. Paul shrugs, smiling back at him as their hands move in motion.

Jim Gunt: "Paul Freedom being Paul Freedom."

Mike Rolash: "The man could walk into a burning building and ask the fire if it wants a handshake first."

Paul finally lowers his hand, bouncing on his feet as the referee checks both competitors. The bell rings.

DING DING DING!

Kyle immediately charges. Paul barely avoids a massive clothesline, dropping underneath and rolling across the ring. He pops back up, showing double peace signs to the sold out New York fans. The crowd cheers back at him.

Jim Gunt: "Paul Freedom loves to showboat."

Mike Rolash: "Sometimes before he's earned it."

Kyle turns around and Paul immediately launches forward.

DROP TOE HOLD!

Kyle faceplants into the canvas. Paul springs up, pointing toward his own head.

Jim Gunt: "He thinks he outsmarted him!"

Mike Rolash: "He did a drop toe hold, Jim. Let's not crown him a genius just yet."

Paul runs toward the ropes.

SPRINGBOARD—

NO!

Kyle catches him in midair. A massive fallaway slam sends Paul across the ring. The crowd groans as Kyle rises slowly, cracking his neck.

Jim Gunt: "And there is the power advantage of Kyle Bright."

Mike Rolash: "Six-foot-six, 230 pounds. That's a lot of Nashville Prince."

Kyle grabs Paul by the arm and pulls him up.

PEPSI TWIST!

The spinning neckbreaker connects. Paul hits the canvas hard and Kyle covers immediately.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Paul kicks out. Kyle looks slightly annoyed as he pulls Paul back up and drives him into the corner. Several heavy strikes to the ribs. A knee to the stomach backs Kyle away.

SHINING WIZARD!

The Asterisk drops to the canvas and Kyle hooks the leg again.

ONE!

TWO!

NO!

Another kickout.

Jim Gunt: "Kyle Bright has been dominant in his debut."

Mike Rolash: "He's doing exactly what he needs to do. Don't let Paul turn this into a circus. He's about to put an "asterisk" in Freedom's career."

Jim Gunt: "I see what you did there."

Kyle drags Paul up again. He sets him up, launching him onto his shoulders.

G.T.S!

NO!

Paul slides off the shoulders. He lands behind Kyle.

SCHOOLBOY CLUTCH!

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Kyle explodes up, furious. Paul scrambles backward, and a steadfast Kyle charges in.

SPEAR!

NO!

Paul leaps over him! Kyle crashes into the corner as the crowd erupts. Paul sees his opening. He runs toward Kyle.

PAUL FLIP!

Paul runs up Kyle's body and backflips off him, landing perfectly on his feet. The Hammerstein explodes.

Jim Gunt: "THE PAUL FLIP!"

Mike Rolash: "I hate that I enjoy that."

Paul points toward himself, and again flashes double peace signs. Kyle turns around, and Paul immediately regrets it. Kyle grabs ahold of him.

BELLY-TO-BELLY SUPLEX!

Paul bounces off the canvas like a shotput. Kyle drags him toward the corner. He climbs.

DIVING CROSSBODY!

NO!

PAUL MOVES!

Kyle crashes into the mat. Freedom! sees him down. The crowd rises as he climbs to the top rope.

Jim Gunt: "Paul Freedom is going for something big!"

Mike Rolash: "This is usually where the phrase 'questionable decision making' enters the conversation."

Paul looks around seemingly in a daze before suddenly snapping out of it and jumps.

MOONSAULT!

NO!

Kyle gets his knees up! Paul crashes hard. Kyle slowly rolls over, grabbing the ropes to pull himself up. Paul is down and out, and Kyle measures him, waiting for him to slowly get back up.

SUPERKICK!

NO!

Paul ducks under just in time. Kyle turns around.

ROLL-UP!

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

The Hammerstein erupts.

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

Paul immediately rolls away, shocked. He looks at the referee, then at Kyle, then back at the referee, his jaw dropping further down with every turn.

Jim Gunt: "Paul Freedom just stole one!"

Mike Rolash: "I wouldn't call it stealing. I'd call it finding the one possible sequence where Kyle Bright makes one mistake."

Paul jumps up, celebrating. Kyle sits up in disbelief. He looks furious. Paul slowly approaches him. And once again extends his hand. The crowd cheers as Kyle just stares at it. For a moment, it looks like he might refuse. Then...Kyle grabs Paul's hand. He pulls him closer. The crowd quiets as Kyle nods once, then lets go.

Jim Gunt: "A surprising show of respect from Kyle Bright."

Mike Rolash: "Don't get comfortable. He still looks like he wants to throw Paul through the ring."

Kyle exits the ring, clearly frustrated but composed. Paul stands in the center of the ring, celebrating the biggest win of his CWF career in recent memory. The camera cuts to Kyle Bright watching from the ramp, then back to Paul. One member of The Unstoppable Force has arrived. But tonight, Paul Freedom was just a little more unstoppable.

A Chaotic Proposal

Segment

"Silver Blade, Steady Hand" by Katherine McDaniels and the Imperfect Eternity begins playing as Esmeralda von Krauss walks out from the back in a stunning red dress that leaves little to the imagination. She waves to booing fans as she makes her way down to the ring and steps through the ropes. She looks around for a microphone.

Jim Gunt: "She's already wrestled? Why is she out here now?"

Mike Rolash: "Must have something important to say if she's coming down here now."

Jim Gunt: "I just hope that she doesn't come to sit over here with us again."

Mike Rolash: "Scared, Jim?"

Jim Gunt: "You know it."

Once Esmeralda is given a microphone, she looks around at the audience with a grin.

Esmeralda von Krauss: "Looks like you already have some things going on for Wrestlefest. I just wanted to kick it up a notch. Well, a few notches really."

Esmeralda licks her lips, but actually doesn't reach for a cigarette.

Esmeralda von Krauss: "I thought that I would put this out there for management to think on. I had heard through the rumor mill that the Chaos title tournament had been axed. I offer a solution since no one likes tournaments."

Jim Gunt: "What do you think she could be proposing?"

Mike Rolash: "I'm sure she wants a title. I'm surprised she isn't going after the big title."

Jim Gunt: "That match is already in play."

Mike Rolash: "Oh, right."

Esmeralda von Krauss: "I propose this to management. A gauntlet match with all of the participants when they are not wrestling in the ring at ringside as lumberjacks! A lumberjack gauntlet for the Chaos Championship! "

Jim Gunt: "That...is not a tournament."

Mike Rolash: "Is it better though?"

Jim Gunt: "I'm not really sure. It would be chaotic, though."

Mike Rolash: "That's for certain."

Esmeralda von Krauss: "Come on, I'm sure there's a member of management in the back. Come on out and tell me that this is a great idea. I'd even volunteer to be first in the ring. "

Jim Gunt: "Is someone going to come out?"

Mike Rolash: "Let's wait and see!"

After a number of minutes in silence, the fans murmuring picking up and a timekeeper at ringside seems to get word through his earpiece. He looks up towards the ring, a bit of trepidation in his eyes as he makes eye contact with Esmeralda, flashing his hands forward to tell her to "wrap it up".

Esmeralda von Krauss: "Well then...I guess a conversation for another day. But just know, I WILL be bringing Chaos to CWF...as well as my own form of..."

She licks her lips once more.

Esmeralda von Krauss: "Justice."

Unresolved Echoes

Segment

The chaos within the office is difficult to see, as the repeating elbows strike at Mia's head! Her teeth grit and she makes eye contact with the attacker through the clear fury.

She swings.

But after being blindsided, she can't focus and misses wildly! A hard kick to the stomach launches her out of gorilla.

Jim Gunt: "My lord! Barely two shows in and it seems someone has an issue with Mia--"

Mike Rolash: "CLASS CHECK!"

Jim Gunt: "SILAS!? THE ATTACKER IS SILAS!??"

Mike Rolash: "I KNEW IT! I KNEW HE HAD SOME COMMON SENSE IN THERE SOMEWHERE!"

The crowd roars down their thunderous disapproval as Mia struggles to get on her hands and knees, buckling under the weight of the clear dizziness inflicted upon her by the man slowly turning back towards her. His footsteps are deliberately paced, calm and collected, in stark contrast to the more compromised Mia.

He stands in front of her, and Mia pushes herself up slightly, making eye contact with her predator. Finally, the camera takes a look at the Aristocrat's face.

Jim Gunt: "Oh god no."

Mike Rolash: "Take my hand, Jim."

There is no joy to be found upon Silas's face; his left eye is blood red with fury, and the skin composition around it is void black. His breathing is completely calm and effortless, despite the clear disregard towards Mia's health and safety.

The two look at each other as Mia speaks.

Mia Rayne: "You got some fucking nerve."

Silas grabs her hair without another word and makes his way towards the ring, dragging Mia alongside him as she struggles to get even one of her feet planted.

Jim Gunt: "Even when she's at a disadvanta--"

Mike Rolash: "I think we need to get out of here Jim."

Silas picks up the speed and slams Mia into the steel stairs with a thunderous crack. The audience in view of the camera rain down their hatred, with some of those in the front row even trying to grab hold of the Psychotic Aristocrat. He doesn't pay them any attention, instead his gaze is fixed upon the announcer's table.

Jim Gunt: "I concur."

Silas paces towards the announce desk as the two commentators flee with little to no grace. With a single arm, slide any equipment and advertising sweeps cleanly off the desk, as if it were fleeing alongside Gunt and Rolash.

A second wind! Mia charges towards Silas--

CLASS CHECK WITH A THUNDEROUS CRACK.

Mia slumps forward into Silas, who catches the barely conscious boss, not with care but with conviction. He drags her up onto the announce desk as the audience tries to encourage Mia to recover. They cheer her on.

Silas turns her around.

He hoists her up in the electric chair position.

BLUEBLOOD'S DECREE!

The announcer's table buckles under the crashing down of Mia.

Immediately, Silas sits up.

Jim Gunt: "Ladies and gentlemen, if the Aristocrat has shown us anything, is that no matter where you stand in this

company, he is able to drag you into a hell of his own making."

The Psychotic Aristocrat looks at his fallen prey; she is completely out. There's no movement from her as he stands back up and walks away, medical personnel rushing past only to find the space that she had been occupying is now taken up by the newest addition to the CWF shop, the newest Mia Rayne action figure with karate chop action!

There is no smile upon his face, but his eyes display a sickening look of satisfaction, all as Amelia's shrill giggle pierces everyone's consciousness...

Main Event Tag Team Match- Gordy King (c) & "The Ripper" vs. The Danger Boiz (Dangerous Dan (c) & Crazy Chris)

Match

Joey Garcia: The following contest is your main event of the evening, and it is a tag team match, scheduled for ONE FALL!

The lights go out as a strobe of red and blue begins flashing across the arena:

"I wake up to the sounds of the silence that allows

For my mind to run around with my ear up to the ground

I'm searching to behold the stories that are told

When my back is to the world that was smiling when I turned

Tell you you're the greatest

But once you turn, they hate us"

Dan and Chris walk out onto the stage together, taking in the crowd.

"Oh, the misery

Everybody wants to be my enemy

Spare the sympathy"

The brothers begin to walk the ramp together.

"Everybody wants to be my enemy

(Look out for yourself)

My enemy (look, look, look, look)

(Look out for yourself)

But I'm ready"

Dan holds his title belt up high as Chris slaps hands with the fans at ringside.

"Your words up on the wall as you're praying for my fall

And the laughter in the halls and the names that I've been called

I stack it in my mind and I'm waiting for the time

When I show you what it's like to be words spit in a mic

Tell you you're the greatest

But once you turn, they hate us (huh)"

Dan now climbs the steps and heads up to the turnbuckle, raising his title belt above his head. Chris does laps of the ringside.

"Oh, the misery

Everybody wants to be my enemy

Spare the sympathy

Everybody wants to be

My enemy (look, look, look, look)

(Look out for yourself)"

Dan turns to look at his opponent and lip syncs the last lyrics from his entrance song. He raises the Paramount Championship one last time before slowly climbing down the turnbuckle and stands in the middle of the ring, as the lights dim and a spotlight shines on him. He falls to his knees, glares up at the ceiling and takes in the cheers from the crowd. The spotlight fades out as the chorus of "Enemy" repeats. Dan stands and Chris rolls in, joining his brother in the middle of the ring.

Joey Garcia: "Introducing first, Crazy Chris and the CWF Paramount Champion Dangerous Dan, the DANGER BOIZ!"

Jim Gunt: "The Danger Boiz are in action together for the first time in a while Mike!"

Mike Rolash: "I don't know why Dan keeps allowing his brother to coast like this Jim, Dan would be so much better out on his own."

Jim Gunt: "Dan might be one of the all-time greats, but Chris is no slouch. I would write off most teams in this situation tonight, but if anyone can pull off this win, it's the Danger Boiz."

The opening guitar strings of "For I am Death" by The Pretty Reckless play as the lights in the arena fall. As the music hits its stride, a light appears from the stage, casting the form of Danny B in shadow across the arena. Danny holds the pose for a second, allowing the audience to bask in his glory before raising his hands, lifting the light with them. Now fully visible, he looks out over the crowd, a shit-eating grin plastered across his face.

Mike Rolash: "You can always tell when The Ripper is in the mood to throw his weight around can't you?"

Jim Gunt: "Every time Mike, every time you do this."

Mike Roash: "What?"

Jim Gunt: "You know what."

Mike Rolash: "What's he gonna..."

Mike cuts himself off as he locks eyes with The Ripper, who is staring at him from the stage, smirking.

Danny turns his attention back to the crowd and unzips his entrance jacket, revealing a shirt that simply states "Gordy sucks Goose eggs", which gets a mild pop from the crowd. Danny swaggers down to the ring and is about to slide under the rope when the music is replaced by "Heave Away" by The Fables. The normal spotlights appear around the arena for a moment before dropping as the music builds, then all relighting on the stage, illuminating the form of the World Champion, holding his title belt high in the air.

Joey Garcia: "And their opponents... hey, what are you..?"

Danny B pushes Garcia out of the way, taking the microphone from Joey's hand.

Danny B: "Get the fuck outta my ring, Joe. Now, where were we? Yes, tonight, facing the Dangerous Duo of Dan Dan and Bam Bam, first from the cold shite north, the last real jackass, the current, reigning and soon-to-be former world

champion, Gordo King!"

Gordy holds the belt higher, making sure that Danny sees it good and proper.

Danny B: "And his tag team partner, hailing this week, by way of Brighton, England, RESIDING IN NEW YORK CITY, weighing in at gloriously svelte 210 lbs, he is the only two-time Golden Intentions Winner, he is a soon-to-be three-time World Heavyweight Champion, the Golden God himself, "THE RIPPER" DANNY B!"

Danny throws the mic back at Garcia at ringside before rolling out, meeting Gordy as the champion reaches the bottom of the ramp. Danny steps aside, gesturing for King to enter the ring. Despite the unusual introduction, King still climbs the turnbuckle and poses for the crowd, soaking in all the adulation from the rabid faithful.

Jim Gunt: "WrestleFest is weeks away yet, but these two could come to blows at any minute."

Mike Rolash: "Whoever booked this match is an idiot, right? We all know something's going down."

Jim Gunt: "Maybe, but these two have something to prove, and so do their opponents. Dangerous Dan might be riding high as Paramount Champion, but it's not every day you stand across from the WrestleFest Main event!"

The Danger Boiz now re-enter the ring, shaking hands with Gordy. Danny waits against the barricade, watching the whole thing with a look of disgust on his face. The referee motions for Danny to climb up onto the apron to start the match, which he reluctantly does and the bell finally rings, starting the match.

DING DING DING!

Jim Gunt: "In a matchup worthy of our main event, Gordy and Dan are going to start this one, champion vs champion!"

Mike Rolash: "These guys have got to be careful, Jim, WrestleFest is only weeks away, and neither wants to get hurt on the way!"

Jim Gunt: "Are you showing actual concern?"

Mike Rolash: "No, I just have money riding on those matches."

Dan and Gordy start tying up with one another, both trying to outwrestle the other. The nimbler Dan manages a go-behind and, in one swift movement, grabs the arm of Gordy, jumping into a crucifix position, pulling back and slamming Gordy into the mat, holding for the cover

ONE!

KICKOUT!

Gordy rolls through and immediately charges back at Dan, who sidesteps, sending Gordy into the ropes, dropkicking him on the rebound and sending Gordy tumbling over the top. Dan wastes no time in sprinting back across the ring, bouncing off the ropes and keeps the momentum up as he flies between the middle and top in a suicide dive. Gordy is sent flying backwards towards the ramp as the crowd roars their appreciation for this hot opening.

Jim Gunt: "Dangerous Dan getting the better of this opening exchange here, Mike!"

Mike Rolash: "Isn't Dan as old as I am at this point? How come he can do that, and I can't get out of the chair without wincing?"

Jim Gunt: "Do you really want an answer?"

Dan gets to his feet and takes a moment to soak in the crowd. Gordy pulls himself up and nods in approval of the opening exchange. Seemingly coming to a silent understanding, the two men both re-enter the ring and circle each other once again. The two lock up one more time; this time Gordy snaps in a headlock and takes over Dan, leaning on the Paramount Champion.

ONE!

Dan rolls the shoulder up easily. Gordy switches his grip and grabs Dan by the arm, pulling him up from the mat. Gordy uses the arm to pull Dan across his shoulders as they rise, flipping him into a fireman's carry slam. Dan lands on his feet and runs at the ropes, coming back at Gordy, who catches the incoming Dangerous One and launches him overhead with a throw. Dan crashes to the mat close to Chris, who stretches out his hand and gets the tag.

Jim Gunt: "That could be the difference maker here, Mike. The Danger Boiz are a well-oiled unit, and Dan's experience as a tag wrestler could come in handy here."

Mike Rolash: "Yeah, true, but I don't care how good you are if your opponent can treat you like a training dummy."

Chris comes flying in at Gordy, knocking the World Champ to the ground with a stiff lariat. Gordy springs right back up and gets clobbered with another; Chris runs the ropes and drops a leg, but Gordy rolls out of the way, allowing Chris to crash to the mat tailbone first before following up with a boot to the face. The vicious side of Gordy continues to show as King stomps down on Chris, driving his boot into the chest. Gordy leans over, grabs an arm, but gets caught in a roll-up from the Crazy One.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Chris rises, indicating with his fingers just how close he was to pinning the champ. Gordy shakes it off and beckons Chris towards him. Instead, he strafes sideways, back towards his own corner, not taking his eyes off of Gordy as he does so. Chris tags in Dan and the two of them run at Gordy together, ducking under a double clothesline, springing off the ropes back towards Gordy and knocking him backwards with a double shoulder tackle. As Gordy rolls through to his feet, the brothers send him over the top with a double clothesline. Dan stays at the ropes as Chris runs, bounces back and is launched over the top by Dan towards Gordy, sending him smashing back first into the barricade.

Dan fires up too, once again aiming a suicide dive right at Gordy and this time sending himself and the champion crashing over the barricade and into the crowd. The brothers work quickly to pull Gordy back into the ringside and roll him into the ring. Dan leaps up onto the apron, slingshots himself over the top rope with a leg drop, lands right across the chest of Gordy and immediately shifts into a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-LEG ON THE ROPE!

Mike Rolash: "This is what I mean, Jim. All that effort and they couldn't even be smart enough to watch out for that!"

Jim Gunt: "The adrenaline takes you, Mike, not that you would know. That was a prime opportunity, and Dan took it."

Dan wastes no time dragging Gordy further into the ring before scrambling up to the top rope in an attempt to hit The ENDD but is pushed off by The Ripper, sending the Dangerous One crashing awkwardly into the crowd barrier. Danny jumps into the ring, grabs Gordy by the arm and drags him to their corner, climbs back through the ropes and tags himself in.

Mike Rolash: "Now suddenly Danny wants a piece of the action!"

Jim Gunt: "You'd think someone complaining about how much the system is holding him down would want to prove something here tonight, Mike."

Jim Gunt: "Same old Ripper. Always taking the easy way out."

Danny quickly drops to the floor and rushes Dan, crashing into him with a European uppercut. Chris tries to come to the aid of his brother but gets speared to the ground. Danny looks at the two fallen brothers and rolls back in the ring, bowing to the audience. He walks back to his own corner, where Gordy is resting and slaps the world champion across the face. Gordy, stunned, doesn't react immediately, giving Danny a chance to slip out under the bottom rope.

Jim Gunt: "That's a legal tag, but was is needed?"

Mike Rolash: "Of course not, he's just being an insufferable prick as always."

Gordy climbs into the ring just as Dan rolls back in under the bottom. Gordy allows Dan a chance to get to his feet, eliciting a cheer from the Hammersmith Ballroom. The two champions circle each other cautiously, both looking for that opening. Suddenly Dan leaps forward, smashing Gordy in the face with a forearm, which staggers King, sending him back into the ropes, but Gordy explodes towards Dan with a vicious lariat which knocks The Paramount Champion to the ground. Gordy doesn't waste any time in pulling Dan up, planting a boot in his midsection before wrapping his arms around the waist and hoisting Dan into the air, dropping him with a thunderous gutwrench powerbomb.

Jim Gunt: "The crowd came alive with that one Mike! The World Champion showing why he is the man to beat."

Mike Rolash: "But look at him Jim, Gordy has dropped to his knee. He needed more time to recover, and The Ripper just didn't allow him that."

The Dangerous One shows his wherewithal and rolls towards his own corner, tagging in a recovered Crazy Chris who leaps over the top and crashes into Gordy with a shoulder tackle. Chris keeps the momentum going, bouncing off the opposite ropes and comes back at Gordy with another tackle. Once again he keeps going, leaping onto and springing off of the middle rope, crashing into Gordy with a back elbow. Chris follows up by jumping into the air and splashing down on a fallen Gordy, immediately hooking the leg for the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

TH-NO!

KICKOUT!

Chris wastes no time in grabbing the arm of the World Champion, twisting and pulling Gordy into a crossface, wrenching the body back with full force.

Jim Gunt: "Incredible sequence by Chris here and Gordy is in real trouble!"

From the apron, Danny removes his T-shirt and throws it in Chris' face. It's enough of a distraction for Gordy to pull himself free. The Champion rolls all the way to the floor for reprieve. Chris goes to fling himself over the top, but Gordy ducks out of the way. Chris shows his ring IQ by landing on the apron, running and leaping into Gordy with a cross body. Gordy hits the deck, and Chris springs up, cheering with the crowd.

Jim Gunt: "The Danger Boiz are keeping up the pace throughout this match and so far, Gordy hasn't had an answer for it!"

Mike Rolash: "It's basically been a handicap match Jim. That English jackass has done basically nothing so far."

Jim Gunt: "It seems as if Danny has decided that allowing the Danger Boiz to wear out Gordy is the best course of action."

Mike Rolash: "So the easy way out? And he wants us to call him the best in the world?"

Jim Gunt: "Isn't that copyrighted?"

Mike Rolash: "Shit, forgot we're back in 2026."

Chris rolls Gordy back into the ring, rolling in after and tags in Dan. Dan jumps in and kneels before Gordy, watching as Chris runs the ropes, pushes off of Dan's knee and once again comes crashing down on the World Champion from an even greater height. As Chris rolls out of the ring, Dan flies up to the top rope, turns, and flies through the air, crashing down on Gordy with THE ENDD! Cover!

ONE!

TWO!

NO! Danny stomps down on the head of Dangerous Dan. The referee admonishes Danny, trying to get him out of the ring, but Danny pushes past and clocks Dan in the face with the Destin-Knee. Gordy shows his resilience by starting to pull himself up. Danny looks to be considering striking Gordy too, but instead steps back through the ropes.

Jim Gunt: "Close call there."

Mike Rolash: "Seems he cares enough not to lose the match."

Gordy shakes the cobwebs and goes right after Dan, clocking him with some stiff forearms, pushing Dan backwards towards the ropes. With the Paramount Champion stunned, Gordy hits an uppercut which sends Dan falling backwards and unwillingly rebounding into Gordy's waiting arms. The Most Canadian Man lifts Dan into the air, dropping him down across his own knee. With Dan doubled over, Gordy grips the head and lifts Dan, dropping him with a lifting DDT. Both men collapse to the floor as the crowd shows its appreciation.

Jim Gunt: "Gordy has put in a shift tonight. This match has been incredible!"

Both men begin crawling toward the corner. Both reach their corners at the same time. Dan tags in Chris, but The Ripper jumps down from the apron, smirking at Gordy. King's eyes widen as he realises what is happening, but he is given no chance to respond as Chris stomps down on his back. The Crazy One follows up with an elbow drop to the small of the spine before rolling Gordy into a cover.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Danny stays on the floor smirking as Chris drags Gordy into the centre of the ring. He goes for the cover again.

ONE!

TWO!

KICKOUT!

Jim Gunt: "Gordy will not stay down tonight!"

Mike Rolash: "He might think he's all that, but The Danger Boiz have been dominant in this one; it's only a matter of time... What the hell?!"

Danny B springboards off the top rope, sniping Chris with a missile dropkick. Danny stalks Chris, waiting for him to rise, but is shoved out of the way by a rising Gordy. Danny turns his attention to the champion, and the two men start shouting at one another. Danny pushes Gordy, who pushes right back. The referee steps between the two and gets pushed out of the way by Danny. The referee steps up to Danny, screaming at him to get out of the ring. Danny throws up his hands and steps to leave before turning on his heel, pushing Gordy into the ref, sending them both tumbling to the mat. Chris makes it to his feet just in time to be caught by Danny, who nails him with 'The Original Sin' double arm DDT.

Jim Gunt: "This whole thing has fallen apart."

Mike Rolash: "This was inevitable; there was no way Ripper's ego was ever going to co-exist with Gordy. Who's that now?"

A collective boo rings out from the crowd as The Peacock King appears from the crowd, jumps the barricade and pulls Dangerous Dan off the apron before the Paramount Champion can react. Dan turns to retaliate, but is kicked in the gut, doubling him over. Jared wastes no time in leaping into position and sending Dan flipping onto his own head with the 'Song of Hyades' Destroyer.

Mike Rolash: "Are you kidding me, now this jackass is sticking his nose in?"

Jim Gunt: "Seems as if Jared is staking his claim at WrestleFest, but look at the ramp, Mike. The Ripper seems to have had enough."

As Danny walks up the ramp away from the ring, Jared jumps back over the barricade and back into the audience. The Hammersmith reigns jeers down on the two men, with a 'FUCK YOU BOTH' chant breaking out.

In the ring, Gordy rouses and checks on the official while Chris shuffles himself into a corner, using it to pull himself up. Chris looks around, taking in the scene with Dan on the floor and Gordy in the ring and senses his chance. He runs at King, but Gordy counters, grabbing Chris' arm and sending him off to the opposite ropes. Gordy bursts forwards, bouncing off and colliding with Chris as the two intersect in the middle, sending The Crazy One across the ring with the Crosscheck. Chris lands shoulders first on the floor, crumbling into a heap as Gordy jumps into the cover.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

DING DING DING!

Joey Garcia: "Here are your winners, The Ripper Danny B, and THE CWF WORLD CHAMPION, GORDY KING!"

"Heave away" plays again as Gordy releases the cover and sits on the mat, catching his breath.

Jim Gunt: What a performance by Gordy; that was essentially a handicap match and he somehow still prevails.

Mike Rolash: "If I were Gordy, I would be buying Jared Holmes a drink tonight because I don't know if he could have kept on resisting both Danger Boiz!"

The official hands Gordy his championship as Dan, clutching his neck, rolls into the ring to check on his brother. Gordy pulls himself up and offers a hand to the Dangerous Dan. Dan takes it, and together they pull Chris up too.

Jim Gunt: "What a show of sportsmanship between these three!"

The music suddenly cuts, and the roar of an engine is heard throughout the arena.

Consequences

Segment

The screen lights up, showing an image of a bright orange Lamborghini. Danny B is resting on the hood, smiling at the camera.

Danny: "Hey Gordy! What did I say about behaving yourself tonight? Seems as if your hero complex has got you into trouble again. Well, I warned you of what the consequences would be. Say Goodbye. Dearest young man with the camera, would you mind panning over there?"

Danny points ahead of him. The camera pans around, eventually settling on the large Platinum Trophy prized by Gordy. Danny steps into frame again, sledgehammer resting on his shoulder. He kicks the cup over on to it's side,

watching as it rolls a little on the floor. Then, with his eyes growing wilder, he swings the hammer down on the cup, creating a huge dent. He raises the hammer again, coming down even harder this time, flattening the center of the cup. Danny swings a couple more times, turning the prestigious cup into a dented and bent mess of metal. Satisfied, Danny walks back to the car and gets in leaving the hammer on the passenger seat.

The deafening roar of the engine roaring fills the space as Danny threateningly revs the engine. The car screeches into life and shoots right at the cup. With a little bump, the runs right over it, crushing the cup completely. For good measure, Danny reverses and runs the cup over again. He steps out, inspects the front of the car and comes up, looking miffed.

Danny B: "Your cup chipped my paintwork. That's gonna cost you."

Danny gets back in the car laughing to himself.

Danny B: "Gordy, I warned you. You're in over your head kid. You may have had an easy ride so far but at WrestleFest, reality will smack you oh so very hard in the face, again. Thanks for tonight, I had fun."

With that, the ninth episode of CWF's Infernaliala goes off the air showing the car screeching into life once again and drives off out of the arena, just as Gordy arrives to pick up his flattened prize.

Show Credits

Results Compiled by the eFed Management Suite